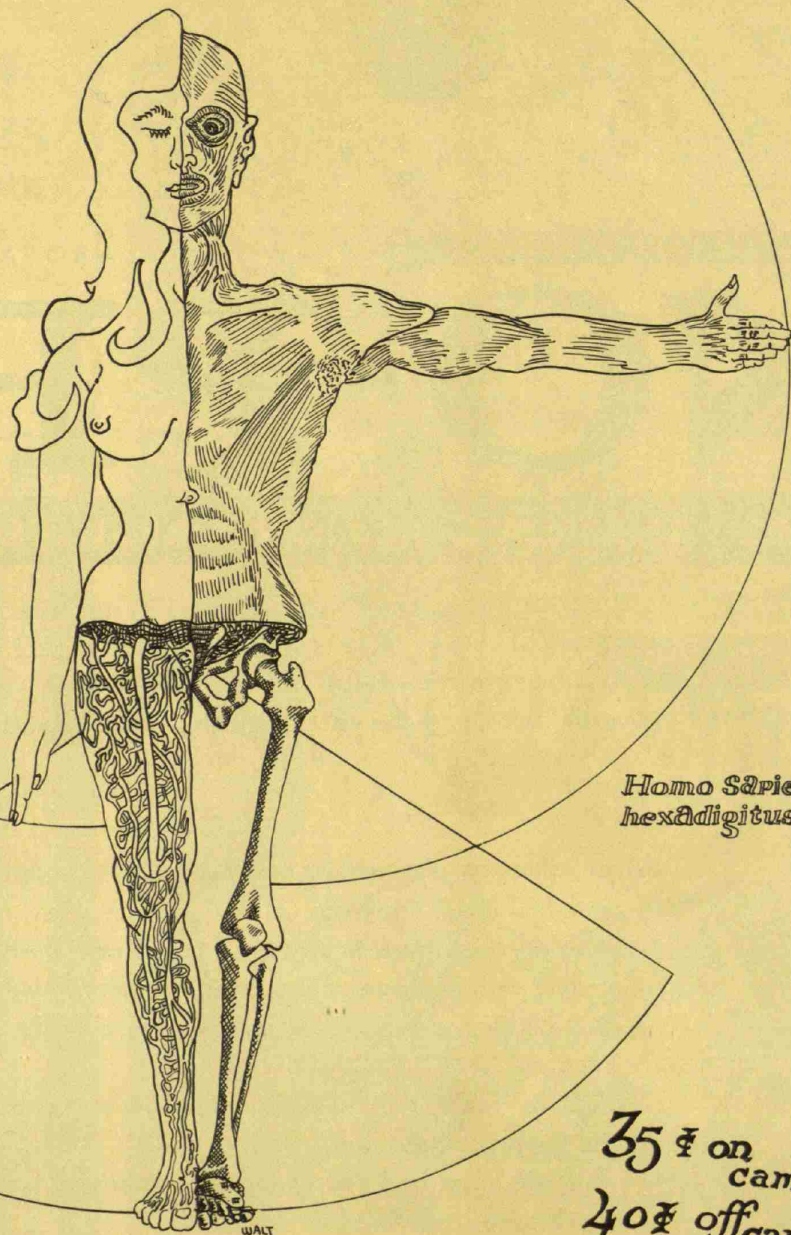


Voodoo

JUNE
1967



*Homo Sapiens
hexadigitus*

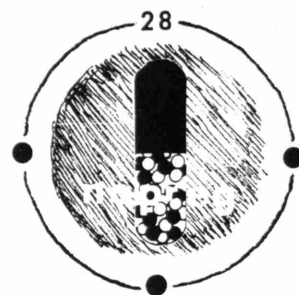
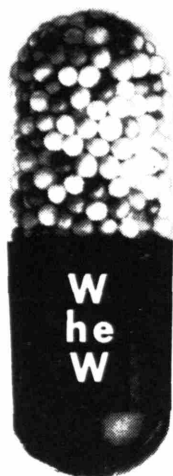
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12 RHYTHMIC ACTION CAPSULES—YEAR'S RELIEF !

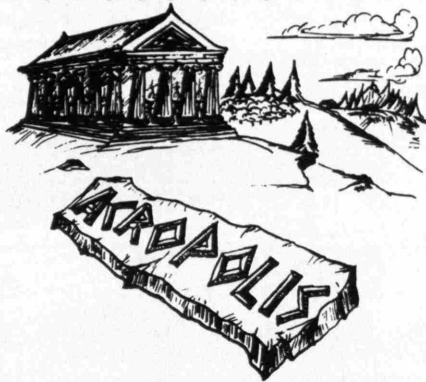
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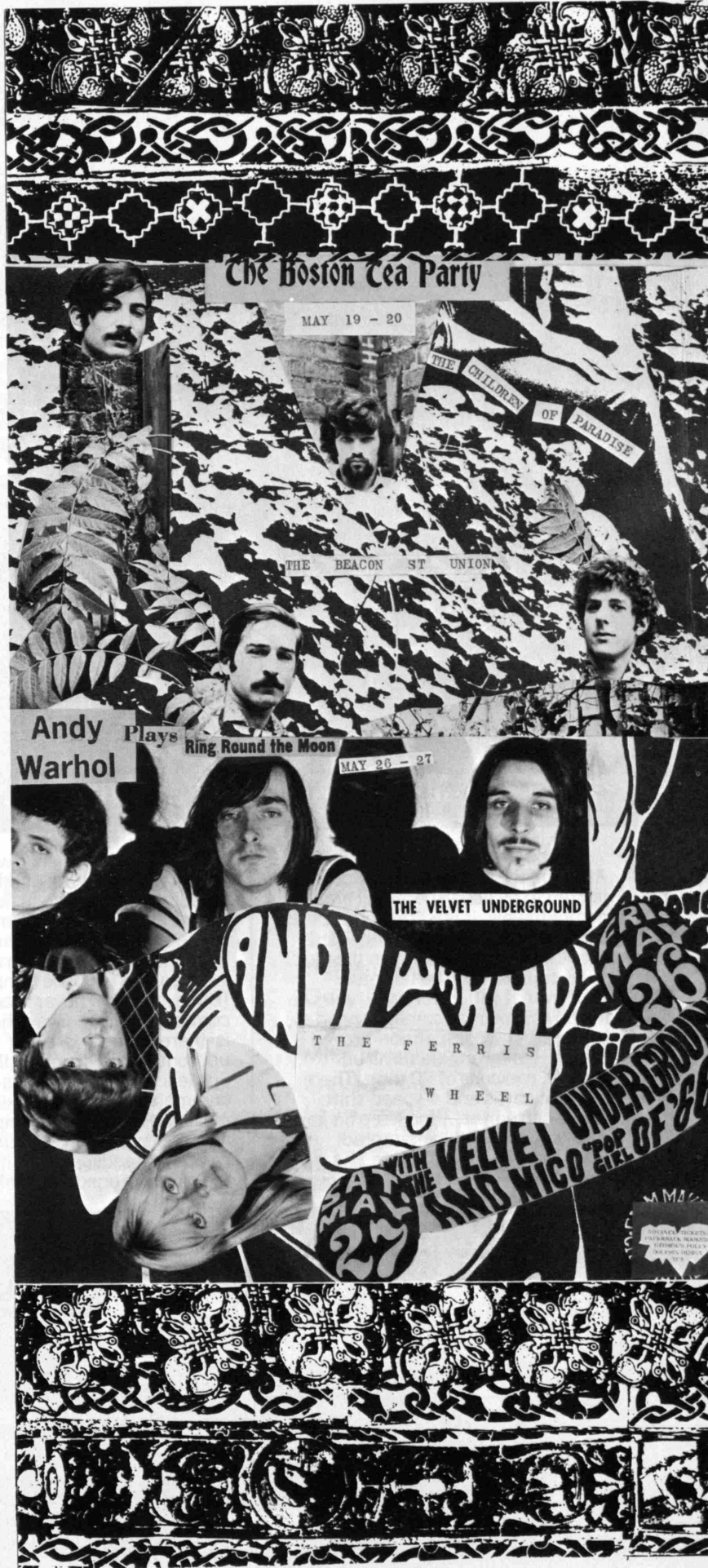
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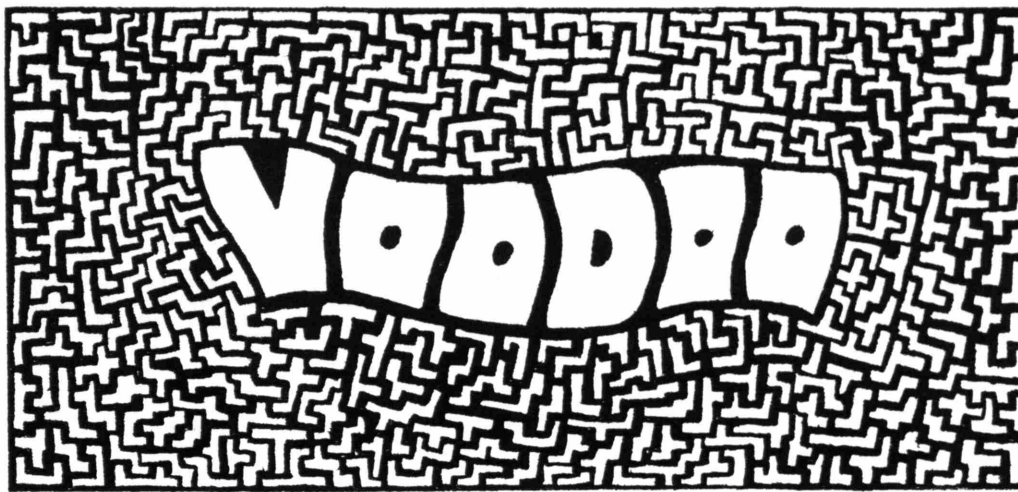
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VOL. 50



NO. 8

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STERILE POSTAL INFORMATION

VooDoo is published monthly during the school year by the VooDoo Managing Board, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139; entered as Second Class Mail at the Boston Post Office, sold for thirty-five cents on campus and elsewhere for forty cents, year subscription three dollars. Volume 50, Number 8.

V O O D O O

It's late May in Boston, which means that the temperature occasionally climbs above zero, but it always rains on those days anyway. As a result of this, denizens of the area are often plagued with the great enemy of man,

the common cold. At a time like this, doctors enjoy their peak business. So, in its unending search for truth, Voo Doo has chosen to explore the medical profession. If what follows makes you sick, well . . .

VOODOOINGS

It's not easy running a magazine with a title like Voo Doo. Take the following example:

Among the random trivia that flows daily into our mailbox was a letter from a sweet little girl in Iowa (obviously not a subscriber). Seems she is doing a term paper on voodoo (no, fans, not us, but the Haitian mysticism) and had read somewhere that we print articles on the subject. Oh, well, maybe we can sell her a subscription.

Along the same line, a woman called the office the other day and asked if this was Voo Doo. "Yes, this is Voo Doo magazine", replied our Editor, who had answered the phone. The woman seemed perplexed on being informed that this is a magazine. She had wanted a *real* voodoo organization, one which told fortunes and everything. Well, said Herr Editor, that stuff is all lies and you can't really believe that. The distressed caller answered that she did believe in fortune-telling, and really wanted her future told, and then bade us good-bye. Chalk up another one for black magic.

That same day, we received another interesting call. A young feminine voice asked for Beth. The staffer who answered informed her that she had mistakenly called Voo Doo, but, sensing an opportunity, invited the sweet young thing up to the office to watch us put the mag together, and have fun, and drink beer, etc. The girl said that she'd love to, but, alas, she was only 12.

Our explanation into the depths of the institute have uncovered some interesting and appropriately humorous situations. Like the time our newest roving reporter and man about town, H. L. Leeming, wandered into the computer rooms of course 6.47, the introductory computer course. Here is what he saw:

MACHINE PROBLEM 3: MOUSE IN A MAZE

Purpose: Introduction to nonnumerical applications

Theory: A mouse enters a maze containing a piece of cheese and runs at the speed of a computation along the corridors until he finds the cheese. Being a efficient mouse, he unwinds a spool of thread when searching a new area and rewinds the thread when he has no new area available to him.

At the beginning of the program the student writes a few identifying lines such as his name, address, and his instructor's name. Also in these lines are comments concerning the program, some self encouragement, and some self emulation.

These comments were excerpts from the 6.47 programs of some of these eager students.

The unimaginative or busy people simply commented:
C "Mouse in a Maze" "MOUSE IN A MAZE"
A few who had contempt for artificial intelligence commented:

C "Idiot Mouse in a Maze"

Others seem to have been overawed by the problem:

C "Roddy Rodent in his Amazing Maze"

Some ascribed a personality to the mouse:

C "Geometric mouse-or you too can blow your cool for a piece of cheese;;

Some comments began to have pessimistic overtones:

C "This is another in a long history of failures; good luck, mouse. . . "

C "The mouse is dead, starved, no doubt"

Contrasting the pessimistic comments was:

C "Another finely wrought program by E. Baker.

This program, as lucid as it is brilliant, takes a moronic mouse from the entrance to the cheese in the least number of steps"

Some comments were set in a refreshing religious atmosphere:

C "And the computer spake unto the mouse, saying-- seek and ye shall find; ask and it shall be given unto you, and lo, I am with you always--even unto the end of program"

Finally, a cry for mercy in the comment statement:

C "Please, God, let it run this time"

To the side of this unsuccessful program was scribbled in blue ink:

Sorry, G.

A famous East Coast General Manager that we know very well was trying his hand at a 11 digit direct distance collect call. After getting through the dozen or so buzzes and clicks, he was greeted by an eager, "Whad-daya want or som'in?" He told her his problem and explained that he was ----- (name withheld to protect the phone company) from Voo Doo Magazine. "Voo Doo, whazzat?" lilted back to the ears of our hero." Some kinda joke or something? What does it mean? I bet that's your message or som'in. Always tryin'a pulla fast one, you guys. Voo Doo, huh?" "But you misunderstand. I am from Voo Doo' it's a magazine, from M.I.T. even!" "M.I.T. huh? Is that part of your message too? Always with the fast one. You must be a college kid or som'in, always trying to pull som'in over telephone operators. I know. I been around." "But you've got it all wrong. I am from Voo Doo, and it's a magazine, from M.I.T. like I said. Right? Any my call?" "What's M.I.T.? (places call) Is that a mazagine too?" "No, no it's a school. But anyways, it's a very funny magazine. Lots of laughs. You ought to read it, really." "Oh, yeah, how can I do that? (pushes some sort of button) Where can I get this Voo Doo. I still don't believe you." "I'll tell you what, operator. I'll let you read a copy of Voo Doo, if you do me a favor." "Oh, yeah? what kind of favor?" "Why don't you all give me a free phone call. Just one. And I'll send you a free copy of Voo Doo Magazine." "Voo Doo Magazine, heh? Where's your call to?" "Just to -----." (We must protect the phone company)" "Well sure, where do you want that call to?" And thus it went. A free phone call for a copy of Voo Doo. It simply amazing what you can do if you read Voo Doo. Why here we

can even see a free phone call stemming from our magazine. Although we are still going to check our phone bill next month.)

An ex-boardie was crawling around the fourth floor the other evening, looking for a little noise and excitement. Soon screams and shouts of "Oh Paul," lured him into the east lounge, where the now-famous 'documentary' of Paul Anka, Teenage Idol, was being screened. The reasons for showing the film were not too clear to our boy, but as he left, he decided to give them a bit of publicity. Retreating back to the office, he made up a fine sign reading: PAUL ANKA FAN CLUB, HERE, TONIGHT! The sign was stuck to the door and many a beady eye (two in fact) was glued thereupon, in anticipation of a reader. Sure enough a literate chanced by, in the form of a Student Center manager. Slightly dismayed by the sign, he tore it down. (The video tape instant replay shows him glaring ever so slightly at the beady-eyed culprit). However, he did not want to make a hasty judgement, so he went into the lounge only to be confronted by Paul Anka being pursued by thousands of pigtailed and loafers. The manager came back out in to the hall and replaced the sign. The beady eyes could but only smile.

Those of you that look upon our cover in amazement will perhaps appreciate the other tricks you can do with it. For instance, you can cover up various quadrants to make a chicken man, a chicken lady, a vine man, etc. Do have a lot of fun. Buy many issues and do them all at once. In a test case, one subject flipped right out on a tabloid mosaic composed of three chicken men, two vine maidens, and one poultry girl. Honest. Its the poor man's Mellow Yellow.

We all hope that you will find and appreciate our Doll-of-the-Month. She's very cute. The actual photos themselves have a very interesting history. Our photographer had decided that the back-yard of 111 Memorial Drive would be an excellent place to take the photos. It turns out, however, that the president of some technical school lives there. So our photographer was very careful to secure the permission of the groundskeeper before attempting the session. However, when two young Ho-Jo's bounded into the yard to join in the bathing suit scenes, the matron of the house felt that matters were straying a bit out of line. Reports eventually filtered back to our office, through our CIA sponsored trans-Institute Network, that even the Dean of Student Affairs of the technical school caught wind of the proceedings behind 111 Mem Drive. But we ask, would that nice little girl in those pictures be involved in anything nasty. Of course not, or begone with you.

CONTRACEPTION

by Alan Czapman, M.D., T.B.W.,
B.Z.F.G.T.

(Editor's Note: Dr. Czapman, the famed Hungarian physician, gained his vast medical knowledge by hanging around hospital emergency wards. In the past he has spoken out on such controversial topics as bad breath in dogs, mercy killing of fruit flies, and brain surgery to relieve hangnail pain. Now, with characteristic eloquence, Dr. Czapman writes on a subject of current interest.)

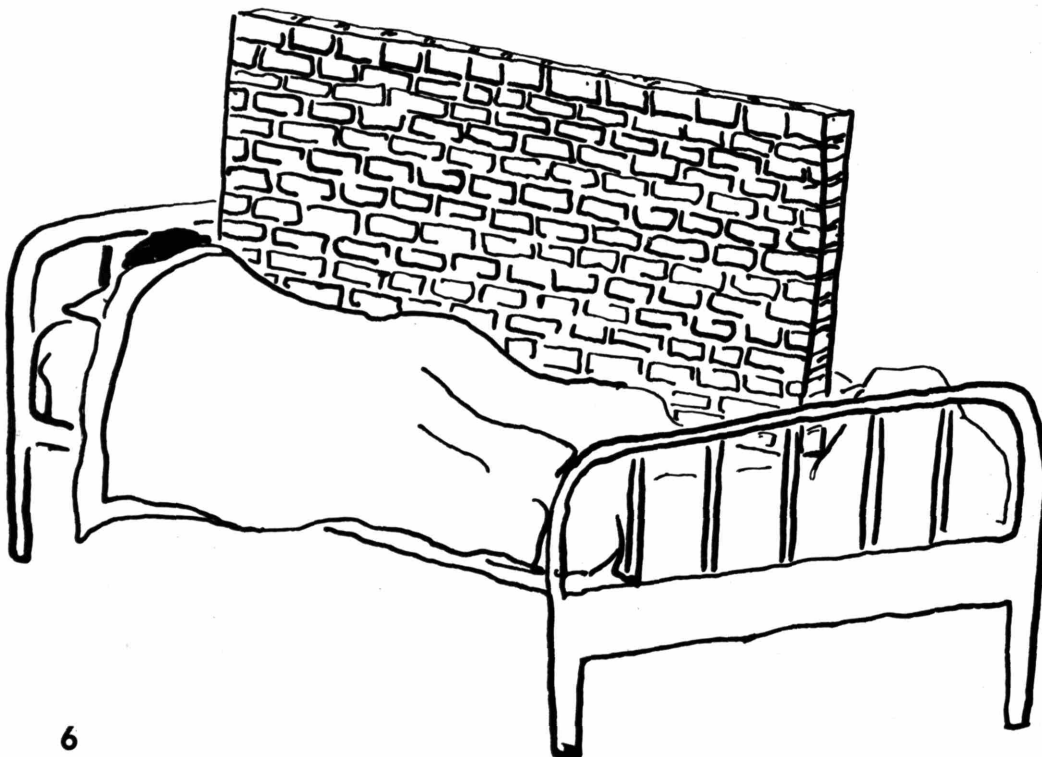
Allow me that I should say it honors me greatly to be able to write an article on contraception for Voo Doo magazine. Even more thrilling is this than the time I was asked to write an article on voodoo for Contraception magazine. Anyhow, is now to the subject at hand, contraception.

In simplest terms, contraception means that you aren't having any babies. Why not the babies you ask. Well, for example are the young married couples who maybe can't afford to have the babies yet. For them, contraception is a desirable thing. So now you ask how is accomplished this contraception. So I tell you. As a genuine medical person, I advocate three types of the contraceptive things: sterilization, jellies, and "the pill".

1. STERILIZATION . . . In this method, the husband and wife who think maybe they would like the baby-making take hour-long baths. They get themselves so clean that they do not want to touch each other or get all hot and sweaty. Thus is no babies.

2. JELLIES . . . Here is whee couple, when get urge, instead starts eating the jellies, like especially the grape and it is tasting so good that they can't stop eating long enough for babies to get made.

3. "THE PILL" . . . Is of course the sleeping pill which eliminates one of the major causes of babies, energy. These are the methods, my friends. Try them. They will work for you and for those very close to you too. And finally I will leave you with the words of the late great Prof. E. Lak-tik of the Budapest Medical School; "Babies is cute, but not in large quantities."



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A totally new type of electronic computer had been installed on campus which was supposed to be able to answer any question that was fed into it. One of the programmers decided to have some fun with the computer by asking it an impossible question. On an IBM card he punched the question, "Where is my father?" knowing fully well that his father had died two years previously. He fed the card into the computer and five minutes later an answer came out of the computer. "Your father is playing golf at the Olympic Club in San Francisco," was the answer that the computer printed out. "This answer is wrong," said the programmer to the person in charge of the newly developed computer. "Impossible," said the person in charge, "feed the question in again." Five minutes later the same answer came out of the computer, "Your father is playing golf at the Olympic Club in San Francisco." "Maybe there is some mistake," said the man in charge, "try rewording your question." On another IBM card the programmer punched out the question, "Where is my mother's husband?" Two minutes after feeding this new question into the computer, the computer printed out a new answer, "Your mother's husband died two years ago, but your father is still playing golf at the Olympic Club in San Francisco."



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A man and his wife were setting out for a costume party, he dressed as a horse and she as a cow. Their car broke down near the site of the party. "Let's cut across the field to the house," he said. In the distance, they saw a bull. It started to run at them. "What shall I do?" said the wife. "Well, said the husband, "I'm going to eat some grass, but you'd better brace yourself."



Two herrings stopped at a neighborhood bar for a couple of snifters. One of them disappeared for a moment, and a puzzled onlooker accosted the one who was left alone at the bar. "Where is your brother?" he challenged.

"How should I know," replied the indignant herring, "am I my brother's kipper?"



Then there was the dumb B.U. coed who had to unbutton her blouse to count to two.



The newest contraceptive: Absorbine Junir.

A New York garment entrepreneur taking his first cruise on a luxury liner had been placed in the dining salon at a table for two. His vis-a-vis was a very impressive looking French gentleman. At meal time the Frenchman was always there first and, invariably with old-world courtesy, rose to his feet as his table-mate approached and saluted him with "Bon Appetit." The New Yorker bowed in return and said: "Ginsberg." Whereupon each of them fell to and addressed himself to vittles -- without further conversation.

This routine went on for several meals and finally the New Yorker mentioned it to an acquaintance on the ship. And the acquaintance said: "You dope! the man wasn't introducing himself, he was just wishing you a good appetite for your meal."

The next morning the New Yorker made it a point to be the first at the table, and rising with a courtly bow, said: "Bon Appetit," and the Frenchman in turn, bowed low and came back with: "Ginsberg."



"Where do cousins come from?"

"Antholes, I guess."

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A psychology lab technician was assigned the task of providing an exhaustive study about fleas. He painfully trained a medium sized flea to hop over his finger every time he said, "Hup." Then he pulled off two of the flea's six legs. "Hup," he shouted. The flea jumped over his finger. Off came two more legs. "Hup," repeated the technician. Again the flea jumped. Then he removed the final pair of legs. "Hup!" No response. "Hup!" Still none. The technician nodded sagely, and wrote in his report: "When a flea loses all six of its legs it becomes deaf."



A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particularly sad-looking old man standing on a street corner. She walked over to him, pressed a dollar bill into his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the sweet old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."



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Wife to obese husband taking a shower: "George, why don't you diet?"

Husband (looking down, but unable to see past the paunch): "Why, what color is it now?"



Once upon a time, there was a certain doctor who, during his short afternoon break, would dash into a near-by bar and down a daquiri. He liked his daquiri with nutmeg sprinkled on top. The bartender got to know and expect the doctor every afternoon at four o'clock. Realizing that the doctor had no time to lose, he took to setting the daquiri out on the bar. The doctor would flash in, down the daquiri and dash out again.

One day, the bartender had a holiday. He explained to the substitute about the doctor and his daquiri.

Four o'clock came and the sub bartender couldn't find the nutmeg. Instead, he ground up a hickory nut and sprinkled it on top.

The doctor came running in, down the drink and started out. He stopped. He turned around. "That daquiri tasted different. What was it?"

The bartender shrugged. "Hickory daquiri, doc."

<p>SMOKER BROS TAKE A TRIP®</p>	<p>Stay overnight at the <i>Tune Inn</i> - if you can't pay the rent, <i>turn on the radio</i> and <i>drop out the window</i>.</p>	<p>Go to a party and make merry - if you can't make Mary, make mary jane - move ahead \$30,000 a week.</p>	<p>Buy a <i>genuine</i> Lipton tea bag in Harvard Square for \$3.00 Lose one trip.</p>	<p>Smoke a banana peel - move ahead a bunch of boxes.</p>	<p>Smoke a nectarine - get laughed at by your grocer.</p>	<p>Take a trip on the Mainline Railroad - if you pass "Psychiatric Ward", collect 200 patients.</p>	<p>PSYCHIATRIC WARD JUST VISITING (Heh, heh, heh)</p>	
<p>Visit your local psychedelicatesen - become a meathead.</p>	<p>Peyote Button Up Ave.</p>	<p>Mesque Alley N.</p>	<p>Cocaine Lane</p>	<p>Poppy Lane</p>	<p>Mary Jane Lane</p>	<p>Ellis D-Rive</p>	<p>Sell an ounce of Mary Jane to a Fed Narco Agent, go directly to jail, do not pass water, do not collect \$20.</p>	
<p>Drink concentrated sulfuric acid - become a real acidhead</p>	<p>Nutmeg Dogleg</p>	<p>RULES:</p> <p>(1) Place piece on box marked "Take a Trip."</p> <p>(2) First player tosses sugar cubes, and moves his piece the number of boxes indicated by the grains that fall off.</p> <p>(3) Crush a Brussels sprout, put it into a pipe, light it, inhale, and see if you can smell any burning Brussels sprouts.</p> <p>(4) If not, take Dristan; you may have blown your mind, but you need to blow your nose.</p> <p>(5) If so, move ahead three boxes.</p> <p>(6) Turn on your sister. If she is already turned on, move ahead three boxes.</p> <p>(7) If your sister takes more than 20 seconds to warm up, turn on your brother.</p> <p>(8) If your dog turns on you, shoot him.</p> <p>(9) If you don't have STP in your tank, you can't get gassed.</p> <p>(10) If all else fails, join the Society to Halt Indecent Talk.</p> <p>(11) Echaipfak.</p>			<p>Mellowyellowstone Blvd.</p>	<p>Have a bad trip. Become leary of LSD.</p>		
<p>Take an acidhead to dinner - move ahead two boxes of Alka-Seltzer.</p>	<p>Barf Place</p>				<p>PLACE POTLUCK CARDS HERE</p>	<p>PLACE POTLUCK CARDS HERE</p>	<p>PSYCHEDELIC</p>	<p>South Hempton Ave.</p>
<p>BLOW YOUR MIND Go directly to the Psychiatric Ward</p>	<p>Banana Cabana</p>	<p>Drop Out Route</p>	<p>Elm Street</p>	<p>Ergot Acres</p>	<p>Hallucinogen Highway</p>	<p>Rode Road</p>	<p>Terpin Hydrate Terrace</p>	<p>Pertusin Place</p>
<p>Go back 500 spaces, Flunky.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>
<p>FREE MORNING GLORY SEEDS (They sort of grow on you)</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>	<p>Offer your girlfriend a joint. Move ahead six boxes.</p>

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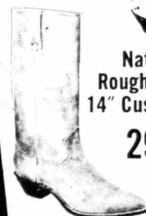
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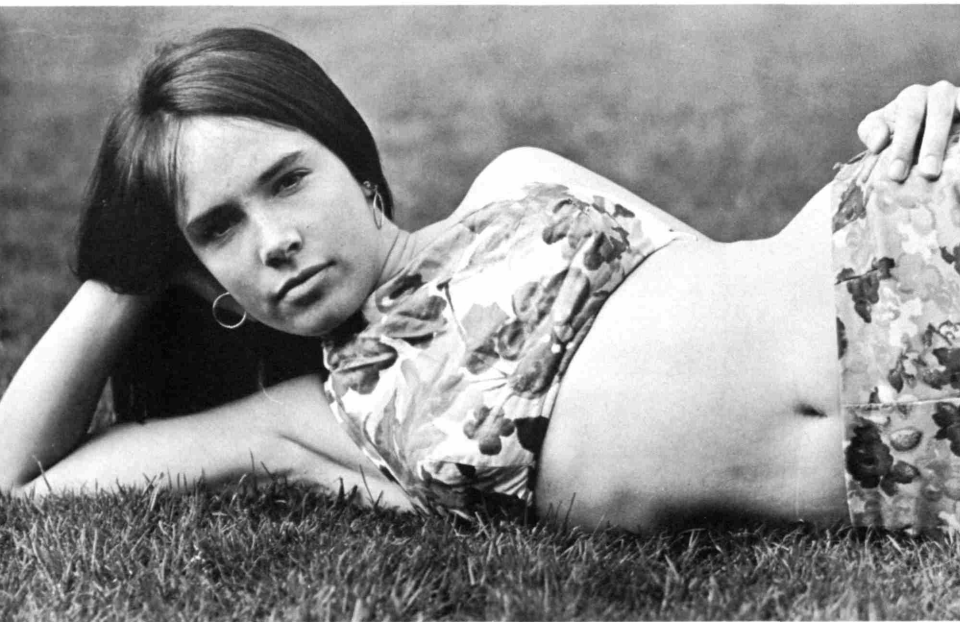
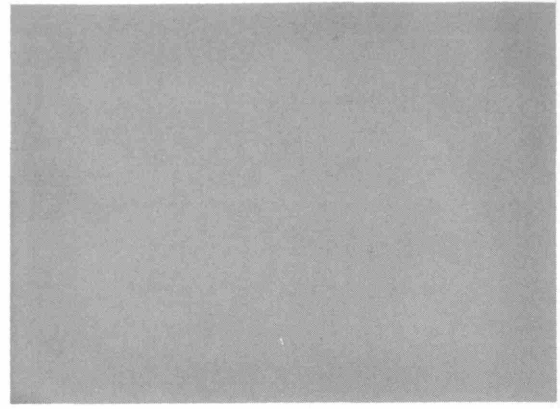
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WENDY

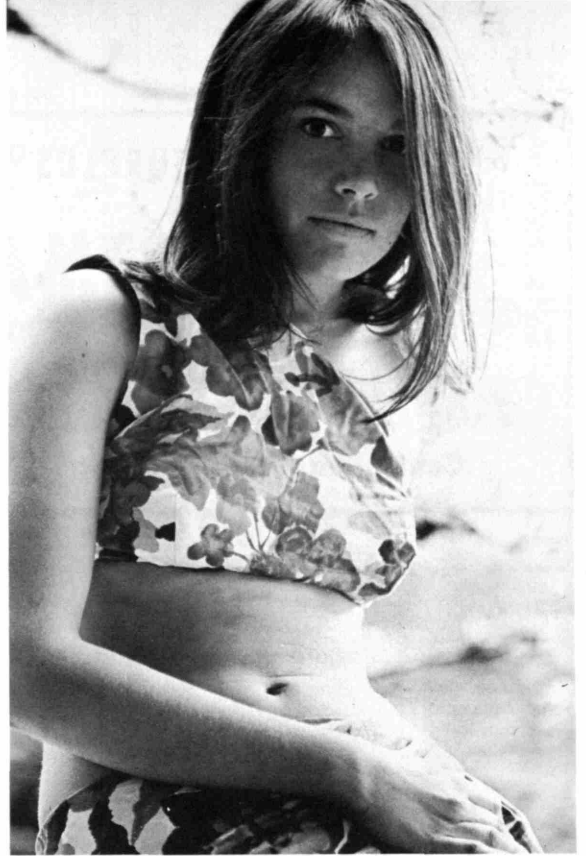
by

ART K.



Voo Doo Doll of the Month

This is Wendy, lovely Wendy. Wouldn't you like to fly away to Never-Neverland with her. We'd bet you might even be willing to fight Captain Hook and the ticking alligator if you had to. Unfortunately Wendy is flying away to spend the next year in Switzerland. But we're willing to bet that when she returns Mother and Father Darling, Nana, and little boys all in a row will be lining up behind the window, waiting. Is Switzerland Never-Neverland, maybe?



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Douglas' birthday was drawing near and in a fit of extravagance his mother bought five yards of good woolen plaid from which to make him his first kilt. She soon regretted this extravagance, however, for she used only three yards to complete the garment.

When the birthday came, Douglas was delighted with his new kilt, and as an object lesson in thrift, his mother showed him how she was able to save two yards of material.

Douglas was anxious to show his new kilt to his girl friend Racine, but on the way to her house he stopped off to go swimming with the boys. When he dressed again, he put on his coat but, not being used to putting on the kilt, he forgot to do so.

He hurried on to Racine's house, rang the bell, and when she opened the door, he threw open his coat and proclaimed, "Look what I've got, Racine, and there's two more yards of it at home!"



A beautiful young girl had just been brought into the hospital for an operation. The doctor examined her and told her to undress and prepare for the ordeal. She did so and then climbed upon a white table, after which a nurse covered her with a sheet, and left.

Presently down the hall came a man clothed in white. He paused when he came to the girl, then lifted the sheet, took a look, dropped it and went on his way. Behind him came another white-clad figure who did the same, then a third who repeated the action.

"For heaven's sake," cried the girl, "When are you going to operate?"

The third man stopped, looked back at her and said, "Damned if I know, lady, we're just the painters."



The scene was the reading room of a metropolitan public library. A saintly looking man was reading birth and death statistics. Amazed by something he read, he turned to the fellow sitting next to him and said, "Do you realize that every time I breathe a man dies!"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you try Sen-Sen?"

An elderly Maine couple were wrapping ears of corn in plastic containers preparatory to putting it in the deep-freeze to preserve it over the winter. Unfortunately, however, they ran out of containers with several ears left. After much thought was given to the matter, the farmer came up with a solution. He gave his wife some money and sent her to the town drugstore to buy a gross of rubbers.

The plan worked fine. The rubbers stretched accommodatingly to accept the corn, the corn was duly wrapped, and all was well. The farmer's wife was not satisfied, however. She was certain that the druggist had cheated her. Sure enough, when she counted the newly-wrapped ears of corn, there were but a hundred forty-two. She had come out two rubbers short. The woman was furious, and her ire increased all through the next day, which, being a Sunday, saw the drugstore closed. Finally, Monday dawned and she was able to return to the store to vent her wrath. She approached the druggist with fire in her eyes.

"I was in here Saturday night," she wailed, "and I paid you for a gross of rubbers. You only gave me a hundred forty-two."

The druggist pondered this momentarily, and produced two more prophylactics. "Gee lady," he said, somewhat awestruck, "I hope I didn't ruin your whole weekend."



Then there's the one about the two lepers who used to sit around all day and chew the fat.



Ken W.: Do you know what you get when you stick your finger in the President's ear?

Jay H.: Johnson's wax?

Ken W.: No, drafted!



When the sultan entered his harem unexpectedly, his wives let out a terrified sheik.



Girl's, it's all right to listen to your boyfriends' words of love, but don't let him fill you with his bologna.

1870

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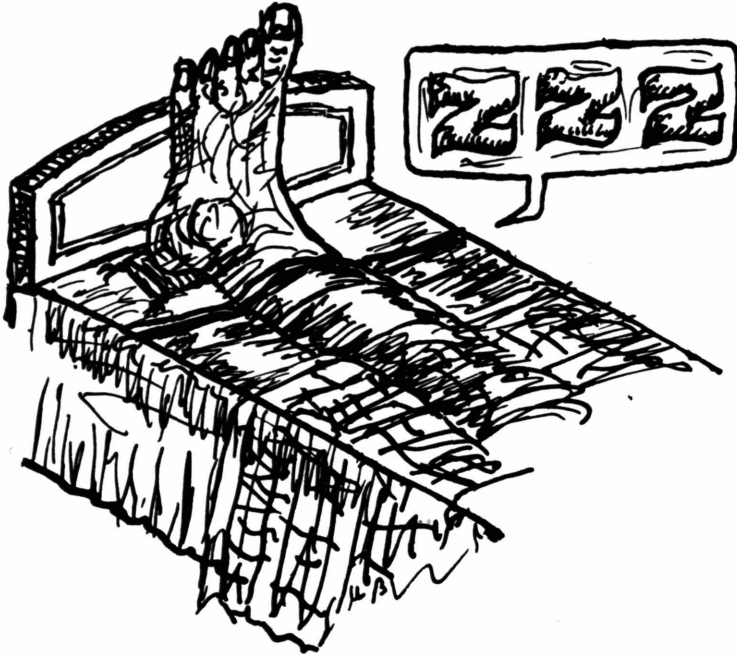
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The Iklwa of Langalabalde

by Sam Epstein



I was awakened by the snoring of my left foot, which had fallen asleep. It had a wet, throaty, loud snore, very obnoxious. My pleas for a cessation, for a suppression, for a little moderation, were met with indifference. I spent the rest of a sleepless night meditating on my misfortune.

Morning found me resolved to see a doctor. I was just muffling my foot with three pairs of athletic socks when my alarm clock went off. There was instant silence. I unmuffled the foot and set off to my doctor's office.

I found seven other patients there before me and the doctor. Because they were sick and I was temporarily well, I could shove myself in ahead of them when the doctor arrived a little after I did.

"Well, what seems to be the trouble?"

"My foot snores when it falls asleep, when it's tired, after midnight."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, it's very obnoxious."

"Let me see it."

"OK. Here it is."

He took a good look.

"Well, there are two things I could do."

"Yes, yes!"

"I could send you to a foot specialist or an ear spec-

Clever bastard! I hadn't thought it might be my ears!
"Let's try the foot specialist first. Ear specialists give me the creeps."

"You're the doctor," he chuckled.

The foot specialist was able to see me that afternoon. I found him to be very devoted to his work. When I took off my socks he began to breathe huskily. He kissed my big toe with a great show of emotion, and shuddered all over. My examination began after he pulled himself together.

His method was this: sleeping pills between the toes of my left foot, and also my right foot, as a control, and wait and see what happens. I soon heard my left foot begin its resonant snore.

"Can't you hear it doctor?"

"What did you say?"

I noticed the bananas in his ears. "CAN'T YOU HEAR IT?"

"Certainly not! It's the ear specialist for you, my good fellow."

I set off to find the ear specialist, taking the precaution of leaving a few pebbles in my left shoe to keep the foot awake. The doctor squeezed me in at the end of his office hours.

He heard my story and launched into a medley of lullabies. Sure enough, I heard the snore coming from the direction of my left foot.

"Can you hear it?"

"Yes doctor."

He covered my ears with his hands. "Can you still hear it?"

"Yes doctor."

"Then it's in your ears."

"Oh my God!"

A pause.

"You have to help me doctor."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want to be well."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"Whatever you think is best."

"I prefer aspirins myself."

I bought a bottle of aspirin on the way home, dissolved one in each ear, and haven't been bothered since.

"EASY-TO-PERFORM"

Instructions On Your First Appendectomy

1. Check to see that you have all necessary parts.
2. Taking X-Acto knife, cut slot A along dotted line AB.
3. Open slot A, forming tabs A & B.
4. Using one of Don Alfredo's favorite tweezers, separate tabs A & B and locate appendix. The appendix is red, and you will recognize it immediately because it is vestigial.
5. Again taking knife in hand, sever connections X & Y.
6. Using sponge, wipe up all blood. You will recognize blood as a red liquid.
7. Now, take tweezers, again separate tabs A & B and remove appendix. Save it for future reference.
8. Hold tabs A & B together and sew up slot A using sewing needle and Coats & Clark white thread.
9. You have not performed an appendectomy. If you wish, you may paint the surface upon which you operated, or decorate it with decals. Good luck in your new career.

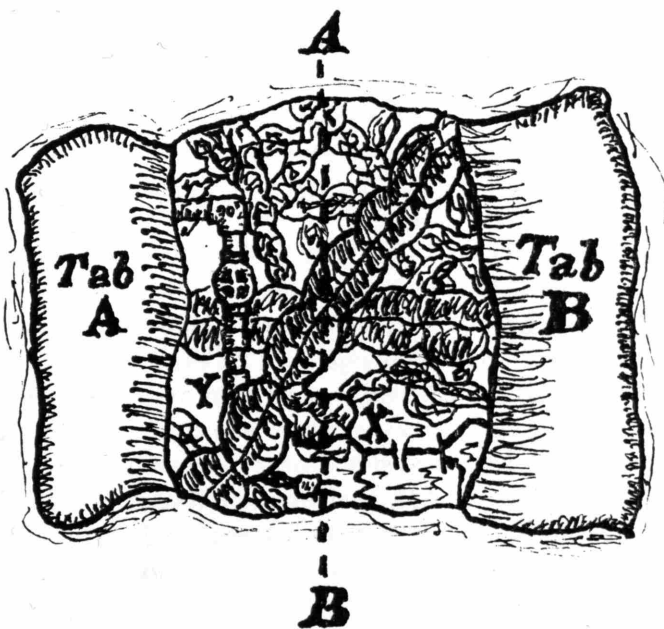


Diagram 1.2 - Cross-Section

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In Which A Private Eye Experiences An Unusual Birth

IN WHICH A PRIVATE EYE
EXPERIENCES AN UNUSUAL
BIRTH . . . or . . .
Crabman Discovers The Drayed
Infectress

The kindly, gray-haired professor wandered down the aisles of the M.I.T. food science laboratory casting a friendly eye upon the several experiments of his intelligent wards. Eventually the benign beamer approached the end table where two coeds were busily engrossed in data collection, and his faze fell upon a mysterious mass reposing in a large Pyrex breaker. Idly he thought why it bears a strong resemblance to a . . . "CHRIST! YOU IDIOTS CAN'T GROW A FETUS IN THE FOOD SCIENCE LABORATORY!" he roared.

"Why the hell not?" demanded one coed.

". . . Yeah," said the professor after a moment of thought. "Why the hell not?" This then was the sensational origin of FLEX MUSCLE, greatest private-eye the world has ever known: Thirty years ago he was conceived, brewed, and exhaustively tested in the M.I.T. laboratories.

Let it not be supposed however that FLEX's period of fetal development was completed without a hitch — far from it. Indeed coed A's senior thesis tensly relates the fateful day when, as she gathered routine data from routine tests, she suddenly made a horrifying discovery: the unfortunate fetus was infested with insidiously crawling body lice! Quickly coed A galvanized into almost hysterical action, filling the atmosphere with deadly fumes from the emergency Flex gun. The treatment worked to perfection — instantly the crabs leaped from the Pyrex womb to the lab table the better to inhale that refreshing mist (Hey there, little Red Riding Hood), whereupon Coed A systematically set about destroying them with drops of H_2SO_4 from a pipette. When the crisis had passed, Coed A glared malevolently at the lad (secretly Crabman*) who innocently worked at the adjoining table. "You really like 'em young, don't you, lech."

Instantly the young lad was filled with rage, for at that time, he cleverly

realized, only one of his female acquaintences could possibly be aware of his ailment. In the immediately ensuing rumble, Coed A was so painfully disabled that she was forced to bequeath her fetus-in-a-flask to Voodoo, who's members gleefully nurtured it until two slight problems presented themselves. It was time for Flex to be born but (1) beakers do not experience labor pains, and (2) the mouth of the beaker would not stretch to permit an exit by the now gargantuan being within.

The men of Voodoo however were not unresourceful. Having seen an egg sucked into a milk bottle many, many times, in the elementary science of their youth, they reasoned thus — why can't the same principle be applied in reverse? Draining the nurturing fluid from the beaker, drilling a hole in the bottom, attaching the hose of a bicycle pump, and assigning one lad the task of putting his head close to the beaker and simulating the agonized cries of a woman in labor, they proceeded to increase the pressure inside the beaker until the resonant pathoop Flex and the accompanying afterbirth shot neatly into the butterfly net held by the managing editor. (He, having read *Intern* by Doctor X, was the most medically experienced). "Gentlemen," advised the editor gravely, "applaud the miracle of birth." All rose and had a beer.

* See previous issue of Voodoo (.35)

Question: How do you throw a Hawaiian Luau in your automobile?

Answer: Eat a pig in the back seat.



Hermie and Jamie were lovers. One day Jamie was out, and Hermie remembered it was Jamie's birthday that day. He was in a panic, and ran out to find a present that was precious and sweet. He bought thirty-five packets of kool-aid, all flavors, about five pounds of sugar, two dozen rubbers, and ran home. He mixed the kool-aid and sugar and water in one big batch and poured it into the rubbers, tying them like little water balloons. He put them in the ice box to freeze. Later Jamie came home.

"Hi, Jamie," he said with a quick kiss, "I got you something just wonderful for your birthday. They're in the ice box."

"That's beautiful, Hermie," he said, let's have a look."

"Here we are," said Hermie opening the door.

"Oh, Hermie, you're beautiful. Cocksuckles!"



Then there was the Egyptian princess who was laid in a tomb. Now she's a mummy.



A lovely young girl named Anne Heuser
Declared that no man could surprise 'er

But a fellow named Gibbons

Untied her Blue Ribbons

And now she is sadder Budweiser.

At Amherst, where the late Robert Frost was for many years the deeply respected "Poet in Residence," they tell a story about his reluctance to inflict written examinations on his students. For one final, he had a single question to ask: "What good did my course do you?" His favorite student's reply was equally brief: "Not a damn bit." "I gave that lad a 90," recalled Frost, "and I would have made it 100 if he hadn't left 'n' off damn!"



We know a rather ingenious mathematic major at MIT who calls his girl "Definite Integral" because he knows her limits.

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Mend your clothes
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A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of a great general in Central Park. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed.

"I have given you life," he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

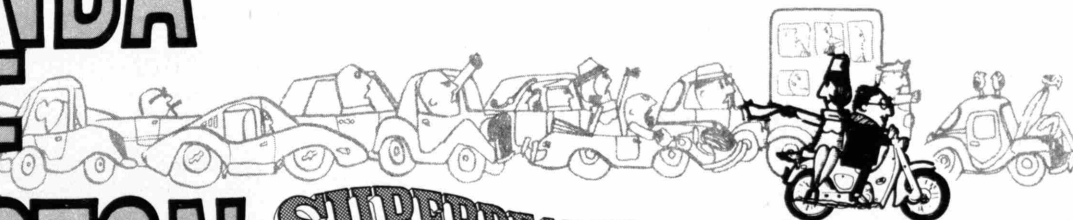
"That's easy," rasped the General, ripping a pistol from his holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million pigeons!"

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[Area 617]

JUST
DIAL

RE-HONDA



SUPERDEALER

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AT LONG LAST, HERE IS MORE AJAX P. ZOOMER

A Weasel
PERVERSION!
GETTERING by MB

HERE WE ARE AGAIN ON THE
PLACIO M.I.T. CAMPUS AS USUAL.
BEHIND THIS NORMAL FAÇADE, HOWEVER...



...THE BTB-69 COMPUTER
HOLDS THE STUDENTS, FACULTY,
ADMINISTRATION, ETC. IN ITS MUSICAL
GRIP, WHILE...

WAIT I'LL I
HIT 'EM
WITH
STEREO!

VALIANT, TONE-DEAF
ZOOMER WORKS I KNOW IT'LL
TO STOP MAKE TUITION
IT! GO UP, BUT THE
BTB-69 MUST BE
DESTROYED!

EMPLOSIVES
MAY SAFETY
CLEAN UP WORK

NEW VOODOO CONTEST!
'AJAX P. ZOOMER
SHOULD SAVE
M.I.T. BECAUSE...'
COMPLETE IN 12 IT
WORDS OR LESS -
WINNER RECEIVES A
FREE FORTRAN PRIMER.

- STUDENTS MUST ATTEND ALL CLASSES... NO LIQUOR, NO BEER...
- NO CARS... NO WOMEN...

MEANWHILE, M.I.T.'S MASTER BEGINS
EXERCISING ITS AUTHORITY BY
ISSUING NEW REGULATIONS.

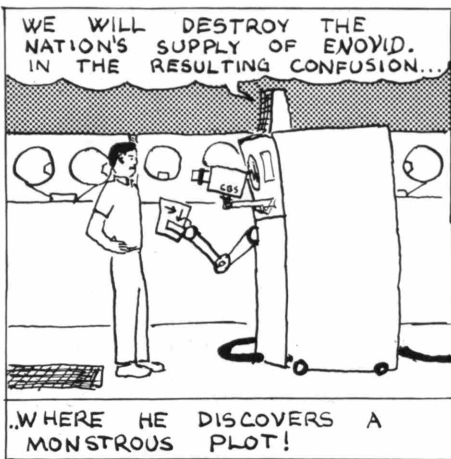
SO... WHAT GIVES, AJAX?
BEER SALES HAVE
BEEN TERRIBLE LATELY!

UH, OH! IF
PEOPLE
REALIZE
WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
M.I.T. MAY
LOSE EN-
DOWMENTS!

AJAX ATTACKS THAT NIGHT
THROUGH THE COMP. CENTER
DRAIN...

FER!

TICK TICK
TICK TICK



WE WILL DESTROY THE NATION'S SUPPLY OF ENOVID. IN THE RESULTING CONFUSION...

WHERE HE DISCOVERS A MONSTROUS PLOT!

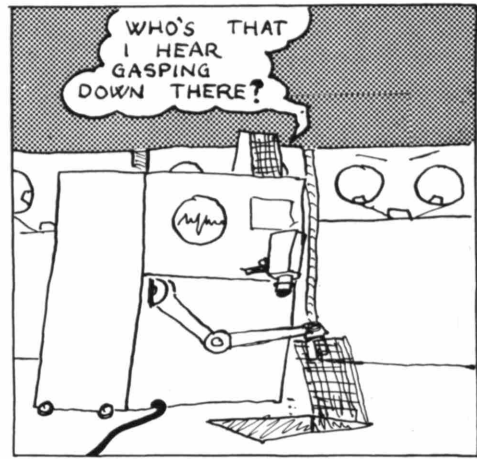


... I WILL TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY!

Gasp!

TICK TICK GASP! TICK TICK

UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, HE IS DISCOVERED...

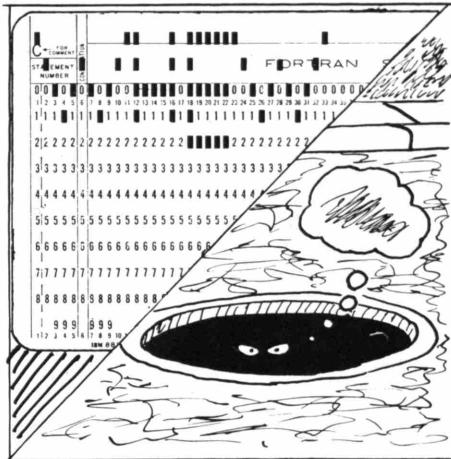


WHO'S THAT I HEAR GASPING DOWN THERE?



...AND HIS BOMB SAFELY DISPOSED OF.

I PROMISED YOU I'D MENTION THE



UNDAUNTED [WELL, NOT VERY], AJAX GOES BACK TO WORK TO SAVE TECH. [CHEER!]

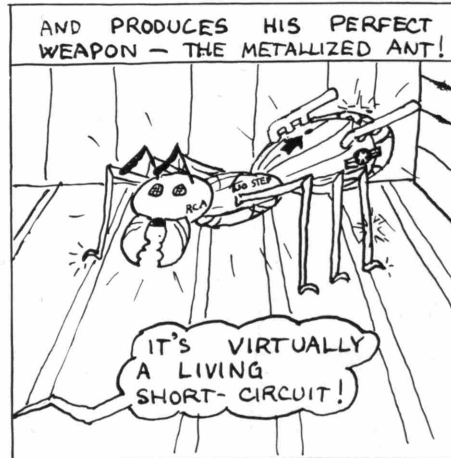
UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE, LINDA, SO



UNDAUNTED [WELL, NOT VERY], AJAX GOES BACK TO WORK TO SAVE TECH. [CHEER!]

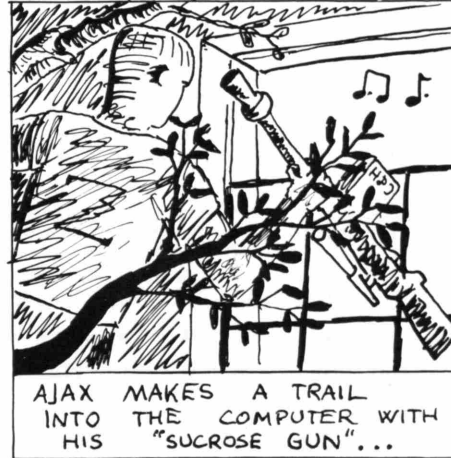
HEH, HEH!

HERE IT IS!

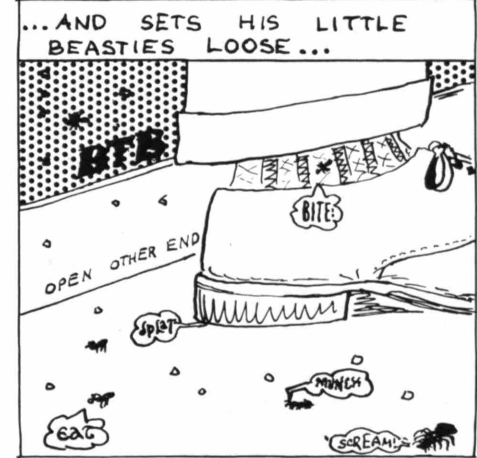


AND PRODUCES HIS PERFECT WEAPON - THE METALIZED ANT!

IT'S VIRTUALLY A LIVING SHORT-CIRCUIT!



AJAX MAKES A TRAIL INTO THE COMPUTER WITH HIS "SUCROSE GUN"...

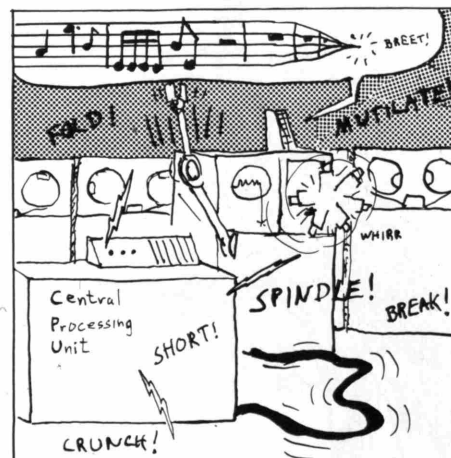


...AND SETS HIS LITTLE BEASTIES LOOSE...

OPEN OTHER END

SQUEAK

SCREAM!



WHAT ARE THESE SQUASHED ANTS DOING ON MY DECK?



[BE SURE AND BLUNDER THROUGH 1967-68 WITH AJAX P. ZOOMER!]

Should A Christian Scientist Use A Toothbrush?

This Article Was *GHOSTWRITTEN* For D. F. Nolan

Should a Christian Scientist Use A Toothbrush?

From a purely philosophical viewpoint, there is serious doubt as to whether or not any idealistic human being should own — much less use — a toothbrush.

The mere existence of the toothbrush is a tacit admission that rot can take place in the human mouth.

The ownership of a toothbrush is a confession, on the part of the owner, that rot can and would take place in his mouth, if he did not brush his teeth.

In other words, a person who owns a toothbrush is stating that God has goofed in the tooth department.

Such a statement is bad enough for an ordinary and idealistic human being to make. But for a Christian Scientist, it is heresy.

The Christian Scientist holds that any physical disability is a consequence of error — that is, theological error.

The concomitant assumption is that, to cure a disability, prayer and the aid of a practitioner are needed.

Or, to put it differently, you should be able to pray your teeth clean.

I know of few Christian Scientists who carry Mary Baker Eddy's teachings to this extreme.

They should!

If hives, rheumatoid arthritis, defective eyesight, and St. Vitus' dance are caused by error, why not tooth decay?

Some Christian Scientists may claim that they brush their teeth in the name of cleanliness. This is begging the point. The only legitimate cleanliness aspect is the avoidance of bad breath.

But a careful analysis of bad breath shows that it is only a variant of tooth decay. Both are the result of a mob of microbes having a ball among the accretions. The sole difference between the two lies in the fact that bad breath is a result of microbes eating leftover tidbits while tooth decay is a result of microbes shifting their diet — or piecing it out — by concentrating on teeth.

Thus if tooth decay is the result of error, then so too is bad breath.

On the basis of this reasoning, we issue a clarion call to all Christian Scientists:

BURN YOUR TOOTHBRUSH!

RECOGNIZE DENTAL HYGIENE FOR WHAT IT TRULY IS—

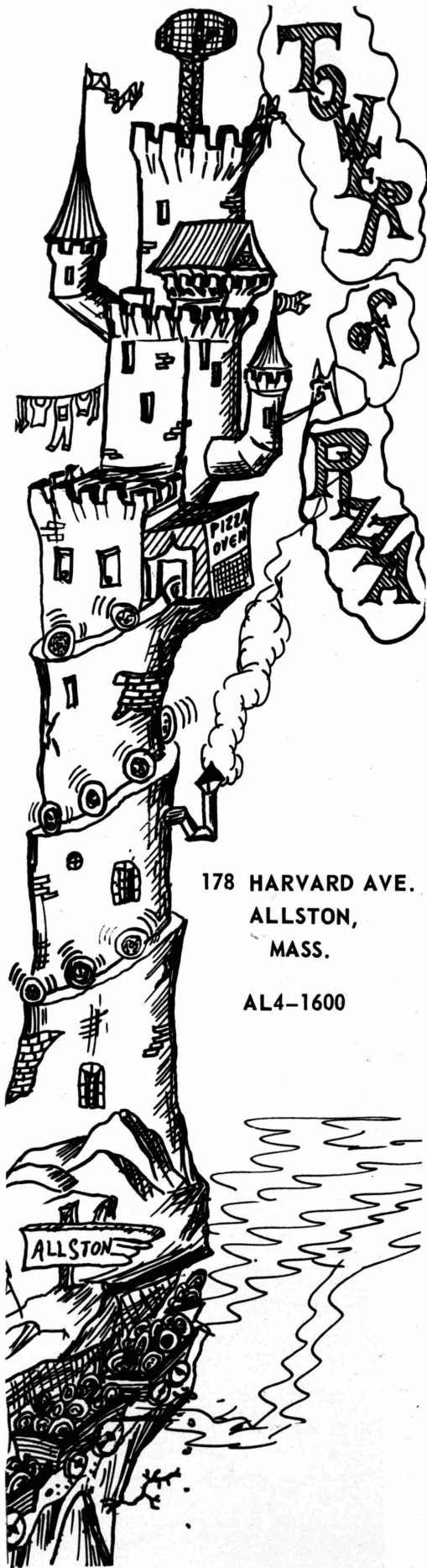
An attempt to undermine our religion!

Fight back against this Communist plot to accept the idea that error is not the critical aspect of health and wellbeing!

Don't let the propagandists of atheism infect our practitioners with the dogma of socialized medicine!

BURN
BURN
BURN

BURN THAT TOOTHBRUSH!
BURN
BURN
BURN
BURN
BURN



178 HARVARD AVE.
ALLSTON,
MASS.

AL4-1600

An Open Letter

To Inconsiderate Patients

by Rich Rosen

I have noticed recently some discontent with the quality of medical service in the United States, and I personally am amazed at this rotten attitude of certain people. In this letter, I will endeavor to point out some of the basic fallacies in the thinking of these people, and to show that doctors really are good guys.

We Americans should be thankful that our doctors lead the privileged lives that they do. After all, if doctors did not charge the exorbitant fees that they do, they would be forced to struggle to make a living, the way those ridiculously outdated legends would have them live. Would you entrust your well-being to a poor doctor? And above all, he should be well-rested. In a profession which requires the precision that medicine does, a man needs nerves of steel. Those 2-week vacations each month and the infinitesimally short office hours are for *your* benefit. Remember that when you show up, desperately ill, at his office at 7:30 only to find that as of a recent decision, office hours are from 6:30 to 7:00 on alternate full moons. It's really for your own good. And if he's out on the golf course when you're an emergency case, don't be irritable. He's probably got a good reason. If his game isn't up to par, he will probably be a less effective physician.

Do not begrudge the doctor his luxurious office. Everything in there

is contributing, however indirectly, to your health. Yes, even the Jackson Pollock originals on the wall. Yes, the Danish modern furniture. YES, the sexy nurse. Do you want your doctor, a healer of the sick, to live in poverty? Perish the thought, selfish patient.

But so much for the unwarranted criticism our poor physicians have received. Even more undeserving of such comment is our fine hospital service. Don't castigate the ambulance driver for taking 3 hours to get to an emergency. He has his own life to live, and probably had something personal to take care of first. It is certain that he'll take care of first. It is certain that he'll take care of you as soon as he has the time. And when you check in at a hospital, remember that all the forms and red tape are absolutely necessary. A hospital can never tell what information it will need to take care of you. And if you're refused a room because you don't have medical insurance, it's your own fault.

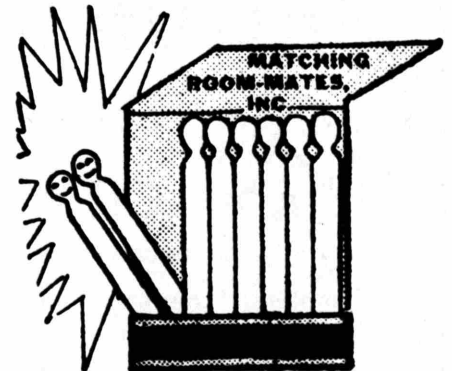
Don't be angry with the nurses. You haven't had medical training, so how do you know that all 74 shots aren't necessary. Even if you're only in with a broken leg, you still *might* have Bubonic plague. And remember, hospital food is prepared by specially-trained dieticians (as is commons) who have your health uppermost in their minds. And if you're discharged while you're still feeble to walk, it's only to make room for someone more unfortunate than you. I assure you, the fact that he's paying \$30 a day more than you has nothing to do with it.

Surely do not complain about the high prices of the prescriptions. If you knew how many millions of dollars are spent in researching these new products, you would appreciate the great progress being made by medical science. Don't be fooled into believing that 2 aspirins and some rest will cure anything. If that were true, we wouldn't have miracle drugs like Anacin, Bufferin, pot, etc.

In all, we in America have the finest medical service in the world, and you should understand and tolerate these little things. That is, if you're a good citizen.

AVOID THE AUGUST PANIC

MATCHING ROOM MATES, INC.



LOOKING FOR A ROOM-MATE?

Cut your expenses by sharing an apartment. Tel. RE 4-6469, 1 p.m.-9 p.m. or write MATCHING ROOM-MATES, INC., 251 Harvard St., Brookline. "Service Agency."

PERSONAL INTERVIEW

TOM COWHILL SAYS

"My wife used to nag me all the time, talking so much that I couldn't stand it."

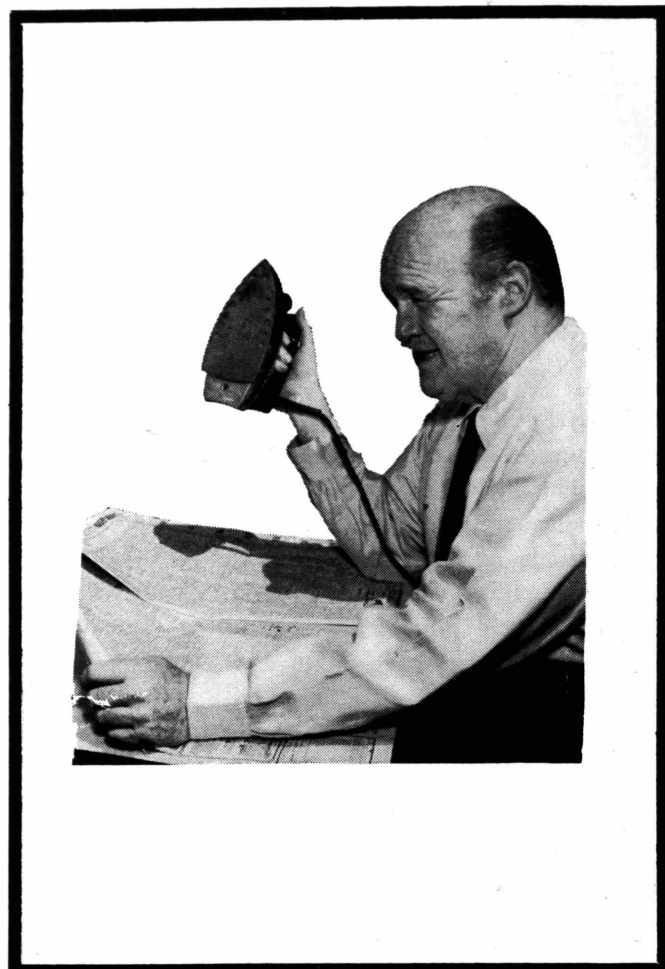
But no more. Ever since I bought her a new GE steam iron Ethel's been quiet as a cemetery. Mainly because I bashed her head in with it. Now I am no longer troubled by her ridiculous, incessant babbling.

You, too, can be freed from the endless nagging of your wife. Shut her up permanently with this iron which I am offering at special rates to VD readers. You pay much less than the gyp prices at so-called discount stores. Just fill out the handy coupon below, put it in an envelope, put the envelope in a bag, and bite it.

Appliance Division
6 Long St.
Fredericksburg, Va.

OK — I want to see for myself. Send me my iron.

Name _____ Size of paper _____
Address _____ Size of appliance _____
Undress _____ Size of Texas are upon you _____
Wife's head size _____ Size of bag: Bite size Other _____



THE BEARDED WONDER PRESENTS

WONDERS OF MATHEMATICS

by Alan Chapman

I. A MATHEMATICAL ODDITY

Taking the first three digits of pi (3.14159 . . .) and adding them together (3 plus 1 plus 4) gives 8, which, of course, everyone recognizes as the cube of 2, which, strangely enough, is the number of letters in the word "pi."

II. A MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY

Take e (2.71828). Now, subtract all the digits in succession. (2-7-1-8-2-8). The result is -24. Dividing by the number of digits (6), we get -4. Adding the number of digits to the left of the decimal point (1), we get -3. Now, take the third digit in e. It is 1. All right: since it is the third digit, add 3 to your previous result (-3) and the result is 0. And curiously enough, e to the 0 power is 1.

III. A MATHEMATICAL PARADOX

The numbers 6 and 12 are both *exactly divisible* by 3, yet when they are *multiplied* by 3, the products are 18 and 36, respectively, which are two *entirely different* numbers.

HILTON'S



TENT CITY

"DROP IN . . ."

- Complete camping and mountaineering outfits
- Covers, explore our five-story building for tents
- Tennis, Golf, All Sports Equipment
- Desirable government surplus items always on hand

Mention VooDoo for another snip off our low, low prices

DAILY & SAT. 9-6

MON. - WED. - FRI. 9-9

272 FRIEND ST.

(NEAR NORTH STATION)

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Strange Medical Practices.....

from around the world

by Alan Chapman, M.D., T.B.W.

DARKEST AFRICA . . . The current rage in African medical circles is the exhortation of evil spirits. Witch doctor Seymour Ungawa of the Murumba tribe was recently awarded the Chief Tariri Award for Outstanding Medical Practice after he set a record by exhorting three hundred twenty-two spirits with a single incantation. Unfortunately, the presentation of the award was made posthumously. Dr. Ungawa's incantation was not quite powerful enough and an enraged three hundred twenty-third spirit killed him.

POLAND . . . In Poland, athlete's foot is a powerful status symbol and opportunity knocks for the man who is lucky enough to have it. This accounts for the profusion of "kzwycki przmnsjzs" (fungus peddlers) who, for a few kopeks, guarantee to give their customers this disorder.

ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA . . . A startling development in diagnosis is being developed at the world-famous Mayo Clinic. Trichina worms are being trained to enter the human body and then return, bringing with them vital information about the vital organs. Dr. Corona Smith, director of this vital project, said this week: "The most difficult part of it all is stimulating the worms to enter the patient's body. This is because, for them at least, it is boring."



The Doctor will be with you in a minute

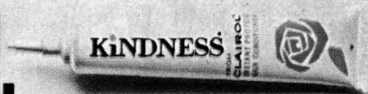


"In about a week..."

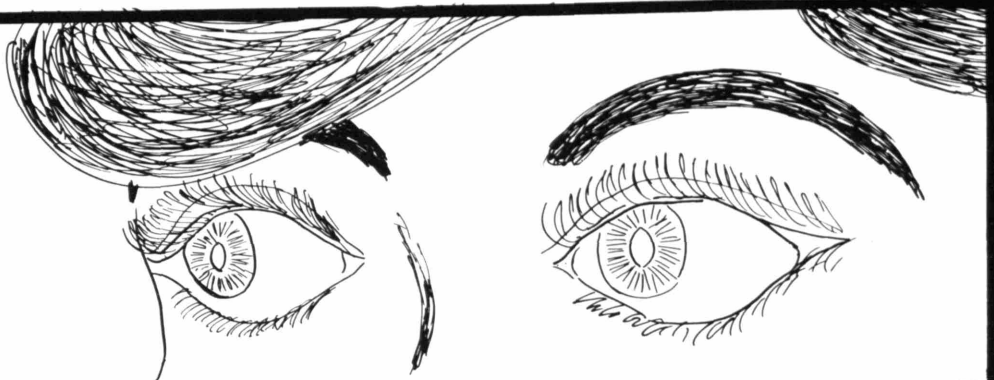
This new Clairol discovery gives fine, limp hair the body to hold a set. Makes thin hair seem thicker, damaged hair healthier. It's Kindness™, with concentrated protein! No waiting, no washing it out. Just comb Kindness in. Now it's easy to have hair that looks strong and healthy.

All it takes is a minute from you.
And a little Kindness from Clairol.™

Now, 60 second conditioning.



What Kind
of man uses
Vase-Line
Fair Tonic?

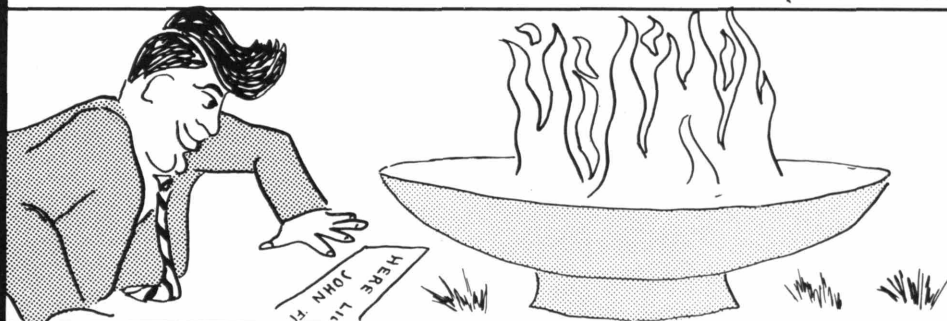


ON THE SENATE FLOOR HE MAKES AN IMPASSIONED PLEA AGAINST THE WAR IN VIET NAM



*Be it resolved that
We of the United
States Senate do
formally condemn
President Johnson
and his policy in
it.*

CONVINCING THE SENATE TO CONDEMN PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S POLICY THERE

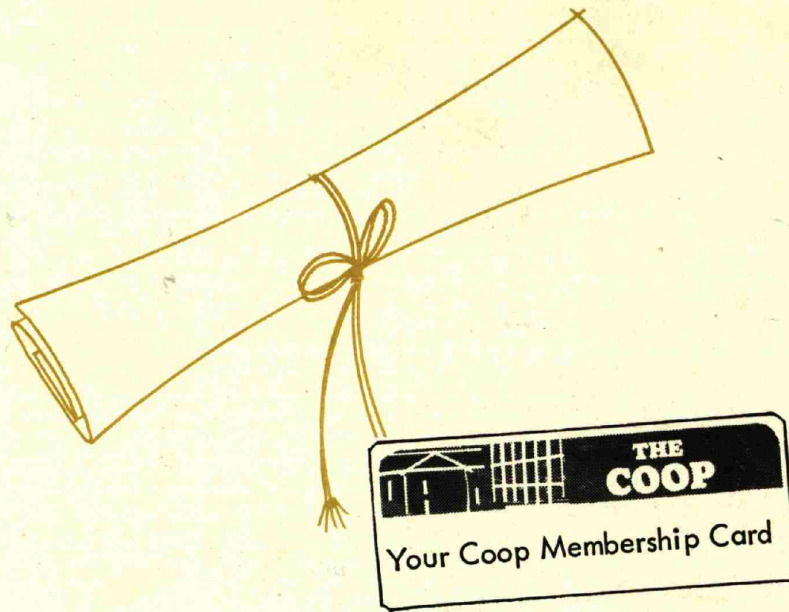


THEN, HAVING NO DRAFT CARD, HE SETS FIRE TO HIS BROTHER

THE MAN WHO GOES FOR POWER GOES FOR

VASE-LINE FAIR TONIC





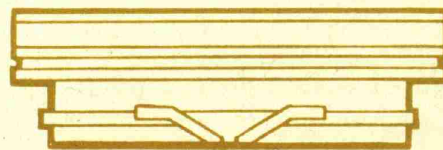
You Can Take It With You

There are a lot of intangibles you take with you when you leave school: an education, fond memories, and lasting friendships. All will serve you in good stead over the years.

But there's a *tangible* item you can take with you as well. It's your Coop membership card, and it should prove quite profitable to you over the years — no matter where you are.

Your Coop membership enables you to order books, records, clothing, stationery, appliances . . . everything we stock . . . *by mail* after you graduate and still receive an annual membership patronage dividend on all your purchases.

Before you leave, make sure you renew your Coop membership. You *can* take it with you.



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