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OFFICE

ISSUE

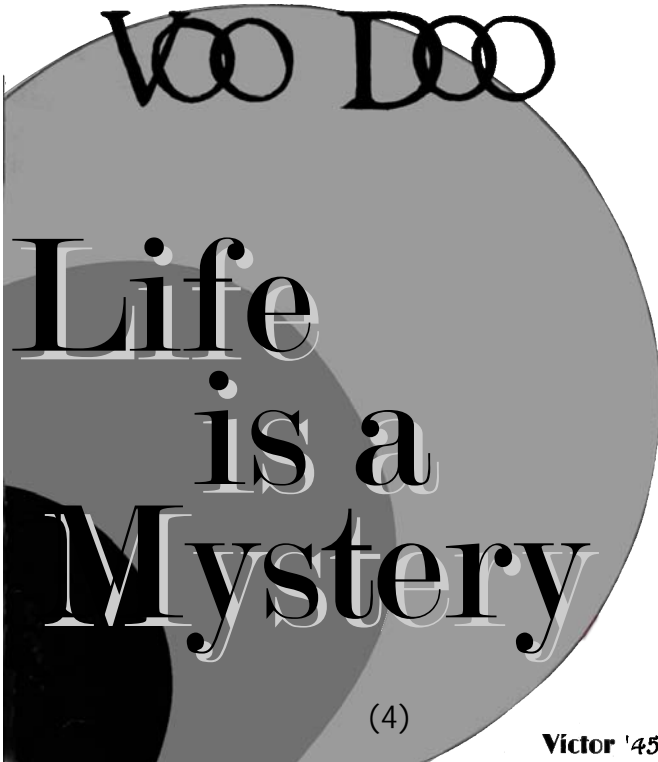
APRIL

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Sacrifice costs all of us everything

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S

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Gonzo

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Fish Drawer

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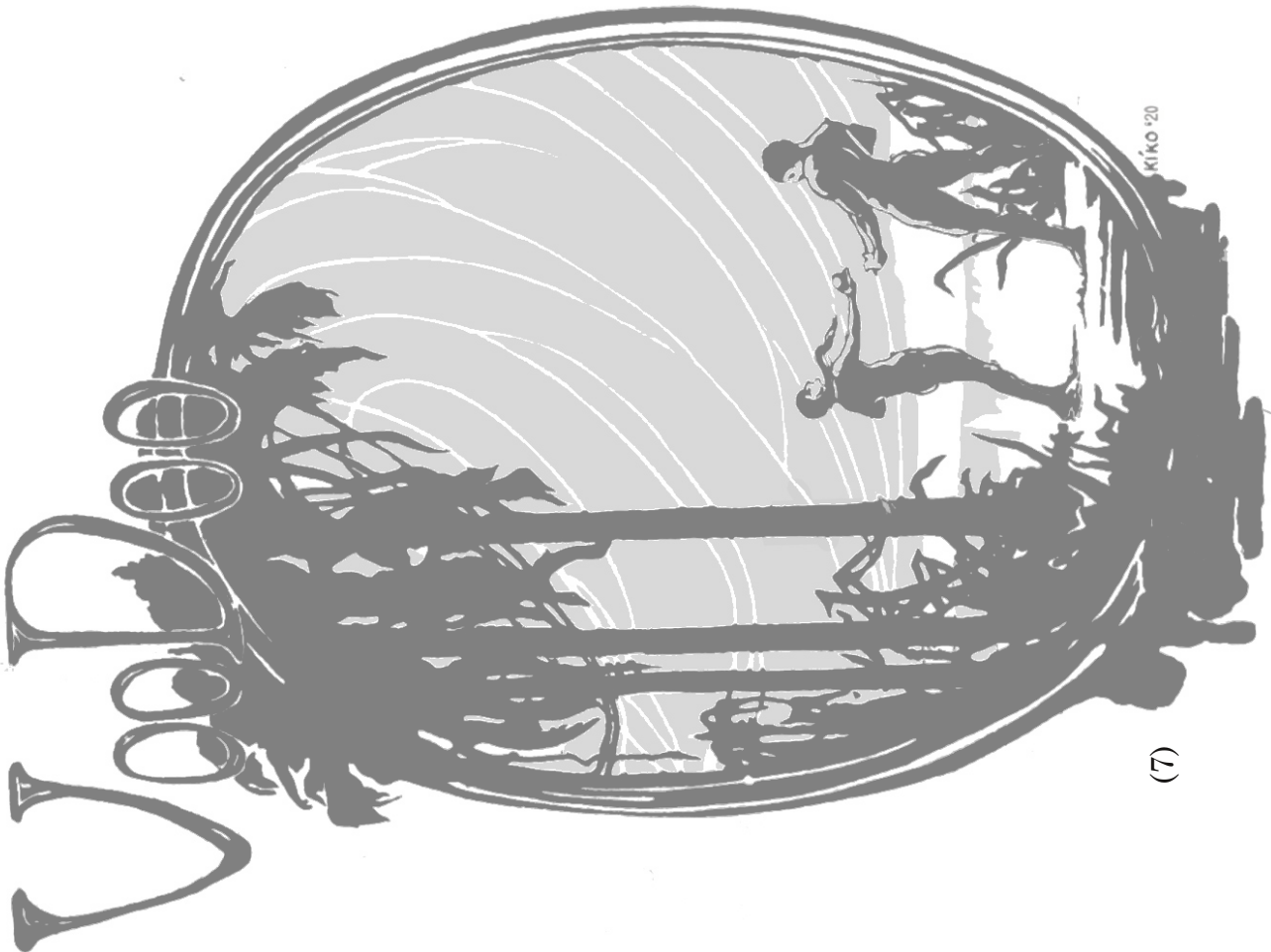
J

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Donations from
readers LIKE YOU!

Covers By
Tony Joy



Letter From The Editor

"One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got into my pajamas, I'll never know." Considered to be the funniest one-liner by yours truly, this wisecracker can be found being spoken by a certain Captain T. Spaulding, played by none other than Groucho Marx, in the 1930 Marx Brothers classic 'Animal Crackers.' Now why do I find this joke funny? Well dear reader, I wouldn't have asked this question had I not an answer to provide, so please for the love of Iinsert deity here! don't respond to an inanimate magazine.

The joke relies on the phrase "in my pajamas." The first line is ambiguous as it can be interpreted as either a) "One morning, I was wearing my pajamas" or b) "an elephant was wearing my pajamas." Logically, the elephant can't possibly be wearing their pajamas, so naturally, the listener would assume that the person speaking was wearing the pajamas. However, the next line confirms that the elephant was, in fact, wearing the pajamas, which is both funny to picture in your head, but also surprising since shooting an elephant wearing pajamas hadn't been heard of before. This interpretation is absurd, yet this is exactly what the

joker had in mind throughout the joke. This use of misdirection catches the listener off guard and laughter ensues.

The only thing that's not funny is having to buy textbooks. It's not like the laws of physics are going to change anytime soon. Well, then again, the law of gravity was in effect during the Obama administration, so I wouldn't be surprised if our Glorious Leader went ahead and attempted to repeal it. He'd cite Obama's unfair physical laws that confined hardworking Americans to the ground, preventing us from casting aside our corporeal form in order to get closer to the Big Man upstairs. I guess this means I'll have to look forward to the 8th edition of "Introduction to Pushing Big Buttons."

As you can clearly tell, I'm trying to write up a storm to get this issue in for printing, but hopefully this storm doesn't cause the plane I'm on to start crash landing all of a sudden. Last thing I need is to get stuck in the middle of Buttfuck, Kentucky. Oh speaking of the issue, this little rascal is a tad different from our patent-pending 32-page issues. It is a Phos-approved special edition issue of Voo Doo. 20 pages of pure, unadulterated adultery. It's short and to the point; some content, but not that much; there's not really much to see here; in fact, there's nothin' to see here at all; don't even bother reading this issue; just leave it where you found it; better yet, throw it away so that no one else reads it. What's that, Lassie? You see a balding man behind a curtain? Please, pay no attention to the man behind the curtain, but if he's differentiating his acceleration, by all

means smack him upside the head. No, the one above his shoulders. Good dog.

Now that it's a new year, you might be asking, "What does Voo Doo have in store for us?" I'm glad you asked and also slightly concerned for your mental health. We still have that comedy show going on at WMBR since we haven't been kicked out for some odd reason. We're currently working with the Zamboni, the humor magazine over at Tufts. Aww, look at us, like a couple of schoolyard kids going to each other's houses to play. Besides that and our spring issue, we may have some other stuff in store for the semester, so keep your eyes peeled and your bananas split.

Last but certainly not in the slightest the least important part of this seemingly-never-ending editorial that I swear is not meant to fill up space that could have been used for actual content, if you think Voo Doo isn't as funny as it pretends to be, write for it. If you think the illustrations aren't splitting your sides, draw for it. Oddly enough, there's a near infinite amount of funny material you can find only at a place like MIT (or maybe Caltech but at least our administration doesn't have us by the balls (yet)). All we want to do is you make laugh, even if it's at the expense of your tuition.

P.S. If you tried to write down the first letter of every sentence in this editorial, apply a Caesaren shift using '18' in honor of the new year, you would have wasted fifteen minutes of your life.

Iglesias

Mr. Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Voo Doo Magazine

IAP 2018



Iglesias

COO of Generic Tech. Co., Inc. Dismayed Over Speech Rescission

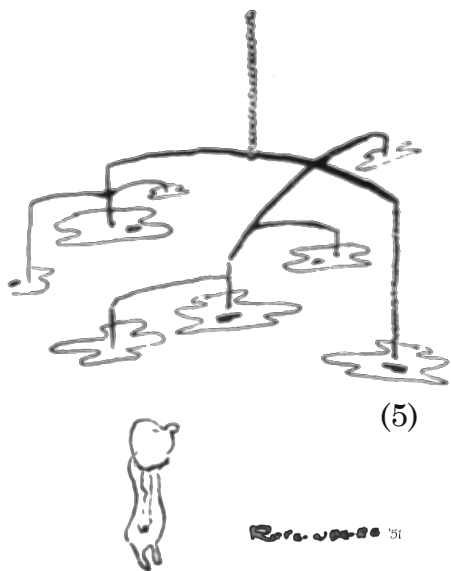
Here at Generic Technology Company, we don't just exercise corporate synergy, we manufacture it. We take tremendous pride embedding organic engagement into curated social graphs so that other influencers can understand user-generated content and reach levels of reach previously thought unreachable. We bottle the elements of data modeling so that major players can infuse their products with these extracts, use our models to model consumer patters, behaviors, and relationships that can be useful in marketing goods and services online. We make search engines, and Facebook makes the search cars.

When I read in the paper that I would be speaking at MIT's commencement, I was thrilled someone was finally recognizing our commitment to satisfying the industry's technological needs. I was therefore saddened to hear that the commencement speech search committee had rescinded their offer and given to Facebook's COO, Sheryl Sandberg. I doubt Sheryl could tell you how to aggregate a beta front-end framework from scratch, or innovate a convergent bleeding-edge fuzzy logic blockchain. I hope that MIT will realize the error of their ways by realizing the success of their ways before they erroneously realized it as a mistake. Perhaps next year, they will invite me once again as the one true Generic Tech. Co., Inc. COO to give graduating seniors a glimpse of their bright futures working together to synthesize end-to-end solutions for the customer facing employers of tomorrow.

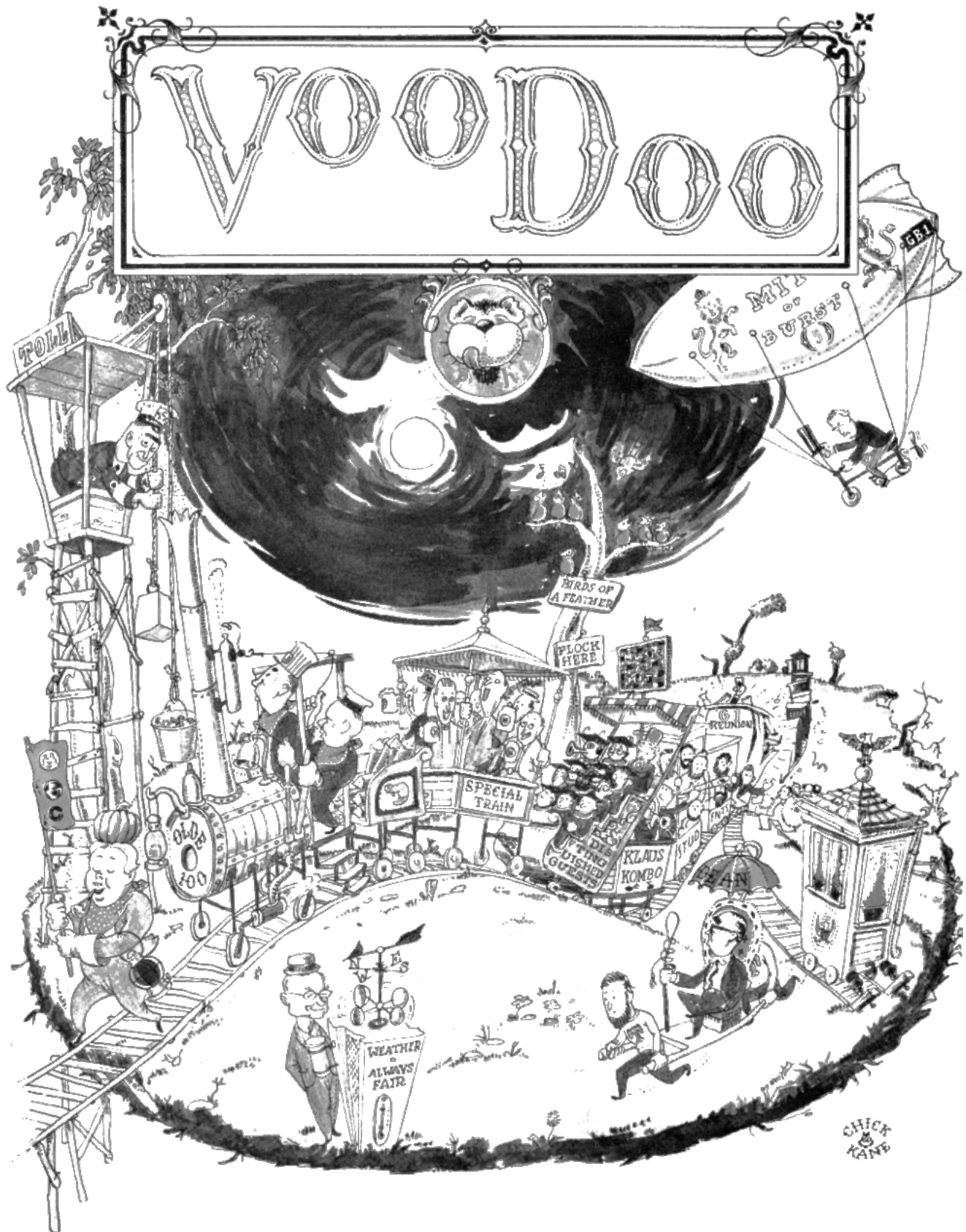
Generically (Technically) Yours,

Norman

Norman L. Chamberlain, COO



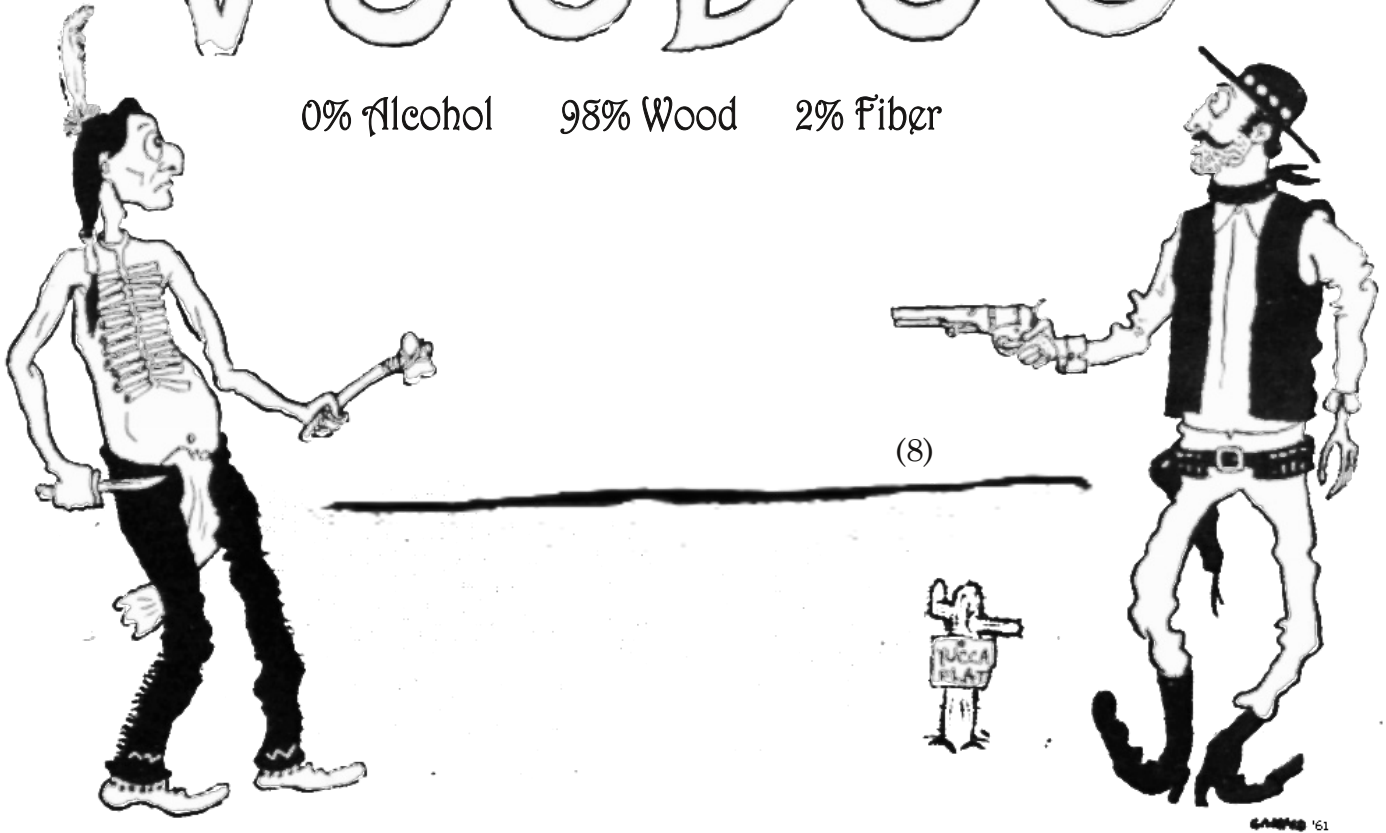
Hanging at the museum



enjoy the smooth smell of fine tobaccos

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Outstanding —
and they
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Smell like you're
on the verge of
lung cancer
without any of
the side effects!

For My Next Trick...



Dear Phos...

Dear Phos,

I am the senior vice president at The Tech Creative Studios, the masterminds behind student culture icon The Tech™. I am writing to ask if any members of Voo Doo's staff have information regarding the recent theft of thousands of copies of The Tech™ near the end of the F17 semester. Many team members at The Tech™ believe that it is an[sic] grand injustice that someone has ripped the First Amendment away from the pens of MIT's finest journalists. Rumor has it that certain members of the administration, who we have reasons to believe are androids controlled by the almighty FaceBook, were autonomously sent by the Zuck to remove the papers which held the words "Generic Tech COO..." We don't know why, but apparently, this sparked some controversy on campus. Why would they do this Phos?

Always writing,
Escribe Wantos

Dear Escribe,

I'm onto you. That's right, no matter how much you and your cohorts try to spin this whole "theft" narrative, just know that I can see right through all your lies. Theft. Censorship. Generic Tech COO. Please, give me a break, wouldya? Admit it: this was all a false flag operation carefully orchestrated by members of the Tech to get the community to sympathize with them. How else can you explain the sudden disappearance of their papers all over campus? Then, while the community is busy scratching their heads about the situation, the Tech drops a joke issue a week later. I'm not the one connecting the dots; they connect themselves. The Tech purposefully let their commencement speaker template be printed in order to spark some controversy, and soon after, they stole copies of their own newspaper in order to get the public on their side. That way, when their joke issue was distributed a week later, people would find it funny out of pity. It's an open-and-shut case. What baffles me is that all the effort put in trying to trick your readers could

have been put into good use by making actual funny content in your joke issue, thereby avoiding all the unnecessary drama. But, that's just my two cents.

Your fuzzy friend,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

Why in the hell is the Infinite always congested? Like, honestly, everytime I find myself on campus, like, there's always these damn tourists clogging up the hallway. Don't they know that MIT students are more important than their stupid photos. Like, they can just find ones better than theirs online. Like, one time, I was walking to my 8.02 lecture, but I got pissed off, so I had to maneuver gracefully around them like a figure skater so I wouldn't be late. Can you, like, fix this?

Totally not beating a dead horse,
Viagra Falls

Dear Viagra,

It's "Can you, like, fix this, O' venerable Phosphorous." Fixed it for you. All joking aside, I'm not sure if you're aware of this, but it is winter, so it's perfectly understandable for the Infinite to get a sinus infection. Fret not, Viagra, for I have a cunning plan. I'll go talk to my old buddies in Facilities and ask if they can set up saline hydrants along the corridor. These will be available for use by any MIT student and faculty member, so if you see any tourists, parents, or even prospective high school students, head over to one of these saline hydrants, and spray them with the hose. That way everyone can finally have the experience of an MIT education by drinking from a saline hose.

Ach(tung)-choo!

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

I'm stuck in MIT for all of IAP because of a class my advisor forced me to take, and wouldn't you know it? I got sick. I've tried everything from cough syrup to questionable under-the-counter medicine. My friends tell me that laughter is the best medicine and suggested I read some of your recent issues. Can you please send them my way at [redacted]?

Painfully yours,
Jenna Tools

Dear Tools,

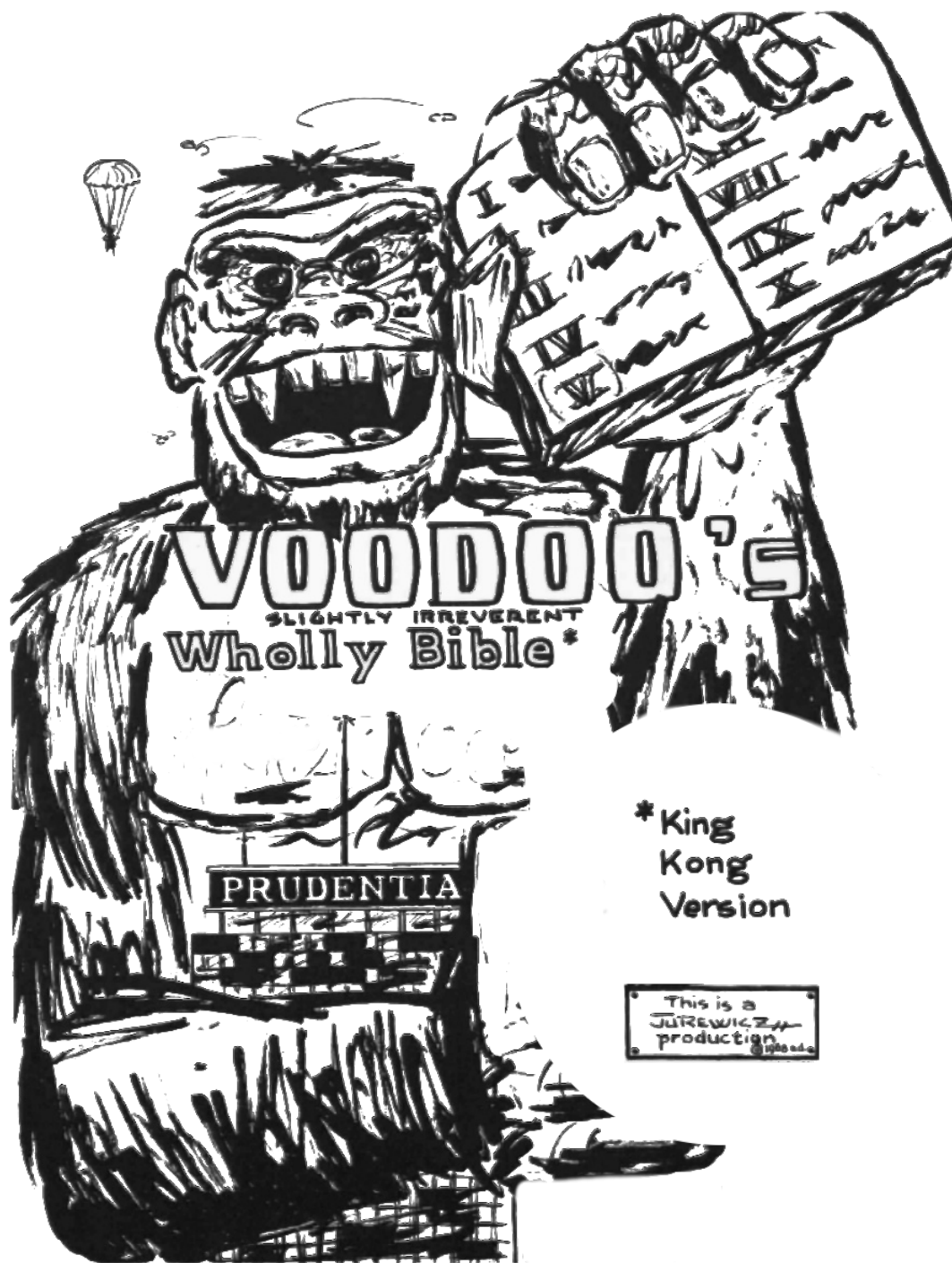
See, we at Voo Doo are not about that comedic lifestyle anymore. We used to create issues under the assumption that our jokes can relieve some pain students are feeling during finals, but recent studies have shown that 50 cc's of morphine, not laughter, is, in fact, the best medicine one can have regardless of their medical situation. As such, I have convinced all the staff members to become pre-meds so that they would be able to meet the needs of the entire MIT community. Instead of our weekly office hours in which we shoot ideas at each other, we will be holding weekly clinics in our office to help students shoot up with plenty of morphine to numb the pain. I assure you, everyone at Voo Doo has taken the Hypocritical Oath, so you are definitely in good hands.

Ahhh now that's the stuff,

phos

Phos





Preorder Today!

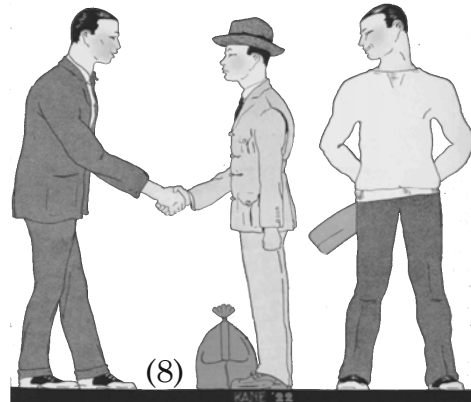
MIT Physicists Spot Plot Holes In Latest Star Wars Film Cluster

While everyone was out and about being full of merry and mirth during the winter holidays, scientists at MIT were hard at work trying to confirm the existence of plot holes in the recently discovered Star Wars film cluster. The evidence for plot holes came tumbling after JEDI, the Justification of Entertainment Despite Incompetence, detected the long-sought-after Disney waves. These waves carry a manufactured plot and lame humor away from a cataclysmic film in a distant theater. Physicists have concluded that the detected Disney waves were produced in the final fraction of a second of the merger of several plot holes to produce a single massive failure. This confirms a major prediction of Eisenstein's 1915 general theory of narrative cinema and opens a new window into the possibility of detecting disastrous movies while they are being made—and could possibly stop them before it's too late.

According to the general theory of narrative cinema, a plot hole is a part of the film that exhibits such strong story-distorting effects that nothing—not even die-hard fanatics—can deny its absurdity. The part of a scene that contains the gap in the story is known as the frame horizon. Plot holes were once thought to be mere pathological solutions to Eisenstein's dialectic, but physicists have been scouring film clusters for decades to locate them. Film clusters are filled with scenes strewn across the film reel of spacetime. As you observe a scene in the film cluster, a sequence of events will play out. However, any inconsistencies in the storyline will cause the logic in the scene to inevitably collapse in upon itself and form a plot hole.

While the theoretical existence of plot holes in film clusters has long been accepted by most of the MIT community, no one really knows what happens when one gets close to such a bizarre object. The extreme curvature of realism and logic surrounding a plot hole leads to some of the most confusing predictions of general narrative theory. This field is not easy to understand, but Professor Ben Swolo, a leading expert in plot holes, helped us form a few easy-to-follow thought experiments and analogies to help visualize and understand the theory at play in the Star Wars plot holes.

We propose a thought experiment with two reference frames: a static, external observer viewing the film cluster at a fixed seat, and another observer carefully analyzing each scene intently down to its *mise-en-scène*. The observer studying the scene carries a clock and communicates with the external observer by messaging him at equally spaced times through an online forum. When a scene is riddled with illogical events, it will eventually pass the frame horizon, revealing the plot hole it was trying to hide. The signals coming from the observer scrutinizing every detail of the scene will arrive at increasingly longer intervals, prompting the distant observer to grow impatient on Reddit and rant about the infamous Mary Poppins scene. The observer passing the frame horizon slowly realizes that the scene reveals the Star Wars film cluster to be unconventional in its deconstruction of the film saga and its rejection of Joseph Campbell-inspired hero journeys. However, as the observer tries to message their partner about the film cluster's fascinating themes, they find that their signal is infinitely redshifted and, thus, cannot reach their irate partner. They are able to look past the discrepancies plaguing the scene and look at a film cluster that challenges its observers to let go of the past, just as they are ready to let go of their life. They



Don't worry, we've got your back.

promptly fall into the plot hole's singularity, giving themselves over to the Dark Side, while everyone else will continue to hate the film cluster.

Luckily, there is a simpler, much more conceptual way to think about this, which is essentially equivalent. Imagine you're riding in a kayak heading straight for a waterfall. As you go over the edge, your life flashes before your eyes in some sort of half-fear, half-adrenaline induced manic fit that ends up resurfacing all sorts of depraved, blocked-out corners of your memory—like, oh I don't know, that one time you visited your uncle Jim-Bob's cabin located creepily deep into woods. You were so young back then, so innocent. You remember after you were forced to enjoy some so-called "family bonding" over splitting logs for the fire you were desperate for anything to save this lame-ass family camping trip. You headed inside the cabin to find some marshmallows for s'mores, where, in fairly short order, you manage to stumble ass-over-tit on the handle to some archaic trap door you had somehow never noticed jutting out of the floor. You tried to resist the temptation, but decided out of sight of your uncle, you give the handle a good pull and descend into the cabin's basement where you didn't find any marshmallows, but you did find yourself in the middle a dingy—fortunately vacant—sex dungeon. Horrified, you slowly turned back towards the steps only to see your uncle standing in front of the bottom step with this sort of brazened, crazed look in his eyes and ax in-hand. Then—BAM! Your kayak hits the bottom of the waterfall in a massive explosion, thus simulating the experience of falling into a singularity.

Though it has only been weeks since the discovery of plot holes in the newest Star Wars film cluster, its impact on the MIT community has certainly been divisive to say the least. Many physicists, as well as astronomers, who stare intently through their telescopes at every new Star Wars film cluster continue to deny the existence of plot holes, for they claim they cannot physically exist. Even Eisenstein rejected their existence, explaining that Soviet Montage Theory's use of discontinuous editing can account for the singularities. However, with the detection of Disney waves, it appears the existence of plot holes has been confirmed. It may not happen until the next Star Wars film cluster is discovered, but the MIT community will eventually have to concede to the notion that the clusters are not without their singularities.

After Success of Pilot Program, MindHeartHandjob Moves Forward With Trees

The MIT MindHeartHandjob office announced this week that its innovative program to bring new green spaces to campus was “green lighted” by the administration, following the success of its pilot program in December.

Our readers will probably remember the pilot program, which featured a lawn covering the first floor of the student center, with confusion. We certainly were confused. The program, while illogical by any reasonable standards, is being hyped by MindHeartHandjob:

“We hope that this program will convince students to stop thinking that the grass is greener on the other side of The Charles, and give our community the chance to enjoy nature and each others company.” says program student partner Mary Jane Lewis '18 in Course 20, “especially now that winter is here, we hope we can brighten your day with green grass and flora.”

While the official announcement will not be released to the MIT community until next week, a source in MindHeartHandjob provided us with an advance copy of the release. According to the document, the program has 3 primary goals:

1. Fostering Community Interactions

Because nothing brings a community together like indoor grass. We assume that the initial roll out will bring spectators en masse, since who wouldn't want to witness such a bizarre change to the inside of a building. We are unsure, however, whether any lasting “bonding” will follow when the new installations are inevitably overrun with tourists.

2. Mental Health Improvements

Ms. Lewis tells us that the program, which is partially funded by MIT Medical, is meant to help bolster the mental health of the MIT community. “There are so many health benefits of spending time in nature!” Ms. Lewis said, replying to our followup email, “Green time' has been shown to improve mood, reduce stress, and lessen the affects of bad situations.” Given the high rate of depression at MIT, we really hope to make a big positive impact on our peers! I mean, who could feel depressed while sitting under a huge indoor tree, smelling flowers, and listening to the sounds of their friends nearby?” Well, we're not sure about that (we're allergic to flowers and to “fun”), but given how overbooked and understaffed MIT Mental Health is (they've recently hired 3 new “psychics” since there were no “psychologists” who wanted counseling positions), they need all the help they can get.

3. Combating Climate Change Impacts

Everyone is feeling the tightening grip of climate change this year, from the massive storms, to our slightly-colder-than-normal December, and we all know that it's definitely not going to get any better any time soon. Given this, MIT President Raphael "TMNT" Reif has announced that MIT should begin to climate-proof itself. Ms. Lewis tells us that this program has the president's approval as a step towards this goal. “Think of it,” she says, “Indoor nature! Even under unrelenting climate change with hotter summers and colder winters, MIT students need not worry! They'll be able to enjoy their own little bit of the outside world without having to leave the blissfully climate-controlled interior of our great institution.”



The press release also included a rough timeline of the planned expansion. The program will begin by turfing all 5 floors of the Infinite and creating treed spaces in Lobbies 7 and 10. It also hopes to get student groups involved in creating a community garden in Lobby 13. It will then expand to the rest of the main group, before expanding to the 30s and other building further west of Mass Ave. on a TBD basis. Ms. Lewis assures us that the interruptions to ordinary life and traffic flow will be “minimal” and that the Infinite Corridor will be closed for “only two weeks, max.” When asked whether she thought turfing the most heavily-trafficked hallway on campus was wise, Ms. Lewis assured us that the Institute was planning on retraining the current facilities staff in charge of nightly floor waxing to mow and care for lawns, replacing their floor-cleaning “zambonis” with ride-on lawn mowers.

But not everyone is happy with this new program; the MIT chapter of PETA, in combination with FossilFreeMIT has been protesting against certain aspects of the program. They see the rules continuing to ban animals in indoor spaces as “unjust.” As rumour of the program spread, they petitioned MindHeartHandjob to help relocate the MIT rabbits and squirrels to the new indoor green spaces, but were denied on the grounds that wildlife would be disruptive and unsanitary. “It's just not fair,” PETA chapter president Mindy Luo told us, “why should the poor bunnies be left outside to face the realities of climate change alone? We caused their suffering and we should aid these helpless creatures.” FossilFreeMIT added in a statement that while they were glad President Reif and MindHeartHandjob acknowledge climate change, they were less pleased that the proposed solution was “a complete abandonment of the natural world in favor of this artificial recreation” and continued their calls for MIT to stop accepting blood-money from climate-destroyers.

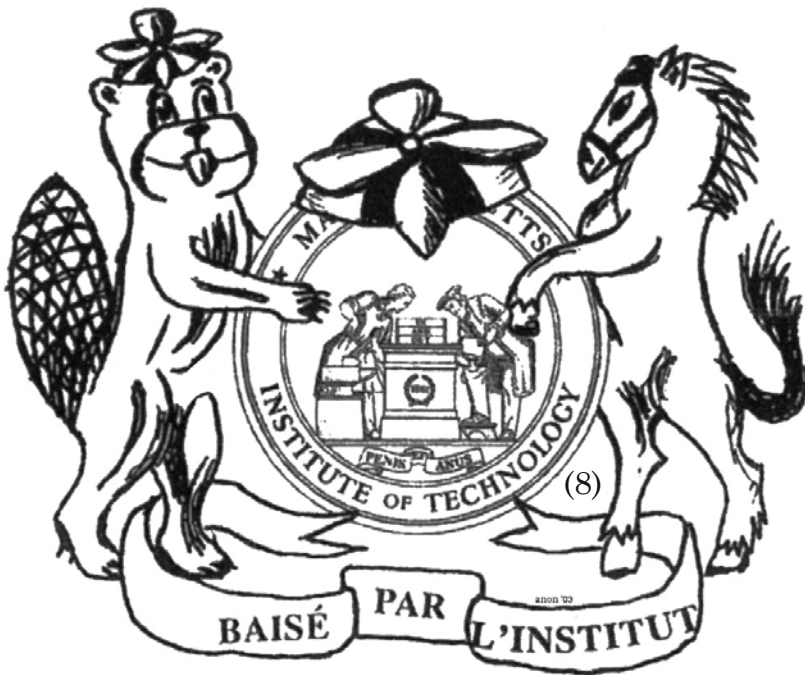
Porno Shoppe Opens In Stud As LaVerde's Moves To Replace Star Market

After years of serving the MIT community, Star Market, the grocery store hiding behind Random Hall, is closing its doors in early February. This is unfortunate news for students who live in cook-for-yourself communities and depend on produce sold in Star Market, for even if they are terrible cooks, at least the food they prepare are better than residential dining options.

With the closing of MacGregor Convenience and the shortening of hours at LaVerdes. things

become a retail store that sells marijuana for recreational use.

In order to put these rumors to rest, Vice-President Didgeridoo Gooder told the community via email that a video rental shop akin to Hollywood Video will be replacing LaVerde's at the end of IAP. It was also revealed that the store will only contain hardcore pornographic films in the interest of meeting student needs.



A little back-breaking work and you'll make your mascots proud!

are not looking up for students. However, in a recent turn of events, it was announced that LaVerde's will be moving to the site of Star Market as its newest tenant in addition to reverting back to being open 24 hours.

In light of these news, many students are wondering who might be the newest tenant to fill the vacant spot left by LaVerde's. Some speculate it will be turned into a recruitment center to persuade undergrads to work for the Department of Defense. Others believe it will

"On behalf of the MIT community, I welcome the 'Love Your Beaver' store with open arms," says Gooder in a recent Voo Doo interview. "We used to have a Newbury Comics in the Student Center back then, but they left after a failed attempt at producing a 'Tim the Beaver' comic book. Then there was LaVerde's, which was like 7/11 without the hassle of having Nostradamus asking to bum a cigarette from you, or at least some guy claiming to be him. With this trend of tenants trying to improve student convenience, it was inevitable that an adult video store would open in the Student Center."

Students have expressed great interest in the video store as it could prove to be beneficial in relieving stress.

"Sometimes I catch myself fetishizing my professors, no matter their gender or age," says P. Dophile '19. "When I try to practice onanism, I find it difficult to get my 8.02 professor out of my head, but with the arrival of the porno store, I think I'll be plenty satisfied with 'Slutty TA Bukkakes 4.'"

As far as LaVerde's is concerned, MIT will be providing free shuttles to its new location, though students are expected to catch the shuttles themselves as they have a low encounter rate in the wild.

Look At This Lonely Clown!



MIT to Become Smoke Free, Barnhart Says Vaping Better

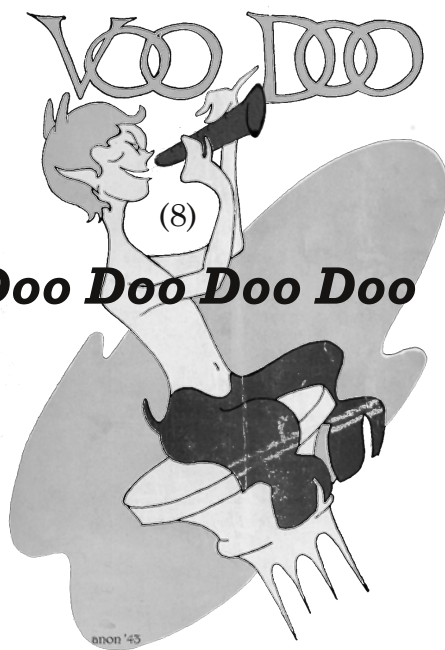
In a surprise announcement last Tuesday, MIT Administration revealed their plan to “phase out” smokers on campus. This announcement came as a reeling shock to the community, who were neither warned of this change nor included in discussing it. While the DSL decided earlier this fall to phase out smoking in the few undergraduate dorms that still allowed it, students were assured that there was no wider plan to make MIT a smoke-free campus. In response to allegations of once again going against promises to the students, MIT Chancellor Cynthia Barnhart apologized, but firmly told us that “upon further consideration after our discussion with smoking dorms, we decided that we couldn't in good conscience continue to allow smoking anywhere else on the MIT campus either.”

The Chancellor assured us that her concerns “are solely for the health of our students and our community. Smoking is bad for your health! We phased out dorm smoking to help protect both our students who need to quit, and our students who could experience second-hand-smoking effects. Since this problem isn't limited to dormitories, obviously we had to take action elsewhere. We hope to provide the incentive needed for students to quit smoking by removing all the locations where they can smoke.”

It is unclear how this decision will be taken by the smoker population of MIT, which includes undergraduates, graduate students, faculty, and

staff, though we are certain that it is not sitting well with all. Already, a petition is circulating email lists across the Institute, calling for the administration to reconsider this ban and its impacts on the MIT community.

“This is unacceptable,” one comment read, “How can MIT



think it is ok for it to try to control our behavior so brazenly!?”

“As a 20+ year smoker, I don't think I will be able to respect this ban,” said another, “I haven't quit yet and I am sure as hell not planning to now.”

In response to the petition, the Chancellor's Office offered an official email further explaining their motives and process.

“... We know that change is hard, and that addiction is a terribly

difficult process to halt, but with this ban we only hope to lift our peers out of the dark state of drug addiction. We want to be there for them every step of the way. We are not trying parent our students. We just know that quitting smoking is what's best for them, even though they can't see that through their addiction.”

The email went on to address that DSL and the administration is aware smoking addiction is much more prevalent for people from disadvantaged backgrounds and those with additional mental health concerns, and plans to “take steps to ensure the health and happiness of all our students as we move forward with this process.”

The email finished with a surprise endorsement by Barnhart:

“While I'm sure the smoking ban will cause some in our community momentary uncertainty, I would just like to let everyone know that 'e-cigarettes' are still totally permissible under this new policy. It was recently brought to my attention that these new devices are wonderful for helping those who smoke to quit, and that there are next-to-no recognized health risks associated with them! I support students who wish to switch to vaping and we will be instituting a new program at MIT Medical to provide e-cigarettes to student smokers. #vapenation”

Barnhart was later found vaping in Presidents Court, but declined to further comment on this story.

The Bitch Who Guilt-Tripped Me

After months and months of complete and utter hell, the semester was finally over, and it was time to go home. Many times I had wondered whether or not I would survive, as some nights the psets and studying seemed to never end. Going home felt like nothing else, seeing my friends, my family, but most importantly my dog. Everything was right with the world, except for one thing: the bitch who kept guilt-tripping me.

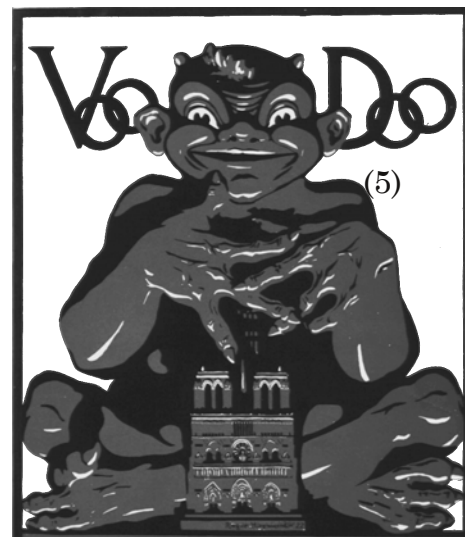
It all started on Christmas Eve service at the local Episcopalian church. My grandparents had driven into town and were very excited to thank God for Jesus' birth or death or whatever the fuck happened on December 24th, o B.C. The way I saw it, I just had to sit through this hour of service before I could go home and sneak a joint in the bathroom, make some drinks, maybe a margarita, and watch The Eric Andre Show. That's the good shit. Anyway, I don't remember when it happened or what the priest was talking about, maybe it was God impregnating Mary, I don't know, but all of a sudden, I felt an old, clammy hand on my arm. It was my grandma, who looked into my eyes as she said, "Oh, Gonzo, won't you sing these songs with me like when you were a little boy?" Well, no, I had no intention of singing that night; I was tired and still recovering from the semester and sure as hell ready to go home. Sure, I enjoyed singing Joy to the World and all that jazz when I was a child, but now I'm, like, a very stable adult and not about that life anymore. So, I looked over to her, and as nicely

as possible I told her, "No, I'm not in the mood, sorry." You would have thunk that that would have worked, but there was one thing I forgot: this was my fucking grandmother. Of course, it didn't work... Almost immediately, as if rehearsed, her eyes started to swell up and tears started forming. "Oh, but you would just love to sing. Please, please sing with your grandma, you'd make me very happy". I wasn't going to fall for it, not this time. I knew what she was doing, the game she was playing, so I just kept on and said no again. Sure, it made her sad, sorta made me feel bad, but it didn't matter, I just had to get through the rest of the service.

After that, things were fine. Christmas came, got air fresheners and shit. That was dope because my room smells pretty bad, and I'm tryna get cuffed. Pretty soon it was about time for the relatives who were visiting to leave, about damn time. Everything was going to plan and set, but then it soon came time for my grandparents to leave. You see, my grandma has this dope car that she let me use throughout the break, and she wanted this thing filled up before they left the next morning, which was chill so I was gonna do it later when I went to Whataburger to get a godly Honey Butter Chicken Biscuit, which is available at 11pm. It's 8pm now, so I'm chilling, playing League, minding my own business, and pretty soon I hear a shrieking yell. It turned out that my grandma wanted me to fill the gas. NOW. I'm like "Nah, I'll do it later," and she keeps bitching, and I'm like

"Omg, wtf, like it'll be done," and she's like "I wanna sleep" blah blah blah, and then she, like, goes on a rant and is crying and freaking out. My mom comes out of the kitchen and is like "Apologize!" and I'm like "Ok, sorry for saying fuck" and then my grandma starts crying again, saying I disrespected her, and she was like "I knew you weren't going to do it and I don't know when I'm going to see you again." Tears streamed down her face as she expertly played the guilt trip card about death. At this point, I'm furious, but I call her out on it right then and there. My mom forced me to apologize again, and my grandma just cried, and I stood there awkwardly until I ran back to my room and fell asleep. I woke up the next morning to find that my grandparents had gone. I'm happy.

And that's the story of the bitch who guilt-tripped me.



The alchemist, before rabbits ate his flesh

Scientists Discover Source of Female Ejaculation

Anectoda '21 swears to the efficacy of the phenomenon, but one aspect of female ejaculation has long stumped armchair anatomists: Where does it cum from? Surely, critics critique, the luscious liquids to which they nonetheless jerk it must originate from somewhere, but there is no sac sufficient to harbor the dewey goodness of the feminine fun place. Some studies claim chemical evidence that the substance must originate in the bladder, but equally convincing charts show it does not.

So, who is right? To answer this question, Principal Investigator Jaime N. Broke at Southwater University swore to search every crevice and leave no possibility unexplored as he cross-referenced each scrap of evidence in the largest secondary research investigation into the matter to date. "What we found was astounding," he reports. "From the beginning we tried to understand the difference between gifted gushers and aspiring, but barren founts, but at first we came up dry." Finally, the pleasant professor compared the reported diets of those who did and did not exhibit the teeming phenotype. "As it turns out, those that produced female ejaculate all had one thing in common. They regularly consumed moderate to high quantities of a specific refreshment: Snapple."

Not to be confused with Squirt, Snapple, currently owned by the Dr Pepper Snapple Group, has enjoyed a loyal following, largely female. As it so happens, the population of Snappers overlaps almost perfectly with squirts. "I almost missed it," confesses Jaime N., "I thought I made a mistake drawing the Venn diagram because there was only one circle. The outline was purple, however, and I remembered that I had lost my purple crayon trying to color in the g-spot on one of my test subjects, so I must have used the blue and red crayons, which represented those two groups." Not only did consumption of the beverage increase production of the jubilant juices, it also stimulated the formation of a mysterious sulcus for it to hide it. "It's fascinating, truly fascinating.



A week's supply of blush

The reservoir presents as an indent in the vagina, but it is in constant motion, whipping around the birth canal like a bug in a rug. No wonder no one found it before. It's like trying to play Whac-A-Mole with an MRI."

We at Voo Doo wondered if expelled volume correlated with the amount imbibed by snappers, or if there were greater genetic factors at play. We turned to Dr. Fender Bender, the expert on expulsion, for the answer. "Absolutely it's 100% environmental," says Dr. Bender. "You see some videos online of ladies soaking bedsheets, and these aren't fakes and they're not genetic anomalies. They are simply the most basic of the bitches, unable to resist the alluring flavors offered by the Snapple Beverage Company, using it to fuel their sexual energies until they themselves snapple, and snapple, and snapple."

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POOPLETS

sophomoric at best: a hodgepodge of trivia



issue nil — $\exp(i*\pi) = -1$ — QED — ten seconds to liftoff — 42.3601° N, 71.0942° W — get high, april 20, 1889

i was completely entrenched in the old, sort of dark rusty red bricks of the back bay buildings of which only the very bottoms were visible in the soft, yellow illumination of buzzing sodium street lights. it is not often that i venture further south than the cambridge-side shores of the charles, but the allure of abundant, free alcohol and a crowded, sweaty dance floor at some boston fraternity party had given me enough reason to throw on a winter coat brave the journey in the scrotum-constricting january cold. i didn't know anybody at the frat, but i was compelled to visit by some sort of desperate attraction to potential good times over which i find myself with very little actual rational control. this isn't a behavior with which i really see as an issue, but the fact of me not knowing anyone at the frat led to my inevitable kicking-to-the-curb when the proverbial "get the fuck out time" came, and now i'm left in the dark, frigid streets of back bay to contemplate my behavior and take progressive steps on the return path to campus where there's at least a warm bed and a toilet where i can throw up in dignity should it come to that point—which based on the current uneasy, twisting motions my feet are subconsciously making with each step, is a non-negligible possibility. i made sure to come with a full of sweat potatoes and pears, my rate of alcohol intake was limited with the repeated, religious use of the timer on my cell phone set to thirty minutes, and every hour on the hour a hearty glass of water was ascertained and unabashedly poured down the ol' hatch with a concluding, involuntary belch. these methods had been honed by relentless experimentation, in which the precise methodology and outcome of each night's debauchery and morning hangover was diligently recorded in a master spreadsheet, which by this time must have contained at least a hundred entries, and i am quite proud to say i have reached a precise, repeatable point of equilibrium right on the edge of functionality and blind, blacked-out drunkenness. the only downside to the overall methodology's mix of drinking and aggressive rehydration is an almost consistent urge to urinate which often necessitates periodic visits to the restroom with a frequency i'm embarrassed to admit even to myself. i can feel the urge now, sort of just starting to come on, but at this stage it's little more than a specter of bodily sensation.

in the yellow, flickering lights i could make out the reflective white font of storrow drv and mass ave, where the buildings and gently sloping pavement made way to the abrupt expanse cut between boston and cambridge by the charles. the sidewalk, while shoveled and for the most part clear, was patched with thin puddles of melt that had refrozen sometime during this particularly frigid night that could only be reliably identified from a distance where the street lights reflected obliquely off their smooth polished surfaces. i deliberated on each step, testing my footing by sort of twisting the balls of my feet on the ground to judge the friction before trusting it with my full weight. the charles was immaculately still. the minutia of the boston skyline were reflected undistorted off the surface of the water giving the whole scene a creepy sort of doubled image that i had to convince myself was due to natural conditions rather than alcohol-induced blurred/doubled vision. i might have found the sight beautiful were it not for the fact that wow, i had to fucking piss!

the length of bridge before me seemed to stretch into infinity. i was desperate for some means of relief, which by this point was not looking very likely. the public restrooms in back bay are few and far between especially at this hour of the night, and upon turning around, the bridge extended just as far behind me. this feeling was extreme, worse than pain, filling every sensation, every thought. i began walking forward with a certain vigor typically reserved for frantic dashes to airport gates or exams i was running late for. the ice was still there, but i no longer had the mental faculties to take it into account in my travels. My very purpose for existence shifted to just a single urinal past memorial drv. i felt my feet slip and twist underneath me, but there was no time to even attempt evasive maneuvers. i just sort of swung my arms wildly at odd angles to try and keep my balance as i slid all around the sidewalk, somehow maintaining a brisk but tenuous forward trajectory. that's where i was at, having to build a wall around every step, every second, just to keep myself moving. the stretch of sidewalk before me seemed hopelessly long, but no single step was unmanageable. that's what i told myself. that's what i repeated in my head, amidst discomfort and the holding of my torso in an awkwardly forward

slanting position to avoid even the slightest additional pressure on my bladder: no single step was unmanageable. build a wall. build a wall around every step. i can take this next step without pissing everywhere. and i take this next one too. no step is too much.

i have no memory of the odyssey across the bridge by this point, my thoughts having been completely occupied by the intense clenching of positively everything in my body, but somehow i had made it to memorial drv. where i blatantly disregarded the imposing orangish-red hand on the pedestrian signal. there was no time to even consider safety. without a change of pace, or even a look up the street, i bolted through the crosswalk. fuck shit fuck shit fuck shit fuck shit! i don't think i'm going to make it. no, no step is too much. make it one more step. the sight of the building 1 door on my right was completely fucking unbelievable. was it real? was i just hallucinating? another step. another step. i reached out and grabbed the handle to the door and yanked it ajar with more of a lean of my body weight than a pull from my arm. FUCK FUCK FUCK! Even that tiny diversion of bodily strength let slip a small stream, which took all of my strength and focus to reign in and stop. looking down, i saw a small dark splotch already on the upper thigh of my pants. another step. just another one fucking step! as i walked, i couldn't help but let slip some visceral grunts of equal part physical exertion and panic. JUST ONE MORE FUCKING FUCKED UP STEP! i pulled the bathroom door with more care this time and entered the darkened bathroom. on my step inside, the closing door closed on my lagging foot, a contingency my drunkenness did not allow me to correct for. i stumbled to the floor, padding the impact with my hands enough to avoid a concussion, but not avoiding a vigorous stream from bursting through the denim of my pants. NO! FUCKING NO! i dragged myself with my hands against the linoleum, unable to stand back up or even stop the fire hose that was absolutely soaking everything. the lights in the restroom had been turned off, but i could still see the darkened outline of the urinals. no amount of exertion could stop the stream at this point. i continued to crawl, leaving a clear, slightly acidic trail in my wake, and pulled myself upright on the urinal into a crudely operable position, but it was no use. the entire contents of my bladder were now soaking my pants or in a warm puddle on the restroom floor. it was over. i stared blankly at the shallow water in the bottom of the urinal, dick in hand, consumed by the room's darkness.



Our Founder

