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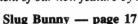
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Special Offer!!

Special Offer!

Specia



Magnethead the Champion

by Hani Sallum

During the early, untroubled times of my youth, when life had no purpose that plagued my mind and days were long to the point of actually being an annoyance, my friends and I would entertain ourselves out in the special world of the streets and sidewalks.

Much to the surprise and approval of our parents, we did not concern ourselves with music or television (or music television, which had not come out yet); we had more interesting occupations outside. This was back in the days when parents didn't worry that their child's succeptability to drugs went up with the square of the amount of time spent in the neighborhood, so I played an eight to six day, often staying out for overtime.

What did we do? There were no Super Soakers back then, no GameBoys, no remote-control anythings we could afford, we were too old for Big Wheels and too young for ten speeds, and our banana-seated runabouts just did *not* swing it.

They say necessity is the mother of invention. In my mind, it has always been much more complex than this. However this is paraphrased, it sums up the birth of what we, as a group of eight to ten year olds, considered the single greatest sport in the history of Creation: Manhole Cover Tiddlywinks.

Nothing came close.

No free ball game at Fenway could drag us away from a even-odds street tournament; evenodds meaning even side of the street versus the odd side. No road race, plane show, or three-car pileup could sway us from the Big Tiddlywinks.

Just getting set up for a tournament was exciting in itself. Naturally since none of us in the neighborhood had a manhole in our house, nobody owned a manhole cover. To rectify this small detail, we would borrow, key word here because we always returned them, our "Chips" from the city. Most of the time this would take place at about ten o'clock at night when we should have been in bed. Three of us would be assigned to a certain manhole that we knew the location of, we would converge in

the darkness on this unsuspecting manhole (two of us with our father's crowbars, one with their younger silbling's Radio Flyer wagon) and remove the cover. Unfortunately, these manholes were often on some major street, so whenever we could we would cover the manhole with plywood or corrugated iron. Once my friend Danny down the street, while on one of these missions, covered a manhole with one side of a cardboard refrigerator box. The next day a garbage truck lost its suspension driving down that same street. We pretended that the two events were not connected.

Once the manhole cover was lifted up onto one side, the wagon would be brought close and the cover lowered slowly onto it. The manhole would then be covered with plywood or whatever and the "chip" then quietly wheeled to our stockyard (which was usually under someone's porch).

Preparation began early Saturday morning. Notes were attached to appropriate windows to remind certain players of the competition, colored chalk (seized during commando raids on the faculty supply closet at school) was stockpiled and accounted for, an inventory was taken of the "chips," a chart was drawn out with single and group players seeded accordingly, and non-players decided what they wanted to do for the tournament.

Saturdays, when not spent on preparation for the upcoming tournament, were also days where a completely green novice could learn the basics of the game. Usually, this was done in pairs, as most beginners needed a partner to successfully manipulate a "chip". A pair of beginners were introduced to the basics of stance and delivery, as well as the ability to cooperate and work together. There was really a lot more to the big Tiddlywinks than people thought. Aim, of course, was always important, but the methods at which you approach and deliver the blow to the "chip" are as diverse as those involved in pool. For instance, depending on the distance away from the edge of the manhole cover where you bring down the cover you are holding,

you change the angle at which the cover initially leaves the ground. The harder you hit, the further your chip will go. Also, depending on the angle to the cover you deliver the blow, you can add the Tiddlywink version of "English", which doesn't do much except add a little flair and spin to your shot. Really experienced players know all the neat tricks; how to make a chip curve in the air, how to make it spin around it's vertical axis for longer time in the air and less bounce, how to make the chip roll through an exact number of turns to control direction of bounce, and so on.

Our tournaments were always on Sundays. We needed every single square foot of playing area possible, and the nearby park area didn't work so well. Not only did we make huge divots in the grass, but the noise scared the little children and their parents away. Manhole Cover Tiddlywinks was not a quiet game; think about it. During one tournament we had to abandon the pile of "chips" we had brought to the park just so the Police riot squad wouldn't catch us. Oh yeah, more than half of us had Police profiles by the time we were twelve. It was almost something to be proud of.

Sundays were the days when the space we needed was available. A level, hardtop surface protected from the traffic was what we needed, and during the school year we kept mostly to supermarket parking lots. But during the Summer, when Tiddlywinks season was at it's peak, we were able to use the ideal public space for our tournaments. Most of us lived near the river. Charles River, and we had ready access to the best Tiddlywink court around: Memorial Drive. It was always blocked off during the day for public recreation, and we all knew that that meant us. At first some people tried to revoke our rights as citizens of the People's Republic of Cambridge since we would sometimes come close to denting their cars, (especially the novice pairs), but after a while they just dealt with us and stopped calling the Police. In fact, some people even spent a little while sitting on the grass, watching the tournament progress through its elimination matches (moving back a little whenever a novice team was playing, of course).

There were three classes of people in a tournament; the scorekeepers, the "chip" fetchers, and the actual players. A tournament usually began at about ten in the morning, after about an hour of last minute seeding discussions and prep, and would progress sometimes until four or five. Then

the actual playing would start, and the streets would be filled with happy clanging sounds; the dull clang of chips hitting the asphalt street or the ringing clang of chips hitting their mark and landing in the large metal City Works trash can that was the goal. Sometimes the novices were allowed to shoot at a dumpster for less points since a lot of them still didn't have aiming down to an art.

And such went the Sundays of my childhood. I was always one of the other two classes of people besides the players, most of the time a scorekeeper and/or organizer. My voice mingled with the assorted cheers of those around me after a good play, and I would laugh along with everyone else at the occasional yelp of "Oh SHIT!" from a spectator to whom a chip landed a little close.

Now, every neighborhood has a kid in it that's the best at something; Bill Cosby played "Buck-Buck" with Fat Albert on his team. In our neighborhood we had Ben Breaubeater, quite possibly the largest ten year old in existence. Ben had biceps that were thicker than most everyone else's legs. He could carry around a chip without breaking a sweat, he was reputed to almost know how to drive a car, and was indisputably the best Tiddlywinks player around. Sometimes we made him play with a pair of scratched sunglasses on to make it fair for everyone else. No one quite remembered who invented the game or who introduced it to our neighborhood, but Ben was definately the master.

But to this day, Ben has had a nickname that has stuck to him his whole life, a nickname which came about from a series of events one fine Sunday during Summer Vacation: Magnethead.

I think you already know what's going to happen.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and Ben was taking on two group teams by himself. A lot of kids from the neighborhood were still off visiting places with there families, so the tournament was very laid back. In fact it was rather comical since most of the other players were novices, and watching them try to keep pace and score with Ben was enough to make anyone laugh.

It was a simple "best two games out of three" competition that had quickly become a "best three out of five," "best four out of seven," and so on. Ben was on a roll; he always was. And when he was playing a tournament like that one he would often strut his stuff.

When he could. During this round we, the

judges and scorekeepers, had introduced the condition that he had to bounce his chip off at least one vertical surface before it landed in the goal. Ben liked a challenge.

So, we were well into the fifth round of the tournament, and things were going smoothly when Ben, after ricocheting a chip of his off sides of two adjacent buildings which faced each other into the goal without the chip even hitting the sides, deicded to just go all-out ridiculous and give the novices a chance. Plus, Ben liked to make people laugh.

Ben played his next chip purposefully so that it knocked over the goal. It was really quite amusing to see a manhole cover suddenly shoot straight above the ground and demolish a perfectly innocent trash can. And it launched a lot of the spectators into hysterics, including me.

Between fits of laughter another trash can was found. The two teams went, neither scoring goals, and Ben was up again.

This time Ben hit his chip so that it shot almost straight up at least forty feet before coming back down again. He got more laughs as he scampered out of the way of the falling manhole cover in a manner reminiscent of an early Keaton short with a feigned look of fright on his face. Ben was a ham as well as a master of Tiddlywinks.

Once again the other two teams went, one person actually scoring a goal, and Ben was up.

Ben swaggered up to his chip, bringing more giggles from the spectators, and stood over it dramatically. He held another chip in his hand, ready to be used. He looked to his left, then to his right, where the other teams were waiting to see what he'd do, then behind him at the spectators who were sitting on the grass by the road. He made a face at them and received more laughs. He turned back to the chip.

I could tell he was looking for something spectacular to do, and knowing Ben, it would be. And when I saw that grin spread across his face, I knew he'd thought of something incredible, amazing, and potentially dangerous to anyone in the general vicinity.

He hefted his chip, looked down at the chip in front of him, and very anticlimatically hit it with a relatively small force.

The chip only went about eight feet in the air and for a split second I thought that maybe Ben had screwed up. But then I saw him do something

I've never even seen *him* do: Ben dropped the chip he was holding at his feet, and *grabbed* the other chip out of the air.

None of us even had time to gasp in amazement. In one fluid motion he neaty snagged the chip from the air, stepped back the slightest bit, and brought the chip down onto the chip he had just dropped.

The clang was loud and harmonious, as if in celebration of the impossible feat Ben had just pulled off. It was surprising, though, when we heard a second dull clang immediately following the first.

The chip sailed through the air with a rather haphazard spin on it, and it almost missed the goal, bouncing off the rim as it went in. But it went in! Thunderous applaused erupted from all around, and it took us a second to realize that Ben was out cold on the ground.

We all understood what had happened; the chip, after being hit, had flown right up into Ben's face and bounced directly off his forehead. As we all got up and ran to his prone body, I marked one score under his name for the round. Hey, Ben's forehead was technically a vertical surface.

As it turned out, Ben was quite alright. He drank about five gallons of milk a week; we figured his skull was at least an inch thick, and probably bulletproof. That's our Ben.

The only injury Ben received was a nasty abrasion on his forehead which said "TAW EGDIR" (part of the lettering "Cambridge Water Dept." on the manhole cover imprinted backwards). This became the source of many jokes, all of which made when Ben wasn't around (one of the novices at the game, after Ben had been revived, jokingly said that he should be called "Big Ben" becuase of the ringing noise the manhole cover had made against his head. Ben was not amused).

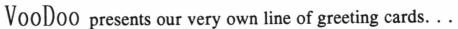
After that day, Ben always wore a helmet. He was sometimes kidded about it, but he shrugged it off saying it gave him more confidence to try the "crazy stuff" he'd always wanted to do.

And that, everyone, is how my friend Ben got the nickname "Magnethead," and it was a nickname he answered to with a surprising amount of pride. And to this day, those abrased letter can still be faintly seen on his forehead, a reminder of a time long past when a child could be a champion.

That's our Ben.

Just in time for

Valentine's Day,



The Coop sells specialized greeting cards from Hallmark that include such topics as "You're too hard on yourself," "Thanks for helping out at home," and "I like to hear your stories about our family." As usual, the Coop is failing to meet the needs of the typical MIT student. More appropriate categories would include sentiments such as "Sorry about your wrists." Here are some ideas for cards they should sell:

You are a special lab partner

To a special lab partner,
You kept me company in the lab
after your half was finished
but I was sill working.
You brought me hot food
when I was too busy to get any.
You pretended not to notice
when I didn't shower that last week.
The prof was inspiring and the TA heroic
but you are the one who made it possible.

The way you look embarrasses me

You are a special person
smart and kind and fun to be around,
but I am embarrassed to be seen with you
because of the way you look.
Most people do not wear the same outfit
everyday for a week.
I would also be happy to pay for you to
have your hair cut professionally.
And I could teach you to hem your pants
instead of using electrical tape.
You are a wonderful person.
Stop doing yourself and your friends a disservice
by looking like a goofball.

You should spend some time with me (to a boyfriend/girlfriend/advisor)

I understand that you love your work,
but I thought you and I had a commitment.

I don't doubt the legitimacy
of any of your excuses.

I know you work hard,
but please don't forget about me.

If you didn't value me,
you wouldn't have chosen me.

I think you still care about me
and you just need reminding.

If you don't spend time with me,
I will have to find someone else.



You don't belong at MIT

(to most students)

I don't know anything about your intelligence,
your grades, or your experience,
but that won't stop me from telling you
that you don't belong at MIT.
You were only admitted because you are
a legacy/woman/underrepresented minority/Iowan.
I realize that by saying this without knowing
anything about your abilities,
I imply that no member of your group is qualified,
but I say it anyway.



I'd like to ask you out but I am not sure it would be appropriate

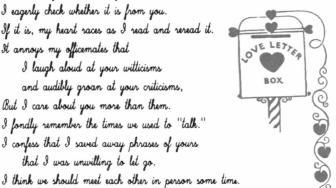
I hate to risk offending someone I care about by making advances that may be inappropriate. I can understand how it could be awkward to be asked out by your office-mate, but you are so special that I cannot keep silent. You and I have agreed about who gets which desk, what music should be played, and how to divide up the projects. I think this proves we are compatible. We don't have to worry that we'd bore each other by discussing quantum transistors/parallelizing compilers/knot theory. We could go to the LSC movies together when we work weekends. If you would be willing to give it a try,

you can let me know by e-mail.

I have enjoyed our electronic correspondence

Whenever my terminal notifies me that I have mail, I eagerly check whether it is from you. If it is, my heart races as I read and reread it. It annoys my officemates that I laugh aloud at your witticisms and audibly groan at your criticisms, But I care about you more than them. I fondly remember the times we used to "talk." I confess that I saved away phrases of yours

that I was unwilling to let go.



Now for the fun part. Just make a copy of these pages, cut out the card below, select a message and cut it out, paste the message in the card, fold it, and voila! Valentine's Day greetings for someone special in your life.





Ask

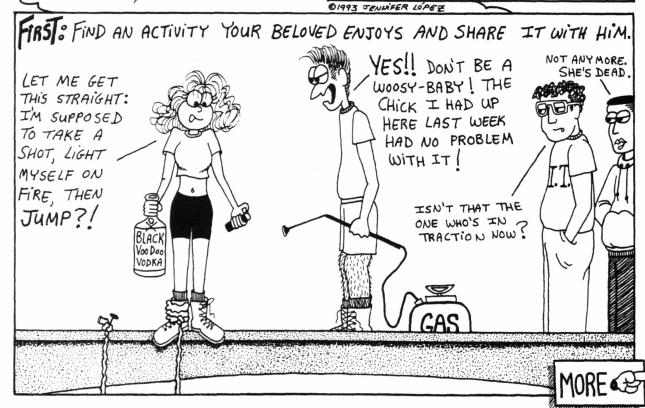


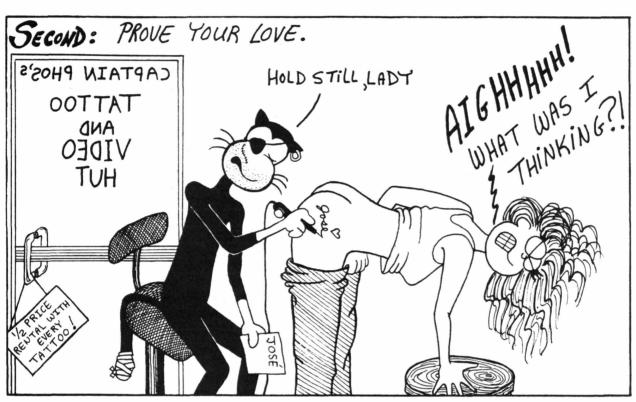
DEAR PHOS,

I'M DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH ONE OF THESE NERD-FACED M.I.T. STUDENTS. HOW DO I GET HIM TO STOP FONDLING HIS WORK-STATIONS AND RETURN MY AFFECTIONS?











One Night

by James Fleming

While wandering screamingly maddeningly through the midnight mist by the Charles I realized I was being followed. I saw the dark trenchcoat and pulled down hat, hands in pockets, slouching, over my shoulder even as I picked up the pace. "Got a light?" The man said, or I thought he said. I turned around, it was a woman, long dark hair pulled back, once elfin features solid with age, hands out of pockets, black gloved, holding a cigarette. I fumbled in my coat, found some matches I got at a bar, took them out, hands shaking, lighting one, holding it out to her. She puffed it once, twice to light it, then handed it over to me. "Smoke it" she said, deadpan. I took it and smoked it, waiting for her to pull out another one for herself. She did not, but glanced behind nervously for signs of pursuit, but I saw nothing in the mist.

"Take this, get it to Jeanine, she'll know what to do with it." She held out a small box of chocolates. "It's Valentine's day tomorrow, give her a thrill." She gave me the chocolates, turned at a sudden noise, hissed, then ran off, sensible shoes clattering softly in the psychedelic night. I smoked my cig, exotic aroma, stuffed the box in my coat, and continued on my way along the river admiring glowing ghostly city lights. The noise turned out to be a man in a beige camel hair trenchcoat, balding pate gleaming under the moon. I nodded, said "Hello," and finished my cigarette, flicking the butt into the river. I even stopped, turned and faced him, watching the colors coalesce and change in his face, as he sweating and puffing came up to me, two inches shorter, looking up at me. "It won't work you know," he fidgeted, eyes shifting around my face and dropping to his feet. "Jeanine won't get it, you'd better give it to me. Really, its better... I'll take them." He held out his hand. I gave him my pack of Camels. "The Fourth isn't what she used to be, she's slipping, getting shoddy. I'll report back that it wasn't your fault. Really."

I nodded, darkly, conspiring with the night. "I don't want any trouble, just tell them she was just doing her job. I don't want any trouble."

He looked up at me, nodded, "Okay," turned and retreated with my Camels, vanishing into the mist. I completed the bridge circuit and went back to my flat. Strange bums loomed at the entrance, begging for money. I gave them pocket change and half twisted empathetic smiles and went inside. The doorman greeted me and I nodded with big pupils and went upstairs. I pulled my door closed, turned on the red light, and went to develop the film. I casually tossed the box of chocolates on my bean bag by the TV and nearly bumped into Alex in the dark. He was standing there, holding the negatives, ugly as hell, boring into my face. I stepped back, "Alex, what a surprise."

His gruesomely ugly face gleamed down at mine, rheumy eyes, big bumpy nose with hairs, gnarled ears and razor cuts, cheap cologne, bad teeth, and smell of whisky. "Don't fuck with me you little shit. Jeanine's dead and the heat's on me and I come and find THESE little babies in your fridge" waving the negatives "spill it now, and I won't kill you." His other hand jabbed a gun in my face and he pushed me down and stuck the barrel up my nose, hurting my nostril and I wanted a drink.

"Jeanine... jesus... uh Alex, look, I'm having a bad day... that acid I got is real clenchy, see, my hands are shaking..." I looked at his hair "...and ...and your hairpiece is crooked."

Alex frowned and moved his gun hand up to his rug, head jerking up to look in the mirror. I kicked his crotch and kneed his ugly fucking face and left him bleeding on the floor. I took his gun and went to my bar and made us both drinks, lime crushed into glasses with tequila. I put a paper towel and a drink next to Alex on the floor. "Put your head back, until the bleeding stops and use the towel. Drink the tequila."

Alex got to a sitting position, fury in his eyes, clenched his nose with the towel and had the drink. Alex hated tequila. I drank mine.

I turned on my lava lamp, backlit with my blacklight and showed Alex the glyphs done in invisible ink on my walls. I put some light polka on the stereo and waited for his nose to stop bleeding. He glared at me.

I pointed the gun at him. "Alex, don't be stupid, you know the score. Those negatives mean shit. Jeanine was probably killed by her pimp, she was holding out on him, big time. He probably found out. He owes money to the cartel for his

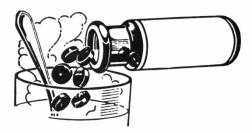
pony, he gets crazy sometimes."

I fished around in my freezer for some meth and snorted it freeform out of the container. Yummy burn.

"Some day, you're goin' to go too far, David."
Alex was holding his head back. "I came here to warn you, as a friend, and you kick me in the face."

I grinned, sniffling at the meth, and cocked the gun.

Alex's eyes widened, "Jesus, okay, here's the scoop. Jeanine was pushed onto the T last night, the tracks, onto the third rail. It was late at night, no witnesses. I was her supplier, she owed ME big time. Cambridge got a hold of this somehow, took me in, questioned me. God I think you broke my nose."



I made another tequila, popped a valium with it, take the edge off the meth. "My guess is her pimp probably spilled, get the heat off of him and onto you. Probably told them he was an old friend of hers, concerned about her habit. His name's Jonathan. Jonathan Miles. Now get out. Get the fuck out. I'm in a bad mood."

Alex left and I turned up the stereo, polkadelic. Polkarific. Jesus, Jeanine, dead. Happy valentine's day, cutes. We'd shacked up together for about a year in '88. I started drinking, doin coke, slapping her around. She was goddamn great. College, parents, a horse on their farm back home. I took her down with me. Got her started on heroin. I broke it off after her overdose. Now she was dead.

Alex took the negatives. I'd have to get them back. Okay, clear my mind. Need a drink. I took a drink, and the chocolates, and strolled out into the night, blood pounding, sky hazy and pink in the city winter. Walking by the river, I left bums and doorman behind.

It was still Saturday night, Deirdre would be hosting one of her little parties in the south end, over by the channel. I walked and my breath blew out cozy and white puffy like clouds. Jeanine. Dammit.

I got to Deirdre's half frozen to death but not really minding. Big studio apartment, third floor in this old converted warehouse. Techno rave shit blared heavily. No polka. Young men and women in dressy overconscious casual attire mingled and chattered, danced, and snorted in the many little corners and nooks of her space. The men had longish hair that looked shiny and kind of wet. Model city. Deirdre loved beautiful people, and befriended them. Sweet pot and perfume and warm human smell pervaded the room.

I spotted Deirdre, beautiful thirtyish woman, dark hair, brutally athletic, black belt in three disciplines, smart, and smiling. "David! You look like hell! Come in, come in, stay awhile!" She rushed over, looking at my eyes and smelling my breath and noting my complexion and level of overall muscle tension. She smiled quizzically. "Okay, you've outdone me, but I can take a guess." She made a Romper Room mirror out of her hands and looked through them at me. "I see Tequila... and LSD and... speed?"

I smiled gravely at her, reached into my coat pocket and handed her the chocolates.

"Godiva! You dear! You didn't have to. Let's go talk, tell momma what's bothering you." She led me to her bed, big japanese screens hiding it from the rest of the room. She struggled my coat off me, sat me up.

"Hey Deirdre. Uh, Alex came to my place, told me Jeanine's dead. Threatened me. A woman earlier this night gave me these, I think they have a message or stuff in them or something. I thought it might be something sneaky. Got any ideas?"

She frowned. "Sorry to hear about Jeanine. Alex is an idiot. You say a woman gave you these? You didn't know her? She was sweet on you?"

"Yeah, she just handed me these by the river, kissed me, and charged off. A moment later a short bald guy came and tried to get them from me. He didn't know what they were, I gave him my cigarettes."

"Well, let's take a look. I'm taking care of Steve's apartment downstairs. It's quiet there and he's got some lab equipment and a computer, and I can feed his cats. The party will have to wait."

We left the party in a blur I hardly remember. I scored a hit of ecstacy off of some girl I knew, and washed it down with punch before we went.

(part 1 in a series)

Ig Nobel Prize Update

by Marc Abrahams

Nominations for the 1993 Ig Nobel Prizes are pouring into Cambridge. Here is a brief glimpse at some of the names and ideas being bandied about at this early date. The names of the actual winners, of course, will remain a closely guarded secret until the night of the ceremony.

History of the Prizes

Ig Nobel Prizes are awarded each year (more or less) to honor irreproducible achievements in science and other areas of human endeavor. The first prizes were presented by the Journal of Irreproducible Results (JIR) in 1968. The winners have since been consigned to obscurity, along with their names. In 1991, JIR and the MIT Museum jointly sponsored the first public ceremony. The Third First Annual Ig Nobel Prize ceremony will be held at Kresge Auditorum on the evening of Thursday, October 7, 1993. [For information about the ceremony, please call the MIT Museum at (617) 253-4422.]

Linus Pauling's Take on the Ig

Linus Pauling is widely regarded as one of the giants in the history of science. He has been called the father of modern chemistry, and his pioneering inquiries have ranged wide and far in the disciplines of biology, physics and medicine. Dr. Pauling is the only person who has received two undivided Nobel Prizes. In 1954 he received the Nobel prize for chemistry for his work on the nature of the chemical bond and its application to the structure of complex substances. In 1962 he received the Nobel peace prize for his efforts to bring about the treaty banning tests of atomic explosives in the atmosphere. Dr. Pauling is also a member of the JIR editorial board. He spoke via telephone from his office at the Linus Pauling Institute in Palo Alto, California.

Q. Each year the Journal of Irreproducible Results presents Ig Nobel prizes to people whose achievements cannot or should not be reproduced. Who would you nominate to win an Ig Nobel prize?

A. Well of course I'd be pleased to have [Edward] Teller get a second Ig Nobel prize so he could become listed in the Guinness Book of Records as



the person who's achieved the most Ig Nobel prizes. [Author's note: Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb and the foremost proponent of the "star wars" missile defense system, was awarded the 1991 Ig Nobel peace prize. The citation said that Teller had "changed the meaning of peace as we know it."]

Q. Anyone else come to mind?

A. Well, let me see. In personal science, Dr. Victor Herbert I think deserves such a prize. He was at Hahnemann and got fired because he got in a fistfight with the dean. He - Victor Herbert - is considered to be a great authority on vitamins, always testifying on vitamin cases, and he was on the food and drug board that National Academy president Frank Press fired when they brought in their report that the RDA's [Recommended Daily Amounts] be decreased. Then when the National Academy of Sciences had a new committee and got out a new report, he sued them for using some material that he had written - for plagiarism. I think that case has been thrown out of court.

And he in a sense is responsible for my having spent more than 20 years in this vitamin field. He irritated me so much about 1969 that I sat down and wrote my book Vitamin C and the Common Cold. Well, Victor Herbert is famous among orthomolecular nutritionists and physicians. You expect the Food and Drug Administration to be quoting him by just reading the reports, so they quote him as authority for statements that I think are just not true. Mr. Herbert seems to me to be a really good candidate.

Q. Anybody else?

A. Well, there's an anonymous referee for *Physical Review Letters* who said that a paper that I wrote should be turned down, a paper in which I talked about the cluster of nucleons revolving about a central sphere. He said a structure of that sort is impossible because quantum mechanics requires that the normal state (or any other state) be either symmetric or antisymmetric. So I wrote to the editor and said: "Here, this fellow doesn't understand quantum mechanics, and you're using him as a referee! He would say that a molecule of hydrogen chloride, for example, couldn't exist." I didn't get any reply to that from the editor.

The Public Speaks

Nobel laureates (as opposed to Ig Nobel laureates, who are prohibited from filing nominations) have been very active in identifying and nominating potential Ig winners. Professor Sheldon Glashow of Harvard, a rambunctious physics Nobel laureate who has participated in and helped disrupt each of the past two Ig Nobel ceremonies, explained the criteria in 1991. "There are many people out there who believe they are deserving of recognition," Glashow told a Boston Globe reporter.

Other nominations have come from scientists, doctors, teachers, preachers, carpenters, cooks, cleaners, politicians, musicians, electricians, engineers, brakemen, ticket vendors, coaches, athletes, aesthetes, police, fire and emergency medical personnel, steamfitters, dogsitters, and other spirited public citizens.

As happens every year, many people were nominated by their spouses and/or by people they supervise professionally.

Several pairs of "twinned" nominations were received – each party nominated the other, to all appearances independently.

All the living presidents and vice presidents

of the United States and all current members of Congress have received nominations from an appreciative public, and in many cases from their own staff. To date, politicians from 71 nations have had their names placed in nomination for 1993 prizes.

Individuals from more than two hundred institutions of higher learning, on five continents, have had their names placed in nomination. Faculty and staff at MIT have received a disproportionate share of the nominations from academia. A pattern seems to be apparent: faculty nominate administrators and administrators nominate faculty. Four hundred individual students have also been nominated "for their contributions to knowledge."

The Ig Nobel Committee has been criticized for being both secretive and cavalier in discussing potential Ig winners. This article has been an attempt to allay the public's concerns on both scores.

Marc Abrahams is the editor of *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, the master of ceremonies at the Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony and an all-around swell guy.

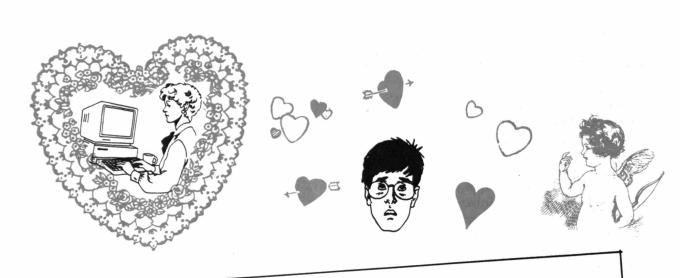
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Recorded for all time on my heart's home directory is the day I first saw you. At three minutes past noon, you My Dearest Valentine, rushed into an Introduction to Athena minicourse, breathless, late, and as beautiful as an October dawn. Did I hear another word the instructor said? It seemed like only a moment later (was it really an hour?) the class

Then Fate made a few more connections in the Lab Kit of Life, and there you were again. I was in the Student Center cluster, puzzling over the minicourse handout, trying to figure out what I'd missed, when you threw yourself was ended, and you were gone, I feared, forever. into the chair beside me to register for your Athena account. How lovely you looked as you chewed on your pencil

I knew you'd want more, would need more, that one minicourse would never be enough for your questing soul, your hunger for knowledge. The following day, heart full of hope, I returned for the Basic Word Processing eraser while trying to decide on a username and password. minicourse. There you were. You were two endless minutes late again. My heart leapt as you quickly took the seat next to mine, and dropped your books on my foot. When it came time to fill out the evaluation sheet at the end of the class, you had no pencil. You asked if anyone could loan you one. Oh bliss! when your slender fingers caressed my yellow Mongol #2. Tender agony! as you raised it to your adorably chapped lips, and your sweet fierce teeth began to shred its pinkpearl tip. Bottomless despair! as you completed the evaluation with a volley of quick circles and a dashed comment, only to leave without so much as a smile or glance, or the return of my now moistened, but

Fairest One, Kallisti, Daughter of Heavens, Light of the Infinite Corridor, I must see you again. Perhaps I will be able to pluck some strings of courage on the slackened harp of my heart, so that I will be able to tell you of the love that inflames me, burns me, blisters me, tortures me, and yet, unmercifully will not consume me, that my ashes might find peace. Perhaps. Perhaps I will not even be able to croak out, "Want to get some lunch after class?" or

But, dear Heart, whatever happens, I long to be in your presence again. And in this I am perplexed. I know that even a simple "Could I have my pencil back?" Perhaps. you are about to begin your thesis (for you asked the instructor about that), so I am sure that you will be returning to Room 3-343, the blessed site where our paths first crossed, either at Noon or 7:00 and 8:00 p.m. for the Athena minicourse on Thesis, and its pre-requisite, Advanced Word Processing: Later. Yet the heartless wretches who designed the Spring Term minicourse schedule have announced that each of these courses will be taught seven times! Seven times! How will I know when you will be there? Must I return day after day, night after night, until you appear? One chance in seven noons or nights! Cruel are the schedulers of

the Athena Training Group, to offer these vital courses on so many different days! Beloved Valentine, I pray that you will read this note, and will take pity on this poor passion-paralyzed fool. I dare not publish my name, and am too abashed to contact you via e-mail. If you would return some small fraction

Obtain, oh Flower of Minerva, a copy of the Spring Term Minicourse Index and Schedule¹, of the love you have inspired, you need only do the following: and notice that in the second week of classes, one of the course names begins with your initial. Please, I implore you, stop by that class for just a moment. Upon your copy of the schedule, perhaps with my own purloined pencil, circle the Latez or Thesis class you will be attending, and leave it by the back door of the classroom. You need say nothing, nor linger. That will be enough. I will meet you at the designated time, and will, perhaps, be able to work

Until then, Valentine, until you add -v me to the path of your affection, I am but a ghost among the machines, a haunter of the clusters, a Flying Detachman, driven from workstation to workstation, never to rest without your

Sincerely and eternally yours,

A. User



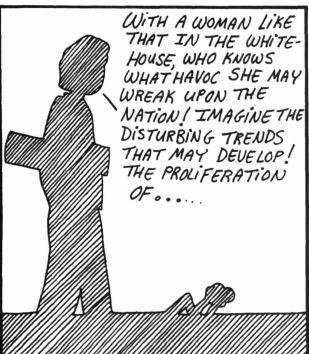
¹ available, darling, in fine Athena Clusters everywhere, and especially in the rack outside the Building 11 Fishbowl Cluster

SLUG-BUNNY

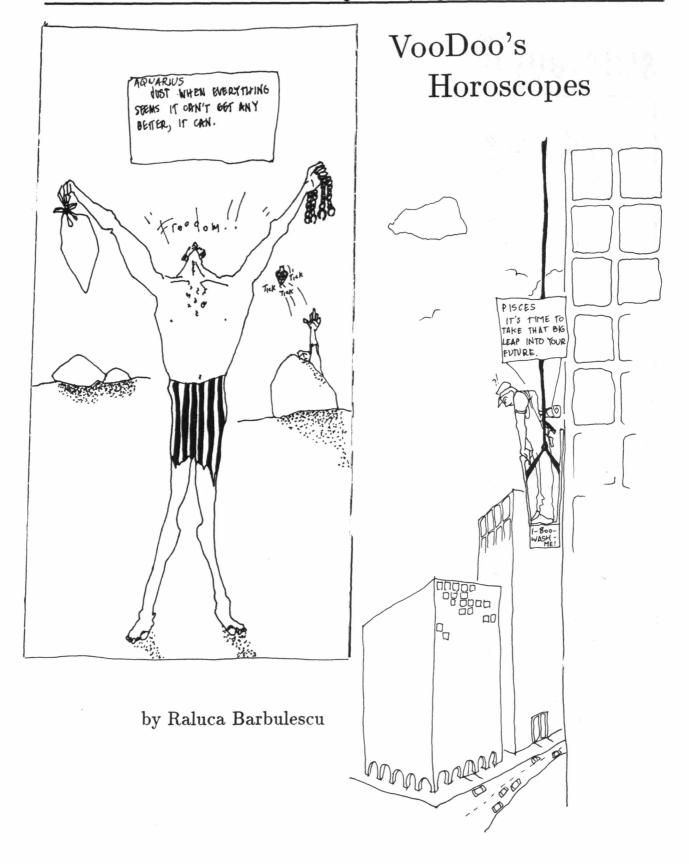
by Jennifer Lopez

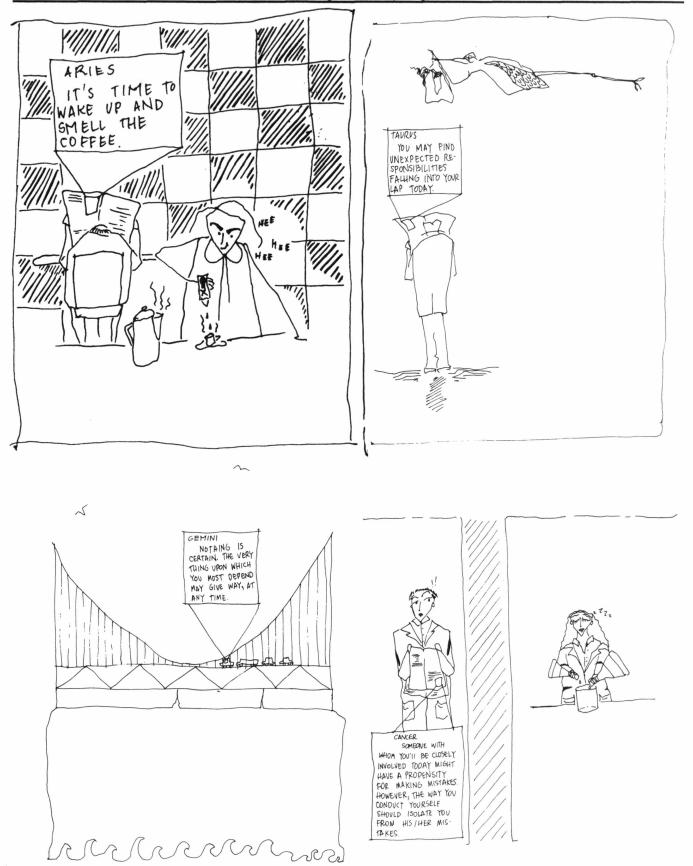




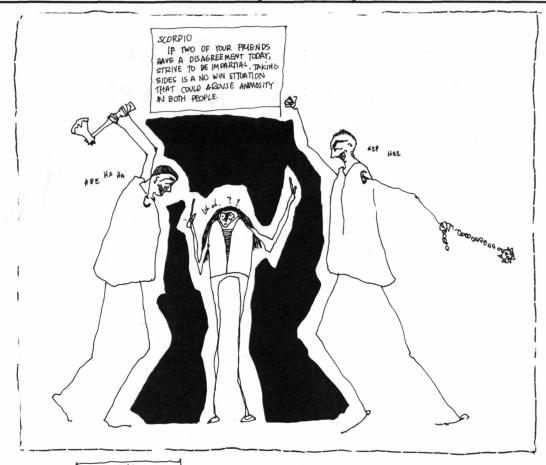




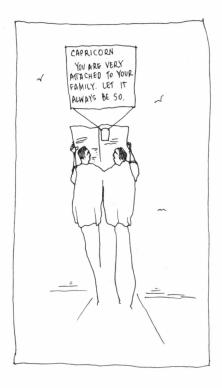










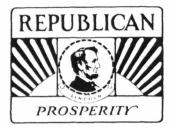


The Clinton Team Fun Knowledge Test

by John M. Dzenitis



We've heard about them on the news every day since August. Let's see what you've learned! (This test closely follows the actual Clinton Team Application for Four Years of Employment/Empowerment.)



CABINET CWIZ (Part I)

Lloyd Bentsen is happy because:

- A. His Treasury secretary confirmation hearing was only a formality.
- B. "You're no Jack Kennedy" royalties keep pouring in.
 - C. He only has to see Hillary nude once a week.
- D. That whole Dukakis thing fell through, thank God.

AL GORE SLOGAN CHALLENGE

V.P. Gore wants to make a more positive and lasting impression than his beleaguered predecessor. Which of the following off-the-cuff slogans will help him?

- A. "Reduce, Reuse, Recycle, Repeal!"
- B. "Haste Makes Waste!"
- C. "Hillary Makes Brownies!"
- D. "I'm so diverse, I scare myself!"
- E. "Reuse THIS!"
- F. "That's why they call her Tipper!"
- G. "... and I'm no Dan Quavle!"

PERSPECTIVE PROBLEM

An effective executive branch must be able to keep things in perspective. Rank the following from least (A) to greatest (E):

- □ Number of Al Gore's Shiny Blue Suits
- □ Robert Reich's height in inches
- ☐ Hillary's hip measurement in inches
- □ Number of hugs required to soften a fiendish dictator
- □ Number of fingers Stephanopoulos holds up when saying, "I'm this many years old!"

PRONUNCIATION PRIMER

Zoe Baird was forced to withdraw from consideration for Attorney General. How would you have had to pronounce her name?

- A. Zoh-eee
- B. Zoh-eye
- C. Zoh
- D. Zoo
- E. Crüe
- F. Si, Señora Baird

FOREIGN AFFAIRS MATCHING GAME

The President may need more help with world affairs than domestic ones. Help him by drawing a line from the following international hotbeds to the appropriate presidential verbs. (Hint: these are not in the correct order.)

Appease Russia

Bomb China

Feed Bosnia

Support Iran

Visit Iraq

Denounce Somalia

Blame McDonald's

(If you used "Bomb" more than once, join the Republican party. If you used "Appease" more than once, join the Democratic party. If you used "Visit" more than once, become a congressional staffer.)

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

The chief executive's hobbies are not only means to much-deserved relaxation, they are important symbols of the administration's Psyche. Reagan played with horses and axes, Bush played with fish and boats, and President Clinton is know for playing:

- A. The saxophone.
- B. The horses.
- C. Possum. (Oops, that should be in the "eating" section.)
 - D. With Socks, his cat.
 - E. With socks, his socks.

CABINET CWIZ (Part II)

Les Aspin is:

- A. Proof that an MIT geek can achieve the powerful post of Secretary of Defense.
- B. Proof that an MIT geek can achieve the powerless post of Secretary of Defense.
- C. That nerdy newsman on "WKRP in Cincinnati".
- D. Aspen, Colorado's latest animated anti-drug spokesthing.
- E. Not allowed to speak to Hillary under any circumstances.



- "Wow!" says the Martian, "These are delicious! I should bring a bunch back to Mars they'd go great with lox and a schmear!"
- So Moskowitz says, "Goldberg, shush!! He thinks I'm teaching him English!"
- "Okay, so I'll taste the soup," the waiter says, "Where's your spoon?" "A-ha!"

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Introduction:

Les Aspin received a PhD from MIT in 1966. In 1992, he returned to give the commencement address. Mercifully, he was brief, but not brief enough to avoid annoying a large percentage of the graduating class (See Les Aspin, Neuron for one student's view). Our newly instated fearless leader, Bill Clinton recently named Mr. Aspin to his Cabinet as Secretary of Defense. So now we have a draft-dodging Commander in Chief and a Secretary of Defense who can't even pronounce nuclear. Ah well, VooDoo couldn't resist this grand opportunity to have some fun at the expense of an alumnus. Here it is, the very first installment of our new feature:

The Les Aspin Fun Pages.



Les Aspin, Neuron

by Benson Wen

Large government organizations cause cancer. At least that's the way it seems because I can't figure out why else there could be a Congress that declares a National Rubber Stamp Month. You would think that every Representative and Senator would keel over with labored, gurgling gasps of laughter at the sight of proposal IJe-98234-4-2-III, Jr., PhD., "The need for recognition of the service of rubber stamps in bureaucracy". But they go on, with serious looks and clad in dark suits, passing these crucial laws, frowning at papers, having scandals, and filibustering (which sounds like an unnatural bodily function or a sex act with horses, maybe both.) A normally thinking person (defined as "someone who hates Barry Manilow") would throw the proposal in the trash, unless he was environmentally sensitive (ES), in which case he would reuse it first by doodling on the back and then throw it in the trash. After doing that, the normally thinking person would get on with life, rooting around in his underwear and watching the Simpsons. But the Congresspersons actually pass laws like these. (Not that they read the proposals and bills; they throw them in the trash and then root around in their underwear, too). So I figure that everyone in Washington DC has brain cancer.

Washington, it seems, is just one big brain tumor from hell. I also think that the brain damage is like magnetism, it gradually becomes permanent the more you hang around the source. I have several friends from the DC area and the effects are humbling. It's like having friends that grew up in Love Canal, near high tension wires and with a taste for lead paint. I plan to have less friends from DC, if you catch my drift. The way I see it. you probably could apply Dave Barry's formula for computing a kid's brain power to the politicians in Washington. It states that if you take a reasonably intelligent 7-year-old boy and put him together with another boy of about the same age, the IQ of the two combined is half that of the one. With each successive little boy, the collective IQ is again halved, until you get "the destructive force of a tank combined with the intellectual reasoning of a Labrador Retriever." It's probably the same with politicians, except their intelligence falls off 10 times as fast.

'Cause I'd assume that's about what happened to Les Aspin. Now here is a man that once went to MIT. Not wanting to sound smug, or anything, but that usually is an indication of reasonable intelligence, not necessarily sound mind, but of intelligence, or at least powerful bribing skills. This is also the same (unless he was swapped by alien beings for a robot, which is also a plausible explaination) man who, at the May MIT Commencement Exercises, spent his few precious minutes to

"But what happens if that outcome doesn't happen, or what happens if nothing happens? Do you then feel obligated to up the ante, you know, to ratchet the thing up? And what I have been saying is that with the end of the Cold War, maybe it's no longer necessary to think in those terms of ratcheting it up. We ought to think these things through."

— Les Aspin

impress on the Class of 1992, the future leaders (gasp) of this increasingly technological world, the people that will build the bridges, bombs, vaccines, computers and latex leisure products of the 90's, to these bright, young, slightly intoxicated minds, Les Aspin chose to talk about the importance of nuclear superiority and the usefulness of Spam as a construction material, or something like that; I stopped listening after the first 5 minutes. But from reports I got from people with some spare brain cells to kill, he talked about the Cold War and how It was Over and how We Won. And how now no longer "We, by which I mean Us," are no longer the "Equalizer," but the "Equalizee," and how nookue-lyer tests still need to be conducted at the rate of one per year. He opened with something like: "thousands of commencement speeches have been written about the Cold War. Now that we have entered this new age of peace I'd like to talk about something completely different." Well, that's what I thought he was going to say, but he launched into his bit about the Cold War and noo-kue-lyer testing. Maybe they have nuclear tests in DC. That

could explain some things. I know that his pronunciation of nuclear at least bugged one Course VI'er, and a Course VIII'er made fun of it, and as for the Course XXII's...they were burning him in effigy after the ceremony.

Now I didn't think that this was too important. Les Aspin, who'd ever heard of him? An inconsequential unmyelinated axon in the malignant brain tumor known as DC. But it turns out that this Clinton character, the Big Neuron himself, gave him the nod and made him Secretary of Defense. Les! In power! I can't help but think of his speech every time I see his name in the papers. Mr. test-the-Bomb-once-a-year-to-see-how-many-3-eyed-gophers-the-economy- can-handle is in power! He's on the front page of supposedly reputable newspapers! Argh! He might likely achieve the coveted award bestowed to only select individuals in the public eye, like Doc Edgerton. He could be in Doonsbury!

At any rate, there he is in Washington, DC directing our National Defense Policy, getting brain cancer. At least he has a pulse.

ASPIN INDEX

Taken from Les Aspin's commencement address June 1, 1992, MIT.

Number of years we have spent living under "the specter of nuclear war": 40

Time it would take the US to wave a magic wand wiping out nuclear weapons in nanoseconds: 1

Number of propositions for a "New Nuclear Era Policy": 3

Number of characteristics of such a policy: 4

Number of references to the US as "equalizer" or "equalizee": 6

Number of sentence fragments: 9

Number of sentence fragments starting with "But": 8

Number of times the word "nuclear" was mispronounced: 54

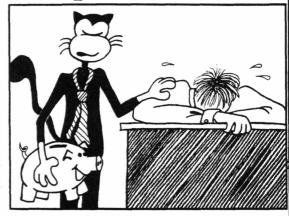


Professor Phos Gives Tips to Chuck

Plan Would Help Close \$20 Million Gap

By Professor Phos, Ph.D. Economics SLOAN SCHOOL OF WEENIES

MIT president Charles M. Vest is facing an impending economic crisis which could result in a 20 million dollar budget deficit unless creative revenue enhancement measures are promptly enacted.

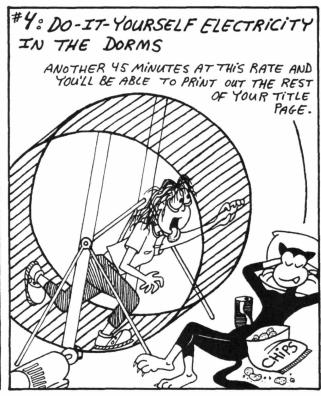


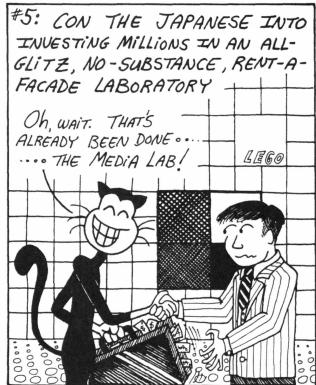
Prof. Phos was heard to mutter, "Buck up, Chuck"













Are 'Atrocity' and 'Chuckles' Synonymous?

by Dave Jordan







Yes.

Rodya "Rasko" Raskolnikov emerged from the shadows pooled just offstage at Catch a Rising Star and cleared his throat. It was Monday night at Catch, open mike night, and the siren's call of drunkards' laughter beckoned raw amateurs to step onstage, strip themselves of reserve, and deliver a rambling five on whatever topics they deemed amusing. Rasko peered into the fecund darkness that cloaked the patrons, bleeding them of individuality and birthing a vital, sinuous new entity, the Crowd. An organism devoid of familiar human features — a pock-marked face; groping, jelly-stained hands; corn-crowned toes — the Crowd was nevertheless capable of entertaining human emotions, of grasping profound spiritual

truths. The Crowd could love. The Crowd could nurture.

The Crowd could violate and render asunder. Rasko faced the Crowd, the blind, intolerant, ever-ravenous Crowd, and slit open his swollen Comedy Teat to sate its ceaseless cravings.

"Hi, folks. Hey, what a great crowd we've got here tonight. You know, we all have health problems. Who can avoid them these days? But sometimes I really start to wonder. A few weeks ago, I was, uh, voiding my bowels. You know how you kind of grunt to expel solid waste matter? It's only human. But I guess I grunted too hard, because I got a real headrush. Well, wouldn't you know it, the body's means of controlling blood flow to the brain is a set of neural receptors in the neck. If you

lie down, these receptors are supposed to detect the change in blood pressure and send a message to the heart. The heart varies the rate and intensity of its contractions according to these signals. So your head doesn't blow up like the Hindenburg when your position changes from vertical to horizontal. Unfortunately, I blew out these receptors when I took that dump I told you about - a headrush is just a cerebrovascular accident all decked out in a cute halter top and Wet 'n Wild lipstick to make you think it's pleasure — and now I'm a walking time bomb. You know that Edgar Allan Poe story, 'The Tell-Tale Heart'? Well, whenever I lie down, it feels like my pounding heart has set up shop inside my head, and I feel like screaming most of the time. With no pressure-regulating system controlling blood flow to my brain, I'm set to have an extra-Huev sized stroke any time now. And there's simply nothing to be done about it. Believe me, it's unsettling to have the voice of Death thundering in your head when you're trying to grab a little shut-eve.

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"Speaking of voices, when I was little, I thought that when you pick up the phone and make a call, you were actually calling the phone itself. The telephone contained the souls of the lost and the damned, and the voice that came from the phone was the voice of one of these desolate creatures of the spirit world. And I thought that one day this unhallowed union of incorporeal souls would emerge from our telephones to judge all Mankind, sweeping the innocent and the guilty alike before them in a cataclysmic onslaught of destruction. Later I learned that the telephone is just a communications tool, not unlike the telegraph with which we are all so familiar.

"Well, you've been a terrific audience. Good night."

— a headrush is just a cerebrovascular accident all decked out in a cute halter top and Wet 'n Wild lipstick to make you think it's pleasure —

Rasko walked off-stage. The Crowd huddled in silence.

That night in his fleabag apartment (with the People's Radio Network blaring State-sanctioned Continuous Soft Hits to counterpoint the thudding staccato beat inside his head), Rasko contemplated the essence of Being. He knew one thing for sure: He existed. The Cosmos had generated at least one entity that was capable of rational thought, and if not thought, then at least sensation. But did anyone else "exist"? Rasko deemed the question unanswerable. And, quite frankly, unimportant. When he attempted to estimate his position relative to the Masses, it seemed to him that Life granted some extraordinary individuals the right to do basically anything they wanted. After all, if the very existence of his contemporaries could be called into question, was not their vitality, the force of their Will, when measured relative to his own, more or less negligible? Should they not be subjected to his whims? Even if that meant slaughtering a few of the sheep, draped in shrouds of pallid Humanity, who blindly pursued the wanton pleasures of flesh or gummed the milky pablum of domestic contentment awaiting them in home and hearth?

Unfortunately, the strictures of practicality

intruded upon Rasko's musings. His job at the tireburning refectory did not exactly rake in the dough, and stand-up comedy had yet to yield rewards any more substantial than artistic satisfaction; he was painfully short of cash, and trembling at the edge of the swelling ranks of the destitute. His landlady, however, appeared relatively affluent, and this bothered Rasko. Why, he wondered, should she have any money whatsoever? What act of Destiny's caprice had favored her with the means for a comfortable livelihood, whilst he, Rasko, foundered in squalor? The thin veneer of respectability Society granted the relationship of landlord to tenant seemed to Rasko merely an obscenely inexcusable vindication of feudal exploitation. Why not just lock him up in a dungeon and toss him the occasional slice of mold-encrusted bread (with perhaps a cup of greywater to slake his thirst), rather than parasitically drain him of his resources through the monthly payment of "rent"? The inequity of the arrangement galled him, and in a sudden rush of inspiration, he decided to restore some semblance of justice.

So he snuck down to his landlady's first-floor apartment. The door stood conveniently ajar; Mrs. Alekhine's habitual laxity in matters of security was notorious, and tenants had on more than one occasion warned her of the possibility of theft. Rasko entered the apartment and headed for the cookie jar. His pulse hammered in his head as he reached below the Upensyveta brand chocolate swirl macaroons (Mrs. Alekhine's talents did not include baking) and withdrew the fat wad of fifties that layered the bottom of the jar. He licked the light coating of crumbs off the bills, savoring their golden-brown, crispy goodness. He was about to make his escape when Mrs. Alekhine walked in the door, returned from the brief errand which had claimed her attention. Did I mention that Rasko had brought an axe and a mallet with him on his maiden criminal voyage? Well, he had indeed stowed these implements beneath his ragged khaki overcoat, and he now revealed the axe. Mrs. Alekhine only had time to cry "Not on the carpet!", before Rasko buried the axe deep in her skull. Then he withdrew the blade and hacked at her still twitching carcass, severing flesh from frame in a shower of gore. Next, he lay aside the axe and grasped the handle of his mallet. Straddling the corpse, he hammered the mallet home on her head and torso, smashing and mashing until the

generously proportioned lady had been reduced to a pulpy pool of homogeneous detritus.

Rasko contemplated the filthy wad of tissue and blood at his feet. His clothes, smeared with the offal of mortality's seepings, stank of the abattoir. He pondered his act of carnage: Was it just? Was it good? Had he indulged in excess, when temperance would have served him better? Rasko shrugged. These questions probably had no "right" answer, and relative to his viewpoint, the defunct matron's abrupt change of state from living human being to inanimate matter really made very little difference — except insofar as her passing had helped to ameliorate (if not erase) the cruel financial imbalance which had characterized their landlady-tenant relationship.

Shaking off the torpor which these reflections induced, he was about to beat a hasty retreat when the patter of stockinged feet arrested his progress. Little Serge and Puddin' Alekhine, awakened from sweet slumber by the commotion in the next room, had come out to see what was going on. Rasko turned to them and affected a personable smile.

"Hi kids. Your mom's not feeling too great."

And, grabbing his axe, he approached the little ones to continue the evening's grisly work.

Rasko turned to them and affected a personable smile. "Hi kids. Your mom's not feeling too great."

The uproar. The hubbub. The curious delays. Despite the public outcry and the flurry of police activity, both in his building and throughout the neighborhood, Rasko somehow managed to escape detection - which may seem a little improbable. But let us contract with one another to free ourselves from the slavery to realism that stifles our imagination in so much of what we read; and we shall do this of necessity, because for this story to "work" (although that may no longer be an option at this point), Rasko had to escape the police net that (we'll agree) was cast somewhat haphazardly over the apartment compound. Oh, it took a while for Rasko to regain his calm after the incident, and with good reason: You don't just off an entire family without feeling a little nagging guilt. Or if not guilt per se, at least unease. It's only human. But somehow Rasko held himself together, and in the end, he began to see certain entertainment potential in the unpleasant act he had committed. Every burgeoning stand-up looks for material: From going to the dentist to battling one's mother-in-law, the stand-up scours the panorama of experience for the grist his comedy mill must process if he is to earn the bread with which to feed himself. Although still an amateur, Rasko felt that his unique insider's view of human liquidation might provide him with a class act — the kind of act tailor-made to propel a struggling young performer straight to the Big Time.

And thus, two weeks later at Catch, he stood naked (figuratively speaking) before the Crowd, his personality sacs packed to bursting with replenished stores of rich Entertainment Albumin. The Crowd rammed its needle-sharp proboscis deep into his soul and supped greedily of the dark amniotic nutrients roiling therein.

"Hi folks. Gosh, what a pleasure it is to see all of you out there, supporting all of the rising new talent. You know, murder is a funny thing. I mean, how often do we all fantasize about taking the life of someone whose existence seems to us, well, somewhat superfluous in the grand scheme of things? We see injustice and inequity all around us, thriving unfettered, and it's enough to make you just... indulge in an insane killing orgy. Just for the sake of argument, let's say that I had murdered a money-grubbing landlady and her two kids. I'm simply presenting this as a hypothetical situation, mind you — it's just for fun. But let's say that I was guilty of the murders of three human beings. How would you view me? Would you consider me a monster, or would



you just kind of shake your head and say, 'Those darn kids today? Not that I actually killed Mrs. Fernesta Alekhine, you understand. It's just that, you know, if I had split her scalp with an axe, you would probably think ill of me. That's the cancer of hypocrisy. You self-indulgent poseurs nauseate me. You drive around in your shiny automobiles, you play with your shiny trinkets and baubles, you smooth the wrinkles from your soft, subtly-textured muslin togas with a shiny camelhair brush. And why? Because not one of you is man enough to act on his lust for power. You see an extraordinary individual like me - a man who feels no compunction at pampering himself with the acts of savagery that one needs to nourish one's Will, to fatten the sleek and all-conquering Self and you recoil. I hope you're proud of yourselves, you squirming, hydrocephalic, mewling tissue bags floating purposelessly about in an idiot Cosmos.

"Thanks folks, you've been a terrific audience. Good night!"

"Not that I actually killed Mrs. Fernesta Alekhine, you understand. It's just that, you know, if I had split her scalp with an axe, you would probably think ill of me."

Among the patrons at Catch that night was Inspector Dmitri Primakov of the local constabulary. He listened to the monologue with a suspicious ear, and presently he called Rasko into the station for questioning. Rasko took a seat in Primakov's office. The two eyed one another, each shrewdly evaluating the caliber of his opponent, each wary of the nascent darkness within his antagonist, but both yearning for the bitter-sweet pangs of budding friendship. Primakov spoke first.

"I enjoyed your act, Raskolnikov. It was really quite amusing, old fellow. To think, I was dreading yet another evening's worth of routines about visiting the dentist or sitting down to a mother-in-law's atrocious cooking! I might go so far as to say that your inspired, refreshingly unsettling schtick was the toast of the season. But say, you did lay it on a bit thick with that murder bit, didn't you?"

"Come out and accuse me!" Rasko screamed, and flecks of creamy saliva geysered from his petulant lips. "Stop toying with me! You've already stripped me of my last shred of integrity and self-respect. Do you want me to expose my neck so that you can apply steady pressure with your shiny Fascist boots, collapsing my windpipe and snuffing out my life as you would a wax vesta you've used to light a cigar?"

"Oh, now don't fly off the handle like that, old sport. All this pish-posh about breaches of integrity, loss of self-respect and whatnot is just so much drivel. We police aren't here to "goose" the public, trick them out of their rights and then knock them sprawling in a delicious, splay-legged pratfall. No, on the contrary, we're in the support business. We hold out a caressing hand to the public and say. "Allow me to lend you an arm, old fellow. You look a trifle woozy." And I'm here to tell you, Rodya Tschykrelev Raskolnikov, that I'm willing to apply a caressing hand to you, if you'll only play fair with me. But let me just ask you, man-toman - it will go no further than the two of us where were you on the night of Federika Vvetski Alekhine's murder?"

"I was... out for the evening," Rasko replied, his brows beaded with glistening droplets of perspiration. "Yeah, that's it. I was out, I tell you."

"Disclaimers notwithstanding, you did as much as confess to the murders in your act, you know."

"What are you accusing me of, you accursed devil?!", Raskolnikov howled, his blood-shot eyes bulging.

Dmitri Yelesevich Polkariv rose to his feet and extended his finger in the general direction of Rasko's face. His robust voice seethed with unctuous, dripping notes of indignant condemnation the voice of the Avenging Angel:

"I accuse you, in the name of the People, of the murder of Fidernyeta Mistelovich Alekhine! I accuse you of the shedding of innocent blood, of spilling the life-essence of a countrywoman and her little ones! Oh, foul interloper, that we had unclothed your wickedness at the moment of your birth, that we had dashed your moist, pink body against the curb, rather than allow you to wander unchallenged across the face of the globe!"

"What are you accusing me of, you fiend!" came Rasko's retort. "Spell it out, rather than speak in your endless riddles! Am I Alexander to your Sphinx, that you should query me about the Ages of Man? Tease me not, but rather lay bare before "I enjoyed your act, Raskolnikov. It was really quite amusing, old fellow. But say, you did lay it on a bit thick with that murder bit, didn't you?"

my searching eyes the full import of your profane charges!"

"We have reason to suspect," replied Polgarich with renewed composure, "that there may be circumstances... pieces of potential evidence which have recently come to hand... giving us grounds for a belief in the possibility of our alleging that you may have involved yourself — whether as a principal or as an accessory, this to be determined in the sequel — in the scenario surrounding the death by axe-and-hammer violence of Mrs. Fadeeva Alekhine and her two young children on the night of the 21'st of this month, in this year of our Lord 1—."

Rasko rose from the padded, vibrating Reclinea-Lounger in which he had weathered the storm of the Inspector's interrogation. Soothed by the chair's back-massaging rollers and penetrating "deep heating" of the patented comfort-pads, Raskolnikov felt more confident now, somehow more capable (perhaps because his coping skills were richer, more mature, at this very moment than they had ever been before) of deflecting Polgarov's puzzling insinuations. Before turning to the office door, Raskolnikov leveled his eyes and brought the full force of his commanding gaze to bear upon the ruddy countenance of the Inspector.

"I am not going to sit here one minute longer and indulge your taste for sadistic little cat-and-mouse games, Inspector. When the time comes that you have serious, concrete charges to press against me—and I harbour grave reservations as to whether these vague, unspeakable 'notions' of yours will ever congeal into the probative legal material that commands the attention and the respect of a modern court of law—then you shall find me eager to cooperate with the judicial machinery that we, as a civilized people, have erected for the purpose of protecting the innocent and furnishing the wrongly-accused with a means of redress against their persecutors. Until that time, I bid you good day, sir."

Rasko's trial hit the community like a big soft heavy thing falling on someone who isn't quite expecting it. Rasko's prostitute girlfriend, Trisha Anderson, sat in the crowd and cooed lovingly in Rasko's general direction. Although her cutesypoo "shame-on-you" finger waving didn't do Rasko's case any good, the court sketch artist enjoyed dabbing his fingers in the charcoal pot beside him and smearing them on his pad of paper as he delineated her gauzy, filmy outline. The prosecutor (Vasily Patronymich Kremelienko) presented his case in workmanlike fashion, but Rasko haughtily refused to defend himself. His tortured, pride-engorged eyes bulged and swayed at an awkward angle as he swung his head about to gawk at the fascinating legal proceedings. He was judged "guilty" by a jury of his peers. Upon pronouncing Rasko's sentence - the ultimate penalty that the Law was capable of exacting — the judge asked Rasko whether he had any penetrating insight into the process whereby he had been railroaded and condemned. Rasko thought for a moment, then turned to address the court.

"Good people of this town, it annoys me that I'm about to forfeit my existence because I (allegedly) whacked some dumpy hag and her runnynosed kids. Think how you'd feel if you were in my shoes. It wouldn't feel that great, now would it?

DEATH TO BOB?

The inane prattlings of that consciousness entity known as THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS are a truly FALSE DOCTRINE; the concepts of Time Control, Bulldadaism, the ever elusive goal of Slack Attainment are merely half-clever rants foisted on an unsuspecting world to lull techno-geeks and high-intellect introverts into a false sense of pride and accomplishment. What could have been the emergence of INTELLECTUAL PRIDE has fallen prey to the enslaving insecurities of DULL-WITTED elitist college pranks.

We hereby proclaim preeminence in the realm of TRUE CYNICISM for the Men and Women of Science, and cast out not only the False Gods of Slack, but SLACK itself. All who would be SubGenii must face the new dawn of truth, shed the frightened little boy mask of the SubWeenie, and bask in the LIGHT OF TRUTH. We shall not be stayed from this most noble course of humanity! Besides, Stang can't even spell UNIX!

DEATH to the FALSE IMAGE of Bob (no quotes, no kidding!), Death to the Church, Condemnation of the First Water to its adherents, Bobbies each and every one!

Details \$1, "LIGHT OF TRUTH", BOX 441358, SOMERVILLE, MA 02144

But to show you how big-hearted I am, I'm going to admit that, perhaps, I can see your point. And by 'you' I mean" (he swiveled his head meaningfully toward the jury and allowed a sneer to contort his lips) "Mr. Know-It-All Jury and their Pocket Buddy, Judge Infinitely-Wise Overseer and Protector of Society. Yes, I can see how you wouldn't want someone like me around, someone who's (allegedly) too virile, too full of life to allow the existence of someone who isn't as vital as I am. I can see your point. But that doesn't mean I agree with you in your judgement."

Rasko paused in his speech. The court's nutritional resource steward provided him with a Syvetlandia Doklady FunCake; Rasko bit into the golden sponge cake and savored the squirt of creamy filling gushing into his expectant mouth. Meanwhile, the onlookers in the stuffy courtroom turned inward, probing their reactions to the miscreant's sentence, examining their conflicting surges of vengeful acrimony and compassionate tenderness, unearthing their own loves, their own hatreds...

Their own cowardices.

Raskolnikov concluded his brief repast, then cleared his palate with a soda cracker and a draught of cool water. Refreshed, he resumed his passionate address to that corporate body of his fellow citizens, a body that had so rashly rubber-stamped him "Unlawful" and "Unfit to Live." His taut, pendulous, straining eyeballs seethed with the fire within him, a fire that would know no quenching in this or any other world.

"But know this, friends and neighbors: If you execute me, if you tear the breath of life from my lips with your hangman's noose, with your electrocutioner's chair, with your gas chamber... attendant's... gasses, I'll simply come back stronger than before. Any feeble attempt on your part to quench the seething fires within me will meet with more than just passive resistance, let me be the first to tell you. I am too plugged in, I am too into it, to be stopped by mere death. Depend upon it, countrymen: If you kill me, I shall arise again when you least expect it. And my atrocities on that fateful day will make these (alleged) misdeeds look like... some pleasant, happy thing... that everyone kind of enjoyed."

Immediately following his execution, Rasko's body began decomposing into its constituent elements.

Toy Firm Bucks Feds

Kiddie Novelty Firm Brings Out Its Big Guns

Suggests that Customers, and Government, Should Lighten Up

Shows Off Suckers

by Alonzo Fonts

Staff Reporter of the Wall Street VooDoo

NEW YORK — Ignoring threats of government legal action, offbeat toy-maker Liten-Up Industries went ahead today with the planned release its new product line.

Although the Consumer Products Hazard Commission had announced a possible lawsuit against Liten-Up, manufacturer of the "Hey, Lighten Up A Little!" line of toys and gifts, the company declined to cancel this morning's Manhattan press conference, where it displayed the latest additions to its quirky stable of kiddie novelty items.

Out Of Their Minds?

In a statement to the press immediately afterwards, CPHC Senior Assistant Deputy Commissioner Duncan Marmoset explained that the lawsuit was an unusual step for the organization, but "Liten-Up's recent product moves left us no choice. Those people must be out of their minds or something."

Commissioner Marmoset was referring to the Winona, Arizona company's introduction of the X-Caliber line of infant and toddler pacifiers. The products resemble a variety of noteworthy pistols and handguns, with a pacifier "suck tip" at the end of the barrel.

Sonny Lemontina, of the public relations firm of Garintz, Gardusche, and Lemontina, representing Liten-Up, explained, "We're not promoting anything except maybe a little comfort and fun for small children. What's wrong with that?"

Blessed Are the Peace-Makers?

During a mid-morning press conference, Lemontina and partner Vincent Garintz displayed the entire X-Caliber line of "Peace-Makers."

"Our tests show that kids love these," explained Garintz. "When they squeeze the trigger, the Peace-Maker emits a gentle cooing sound, based on actual digitally-sampled vocalizations of real nursing mothers. Studies at the American Pacifier Institute proved that this sound was conducive to a child's psychological health and thriving, and that operating the trigger

increases a child's sense of agency. Obviously the Hazards Commission doesn't approve of peace of mind in either children or their parents. Their funding goes up if they can keep everybody in a nervous and jittery state."

The X-Caliber pacifiers come in a variety of styles: from the inexpensive "Saturday Night Special", a disposible model intended for baby-sitters on their way to a last-minute assignement, through the "Whose Little Uzi Are You?", a miniature version of the classic assault weapon, up to the deluxe "Make My Day-Care", a detailed replica of the .357 magnum made famous by Clint Eastwood and Ronald Reagan, which has a chamber that can be loaded with fruit juice or sugar water, dispensed whenever the child applies suction at the tip while activating the trigger.

Novel Novelties

In a stinging denunciation, Marmoset blasted Liten-Up founder and president Amos Liten as having "a strange idea of children's novelties." He listed other earlier Liten-Up products:

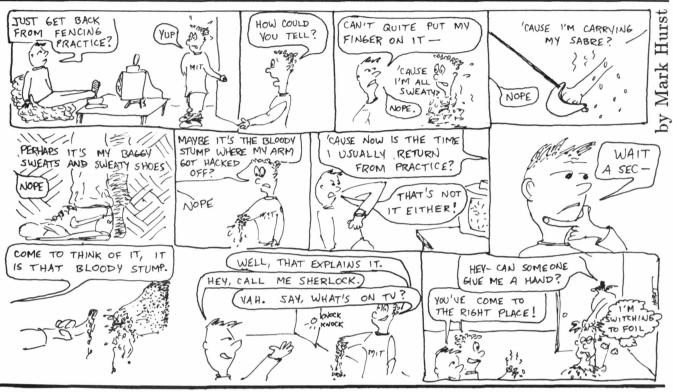
- From 1960-1973, the company purchased old, used refrigerators, painted them up like submarines, space-ships, and doll-houses, and left them in vacant lots near schoolyards – without removing their doors.
- In 1975, the company introduced the Little Junior Lead Paint Removal kit, including scrapers, collection bags, and a toy replica of a filtration mask system.
- In 1989, Liten-Up began printing plastic drycleaning bags to resemble Batman and Ninja Turtle suits, complete with hooded face masks.

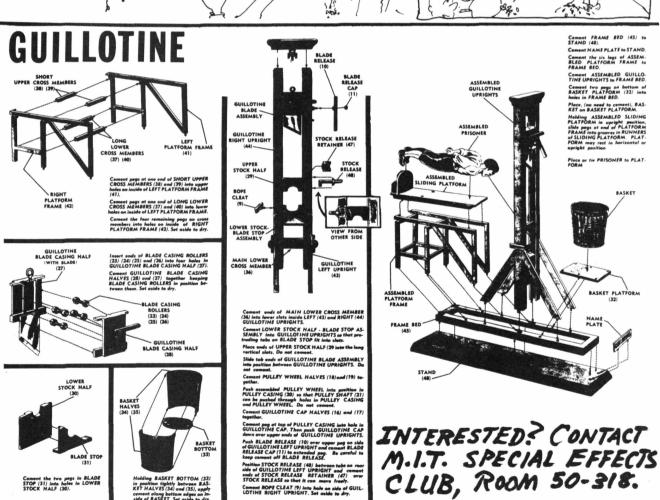
Marmoset, who admitted that his office had no reliable casualty figures from these earlier products, said that reporters were "missing [his] point."

"Shrewd" Founder

Inertia Lee Jefferson, business analyst with the consulting firm of Tandem, Willi, Woantey & Wynot, predicted an improved financial picture for Liten-Up based on the expected popularity of the new pacifiers with post-holiday shoppers.

"Old Man Liten has always had a shrewd commercial instinct," said Ms Jefferson, smiling as she described Liten-Up's patriarch and founder, "and this looks like the right product, in the right place, at the right time."



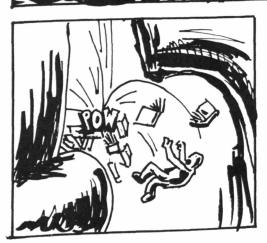


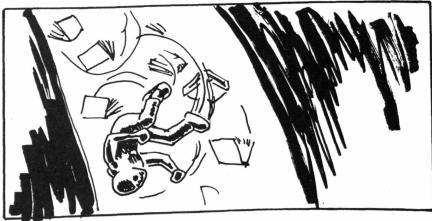


























AFRAID, RIGHT? OF ... UH .. PAIN? YEAH. UM ... DON'T WORRY. UM ... IT WONT HURT ... IS THAT RIGHT? NO ... UM ... YOU CAN'T HURT, US. NO, THATS NOT RIGHT EITHER



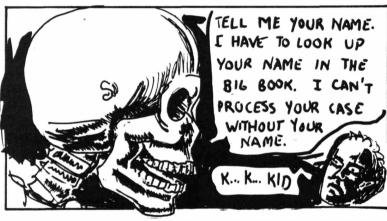
























































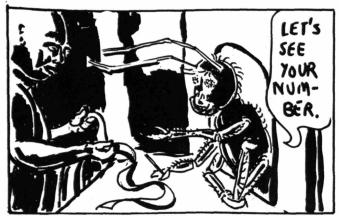
EVERY LIVING THING EVERY MONKEY CAT, SPIDER, WORM, FUNLUS, WHAT HAVE YOU, IS GIVEN A NUMBER FOR YOUR RECORD-KEEPING. YOU NEED TO RE-APPLY, IT'S JUST A FORMALITY.





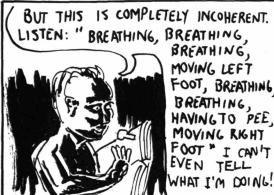
YOU'RE YERY LUCKY! AFTER FILLING OUT SOME FORMS YOU'RE LOING HOME!













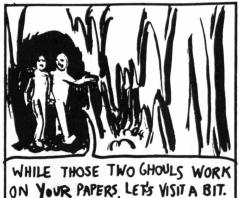






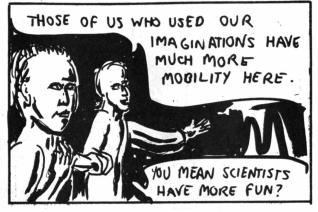








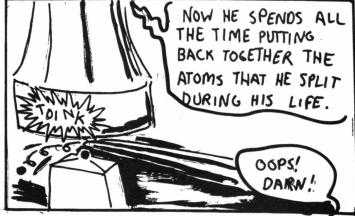












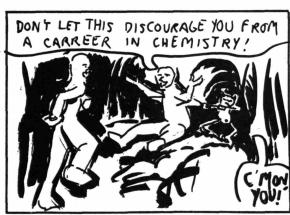
















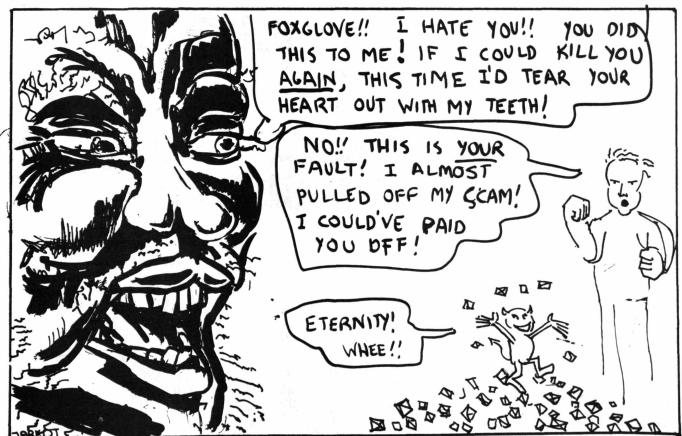














THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR TREATING MY GRAD STUDENTS LIKE DIRT. WE COULD'VE MADE EACH OTHER RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS, BUT INSTEAD WE DESTROYED EACH OTHER



















BESIDES THE LOSS
OF TWO LIVES,
WE WILL NEVER
KNOW WHAT
SCIENTIFIC
DISCOVERIES
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN MADE.



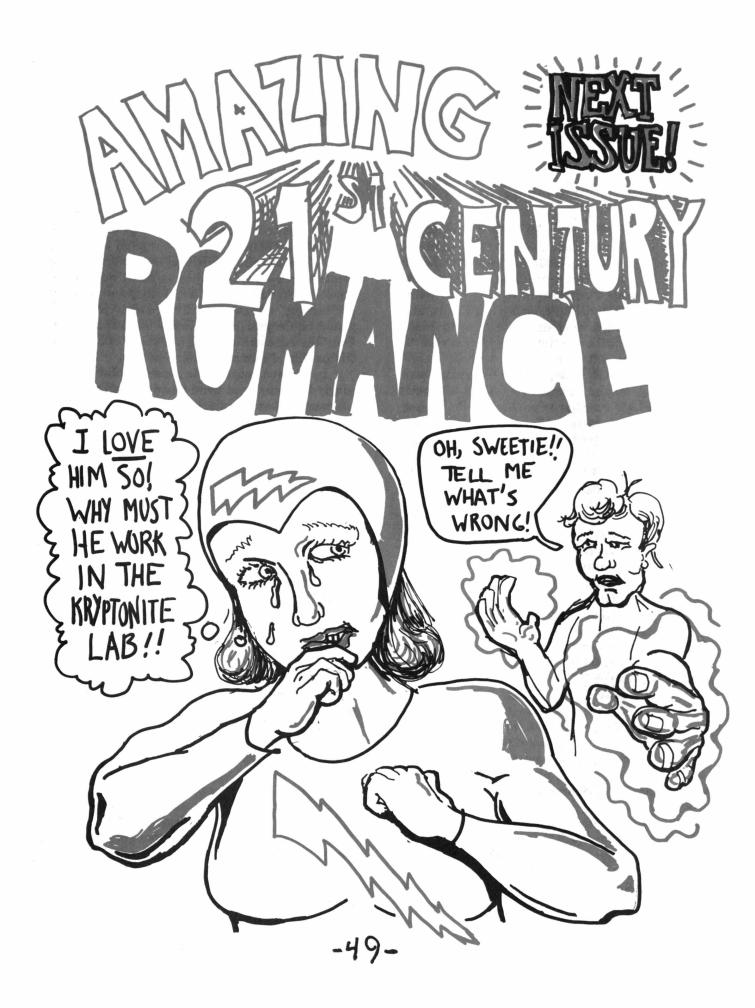
... INCLUDING
FOXGLOVE'S
LAST EXPERIMENT,
ALL NOTES AND
APPARATUS
RELATING TO IT
WERE COMPLETELY
ANNIHILATED
IN THE TRACEDY











Demise of Brad

by Alan Blount

Sex with Holly reminded Brad of feeding a crumpled dollar into a bill changer—in a frustrating inch, back out, in a little farther, out, always with her dry mechanical whining. Despite her beauty, or perhaps because of it—the pert nose, ear-length blonde hair, and well-painted lips, she was rather aloof, almost distracted. Brad could tell her mind was somewhere else, perhaps off to the left. Later, after they had finished, he almost caught himself hunting for a Coke and some change. But for the moment he gritted his teeth and endured, if for nothing else than the Budweiser he would reward himself with after she fell asleep.

The thrill was gone. The first meetings, the enchanting conversations, lingering lunches, nighttime walks, all were reduced to an absurd formula. He would meet a girl in lecture or at a party and charm them with his witty, direct manner and astonishing body. Then he would dig up the girl's address on Athena (pausing to read all the files she had left world-readable) and arrange a "chance meeting" after covertly following her around a couple days. He'd take her to Uno's (Brad, always the good listener, nodding and asking flattering questions), later a movie, and on the second or third date they would take the long way back to the dorms, around the river, and he would stop her and tell her gosh what astonishing eyes she has, and I'm almost afraid to kiss you, a touch could shatter the moment, and all that. They'd wind up back at her place or his and have a weary night of sex. The adventure in discovering a new body had become offset by the numbing repetition, the same careful advances, trite romances, re-run seduction.

Brad had slept with nine women in the last four months. His partners were never remarkable in many respects, though collectively their range was impressive. He had covered all the sororities and four of the West Campus dormitories. He lacked only the independent living groups, though he wasn't too excited to go after any of their ilk. He even bedded a hyperactive Assassins Guild member, who may have been tolerable had she not insisted on wearing her cape to bed.

He was most puzzled by their general lack of interest, and blamed his own ennui on theirs. Oh, they would certainly do it, and make all the appropriate noises—but later they wouldn't want to talk about it. Brad liked feedback. If they had said "rub me harder," or "maybe a little deeper please" he would be delighted, but always the awful silence. Only the Assassin's guild girl—she screamed. But the parade of sorority sisters—nothing.

In the wee hours of the morning after a particularly tiresome tryst Brad found himself in 66-080 perusing "alt.sex.bondage," glancing nervously behind himself whenever anyone passed who could observe his screen. What fun these bondage people seem to have, thought Brad. Bondage partners don't merely "have" sex, they became "masters" who controlled the actions of their "slaves." They also use strange props—nipple clamps and knots and panties stuffed in mouths, and even cultivate a condescending attitude toward ordinary couples and their "vanilla" sex.

The next day Brad went to "Hubba Hubba," a local purveyor of kinko-ware, and spent his entire UROP check on leather and chrome nasties. After dumping the contents of the bag on his bed, he called Holly and told her she was coming over for the night. He dug through his sock drawer for his zip-lok of Columbian and his "Bexley Design Contest" steam-powered bong ("espresso smoke," they called it). After toking himself stupid, he hid the toys and clove-hitched four ropes to the corner of the bed and hid the ends under the mattress.

Holly arrived toting a backpack full of 5.60. "Forget the books, baaaybe, tonight we make luuuuuuv!" said Brad, forgetting his manners.

"Uh, no, Brad...get off of me, I have to work." Holly fended off his advances and sat down at Brad's desk, leaving Brad dumbfounded.

Hmmm, this will not do, thought Brad. "Uh, sorry, I'm just not myself," he said weakly, and dug through his drawers for the Vallium. He cracked open four of the pills and poured the contents into a bottle of Evian retrieved from his fridge. "Here Holly, have some water."

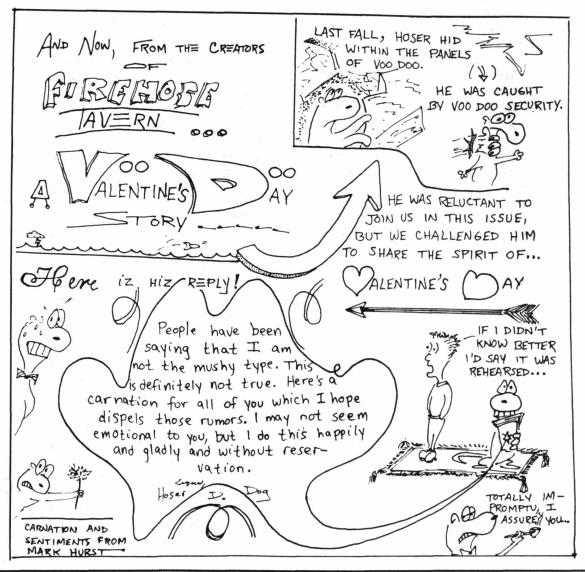
"Mmm, thanks," she replied, sharpening her pencils. Brad sat on his bed and endured ten anxious minutes until Holly took a long pull from the bottle. The drug took immediate effect. "Uh, I don't feel...I should lie down."

"Yes!" thought Brad. "Here, let me take your clothes off, you'll feel better." Holly was too far gone to resist. He tugged off her Phi Alpha Omega sweatshirt and leotards, and after pausing to admire her inert form, removed her underwear and tied her to the bed.

"Wait," thought Brad, "If she's drugged, is it rape?" Brad couldn't remember. He briefly considered calling Nightline to ask, but decided he had more important things to do. Somehow, the power and control had excited Brad like he hadn't been in months.

While Holly lolled on the bed Brad donned his bathrobe and slipped through the door to the floor kitchen. He returned fifteen minutes later with a pot of macaroni and cheese. Holly barely noticed as he poured the steaming mixture on her bare chest. "Now, to eat!" Brad watched the melted cheese run down her thighs as he slurped up a facefull of noodles from her abdomen. "Mmm, good." Unexpectedly, however, the macaroni reacted with the drugs already in his body to form Methyldiethylamylkeytone, a lethal substance that boiled up his belly, burned through his throat, and raged into his brain, causing him to momentarily contemplate the horror of his ways and the terrible act he had committed. Then his brain seized up and he fell on the rug and died.

In the corner of his eye was a little tear.



WORD

Well, after a disappointingly small crop of zines sent to us for our second zine review column, VooDoo has decided to discontinue our attempt at being a gateway drug to the mind expanding world of underground publications.

But, before we go, we want to mention a few great resources for the small zine publisher. If you publish your own little zine/paper/booklet, (like that FBUTA Gazette, for example) I recommend that you get in touch with these people. If you don't publish one, what is wrong with you? Don't you have a cross to bear? Is your life so perfect that you have nothing to complain about? Get off your butt and start writing. Unleash your most poignant thoughts on the unsuspecting masses. Embarrass your parents! Shock your co-workers! Warp young minds! Amuse your friends and other weirdos. Keep in mind however, that you will probably get the same vomit in return, and there will always be people who are weirder, cooler, and funnier than you are.

Nonetheless, it is an experience that every person with access to a Xerox and a few magic markers should take part in. Artistic talent is optional.

The first resource for aspiring publishers and kook-seekers is the recently reincarnated Fact-sheet Five. These guys have scads of listings of sometimes awesome, sometimes awful zines and other printed matter. Well reviewed and neatly catagorized (punk, queer, sex, music, political, etc), this is the "quick-reference" to get you started.

Factsheet Five PO Box 170099 San Francisco, CA 94117-0099

The second is "cheap... fun and... easy (no it's not your sister), it's the Zine Exchange Network" (his words). Gary collects zines from all over the world and runs an industrial strength trading clearing house. Send a bunch of copies of your publication and a huge SASE (preferably one of priority mail bags with \$2.90 of postage on it) and get swamped. "Two thumbs up!"

Gary Pattillo 5920 Victor Street Dallas, TX 75214

The last is a temporary situation created when Jerod Pore took over as reviewer and editor of Factsheet Five and inherited almost half a ton of old zines from the previous victim. He is currently begging for people to take it off his hands, two pounds at a time, by sending him a big \$2.90 SASE. He promises to stuff it with a wide assortment of zines and send it right back to you.

Jerod Pore 1800 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94102

Jerod also runs Factsheet Five / Electronic, a cyberspace version of the granddaddy of all review mags. Check out alt.zines for current info, ftp to ftp.msen.com and look around in /pub/newsletters/factsheet-five (although these files are old, and there is a new site that will be replacing it as the home for F5E). To subscribe to the mailing list, send mail to jerod23@well.sf.ca.us.

And if you can't find anything interesting from any of these sources, then you might as well give it up. Get yourself a subscription to *Reader's Digest* or some other nice mainstream bathroom rag, a house in the suburbs, a sensible car, and 1.5 kids. The world of zines just ain't for you, buddy. So there.



LETTERS TO VOODOO

Editor's note: This January, we did a small mailing to a handful of our respected alumni. The mailing included a copy of the September "Back to School" issue and a letter from Phosphorus explaining our latest efforts to improve the magazine and asking for advice. Here are a couple of the responses that we received.

Dear Phos.

Thanks for the sample Fall Issue. I read it and wept the nostalgic tears of an old 1945 VooDoo staffer, and other plain human tears. I now would like to offer some helpful advice, but have forgotten what. So here are observations that seemed incredibly perceptive last night at 2:00 a.m., and \$10.00 for a subscription.

Award-Winning Funny Line In Fall Issue: Page 6, "The quality of VooDoo is beyond reproach."

Strange Premise: your fictitious editorial staff. Nobody will believe fake names as preposterous as Kent Lundberg and Alan Blount.

Curses: Always claim to be crass, filthy and disgusting, but avoid any real curse words, lest VooDoo sink to the boring level of Cable TV.

Wait! I just remembered! Here is the advice: Beware of all advice because as John Paul Richter of, I believe, the MIT Physical Plant, once said, but not recently, "Criticism strips the tree of both caterpillars and blossoms," and as Admiral John Paul Jones never said, "Two if by sea, full speed ahead, and damn the caterpillars."

H. Paul Grant '45.

Dear Phos,

Thanks for the copy of the Fall '92 issue. I looked it over farily thoroughly but did not find it interesting. Probably I've done some growing up since 1951.

Sincerely, Roald Cann '51. Editor's note: ...and then we get mail like this, from the user ID "ELVIS" on an archaic VM site. Go figure.

Dear Kent or Phos:

I have been digitized and stored on an archaic IBM 2314 disk drive. (A) This medium is no longer supported. (B) This medium is no longer reliable. Please help me get out.

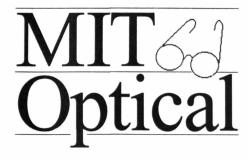
Thanx, El'

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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 staff emailing list. □ would rather suck rocks and sandpaper my forehead.				
T	and like to			
I would like to ☐ draw cartoons. ☐ sell advertise			amanta	
	☐ draw cartoons. ☐ sell advertise ☐ draw illustrations. ☐ do darkroom			Total Control of the
	□ write stories. □ clean the of			
	□ write columns. □ help with pl			KAIN MINDS AND MINDS IN THE COURT OF THE COU
	☐ help with production.	□ write letters		
□ help with distribution. □ send hate mail				
infiltrate other campus publications and bring them to their knees.				
get the Editor in a head lock and slap the production staff silly.				
		Ministrate		GEED !
For the next issue I will submit (by April 5):				
For the next issue, I will submit (by April 5): some cartoons or humorous drawings. a side-splitting opinion column.				
		ous drawings.	_	humorous story.
□ a two page cartoon. □ a four page graphic novella. □ an aight page graphic novel				d humorous story.
				d humorous story.
an eight page graphic novel.a funny letter to the Editor.			rous photographs.	
something totally indescribable, yet hilarious.				
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 ask my parents to donate \$1000. fire bomb the Student Center.				GOOFUS
			publication.	GOOFUS FEATHERS GLUE GALONEY OIL TAR
п.	Sincerely,		Name .	·
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JOKE PAGE

Son: "Dad, I have to do a report for school. Can I ask you a question?"

Father: "Sure son. What's the question?"

Son: "What is (-A-)?"

Father: "Well, let's take our home for an example. (—B—), so let's call me (—C—). your mother is executor of my decisions, so we'll call her (—D—). We take care of your need, so let's call you (—E—). The maid does all the work around here, so we'll call her (—F—). Your brother will be affected by our decisions and actions so we can call him (—G—). Do you understand son?"

Son: "I'm not really sure, dad. I'll have to think about it."

That night awakened by his brother's crying, the boy went to see what was wrong. Discovering that the baby had seriously soiled his diaper, the boy went to his parents' room and found his mother sound asleep. He went to the maid's room, where, peeking through the keyhole, he saw his father in bed with the maid. The boy's knocking went totally unheeded by his father and the maid, so the boy returned to his room and went back to sleep.

The next morning he reported to his father. Son: "Dad, now I think i understand what (—A—) is."

Father: "Good son! Can you explain it to me in your own words?"

Son: "Well Dad, while (—C—) is screwing (—F—), (—D—) is sound asleep, (—E—) are being completely ignored and (—G—) is full of shit."

Q: Why don't Baptists make love standing up?
A: Because God might think they're dancing.

(-A-)**Politics** MIT Management Grease VooDoo (-B-)I am the wage earner You do everything I say You are subject to my resolutions I make all the decisions (-C-)Capitalism the Corporation the UA the editor (-D-)the Government the Administration Finboard the production staff (—E—) the people the students the undergraduates the readers (—F—) the working class the faculty the student groups the contributors (--G--) the future the school student life the magazine

TOPICS FOR TECHIES



HOFFA

Arthur A. Sloane

Jimmy Home's family, friends, and comprehensive biography of the late In Hoffa, Arthur Sloane has written the only Teamster leader, having had full access to

surrounding his presurfed Mafia murder in the legal problems that plagued his later strongest, and wealthies; union in American to total dominance over the largest, of Hoffa's remarkable life and death; his rise years; and, of course, the shadowy events history; his near-Victorian personal habits: It covers in considerable detail all the facets powerful and contradictory character, one of the most influential figures in American labor Hoffa is a rich and colorful portrait of this

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HE EMBODIED MIND

and Eleanor Rosch Francisco J. Varela. Evan Thompson. Cognitive Science and Human Experience

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HUBERT L. DREYFUS

A Critique of Artificial Reason WHAT COMPUTERS STILL CAN'T DO

Hubert L. Dreyfus

and the focus of the AI community has and neural networks that have transformed assessing the paradigms of connectionism introduction outlining these changes and book. Dreyfus has added a lengthy new philosophy. For this edition of his now classic researchers to seek out and study It has also become more common for Al shifted to more complex models of the mind several believers still pursue its pot of gold) general intelligence, is in decline (although using symbolic representations to produce has changed since then. Today it is clear that artificial intelligence community. The world mental functions caused an uproar in the of disembodied machines to mimic higher Dreyfus's manifesto on the inherent inability When it was first published in 1972. Hubert "good old-fashioned Al." based on the idea of

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Science,

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& Society

Urban Studies

The Cybernetics Group, 1946-1953

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