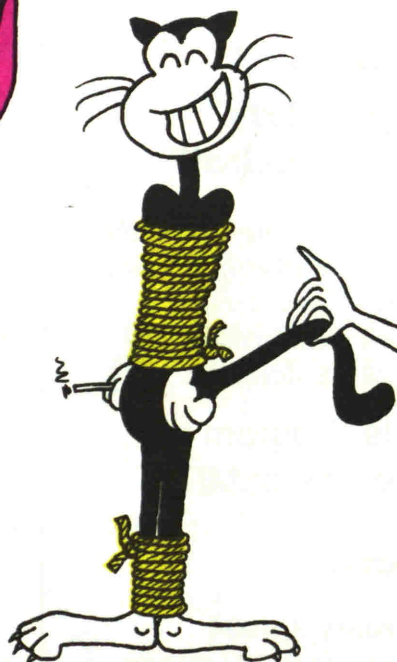


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1994

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MIT Journal of Humor



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In "Saint Valentine's" VooDoo

The Story of the Little Red Hen — page 5

A fable by G.L. Dryfoos, the illegitimate child of Ayn Rand and George Orwell.

The Snap Dragon Chronicles — page 14

Rapidograph™ madness from Henry Chiu.

Crimewatch — page 18

MIT Campus Police Log from Hani Sallum.

Myriad — page 20

More (or less) flotsam from the twisted minds of Cherry Ogata.

Malnutrition — page 21

Raluca Barbulescu's vision of the world. Truly a sight to behold.

Guide to the Essentials of Organic Chem-Mystery — page 22

Yep, that's what it is. By Wan-Ying Chee.

I Laughed, I Cried, I Projectile Vomited — page 23

A second opinion of the 1993 Ig Nobel Prizes.

One Night, Part V — page 26

Coffee... Goddamn. WILL SOMEONE GET ME SOME COFFEE?

Gilbert and his Doll — page 29

Max Lord proves he is more alternative than you.

Slug-Bunny — page 32

A stunning period piece by Jennie López.

Eight Bits for a Night of Pain — page 36

Jason shows that violence is the only solution.

Random Memoranda — page 38

A day in the life of John Dzenitis.

Beyond Maximum Horror, Part II — page 40

Marauding infants and more from Pete Finkelstein.

How Many Stupid Ways Are There to Kill Yourself? — page 43

Well, what are you waiting for? By the nihilistic Kai Chiang.

Letters to the Editor — page 44

Our readers live to regret writing to us.

Bathroom Evaluation Guide — page 45

Please return it.

Raging Dave — page 46

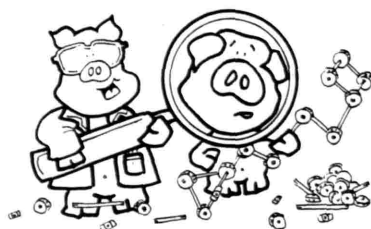
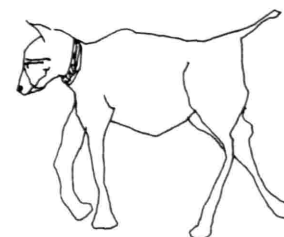
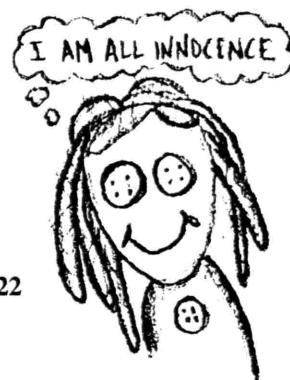
If you know who Dave really is, please call the office.



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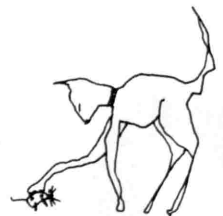
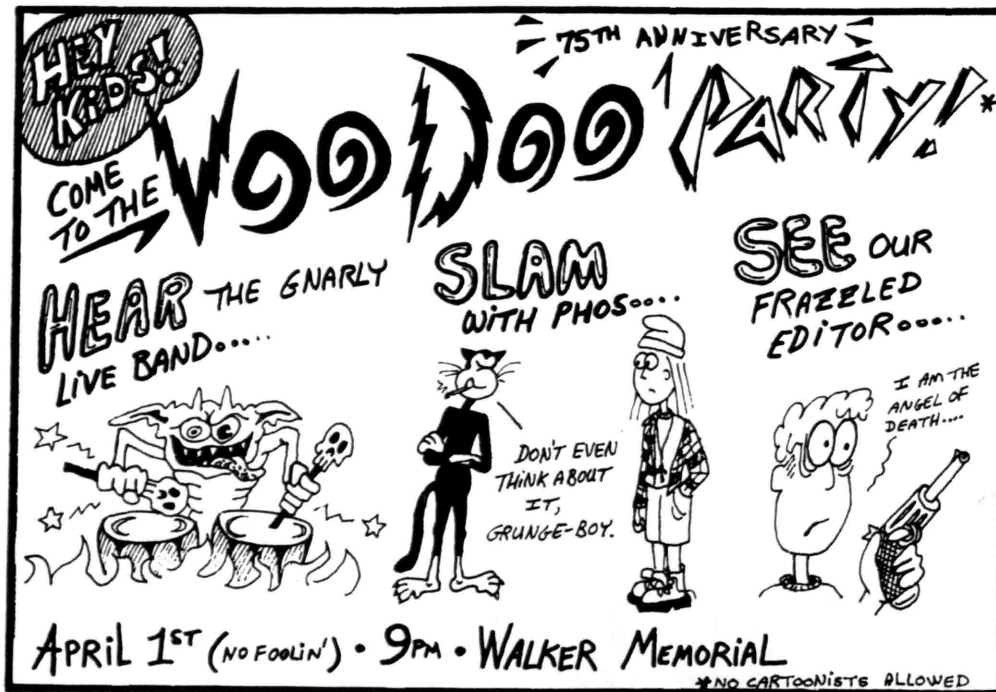
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The Story of the Little Red Hen

*A Fable of Success in the Pursuits of Economics and Self-Determination,
in which Everyone gets Pretty Much what They Deserve*

by G.L. Dryfoos

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who lived on a farm. One day, while scratching around the yard for seedcorn and other healthful grains, she got an idea.

"Who will help me gather up this seedcorn and other healthful grains, so that I can make some tasty loaves of bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said Randy the Rooster, "but if you're feeling restless, why not come around the back of the coop with me, and I'll give you something else to think about for awhile?"

"I will just ignore that," said the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said Thom Turkey. "There's plenty here to eat already. And I don't think Farmer Frank intends us to be cooking for ourselves. We don't have the facilities for it, really, or the training."

"Not I," said all the other farmyard animals, for a variety of reasons.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, "I suppose I shall have to gather it up all by myself." So the Little Red Hen went to work by herself, gathering up a big pile of seedcorn and other healthful grains. While she worked, some of the other farmyard animals stopped by to watch.

"Hey! Little Red Hen!" cried Godfrey Goose, "you just swept up all the corn over here! I was going to eat some of that! What are you doing?"

"I am putting an otherwise-neglected or foolishly-squandered resource into productive use," explained the Little Red Hen.

"Oh," replied Godfrey Goose, who always lost his appetite whenever he was bullied around by the other, more personally-forceful farm animals, and who had never really understood economics, anyway.

This gathering up of seedcorn and other foolishly-squandered grains went on for the rest of the afternoon, all the next day, and every day for the next two weeks.

"Couldn't she just take some kind of hormone pill and get over it?" suggested Randy the Rooster one afternoon.

"That remark is sexist and ignorant," said Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck, in unison, "and we will just ignore it."

"Suit yourself, dolls." muttered Randy the Rooster.

"Say," called the Wise Old Owl, who liked to perch on top of the barn, spy out mice, and otherwise stir things up, "what is that Little Red Hen doing down there by the pond? Dulcie? Daphne? Isn't that your favorite *après-swim* area she's checking out?"

"Oh my Gawd!" exclaimed the ducks, and flew off to see what the Little Red Hen was up to.

Many of the other animals followed them over, in time to hear the Little Red Hen announce, "Now that I have gathered all the grain I shall need, it is time to plant it. This plot of land will do quite nicely! Who will help me plant my seedcorn and other healthful grains, so that I can make some tasty loaves of bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Wise Old Owl, who had an idea where all this was heading.

"Not I," said Pumper Pig, who'd been pond-bathing in happy solitude all day, until this crowd showed up.

"Not I!" squawked Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck. "That's our favorite *après-swim* area, and you leave it alone!" But the Little Red Hen went right ahead tearing up the little plot of land, ruining the little sandy lip at the edge of the pond, and plowing under all the lovely tall and fragrant marsh grass where the ducks used to waddle and roll so happily.

"Not I," said Randy the Rooster, who noticed that the ducks weren't looking quite so darn smug anymore.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, "I suppose I shall have to plant them all by myself."

And so she did. And when she was all done, and the plot of land was all neatly sowed, she retired to a shady spot beside the coop, where she settled down comfortably to read *Old MacDonald Shrugged*. And while she read, she hummed happily to herself,

*It's my harvest and I'll bake what I want to,
Bake when I want to,
Eat what I want to.
You would bake, too, if you weren't a fool.*

A few days later, the Little Red Hen came out to the center of the farmyard and cried, "My plot of land needs tending. Who will help me weed my fine little plot of land, so that I can make some tasty loaves of bread?"

"Not I!" said Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck, who had only that morning finished fixing up their new *après-swim* area.

"Not I," said Randy the Rooster, who had helped the ducks with their work, and was now resting on the warm sand at the edge of the pond, getting a very nice double-duckbill groom job indeed.

"Not I," said Thom Turkey, who had found an old calendar that had blown out of the outhouse, and was puzzling over the November picture.

"Not I," said many of the other farmyard animals, each having his or her own reasons.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, "I suppose I shall have to weed it all by myself." But then, looking around, she spied Godfrey Goose, who noticed her noticing him, and tried to edge quietly around to the other side of the coop.

"Godfrey Goose," she said. "I just happen to have some leftover seed from my original investment. If you will help me weed, I will let you have some."

"Uh, sure... okay, I guess," said the goose, who figured that, come sundown, if he recovered from his woozy, fear-induced nausea, he'd probably be pretty hungry.

So the Little Red Hen showed Godfrey Goose how to weed her plot, and then, once she saw that he understood how, she left him working in the hot sun all the rest of the afternoon. At sundown, she put down her copy of *Farm Machineries of Freedom* and went to see how he had done. She found Godfrey sitting on top of a large pile of weeds at the edge of her little field.

"My, you have worked hard today," said the Little Red Hen, as she poked through the pile of weeds. She counted out a pile of seedcorn and other grains for Godfrey, and then deducted a small amount for the crop shoots he had accidentally pulled up along with the weeds. She deducted another small amount because he had not started work until mid-morning. She deducted a further

small amount of grain as her instructional fee for teaching him how to weed. "How's that, Godfrey Goose?" she asked him. "Does that seem fair?"

"Sure," said Godfrey, who didn't want to start a fight with the edgy little hen. He pecked up the pile of grain, stuffing his cheeks, and, realizing that he'd be un-nauseated enough to want it soon, wondered what to do with it in the meantime.

"Good!" said the Little Red Hen. "I've always believed in a fair wage for a fair day's work. It makes honest farm animals and builds moral character. I'll call you again when there's more to do. Good night!" she smiled, as she shooed him away from her little field.

Throughout the rest of the summer, the Little Red Hen came at least once each week to get Godfrey Goose and escort him over to her little plot of land. At first, the other farmyard animals had tried to dissuade him from helping her.

"You don't have to work to eat, you know," pointed out Randy the Rooster. Now that that crazy little hen has stopped hogging up all the food... excuse me, Pumper, no offense intended..."

Pumper Pig looked up from his trough. "And none taken, Randy. He's right, Godfrey. The Little Red Hen has mostly stopped scooping up extra grain, except for the pile she puts aside to pay you each week. You should just peck up as much as you want, the way all your friends do."

"Sure!" said Thom Turkey. "Farmer Frank comes over to the yard every morning and tosses in big handfuls of seed corn and other heathful grains for us. He doesn't want us planting and weeding. He likes to feed us. And, gee, he doesn't expect anything from us in return, nothing at all." Thom Turkey got a kind of a funny feeling as he added that last bit. Something about that calendar picture... he shrugged it off.

"Really, Godfrey," said Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck, "you shouldn't let her push you around like that. Besides, there's some nice fish in our pond. You could eat some of those instead of..."

"Godfrey," called the Little Red Hen, from inside the coop, "the field needs weeding today. You might as well get an early start."

So Godfrey Goose went down to the hen's grain patch, where he spent the day pulling weeds and pecking up the tasty little insects that had appeared in the crops.

Late one afternoon, the Little Red Hen made a surprise visit, and caught Godfrey Goose with a half-swallowed bug in his beak.

"Godfrey! Are you eating my crops? I don't approve of employee pilferage."

Suddenly Godfrey felt quite ill, not at all pleased to have a billful of half-chewed bug.

"What are you chewing?" demanded the Little Red Hen. And when she ordered "Spit it out!" he complied readily.

"Why, that's an insect!"

"Yes ma'am. They eat the grain, so I thought that..."



"That's initiative! That's productivity! That's Total Quality Munching! Good for you. I shall add a small bonus to your wages today for that."

And the Little Red Hen was as good as her word. That evening, when she returned to pay Godfrey Goose, she added some grain, a small pile in front of his regular wages. But then, she explained, she had a further adjustment to make.

"Now that you are earning some food by your own commendable efforts in bug control, it's clear that you no longer need quite so large a grain-assistance grant from me. Good for you! You are learning the rewards of honest independence and self-sufficiency. Therefore, I must make a

small deduction from your wages, to compensate for the amount you are earning on your own."

So saying, the Little Red Hen pushed aside some grain from Godfrey Goose's wages, into a small pile behind them. Was the pile behind his wages the same size as the little bonus pile in front of them. Larger? In the gathering twilight, it was hard for Godfrey Goose to tell; he didn't think so. Anyway, he had the bonus pile for his insect-eating initiative, and that made him happy. He pecked up his wages, and went back to the barnyard with his cheeks bulging.

In the weeks that followed, he was glad that he had the insects to supplement his diet, because it turned out that while the insect-compensated-grain-need-assistance-reduction was permanent, his initiative bonus, of course, was not. But it was steady work, and he was glad to have it.

Summer moved on, the days began to grow noticeably shorter, and one day the Little Red Hen came to the center of the farmyard and announced, "My crop of corn and other healthful grains has ripened. Who will help me harvest it, so that I can make some tasty loaves of bread?"

"Not I," said Thom Turkey, who, with help from the Wise Old Owl, had recently begun to decipher that calendar page, and was now spending a good part of each day in vigorous flight-training exercises.

"Not I," yelled Randy the Rooster, from inside the coop.

"Not I," giggled Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck, also from inside the coop.

"Not I," said Pumper Pig, looking up from an intense conversation with a small spider.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, "I suppose I shall have to harvest it all by myself."

"Uh... I'll help you," said Godfrey Goose.

"Goodness, it's awfully nice of you to offer," said the Little Red Hen, "but there are notations here in your work records... Let's see..." she said, as flipped through her files "...Gabby 'Gator... Gaffer Garden-snake... Galvani GruntFrog... here we are: Godfrey Goose! Yes, some notes about tardiness, and Oh Dear! something about suspicions of pilferage a few months back. Nothing to it, I'm sure, but rules are rules. I'd like to hire you for this job, but it's just not allowed under our personnel policies. I'm sure you understand."

"B-b-but I've worked on that field all summer long!" sputtered Godfrey Goose. It's not f-fair!"

"Now, Godfrey, of course it's fair. This crop represents my capital investment and planning. It's

only right that I should have the freedom to determine how best to manage my own property. Don't you see? But I tell you what – even though, according to our regulations, I am not permitted to hire you as an employee for this work, since you now have agricultural training and experience, I can allow you to freelance.”

Godfrey, whose stomach had been knotted since the beginning of this conversation, and whose brain had gone dead to sleep somewhere during the phrase “capital investment and planning,” looked at her like a dazed and sickened goose.

The Little Red Hen plowed on. “Err, yes, well then. Freelance. You can freelance. Make something of yourself. Put your training to good use. For the next several days, while the harvest proceeds, you can enter the field for the express purpose of eating any and all bugs you may find. And while you will not receive a grain wage for that activity...” Something about the goose's expression caused the Little Red Hen to leave her explanation unfinished.

“Bugs?” asked Godfrey Goose? “I can have bugs?”

“Yes, of course.” The Little Red Hen decided not to ask Godfrey to post a grainpile bond in advance. “That's it. Show up tomorrow morning and you can come into the field and eat bugs. Okay?”

“Bugs. Okay. Tomorrow morning.” Godfrey wandered off muttering. “Bugs. No grain. Eat the bugs. Okay? Bugs.”

The next morning Godfrey was at the field at dawn. Randy the Rooster had taken to sleeping late, and the other animals were getting used to waking on their own if they wanted to see the sunrise, or waiting until mid-morning for the coop to emit a few perfunctory cockcrows, or more frequently these days, some half-hearted wake-up quacks.

When the Little Red Hen arrived, she saw him waiting. “Good morning Godfrey Goose,” she said. “Congratulations on beginning your freelance agricultural career. I am pleased that I could help you break the cycle of dependency that had you so reliant on seed grants.” Godfrey started to get that look again, so she skipped the rest of her speech, and finished with, “I will start working in the northeast corner. Why don't you begin there? I'll give you a head start while I attend to some management details and have some breakfast. This way, you can clear the insects out of each section just before it is harvested. Okay?”

Godfrey Goose merely nodded and set to work. When the Little Red Hen returned an hour later,

she saw that the goose had been working hard, but in an unusual way. As he caught each insect in his bill, he did not eat it, but merely crushed it dead, walked out past the edge of the field to a clearing, and laid the insect down. He had already produced a good-sized pile of pulped pests. Apparently, he did not wish to be accused of grain-pilferage again, for as soon as he saw the Little Red Hen, he asked her to look through his heap of insects and verify that there were no grains mixed in with them. Impressed with his honesty, she took a cursory poke or two among the bugs, and then got on with her harvesting.

Godfrey did not eat all day, but in the late afternoon, when she announced that she was leaving, he quitted the grain patch, too. He poked through his sizeable mound, filled his cheeks and bill with the best bug bits, nodded to her politely, and left.

They continued to work together in this manner for the next two days. At the end of the third day, the field was entirely harvested. The Little Red Hen tried once again to praise and congratulate Godfrey Goose for his new economic self-sufficiency, but he merely stood there, cheeks bulging with crushed insect parts, waiting politely for her to finish. When she did, he nodded a polite “good evening” to her and left. She shrugged, finished her work, and went back to her corner of the coop to study the day's *Wall Street Kernal*.

The next morning, she went to the center of the farmyard. “Who will help me grind my corn and other healthful grains, so that I can make some tasty loaves of bread?” asked the Little Red Hen.

“Not I,” said Randy the Rooster, dragging some flowers into the coop. “Dulcie and Daphne have been feeling a little blue, so I'm going to spend the day fixing this place up for a big party. It's this weekend. You're invited if you want,” he added, a little reluctantly. “It's BYO-Seed, of course.”

“Not I,” said Thom Turkey, swooping down in a really graceful powerdive. He pulled out at the last instant, executed a perfect barrel-roll, and glided to a sweet stop. “I'm going to be working on my take-off and landings all day. Besides I still think this bread baking thing is really inappropriate. I've been visiting the other turkeys in the area,” his nonchalant wingsweep included miles of other farms, across the valley, past hills, out to the horizon, “and none of them have ever seen any barnyard baking or other cookery. I mean, go ahead if you want. Anyway, the Owl and I are team-teaching a celestial navigation class in a few days, and I have to prepare my notes.”

Advertisement

The "GRADUATE STUDENT COUNCIL": a "HELPING HAND" to STUDENT'S or a
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MIT is one of the foremost SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS in the WORLD, an institution of which WE as AMERICANS may be justly proud. It's reputation is known throughout the world--and yet, while America's policymakers have been ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, it has become a HOTBED of COMMUNIST INFILTRATION and SUBVERSIVE THOUGHT. How could this have come to pass? Through the actions of the innocent-sounding GRADUTE STUDENT COUNCIL or GSC! That GSC also stands for the well-known Communist revolutionary organization, the General Socialist Committee, is a fact which has apparently escaped the notice of EVERY LEVEL of government, despite repeated attempts by this author to bring it too there attention! In fact, "coincidentally" members of this very same GSC frequently have the ear of the very governing bodies which I have tried to enlighten! Why do President Vest and Dean Wrighton and heads of all the "Academic" Departments at MIT find time to listen too the rantings of this so-called "Council", some of whom are admitted FOREIGNERS, HOMO-SEXUALS and THESPIANS, but not this author? Is it a "coincidence", or has this CONSPIRACY infiltrated too the very HEART and SOUL of this INSTITUTE? Of this COUNTRY? Could even PRESIDENT CLINTON and CONGRESS be implicated? Could the current craze for HEALTH CARE REFORM be the beginning of there PLAN to construct a BRAVE NEW WORLD and sap the PURITY of our PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS!? How could such APPALLING POWER have fallen into the hands of these people? Why has no-one noticed the many "coincidences" which together point too a TERRIFYING CONCLUSION: That this "COUNCIL" is in fact a plan to SUBVERT AMERICA into COMMUNIST CONTROL by first stealing the MINDS of the most creative of our nations YOUTH? Is it nearly COINCIDENCE that the letters G-S-C are NOWHERE in the sentence "KILL JFK" or that the TRILATERAL COMMISSION claims no knowledge of this so-called "COUNCIL?" Or is it a SECRET PLAN to misdirect our attention? The time has come to STOP this so-called "COUNCIL" in it's TRACKS before its TO LATE! As John F. Kennedy said, "All that is necessary for the EVIL EMPIRE to triumph is for GOOD MEN to stand by," and their has been to much standing by so far! Its time to INFILTRATE this council and CHANGE IT'S COURSE! For the good of AMERICA, I ask you to JOIN THE GRADUATE STUDENT COUNCIL!!

--Ernest J. Fohlsan, founder of WAKE UP AMERICA and author of CONSPIRACIES EVERYWHERE.

"Not I," said Pumper Pig. "I have some proof-reading work." He waved across the yard to his spider friend and then trotted off for a meeting.

"Not I," said other farmyard animals, for various equally-valid reasons.

Godfrey Goose looked over at her hopefully.

"Well then," said the Little Red Hen, ignoring him, "I suppose I shall have to grind the grain myself." And she did.

The week passed quickly, with the animals mostly ignoring the constant rumble of the grinder out behind the barn. The autumn's first hard frost was just melting under a bright morning sun when the Little Red Hen came out into the farmyard.

"Who will help me bake my grain into some tasty loaves of bread today?" The other animals just looked at her. "Well then," said the Little Red Hen, pointedly ignoring Godfrey Goose, "I suppose I shall have to bake it myself."

"Excuse me, Little Red Hen," Godfrey spoke up. "During the night, I flew out over the fields and into the forest to bring back lots of twigs and branches for you, to fire your oven, so that you can bake your tasty tasty loaves of bread today." She looked, and sure enough, over by the old well were neatly-sorted stacks of wood: tiny twigs and birch-bark shreds for tinder, to start her fire likety-split; snappy dry sticks for kindling, to build the fire up so fast and easy; and beautiful long-dried natural split hardwood, to make a fierce bed of steady coals for wonderful baking.

"I got good wood for you. Those loaves of bread will be so good and tasty now. So good."

"Err... that's... uh, very nice of you, Godfrey. But we hadn't... I mean, there isn't..." The Little Red Hen got hold of herself. "Thank you Godfrey. There is still a small amount of unground grain available, and a nice pile of bugs that I picked out and set aside during the grinding process. We don't... you and I did not establish a contract beforehand, but I'm sure you will find that grain and the insects as suitable compensation for your work." The other animals just kept looking at her. "Uh... yes. Quite suitable. Now if you will excuse me, I must get to work."

Godfrey Goose watched her leave to begin her baking. After awhile, he noticed Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck in front of him.

"Godfrey Goose," said Dulcie Duck, "don't even worry about that stupid Little Red Hen. Randy the Rooster is throwing a party for us tonight, and we want you to be there. We're going to have a surprise

for you."

"Don't tell him!" said Daphne Duck. "Come on, Godfrey. Want to help us pick flowers for the party tonight? I know where there's a beautiful stand of ragweed and skunk cabbage."

So Godfrey fell in with the ducks, and helped them prepare for their party. As they went back and forth across the farmyard all day, carrying flowers, and piles of beetles and caterpillars for appetizers, Godfrey tried not to think about the tasty loaves of bread that the Little Red Hen was baking. As the sun reached the top of its run across the southern sky, he forgot about the loaves entirely, and began to think about finding a special decoration for the party. Suddenly, he remembered some shiny berries in the deep forest that he had noticed the night before while out gathering firewood. He flew off for them.

When he reached the deepest part of the woods, he found the bright berries. He was about to pluck them when he realized how tired he was. "My goodness," he thought. "I didn't get a wink of sleep last night. Maybe just a little nap..." and he closed his eyes and fell sound asleep.

When he woke, it was much darker in the forest. How late was it? Had he missed the party? The loaves? Oh gracious! He flew up, plucked the bright berries, stuffed them into his well-practiced cheek, and headed back to the farm.

As he emerged from the woods, he saw that it was just before sundown, and that the party would be starting soon. He flew as fast as he could. Suddenly, a flock of heavier, darker birds shot past him in perfect formation! They straightened into a single line, and then followed, one after another, up, up through an elegant loop, a sudden roll at the apex, to come swooping back at him from perfect Immelman turns.

As they flew past again, Godfrey recognized their leader. "Thom!" he shouted, "Thom Turkey!" He was so proud of his friend! He wasn't sure exactly why, but he started to cry. "Oh, Thom! That's so wonderful! When did you learn to fly like that?"

Thom came up beside him. The other turkeys took up a V-formation just aft of them. "I've been at it all summer! You've been too busy with that hen's agricultural project to notice much of anything." He looked back over his left wing. "Hey, Therese, come on up and take point for awhile. Me and Goosie here have to talk."

Sure enough, with a few powerful wingbeats, a sleek, swift hen turkey pulled up next to them. They

slid aside, and then back. "Just take your rhythm from her," Thom advised. "Let her catch some of the wind resista... Hey, my goose, you're in the groove here!"

"Yeah, well, my parents and I used to migrate every year. We went with the big flocks, you know: Arctic circle, Hudson Bay, across the Great Lakes, along the Mississippi, down to the Gulf of Mexico, sometimes the Yucatan, whatever." Godfrey Goose smiled shyly. "I was just a little gozzer then, but it you never lose it, I guess." And in fact, as they soared, he savored a familiar sensation of stretching his wings in rhythm with the flock around him. He pushed against the pattern, feeling restrained by their sedate pace.



"You want to try it a little faster? No problem. Hey Therese! Shake the dust off and take these lazy buzzards up to full cruising speed." She glanced back at them, gave a gobble of disdain, and suddenly leapt forward, with the flock slamming the air to catch up. Godfrey stretched out his long wings and slipped easily into position behind her.

"Thom, this is... this... I haven't felt this good in years, maybe ever!"

"No kidding. Listen kid. Maybe you want to come with us. We never did dope out all the details, but between Owl and myself, we think that pretty soon after the People come to take away the pumpkins, they'll be coming back for us. And not in a nice way. Anyway, we're not sticking around to find out.

"Take a look behind you, Goosie. I've been training every turkey in this valley. We're gonna try the big M - migration. None of us has ever done it before, but the People have this *Thanksgiving*, and I don't think it's something that you or I will personally have anything to be thankful about. Before then, we're all going to be safely nesting in some place Owl knows about, far down south, way high in some mountains. Look kid. I've been beating my brains out, trying to teach these birds some navigation. But I'm not too good at it myself. Don't have the eyes for it, really. Compared to us, you're the expert. Think of it. No Little Red Hen. No People. No *Thanksgiving*. Just lots of trees, good grains, bugs, and berries. Whaddya say?"

"Berries!" Godfrey Goose remembered the berries in his cheek, and then the party! But even as he did so, Therese was circling the flock above the farmyard, taking them in for a tight landing.

"Thom, that sounds really good, I think. I mean... here... Let me bring these berries over to Dulcie and Daphne, and we can..."

Thom laughed. "Okay, Goosie. I'll see you at the party."

Godfrey Goose ran across the barnyard to the coop. The last of the sunset gleamed on his berries and he showed them to Dulcie, who snatched them up happily, gave him a cheery peck, and went to display them on the hors d'oeuvres tables, next to a mound of gypsy moth caterpillars.

In a little while, the party was roaring along. All the newly-arrived turkeys had great loads of gossip about the nearby farms, and they were only too happy to demonstrate some stunt-flying in the twilit skies. Godfrey Goose was thrilled as Thom and Therese led two teams, wingtip to wingtip, on a collision course. The two formations flew right through each other, each flyer avoiding two sudden neighbors by only the length of a carefully-timed downbeat. As Godfrey gasped in relief, somebody came up behind him and tapped him on the tail.

"Hey there, berry-boy!" It was Daphne Duck. "Here's somebody who wants to meet you. Godfrey Goose, say hello to Gretl Goose. Gretl, this is Godfrey." Godfrey turned around to find himself almost

bill-to-bill with the most beautiful goose he'd ever seen.

Daphne explained that Gretl had been migrating back up north last spring, when she'd been clipped by a Boy with an air-rifle. A Farmer across the valley had nursed her back to health, and Gretl had met Thom during one of his early recruiting visits.

"She a good one, Goosie. She used hang around our training session, give us navigation and endurance tips."

"Anyway," chimed in Dulcie Duck, "she's fine now, and wants to head south, but she doesn't know any other nice geese around here, so Thom asked us what we thought..."

"And they said that if you ever managed to get your head screwed back on straight, you'd be a hell of a good goose, and she couldn't want any better." Thom faced Godfrey. "So, how are you, Goosie? Are you over that grain and loaf thing?"

Godfrey Goose took a deep breath. "Yes, Thom. I think I'm okay. It's very nice to meet you Gretl. It's been a few years since I've done any migrating, but I think if we stick with Thom and the gang, I'll be okay. I'd be pleased to migrate with you."

Gretl smiled at him, and started to ask him something when all of a sudden, the barn door slammed open, and out stepped a singed and bedraggled Little Red Hen. A curious aroma filled the yard.

"My lovely loaves are all baked. Who will help me eat my tasty loaves of bread?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"I will," said Dulcie Duck and Daphne Duck, who were only trying to be polite, since the Little Red Hen had worked so hard, even though they still weren't exactly sure what a loaf was.

"I will," said Randy the Rooster, who had no clearer idea about loaves than the ducks did, but saw no reason to mention it. "Just bring 'em on over to the party."

"I will," said Thom Turkey, also being polite to her, despite his firm belief that it wasn't appropriate for farm animals to produce baked goods.

"I will," said Pumper Pig, who knew quite well what loaves were, and who was feeling more than a bit peckish after his return from a three-day book signing tour.

Gretl Goose looked over at the Little Red Hen in astonishment, then at Godfrey.

"Don't even ask. Please." said Godfrey. "It's a long story and I'll tell you about it after we're out of

here. I promise."

"Well," said the Little Red Hen, carrying on gamely, "since no one helped me gather up the seed-corn and other healthful grains, and since no one helped me plant my field, and since no one helped me weed my field... uh, well... yes, Godfrey, you did help me weed my field, but that was strictly a contractual arrangement, and you were paid a good wage for your effort..."

Gretl was wide-eyed. Godfrey started to say something, but she smiled and said, "Don't worry. You can tell me when you're ready. I love a good story."

The Little Red Hen found her rhythm again, "...and since no one helped me harvest my grain, and since no one helped me grind my grain, and since no one helped me bake my loaves, then NO ONE shall help me EAT my lovely tasty loaves of bread."

And no one did. She ran back inside the barn, and that was the last anyone saw of her until morning.

The party rolled on through the night. Godfrey danced with Gretl, and then with Dulcie, and then Daphne, and then Gretl again. There was more seed, berries, and bugs than anyone could ever want. Therese told stories about how frightened the other turkeys were when Thom first showed up at her farm. She imitated him circling, dive-bombing the yard over and over again, yelling "Turkeys unite! Gobble-gobble! The skies are ours! Gobble-gobble-gobble!" Everyone laughed and sang and ate and danced with everyone else.

Pumper taught them all a new song that he'd learned while hosting an improv comedy show in the big city:

*Oh, the pigs they dance at midnight
They danced the night away!
They learned how to howl,
They howled at the Moon.
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!*

Sometime well after midnight the Wise Old Owl showed up, and Thom, Therese, and Godfrey went back outside the coop with him. They perched up on top of the barn to study stars and magnetic field-line glow patterns in a cold and moonless sky.

After awhile, they went back to the party, and Godfrey found Gretl in the yard with the ducks, laughing about something. Daphne and Dulcie came up on either side of him and gave him a double-billing that made him blush. They giggled,

told him to be good to Gretl and ran back inside to find Randy. He and Gretl found a quiet corner of the yard and talked.

Thom found them at dawn. "It's been a long night for everybody. Let's all take it easy today, and that's it. We'll be off at sunset. Owl showed me a good place to stop for the night, just a few miles away."

So Godfrey was sound asleep when, later that morning, the Little Red Hen staggered out of the barn and found him next to Gretl under a tree by the pond. "Hey, Goose! Wake up!"

Startled, Godfrey shot straight up in the air, landed, and looked at his former boss. He was still vibrating, but he was pleased to realize that his stomach didn't hurt. "Yes, Miss Hen? What can I do for you?" Gretl got up beside him, and stared at the strange little hen. Besides the singed feathers they'd noticed last night, she smelled funny, quite un-henlike, and she was covered with crumbs. And she looked sick.

"I'm leaving the rest of my loaves in the barn, and nobody better touch them! Nobody! That's right, Mister Goose, I couldn't finish all those loaves by myself last night. But they're mine! And I don't want you, Mister Soupy-eyes, or anybody else to go near them. I'm going back for them later, and they better be there. Understand me?"

"Yes, Miss Hen. You don't want anyone to touch your loaves." A lot of sleepy-eyed animals had gathered around the three of them. "I understand. Those are your loaves. You want to eat them all yourself. We all understand." He looked around. "I'm sure we'll leave them all alone for you. I'd like to go back to sleep now, please." And he did.

Late that afternoon, the others came out to see the takeoff. Thom was taking point, with Owl, who would accompany them on their first leg, at least. Therese would be halfway back, with Godfrey and Gretl beside her, so she could keep an eye on them. Godfrey took one last look around the yard. He waved to Pumper, over by his fence, who waved back and pointed excitedly to the dewy web

strung out above him, which spelled out "¡Adios, y'all!" Randy, Dulcie, and Daphne called tearful goodbyes.

Just as they were about to leave, the Little Red Hen came running out to the coop, across the yard, and into the barn, shouting, "My loaves, my loaves. I'm going to eat them all myself!" Godfrey shook his head, waved back at his friends, and called to Thom, "Hey captain! It's about time we got airborne, don't ya think?"

There was a huge gabble, as dozens of precision turkey-takeoffs raised a cloud of dust and straw. When the air cleared, the flock was gone.

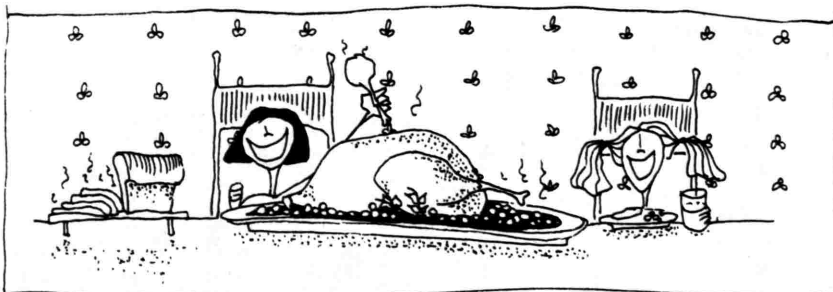
"Look!" Dulcie pointed a wing. A line of tiny black dots sped across the sky, circled once overhead, pulled into a perfect "V" and headed south.

A week or two later, Farmer Frank came out to his yard sober one morning and finally noticed that both his big goose and his prize turkey were gone. He frowned. His in-laws were coming to stay for a few days, and he had wanted to get a fine fat fowl hanging to ripen in his barn for Thanksgiving dinner.

His frown grew deeper as he thought about sitting at a meagre holiday table, listening to his mother-in-law express her opinions of him, his character, and his farm. Just then he saw his little red hen as she came waddling out of the barn. And not so little any more – somehow she had gotten good and fat. Enormous. A real beauty.

As he came through the gate, he expected a brief and noisy chase around the yard, but she was so heavy and logy that she hardly looked up, and gave barely a squawk, as he snatched her up by her neck, gave it a good hard wring to break it, and then looped a thong round her legs to hang her by. Inside the barn, he hung her up on a nail, and then looked in surprise at the breadcrumbs scattered about on the floor beneath her. "Breadcrumbs?," he wondered, "who's been giving this bird breadcrumbs?"

The End



Elsewhere...

Leave her alone.

Leave... now.

Hurry

Use what she taught me.

Hurry

Faster.

Hmm, hope I can handle these guys.

A black and white comic panel depicting two characters seated at a table. The character on the left, with short dark hair, is wearing a light-colored shirt and is looking towards the other character. The character on the right, with long blonde hair, is wearing a light-colored dress and is looking back. They are both holding glasses. The background is simple, with a chair visible behind the character on the right. The dialogue is as follows:
Character 1: How's Skyler's ring holding up?
Character 2: I like your ears. They're pretty.
Character 2: Oh...fine. No one's seen my ears yet.

Panel 1: A man in a suit asks a woman, "Have you any cash?". She replies, "Your credit limit appears to have been exceeded."

Panel 2: The man looks shocked, saying "aHEM!".

Panel 3: A close-up of the woman's face, looking smug.

Panel 4: The man is holding a bouquet of flowers and says "thank you."

A cartoon illustration of a man in a striped shirt and suspenders holding a bottle of 'MILK' and asking a woman, 'Have you any cash?'

Panel 1: A man in a suit and a woman in a dress. The man is holding a bag and looking at the woman. The woman is looking at the man and talking.

Panel 2: The man is talking to the woman.

Panel 3: The woman is talking to the man.

Panel 4: The man is talking to the woman.

Panel 5: The woman is talking to the man.

Panel 6: The man is talking to the woman.

Panel 7: The woman is talking to the man.

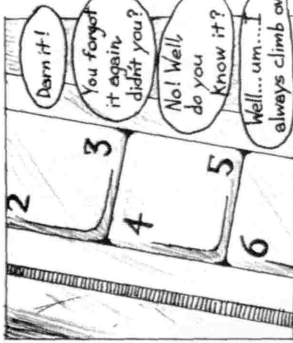
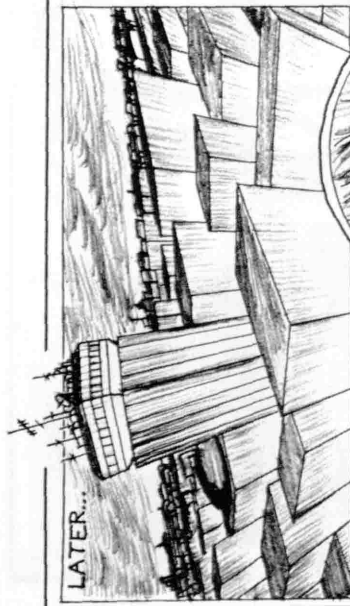
Panel 8: The man is talking to the woman.

Panel 9: The woman is talking to the man.

Panel 10: The man is talking to the woman.

Panel 11: The woman is talking to the man.

Panel 12: The man is talking to the woman.

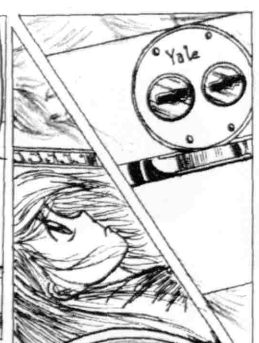


Damn it!

You forgot it again, didn't you?

No! Well, do you know it?

Well... um... I always climb over.



Over the Mad Center? What if someone saw you?

Oh, I was just kidding! Do you know how high that is?



A NEW MIRACLE

Among those to which miracles ARE COMMONPLACE

On a SUBATOMIC level

Wait a sec. I know you... You have b-

KENTARO!!!

How many times do I...

No one saw me, okay?



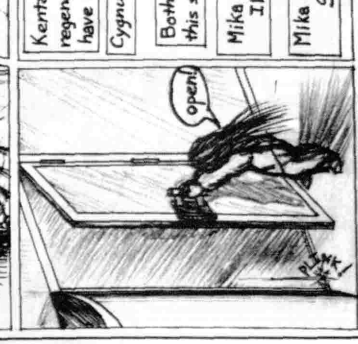
Kentaro, whose regenerative abilities may have made him immortal.

Cygnus, who almost is.

Both wonder at this small little girl.

Mika can see through ILLUSION.

Mika can cut through STEEL.

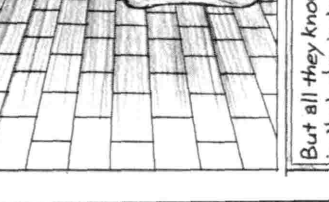


The next several days are happy ones.

Due to Mika's special nature, Cygnus and Kentaro have housed her for the time being.

The enigma of Mika grows, as the more they discover, the more they realize how much is still hidden.

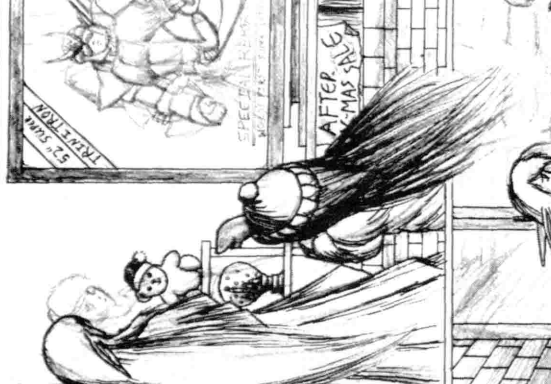
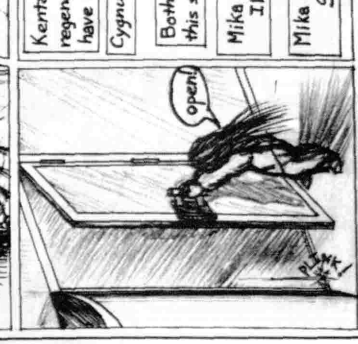
Mika knows little herself.



But all they know is that she is tall with black hair.

And the strangest thing is that Mika doesn't see it as strange.

Indeed, she does not give it a second thought.



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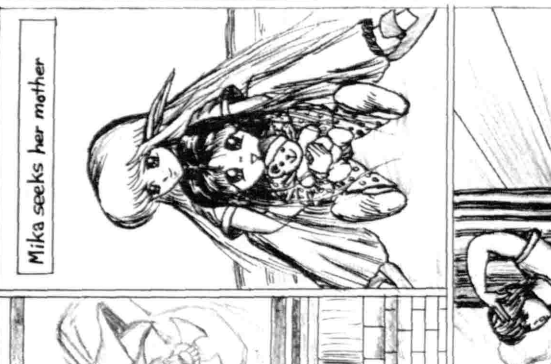
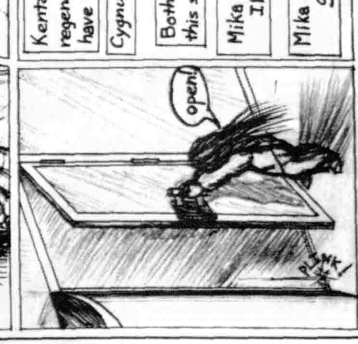
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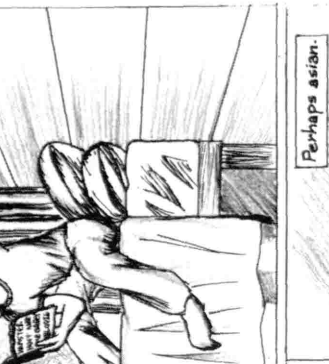


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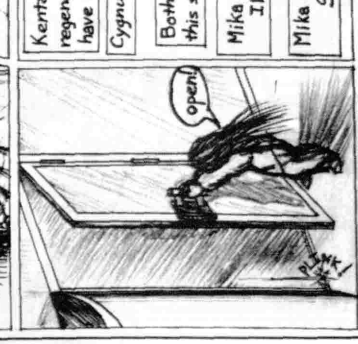
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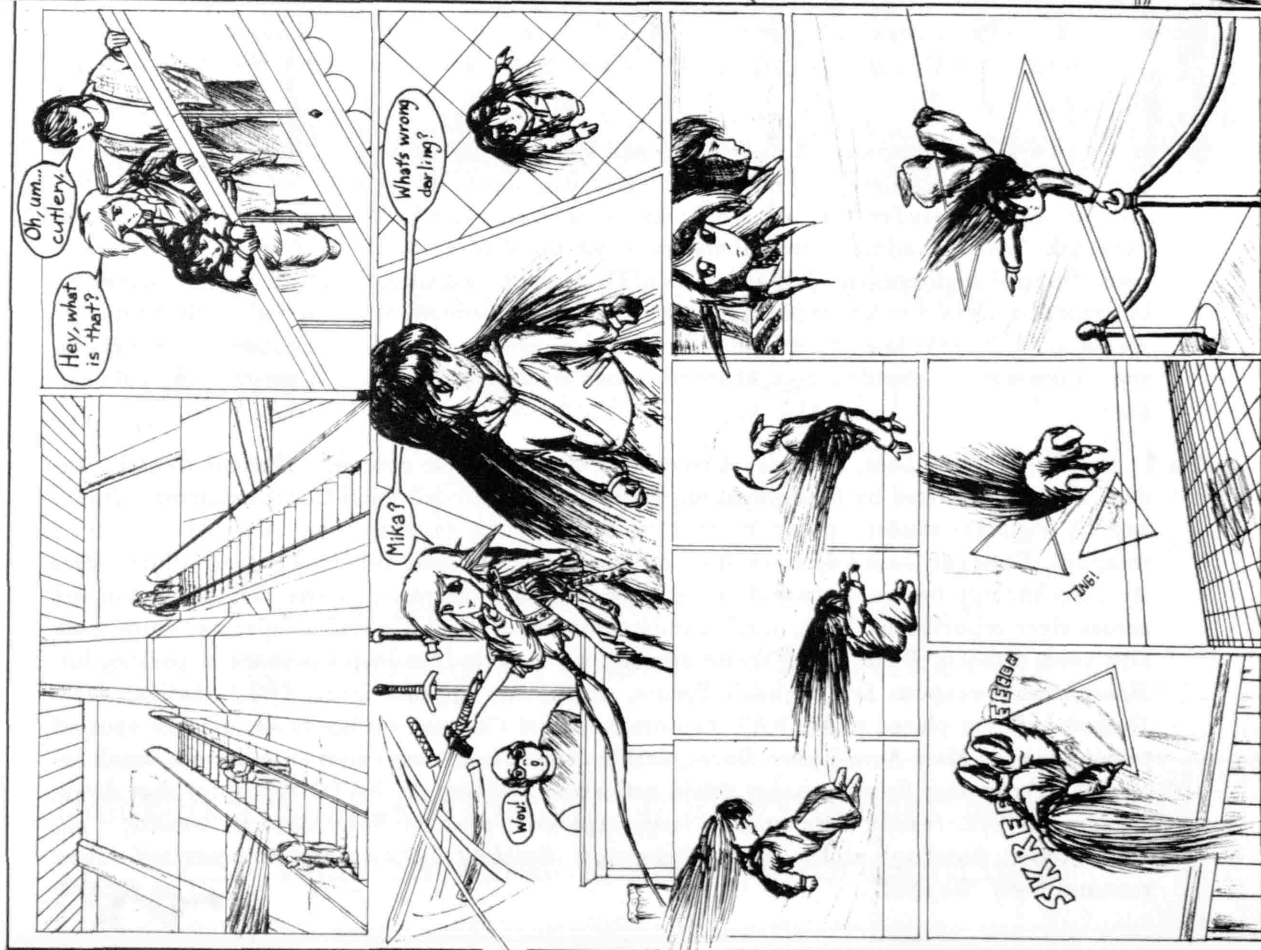
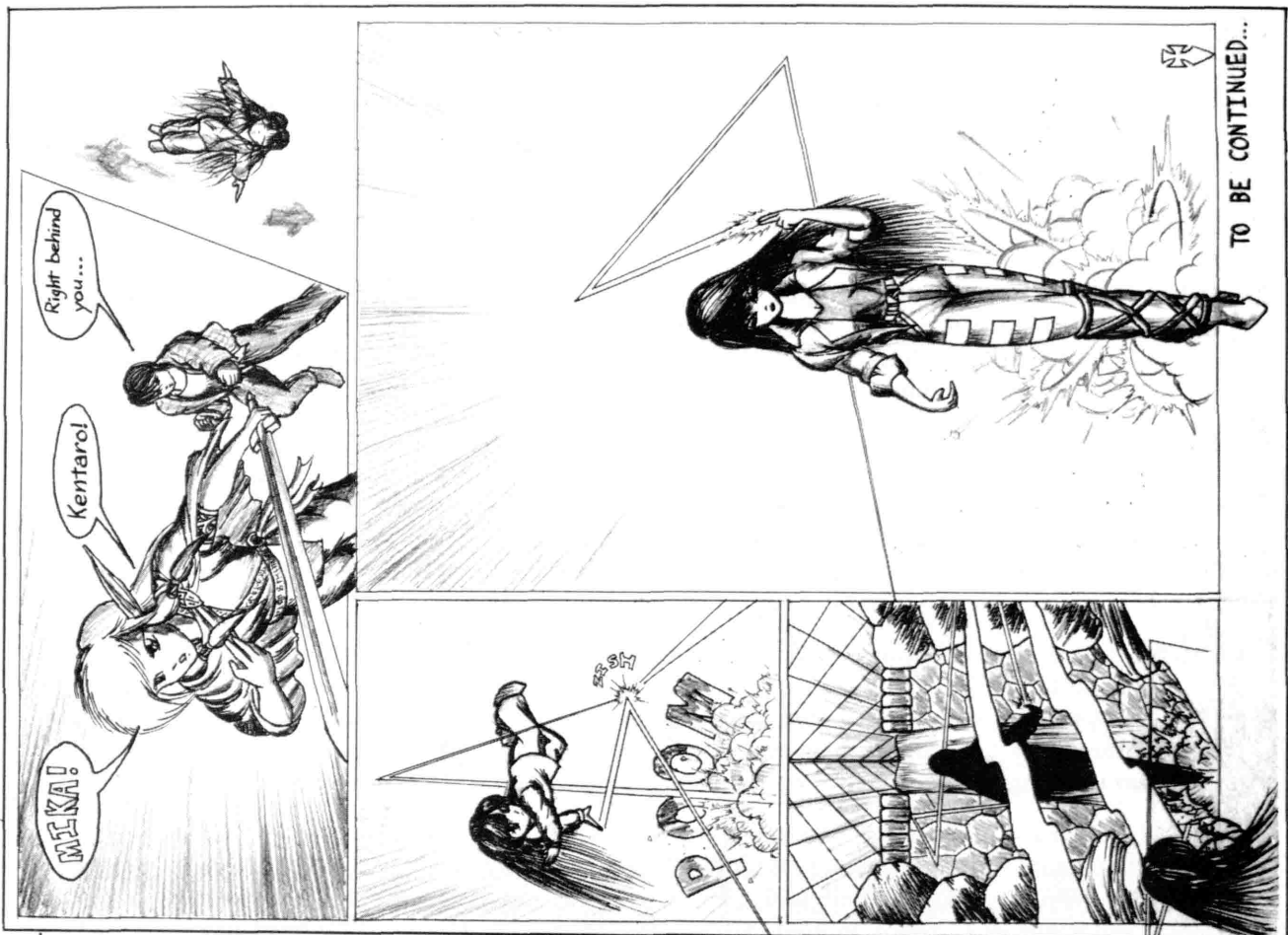
Cygnus, who almost is.

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CRIMEWATCH

The following incidents were reported to the Campus Police Department between Feb 1-7:

- Feb 1:** *"The Tech" office*, 2-liter bottle of Crystal Pepsi stolen from refrigerator; *Building 33*, darkly dressed man seen carrying door down hallway; *Barker Library*, wallet stolen; *Building 4*, suspicious man seen lurking hallways with a 2-liter bottle of soda, Doorknob missing; *Building 37*, darkly dressed man seen standing up against wall holding a door.
- Feb 2:** *"The Tech" office*, institute doorknob found in refrigerator; *Building 33*, door reported missing; *Building 9*, darkly dressed man seen running down hallway carrying institute door; *Lobdell Food Court*, employee attacked by man wielding a 2-liter bottle of Crystal Pepsi; *Information Systems*, 28MB of memory stolen, replaced with doorknob; *Building 1*, darkly dressed man seen behind locked door standing in hallway, no answer; *Killian Court*, jogger seen urinating on sculptures; *Building 68*, doorknob missing.
- Feb 3:** *East Campus*, sculpture stolen, replaced with 2-liter bottle of Crystal Pepsi; *LaVerde's*, 2-liter bottle of Dr Pepper stolen; *Networks*, severed hand clutching doorknob found in frier; *Building 13*, darkly dressed man seen carrying door without doorknob up staircase; *Building 4*, suspicious one-handed man seen in corridor violently shaking 2-liter bottle of Dr Pepper and laughing; *Killian Court*, Jogger missing, replaced with 17MB of memory.
- Feb 5:** *Building 8 Time Labs*, February 4 stolen, several people missing; *Barker Library*, wallet found, money missing, replaced with 11MB memory; *Hayden Court*, man hit by falling doorknob; *Building 18*, darkly dressed man seen climbing up door into plumbing system; *Kresge Auditorium*, Roy Orbison spotted by Physical Plant worker; *Building 56*, suspicious one-handed man seen violently shaking 2-liter bottle of Dr Pepper and laughing; *Building 11*, two students arrested for attacking student playing NetTrek in Fishbowl cluster, blame placed on stress of missing calendar day.
- Feb 6:** *Green Building*, suspicious one-handed man seen violently shaking 2-liter bottle of Dr Pepper and laughing; *Building 37*, military research equipment stolen, replaced with Jogger; *W20 Cluster*, enraged students attack NetTrekkers, several injured; *Med Center*, Bubonic plague outbreak, Penicillin administered liberally; *Green Building*, suspicious one-handed man seen on roof, dropped high pressure 2-liter bottle of Dr Pepper, two Campus Police vehicles damaged in explosion; *Med Center*, explosive device found in basement, stuck to wall with Neoprene; *Building 35*, 700mW laser fired from roof, several pedestrians and drivers blinded; *Green Building*, suspicious one-handed man arrested, much rejoicing; *Mass Ave*, Campus police station stolen.
- Feb 7:** *Building 8 Time Labs*, February 4 recovered, several people confused; *Student Center*, Student Center vaporized by fusion weapon, *Networks* and *Lobdell Food Court* unharmed; *Building 10*, vigilante student group spotted on Great Dome in possession of military research weapons, National Guard declares state of emergency; *Building NW12*, Reactor failure; *Mass Ave*, Technology bridge destroyed in cross-river dispute; *Memorial Drive*, 50mm cannon fire across river reported at Tang; *East Campus*, fifth floor of east parallel separates from main structure, airborne; *Building 20*, cruise missile seen mounted on Jeep Cherokee in parking lot; *Baker*, small weapons fire; *Kendall Square*, missile silo appears from MBTA station; *MacGregor*, building placed under NATO command; *East Campus*, surface-to-air missiles spotted moving toward Mass Ave; *Senior House*, darkly dressed man drops door on ordnance, small explosion; *Technology Square*, energy shield activated; *Building 10*, NATO helicopter shot down; *Building NW12*, reactor core breach, large explosion, most of West Campus leveled; *"The Tech" office*, doorknob stolen from refrigerator; *Building E41*, Athena becomes self-aware, renames itself "SkyNet".



Yeltsin in Russia.

Mandela in S. Africa.

Clinton in the U.S.

If you want to *change the world*, start
by *making a difference* on campus...

Run for Office.

UA President/Vice-President

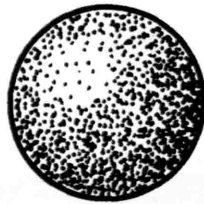
Members of the UA Finance Board (4)

Class Officers:

*President, Vice-President, Secretary,
Treasurer, Social Chair(s), Publicity Chair*

Packets available at the UA Office (Student Center 401).
Call Vijay Sankaran at x3-2696 for more info.

MYRIAD

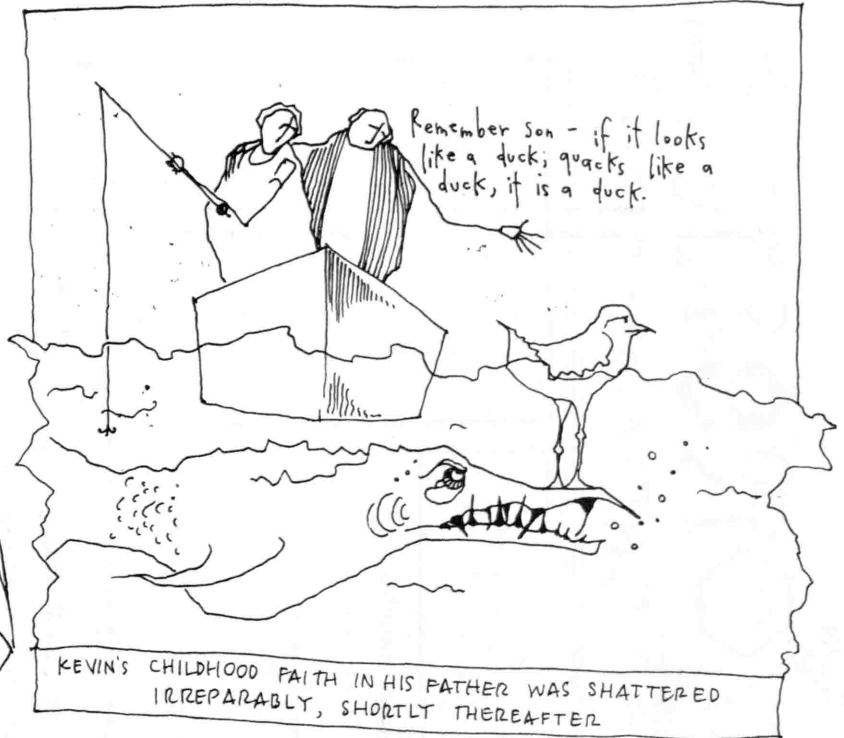
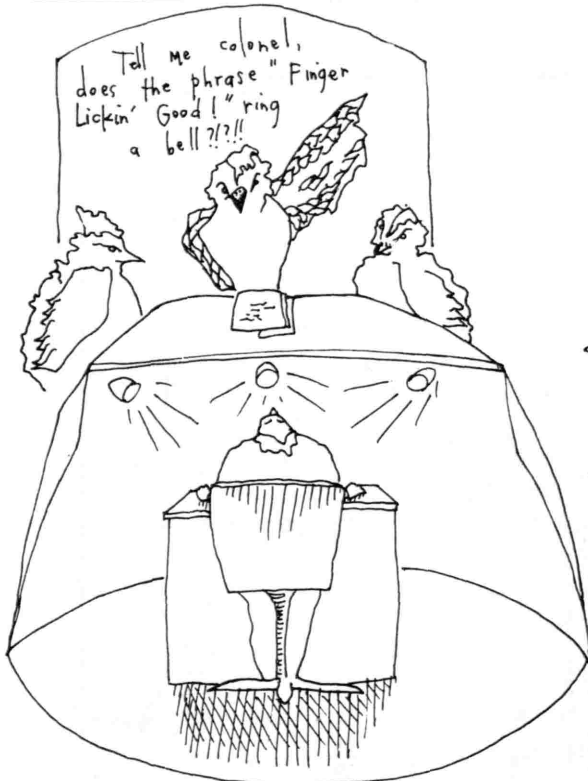


Thursday, 6p.m.

KENT--

You're gonna hate me. I've a quarter of the page done, but I have to go do a lab write-up with my lab partners now.... Sorry - I worked the whole day on it and I punted classes yesterday. Okay, so I'll work on it Friday night.....to be finished Sat. morning. If that's too late or risky for you, leave a message on Fred's machine telling me to shove it until next issue. Otherwise, I'll keep working.

Yours,
Cherry Ogata



POULTRY WAR-CRIMES TRIALS



Left only with two cartons of generics and one kaleidoscopic lighter, Roderick and Clem set about making the smoke signals which they hoped would someday enable their rescue.



DALI'S ANTS



GUIDE TO THE

ESSENTIALS OF



CHEM-MYSTERY

STRUCTURE & BONDING:

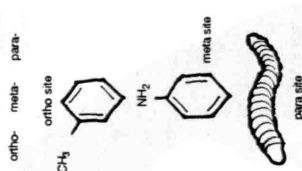


Many compounds contain multiple bonds (although this is illegal in some states)



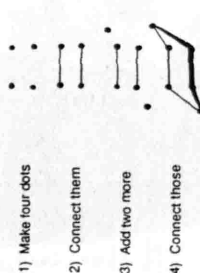
DISUBSTITUTED BENZENE RINGS:

Disubstituted benzene rings are named using the prefixes

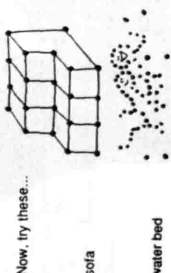


CONFORMATIONS:

Rotation about single bonds often results in different conformations of a compound. One structure of the utmost importance in chemistry, owing to its superior stability, is the CYCLOHEXANE CHAIR CONFORMATION. Knowing how to draw it is essential.



VOILA...it's a chair! Simple, huh?



FUNCTIONAL GROUPS:

Some more essential information to commit to memory:

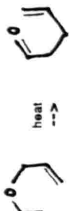
The functional group **PHENOL** (class: -O-H) has an absorption frequency (in cm^{-1}) of 3500(s)

The functional group **NITRILE** (class: -C triple bond N) has two absorption frequencies (in cm^{-1}) of 2250 (m) (aliphatic) and 2230 (m) (aromatic)

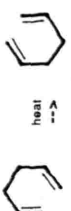
The functional group **PENILE** in its aliphatic state exists in two major conformations, one of which displays superior stability. In the aromatic state, this is the sole conformation observed.

MORE REACTIONS TO KNOW:

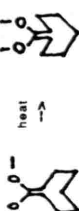
CLAISEN REARRANGEMENT
The thermal [3,3] sigmatropic rearrangement of an allyl vinyl ether or an allyl phenyl ether:



COPE REARRANGEMENT
The thermal [3,3] sigmatropic rearrangement of a 1,5-diene to a new 1,5-diene

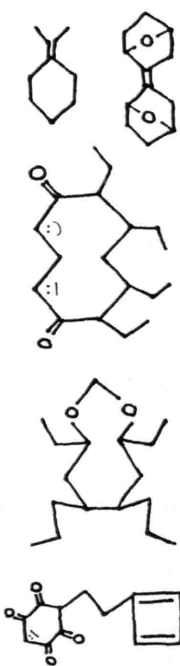


MCLAUGHERTY REARRANGEMENT
The reaction which results in the following conversion:

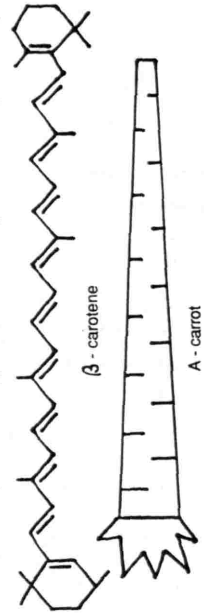


NAMING COMPOUNDS:

Complex compounds are named according to the IUPAC (Individual Uncertified Preference And Code) system. Name the following compounds:

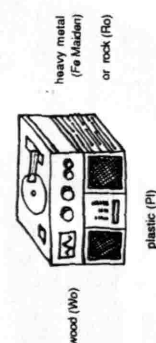


Of course, some compounds must simply be committed to memory. Be able to identify the following:



STEREOCHEMISTRY:

This branch of organic chemistry deals with compounds of the same molecular composition, but different forms. It has become increasingly important in this day and age.



I Laughed, I Cried, I Projectile Vomited

a review of the 1993 Ig Nobel Prizes Ceremony

by Jason Bucy

In the course of my studies at MIT, I found it necessary one evening to attend the 1993 Ig Nobel Prizes Ceremony. I found myself within the dark bowels of Kresge Auditorium, surrounded by the sights and sounds of revelry and the Cannibals at MIT retinue. Once I had convinced them of the toxicity of my blood and flesh, caused by crystalline deposits of caffeine my body had adapted to store, I was able to observe the show in a less paranoid manner. I have been asked to report the impressions the Ig Nobel Prizes left on me.

Stalking the auditorium like crazed weasels were the members of Roadkill Buffet, MIT's esteemed, foremost, best, and only improvisational comedy troupe. Their job at the ceremony was to act as audience manipulators. The emcee introduced various old people, including the man who portrayed Skipper on Gi...

Oh fuck it. You want my impressions of the Ig Nobel Prizes? Buddy, you got them. NOT FUNNY. With a capital not. The emcee was impossibly dry. Let's face it people, we are living in the nineties. It's not bloody fucking funny unless every other fucking word is fuck, eh, wankers? This dry-ass humor has no fucking place in the fucking United States so let's give it up and let those Brahmin English bastards laugh at it until the IRA bombs them back into sulking. British dry humor. Y'all think you're soooo superior, don't you!?!

There was also a designated heckling section which was nearly as thrilling as watching an armadillo flattened by an 18-wheeler. Every time they would open their big, moronic mouths, the audience would listen in hopes that they would at last be funny, finally make one person somewhere laugh, speak one relevant or intelligent word. To no avail. Our hopes were dashed like that armadillo's armor plates, skittering along the highway.

On top of that, the Roadkillians were not allowed to be funny. The ceremony called for the Buffet to "secure the doors" and other such structured events. Although flinging neon blue Jell-O at the audience was inspired, the very idea of giving the improvisational troupe such rigid, scripted, and ultimately lame things to do seems it should have been anathema to them. Hell, Roadkill should have been left on its own and the hecklers could have used a script, I dare say.

On the whole, the 1993 Ig Nobel Prizes Ceremony made good use of the stage and projecting system in Kresge, as well as jokes that had been floating around the Internet for several months. Seeing what the rest of the world must think of MIT humor has inspired me. Inspired me to consider even base comedy rags which went on extended "hiatus" (read "defunctitude") funnier than the Ig Nobels.



Want to join
VooDoo
but don't know how?

It's easy! Come to our next meeting :

Wednesday, Feb. 9 at 6pm
in the office, room 50-309

Or add yourself to the staff mailing list

phos@mit.edu

Using the Athena command
mailmaint or blanche



Athena Minicourses

Schedule and Index Spring Term 1994

Mon			Tue		Wed		Thu	
12 noon	7 Feb	Intro	8 Feb	Basic WP	9 Feb	Latex	10 Feb	Thesis
7 p.m.		MSO		MSO		Intro		Intro
8 p.m.		Matlab		Matlab		Basic WP		Basic WP
12 noon	14 Feb	EZ	15 Feb	Latex	16 Feb	H2GA	17 Feb	Basic WP
7 p.m.		Latex		Latex		Maple		Maple
8 p.m.		Thesis		Thesis		Xess		Xess
12 noon	21 Feb		22 Feb	MSO	23 Feb	Matlab	24 Feb	Ser.Emacs
7 p.m.	No Classes			EZ		EZ		Dotfiles
8 p.m.			Serious Emacs		Serious Emacs			
12 noon	28 Feb	Thesis	1 Mar	Thesis	2 Mar	Thesis	3 Mar	Xess
7 p.m.		Latex		Latex		MSO		MSO
8 p.m.	Info Resources		Info Resources		Thesis		Thesis	
12 noon	7 Mar	Info Res.	8 Mar	EZ	9 Mar	Ser.Emacs	10 Mar	MSO
7 p.m.		Intro		Intro		Dotfiles		Matlab
8 p.m.	Basic WP		Basic WP				Serious Emacs	
12 noon	14 Mar	Matlab	15 Mar	Intro	16 Mar	Basic WP	17 Mar	Latex
7 p.m.		EZ		EZ		Intro		Latex
8 p.m.	Info Resources		Info Resources		Basic WP		Thesis	

There are hundreds of Athena workstations all over campus. They're here for you. Learn to use them for coursework, word-processing, data-crunching, communication, etc.

- See that page over there for course descriptions. ☞
- All minicourses are taught in **Room 3-343**.
- Minicourses are one hour each (except Dotfiles: 1.5 hours)
- Contact the Athena Training Group at <training@mit> or x3-0184, for more information.

☞ **PLEASE NOTE: No Pre-registration or Reservations are Needed... Just show up for the class.**

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MINICOURSE DESCRIPTIONS

How To Get Around Athena (Intro)

An introduction to Athena and Athena workstations. Topics include: getting an Athena account, logging in, using files and directories, windows, sending messages, finding help and documentation.

Pre-requisites: None

Basic Word Processing (Basic WP)

Elementary text editing with Emacs, sending and receiving electronic mail, and using the Athena printers.

Pre-requisites: Intro

Advanced Word Processing: EZ (EZ)

Introduction to EZ, a combination text editor and formatter, with text-editing commands that are similar to Emacs. As a formatter, it is menu-driven and easy to learn, in the style of the "What You See Is (pretty much) What You Get" packages made popular by the Macintosh.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Advanced Word Processing: LATEX (Latex)

An introduction to Latex, a widely-used text formatter, used for converting a text file into an attractive, professional-looking document. It is a powerful and flexible program, with the capability to typeset many foreign characters and very complex mathematical text.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Latex Thesis (Thesis)

Using the Latex text formatter to produce a fully-featured thesis that meets all MIT format requirements.

Pre-requisites: Latex, some Latex experience

Information Resources on Athena (Info Res)

A survey of the communications, help, and other resources available on Athena.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Math Software Overview (MSO)

A survey of major mathematics and graphing packages available on Athena.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Matlab (Matlab)

An interactive program for scientific and engineering numeric calculation. Applications include: matrix manipulation, digital signal processing, and 3-dimensional graphics.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Xess (Xess)

A powerful and easy-to-learn spreadsheet, with a full range of mathematical, statistical, matrix, and string functions. It will be useful for scientific and engineering computations, as well as to general and financial users.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Maple (Maple)

A mathematics program that can perform numerical and symbolic calculations, including formal and numerical integration, solving algebraic or transcendental systems and differential equations, and series expansion and matrix manipulation. It also has extensive graphics capabilities.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP

Serious Emacs (Ser. Emacs)

The text editor introduced in Basic Word Processing has many useful features not covered in that course. This course is a must for anyone who uses Emacs more than a hour or two each week.

Pre-requisites: Basic WP, some Emacs experience

Customization on Athena (Dotfiles)

Intended for the intermediate-level Athena user, this course will discuss the Athena login sequence and the user-configuration files (dotfiles) that affect it, as well as changes the user can make to those and other files to customize their working environment.

Pre-requisites: Serious Emacs, some Athena experience



One Night, part V

Chromosome 47

by James Fleming

David has met a strange, powerful, rather poofily dressed man at Disney World claiming to be his immortal brother. He is being held semi-captive there.

Though I didn't really feel tired, I was escorted through dimly lit corridors to a rather fabulously outfitted room. White linen curtains, drawn for the evening, covered a giant bay window. Fine oriental carpets covered the marble tile floor. A red silk canopied bed with satin sheets sat intimidatingly to the right, up against a wall. The left side of the room was dominated by a marble tile bathtub embedded in a raised dias. Teak bookshelves next to the bed housed numerous books and scrolls that upon further inspection revealed themselves to be great works of literature in several different languages ordered chronologically from the most recent on top to tattered scrolls, brittle and dark with time, on the bottom.

I went over to the bay window and flung the closed curtains back. They covered nothing but smooth white wall. No panoramic view of Epcot or that castle thingee. Nothing.

"Goddamn." I said.

My little black bag, closely followed by myself, collapsed on the bed.

I prepared to settle down for the night, taking a few valium with whiskey and lighting a heroin laced cigarette. I pondered about this strange man claiming to be my long lost sibling from the far past. Who was this man really? Could he be my brother? He certainly could be, just from appearance. I could only believe that he had in fact killed Jeanine, my ex-girlfriend, just to get my attention, and get me to track him down, led by a trail of fake leads.

I lay back and puffed on my cig, sweaty hair against the satin pillow.

He claimed that we had worked together, that he was head of some strange organization spanning the centuries, and I was his right hand man, and we had worked together in the past in between my binges. He wished me to once again serve in this capacity, though I remembered nothing of him or

our supposed past together. However, I remembered absolutely nothing previous to 15 years ago.

I spent 1978 in a mental institution undergoing electroshock therapy for acute psychosis. My very earliest memories are of cold white hospital rooms, leather straps, mouth guards, and searing white convulsive light. They say they found me wandering the streets, screaming, naked, bleeding. Conventional drug therapy was found to be largely ineffective. Electroshock therapy was considered the way to go. The warm heroin rush turned over and over in my brain and body.

Was this guy for real? Centuries? I staggered off the bed and drifted over to the mirror. Examined myself. Hair still black and thick, not graying. A few lines around the mouth, and across the forehead. I could be thirty, or twenty eight. I drew on the cigarette deeply, then exhaled. My eyes were puffy and red, with dark circles under them. Let's say thirty.

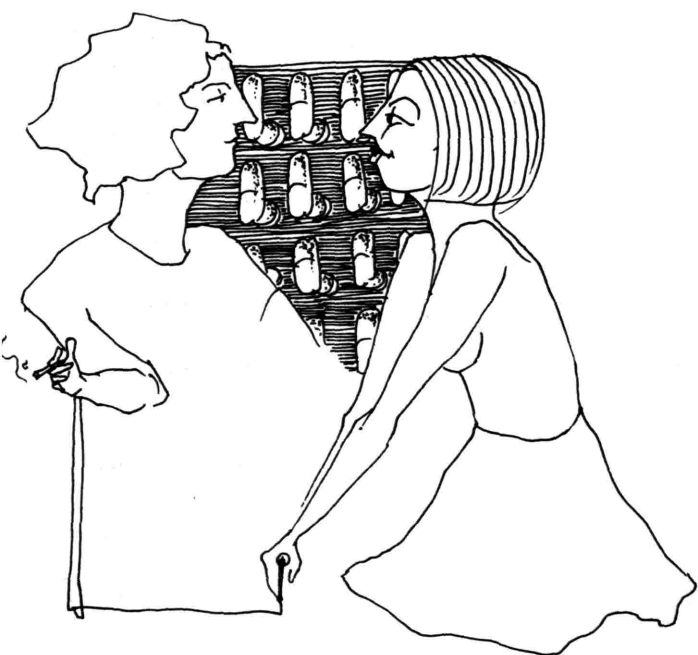
My head started to spin pleasantly as my thoughts wandered back. They had found me with no id, nothing. A John Doe. Naked in the streets. I picked my name, David Wheeler, myself. Right out of the yellow pages. Figured two would be okay. They let me out in 1979 with fifty dollars and bellbottoms. A social worker got me a social security number, and a job at Burger King. For a year I flipped burgers in a listless stupor. Impaired short term memory. Had trouble remembering orders. Used to write them down on a notepad in a strange secret language composed of unfamiliar symbols. People thought I was nuts.

I took another drag on the cig, continued staring at myself in the mirror. Deep black eyes. Let's say thirty. Released fifteen years ago. That would have made me fifteen then, at the most. Possibly ten. No fucking way. Took another drag. How old was I?

Remember reading the medical reports later. Pages and pages of them. Acute psychosis, possible schizophrenia. Subject male, mid twenties, 5'10", 175 lbs. Mid twenties. *Mid twenties, in 1978.*

That would make me at least forty now. With my lifestyle, I'd be dead at forty. Just a few lines around the mouth, forehead. Lit another heroin laced cig, soaked the tip in mescaline.

Electroshock therapy left me with an impaired short term memory. Had trouble remembering orders. Wrote them down on a pad in my own secret language. Ancient Meroitic. It was Ancient Meroitic. Twelve years ago, in a coffee shop, talking with Deirdre, my "society friend," I idly doodled some of it on a napkin. She had frowned at it, a tiny vertical line bisecting her eyebrows, then took the napkin with her.



They'd run all sorts of tests on me to determine the cause of my psychosis. CAT scans, blood tests, chromosome analysis. Found a genetic anomaly. Told me I was trisomic, 47 chromosomes. Extra copy of chromosome 15, mutated. They were amazed that I was alive at all. I took another drag on the cig.

Prof. LaCovera at the M.F.A. Egyptology department recognized the napkin doodling instantly when Deirdre brought it in to him. Ancient Meroitic. Pre-egyptian civilization,

Nubian, on the Nile, south of Egypt. Deirdre got excited. She decided I must have been an archaeology major, specializing in ancient languages, before my stint at MacClean. Deirdre had sort of adopted me and looked after me, so she brought me in, and showed me samples of ancient Meroitic to jog my memory. We sent pictures of me around to all the schools with a decent archaeology department. They were all sent back, no one recognized me. Deirdre was more upset than I was.

By the end of my first year at Burger King my short term memory was back, my head had cleared, and I was promoted to manager. I forgot the notepad, and the scribbles until talking with Deirdre in that coffee shop years later. My head was reeling now, warm tingles, brightly lit, crept up and down my spine and looped warm tentacles around my medula. I shivered, stared at a dark looming face with fathomless black eyes in the mirror in front of me.

Trisomic, they said, extra copy, chromosome 15. Altered, not identical copy. Should be dead. Fetus nonviable. Here I was, nonviable fetus staggering around a finely finished room, heroin and mesc tumbling in my brain, considering role of ancient meroitic and pre nubian society in burger king managers sketchy pre electroshock therapy past...

I finished this cigarette too, and stumbled back to the bed. A week of stimulants had worn me out. The secret is to balance your drugs. Three drug groups: depressants, stimulants, hallucinogens. Gotta keep em balanced. I crawled into bed, still wearing my coat and boots. Two thoughts warmly buzzing over and under the coils of my brain. One thought was that Ancient Meroitic had never been deciphered, all useful traces of it submerged under the Nile with the building of the Aswan dam. The other thought was that the face that had stared at me in the mirror could not be the face of a forty year old man. Unless, of course, I was secretly Dick Clark.

...

She found me slumped in a chair, semiconscious, in the morning.

She came in wheeling a cart loaded with a steaming iron bucket and various surgical tools. She wore a topless French maid uniform, modified to leave her two little pert breasts exposed. thirty four B, I should imagine, bordering on C. She stopped the cart a few feet into the room and

opened up the lid on the bucket letting out a puff of steam. She had short straight brown hair, a perfect complexion, and little red pouting lips. She straightened up to look at me and I tried not to look at her resilient, gently bouncing breasts, brown nipples staring at me like two quizzical eyes.

Groggy and hungover though I was, I smiled and looked up to her face. "Excuse me, Miss, I think you have the wrong room."

"No no, *mon cher*, I've been sent to get you ready for breakfast."

"You can only do this with your breasts exposed? I'm intrigued."

"It's your brother's idea, he likes to surround himself with things of beauty."

"My brother's a weirdo."

I got out of the chair, went over to my bag and fished out my whiskey. I opened it and took a gulp. The woman's face, seemingly frozen in an obliging smile, twitched slightly, as though in pain.

"First we will cut your hair then give you a bath."

I took another swig. Looked down at myself. Not a pretty sight. I'd been wearing the same clothes for a week now, no, maybe a month. I was wearing my coat and heavy black boots. Both were stained and dirty. It suddenly occurred to me that I must look horrible and probably smelled worse. I looked up at her, she was still smiling at me, breasts alert. "Fine," I said.

"On second thought, *mon cher*, let's bathe first, then we will shave."

She pried my clothes and boots off, putting them in a bin she had under the cart. Old track marks scarred my arms, and my chest and abdomen were covered with tiny white lines and red puffy scar tissue, a patchwork of new and old wounds. She drew a bath and I walked around naked feeling like a plucked chicken, taking swigs off my whiskey.

She gently removed the whiskey bottle from me and led me to the tub. She washed me with a sponge, shampooed my hair, and cleaned under my finger and toenails. I found this vaguely enjoyable and tried envisioning various erotic scenarios between us but all to no avail. Her stamped smile and professional manner defeated the charming bob and sway of her mammaries.

She got me out of the tub and told me to stand up. She dried me off with a towel and rubbed my

hair until my scalp tingled.

She made me sit at the edge of the tub and shaved me carefully with a straight razor. Her smile was replaced by a look of critical professionalism as the razor slid up my neck.

Now that she'd stopped smiling, I was finally feeling a bit aroused. "What's your name, baby?"

She frowned. "Don't talk, *Monsieur*, the razor might slip."

The razor moved to my face and up my cheeks. She wiped foam and beard off the razor onto one of the now cool towels. After finishing the shave she got out scissors and cut inches of my hair off, leaving me with an almost military shortness. She combed what was left back with some sort of tonic.

She put a few finishing touches on my hair and patted my cheeks. "There! You are quite jolly looking now!"

I wondered what she meant while she fished out some clothes for me from the wardrobe. Black silk boxers. Clean pre-faded jeans of heavy fabric, a white oxford shirt and patterned vest. After appraising me for a second she replaced the shirt and vest with a simple black cotton cable sweater.

Black socks and black loafers completed the ensemble.

She stood back, examined me critically, breasts high, hands on hips. "*Voilà Monsieur!*"

I looked at myself in the mirror and laughed. I looked like a college student, a kid! Gone was the thirty year old burnout, and in its place, a young slickster of maybe twenty-five. I went over to my bag, left the whiskey, but took a few lines of coke to prepare me for breakfast.

We began to leave when I felt suddenly naked. "Where's my coat?"

"You don't need your coat, *mon cher*, it is seventy-eight degrees, and indoors, as well. Besides, your coat, she is so dirty, we're going to have it cleaned."

"You're not really French are you?"

"*Monsieur* is most perceptive. Now come along, your brother is expecting you for breakfast. He is a most impatient man."

Stay tuned next episode for the exciting conclusion of - oh never mind, I say that every time. I'm never finishing this damned thing. So stay tuned for the next episode "Breakfast of Champignons."





BUT AFTER SEARCHING EVERYWHERE, GILBERT'S REGGAE WAS STILL MISSING. HE WAS FORCED TO LET THE DOLL BACK INSIDE.



OK. I LEFT IT RIGHT HERE



COME SEE...



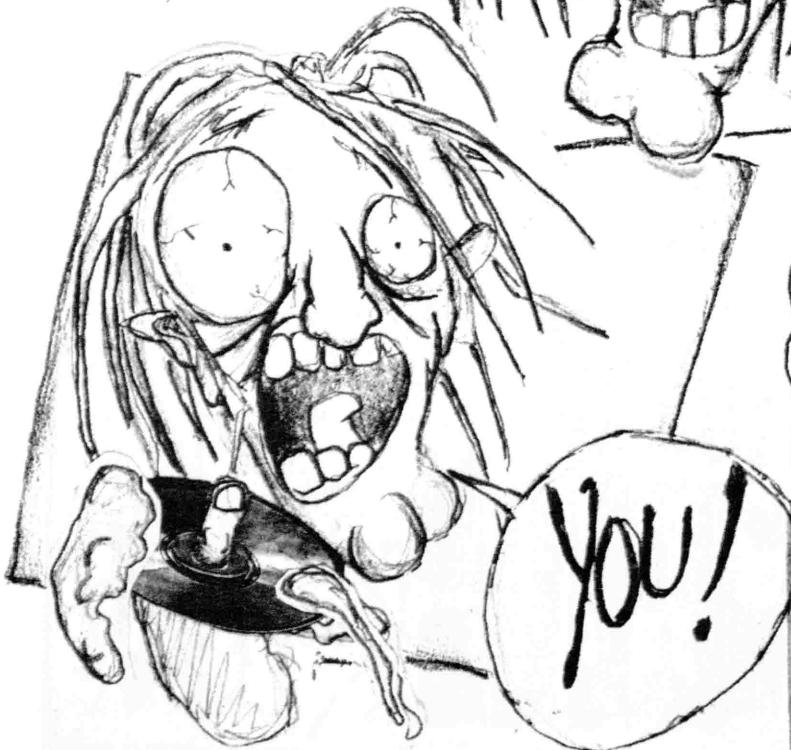
AK!



I AM ALL INNOCENCE



OH! I GOT A LITTLE DRED CREME ON THEM. I HOPE YOU DON'T...



YOU!

OH WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU!



NOT A PRETTY PICTURE.



GILBERT'S JUST GOT TO LEARN TO CHILL A BIT. HE'S STILL IN THAT BIZARRE STATE OF NEUROTIC IRRESPONSIBILITY HE'S BEEN IN SINCE 1953. I REALIZE THAT PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO READ COMICS ABOUT ME. I REALIZE THAT WHAT THEY REALLY WANT TO READ ABOUT IS SCANTLY-CLAD PEANUT-MOUTHED SWORD-SWINGING WIDE-EYED POORLY DRAWN JAPANESE WOMEN. BUT I DON'T LET IT GET ME DOWN LIKE HE DOES!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY SECRET LAB, DOLL?!



I'LL SAN YOU IN HALF, YOU FUCKING LITTLE DOLL!

WE HAD TO CENSOR THIS ONE FOR THE YOUNG-UNS!

NO WAY

BOOM

FIRE!

?



END

Slug-Bunny by Jennifer Lopez



© 1994 JENNIFER LOPEZ

Slug-Bunny

DID YOU GIVE JINGLES HER
VALENTINE'S GIFT YET?



by Jennifer Lopez

WELL?!
DID SHE
LIKE IT?



YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
BY THE WAY, WHERE'S
THE REMOTE?

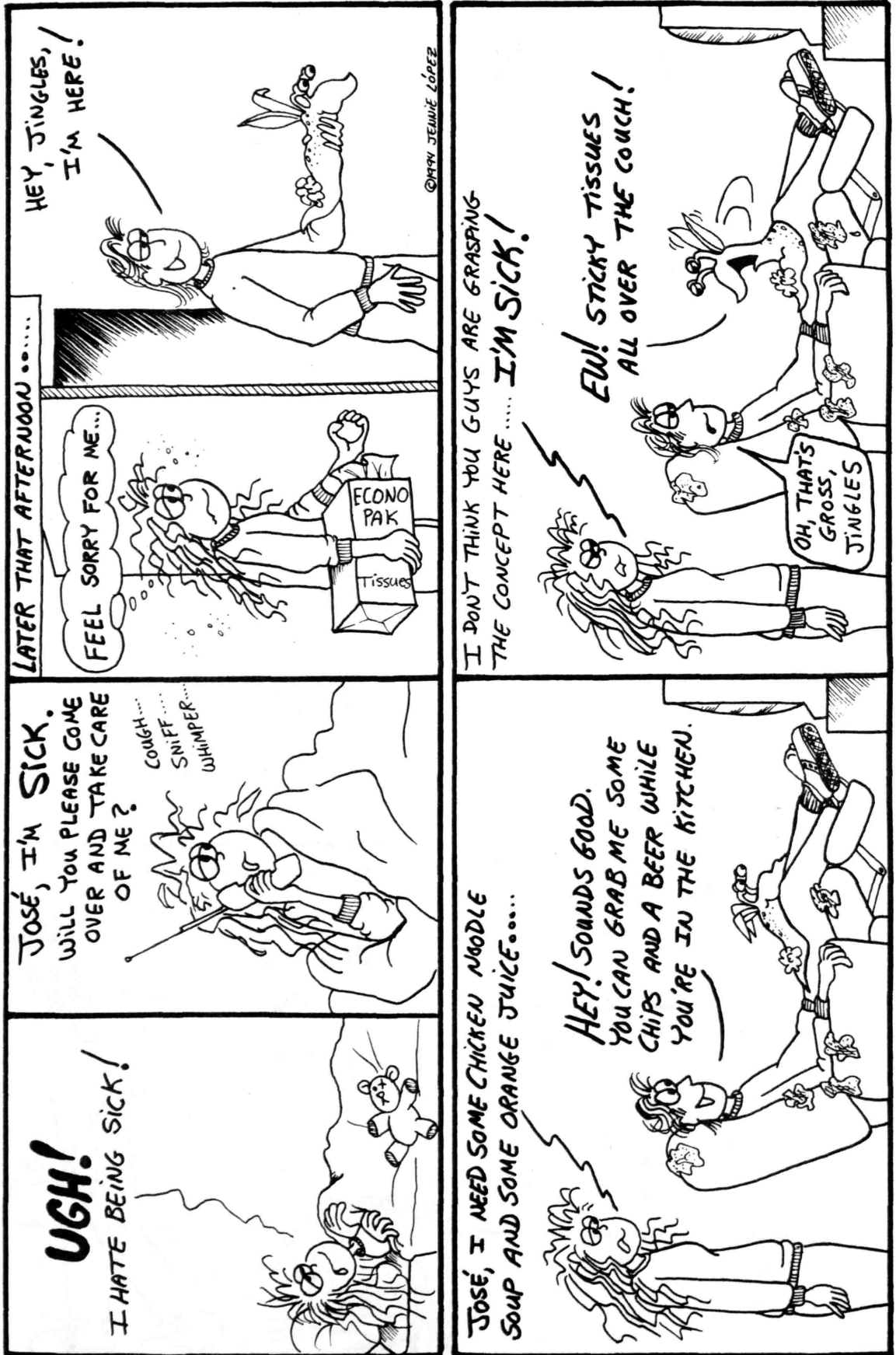


///DRAG!

©1994 JENNIE LÓPEZ

Slug-Bunny

by Jennifer Lopez



GAMIT LATEX DANCE

```
\begin{document} \em \parbox[b]{4in}{
Gays \ldots \hfil 9pm -- 1am\\
Lesbians \ldots \hfil Walker Memorial\\
Bisexuals \ldots \hfil 142 Memorial
Drive., Cambridge\\
Transgenders \ldots \hfil \$4 with college
ID/\$5 without\\
Friends \ldots \hfil Refreshments with
proper ID\\
\hfil more info: 253-5440 }
\end
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OS/2 MIT Users Group

Next Meeting : Thursday February 17,
in room 2-105, 5:00 pm

Topics : Resnet, AFS, and OS/2,
other topics TBA

For more information, send mail to :

os2admin@mit.edu

or join our public email lists :

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or look us up in TechInfo :

Computing->User Groups->OS/2

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Eight Bits for a Night of Pain

*A Review of the Letters to Cleo and Cliffs of Donneen Show at Strat's Rat
or A Real Step Down From that Guns and Roses Review Last Summer*

by Jason Bucy

Letters to Cleo and *Cliffs of Donneen* are two local "rock" bands that recently played at the SCC's Strat's Rat, or "Come Watch Two Cheap Bands For a Buck and Maybe Get Drunk If You Want." Actually, it cost two dollars this time around (I wonder if the admission to Strat's Rat is averaged with LSC's ticket price in that national consumer index thingie?). The Cliffs of Donneen play for free all the damn time at MIT, and I was loathe to pay two bucks to see them, but Peter and I really needed to punt and get the hell out of our house, so we walked across the Harvard Bridge, kissed two dollars good-bye and strode into the middle of Letters to Cleo's set. Oh boy.

Everyone on stage had hair of a very trendy length, as though they were still catching up to us real longhairs, or perhaps only wanted to have to flip their hair out of their eyes all the time, to call more attention to it. At first I only saw two people in the room I knew; I didn't even like one of them. I began to notice the subtle twisting of reality that had turned this punt zone into a torture chamber.

First off, nobody was smoking. NOBODY. These freaks respected the laws of Cambridge or something. Second, the band was playing rip-off Cranberry-style rock with whispery vocals. Sorta like every other band like that. They reminded me of a slogan a cheesy cover band once used: "The drunker you are, the better we sound."

Mikka asked us how many Sam Adams would be a bad idea for him to go to Athena on. Before we could pursue this intellectual inquiry further, the singer for Cleo started whining that the audience should call up 'ZLX and request their songs, and apparently if we didn't, she would plead with every other poor college crowd she played for. She must have mentioned WMBR as well, because someone in the audience told her that 'MBR didn't like Cleo. She looked aghast and whined, "MBR doesn't like us?" I yelled, "It's probably because you SUCK!!!" but she had a microphone, so she won.

All the band members were wearing stupid striped shirts, reminiscent of the Umpa-Lumpas in

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. These two dumb looking guys stood right in front of the stage (it had heretofore looked as if Cleo was playing ultrasonic roach repellent noise, to keep the West Campus people away). It seemed to us that the two men were doctors, drinking Bud, but eager to diagnose the twitchings and frothing of the lead guitarist. The guitarist was skillful at leaving the improvisational part out of his solos, and the bastards didn't play "Freebird" when we asked.

There was a brief respite when Cleo's set ended, and then Cliffs of Donneen started warming up. I immediately began fantasizing... the room at last filled with smoke, people spitting on the floor in the back, and an SCC member taking the microphone in hand. She would say, in a mock disappointed voice, "Sorry, folks, but the Cliffs have been accidentally incinerated in a freak microwave incident involving the new bagels at the Coffeehouse. So the replacement band will be... Rage Against The Machine!!" Then all hell would break loose...

I was shaken from my reverie by Mikka asking me how many Sam Adams would be a bad idea for him to walk up the stairs on. The Cliffs started their show on an especially pathetic note. The singer was mumbling and whining about his girlfriend in a small town or something. GET REAL. Like these guys have ever been past Porter Square. I know small towns. They're not worth writing songs about. You can't "be yourself" in a small town. Everyone is repressed and drunk and bored and racist and the whole experience is as romantic as killing a rat in your Froot Loops.

At least these guys conditioned their hair. The people in Cleo had rat's nests and Lets Dread! (tm) in their hair, but these guys had nice, shiny, long, straight to wavy, HAIR. Or extensions; I can't tell. The lead singer was wriggling like a worm on a hook. Maybe he sold his backbone for rock 'n' roll. There was entirely too much reverb. It was like hearing each song twice. They started their second song, even sounded promising for 15 seconds, then

lapsed back into dance-a-billy cheese metal. I looked at the crowd dancing to this affront to the ear. I began to realize that this bunch of geeks needed to get to a real show, and really dance, instead of wobbling around to this garbage. Even if it killed them. Preferably if it killed them.

Stealing riff after riff, they pounded out a third song. It was replete with whooping and cheesy acoustic guitar, and really grating, whiny lyrics. I mean they were severely bugging me. The singer was just so lame, so posing, so ANNOYING, QUIT WHINING!! GODDAMMIT, QUIT YER FUCKING WHINING YOU POSER LONGHAIR FREAK!!! But hey, this song is a tiny bit slower than that almost danceable rhythm the Cliffs always play, so everyone's dork-dance circuits shut down. Everyone really wanted to dance, but they all ended up sort of bouncing at a 7:3 resonance to the beat and falling over. At least most everyone in the band was tall. It would really suck if I had been watching little short people twitch like that. I'd have had to club them like the epileptic dwarves they were.

Mikka asked me how many Sam Adams would be a bad idea to operate an elevator on. Then lead singer said something about, "Hey, it's okay to mosh." What the fuck is this moshing everyone spooges about? I've slammed people. I've never moshed someone. Besides, slamming is for losers (hey look, a whole cafeteria-full!) who can't dance. "I can't dance, so I'll fall onto you," seems to be their credo. I weep for the future.

Karl thought the Cliffs were good for a local band. I agree that they are more polished than a high school punk band, but they struck me as so much less genuine. Only one was wearing ripped jeans, all of their clothing looked new, and there was no leather, no spitting, no pissing, just more practice. Their song writing was totally unoriginal. And remember, kids, any guitarist sounds like a fucking genius with the reverb on full.

Awright! Just then the dorks started "moshing." They failed to hit each other as they hopped around. I guess you could call it Slamming Light. Looks Dumb, Less Killing. After a while, the singer started plugging these Cliffs of Donneen t-shirts that look about as fashionable at a pair of stained Hanes.

Meanwhile, nearly all of this grad student

punk band had showed up at the show, drawn by the scent of Sam Adams. The bassist had this lascivious sort of Village People look on his face, but I think that's how he always looks. The guitarist picked his nose and attempted to care about the show. The drummer just watched the band, shook his head a lot, and drank more and more beer. Hey, at least these guys had an ample supply of leather. Maybe they could steal the Cliffs' instruments, beat them over the heads, and play some real music...

I'd finally figured it out by this time. Jane's Addiction, new U2, and Pearl Jam have a musical orgy. Cliffs of Donneen are their inbred, bastard, club-footed, autistic spawn. Mikka asked me how many Sam Adams would be a bad idea to try breathing without life support on and said, "What a lame pit! How's anyone s'posed to get hurt?" Then the band launched into "Once" by Pearl Jam. Except it wasn't "Once". Well, it was, except for the lyrics. Holy shit, they stole most of the song. I saw then that the singer was actually kind of short. Damn dwarf. After the song, he whined about "all the crap and bullshit we had to go through." I was in tears, let me tell you. All those copyright violation lawsuits must have been very taxing on the thieving bastards. But then I breathed a lung full of relief (sans smoke). It was 12:35 am, time to shut this show down.

Oh shit. They came out for an encore. I loaded my pistol and aimed carefully for my medulla, but it was too late. They played the main riff of "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam. And the other riffs. The entire melody. Every last note, down to the solo, down to the twitching and "Huh!"ing, just with the Cliffs' own very lameass lyrics. Have these fiends no SHAME!?! Where the hell do they get off STEALING all that music? What the FUCK is wrong with this picture?? I'll tell you what, THEY SUCK!! THEY TOTALLY FUCKING BLOW DISEASE-RIDDEN DOG!!! That's what! I still can't believe my two dollars went to support this joke. I never want to listen to that guy masturbate his guitar again. I should have brought earplugs. It's terrifying to think I could lose even one hearing cell for these wankers and their cheesemetal-grunge-fusion-belly-button-lint. Nuke 'em from orbit, man. It's the only way to be sure.



Random Memoranda

The VooDoo Staff is sworn to a never-ending quest for quality humour material, or at least stuff flat enough to photocopy. By tapping into the pneumatic message tube system used by one of our contributors, we have opened an intellectual artery of MIT's power elite. Please find enclosed one day's worth of memoranda issued from the desk of John Dzenitis.

Memo to: Information Services
I want information about those lunatics I keep seeing on the MIT playing fields Wednesday nights. They wear colored hosiery and helmets with feathers, and they take turns whacking each other on the head with broomsticks. Is that the lacrosse team?

Memo to: Dining Services

Further research indicates that the lunatics with broomsticks are the Society for Creative Anachronism. Get Max E. to run into their midst, screaming "You shall be avenged, Hillary!", and whacking them with a hockey stick. They should appreciate the elevated level of anachronicity.

Memo to: Dave L.
What is the nature of humor, and what is funny? The misanthropic view is that we laugh at the expense of other people, wallowing in their suffering, stupidity, clumsiness, et cetera. On the other hand, a more gracious viewpoint states that we laugh at the unexpected. Submitted for your consideration:
The French think that Jerry Lewis is a comic genius; they laugh at his clumsy antics until they spew croissants through their noses. Americans laugh at the French because it is unexpected that someone likes Jerry Lewis. We also think it's stupid. Jerry Lewis has telethons of guilt and suffering. When he gets home, he combs the grease out of his hair and laughs at us.
Well?

Memo to: Myself

Rent "Needful Things" when it comes out on video. John Glenn is the good guy (again) and Brewmeister Schmidt is the bad guy (again). Based on the preview, it's a bunch of scenes from "Miracle on 34th Street" and "Hellraiser", held together by a series of explosions.

Memo to: General Distribution

Don't rent "Another Stakeout" when it comes out on video next week. It looks like an ugly actor/actress contest. At least many houses explode, or a few explode from many perspectives.

Memo to: Creative Department
See what you guys can do with this: "Gastronaut".

Memo to: Ms. Manners

Is it is polite or impolite to say, "Please shut up!"?

Memo to: the Producers of "Free Willy"

I admit that the concept of a 10,000 pound, hairless beagle is appealing, but the previews make this look like a two-hour episode of Flipper, without the babes. Willy should explode or something.

Memo to: Campus Police

Can you persuade the Assassins' Guild to band together with the Society for Creative Anachronism and patrol the campus, thus keeping us safer and more secure? Or do you think they'll just try to hide from each other, or they'll clump together and whack each other on the head?

Memo to: SPCA

Some say that dogs think they're human, and others opine that dogs think humans are dogs. My dog thinks that my leg is a dog.

Memo to: the Producers of "Jurassic Park"
You should have spent more money on the animatronics for the woman's character.
Check the calendar for a full moon. The hair on my hands looks really long today.
Memo to: Myself

Memo to: Lisa M.

On second thought, fire everyone who laughed at the joke at the end of the meeting. It wasn't that funny. Keep the guy who thought I said, "Nantucket".

Memo to: Swinging Bachelors
In terms of attracting women, the chia pet ranks somewhere between a Bud can collection and a lava lamp. I know you may find this hard to believe. The reason is that you can never get it to look as good as it does in the advertisements. I mean, those people grow and train chia pets for a living.

Memo to: Tipper G.
I, too, am tired of random, senseless sex and violence that the entertainment industry promotes today. If you eradicate it, however, who will provide the well-planned, meaningful sex and violence to fill the gap?

Memo to: Myself
Remember to be nice all the time to everyone.

Memo to: Students
MIT to owo

It doesn't matter if your stereo is loud, your Tevas are sporty, your hair is odd colors, your Frisbee is the ultimate, your car is bitchin', your causes are just, your cigarettes are antisocial, your Polo is pressed, your hat is bohemian, your team kicks ass, or you got laid last night. You are a geek. Relax.

Memo to: MTV

Thank you for unplugging all of those bands. Not only are the bands quieter this way, it's also easier to see how hard they suck.

Memo to: Kent L.

OK, don't change the name of the magazine if you've already got coffee mugs and everything. You could, however, change the subtitle from "MIT Journal of Humour" to "MIT Journal of Lascivious Conduct", greatly increasing our campus standing and circulation.

Memo to: Feds

Please get that Santa Claus hat off of Sheik "Blind Cleric" Abdel-Rahman. The kids think that Santa's going to jail.

Memo to: Secret Admirer
It may be true that you must love yourself before you can love me. However, if you love yourself too much, you won't be in the mood to love me.

Memo to: Creative Department

OK guys, just two words: Rogaine Lettuce. Call me.

Memo to: Business Diners

It is important to know what to order when at a posh restaurant. Some foods can actually imply an insult to your client, others reveal a lack of sophistication on your part. Choose pasta over meat because it's easier to vomit; choose rice over pasta because it's easier to cough out of your nose.

Memo to: Secret Admirer

Thank you for the Chia Pet. You are most thoughtful, I think.

Memo to: Trekkies

What is it with Captain Kirk's hair on "T.J. Hooker"? Are they ever going to telefax him back onto the Enterprise?

Memo to: T.J. Hooker Boosters

What is it with Captain Kirk's hair on "Rescue 911"? Where's the plot? This show is never going to make it without Dr. McCoy.

Memo to: Kent L.

I think we'd all feel a lot funnier if you changed the name of the magazine from "VooDoo" to "The Harvard Tampoon".

Memo to: Kent L.
Have you considered "VD" forehead tattoos as a way to promote VooDoo staff camaraderie?

Memo to: Joni, Janis, Rikki
Whichever one of you sang that "Paving Paradise" song can rest easy. Now they're just paving parking lots and putting up parking lots.

Memo to: Ted T.
I spoke with both organizations regarding your "Barney versus The Chipmunks Wrestle-Mania" idea. Barney is game if you'll up his percentage by three points and give him three live infants per show. Alvin, however, expressed serious concerns about being crushed by "that big, fat, gurgling bastard" if he blows the choreography. He may be right. I know you're reluctant to bring in H.R. Puffin Stuff after the no-show in New York, but I still think it would make a better fight.

Beyond Maximum Horror, part II

by Pete Finkelstein

Baby Vetterlein's Purge began that night with the Nevada General Hospital. He proceeded systematically from room to room, from floor to floor, extinguishing the light of life wherever He happened upon it. The killing — oh, the systematic killing! When the police finally arrived, the whirling Lava Lamps atop their black-and-whites painting lurid stripes of color across the grey brickwork of the hospital's exterior, they found Rich Vetterlein standing in the lobby. A brief encounter with his Son had not left him in what you would call tip-top condition: The security blanket of Reason had been stripped from the bunk bed of his life and tossed into an empty Purina dog chow box for irrecoverable delivery to the rummage sale. The corpses of many of the night staff lay strewn about him in chaotic, boneless heaps. The nurse who had been unfortunate enough to land night duty at the admittance desk that evening now hung from her bloody hair on the blade of a slowly-rotating ceiling fan. As her carcass circled lazily about, little scarlet chunks of her flaky scalp sloughing off and fluttering to the floor, the bulging, candy-glazed doll's eyes mounted in her face registered each detail (over and over and over again) of the Gehenna which had once been a clean, modern hospital waiting room. Proud papa to the last, Rich Vetterlein looked up at Officer Ted Rawlins and asked with a sheepish, lopsided grin, "Care for a cigar?" Baby Vetterlein had long since vacated the premises, which turned out to be fortunate for Officer Ted Rawlins... although he might as well have faced l'Enfant Terrible right then and there. Sometimes it's better to just take your medicine immediately, like a man, without all this whining and shuffling about.

I do not wish to dwell on the ruthless, remorseless, efficient, step-by-step, tear-back-the-top-to-allow-venting-and- microwave-five-minutes killing effected that night by Baby Vetterlein. I have no desire to peel back the roof over Bev and Chet MacAffey's mobile home and allow you a lascivious peep at their final moments on this earth, to show you what they saw as Baby Vetterlein crawled from the toilet in their newly-refurbished bathroom and came to claim them.

I'm not interested in the cheap thrill of Baby Vetterlein's run through the local whorehouse; I'll take no Polaroid snapshot for you of the trail of death and corruption He left behind Him as politicians and holy men, caught in the act of coitus, breathed their Last through throats and lungs ripped apart with ragged efficacy. And if you think I would even so much as sniff at the fatty entree of the Boisterous Babe's blitzkrieg at the Farleysville Orphan Asylum, then you've sadly misjudged me (and you have only yourself to examine and reprove for silently craving those details). Besides, the scope of this story is much broader than the vicious, cold-blooded killing of every man, woman and child (other than His earthly progenitors) in Farleysville, Nevada; and dwelling on the misfortune of these poor, simpering hicks would be like examining your fuel line for leaks without noticing the plastique strapped to the chassis by Sonny Pedrazzi and his protection racket thugs.

Because the implications of this story are world-wide.

The first press conference was held in Washington, D.C. The killing had escalated, and now almost one-third of the population of the Commonwealth of Nevada had been either slaughtered or evacuated. Tammy Vetterlein had changed her name to Mommie Profundis, and now wore a black shroud and heavy eye makeup reminiscent of Diamanda Galas or Nina Hagen (back in her "Born in Xixax" days, before she turned all wimpy). She was the featured speaker at the press conference, and her simple statement proceeded as follows:

"Gentlemen and ladies of the press corp, people of the Holy Alliance, citizens of the Globe: Hear the words of Mommie Profundis, and ponder them in your hearts. The relentless scourge of Darkness which now slashes deep, cruel furrows in the trembling land like a drunken harvester's scythe may not necessarily be such a bad thing. My Son, the Interloper from Beyond the Heavens, the Interceptor and Destroyer of Hope, the Harpooner of the Whale of Mercy — 'thar she blows!' — has stepped boldly onto the harshly-lit dinner theater stage of this tiny,

desolate planet to claim it for His own. I suggest you yield your lives to Him quietly, meekly, with eyes downcast and hands dug into your pockets. Try to think about baseball or something. There is no shame in forfeiting your life to Baby Vetterlein; indeed, the true shame lies in resistance. What an embarrassment! Okay, I'll be happy to accept questions from the assembled members of the Information Gathering and Dispersal profession."

George F. Will raised his hand and asked,

"Why did Baby Vetterlein come to this planet, of all the habitable planets in the Cosmos? What exactly did we do to deserve this?"

"Name one other habitable planet in the Cosmos. Just one. And by the way, there is no question of 'deserving' this or that. No one is to blame here. There are no 'bad guys' to point your finger at in silent, pursed-lipped condemnation."

Peter Jennings raised his hand.

"Is Baby Vetterlein evil? Or is He beyond our petty morality?"

"Yes and no. He is beyond our traditional measuring sticks of good and evil. But in His own way, He is horribly evil. Not in a way directly comprehensible to the human intellect, however. Thank you for your time."

• • •

President Ferdinand "Ferd" DiMarcino stood behind his padded leather armchair in the Oval Office. He had assembled his most trustworthy aides, including several members of the Cabinet and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He turned from the window with a weary sigh; heavy, puffy bluish-black bags sagged from beneath his eyes. Little things squirmed about in them. He paused for a moment to scrape some waxy buildup from the pendulous lobes of his jug ears; the wax streamed from the ear canals in translucent plastic glaciers of time-arrested, silent flow. Heart leaden, his soul soggy and waterlogged like the backstage pass to the Extroverted Jumping Boys concert which you accidentally left in your pants and put through the wash, the cares of a nation bearing inexorably down upon his slumping, rounded shoulders, Ferd DiMarcino asked of the trusted Fat Cats gathered about him in the chambers of power,

"Can we stop Him? Can Baby Vetterlein be stopped?"

No one could answer. The nation's police force appeared helpless before the Babe's onslaught. All

of their firepower, all of their technology, all of their training had gone for naught. The Armed Fighting Men Battalion, likewise, had proved of little service in thwarting the Li'l Decimator. The Holy Alliance was rapidly degenerating into a nation of paranoids, sheep-like people shivering in their homes and peeping timidly out from behind the blinds. At length, Carl Cheavers of the Treasury Department broke the silence.

"Look, He's just a kid. He's just a tot. Don't you people remember what your own children looked like at that age? How helpless they were? Why, it's laughably easy to kill a little baby! It's an act as trivial as popping open a can of soda!"

President DiMarcino streaked across the room in a lightning blur and pounced mercilessly on the pudgy, shrinking Cheavers. He picked Cheavers up and slammed him against the wall, then screamed into his face,

"YOU STILL DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? Baby Vetterlein isn't a cute little tyke you'd see in a Pampers commercial, crawling about happily with a pacifier dangling from its cherubic lips. Baby Vetterlein is a ruthless killing machine, a monstrosity from beyond time and space. And He is going to keep killing, one person at a time, without remorse, without pity, without delusions of morality, until He has wiped out the entire human race. That's all He does: Kill. He doesn't laugh, He doesn't love, He doesn't make wee-wee in a jar, He doesn't build majestic palaces with porticos and gables out of wooden blocks with the alphabet cunningly carved into them. He just kills. Period. Am I getting through to you? Are you starting to see the true picture now? Or would you like me to take you to some of the small towns that don't have anyone left alive in them anymore because Baby Vetterlein has gone door-to-door?"

He backed away from Cheavers, who slumped uneasily into his chair. A trickle of some unidentifiable moisture was gradually staining the inseam of Cheavers' suit pants. The room fell quiet, and an awkward moment eventually grew into an almost unbearably tense wait-a-rama. Finally Dale Pearson from the Census Bureau spoke up in a quiet voice.

"Are we still above ZPG?"

President DiMarcino looked at him closely.

"Explain yourself."

"Is Baby Vetterlein killing fast enough to beat the birth rate? If the planet is above zero population growth, then we're fine. In fact, we might be

slightly better off (in terms of food resources, potable water, and arable land) than we were before Baby Vetterlein's arrival if He is keeping the planet at just slightly above, or even a teeny bit below, ZPG. If He's only killing at a rate which will lead to the extinction of human life on planet Earth in, say, 10 to 20 generations, then I would say we don't have much to worry about. Not in this Administration, anyway."

Ferd DiMarcino looked at Harry Tsigourski of the White House Information Office. Harry cleared his throat nervously, then said,

"Our latest figures suggest that the carnage is currently proceeding at the rate of about two thousand innocent human lives per work day, with temporary surges up to five thousand on weekends. This is well below the current global birth rate."

A collective sigh of relief escaped the Movers and Shakers, the mass manipulators of soldiers and peasants, and Ferd DiMarcino grinned in spite of himself. He shrugged in a playful manner, as if to say, "What are you gonna do?"

The news of Conversion came at the press conference the next day.

...

Mommie Profundis stood once again before the assembled print and electronic media journalists, adorned in complete nun's habit with a scarlet cape. The words "Whore of Babylon" had been embroidered across the back of the cape. She curtsied demurely to the media professionals, then began her address.

"Gentleman and ladies, humans of the Global Village, peers and compatriots: Belly up to the bar and guzzle with lip-smacking gusto the revealed wisdom of Mommie Profundis. I guess everyone thought the Earth was out of the proverbial doghouse when the Puppet Masters who rule over you announced that the Babe of Desolation wasn't, uh, eliminating humans rapidly enough to wipe the planet clean in a reasonable amount of time. Don't think the Nightmare Beyond Maximum Horror wasn't aware of potential logistical problems in His crusade to cleanse this lonely spinning orb of the contamination of mortal flesh. Oh, He knew what He was doing, all right. He was simply smirking at you, playing you along like the patsies you are, just

as a master yo-yo specialist performing at Glendale Elementary School's Friday afternoon assembly will tease his drooling, wide-eyed audience by casually Walking the Dog or Rocking the Cradle or Shooting the Moon. Baby Vetterlein's plan now stands as follows: A select Chosen Few whom He faces will be permitted to survive and to follow Him in the fulfillment of His purpose. The Initiate must drink deeply of Baby Vetterlein's gushing urine, then immediately begin a new life dedicated to killing former peers, friends, and family members. Questions? Comments? Feedback?"

Sam Donaldson raised both hands.

"Is Baby Vetterlein inherently evil?"

"You may recall we have already discussed that issue at length in a previous press conference. Next question."

Chet Huntley waved urgently at Mommie Profundis.

"What if the chosen 'Initiate', as you called him, refuses to accept the new role of Traitor to the Human Race?"

"Well, he'll be free to go. It's a no pressure decision, completely soft-sell." Mommie Profundis paused, flashed her expressive eyes back and forth a couple of times in provocative arcs of sardonic whimsy, then smiled. "No, just kidding. Of course the heretic will be killed instantly and his body horribly mutilated. What did you expect, exactly? A cheap, pre-packaged, over-the-counter Leo Buscaglia hug? I'm sorry, but my Son's attentions are somewhat more personalized and meaningful than your culture's impotent pop psychology. Thank you all for your time."

...to be continued



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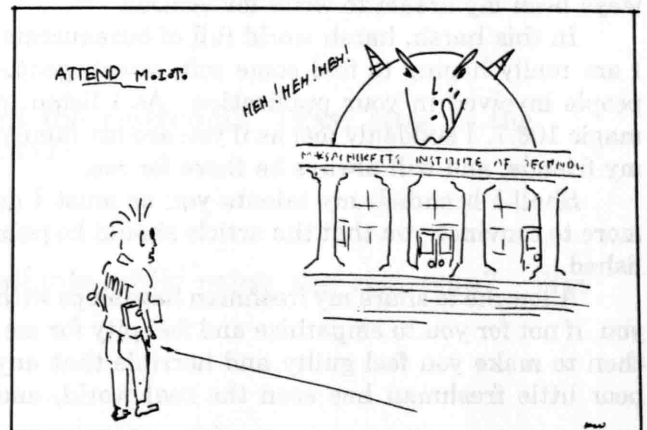
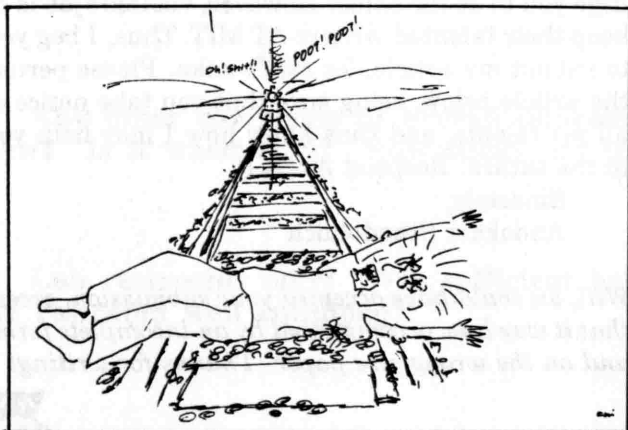
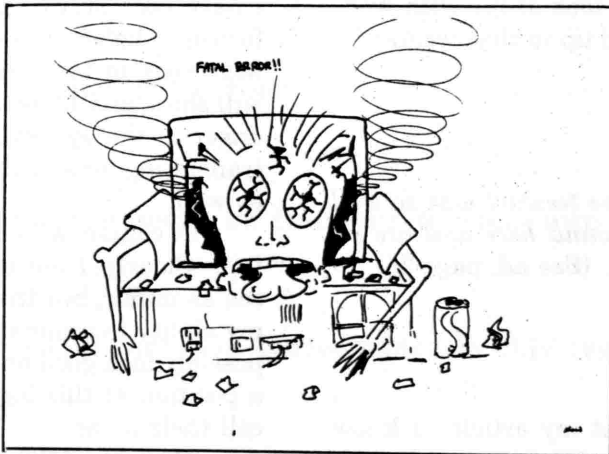
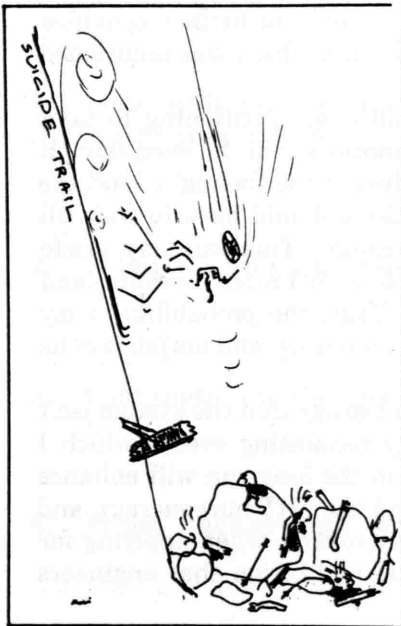
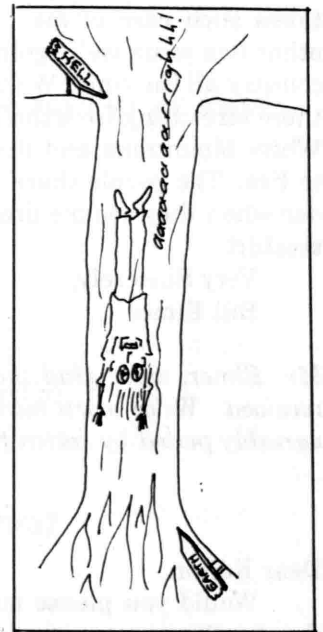
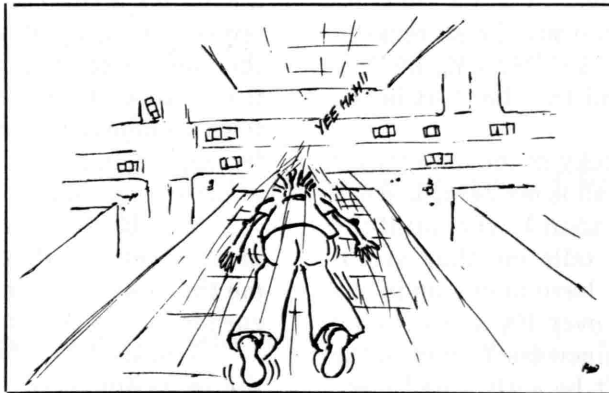
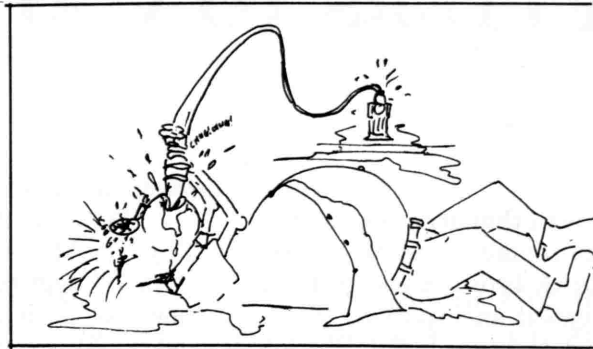
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HOW MANY
STUPID WAYS
ARE THERE
TO KILL
YOURSELF
?

BY: KAI CHIANG



LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Lennie,

Opening my stack of mail that arrives each day is one of the few pleasures remaining to an old 93-year old man, but that thick brown package from you filled me with the greatest anticipation. When I got it opened and found the wonderful VooDoo teeshirt in it, it made my day! To think that my escapades of so long, long ago would be so remembered and rewarded is past belief! My long life has brought me many rewards and that teeshirt is one of the very best.

I've been unbelievably lucky in too many ways to count. Probably the best of all is my being blessed with a wife 17 years younger than I, who faithfully takes such care of me. She tells me that in another two years we're going to have to live up in the country all the time. We have over 100 acres of land there stretching from the Pemigewasset River to the White Mountains and it won't be such a bad place to live. The people there will look at me with wonder when they see me dressed up in that wonderful teeshirt.

Very Sincerely,
Bill Elmer

Mr. Elmer, we're glad that the teeshirt was so well received. We've worn ours around here and are invariably pelted by rotten fruit. (See ad, page 35).

Dear Editor.

Would you please submit my article. I know the deadline was yesterday, but, you see, it has always been my dream to write for VooDoo.

In this harsh, harsh world full of bureaucrats, I am really hoping to find some soft, sweet, gentle people involved in your publication. As I listen to magic 106.7. I suddenly feel as if you are my family, my friends, and will always be there for me.

Shall I brandish my talents yet, or must I do more to convince you that the article should be published.

Allow me to share my freshman hardships with you, if not for you to empathize and feel pity for me, then to make you feel guilty and horrible that any poor little freshman has seen the real world, and

cause you to jump up and down for two hours.

So what if I took 8.02 (and got 5 on the AP Physics C-level exam in E&M), and know it inside out, if I registered and then dropped it, I should never be permitted to take the Advanced Standing exam. Regardless of the reason for such a rule, if it's a rule, it's a rule. And why should the head of the physics department let me take the exam, or change the rule. After all, it's her job to force students to take courses they already know, and lure students towards depression, sadness, and thoughts of transferring, because we will have to take 6 courses a term in order to graduate. I.H.T.F.P.

But, because I didn't transfer, the math department decided to do all it could to further convince me that I should pursue that which was mentioned earlier in this sentence.

I missed the deadline for petitioning to take the 18.03 Advanced Standing exam. So even though I have been studying during the fortnight (and the fortnight before this one), I should have to wait till next year to take the exam. This way, my grade will show, and I'll be able to feel more pressure (and anger at the system). Thus, the probability of my transferring (or suicide) increases, and his job is done as well.

Of course, who am I to say that the system isn't fair. Clearly, I am only recounting events which I see as unfair, but that in the long run will enhance my ability to understand the MIT bureaucracy, and possibly look good on my resume when applying for a position at this logical institution that engineers call their home.

Thus, the MIT staff has done its job well, and I urge you to do the same. However, VooDoo's job is to keep their talented writers AT MIT. Thus, I beg you to submit my article, for MIT's sake. Please peruse the article below, being sure that you take notice of all my talents, and thus know how I may help you in the future. Respond A.S.A.P.

Sincerely,
Andokarr Standohuch

Well, we could have accepted your submission, except that it was late, accompanied by an incomplete form, and on the wrong size paper. Thanks for writing!



MIT Restroom Evaluation Guide Student Comment Form

Restroom Number (Ex. 6-120):

Current Term:

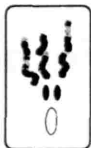
Assigned Custodian:

Men's Room/Women's Room:

Sex of Evaluator:

**Please feel free to continue any of your responses on the back.
Return to the VooDoo office via Interdepartmental Mail to 50-309.**

- 1. What particular aspects of this restroom's organization are effective or ineffective?**
- 2. Do you use this restroom often? What particular aspects of the restroom make it suitable or unsuitable for frequent use?**
- 3. How well do the fixtures and clientele relate to each other? Were reviews of using the bathroom helpful?**
- 4. What do you like best about this restroom?**
- 5. Comment on the graffiti. Comment on feedback to your own graffiti.**
- 6. What background was useful for good performance in this restroom?**
- 7. How would you improve this restroom? Please give constructive comments.**
- 8. Any other comments or overall impressions of the restroom? (Exs: How is the view? Is it warm/cold? How sticky are the floors?)**
- 9. Lab restrooms only: Was sufficient help available while using the restroom? Was the restroom well equipped?**



Raging Dave

By Dave

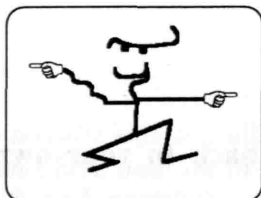
Diane, if I could, I would like to read a prepared statement to Nancy Kerrigan expressing my deep regret over the unfortunate incident which resulted in her injury. Um, Mr. Eckardt, (sigh ... with sex kitten demeanor) we here on PRIMETIME LIVE normally don't involve ourselves with such cheap, provocative, nonsubstantial material, but if you must, feel free to continue (sigh ... a little more sex kitten demeanor and lean forward just enough to give the show a little production value). Thanks, Diane. I'd just like to explain to Nancy, if I could, that I am a moron. This is due partly to a glue sniffing habit I had as a child and partly due to bad genetics Um, that's quite enough Mr. Eckardt, (sigh double sigh). Why must I perform on such a show with such idiots! Well, back to you Sam. No, back to you Diane and please could you lean forward ever so slightly for just a bit more production value.

That is just a taste of some of the fun filled

Tonya Harding material that the Ragerster has planned for this special edition which is dedicated to my new love, or should I say enchantress:

Tonya

But first Dave has to deal with a bit of unpleasantness stemming from what appears to be a heavily organized card and letter campaign concerning my last *Rage*. Ok, a one card campaign, but nevertheless it left deep wounds. The issue appears to be and I quote from the card, *obnoxious and offensive treatment of women and lack of sensitivity toward the problems they suffer concerning anorexia and the body images imposed on them by society at*



large. First of all I have to say in my defense that there appear to be an awful lot of "and's" in this statement. I take offense with that. In addition, I point out that it is inconceivable to me that anyone could read my last *Rage* and misinterpret my clear message of love and respect for *Tori Spelling* as some sort of cheap, sorted, unPC attack against disgustingly thin woman. But to set the record straight I have formed a foundation and set up the following 900 number to be of service to woman everywhere. Just dial:

1-900-I'm-Too-God-Damn-Thin

\$10.00 for the first minute, \$6.95 each additional minute, free complimentary fries and cokes, average call 32.5 minutes.

I think that's enough said on this matter. Wow, that bit on nastiness drained me ♪ ♪ I'm now going to clear the decks by taking a music break: *Ain't it fun when you always on the run. Ain't it fun when you got to get a gun. Ain't it fun when you get so high you just can't cum. Ain't it fun when you know you're going to die young --- it's such fun, so fun ... ❖❖❖*

The Spaghetti Incident, by GNR of course, pass the parmesan please. Anyway, I'm refreshed now and that's important since the Ragerster must move on to a very serious topic: *Lesbians*. Now, for those of you in the reading audience who believe I may be heading into untasteful waters, please, rest assured that *Raging Dave* knows what he is doing. I'm employing a tried and true entertainment device skillfully used by such entertainment giants, namely, Oprah, Donahue, Geraldo, Stern etc. And to further put at ease the readers of this fine *Rage* let me state that the particular Lesbos we will be discussing are of the shapely, very feminine, attractive type quite often featured in laudable, mainstream, male entertainment publications Wow, I've heard of a long segue into a piece but this is just ridiculous ☹☹☹ Anyway, the point of all this is that I sitting at home on New Years Eve watching with quite a bit of excitement the Howard Stern New Years Eve special. The

beautiful woman who makes herself into a naked human sundae has got me salivating. But nevertheless I find myself hauntingly titillated by the naked lesbian wrestling. But as I'm contemplating this visual feast I'm suddenly overwhelmed by the following set of thoughts which lead to this segment:

30 seconds on Lesbianism: Why it's a no go

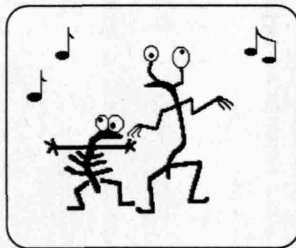
Curiously, knowing as much as I do about woman I find it somewhat difficult to understand the mechanics of Lesbianism. Yes, the physical attraction is obvious. Yet, there remains a certain mystery about the amount of effort woman put into hetero activity vs.. that required by lesbo activity. Modesty prevents me from obviously being over specific about these comments but let me finish off here by saying a typical hetero relationship affords the female a certain minimal amount of effort required in the boudoir. This is not a one-to-one map with respect to lesbian relationships ... enough said ☘☘☘ on to tastier topics.

Before I more on to the main event, which is a sort of personal valentine to my new flame and temptress:

Tonya Harding

I like to indulge in one more music break, I'm not going to identify the band associated with this number, but let me say it's the sort of tune that just keeps rumbling through your mind:

I'm squishing up my baby bumble bee, wouldn't my mommy be so proud of me, I'm squishing up my baby bumble bee ... uh oh ... I'm wiping off my baby bumble bee, wouldn't my mommy be so proud of me



Believe it or not that actually felt pretty good! Hillary Clinton, has received rave reviews from the Russian public due to the Clinton's recent trip to the Moscow. Such comments as,

"If Russian leaders had wives as attractive as Hillary, maybe the Russian wives might travel a bit more with their husbands." No, doubt Hillary is an attractive woman (I especially like the fact that I've never -- ever-- seen this woman with the same hairdo twice) but old Dave must confess that the most attractive thing to me about Hillary is her paycheck!

Now on to the much heralded section concerning my new love: *Tonya*

I'm entitling this piece

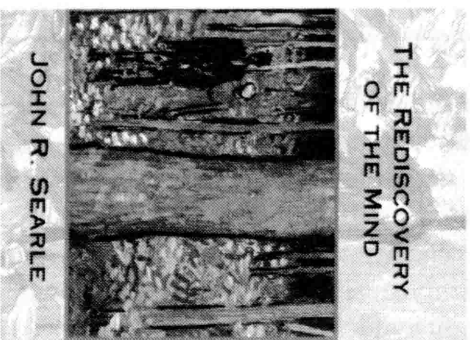
Tonya I Want To Be Your Valentine

What follows is a time series, in Tonya's own words, of her confessions todate:

- Jan. 10: Who ever did this to Nancy should hang from the highest tree!
- Jan. 11: I know of no competitive athlete who would stoop to this level!
- Jan. 14: I of course will cooperate fully with authorities!
- Jan. 16: Of course my ex-slime bag of a husband, Gillooly-boy, is innocent!
- Jan. 18: Even though he is innocent -- I believe it is best that we separate!
- Jan. 27: Ok, maybe I knew just a little tiny bit about this unfortunate incident, but only after the fact!
- Jan. 30: I should have blown away the bitch while I had the chance!
- Feb. 2: If I have to do any more of these damn confessions, I'm going to do all you reporters just like I did my child molesting, panty sniffing brother!

Tonya, I'm here to say we believe you. And is it just me or is it universal that the more overexposed in terms of media coverage Tonya becomes the more sexually attracted we all become toward her. Anyway the Ragster has to go cool down, I'm going to watch some video of Tonya landing some triple axles and fantasize. G G G

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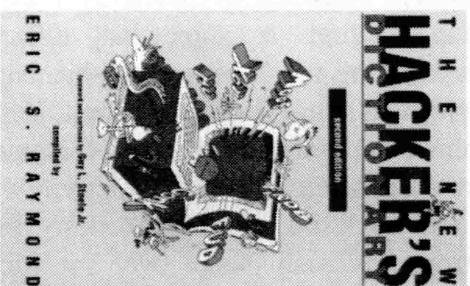
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