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“Little-Known Facts About MIT”

From the Publisher

Publisher
Phosphorous

Emperor of
Production
Lex Nemzer

Vice President for
Veracity
Verification
Terran Melconian

Copy Editor
Lady Luck

Staff Artist
Rigel Stuhmiller

Business Manager
The Voo Doo
Economist

Editor-in-Exile
James Tanabe

Contributors
Marc Lebovitz
Christopher Wanjek
Gary Dryfoos
Neil Hobbestad

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Voo Doo Magazine
MIT Room 50-309
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02139
617/253-4575
voodoo@mit.edu

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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>

Next Submission Deadline: May 9, 1997.

Letters to Voo Doo

Dear Phos,

I heard some people talking in the hallway, and they were saying that now that re-engineering has moved the Fishbowl to building 12, the next thing they're going to do is move all the men's bathrooms to building NE43. Is this true? What can I do?

–Ned P. P.

Dear Ned,

Don't worry, the men's bathrooms aren't moving anywhere. In fact, they are being completely remodeled! As of August, 1997, MIT will be the alpha-test location for NASA's brand new, experimental zero-gravity restrooms. Hope that reassures you!

Dear Voo Doo,

In your magazine, you've always said that you use "soy-based inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu." Recently I've noticed that after an issue of *Voo Doo* comes out, Networks is out of Tofu Ravioli for a few days. Does this mean *Voo Doo* is printed with Networks ravioli? Or is *Voo Doo* secretly financing its campaign to take over the world by selling old back issues to MIT Dining? You'd better answer me straight or I'll have to get nasty. And I have friends in high places!

–Josef Smitt

Dear Joe,

We're sorry to tell you that your uncle Bill lost the flagpole sitting competition, so he's no longer in a high place. As for back issues, we assure you that we have no arrangement to sell large quantities of back issues to MIT Dining services. Actually, we don't have any arrangements to sell large quantities of back issues to anyone. We don't really have any arrangements to anything at all with large

quantities of back issues, so they pretty much just sit around the office in boxes, and we use them for furniture. Which works because all of the real furniture is used as filing cabinets, because the filing cabinets are used to store back issues.

Dear Phos,

I sell the felafel at the truck, you know? And these guys down the street, they are trying to ruin me! Already they have conspired with the POLICE to prevent me from yelling, "Such a deal!" at my customers. That's crazy. I'm crazy! Help!

–Felafel Guy

Dear Phos,

Don't listen to that pesky Felafel Guy. He makes Mickey Mouse felafel. Care for some lemonade, pretty cat?

–Those other guys

Dear Other Guys,

Go shit an ocean. No more BULLSHIT!

–Kathy

Dear Phos,

That's my honey :)

–Felafel Guy

Dear Editor,

President Vest and Vice-President Bruce have asked me to announce a meeting, to be held on June 31st at 2:30 P.M., to get student input on the removal of The Fishbowl Cluster. They won't be there, and The Fishbowl's already gone, but if some students want to come and bitch for awhile we'll send over some flunky with a bowl of pretzels and a few Re-Engineering t-shirts. We'll also be asking for volunteers for the class fundraising phone-a-thons

in the Fall.

–M. Noshame-Smugman
Office Weasel

Dear Editor,

We recently got our comm-codes confused, and sent an “EMERGENCY: Level Alpha-1 Priority” message to abandon planet Earth immediately.

All we meant to send was a “Warning: Gamma-4 Priority” message that a really big blizzard was headed to New England, so that our Boston-area operatives wouldn’t get snowed-in at Logan airport.

One of our trainees accidentally triggered the wrong message buffer. We’ll be holding some Re-Engineering meetings to review our procedures, and believe me, pseudopods will roll!

We’re sorry if anyone was inconvenienced. It won’t happen again. Until it’s scheduled to, of course.

–Asst. Commander Vorgex’Tahh
the Giant Space Fleet Behind Comet Hale-Bopp

P.S. Anyone know any good web-site developers? Our usual contractors aren’t answering their phones.

Dear Vorgex’Tahh

How do you expect to stage an organized invasion if you can’t get a simple sub-etha radio message? Really. You should learn from us: we’ve taken over MIT’s other publications so subtly, they don’t even know it yet!

Dear Editor,

I’m sick and tired of reading this stupid magazine. Don’t you kids know what ‘funny’ is anymore?

When we were students there, we knew to how make *real* humor, usually with nothing more than a high-voltage source and a horse-and-wagon!

You kids think since you invented radar and the Brainiac that you’re so smart! What do you know! You couldn’t get humor out of a 4 pound

block of sulphur and a lady’s handbag if you had the answer in the back of a book! When was the last time you gave a junior professor “the oscillations”?

And, by the way, dressing Phos up in those sexy outfits isn’t funny, it’s just sick!

We’re coming back to Graduation this year, and if we get our hands on you, we’ll show you what “funny” means! So watch out.

–The Class of ’22

Dear Class,

Funny... funny... let me look that up. Ah, here it is. Funny (adj): humorous; tending to induce laughter.

Sorry, none of that here. We are a publication of fine literature and art. You might want to try Rune; they seem to get that sort of reaction.

family circus

PF ad

MIT Optical

SALE!

**50% off frames from our
"Style-Eyes" collection*.**

* For complete pairs of glasses only (frames and lenses); lenses at regular price.

* Cannot be combined with other discounts.

Voo Doo would like to thank:

Doug Pfeiffer and the DeFlorez Humor Fund

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Kathy Richmond, MIT Dining Services and Burger King
and all our advertisers

for helping Voo Doo stay alive

and keep going and going and going...

“Up All Night” Voo Doo, April 1997

Editorial

James Tanabe

Imperial Editorial

Lex Nemzer

So, I'm sitting here in the office, finishing the magazine by myself and keeping awake with Pritchett rations (Cheez-Its, Ben&Jerry's, Diet Pepsi). There's this empty page, staring me in the face. And I think: "I've been on this staff for almost a year now. Hell, this issue I practically AM the staff. Perhaps it's time to introduce myself to the faithful readership."

And then I think, "Who am I kidding? Faithful readers at *this* school? Tech men and women have faith in two things: caffeine and partial credit. Why bother when no one will appreciate my continuing efforts?"

But then I think, "Well, how else am I going to fill that damn page?"

About then I realize that I have in fact been saying these things out loud while waxing my hand to the table (well, actually it's a Bobcat case, but it's a table) with the hot waxer, and I decide it's time to shut up, slug some more Pepsi, and just write the thing.

So here I am, writing the first message from the Emperor of Production. And just what does the Emperor of Production do, you may ask? ["Hey Lex, just what does the Emperor of Production do?"]

(Don't you hate it when the author has a conversation with some imaginary person and drags all the readers along with him? I sure do. But as long as he

asked...) Well, the Emperor of Production sends out his network of minions to circle the globe and harvest the souls of... no, wait, wrong job, sorry. The Emperor uses his sorcery and skill to take the unformatted submissions and turn them into a magazine. He formats things on his computer, lays out graphics, controls the evil possessed waxer, writes Table of Contents captions, chooses clip art, complains incessantly, and anything else you can think of.

["Oh. Gee. *That* job must just rake in the chicks."]

Well, you'll just have to run for Emperor and find out, won't you? But what it *doesn't* rake in is slav... production staff members. While I'm perfectly willing to work past 4:28 A.M. to get Voo Doo done on time, it would be nice to have more people to keep me company than the WZLX DJ and Jack Daniels—uh, I mean that Kool-Aid pitcher guy. Yeah. If anyone out there has any interest in learning how to do production and have some fun, please come up to the office in Walker Memorial and have some Kool-Aid.

In conclusion, if you want to keep me from writing more of these things, submit stuff so I don't have these extra pages to fill. Stories, cartoons, gags, whatever: just *try* to be funny and we'll print it. Hope you like the issue!

The Joust

Marc Lebovitz

"Lady Trebaine, Sir Gad Pullwink," announced the attendant.

"Don't just sit there, kneel and kiss her hand, you dolt!" whispered the sword at his side.

"Oh, do leave me alone. I've got it, I've got it." With this, Sir Gad gracefully knelt down and kissed the hand of the attendant.

"Not him, you idiot. Her!" chastened the sword.

"I was just getting to that." Sir Gad then turned and took the hand of Lady Trebaine and kissed it lightly. Lady Trebaine sat and allowed her hand to be taken, but was concentrating on the other end of the field where Sir Gad's competition had just entered.

It was a beautiful spring day, the kind which only occur in Pondwood on a leap year. There were larks singing amidst the newly bloomed flowers in the boughs and a soft breeze stirred the grasses so that it looked as if they were being brushed by an invisible hand. Sir Gad trotted off in the direction of his tent to prepare for the contest as his competition greeted the Lady.

"Lady Trebaine, Sir Dirk Tenderloin."

"Oh, he is so big. Can't we just call this off and go home?" Sir Gad pleaded with his sword.

"We'll have none of that. We're already here and, besides, Lady Trebaine is watching," the sword replied. Sir Gad looked up at the figure of Lady Trebaine, seated with her attendants at the north end of the field. She was so composed. It must be dreadful for her to be sitting out in the sun like that without even a fan. Sir Gad

determined she must be positively courageous. And not to mention beautiful. And she was graciously offering her hand to... oh wait. That Dirk fellow. He just would not do.

"All right, I'm ready. Let's begin," Sir Gad resolved, raising his chin slightly.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to put on your armor first?" the sword sighed.

"No. Wait. I had better put on my armor first. What were you thinking, sword? Do you expect me to go out there unprotected?" With that Sir Gad began to strap his armored shin guards onto his forearms. When he had finished suiting up, he found he had no armor left for anything below his waist.

"Drat that smithy. He's fouled up my suit again. I shall have to have a word with him. And now, it's into the scabbard you go," Sir Gad said to the sword.

"Hold on, you top-heavy half-wit. I haven't given you your strategy yet," the sword replied. "Now, you must first mount your steed. If you look to your left, you'll see a big, brown horse. That is your steed. Hop on him and take this lance over here and charge as fast as you can at that overgrown tea kettle. Remember to keep your lance held so that it crosses over your horse and you charge with the tip on the same side as your shield. As soon as one of you is knocked off his horse, you will have to fight hand to hand. This is when you must draw me. I'll be in the scabbard until then, so don't foul things up." Sir Gad had missed these last few bits of instruction as he was trying to turn his helmet around so he could

see out of it.

The two knights galloped on their horses to either end of the field. They sat there awaiting a signal until an attendant blew a loud trumpet, and they were off. Galloping at full speed with an 18-foot lance is no easy task. You must balance yourself and absorb the shock of the ride with your knees so that the tip of your lance does not bounce. With all his armor on top, however, Sir Gad began to sway under the weight and his lance bobbed up and down as he charged at the fast approaching Sir Dirk, who seemed to know full well what he was doing. As the tip of Sir Dirk's lance made contact with Sir Gad's shield, Sir Gad was thrown back off his horse. Meanwhile, his bobbing lance took off and landed between the branches of a tree some 30 feet away. Finding himself on the ground, Sir Gad drew his sword.

"What is going on? What's happened?" the sword panicked, staring up at the sky. "We're on the ground, you ninny! Get up! Get up!" With this prodding, Sir Gad stumbled to his feet and, facing Lady Trebaine and her attendants, received a sharp blow to the head from behind. He turned around just as the second blow landed, and received it on the front of his visor. In a courageous swoop, Sir Gad swung his sword at Sir Dirk and struck him broadside on the shield as the sword let out a yelp.

"Sorry, old chap," Sir Gad apologized to his sword. "Suck it in now, I'm going to swing you again." And so Sir Gad and Sir Dirk trotted around, swinging their swords at each other amid cries of "sorry" and "pardon" and "suck it in, now." It was clear to everyone that Sir Gad was losing. Everyone, that is, but Sir Gad. An exacerbated Sir Dirk called out to him.

"Come then, you've lost. Call it off. The

match is mine." But Sir Gad paid no heed and continued to swing his sword wildly which, by this time, had begun to get nauseous. So they trotted about for a while longer and began to make their way to the edge of the field. Finally, Sir Gad sank to the ground in utter exhaustion to the great relief of everyone involved, especially his sword. But just as Sir Dirk was about to claim victory, he was struck on the head by a falling lance and knocked completely unconscious.

"Oh, Gad, we've won!" cried the sword. "Unbelievable. I don't know how you do it."

Sir Gad was so jubilant he gained a second wind and dashed off to receive Lady Trebaine's kerchief as the sign of victory. But as he made his way back to the north end of the field, he discovered Lady Trebaine walking off with his horse, making oogle eyes at it, and commenting on how positively dashing it had been during the joust. Sir Gad was completely dejected.

"Oh, cheer up, Gad," the sword implored. "At least the match is ours. We've beaten that Dirk fellow. With this victory under our belt, we can get higher billing at the next tournament."

"But you see, I've lost my steed as well. What shall I do now?"

The sword scanned the field and saw Sir Dirk's horse chewing on some grass by Lady Trebaine's attendant. "Gad, over there. Take him while Sir Dirk is still unconscious."

"Of course!" Sir Gad exclaimed. "That will do handsomely." And Sir Gad trotted off and jumped on the attendant so that he was riding piggyback. "Tally-ho!" he cried, and the attendant began to stumble off the field carrying the bumbling knight who swayed under his armor.

"Not him, you sod, the horse!" corrected the sword. But it was too late.

Top Ten Reasons to Be Christian at MIT

(an alternate T-shirt)

- 10: A chance to debate whether the MIT t-shirt "And God said : $sq^3 + yrty + (sa / b^2) - 1/2...$ and then there was light" is offensive or actually complimentary.
9. Harvest a secret bitterness that your Christian notice board along the infinite corridor is directly across from GAMIT's "Safe Sex is Hot Sex" board.
8. The Laws of Thermodynamics are in agreement with the Ten Commandments... well, except for the first and third laws.
7. Your property won't be vandalized—unlike the Pagans at MIT—because people know better than to fuck with the Christians.
6. MIT parties are no fun anyway; so it's not as if you're missing anything by being Christian.
5. Your property won't be vandalized—unlike the Pagans at MIT—because the pagans aren't hypocritical enough to retaliate.
4. Lots of Jesus look-alikes in the Department of Mechanical Engineering.
3. MIT spelled backwards is TIM—and you know what that means.
2. Sacraments can now be downloaded from <http://www.god.com> at any Athenaterminal.
1. Lots of really cute chicks you can't sleep with.

Clue Drive

One-Acts

A collection of three short plays

Lobdell

The scene is Lobdell. We see orange and brown decorations, and glossy cut-out cornucopiae. Student walks up to the cashier. He has a Double Cheeseburger, fries, and a glass of soda.

Student: Allo. (*Picks up a few napkins*)

Cashier: Soda or water?

Student: Water.

Cashier: But that's soda.

Student: If you thought it was soda, then why did you ask?

Cashier: It's just a habit.

Student: Oh, OK.

Cashier: \$4.20.

Student: What!?

Cashier: \$4.20. That's the price of your meal.

Student: But the Double Cheeseburger is \$2.10, and the fries are \$1.10. That's only \$3.20.

Cashier: Yes, and the soda.

Student: What soda?

Cashier: That soda!

Student: I said that was water!

Cashier: But it's obviously soda.

Student: No it isn't. I could have taken water from the machine, and added my own syrup on the way to the cash register.

Cashier: And what about the bubbles?

Student: Spit.

Cashier: What!?

Student: Spit could do that.

Cashier: Not a chance.

Student: Of course it could. Just watch. (*He spits into the soda and swirls it around.*) See, it looks just like soda.

Cashier: It is soda!!

Student: It is not!! Here, you try. I'll bet even you can make it look like soda.

Cashier: Of course I can! Is IS soda!! (*She spits into the soda and swirls it around.*) See.

Student: Ewww. You spit in my soda!!!

Cashier: You asked me to.

Student: (*Shouts around to the whole place.*) She spit in my soda!! I deserve a free meal!

Cashier: Get out of here.

Student: Gladly. (*Walks away, drinking his soda.*)

Taupebeard

The scene is a British ship just taken over by pirates. We see some of the pirates throwing the Brits, who are tied up, overboard. There are also sea-lions on the deck above. Taupebeard and Timmy are having a conversation in the foreground. Taupebeard is steering the ship.

Timmy: So why are we called pirates?

Taupebeard: Goooo!! Well, Timmy, we be called pirates 'cuz we perform piracy, robbery on the high seas.

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Taupebeard: And we WOULD have to steal a ship bound for a zoo, wouldn't we?

Brit 1: Please!! I have a family! Please don't!

Timmy: Keel haul 'im!!

Pirate Thug: Aye aye. *(Brit 1 is thrown over)*

Timmy: I know. You WOULD pick an animal ship, wouldn't you?

Taupebeard: Shut up, you. I can keel haul you just as easily.

Timmy: Don't make me laugh. Anyway, pirates just doesn't sound right, though. I think we should be called the sea urchins. Pirates just sounds like we're a bunch of arsonists.

Taupebeard: Goooo!! Ye be right, Timmy. It be sounding weird to me ear. Goooo!! We tear down the Union Jack, and we hoist the ole Jolly Roger, and we be sounding like a bunch of arsonists. 'Tain't right! Goooo!!

Timmy: You're definitely right, Taupebeard. We should demand more respect for ourselves. Call ourselves something people will be threatened by, but still, they'll respect us. Something that'll put fear in their eyes upon hearing our name.

Taupebeard: Aye, Timmy!! Goooo!!

Timmy: And you've got to do something about that characteristic phrase of yours.

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Taupebeard: Goooo!! Shut those festerin' sea-lions up!! They be drivin' me up the mast!

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Taupebeard: Goooo!!

Brit 2: Please, no. I am a British Naval officer!!

Timmy: Keel haul 'im!!

Pirate Thug: Aye...

Taupebeard: Wait!! Bring the Naval Officer here.

Pirate Thug: Aye aye. *(Brings the British Naval officer to Taupebeard)*

Timmy: What are you doing?

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Taupebeard: Goooo!! *(To officer)* So, tell me, British Naval Officer, how tall are ye?

Brit 2: What?

Taupebeard: How bloody tall are ye?

Brit 2: I suppose about six feet tall.

Taupebeard: Aye. Give me his uniform!

Brit 2: *(Pirate Thugs strip him.)* What?? This is an outrage!! I demand to be treated with dignity, as an officer of the King.

Taupebeard: Ah, well, I wasn't aware of such royal presence. Hey look, Timmy, *(points at Brit's belly)* a Fuzzy Naval!!! *(Roars with laughter)*

Timmy: *(Laughing)* Keel haul 'im!!

Taupebeard: Yes, we'll treat you with dignity. We'll treat you to the sharks!!

“Up All Night” Voo Doo, April 1997

Pirate Thug: Aye!! *(They throw him over)*

Taupebeard: You like to say that, don't you?

Timmy: Aye, almost as much as you like, "Gooooo!!!"

Taupebeard: Gooooo!! Ye got me there, Timmy.

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Timmy: Maybe we should kill those sea-lions.

Taupebeard: Gooooo, matey! No! Ye'll get bad luck if you kill any animals on a boat.

Timmy: I don't care right now. I can't stand their festerin' yappin'.

Sea-Lions: Arr. Arr.

Taupebeard: Arrr!!! I've had all I can stands. I can't stands no more.

Timmy: Hey!! I think you're on to something there.

Taupebeard: What?

Timmy: Well, you're always saying, "Gooooo!!!" And it sounds so silly. Well, you just said, "Arrr!!!" And it sounded great! Maybe those sea-lions are onto something.

Taupebeard: Methinks ye be right, Snapper. "Arrr!!!" sounds right nice. Maybe they'll have books about us where all we say is "Arrr!!!" Now let's down some rum for these sea-lions.

Timmy: Aye! *(To the Thugs)* Bring us some rum!

Pirate Thug: Aye aye.

Timmy: So we still haven't decided what we're going to call ourselves.

Taupebeard: Arrr!!! Hey, me likes the sound o' that. I still don't know. *(Thug brings them the rum, and resumes his duty of keel hauling Brits)*

Timmy: We need a powerful name, that others will bow down to. A name that'll make us rulers of the world.

Taupebeard: A toast! To success!

Timmy: To success! *(They drink their big cups)*

Brit 3: But I am the Captain of this vessel!!

Timmy: You WERE!! *(They laugh)*

Taupebeard: Bring him here. *(Thug brings him there)*

Brit 3: What do you want, fiend?

Taupebeard: That's no way to talk to your new captain.

Brit 3: New captain? Ha!! You're no captain. Your power is based on force.

Taupebeard: Arrr!!! Shut yer festerin' gob, ya git.

Timmy: Keel haul 'im!!

Taupebeard: Not just yet. I want a piece of this one. *(He punches the Brit in the stomach)*

Brit 3: *(Hurt)* At least, ...tell me what you'll do with my ship.

Taupebeard: Well, it's mine, so I'll do with it what I want.

Timmy: We'll probably modify it and use it to take over more ships, and get more loot.

Taupebeard: Enough!! He knows too much! Keel haul 'im!!

Timmy: *(Confused)* ... uh... Yeah!!

Pirate Thug: Aye aye!! *(Throws him over)*

Brit 3: *(Falling)* Bloody tyrant!

Timmy: I just thought of the perfect name for us.

Taupebeard: Arrr!!! What might that be?

Timmy: Microsoft.

Daisy and Luke

We are in the South, in the present. It is midday. Luke is sitting at the kitchen table, reading. Enter Daisy, his wife.

- Daisy: Hi, honey, I'm home.
- Luke: *(Gets up.)* Hi, Daisy. I have lunch ready right in here. I made those Tyson chicken tenders. *(They kiss)*
- Daisy: Ooooh, Luke. Your hand is COOL.
- Luke: As always. That's why they call me "Cool Hand". How was your day?
- Daisy: Sickening.
- Luke: How come?
- Daisy: Oh, ... it's my boss. He stuck his tongue in my ear AGAIN.
- Luke: Oh, honey. He knows you're married, doesn't he?
- Daisy: Of course he does. He says he doesn't mind. He says he likes his women broken in. He says he likes to give women a change of pace from their husbands.
- Luke: What? What kind of man is this?
- Daisy: Well, he IS the Governor.
- Luke: But that doesn't give him the right to go doing that to you!
- Daisy: I know, honey, but... oh, I just don't know.
- Luke: What don't you know? You mean you liked it?
- Daisy: NO! Of course not... Well, yes, actually, I did like it a bit, but that's not the point. The point is, he's DOING it.
- Luke: Well, what can we do about it?
- Daisy: I'm not sure there's anything we CAN do. We've NEEDED my income ever since you lost your job at the slaughterhouse, and I'll probably lose my job if I say anything.
- Luke: Well, you can't do NOTHING. You can't take this lying down. I don't want to know WHERE he'd stick his tongue if you were lying down.
- Daisy: Luke!
- Luke: Just a little joke.
- Daisy: This is serious! Should I just do nothing?
- Luke: Well, I don't know what to tell you.
- Daisy: But I'm going to lose my job!
- Luke: Look, who cares if you lose your job? It's only a job. We can move somewhere else. There will always be another slaughterhouse somewhere else.
- Daisy: I know, but today was supposed to be different. Today was the fifth anniversary of my starting work there.
- Luke: I hadn't realized.
- Daisy: I hadn't either. I only remember being there about a year and a half.
- Luke: Hey, me too. I was definitely working at Biff's slaughterhouse in Tennessee three years ago, and you were with me there. There's no way you were commuting from Tennessee to Arkansas.
- Daisy: Oh well, maybe they were mixed up. They had a cake, anyway.
- Luke: Yeah? What'd it say?
- Daisy: It said, "Happy Fifth, Daisy."
- Luke: Maybe there's another Daisy.

"Up All Night" Voo Doo, April 1997

Daisy: But they were all singing, (*sings way off key*)
For she's a jolly good fellow,
For she's a jolly good fellow,
For she's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us.

Luke: Ouch! Where's the screeching cat?

Daisy: Shut up, you. Hey, these Tyson chicken tenders are Mmm mmm good. I hear the Governor's gonna expand the Tyson company and create new slaughterhouses, and new jobs. You could work in a few years!

Luke: That would be great! But what about you?

Daisy: Well, I could just get a lot of belts.

Luke: What are you talking about? Why belts? To belt him with? (*Makes a motion as if he's belting the governor.*) Yeehaa!!

Daisy: No! Well, you know how dresses are required for women in the Governor's office?

Luke: Yeah.

Daisy: Well, a belt would prevent him from lifting my skirt up over my head like he does to other women sometimes.

Luke: OTHER women, and NOT you, right?

Daisy: Well, I didn't want to worry you..

Luke: Daisy!

Daisy: I'm sorry. He's only done it six or seven times.

Luke: That's three times too many in my book.

Daisy: And what book would that be?

Luke: Aw, shut up. So what else has this boss of yours done the last three to five years?

Daisy: What? You want me to list all the things he's done?

Luke: Yep.

Daisy: No!

Luke: Why not? Because you liked it, didn't you? You liked working those late hours, didn't you? You really liked those conventions in Washington, didn't you? (*sarcastically*) "Oh, yes, sir, I'll go to Washington with you." (*again sarcastically*) "Oh, yes, sir, I'll help you campaign."

Daisy: You know it wasn't like that. He made Timmy come, too.

Luke: Little Timmy? Now that's just plain SICK.

Daisy: You know nothing happened there.

Luke: Do I?

Daisy: Of course. Timmy stayed in the Governor's SUITE, and I stayed in the Governor's ROOM, so I know that nothing happened to Timmy, there.

Luke: You stayed in the Governor's ROOM!?

Daisy: Yes, I did.

Luke: I don't know what to say. I'm amazed!

Daisy: What do you mean? I was concerned about Timmy.

Luke: So you sacrificed yourself?

Daisy: I had to, for Timmy's sake. I'm only sorry I didn't go with them for that Boys' State convention.

Luke: You mean they went alone?

Daisy: Not alone, exactly.

Luke: What do you mean?

Daisy: Well, they took Kenny G.

“Up All Night” Voo Doo, April 1997

Luke: Kenny G!?

Daisy: Yes. I know. He was a Boys’ State alum, and he went with them.

Luke: I didn’t know he went to Boys’ State.

Daisy: Who?

Luke: Kenny G!

Daisy: What? Kenny G went to Boys’ State?

Luke: Yes!! *(pause)* Oh, never mind. What’s for dinner tonight?

Daisy: I’m making those Tyson chicken tenders.

Luke: But I just made them for lunch!

Daisy: Did you?

Luke: Yes.

Daisy: Well, you can never get enough of those Tyson chicken tenders.

Luke: Yeah. They ARE good.

Daisy: Yeah. Hey, put in that Kenny G Christmas album, will you?

Luke: OK. Hey, remember that comedian?

Daisy: What comedian?

Luke: *(Laughs)* You know, the one on Saturday Night Live? He joked about this album. He said, “Happy Birthday, Jesus, hope you like crap!”

Daisy: I think he does. Born in a stable, you know?

Luke: You mean Jesus? Yeah, I know, and always with Wise Men and all that. What a life!

Daisy: He must have had it hard, though, living under the Romans.

Luke: Well, I knew a woman who had it hard *(emphatically, with elbow nudge)* living under some Romans, if you know what I mean. She was quite content.

Daisy: Was she really? I don’t know. They have all those phalanxes and such.

Luke: Yes, well, you do have to adapt, you know.

Daisy: Well, some of us don’t want such adaptations. Some of us aren’t so prone to the whims of change.

Luke: So you think I’m whimsical? I don’t think so.

Daisy: I don’t either. I’m just sometimes reluctant to change, and I think now might not be such a good time to change.

Luke: You’re talking about your boss, aren’t you? You like working for him, don’t you?

Daisy: Yes! *(pause)* Yes, I do. For once, I feel I belong somewhere. He appreciates the work I do, and so does everyone else in the office. *(Starts to cry.)*

Luke: *(Pause) (They hug)* So you really want to keep working for this guy?

Daisy: I think it’s for the best right now.

Luke: I love you, honey.

Daisy: I love you, too. *(They kiss)* Oop! I’m gonna be late.

Luke: All right. Go out there and do your best. Do everything your boss tells you, now. I’ll have those Tyson chicken tenders ready for you when you get home.

Luke: OK, bye. *(exits)*

NEW STUDY SHOWS EARTH PERTURBED

By I. B. Leeve

FACETIOUS SCIENTIST

A recent study published by J. P. Richardsson of LAEC here at MIT indicates a perturbation in the revolution of the Earth around the sun. This non-periodic motion is not accounted for by any known bodies in the solar system; it is thought to imply a dark object moving through the solar system, massive enough to cause the observed perturbations.

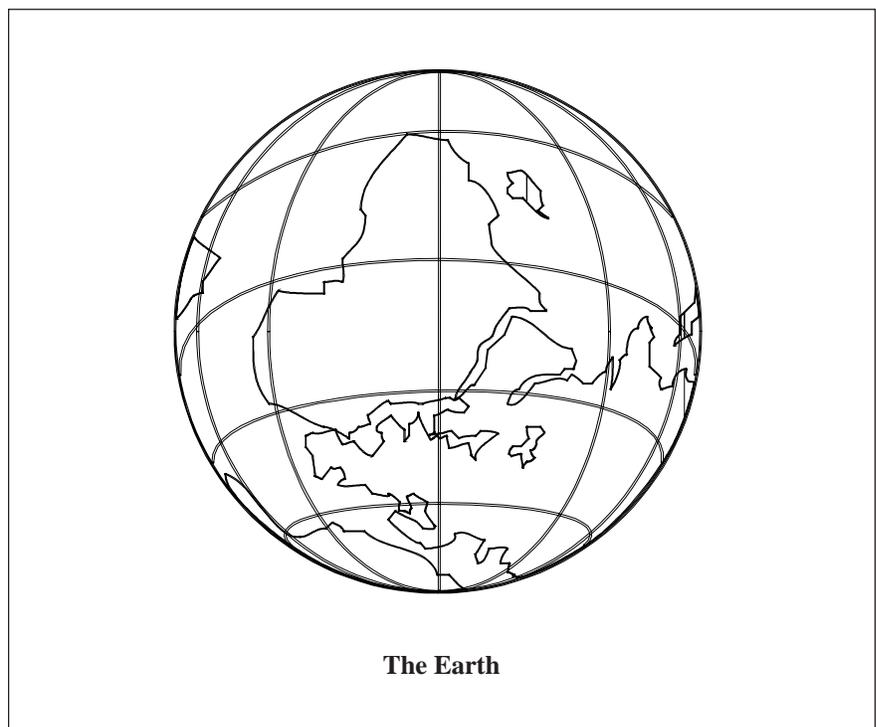
Dr. Richardsson, when asked what he thought of the observation, said: "We don't really know what we're dealing with, but it's a very exciting opportunity and we're looking forward to making further observations."

The motion, which is in such a direction as to retard the motion of the Earth in its revolution about the sun, may be more significant than was originally thought. It has been postulated that this retardation may in part account for the unseasonably warm winter of the 1996-1997 season and the present cold spell we are experiencing.

The perturbation, and lengthening of the year that accompanies it, has raised concerns among those celebrating holidays based on the equinox, solstice, and other solar positions. Debate is occurring on whether or not the customary shift to daylight savings time should be pushed back to compensate for the new length of the year, and many work schedules may need to be rethought. A proposal is rumored to be circulating in Congress to rename Leap Years

to the now more appropriate title of Vault Years.

A rival group at the California Institute of Technology claims that the apparent retardation is a result of confusing comet Hale-Bopp with fixed stars of approximately the same magnitude, an error compounded by referring to charts covered by potato chip crumbs. As of this morning, however, these claims remained unproven.



Excerpt from the Unabridged Rules of English, #473

"I" Before "E": Taught to children in only its abbreviated form, this helpful rhyme can help even the most horrid spellers navigate the tricky waters of the "i" and "e" vowel combination. Below is the complete rhyming rule:

"I" before "E" except after "C" or when sounding like "A" as in neighbor and weigh...

... or with common words you should just know, such as weird, their, beige, foreign and so
... or when the syllables divide, as in deity, albeit and reify
... or with many of the religions, from polytheism to atheism
... or when spelling with ease such words as sheik, seizure and seize
... or often after "S" as in seismic, seiche, seidel, seignior, seine and others, I guess
... or when science gives you a laugh with cheiloris, luteinizing, pleistocene, oleic, oneiric, eidograph
... or when it sounds Greek to me, as in apeiron and aseity
... or with the German "ein" as with the doubly potent Einstein
... or when English and French words merge, such as peignoir and concierge
... or sounding like "e" if you're one to say either, or sounding like "i" if you're one to say neither
... or with a few more odd words to bear, namely height, heist, greisen, reiver, veil, and heir

And please don't forget that it's "I" before "E" even following "C" as in everyday words such as science, ancient and society

... or when the Spanish offend ya with the spelling of hacienda, or...

My Life

by Babak Nivi

Today I walked the streets of Boston searching for answers to important questions. Who am I? Who put me here? Why? Why would someone do this to me?

As I walk the streets Crackhead with two children tells me she will suck my cock for \$25. I do not understand this. Man on street tells me about god. I ask him whose god? buddha, allah, jesus? do you understand?

i go into a bar. i ask bartender my important

questions. he tells me that he doesn't know me, that he "doesn't give a fuck." He begins to give a fuck after i explode his face with my mind.

People are rude. One day I hear man say "fuck you."

So much trouble for people, everyone on welfare. But it is good to be well even if it is welfare. Is this the good autobiography?

The End

Allen Ginsberg Lights Another Cigarette

Christopher Wanjek

I'm waiting with legs crossed on cold limestone steps making no sense of this Gunter Grass novella while Adam remains behind, starving hysterical naked with a sweaty and voiceless Ginsberg and a scattering of folding chairs and folding tables and strawberry tops with bite marks and warm rubbery cheese and a half-inch of raspberry sherbet punch with one defiant slice of lime floating at the 2:00 position. Perhaps the two are screwing in that very room, as a team of stoical librarians shuffle about them with the same casual indifference they display when guiding readers to sections on female ejaculation and homemade fertilizer bombs. The keepers of books care not about such grotesque images as Adam's lips kissing a Ginsberg belly of charcoal hairs and fat. Their sole mission is to return sweet sweet order to misaligned furniture.

Night is conquering this gray and dismal excuse of a summer day without the slightest of effort, and all I can say about the Gunter Grass is that it must have lost something in the translation. I find myself so easily distracted by the traffic of Copley Square. When returning to the book, I reread an old paragraph, not realizing until some innocently striking word that I have already read that passage. Just one clear sentence: That's all I ask of the night. First Ginsberg with the don'tsmokedon'tsmoke don't smokedon'tsmoke and now a discontinuous German writing in fourth person. Adam will round out the confusion, I'm sure, expounding on the benefits a straight man can gain by taking up a 60-year-old beat poet's overt proposition to get laid after his reading. I expect him at any moment.

"Am I not a writer," he'll ask? "All my suit coats smell like rain; I feel cheated by trees with inedible fruit; I fall in love like they do in one-act plays, without needing to hear much; I take afternoon naps that linger in murky semiconsciousness; I spend

days wondering whom I pissed off; I spend nights wandering for Jazz and the warmth of a minor chord; I know that adding an "s" to 'laughter' turns it into 'slaughter.' I have written about isolation, and this has been tantamount to further isolation. Is this not the bravado you look for in a writer? Then go to hell." Adam likes to spout off like that.

It's been nearly an hour now. Either things are going rather well or things are going rather poorly and he can't get into it — for lack of a better expression.

Gunter Grass' young boys are chewing on gull droppings scraped from a rusty barge. We, Adam and I, had both seen a naked Ginsberg a week ago. His full-length, nude portrait just nails you as you make that first fatal turn into the modern era at Boston's MFA. It was the only piece we liked at the exhibit, and I believe it had everything to do with that location. The chicken fat, for example, didn't move me at all. Maybe — instead of beatifying those ridiculous offerings of yellow fat in sacred sealed glass — maybe if they placed them in the open air smack in the center of the room where people would unknowingly step in them and slip and fall and where the rancid odor would induce one to vomiting — maybe then I would have understood the artist's true intent of the organic still-lives and appreciated those pieces as well. Location, location, location.

All was not lost. Adam was inspired that Wednesday evening with what he calls "bad art" ideas, a major theme for his third novel. Furiously he would scribble on his wilted note paper, all to be added later to that great, unpublished digital collection of word processing known as Cursing Van Gogh. From room to room he'd generate a handful of nonsensical, marketable art projects.

"How about this," he'd say. "Jasper John's bowel movements from when he was 12, 32, and 61. We'll put prices on them. The first pile of shit, of course, won't be as expensive as the shit from his later years... Or how about this: A dark box with a tiny hole. An arrow points to the hole, saying 'Art inside.' But the whole object is roped off from the public..."

Onward to an empty canvas with a long description, Adam's hard heels on hard marble echoing off the sterile walls seemed to be the only sound alive or worth listening to. "There should be a paint machine that randomly siphons paint from cans and sprays it about a room full of canvases. Art completely removed from the human element. I truly believe that that's where we are going — or need to go, anyway..."

Boston is a useless city; they have Garfield as the lead comic in the Sunday paper. Where can one go from here? What possible stimulus can one receive? Last Saturday I met a real writer with two real books by a real publisher at a grainy black & white video party. Real, I say, as opposed to one of those unpublished ramblers that Adam used to hang with in Chicago. This woman is published, and she writes about the suburban disillusionment thing that is apparently popular with young suburban people who have since moved to urban centers but are still facing disillusionment, although they are fortunate enough to have a disposable income to buy things as frivolous as new hardbacks. Anyway, at the end of the night she gave me this cutesy wave goodbye with a motion like she was quickly wiping a window clean. How could she be a writer with such a silly wave? I had bought everything she said that night because she was published, and I wanted to believe that that meant something. That wave certainly slapped me back to reality. Yeah, the inanity of the evening makes sense now in retrospect because all we talked about were things like the Brady Bunch and the Clash, and I can only assume that her novels expound such popular esoterica. At the time, though, I had taken it all in

without stepping back to see what it was I was ingesting. This scares me; I'm usually more cautious than that.

Adam was at the party, yet he wasn't fooled by her at all. He called the woman a small yet cumbersome unpleasantness — like stepping in a bathroom puddle in your socks or drinking orange juice after brushing your teeth. Such is Boston; he expects so little.

The black & white videos were, I guess, a nice complement to the white folks in black. All party dresses and suit coats, we were rather underdressed. I doubt anyone noticed us, though. Mostly we were greeted by backs, and we saw only wet hair and elbows staring into the myriad of black video boxes displayed on sleek steel pedestals throughout the modern 19th-century redbrick expanse. "How about this," Adam said. "A video of boiling water in a pot. Just as the water is ready to boil, the video ends..." Then onward to sea level, our backs to Back Bay, Adam's hard heels on hard slate echoing off the sterile redbrick and bay windows seemed to be the only sound alive or worth listening to. "The trick must be to disguise the gender. Write about a woman, but change to a masculine pronoun. That would move you out of the realm of sexist and toward progressiveness. It might even make you a homosexual writer, which certainly has its market advantages."

A Ford Mustang is reciting a loud and monotone lecture to a passing pedestrian who defies the noise and continues to cross the street. Apparently there's confusion about the four glowing walk signals. True, I'm not a writer. I've never even attempted to write something as trivial as a journal. As liberal as I am, though, and as willing to experience new sensations, I cannot see myself having sex with a sloppy old man just for a few lines of imagery. Nor can I see any real writer having use for such foolishness. I never underestimate the pornographic capacity of my own imagination. If I were a writer, I'd simply call upon that. Why must Adam

consistently strive for the real taste of human meat? Is it just another scam? Is he just riding out the stereotypes? I swear to God the only reason he's here is so that he can fail out of Harvard. It would complete the scene: experiments with homosexuality and hard drugs; road trips across the country; frank discussions of art and literature over dark beer in dark dives; letters and relationships with women on the fringe, addicted or previously abused by their fathers... When you're a guy who wants to write, it's either that or the Hemingway motif, but no one is fighting wars these days.

Justin Harlow opened for Ginsberg. He's the next sappy folkster that will break out of New England. Huge in the coffee house scene, Justin's got about as much soul as an after-school TV special. T-shirt, groovy vest, goatee, rimless African hat. Adam sat along the wall and tried to throw popcorn into the mouth of this young woman who stared agape at slick Justin and his slick guitar on stage. The first popcorn piece was off by several feet, cruising over her far shoulder. His second attempt was much nobler, with perfect direction, but it arced too soon, and the popcorn piece fell upon her breasts unnoticed. Popcorn pieces three through eight were total disasters, missing the entire head area completely. Popcorn piece #9, though, landed squarely in the cavernous mouth of that hypnotized woman. And not missing a note, she chewed, swallowed, and licked her lips. She took it all in without thinking. It never occurred to her that she had been assaulted. It never occurred to her that she was still being assaulted.

I am yesterday's child Here today for you. I am tomorrow's child; Tell me what to do.

I am the spinster of life Spinning my web around you. I've been spun in so many circles That I don't know who is who. But I know that I need you. Darling, I know that I need you.

[Insert pseudo-complicated, repetitive guitar solo here.]

I am the spinster [strum, strum] I am the spinster [strum, strum] Am I a puppet on your string? I am the spinster [strum, strum] I am the spinster [strum, strum] Teach my heart to sing.

[Insert romantic fade out.]

Won't you teach my heart to sing? Come on and teach my heart to sing. Gonna teach my heart to sing. Gonna teach my heart to sing...

Her mouth moved! During Justin's fade-out, I saw it. Her lips! They were (gasp!) mouthing along to the words of the song. And all down the row, all the pretty poets were doing the same. The horror, the horror! We were a minority in this room thick with Boston literati. Even the end of the song and the promise of silence brought me no relief. The fade-out lasted too long — like a neck pain that goes away so gradually you don't have the pleasure in knowing it's gone. Then Ginsberg took the stage, and now Adam has his penis in his mouth. Or maybe he's on his way out now?

Gunter Grass' young boys are masturbating over the rail of the rusty barge, and the girl that's with them finds it all very interesting. She doesn't seem to be moved sexually, though. I laugh because this scene doesn't really fit into the story line and I don't understand why Gunter Grass is telling me, yet I'm sure it will be the one clear passage from the novella that I will retain. Like with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*: I couldn't really tell you what it was about, but I do remember a scene about getting thrown out of a church and about masturbating with cold cream and a bored apple — neither of which I attempted to duplicate, so you could say I didn't get much from the book. Adam, on the other hand, has at least used the word

"cunt" a few times in the same casual Milleresque tone. Such are the elements we carry away from brushes with greatness.

At the aquarium on Saturday Adam and I stared at a salt-stained crustacean tank, which stretched the entire length of the life-size model of a great blue whale in plastic hanging above our heads. The tank housed curious crabs and sea cucumbers, seemingly sessile sea urchins and starfish, and a host of dispassionate clams who remained apathetic toward the aquatic predators surrounding them. Death was everywhere. Starfish pulled apart clams; sea cucumbers bore into urchins—who, over a week-long period, were slowly ingesting starfish in a Poseidonistic game of rock-scissors-paper. Everyone will slowly eat each other over the course of the summer season, and all that will remain in the watery, war-torn ecosystem will be a crab.

"The ultimate literary achievement, in my mind," Adam said in that smell of brine, "would be a novel opening with a scene in which Pope Paul VI is sodomizing a Welsh Terrier with a crucifix on a torn American flag smeared with fecal matter — or a scene with someone masturbating to this stated image. Surely this would issue the appropriate censorship to insure both commercial and artistic success. After all, such a book would be a bold statement on how America is still in the Puritan age, still uncomfortable with bestiality and religious and national degradation. And how come we don't eat dolphins? If we kill them when catching tuna, why not at least eat them?"

"Concerning the former," I said, "I think you're once again going about this publishing thing the wrong way. Concerning the latter, we probably do and they just don't tell us." Onward through sharks and shellfish, Adam's hard heels on hard marble echoing off the sterile glass seemed to be the only sound alive or worth listening to.

Sylvia Worthington was the other reader tonight. She's from Cambridge, not Boston, and makes that quite clear whenever she reads. A flutter

of sheer skirts and bells, Sylvia — a 30-plus unmarried vegetarian who makes simple jewelry, writes poetry, paints, subscribes to feminist publications and purports to be bisexual because she thinks that that is what the "Earth Mother" idea is all about — considers herself to be a strong woman, and she is often published in the *New Yorker*, a publication that Adam says he's permanently barred from because of his inherent dislike of cats.

"I wrote this poem in New York," Sylvia began. "I never encountered such a dirty and unforgiving place." Her free-verse was so free that I had a hard time determining when her poems actually began.

Pennies

I see no pennies from heaven in this unforgiving city. Just cold rain and snow That shrouds the cardboard houses of the homeless Like ominous manna. Is it so much to ask? But no, you pass him by. You dare not meet him eye to eye. Do not give him a penny. Get a job, you say. Rain rain, come back some other day.

This will be the source of many bad dreams for Adam tonight, I assure you. Over tiny edibles, waiting diligently to screw Ginsberg, Adam told a soon-to-be dumbfounded Sylvia, who was misty from a shower of praise, that he thought the homeless poem was not only bad but detrimental to the future of poetry as well.

"You don't know what it's like to be homeless," Sylvia fluttered back. "You live in your own sheltered world." Adam finished this second sentence as Sylvia was still articulating it.

Instead of defending his accusation, Adam turned to me. "I think I've figured out Oscar Wilde," he said. "You just speak in opposites. 'I hate interesting people; they're so boring.' 'I adore boring people; they're so interesting.' That's the core of his wit. 'I hope he isn't a jolly person; jolly people

make me so sad."

That truck, by the way, was close enough to lick. With the squeal of six furious tires, Sylvia Worthington nearly became immortal. Now she languishes on the sidewalk like Jesus in a Piety; a kindly Asian cools her with his pocket fan. Forever in a cloud of melodrama. I watched the near miss as it evolved and probably could have called out, but I didn't bother to move. Too busy reciting this story, I guess. The UPS driver has since departed. There will be no blood on Boylston Street tonight. Hey, it's all for the better. I'd rather her remain alive and fade from the literary scene through her own inadequacies than die so young and become a permanent fixture in American literature.

Sex with a man, as a man, is very strange. The kiss is all wrong. You can close your eyes, but the smell of the breath and the feel of the face are different from what your lips are expecting. It is uncomfortable, and you thereby become forever conscious of the fact that you are exchanging saliva with another human being. After all, when you really think about it, french kissing is a rather bizarre custom regardless of the gender combination. The Japanese don't do it—or at least they didn't do it until maybe a hundred years ago.

Maybe Adam will read tomorrow at the new open mic thing in the old Baptist church near Harvard Square. And maybe he'll have his poem about blowing Allen Ginsberg. Last week he read one about fanatic baseball fan who would give his own liver to a drunk and dying Mickey Mantel just to see him swing again. "You led the league in hitting / So I'll buy any product you endorse." I don't know why they call those things coffee houses; there's never any coffee. They're not even cafés. Just empty rooms with folding chairs and folding dreams. People here hang on to that terminology from the Beat era and onward into the '60s as if they need it to be known to all newcomers that they and Cambridge were an integral part of the Scene. Very trying. You can hear them romance

about bygone days, it seems, every night: "...I remember seeing Hunter S. Thompson once at the Trinity Church. Someone handed him this giant doobie, and he smoked it right on stage as he gave his talk... He finished off a fifth of Triple Sec and was downing rum-and-Cokes during the entire interview..."

Did you know that some clever capitalist decided to release the Beat-Generation-Jazz compact disk box set. Brilliant! Our hipster friend Justin Harlow probably owns it by now. He is indeed beat. He talks about *On the Road*, but at best he'll go to Seattle to join a scene that has already been established — a scene that can't survive with such mundane influx. Boxing the music of the Beat Generation: Isn't that the very thing the movement was against? What about David S. Ware and Jan Garbarek? Will we wait 40 years to listen to them? Where do Mike Bloomfield and Nick Drake fit in? By definition they have ten years left until recognition.

Keeping an eye out for Adam now through the tinted window with backwards-painted letters. I've slipped over to Barnes & Noble, and sure enough, right up front, is that woman's novel —the one I met last Saturday. It looks pretty stupid. They say you can't judge a book by its cover; but then again, if I see a penguin in a Speedo holding a mug that says "Thank God it's Friday," I'd know that man's fall from grace and subsequent guilt, suffering and the need for expiation won't be a central theme. This woman's novel has that 1950s type pop-culture collage on its cover.

I like looking at the blurbs on the back. "A growing affirmation of the possible -- *The New York Times*" "The puns pop; the satire explodes. One of the wittiest new writers to come along in a while -- *The Boston Book Review*" "Cliché, but it's true: A book you simply can't put down -- *Newsweek*".

Adam would have a few things to say about this garbage. He is striving to write a book that

you can put down — that you are forced to put down. A book that repulses, tells the reader of his own ugliness, makes him crawl back and beg for a few pages at a time. As for the blurbs, he'd throw up his own rejection letters: "Sounds interesting -- Random House" "We wish you luck in finding a suitable publisher -- Bantam Books".

The books of our times: In airports terminals and train station kiosks and along the right-hand wall of strip mall book stores. Consuming one's life; always within reach. Here's one about Einstein and his infidelity. Apparently he struck his first wife once. You know, I still have too many heroes in my life; by all means, publish the letters and let Einstein fall with the rest of them. I should leave; I don't want Adam to follow me in here and see our writer friend so prominently displayed. I know how that bothers him.

Back on the street. Sylvia must have recovered her strength; I no longer hear her jingle. She exits all her evenings by open-doored taxis, in the same way Roy Lichtenstein doesn't bother to visit the subway stop he's commissioned to muralize but instead sends an assistant there to take a few photographs. Check this out: \$52 bucks to see a five-year-old Robert Wilson production — one of those dance things with performers in black tights on a sparse, dim stage. I place my body here; no, I place my body here. A light source. An abstract object on which we place value. Wonderment. I place my body here. I place my body here. Two hours of nonsense. I wonder if the women in the kiosk really knows the type of tickets she's selling. Bloody Boston. There's no reason why this subway can't take me all the way back to Chicago. The city has three syllables, just like every other stop in Boston: Copley Square, Arlington, Boylston, MIT, Central Square, Harvard Square, Porter Square... Kankakee, Chicago.

Adam once told me that every culture has two things in common: chicken and stupidity. So he himself must think his own actions are foolish. This sex-with-Ginsberg business, in my opinion, can be no different than the singers in grunge and poets in black, the artists still clinging to the minimalist idea and the women who try to fool me, smelling of cloves and patchouli. I stand for over an hour in the center of Copley Square in an avalanche of best sellers and sold-out performances, waiting for Ginsberg to reach orgasm, waiting for someone to give me the freedom not to be cynical, and wondering for Adam's sake why he even bothers — why he wants to be a part of it all.

It's 9:00. The kiosk closes; Robert Wilson sells out. Allen Ginsberg lights another cigarette for lack of a nearby carrot stick. And Adam emerges at long last from the limestone tomb, where bronze mile-high doors fold behind him with an assured sense of closure. He is a tiny dark figure in the distance, but as he moves closer he consumes me. His sense of place and timing is exhilarating. His shoulders and his walk dictate a new mood. He casts a shadow in the night.

Once again it has happened: A path of doubt, confusion, and reassurance. You meet with these clowns, hoping they'll explain what that abstract dot in their barren canvas of creation is all about. If not an explanation, you at least yearn for that intense feel — just to assure yourself that they have something higher going on, even though you can't quite grasp it yet. But they never have any feel. They are vapor — a passing whiff of marijuana in a state park, at best. Oh, but Adam...

We don't speak. Down into the subway we glide, past the panhandlers and token machines and turnstiles and billboards and steel rails. Into the tunnel, Adam's hard heels on hard wooden railroad ties echoing off the cold damp encroachment seem to be the only sound alive or worth listening to.

Point of Order

A short radio drama by Neil Hobbestad

All: *[hum and babble of voices]*
[SFX: BG is office conference room: perhaps a digital phone beeping in another office, etc.]

Tina: *[rising over All]* ...leverage their input and get some process buy-ins. Further, until we can decide whether we are meeting as a team or as a group, ...

All: Oh no! Not that again! Oh for gosh sakes! Tina! No! C'mon Tina! Not again! We've been here for three hours!... (etc.)

[hubbub continues under Tina and most of Kenny]

Tina: ...or as an ad hoc committee, I want to suggest that we revisit each item on the agenda, and that this time we follow the Quality criteria specified for each...

Kenny: Excuse me...
[hubbub abates somewhat]

Kenny: Excuse me, Brad, point of order: I'd like to suggest that we strangle Tina.

[hubbub stops dead]
[SFX: someone's digital watch beeps]

Tina: Ha, ha, Kenny, very funny...

Brad: Tina, I believe Kenny has the floor. Yes, Kenny?

Kenny: No, that's all: I move that we strangle Tina before continuing with the agenda.

Shelly: I second!

Tina: Hey! What the...?! Brad...!
[She continues under...]

Brad: Moved and seconded. All in favor of strangling Tina before proceeding further with the agenda, say 'Aye'.

All (but Tina): Aye!

Tina: You guys! Come on! This isn't funny.

Brad: In favor, seven. Opposed?

Tina: Brad! Cut it out!!

Brad: One opposed. The motion is carried. Kenny, you proposed the motion, would you care to...?

Miranda: Kenny, can I...? Please?

Kenny: Sure, be my guest.

Brad: Fine. Just a second then, Miranda. Kenny, if you'll please grab Tina's other arm....

Tina: Brad! Let go of me! Kenny! No! This is enough already.

[SFX: swivel chair pushed back from table, sounds of struggle, some stuff knocked to floor.]

Kenny: Wait a minute! Okay.

Tina: *[screaming and hollering ad lib until otherwise noted]* Let me go! Let me go! Stop it!

Brad: Miranda...

Tina: *[Panicky shrieking, turns to gurgling.]*
[SFX: some thrashing about, followed by SILENCE]

Brad: There. Kenny, would you... ah, thank you. Francine, please get the door for him.

[SFX: Hallway door opens.]
[SFX: Shelly picks up phone, dials (touch-tones)]
[SFX: During phone call — body dragged across room and into hallway.]

Shelly: *[on the phone:]* Building services? May I speak with someone in Special Re-engineering Services?... Yes, I'll hold.... Hello? This is the Reorganization Planning Support Team. Could you make a pickup at 13-A49? Yes, outside the door.

[SFX: Kenny comes back in, door closed.]

"Up All Night" Voo Doo, April 1997

Shelly: Yes, that's right. Uh... no, no blood. Yes, light mopping will be fine. Five minutes? That's lovely. Thanks so much.

[SFX: hangs up phone]

Brad: Fine. Right. Okay. So, next on the agenda, picking a date for the Departmental...
...I mean the Functional Team holiday party. Sam?

Sam: I think that if we stick to the week of the 14th, that'd be our best bet...

All: *[Voices begin to come up in a hubbub...]*

[MUSIC: Jaunty Tune begins under...]

Miranda: *[over rising hubbub]* Anybody know if Tina kept her guacamole salad recipe on-line?

All: *[hubbub up and under...]*

[MUSIC: ...Jaunty Tune up and out]

product placement gag

Déjà Voo

As a new feature in *Voo Doo*, we present a classic article from years past.
This issue’s Déjà Voo was originally published in *Voo Doo’s Tool and Die*, April 27, 1988

Little-Known Facts about MIT

Larry Appleman and Brian Bradley.

The Main Campus

... The automatic door at MIT’s main entrance was the first in the United States, but it is not electrical, like modern automatic doors. Rather, the door is operated by trained guinea pigs. Animal rights activists have tried in vain to end this oppression.

... In the four corners of the Building 7 lobby are empty pedestals, which are all that remain of large busts commemorating the greatest scientists and engineers of the 18th and 19th centuries. The busts were removed, and all records of the expunged, during the Scientific Method riots of the ‘40s.

... Names of MIT men and women who died in battle are engraved in the walls of the Building 10 lobby; the blank wall, naturally, is reserved for those who serve in World War III.

... The “Green Building” is neither green, nor is it a building.

... Superstitious scientists? None of the main campus buildings constructed before 1950 have a 13th floor. Indeed, the cautious designers didn’t even build 12th or 11th floors.

... Inside the top of the Building 7 dome are four-foot-thick solid blocks of glass under tremendous pressure. If they weren’t there, the dome would collapse inward, as happened to the Building 8 dome in 1937.

The Great Sail

... If you grew up during the ’60s, you’ll probably remember the popular book, “A Child’s Letters to the Great Sail,” now inexplicably out of print.

... Hundreds of years ago, when the north bank of the Charles river was a Native American burial ground, the area was covered with many hundreds of sails, each a different size, scattered throughout the region. Why or how they were built is a mystery today, and only two sails remain.

... President Stratton’s daily stroll from his house to the main campus was often marred by the powerful New England gusts that tore off his top hat. Meteorologists determined that the problem could be solved by turning the Great Sail 30 degrees to the south. However, it was impossible to move the Sail, and so the campus itself (much smaller then, of course) was rotated into the correct position.

... After the Great Sail was heavily damaged during World War II, a perfect copy was constructed in the original location. The older Great Sail — injured beyond repair — was moved to the East Campus courtyard, where it is often mistaken for a Louise Nevelson sculpture.