

In “Black-and-Blue” Voo Doo

Down but not up!

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Strange, mean, even helpful people. They're out there somewhere.

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Welcome to Voo Doo. Drive through.

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I'll teach you to be happy! I'll teach your grandmother to suck eggs.

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french roast. kona. kenyan. columbian. instant.

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And coming next month: the all-new Lobby Seven mask!

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No wolf would mess with her this time.

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Fishbowling would be so much easier if the fish didn't move around so much.

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Classical as in, like, non-relativistic, an' stuff.

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Err, I think this report got sent to the wrong office.

From the Publisher

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Voo Doo (vōō’ dōō) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine*

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNoble Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

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Letters to Voo Doo

Dear Phos,

I have a bet going with one of my girlfriends over whether or not you are married. Are you?

–Kitty

What kind of question is that!? Do you make it a habit to ponder the marital status of fictional cats? Do you stay up late wondering how Garfield has been getting along with Arlene because, come to think of it, she hasn't been around in a while... Do you think hard about what kind of kitten would suit Felix's jaded personality best? Good lord! Get a life! It's people like you who make me wish I was dead already!

To the staff of Voodoo magazine:

I would like express my deep outrage at the title of your magazine. It is racist! Why don't you just call your magazine 'Christianity'? Yes! Yes! Voodooan zombies! Zombies! Racist!

–Wierdo woman who yelled at Lex in the
Infinite Corridor

Okay. We are 'Voo Doo: the only intentionally humorous magazine on campus', not 'voodoo: the Haitian religion.' Voo Doo is a slang word from the twenties: to quote the definition that has been on our Staff Page for several years, "Voo Doo (vōō'dōō) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; an ideal name for a humor magazine". As a historical exercise, why don't you dress up like a flapper and say it a few times?

From: Halo <halo@...>

To: voodoo@MIT.EDU

Subject: Voodoo Photos

Hello

We are photoeditors in the polish edition of the Focus magazine, printed by german Gruner + Jahr printhouse. In the one of the nearest issues we are going to make a part about voo doo, so we are looking for pictures to ilustrate this part, specially:

- Saint Jack festival in Plaine du Nord (Haiti)
- Maya Deren - english photographer working for LIFE magazine. She became of voodoo confessor in 40's and wrote book about voodoo religion in 1953.
- any kinds of voodoo zombies
- very special place in voodoo churches - big red pale (poteau mitan) in Plaine du Nord (Haiti)

If you can help us to find pictures or any places where we can find and use it, please contact us.

Best regards

–Rafal Werbanowski and Malgorzata Welman
Sure! It is always a pleasure to help out fellow voodoo enthusiasts. You will find that voodoo is a rewarding and beneficial religion, and that zombies can be a lot of fun! For pictures and all that other stuff you're looking for, we suggest your local voodoo picture store. By the way, is Malgorzata married?

Dear *Voo Doo*,

Were you raised in a barn? Shut the door!

–The Residents of East Campus

No. No we weren't. You are confused.

Dear *Voo Doo*,

Who do you think you are, anyway? God? Where do you get off trying to build life out of constituent amino acids and carbohydrate chains? I saw you out there in Killian Court addressing the freshman class of 2000, don't deny it!

–Your secret admirer

Please send us mail so that we don't have to print things like this!

Dear Phos,

Why isn't your magazine funny in the least? I read your '*We Aren't Dead Yet!*' issue and didn't smile once. Not a single smile! You call yourself a

humour magazine? You say you're the only intentionally humorous magazine on campus? Now *that's* funny!

–Some irate person

You say you read the whole issue cover to cover and didn't smile once? Hmm... that's odd. Are you certain that you were using the 'Phos Approved Secret Decoder Ring™'? Without that, Voo Doo is only about as funny as The Rune. With it, Voo Doo translates into a beautiful tapestry of wit and astute political commentary. Order yours today!

Phos Approved Secret Decoder Ring

c/o Voo Doo

Walker Memorial, Room 50-309

And it's spelled 'humor,' you dolt!

Dear *Voo Doo*,

Your fly's open.

–You're welcome

Thanks.

The Rolling Guy

Kris Gardener

I'll never forget the first day I saw him.

I was walking down the infinite corridor to visit with my academic advisor who was located in one of those old buildings where MIT helped develop radar back in WWII.

It was a Monday, I remember that. The sun was shining, and there was a crisp quality to the fresh, autumn air. Birds were singing. No wait... those weren't birds...

So I'm walking down the Infinite Corridor, thinking to myself about how perhaps I shouldn't have set Lobby Ten on fire just then, when suddenly, I see the most amazing thing I'd ever seen in my life!

It was a young man. A student, that much I could tell, but that wasn't the amazing thing. The amazing thing was his chosen mode of transportation.

He *rolled*.

I had passed and been passed by thousands of students while walking down that stretch of academia, but none caught my eye quite like this guy did.

He rolled and spun and rotated and twirled down the corridor, carefree and bold. Suddenly my thoughts, burdened by my impending meeting with Joe Advisor, broke free of their bindings and soared, spiraling up towards the heavens, much like this student rolled down the Infinite Corridor.

That was the first I saw of him. The earliest sighting of him was a day before that. A Wellesly woman had seen him from the Crystal Transport bus at the 270 Smoot mark. He was rolling across Harvard Bridge.

She was quoted in the Tech as saying that it was "almost a religious experience."

Tech headlines screamed: 'Administration Commends Rolling Student,' 'rolling@mit.edu? A Look Towards the Future,' 'Who Is Mystery Roller?' and 'Lobby Ten Burns to the Ground!'

You could tell that something had changed on campus. People were smiling more, walking with a bounce in their step, seeing each other, as if for the first time.

The government stopped controlling the thoughts of that wacky guy who used to pass out pamphlets in front of 77 Mass. Ave.

The falafel guy would give you a free soda even if you didn't say "Such a deal!"

There always seemed to be one Athena machine open when you needed it... and it was one with a comfy chair.

People loved the rolling guy.

We were even written up in the New York Times. The headline read 'ROLL, ROLL, ROLL!'

Okay, so it was a particularly bad headline, but it was still about our rolling guy, and we loved him.

Those were the days.

The rolling guy brought happiness to all our lives, and whenever we saw him in the halls we'd smile. For a brief moment, everything seemed well in the universe.

But as with all good things, this one had to end too.

It started with Candice Shen, a freshman. She decided that whenever she had to go somewhere, she would hop.

Then came her best friend, Greta Shaw, who attempted to cash in on the fad by walking backwards. It didn't work because she was ugly.

Bill Acker started to cartwheel to class.

Gary Putter pulled himself along with the tips of his fingers.

Sherri Honcho had a friend in a car run into her at 60 mph to propel her in the direction she was going.

Makoto Urasawa taught himself how to secrete mucus and slide wherever he needed to go.

Everyone was coming up with some new way to get around.

But no one noticed the effect it had on the rolling guy. His signature roll, which had previously been a cheerful and uniform spin, was now halting and lurching.

Before, the rolling guy was as maneuverable as a Corvette, but now, he'd started to run into things. He'd slam his head into a staircase, or trip professors up. At an LSC movie, he overshot and cascaded down the stairs of 26-100.

People just stopped noticing him, and those that still did, did so with pity.

In fact, people just hopped, skipped, slithered, slid, bounced, sauntered, flew, skittered, flopped, or skidded on their way, barely even noticing each other.

By May, with Lobby Ten's re-opening, you would have never guessed that our campus had been blessed with one who knew where true happiness came from.

One who had the talent to share his happiness with others...

• • •

Yes, the rolling guy was truly a testament to all of those who have dared to ask "Why?"

Or say "Why."

Or exclaim "Why!"

Some people thought it was ironic when a huge insect crushed his skull like a Cadbury Creme egg... and I guess it was... a little.

coffee shop

i.g.

i don't know where to begin... *how* i can begin... to relate my story. i suppose that the best thing for me to do is sit back and relax... just sit back, take a deep breath and just let the words flow. so you sit back too. you take a deep breath as well... and listen to my story—a story of revelation!

• • •

as soon as i opened the door, i knew that i was out of place... this coffee shop, sitting squatly off an alley in harvard square, made no effort to make a person like me feel at home. i was uncomfortable, wet (from the rain... did i mention that it was raining outside? it was.) and whatever caustic weeds the patrons of this modish little dive were smoking was hurting my nose and making my eyes water.

the door swung shut behind me... it was one of those doors that hisses as it shuts, you know... no matter how much you oil it there is still this piercing whine. and that's what the door did... it just made this piercing whine and slid shut behind me.

the first person i saw was the coffee shop equivalent of a bartender. he had pasty white skin stretched tightly over his bony face. he was wearing a woolen mock-turtle (black, of course) that was tighter than his skin. it was tucked into jet-black jeans that were cutting off his the circulation below his belt. i could see his pulse through them.

threaded through the belt loops was a belt with a shiny silver buckle, cinched like a tourniquet about his waist.

he was as skinny as a mime with a heroin addiction.

i could clearly make out the outline of his pelvic bone and rib cage.

he had a few silver nose-rings. dangly crap was suspended from his left ear... sterling studs lined the right. something was odd about this guy... it wasn't just his bush/stipe non-hairdo... not the whispers of fur that i assume were supposed to be a mustache and goatee... it wasn't even the reddish, bald patches where real people are supposed to have eyebrows...

no... i think that it was how absorbed he was in looking aloof and vacant... yet vulnerable at the same time.

the only other patrons in the room were five people clustered around a circular, wire-mesh table in the corner. one of the five sat quietly and still. the other four were gesticulating wildly and sipping muddy sludge like there was no tomorrow. they nodded too much. they made me angry.

i turned away from the five of them. to the white shadow i said, 'hey.'

i guess he didn't hear me...

i said 'hey!'

he seemed to be hearing me from a place that was miles away. as he turned his head in my direction i saw that he was wearing glasses... the really small kind that are basically contacts in a frame...

he jumped and spoke up in a really high-pitched and feminine voice, 'oh... h- h- hi! i guess i didn't see you there... i thought... i'll be right... right...'

he was fumbling with the volume on the aiwa stereo in the corner. he bent over, hands on knees. the volume of the yelps and squawks coming from the nine speakers in the room jumped from cataclysmic proportions and then died down to quiet bleeps and poings.

he walked over to me... one foot placed neatly in front of the other, body slightly arched, hands alternating between waving in the air and tugging at his clothes and being placed in the small of his back...

‘umm... so... what can i do for you?’

‘could i have a sprite?’

whatever fibers of muscle that kept this guy erect went limp... his face dropped (not literally, you idiots).

‘noooooo... i could get you a ginger-ale, though.’

he said it that way... with the hyphen. ‘ale’ was a little bit higher in pitch, too...

‘fine,’ i said.

i paid the \$26.99, picked up the thimble full of watery amber and shambled to a table adjacent to the five people in black. all i had with me was 8.012 and the most recent superman comic... i figured if worse came to worse and i found myself bored, i could always eavesdrop.

so i finish the superman... it was the third installment of clark kent’s honeymoon with lois lane... the one where she goes all central-american guerrilla and rescues (the temporarily powerless) clark from some secret island base of the brother of some crime-boss that she busted in the himalayas one time. kleppner and kolenkow just weren’t

calling to me, so i did it. i eavesdropped.

now i have a relatively bad habit of this... but i justify it by only eavesdropping on people who beg to be eavesdropped upon. you know the kind, i’m sure. that east-campuser who drops his little hacking tools and takes a long time picking them up... muttering (rather, outright shouting) ‘whoops! i dropped my l-slide! wouldn’t want to lose that! wouldn’t want to lose that ‘cause i’m going HACKING this weekend.’ he’s not telling his pimply-faced weenie friend that... he’s telling everyone in earshot!

or the freshman with unusually good diction who announces to the room how tough her classes have been ever since she went SOPHOMORE STANDING because the freshman classes just WEREN’T CHALLENGING ENOUGH... did i mention i’m in MENSA? ... 99TH PERCENTILE... ...CALC BC... ...HONORS PROGRAM... ...QUINTUPLE MAJOR...

and then there are all the people in the museums or aquariums with their boy/girl/whatever friend who explains all the exhibits... i remember one guy who crept over to a diorama of an early cro-magnon camp, all the while sliming on his pretty girlfriend saying ‘see... these are the apes we evolved from... weird as shit, huh? huh-huh. totally fucked up.’ this was the same guy who later stood in front of the clearly labeled triceratops model and said ‘this? uh... this is a rhinoceros.’

yeah. sure. the three-horned fossilized kind. he also stood in front of a display (again, clearly marked as CABONIFEROUS SEA LIFE) and said ‘these are fishes that live really deep in the ocean. where there isn’t any light. fucked as shit, huh? huh-huh. huh?’ not to beat a stupid horse, but the kicker was him, standing in front of what he called a scale model of the solar system, explaining to his, again,

very pretty, though vacuous, lady-friend, how no one knows why planets orbit... but that he has his theories...

i couldn't stop following these two around simply out of the sheer amazement that this guy gets play from this girl...

amazing.

anyway, do that cool camera zoom thing, 'cause we're back in the coffee house now.

i try to be good... you know, pack up my superman comic and get ready to brave the rain again... but then i hear it:

'... i found the juxtaposition (handwaving, handwaving, handwaving) anachronistic.'

oh crap. when someone says something like that, they might as well beg me to sit down and make myself at home, 'cause this is going to be a four-star performance.

i wave the skinny waif-man over and ask for a \$12.50 refill.

in response to the 'anachronistic juxtaposition' statement, a voice piped up from the churning black at the table next to me.

'well thank you. that was what i was aiming for in that scene.'

'oh, you're welcome,' said the first voice, 'i was moved. what do you plan on doing next?'

that must have been what the theater thing wanted to hear, because it stretched its lips over its coffee-stained overbite in some sort of twisted netherworldly smile and put its glass of mud on

the saucer in front of it.

this theater wraith straightened itself up in its chair and described its next big project.

i really should summarize it for you... it is absolutely brilliant.

so this playwright/director/star-thing is going to do a composite of literature. it's going to take the essence of "the little mermaid," "beauty and the beast," "aladdin," and "the scarlet letter" and sum them up in a one-act play. the wraith wants to stay as close to the disney and demi scripts as possible because 'i'm a purist...'

the play opens...

a single focused spotlight blinks open on the wraith, nude and coated in a viscous papier-mâché batter. the wraith does the writhing in misery thing for a while with the associated moaning and shrieks... suddenly it produces a butcher knife and slits its wrists, throat, and belly open. blood runs out, mixing with the pasty white stuff and then spilling out onto the floor in crimson rivulets. as the life slips from ariel/beast/aladdin/adultery chick, the wraith slips its hand down to its crotch and masturbates furiously. (the blood is simulated, the masturbation is not). after ariel/beast/aladdin/adultery chick finally collapses to the floor, the spotlight goes out, leaving the audience in pitch darkness. as a curtain call, a stagehand dumps a bucket of maggots onto the wraith and then brings the spotlight up again on the mass... writhing just as it had earlier, only this time in death. as the audience walks out, bruce springsteen's "philadelphia" and jimi hendrix's "star spangled banner" play simultaneously. the audience is encouraged to kick the wraith as they leave.

so three of the other four idiots are stunned by the

theater wraith's enlightened vision. the fifth one just sighs imperceptibly and picks some lint off its sweater.

they all sit still until one crushes out its clove cigarette and lights up a cigar.

'yeah... yeah. i think it's important to push the limits. i'm writing a musical piece that pushes the limits too. wanna hear about it?'

(chorus of 'oh yes's' and 'that would be devine's' from all but the silent one.)

the music specter motions for them to be quiet and starts describing its vision...

basically, it is bach's "jesu, joy of man's desiring," but in order to rail against the sexist and christio-centric themes present in the original piece... well, the title, anyway... music specter all but covers up the tripleted melodic strains with an erratic drum beat, agonized screaming, a little child laughing, news broadcasts, and a sampled quote, 'stop scratching, billy! your skin is flaking off!' at the very end of the piece, there is a sound specially designed to ruin the circuitry and speakers of systems that belong to people who are not deep enough to appreciate the work.

except for the silent one coughing a bit, there is just stunned quiet. one of the fools is acting like someone has just punched it in its stomach. theater wraith is applauding quietly.

the other says 'that is so just like a poem i've been writing while sitting here in this coffee shop watching you talk and interact with each other!'

cries of 'oh read it! do read it! do! do!' echo through the shop. the black-matte skeleton behind the counter looks up for a second, concerned.

so scary poetry thing stands up on its chair with a piece of home-made paper in its hand.

it reads:

eaugh
j'enough
l'porstadt j'appropo
i am gone and of
this world
to cry is not to
grope.
i'm a homosexual... do you
not
see if you poke my eyes
will i not moan in ecstasy?

it sits down and bows its head.

the color-deficient crew pat it on the shoulder, trying to comfort it. it is crying.

the silent one is watching an ant scurrying about on the coffee shop floor.

morbid painter tries to cheer scary poetry thing up by talking about its new painting...

basically, morbid painter is trying to sum up the theme of 'controversy' on one canvas.

it has collected a bra, a baby seal, the blood of eighteen different native americans, semen from a convicted rapist, an aborted fetus, a copy of the contract with america, a bullet that was shot through a kindergartner, a piece of the berlin wall, dirt from auschwitz, oj simpson, a sweatshop worker, a pound of free-base cocaine, and 100 milliliters of nitroglycerin. morbid painter plans to put all of these in a blender and frappe it... and then spread the resultant goop all over a canvas woven from human pubic and chest hair, stringy feces, and gold threads.

the four artists have achieved some sort of mass orgasm and are all lighting cigarettes for each other. i take it to mean that the show is over, and i get ready to leave. but then silent speaks up for the first time.

'excuse me. isn't it difficult to keep feeding each others' images like this? wouldn't it be so much easier just to admit that you are worthless, self-important offspring of middle-class, baby-boomer america, who went through high school thinking that they were special and different and misunderstood but really you were just ignored and scoffed at because your lack of creative thought is matched only by your desire to be taken seriously? that your collective, implied, urges to 'study abroad' are just another way of for you to escape you pathetic lives here, and a final feeble attempt to rebel in some way, shape or form? and even if it isn't what you expect, even if you have a horrible time, for whatever reason, you can always teach high school and tell stories about your 'enlightening' experiences so as to breed a whole new generation of pathetic, cookie-cutter deptho spawns like yourselves. don't fool yourselves into thinking that you have anything new, important, or interesting to 'share' with us poor, under-cultured and ignorant fools... because your life is nothing but glorification of the mundane and stoking the fires of dead controversy. see you. '

with that, the (formerly) silent one stood up and walked to the door of the coffee house. i hadn't noticed before, but there were spurs on the heels of the silent one's boots. silent tossed a silver bullet at the guy behind the counter, who looked strangely guilty and ashamed. silent put his hand on the door to the outside. the door shimmered for a while, and then morphed into saloon-style swinging doors. silent walked through them, and then everything was as it had been before. well, almost everything.

'damn,' said the theater wraith, 'that's true, you know... all i've ever done in class is just agree a lot and act deep whenever i'm onstage... '

'yeah,' said morbid painter, 'i don't even know where my classroom is and i still get a's. i guess the instructor just assumes that my poor attendance is statement enough... '

'no kidding,' said music specter, 'i only call myself a musician because it sounds better than 'bad at everything else.' oh... and it makes me more attractive, too.'

scary poetry thing was weeping again.

it raised its arms to the ceiling and wailed, 'i'm only gay because it's sheik!'

so that's where i left the four of them. as i walked out i dropped a twenty on the counter.

the guy behind the counter motioned for me to keep it.

'just go,' he said 'it was just watered down apple juice anyway... ' he was so pale that he was bordering on translucent.

behind me, from the artist's table i heard someone (i think it was morbid painter) say 'hey! i know! let's all go bowling!'

there were murmurs of agreement.

so i slipped out into the night again.

the rain had stopped, and i had a problem set to finish.

Little Red Riding Hood's Adventures in Hell

Mike Woods

The ugly little girl in red riding habit padded along the rocky carriage path. The soles of her small dusty feet were accustomed to the rough terrain, so she did not experience too much discomfort. Looking to the right of the slowly ascending path, "Little Red," as she was known, saw bright green oaks, maples, catbrier and ferns. Red turned to stare suspiciously into the dark grey pine trees on the left. The gloomy wood did not overly frighten her, and she wondered if there might be an easier route through it to her grandmother's shack. The ground among the trees was free of undergrowth, and there was a carpet of pine needles that seemed rather inviting. Red stepped off the path.

An eight-foot tall monster leapt from his hiding place behind an ancient tree and asked, "Would you like some candy, little girl?" It had dark red skin, canary yellow eyes, and curly black hair. Two gleaming white horns protruded from the black mane on his head. From ankles to waist, the beast was covered by long hair like the coat of an animal, except for one area.

Little Red kicked him in that area.

The man-beast yelled. His eyes glowed red and he pointed a taloned forefinger at Red as she turned to run.

Red's foot was just an inch above the path when she burst into flame.

• • •

She blinked and tried to find something that was not white on which to focus. Her eyes came to rest on the purple beehive hairdo of the chamber's only other occupant. His coiffure aside, the old man looked almost like Socrates as he lounged on a divan gazing into a mirror. Then he noticed Red. "Tell me how you like my hair," he said haughtily.

"I don't."

He looked more carefully at Little red. He boomed, "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM, LITTLE GIRL?"

Red began to worry. Men who shouted and hit were common in her hamlet.

When Red declined to answer, the figure lifted himself and his paunch from the divan. The white sheet he was wearing started to slip as he approached Red. he caught it, but not before Red saw his Batman Underoos. He brought his wide, reddening face right up to Red's. He spoke: "I am... God!" He snapped his fingers. Thunder and lightening tore open the sky. The remains of frogs from a ninth grade biology class rained down on Red. A tornado rocketed Red through the massive marble doors at her back. "And you're damned, since your parents weren't married! Ha, ha, ha!"

Red blacked out.

• • •

Little Red Riding Hood awoke on a muddy riverbank. When she stood, gobbets of sludge oozed down her cloak, fell, and made vulgar noises as they struck the earth. The river before her smelled like a cess-pool; that might explain the lack of beachcombers. The river too, oozed and the greatest disturbances in its surface were caused by bilious yellow tentacles. A board in the muck sported the words:

CHARON'S FERRY SERVICE

"We deliver in 30 minutes or less, or you can go to Hell--FREE!"

There didn't seem to be anything better to do, so Little Red leaned against the sign to await the ferry. Red removed a small knife from beneath her cloak and used it to scrape dried mud off her clothes.

Red heard a distant hum which steadily grew into a roar as the speedboat producing it drew near. The boat did not slow as it approached the shore. Instead its pilot cut the engine and executed a quick turn to starboard, showering Red in filth, but effectively halting the craft. "Get in," said the wraith at the helm.

"Are you Charon?"

"No, he's on vacation with the succubi. I'm his brother Karen."

Red waded out to the boat. Karen accelerated while she clung to the gunwale. Karen didn't talk much, so Red passed the time staring at the dancing tentacles and the river's gurgitations, and trying to get into the boat.

Karen moored his vessel at a decaying dock on the opposite bank. Then he asked Red for payment.

"But I don't have any money." She was confused. Why should she have to pay to go to Hell? What employment opportunities are there for the dead? Karen's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Oh, I was wondering why you were here; you're a trull. Sorry. Cash only. Pre-pubescent nymphets were never my type."

Red didn't know what a trull was, but she knew a scam when she saw one. "Your sign says you deliver."

"That's right. I brought you here; didn't I?"

"Wrong," said Red, "I haven't received deliverance, so I get a free trip to Hell."

"Alright, the gate's over there; get off my ship, wench."

Red hurried ashore. Karen gunned the engine and took off, dragging the dock behind him. The boat was out of sight in two minutes.

. . .

This side of the Stynx (If you were in Hell would you worry about spelling?) was composed of jagged rock formations. The gate Karen had

mentioned was fifty-five and one-half feet tall and one hundred fifty-six inches wide. The left side of the rusty gate was ajar. Beyond the gate was a dark antechamber. As Red entered, a gruff voice queried, "Name?" Before Red was a completely hairless daemon clad only in faded jeans. His face was remarkably similar to Woodrow Wilson's, especially with the glasses. He sat on a high stool with a clipboard in the crook of his right arm and a Bic pen in his left hand.

Red said, "Are you in charge here?"

"No, I'm just a byzantine logothete. Name?"

"I'm called Little Red Riding Hood."

The daemon stared at Red over the tops of his glasses. "Don't get smart, kid. You may have been some famous bigshot before, but you're nothing here. Fancy titles don't mean anything. You're just lucky my list shows aliases." He scanned his clipboard. "Hmm. Wait a minute! This is highly irregular. You're early! Did you, by any chance, get wasted by some supernatural force? Never mind. You'll need to talk to the Lord of Hell, the Prince of Darkness, the Big Rancid Cheese Himself!"

"How do I find him?"

"Just follow the Yellow Brick Road."

For the first time, Red noticed the yellow street. Suddenly, fifteen munchkins appeared and began singing, "We are the lollipop kids..." and grabbing their crotches.

The byzantine logothete reached into his button-fly jeans and whipped out his M-60 machine gun. "Eat this!" he yelled and started mowing down the munchkins. Red ran away down the yellow brick road.

. . .

Soon Red reached an area where many side streets intersected the road. She glanced at the first streets, but kept moving: Gluttony Lane smelled like garbage, Venery Avenue was carpeted in the skins of dead hunters, on Wall Street men gnawed

at a gold-painted wall.

The street that drew her interest was Sado-Masochistic Way. There, people dressed in black leather shuffled around fiddling with coiled whips and looking bored; while a scantily clad group writhed on the ground begging to be punished. One sadist answered the pleas by saying, "No." The others chuckled like it was an old joke. Another suddenly jumped as if he'd been electrocuted. He announced, "I know what we can do!" He viciously whipped the other sadists and laughed at their screams. Then all the sadists' whips were flailing and the masochists were hurling themselves into the fray, competing for lashes. Red hurried on to the next street.

At first Red wondered why there were so many animals around. "Aardvarks and sheep and cows, oh my!" she said. Then she noticed the half-naked farmhands--they weren't milking the cows. She quickly left Sodomy Parkway.

Red carefully avoided looking along any more streets, though the gunshots, explosions, and

screams were difficult to ignore. Finally, there were no more side streets, only the downward-sloping road and a deep cavern. She removed a torch from its sconce on the wall and descended.

Five minutes of brisk walking brought her to an almost normal door. The doorknocker clearly spoke: "The Boss is in." The doormat commented on its view and the doorknob said, "squeeze me!" After the last proposition, the knocker and knob began arguing who would be used first. Red kicked the door open and entered. The door lit a cigarette.

The monster behind the desk rose to his full eight-foot height. Before he could say, "Hello, little lady. I'm Luke," Red hit him with the torch. Luke guffawed. He grabbed Red's torch, swallowed it, and belched. "Ha, ha. You cannot harm me with a device of my own realm."

Red's knife slammed into his throat. Red looted the office while Lucifer expired. She took the private elevator back to earth, where she set fire to her village's church, moved to Paris, and lived happily ever after. The End.

THE AQUARIAN MANIFESTO

Mark Angles

By now, you probably know that the Fishbowl, an MIT landmark which represents the technical nature which is fundamental to MIT, is being destroyed to allow for the expansion of an office, symbolic of the bureaucracy, forms, and red tape which also pervade MIT, though in a somewhat less positive manner. I'm sure the symbolism is completely lost on Re-engineering.

What you may not know is the real reason that the Fishbowl is being eliminated and the Student Services Center enlarged. Perhaps you think it is for Student Convenience™. There are people who turn in forms more frequently than they use computers. They go to the OTHER school on Chuck River—you know, the one with all the fences, bricks, and ivy. If you really believe that this change is being made with the students' best interests in mind, you should be there too. No, this decision was made behind closed doors, in back rooms, over caviar and champagne, and with students' interests far from mind.

Let us consider the facts. The Student Services Center, the office for the enlargement of which the Fishbowl is being displaced, became operational near the end of the Fall semester. It is possible that, when it was originally created, it was thought that it had all the space it would need. Within one month, however, it was realized that this space was, in fact, inadequate. Less than one month after that, the decision to move the Fishbowl and enlarge the office was made, and the accomplishment of this goal scheduled for less than one month from then. Yes, this is possible. If it happened, however, it set a world record for bureaucratic efficiency.

The obvious answer is that from the very beginning, it was intended that the Fishbowl would be eliminated. Had this been announced at the beginning, it would have generated protest, and even the most brazen bureaucrat can have difficulty executing a maneuver which is opposed by approximately 93.4% of the people said bureaucrat supposedly serves. To avoid this protest, therefore, nothing about the Fishbowl was announced until after the first part of the office was in place, and it was no longer possible to turn back. Occam's razor. You decide.

The real question, then, is why the changes are happening at all. It is quite possible that it is simply a power grab on the part of the bureaucrat who runs the Student Services Center and wants to build his personal empire by expanding it, getting more publicity, and hiring more employees.

The other possibility, of course, is that the office was installed for the express purpose of eliminating the Fishbowl. It was a traditional example of sheep hair eye coverings, of baiting-and-replacing, of a C movie plot. The Student Services Center was offered to the students as a nice gem that would prevent them from having to go to E19. It was warmly received. Only after it was quite firmly in place was the destruction of the Fishbowl announced.

You may wonder why anyone would want to destroy the Fishbowl. The reason is obvious. The reason is image. The Fishbowl is not the sort of image MIT wants to project.

"The Fishbowl is cool!" you may think. Ask yourself the following question: does MIT exist for education, or for research? If you have difficulty answering, ask instead: does MIT get more money from tuition, or from research grants? The answer, as they say, is intuitively obvious. Rich, important, potential contributors of lots of money should see clean, well-equipped labs, staffed by well-groomed professionals, not sweaty nerds typing in a terrarium. The location of the Fishbowl on the Infinite Corridor prevent it from being easily circumvented, so in the Interests of the Institute™, it must be eliminated.

In fact, all of the labs, computer rooms, and other property at MIT is owned by the administration. Students are forced to work for subsistence wages, frequently less than \$8 per hour. Students are a commodity - they can be dismissed at the whim of the CAP and are replaced every fall. This is our school, yet all of the property is owned by the professorial class, and we are forced to work for them. Freedom can be obtained only by abolishing the bourgeois property.

ATHENA WORKINGMEN OF ALL COURSES, UNITE!

WAR!

By James T. Tanabe

JUST SOME GUY

In a surprise statement released earlier today, the staff of *'Voo Doo: The Only Intentionally Humorous Publication at MIT'* declared war on *The Thistle* and *Counterpoint*.

Phosphorous, the publisher of *Voo Doo*, was quoted as saying "I can't condone what those crazy kids are doing, but I can't say that *Counterpoint* and *The Thistle* don't deserve what's coming."

The members of the staff of *Voo Doo* are holed up in their office in Walker, room 50-309, as of this writing and are unavailable for comment.

President Vest is consulting with aides to determine if he actually exists.

The Tech, while not taking any official sides, is increasing its fortifications.

The *Voo Doo* staff described their intent in a 20-page manifesto which was published in *Penthouse* magazine. Their demands include having "...total domination over both *The Thistle*

and *Counterpoint* writing staves..." and "...being able to get credit for courses that [*Counterpoint* and *The Thistle*] staff members take..."

When asked if he thought the *Voo Doo* staff capable on delivering on these demands, Phosphorous replied, "Please, call me Phos. It makes me feel more comfortable... more at home, you know?"

To which this reporter replied, "I really can not do that... I am supposed to be as formal as possible."

And then Phosphorous says, "I guess that's why you're speaking without the aid of contractions or slang?"

And I go "Yes."

And then Phos is like, "If I make a grammatical error or something, would you have to put one of those 'sic' things after it?"

And I'm all, "Well, if I *used* that quotation, but how could you misspell something if you're talking?"

And Phos says, "Good point, good point..." but then Phos' eyes brighten up as he whips out this notebook and asks, "Hey! If I write down a word and misspell it will you use a 'sic' thing?"

And I say, "Okay! Yeah, cool. That works."

And then Phos writes "ONOMONOPIA [*sic*]."