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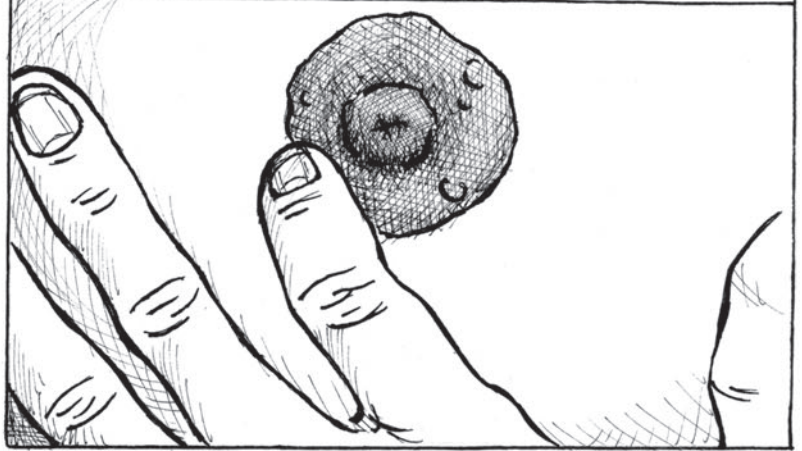
MIT Journal of Humor



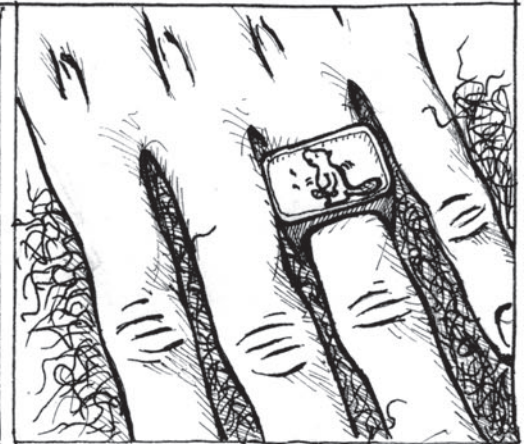
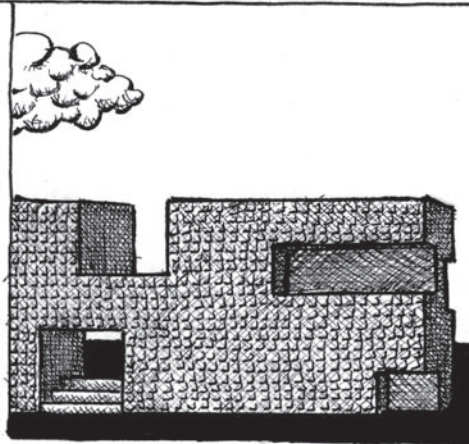
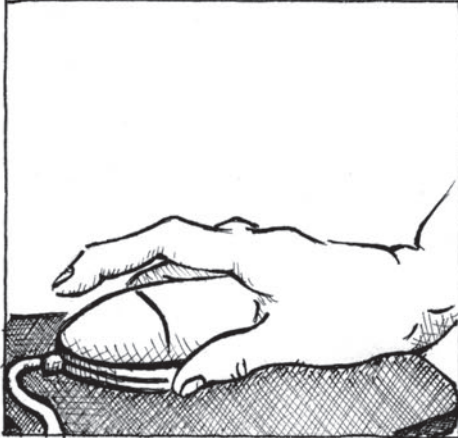
huffhuffhuffhuffhuffhuff



Even though there are thousands of millennials just like me, I am my own elite stroke force.



With WebMail and AOL Instant Messenger in clusters, with TEAL, with hundred million dollar show-pony dormitories, who I am has become more of a wanker than who I was.



And I'll be the first to tell you, the sex drive of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology doesn't just lie in sheer numbers of frustrated fratboys. It lies in me. And you can see my strength.

I am an orgy of one.



In This Keeps Us Out Of Therapy Voo Doo:

Letters To The Editor — page 6

Forget writer's cramp, our readers suffer from writer's rigor mortis. At least, the ones that can write.



The Daily Voo Doo — MIT Renames Itself Harvard — page 8

Voo Doo renames itself 'Apology'.



A Lazy-Ass Ride — page 10

When life hands you limos, make limo-nade. Or more likely, don't do a fucking thing.

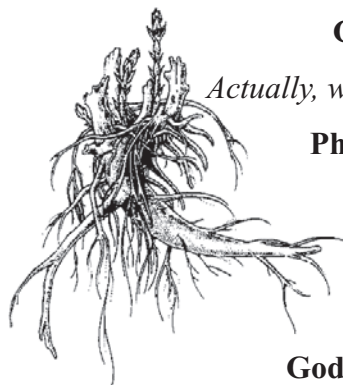
Form 27-D6: Student Authorization To Self-Terminate — page 12

They used to tell you it isn't worth it — now it's just not worth the effort.



George W. Bush In Wishful Thinking — page 13

Actually, we have no idea whether Hostess Fruit Pies give you gas or not.



Phuxor® For Social Serenity Disorder™ — page 14

The first ever drug to feature placebo side effects.

The Passion Of Jesus Christ — page 15

The gospel according to Saint Don't Tell Mommy.



God Vs The Internet, Round 3: Ninja Strike — page 18

When you jerk off to internet porn, you're jerking off with Satan. Use the Bible instead.

The Hobo & Graduate Student Times Classifieds — page 19

What's the difference between a hobo and a grad student? At least a hobo is going somewhere!

Pudenda Fun Page — page 21

Voo Doo's leading lady delivers a monologue that makes Eve Ensler look like a pussy.

A Lost Feynman Lecture: The Real Many-Body Problem — page 22

Overhaul your quirks from strange to charm with Voo Doo's resident quantum mechanic.

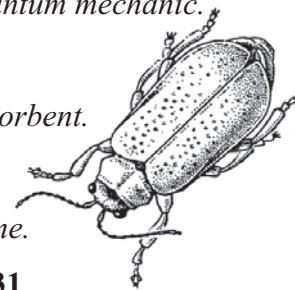
Features From The Tech — page 26

It may still only be single ply, but at least our paper is more absorbent.



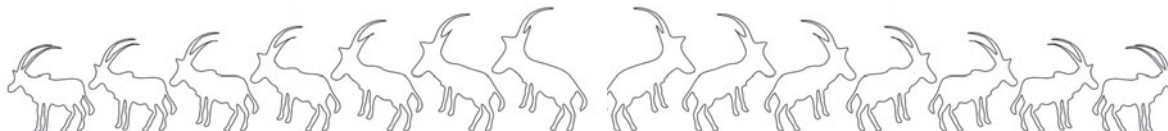
UA Goals Checklist — page 27

See why the student body needs better defense in its end zone.



East Campus Versus The Housing Zombies — page 31

Twinkies: individually wrapped or in packs, the snack you can count on to go straight to your hips.



From the Publisher



Jihadi Jackanapes

Andrew Brooks

Tony Danza Jr.

Kelly Clancy

Don Jamón

Mateusz Malinowski

VCR-Powered Carcass

Grace Kenney

Ginimy Cricket

Blake Brasher

Queen Cannibalism

Mariana Baca

Fastener Selector

Mark Feldmeier

Comic Relief

Jessica Forbess

The Third Peanut

Josh Lifton

Cookie Monster

Cory Lorenz

Publisher

Phosphorus

Contributors

Mariana Baca

Blake Brasher

Andrew Brooks

Mike Brown

Kelly Clancy

Jesse Collins

Sherri Davidoff

Geeta Dayal

Gary Dryfoos

Keith Durand

Mark Feldmeier

Jessica Forbess

Grace Kenney

Josh Lifton

Cory Lorenz

Mateusz Malinowski

Blake Stacey

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Voo Doo Magazine

MIT Room 50-309

77 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02139

voodoo@mit.edu

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Voo Doo (voo'doo) 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. It doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going to get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNobel Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/submissions welcome. 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>

EDITORIAL DISCHARGE

"Hands in the air, this is an alcoholup!"
I was originally planning to dedicate this space to a discussion of the renaming of the Voo Doo editorship. From now on, my job will be known as the Voo Doo 'Hooch Hoodlum', since the main responsibilities of the position now seem to be bribing alumni with gin.

However, in light of events this term I must relegate that important news to a mere footnote. An e-mail advertising a 'Ghetto Party' at E.C. turned into something of an assault on satire by the upper echelons of political correctness on campus. As the only publication on campus that intentionally satirizes things other than itself, this would be a matter of some concern for Voo Doo even if we hadn't already been called in for an informal chat with the Dean for Undergraduate Education after last term's issue. An issue that was, at the risk of tooting our own kazoo, described by some of said Undergraduates Enduring Education as the "best Voo Doo ever" — coincidence? Perhaps...

The Ghetto Party fiasco quickly brewed into a full-blown teacup-monsoon, involving such highlights as the president and vice-president of the UA suggesting that punishment of the students they described as "culpable" should only stop short of full expulsion, and the outgoing president of MIT revealing that his bureaucracy is now so thorough that it has form letters for even this sort of occasion. Naturally, we at Voo Doo couldn't leave this fertile ground alone, no matter how moory and treacherous. It's unsurprising

to note that all of our submissions on this issue essentially poked fun at the 'majority guilt' of the administrative response — not that the hapless students who wrote the e-mail aren't equally deserving of ridicule, but fortunately they were taken care of 'community style' by being presented with pointy white hoods by their hall's holiday mascot, Satan. Hail, Satan! But it does further underline the question of parody's role on a multicultural campus.

Do satirists, even sublety-challenged engineers like ourselves, have a duty to be sensitive to the tone and implications of their material? Of course, but this duty does not obligate them to an exclusive existence of quixotically attacking the seats of power. Don't get me wrong, Voo Doo loves sticking it to The Man — but there's nothing funny in an ivory tower, only a sorry bunch of big white cock jokes. For certain, to see students of MIT's privilege mocking the disenfranchised leaves a sour taste in the mouth, but one doubts that the outcry would have been as vocal if they'd thrown a 'redneck party' — an equivalently poor socioeconomic class, but one in which the race of the members is actually explicit. Satire and open debate give us the opportunity to examine these unbalanced responses, where closed disciplinary proceedings do not. Just remember — Voo Doo may taunt you personally, but the only classes it skewers have numbers. We'd roast 8.02T some more, for example, but we're just waiting for next term when they bring Regis Philbin in to lecture it and the jokes

will write themselves. And especially to those in the administration who've expressed concern, I offer the following sincere apology, courtesy of the troops of goodness at firesofdarkness.com:



To which I can only add, you should see what didn't make it into this issue. Whoo-daddy. Anyway, kick back, relax and enjoy the pretty colors which substitute for humor in this latest rag (for your optimum enjoyment, they have all been selected from the 'funny colors' palette in Photoshop). Hmm... Chuck Vest announces his retirement (or, as we at Voo Doo prefer to term it, "re-engineers himself"), and color returns to campus — coincidence? I think not.



Zoz

Bureaucracy KILLS! Choose life — write for Voo Doo.

Student Life Fee?

DAPER?

CAC?



REX?

Associate Dean for the Dean of Student Deaning?

FLMNOPTZ?

A message from the Church of Technocology.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Now with
25% recycled
communication!

Greetings. My father, Jeff Hogue, was (according to my mom) a staff member at your magazine back when he was at MIT. He was class of 1963. As a sort of curiosity exercise, I was wondering if you could tell me what sort of articles and activities he was up to back then. Thank you for your time.

Brian H.

Dear Brian,

Unfortunately, even if we had Voo Doo staffers around from the 60s to ask, we're pretty sure that they wouldn't be able to remember a single thing about those years. I mean, not only was it the goddamn 60s, but Voo Doo itself is far from just a magazine — it's an all-consuming odyssey of political subterfuge, biochemical self-manipulation and back-alley surgical procedures. Anything they would remember would be likely to not be covered by any statute of limitations, for example genocide and other major war crimes, so such hypothetical individuals would probably be unwilling to discuss their activities even in the unlikely event that their memories were sound. We've long since learned from painful experience (three previous Voo Doo treasurers disappeared under mysterious circumstances after looking too closely at our Global Destabilization Account) not to ask our 90s alumni what they got up to, and I'm pretty sure all they really did was supply North Korean dictator Kim Il-Jong with ridiculous sunglasses and just the tiniest amount of advanced nuclear weapons technology, hardly worth mentioning really. My best advice to you is to ask your mother how often (and with whom) Henry Kissinger used to drop by their house in the years after your father's graduation, and perhaps to look for some 60s issues of Voo Doo on eBay (they show up from time to time) to get clues as to his true involvements.

Good luck and don't talk to any reporters.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

Has this really been happening? Has a group of students really been going around protesting a party e-mail with a "We're Offended" sign? Now, you see, if so, these are the kids who are running the whole damn country.

The people who are ready and willing to complain about the actions of others, even when said actions don't actually directly affect them. The people who write their congressmen and say "I don't like it when people I don't know sodomize each other" or "I am offended by the smell of cigarette smoke." Too bad no organized protests ever took place when, say, the 'student life' fee was implemented, or when the Coffeehouse was closed, or when the Au Bon Pain in Kendall Square was converted from a café into a cafeteria.

Anyway, you kids should make your own "We're Offended" signs and go set up next to them. Or make signs that say "We Like Tacos" or some shit.

William E. Idol '02

Dear William,

We at Voo Doo firmly believe that you get out of your college experience what you put in. The most obvious example of this is bulimia. But be that as it may, it is up to every student to decide how he or she is going to make a contribution. Some may choose to throw parties, write humor and otherwise attempt to brighten their fellow students' lot. Others, however, donate their time and energy to providing complaints about the first bunch. It's an essential part of American society, and if you don't like it you must be one of those dangerous foreign petroleums the Bush administration keeps warning us about. Your examples illustrate an interesting point, however: some people would simply rather be offended than have a 24-hour coffeehouse or a couple of hundred extra bucks — they'd probably just waste it on dominatrix fees or ecstasy suppositories or something like that anyway. So we at Voo Doo do our best to give these people what they want, too — it's just how we choose to contribute. Like a great big circle of love, just not the kind with lots of smelly fucking hippies. Peace, man,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

My life was going nowhere. I hated my computer job, my stocks had lost all their value, my penis was too small, and my wife had recently left me for a colourful muppet. I was seriously considering taking my own

life. But then the guy in the cubicle next to me at work introduced me to your magazine. I can not believe how much my life has changed since then! The dog no longer pisses on my face when I sleep, babies don't burst into tears when I walk by, my penis has grown three inches, and the company I work for just replaced every computer monkey except for me with erotic dancers — now instead of sitting at a computer all day I sit in a hot tub and order them around, making them fondle each other for hours while I make my favourite of the day lick my asshole and my previous favourite suck my dick. Last night my wife came back home, and she brought the colourful muppet's head with her. It was full of cocaine! At least two kilos!

Thanks to your magazine I have become a terminal drug abusing sex addict and I couldn't be happier.

Yours Truly,

A Fresh Convert

Dear Convert,

If we had a dime for every time we receive a letter like this, the Voo Doo Swiss bank account would have more in it than a deposit box full of gold teeth. It's not what you think — they're actually from our Alzheimers-ridden great-aunt Wilhelmina, who's been in so many bar fights we used to call her "Auntie Bling-mouth" when we were kids. But in recent years whenever we'd go around to her place to extract one to print the issue, she'd get confused and think she was still a 20-year-old whore in the streets of Pittsburgh, and start undressing. A bad scene all around, so we just extracted them all and banked them for safe keeping. Next time, enclose a dime or we'll come around and see what your orthodontic work is worth.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

In light of the "Ghetto Party" controversy, it behooves us to comment on the dumb asses who started that whole thing, who still don't get the One Major Rule of Humor in University Life:

WHITE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO MAKE FUN OF BLACK PEOPLE.

It's just Not Allowed, and it's officially Not Funny. People who are totally for free speech in any other form (academics who would allow a sophomore to publish working plans for how to build an ANTHRAX BOMB with materials available at Home Depot) just completely freeze up on this issue.

This is not to imply that White People are getting the short end of the stick. While it is acceptable for pretty much anybody to make fun of White People In General, as soon as you break them up into smaller classes, the same rules begin to apply: Non-Armenians are not allowed to make fun of Armenians, Non-Welsh are not allowed to make fun of the Welsh, and so forth. (However, for some reason this rule appears not to apply to Swedes, Australians, or of course, the French.)

For bright college students to step into this Bear Trap of Sensitivity year after year is almost embarrassing. What's the point of all the SENSITIVITY TRAINING that has completely replaced all the RO WEEK lobsters, prime-rib, caviar, whiskey, and hookers at the frats? Isn't it supposed to at least cover these very few simple basic points:

1) IF YOU'RE WHITE, DON'T MAKE FUN OF BLACK PEOPLE.

2) DON'T RAPE ANYBODY. If you fuck someone who is nearly passed-out drunk, that counts as rape. If you fuck someone who has been drinking at all, that counts as "nearly-passed out drunk". If you find someone who is sober, but they are actually willing to fuck you, that counts as "has been drinking".

3) ACTUALLY, DON'T MAKE FUN OF ANYBODY, ever. No matter what racial/ethnic/religious groups either of you may be of, in, or from.

THEREFORE, as your attorney I recommend that Voo Doo assemble the most widely ethnic/religious/racial diverse writing staff possible on campus. That way, no matter who writes a particular piece, all Voo Doo items that make fun of any racial/religious/ethnic group (or the social habits of some fraction thereof) can be publicly by-lined by the ethnically-appropriate author.

Yours,

Voo Doo Legal

Dear Ambulance Chasing Team,

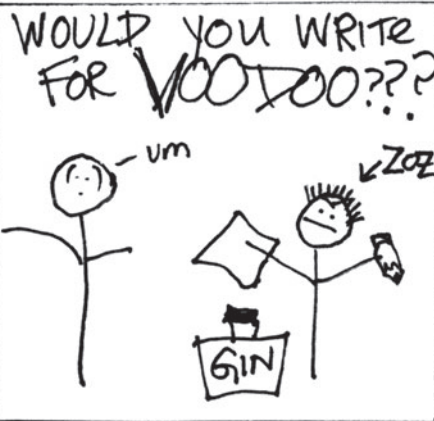
Once again we thank you for your timely advice. Although it is commonly believed that Voo Doo's staff is as white as the ace of baby seal clubs, we are actually quite a diverse group, including representatives of every continent as well as aliens and gin-powered robots. However, given these troubled times, we are taking your message to heart and attempting to increase our diversity by collecting multiple special interest group stereotypes within each new staff member. We had to pause briefly to double up on self-loathing Catholics for this issue, but we hope to soon lure a homosexual Jews-for-Jesus Kalahari bushman over from Counterpoint — expect our Spring issue to feature movie spoof "The Gods Must Be Crazy About Bargain-Priced Amyl Nitrate, Amen". Talk to you again soon,

Phos

Please address all correspondence to:

Phosphorus Cat, Voo Doo Magazine
77 Massachusetts Avenue, Room 50-309
Cambridge MA 02139
USA

BLAKE





MIT Renames Itself "Harvard"

As MIT's reputation as a temple of science and engineering has steadily sagged, the Institute has gone on a new mission. Fearful that it is losing healthy, well-rounded Millennials to the Ivy League, MIT has adopted a new credo: *'Veritas et Manus'*. Summarizing the lengthy and expensive design process that resulted in the updated motto, a delighted MIT Dean said, "I don't know what *'Veritas'* means, but if Harvard has it, so can we!"

MIT President Charles Vest could not initially be reached for comment, but eventually was found in his office at the dead of night with a pile of magic markers, trying to "make the MIT logo look more crimson," he explained. "Maybe if we become Harvard, Pinker will come back," Vest said, sobbing uncontrollably. "I tried everything

to keep him. I even offered him Becky as a sex-slave! Stevie, come home, Daddy wants you back!" he yelled into the empty room, as tears streamed down his face.

New Thrust Packs A Wallet

Now resorting to bragging about sketchy *US News and World Report* rankings in an attempt to look 'hip', MIT has found itself in a difficult state of affairs. Faced with the lowest turnout of young alumni donations ever, MIT is reinventing its image — continuing the process of weeding out anything from MIT that may have made it unique and different, and transforming it into yet another low-wattage Ivy League liberal arts school. "At MIT, you can take classes in the arts too," wheedled Philip Khoury, Dean of HASS, popularly known as "ASS" by un-

dergraduates in the know. "We offer plenty of diversions from the hard-core financial mathematics and golf physics you'll otherwise be concentrating on in your undergraduate Sloan major."

New students at MIT have a variety of goals for their studies. "I came to MIT to design new Nokia cell phones," said incoming freshman Jane Dittohead '05, a lacrosse player with a winning smile. "I just love this MIT place, but I just wish it wasn't... you know... so nerdy and weird?" Incoming freshman Joe Blankface chimed in, "I am interested in leveraging my MIT experience as a strategic step to a lucrative career as an investment banker," he said while recalculating his GPA on his Palm Pilot.

Continued on next page

Institute Unveils New Diversity Mascot

Part of MIT's crusade to "re-engineer" its image to be more in line with focus group norms has been to release a series of new "graphic identities". A short time ago, MIT's sports teams were the focus of such a redesign, as the whimsical beaver that graced their logo was replaced by a new, more aggressive beaver illustration. Administrators hailed the "sea change in community sports attitude" wholly consisting of the new emblem.

"At the new MIT, style defines substance," said Dean of Undergraduate Education Robert P. Redwine. "Now that we have a more violent sports mascot, that means our teams are doing, I don't know, like a million percent better on the playing field. At least as far as we know — we weren't able to find anyone who'd ever attended an MIT sporting event to ask them."

"Crying is a sport, right?" continued Redwine. "I'm pretty sure we won the super bowl in that right after the new sports mascot came out, at least in the alumni division."

In line with these initiatives, this week yet another beaver makeover was released with great fanfare by MIT President Charles M. Vest. Produced by the Institute's long-time graphic design firm of Honnky, Craquer & Honnky Inc., the new mascot features carefully chosen elements to "connect" with members of the MIT community who are underrepresented minorities, and assuage the guilt of those who are not.

"MIT's collective soul has come under assault in recent days by evil electronic terrorists such as the 'Ghetto Party' e-mail," announced Vest. "The moment I saw that message, I knew it was not talking about six-figure-salaried white people like you and me. No, between those sophomoric lines of ASCII text lurked something darker, and I knew something had to be done. Well, back home in West Virginia when we wanted to sympathise with the plight of underrepresented minorities, we used to



A mascot to last a thousand years? The new diversity beaver — featuring the formerly racially ambiguous animal in minstrel costume — exemplifies the subtlety with which race relations are treated at MIT.

slap on the blackface and have ourselves a 'ho-down' — which isn't what you youngsters these days might think — so

Continued on next page

Freedom out; “Declining Liberty Balance” in

From previous page

Rush, the dearly-held tradition of choice between several unique dormitories and living groups, has been abolished to make way for housing “chance” made via CD-ROM. “I bet on MacGregor based on the three-minute Quicktime movie I watched,” Blankface said. “I could just tell that Baker and I hadn’t achieved synergy. I’m definitely getting a single room, and the social scene there is just so quiet, safe and non-threatening! Not to mention sanitary!”

Dean of Admissions Marilee Jones said she was thrilled about the incoming class. “The old thing they were told was that totally scary thing about how MIT is like taking a drink from a firehose!” Jones said, her hands clasped to her face in shock. “I like to calm them down. I tell them that an MIT educa-

tion is like breastfeeding,” she said. “They shouldn’t get scared — it’ll be just like home, sweetums!”

Lending A Helping Fist

The elimination of choice of any sort is the top item on the agenda of ‘building campus community’. “What we realized is, undergraduates are scared about making choices,” said Chancellor Phillip Clay. “We want to eliminate choice whenever possible, so that they won’t be so frightened.” Clay has already ordered that the divisions between mens’ and womens’ bathrooms be abolished so that the “kiddies won’t get confused when they go pee-pee,” and all freshmen will now be required to take ‘18.00000001: PlayCalculus’, so that “everyone feels like

they have the power to succeed.” No math professors agreed to teach the course, so a motivational speaker has been hired by the MIT administration to lead the lectures. “Unique people — people like you — differentiate themselves,” reads the subject’s entry in the Course Catalog. “We’ll get you psyched to unlock your inner *e^x*. Woo! High five!”

“Kids of today want to feel like they have the wind beneath their wings,” said Jones, while paging through a draft copy of *Chicken Soup for the MIT Student’s Soul*, which will come out in paperback next month through MIT Press. “And we’ll help these kids to succeed, by being the parents they never had.”

Fresh beavers at front of community thrusts

From previous page

that’s what this new mascot is going to help us do as a community.”

Waving his hands next to his face, Vest added, “Mammy!”

In a private interview after the announcement, Vest defended his decisions to redesign the Institute beaver and to pre-empt a free discussion of diversity issues by e-mailing a premature judgement to all of campus. “Minorities depend on us good ol’ administrator boys to take care of their interests for them,” he said. “If I hadn’t fired off a half-cocked cut-and-paste e-mail before public dialogue could commence, why, that would have denied them the kind of ham-

fisted response my administration has become famous for. I consider that practically a civil right.”

Vest stressed that his message was nothing more than his own personal opinion, and shouldn’t be thought of as an attempt to influence campus debate. “Everyone who hasn’t read Tech Talk - and believe me, that’s most of you - knows my views carry absolutely no weight at this Institute,” thundered Vest. “I mean, my decision to house all freshmen on campus was supported by what, maybe three other folks? And one of them was my dog whatshisname... Larry? Becky? Scout. And we still had to bribe him with a

Poochie-Treat to get him on board.”

Vest refused to discuss other diversity issues such as sexism or the need to protect free expression from suppression by special interest groups, saying only that the newly-appointed Dean of Truth was expected to solve all remaining institutional problems with several more politically motivated mascots, culminating in “one mascot to rule them all and in the darkness bind them”. He did not confirm recently leaked plans that the next logo redesign would be for MIT Legal and feature a kneeling beaver begging its parents never, ever to sue the Institute no matter what.

BREAKING NEWS

Bush: “We Are At War With Mideastasia. We Have Always Been At War With Mideastasia”

Massachusetts Misses Point

Marriage Already Gay

Partially Baked Abortion Ban Passes

Catholic Church Sues Michael Jackson

Alleges Infringement Of Digital Molestation

Copyright Act

Israel To Save Money, Import Berlin Wall

Terrorists Win World Series

COMMUNITY NEWS

Housing Director Nilsson Speaks Out

“A Flag Killed My Parents”

IFC Punishes Dormitories For DKE Party

Novartis Stashes Final Batch Of Legendary

Sandoz LSD In NECCO Water Tank

Plans Special Box Of Valentine Hearts For

Those Edgerton House Cry-Babies

British Students Cry Racism Following

“Tea Party” E-Mail

Sidney-Pacific Renamed “Sausage-Prolific”

a Lazy-Ass Ride

This winter, "independent" students living in Boston are expecting the debut of the daytime SafeRide. Known also as "Lazy-AssRide" and "PrivilegedRide," this service will duplicate the myriad others that currently travel the 1/2 mile stretch across the Harvard Bridge and will make basic city-dweller skills such as walking a thing of the past! For the rest of us who aren't lucky enough to be living in a \$3-million brownstone townhouse, here's a quick preview of the safer world of tomorrow.

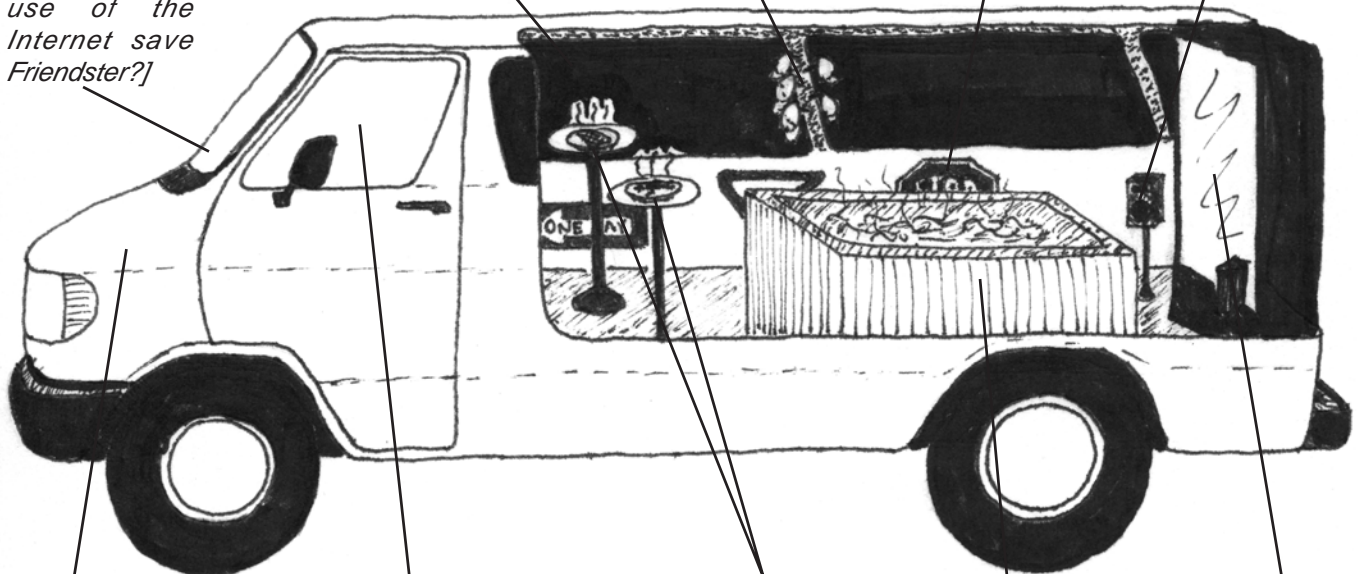
A GPS/Internet system lets you know whether the shuttle will be 1 minute late or 1 minute early. *[We're serious here, folks: can you find a dumber use of the Internet save Friendster?]*

Extra-large tinted windows let you travel undisturbed as you scowl at the filthy masses as they trudge through the cold.

Did you leave your white baseball cap at home? Simply grab a free one from the hat rack and never feel out of place again.

The decor features oak paneling and stolen street signs, ensuring that you'll feel right at home.

Get stoked for classes by listening to "Eye of the Tiger" and other classics on the massive sound system.



Unlike the snippy scalawags that drive the regular SafeRide, these drivers have been specially trained to recognize and respect your privileged status. After all, not everyone is distinguished enough to be chauffeured to school every day.

Did you miss breakfast? Going to be late for dinner? Don't worry: on-board meal options include steak and lobster—your favorite!

Want to be the king? Want to go to the Big Game? No problem: with the new big-screen TV, you can get your sports fix even while commuting.

300 diesel-fueled horses dispatch you straight to 77 Mass. Ave., eliminating the need to use "sketchy" public transportation or risk your life on the mean streets of the Back Bay.

The on-board hot tub makes the Lazy-AssRide a destination all its own! Has your frat been kicked out of its house, and you're looking to throw a party? The van is available for rental—simply call us for more information!





FORM 27B-6: STUDENT AUTHORIZATION TO SELF-TERMINATE

This form must be completed in its entirety by any graduate or undergraduate student wishing to end the biological process of his or her life. Postdoctorates and faculty members should not complete this form; instead, these individuals should complete alternate Form 27B-9.

I. STUDENT INFORMATION

(Family Name) _____ (Given Name) _____ (M.I.) _____

(MIT ID Number) _____ (Date of Birth) _____ (Religious Affiliation) _____ (Self-Assigned Stereotype) _____

Term Address:

(Street) _____ (City) _____ (State) _____ (Zip) _____

Permanent Address:

(Street) _____ (City) _____ (State) _____ (Zip) _____

Intended Date of Self-Termination:

Departmental Advisor/Seminar Instructor:

(Date) _____

(Name) _____

II. REQUIRED SIGNATURES

(1) I, the undersigned, testify that this student's admission to MIT was a mistake of my department.

(Marilee Jones, Dean of Admissions) _____ (Date) _____

(2) I, the undersigned, testify that this student's mental condition is incurable.

(Alan E. Siegel, Ed.D., MIT Mental Health Chief) _____ (Date) _____

(3) I, the undersigned, confirm that this student cannot complete his or her HASS concentration requirement.

(Bette Davis, HASS Office Director) _____ (Date) _____

(4) COMPLETE IF RESIDING IN AN FSILG: I, the undersigned, certify that this student has and will continue to be unable to "live Greek."

(David Rogers, Director of Fraternities, Silicone Implants and Lubricating Greases (FSILGs)) _____ (Date) _____

COMPLETE IF RESIDING IN A DORMITORY: We, the undersigned, as co-residents of the student, certify that this student's continued existence will be a burden on the social environment.

(Fellow dorm resident 1) _____ (Date) _____

(Fellow dorm resident 2) _____ (Date) _____

(Fellow dorm resident 3) _____ (Date) _____

III. DEMOGRAPHICS

(1) Sex

(a) If you have contracted a sexually transmitted disease (STD), give the name of the disease. _____

(b) If so, who gave it to you? _____

(c) List your favorite positions. _____

(d) Give the date of your last satisfactory sexual experience. If never, say so. _____

(2) Drugs

(a) Recreational drug use/abuse shortened your lifespan. Yes / No

(b) Recreational drug use/abuse gave you a "reason to live." Yes / No

(c) If your answer to parts (a) XOR (b) was "Yes," list the drugs: _____

(3) NOTE THAT QUESTION 3, "ROCK AND ROLL," HAS BEEN REMOVED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE MENTAL HEALTH TASK FORCE REPORT OF NOVEMBER 2001.

Students seeking 4.301 credit for their method of self-termination must attach a release from their 4.301 instructor. Those intending to use toxic chemical(s) must attach the Materials Safety Data Sheet for said chemical(s) and provide documentary evidence that they are qualified to use said chemical(s) safely.

White: Student Services Center; Canary: Advisor; Pink: Student

GEORGE W. BUSH
"WISHFUL THINKING"

And I am confident that the Iraqis will welcome us with kisses & flowers!

PRES. BUSH STATEMENT ON WIPING OWN ASS **CNN LIVE**

Kiss this, imperialist infidels!

BOOM!

SKREEE!

ALL YOU OIL

Oh, Dick, this isn't workin' at all! I told you we shoulda invaded Venezuela!

Relax, George! I have an idea that'll get the oil flowing again.

And so, I urgently implore you to approve \$87 billion worth of Hostess® Fruit Pies!

Give him whatever he wants!

Support the troops!

Would you like a side of sucked cock with that, Dick?

What a great idea, Dick! The light, tender crust & real fruit filling will surely take their minds off their children's missing limbs!

If these delicious pies are what American democracy is all about, our oil is a small price to pay!

Fuck Ramadan! Give me another Fruit Pie!

We welcome you with open hearts & anuses!

YOU BOW TO AMERICAN MIGHT WITH EVERY BITE OF HOSTESS® FRUIT PIES

Phuxor[®]

for Social Serenity Disorder[™]

Do you suffer from SOCIAL SERENITY DISORDER? You're not alone!

SOCIAL SERENITY DISORDER afflicts millions of Americans every year. Fortunately, there is help. Cutting edge breakthroughs in modern technology bring you Phuxor — your solution to leading a normal life.

If you suffer from any of the following symptoms, Phuxor is right for you:

- Enjoy riding public transportation for the sole purpose of meeting new people
- Look forward to school formals
- Consider the southern Californian speech impediment to be a sign of friendliness
- Strong craving for sunlight and human interaction
- Constant feeling that everything is 'right' in the world
- Admiration for any of the characters on *Friends*
- Are now or have ever been a member of an MBA program

WE CAN HELP YOU! Phuxor has already helped millions of people; now it can help you. Here's what people are saying:

"Thank Christ for drugs."

"Fuck me, I was a complete prick before I took this drug."

"I should have taken the blue pill."

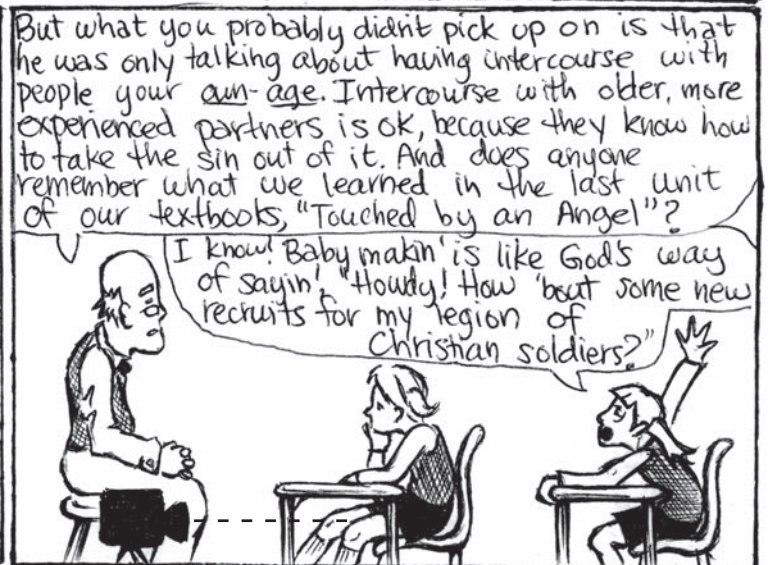
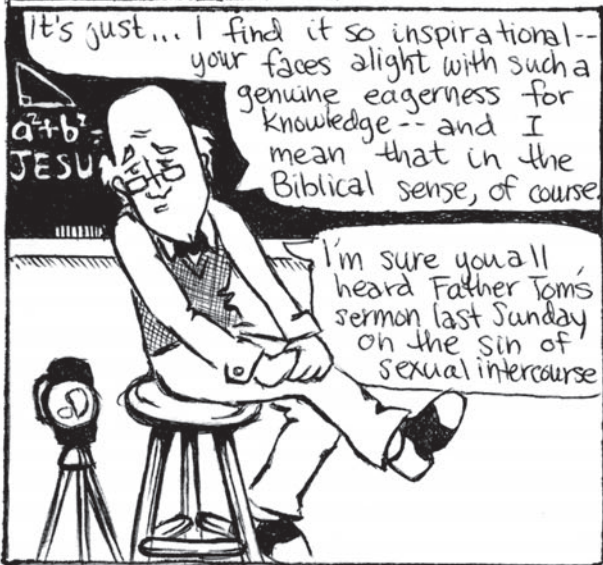
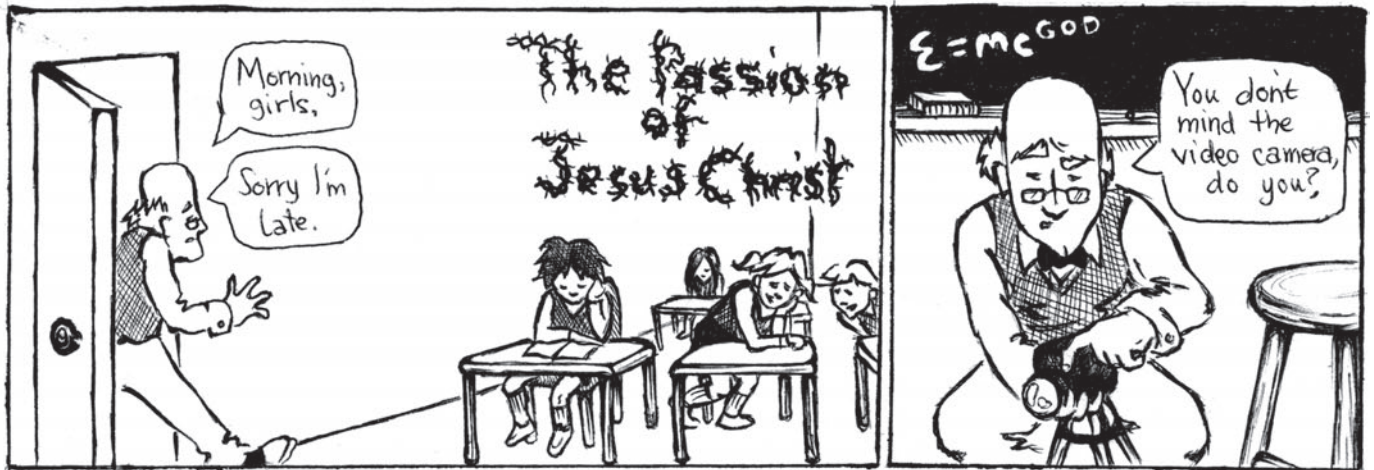
"It works best if you mainline it."

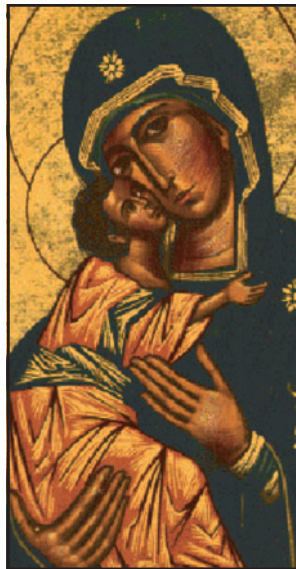
"Taking Phuxor was probably one of the best decisions I have ever made in my life. Prior to Phuxor, I suffered from a variety of delusions. How many episodes of *Friends* had I watched in a dumb stupor? How many wars had been waged with my tax dollars? Who knows? Thanks to Phuxor, all that's behind me. Now, I spend my time studying arcane mathematics and I've developed an avid interest in the US postal system."

"Within a week of taking Phuxor, I saw dramatic results and was on my way back to having a normal life. No longer did I engage telemarketers in conversation until they hung up on me. No longer would I whore myself out to fraternities for their gang bang bingo nights just to feel the fleeting wet warmth of human companionship. Things have changed. Now I do it for money. Thanks Phuxor!"

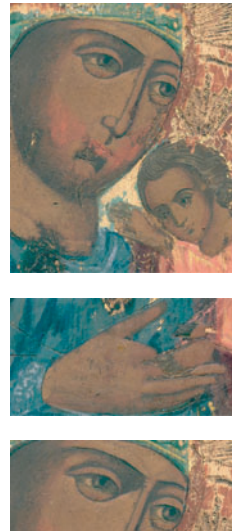
"In addition to helping me cope with my general level of satisfaction, Phuxor helped me find something I had long forgotten - it helped me realize the open flesh wound running from my anus to my scrotum isn't due to a vitamin deficiency, but rather to the pent up self-hatred that manifests itself as long nights of repeated hydrochloric acid enemas."

Ask your doctor about Phuxor. No advertisement can provide all the information necessary to prescribe a drug, so tell the white-coated douchebag to give it to you or you'll plant kiddie porn in the waiting room.





Our Lord Jesus Christ was much loved by my— er, his Virgin Mother, Mary... No part of him was left un-blessed by her tender caress, which though it had not known man, showed divinely inspired proficiency.



Jesus lived at home with his parents beyond the socially acceptable age, and harbored great jealousy and resentment towards his stepfather, Joseph.

When his mother died, Jesus meticulously cleansed her corpse and kept it lovingly in his room until Joseph came in asking about the smell.

After his mother was buried, Jesus kept having "daytime nightmares" centered around the violent dismemberment of Joseph. So Jesus decided to move out of the room above the garage and into a van he parked behind Wal-Mart after hours. This period is often referred to as "The Lost Years" of Jesus' life.

One day as Jesus was hanging out behind the Wal-Mart as usual, since it was hard for him to find employment, he met an extraordinary young boy who had forsaken material goods in favor of the meditative, cleansing, smoke-diffusing expanse of the car park.

The young boy looked so much like the Virgin Mother Mary that Jesus instantly took him into his confidence and invited him on a journey across the land to a Great City in the East, inspiring the boy with tales of the Glory of Our Lord God along the way.

Unfortunately, the boy forgot to notify his mother that he would be leaving on a journey of spiritual awakening.

So the local authorities started asking around Jesus's old neighborhood. They eventually traced the Prodigal Son and his reincarnated Virgin Mother to Pittsburgh.

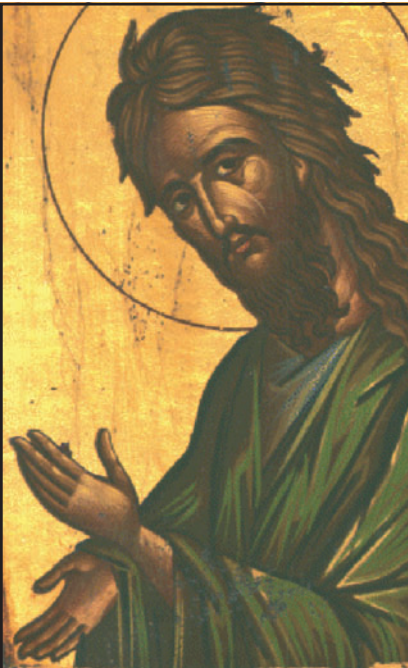
The local authorities, unfortunately, had come upon Jesus at a particularly bad time, as he and the boy had been sunning themselves in the yard, and were very nearly naked.



"Kindly restrain thy boner, young Jesus, whence brought before the Law thus!" they screeched at him, and flogged him with his own beach towel, at which action his pan-handle towel did duly increase thricefold.



"Art thy nipples erect in kind?! Young Jesus, have the courtesy to attire yourself as appropriate to these grave allegations and return hither."



So Jesus snuck off and swam across the Ohio river to start a new life in Allentown, since he owed money on the camper they'd been renting.

The child was attended to by his mother and the local authorities, and the young boy did truthfully recount the sacred pilgrimage on which he had journeyed and the wondrous sacraments of which he had partaken. Lo, his exciting tale did spread to the chat rooms far and wide.



Soon after this adventure, Jesus began teaching Sunday School classes to spread his gospel of love towards pert youngsters of all ages and gender, as part of an arrangement so consecrated it could not be written down. Sometimes Jesus even still comes across spectacular little boys or girls who so impress him he sets them on a journey of their own, and they eventually make their way into the homes of the Wise Men of the East, who value them most highly for their blonde hair and light eyes.

THE END



GOD VS. THE INTERNET ROUND 3: NINJA STRIKE!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
THE PARTNERSHIP
FOR A
THOUGHT-FREE
AMERICA

EVER WONDER WHY
AMERICA IS GREAT?
ITS BECAUSE WE'RE
RICH AND
POWERFUL.
TO BE RICH
AND POWERFUL,
YOU CAN'T
THINK. THINKING
IS FOR COMMIES,
TERRORISTS, AND
DRUG ADDICTS,

SO BE A
GOOD AMERICAN,
DON'T THINK...
CONSUME.
SO WATCH
TV. SURF
THE INTERWEB.
GO TO SCHOOL.
GO TO
CHURCH.
JUST DON'T
THINK.

BACKGROUND:
in 2001, god defeated the
internet in a battle to
the death

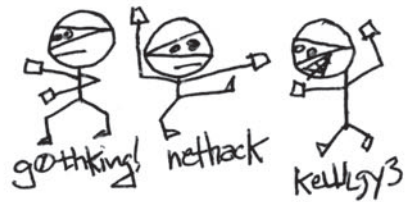


BUT LITTLE DID GOD
KNOW OF LORD
INTERNET'S EVIL PLOT



OH YEAH, UH...
THE INTERNET DIDN'T
DIE IN THE LAST
EPISODE. YEAH.

LORD INTERNET HAD
BEGUN TRAINING OF
3L33T P4T-AT3 NINJA
WARRI0RZ!



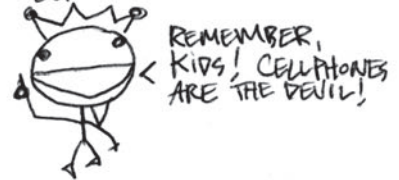
So god was at a board
meeting with lots of
important dudes, dig?



AND SUDDENLY, LORD INTERNET
AND HIS HENCHMEN BURST
ONTO THE SCENE!



THROUGH THE CELLPHONE, OF
COURSE. SAID DEVICE IS
A CONSTRUCT OF MAN, AND
OUT OF THE REALM OF GOD



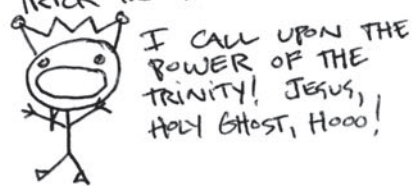
SO ANYWAY, GOD WAS LIKE
TOTALLY ABOUT TO GET
AN ASS-RAMMING,



BUT NOT IN A LITERAL
SENSE - THAT WOULD
BE EXTRA BLASPHEMOUS
AND WE'D GET REGULATED
BY "DISCIPLINARY ACTIONS!"

DID I SAY DISCIPLINARY
ACTIONS? I MEANT
NAZI-ESQUE CENSORSHIP.
WHITE PEOPLE ARE DUMBS.

BUT GOD HAD A SUPER-KEEN
TRICK IN HIS MAGIC HAT!



AND SO GOD EVENED
UP THIS BATTLE...



WHILE THE 3L33T
PIRATE NINJ4Z
Distracted THE
THREE GODS...

LORD INTERNET USED
THE "GOOGLE" (C)TM(R)
TO FORM AN ARGUMENT
FROM THE VAST SEA
OF B0T-KN0WLEDGE



SO, I COUNT THREE
OF YOU DUDES, AND
YOU'RE ALL GODS,

BUT THAT
CONTRADICTS
MONOTHEISM,
FALSE
ADVERTIZING,
I'LL SEE YOU
IN COURT,
MR. CONMAN!



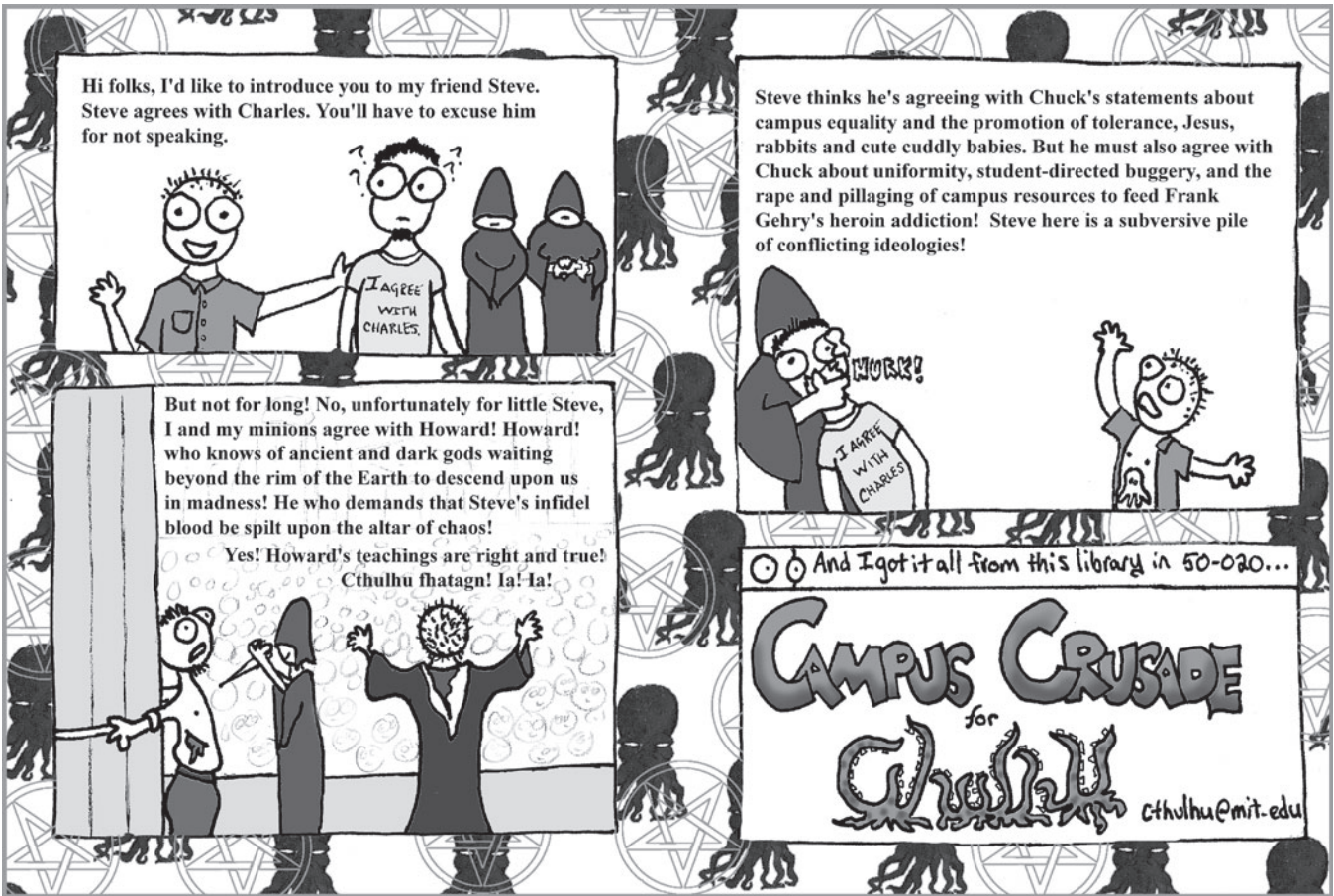
TO BE
CONTINUED!

The Hobo & Graduate Student Times *Classifieds*

Public Alley 69, Boston MA

<p>For Sale: One abandoned CAR, brand unknown. No windows, but quality black trash bag replacements. Back seat, fully upholstered. No lice (some roaches — possible investment?). Inquiries at blue dumpster behind Star. No engine or radio. C8801</p>	<p>Cat, m, 1 yr. Lots of fleas, unneutered, sprays everywhere. Provides warmth in winter, food after 5 days of malnutrition. Comes with superglue waste diverticulum to avoid toxoplasmosis. Inquire in Public Alley 46. C8807</p>	<p>The END OF THE WORLD foundation needs more workers to announce their message. Signs provided, two weeks paid training. Payment upon arrival of Mothership AZAKIER. Guaranteed Survival in Ursa Minor Beta. A fifth of Nuyens Vodka as advance. C8813</p>	<p>Looking for nice, two-box studio apartment. Leaks in cardboard are OK. Rats preferred to roaches. Must have DSL connection. C8823</p>
<p>FEMALE ROOMMATE: Spacious two-story cardboard apartment, running water (rain), plastic roofing. Sleeps late and appreciates fine liqueurs. Sex accepted in lieu of cash rent payment. C8802</p>	<p>THE CITY NEEDS YOU! Haunted houses attract a fair profit in the South. Volunteer to help make Boston a more friendly city. Ghosts needed. Please report to the abandoned rail siding on Thursday for free one-way ticket to "the other side" in preparation for the long weekend. Notify next of kin first. C8808</p>	<p>MY SCABIES! WERE DID ALL MY LOZENGES GO! Those FUCKING WEEVILS! M.S. degree required. C8814</p>	<p>Church community looking for a bit of flair. Need a drunk and belligerent man to stumble into the 11:00am Sunday Service and shake up those believers! We will provide the booze and chicks. C8820</p>
<p>RIVERSIDE ESTATES: Under the Longfellow bridge, next to bike trail, prime location near major University. Beware the Trolls. Mutant fish sometimes attack. 5\$ and a sandwich (vegan pls). C8803</p>	<p>Licensed Coathanger Sculptor needed for next week. Delicious fetus soup as \$\$ for services. C8819</p>	<p>Buying: a couple of 40s. No cash, will trade for Media Lab dissertation, or for some prime building material (old milkcrates, smell almost negligible). Reactionaries relax, buyer is white. C8809</p>	<p>Found: One pet by the name of Gillian, barks like a dog and laps up milk like a kitten. Will fetch your wallet and return it empty. Likes sleeping in produce-netting hammocks. Inquire for prices. C8821</p>
<p>Assistant Marketing Manager: One HOB0, alcoholic preferred. Must look unkempt, willing to buy beer for minors in exchange for share options in the proceeds. Company looking to expand to a younger clientele. Commission pay only. Advancement opportunities. Inquire at Cheapo Booz. C8804</p>	<p>Obituary: Mr Alfonso Hitler, est. age 45. The deceased's possessions will be redistributed at the hobo & graduate student union hall (Public Alley 144, third box to the left). Mr Hitler will be interred in a black plastic bag in a dumpster this Tuesday. C8810</p>	<p>30-40 m looking for: 40's f, 38B, not overly saggy. Likes: bondage with old shoelaces, pig's blood. C8816</p>	<p>Accredited Cambridge university needs young males with income below 20\$, no housing to explain views on diversity within the homeless community. Free assrapings, no alcohol provided. Help us better diminish student rights! C8817</p>
<p>Head Gleaner: Too much rotting produce is starting to attract flies and maggots. Looking for an able bodied person, charismatic, to collect rotting food from our dumpster on weekends. Will manage ten other workers in need of management for gleaning and getting down and dirty. Call Canned Cat Food Inc. for details. C8805</p>	<p>Clothing extravaganza— torn coats (almost new!), classy "off-white" fashions, you can barely notice the smell! Visa and MasterCard accepted. No Amex pls. Find out what the Salvation Army rejected and why! C8811</p>	<p>We need those hos! Ever had a customer not pay up, and run away from the pimp with one too few broken bones for your taste? Join suburban wives in this study to investigate these men. Large metal bats, spiky dildos and monetary compensation provided. C8815</p>	<p>The MBTA Orchestra is looking for new non-amplified talent! Whether you aspire to play your comb-and-wax-paper kazoo in Park Street, or you want to become the new ethnic sensation on Early Morning Davis Square, this is your chance! Auditions at the Boston Transportation Office. The City Needs you! C8824</p>
<p>THEY ARE WATCHING ME! C8806</p>	<p>Looking for 20-30 m/f for friendship and maybe... Oh MAMMA, why are all the creepies crawling in my PANTS! The roaches! They are everywhere! Tick tick tick tick. Yeah. I'm not listening to you, I'm not listening. Inquire at Boston Common. C8812</p>	<p>Homeless lady looking for 24-hour coffeehouse to replace loss of housing from MIT's one closing down. Tips well, wants surly college students to rant with. Contact my cellphone at 617-392-8764. C8818</p>	<p><i>Want to see your ad in this paper? Write to The Hobo & Graduate Student Times, Public Alley 69, Boston, MA! One cent/letter, no questions asked. LIMITED TIME OFFER Sexual Favors accepted as payment in the next issue! Must at least make half-hearted claim to be 18 or +.</i></p>

ATTENTION! GENUINE ADVERTISEMENTS! THEY EVEN PAID US!



The Hindenburg Bay of Pigs Nana's Trip to IHOP Clancy's Latest Segway

Leave your mark on the world with your own

Bad Idea

EAsT camPUS Bad Ideas Competition

January 9 - 11 in the E.C. Courtyard

Email bad-ideas@mit.edu with your project plans and we will coordinate tools, supplies, and advice

Lots of Food and Activities!

- + 0° film festival
- + hair cutting challenge
- + skate park iller'n yo' mom
- + human yo-yos

Hey kids! It's the **Rudenda Fun Page!**

SAVING THE WORLD ONE "INSERTION OF A FOREIGN OBJECT" AT A TIME

TO KNOW MY YAWNING ORIFICE IS TO FEAR IT

LITTLE HOMELESS CHILD! COME SEEK SHELTER FROM THE WIND BEHIND MY FLAPPING LABIA

CHILD; I WILL DIVULGE THIS SECRET TO YOU ALONE, IF YOU SHOULD STUMBLE ACROSS TWO LONG-LOST, MUCH LOVED CARTOON CHARACTERS, DO NOT BE ALARMED. I PROVIDE THEM SANCTUARY FROM A WORLD YET UNWILLING TO ACCEPT THEIR HOMOSEXUALITY

Hwarf

Oh, Steempy!

"*switch* THRUST"

Remember ladies, proper 'tang maintenance is crucial to your health-- so don't forget to Kegelsize!

You can reward yourself later with a soothing foot massage!

And let's not forget protection-- when the superhero genital shield market is dominated by cod-pieces, what's a girl to do? WHY, SAY THERE? IT'S THE **CAMEL TOE OF CATASTROPHE**

And, unlike my artificially enhanced male colleagues, I don't need padding to achieve the dramatic effect! Some mousse & a clean part down the center of one's bush is all that is necessary!

If there's one thing you take away from this, ladies, it's that you don't need to be a superhero to celebrate your birth canal-- simply because each and every one of your oozing slits is a superhero already!

Why, do you realize that the common conception of Jesus as a white male is a COMPLETE MYTH?! Jesus was, in fact, a steaming TWAT!

IT'S TRUE!
If you consider the similarities between Jesus & a cunt, the resemblance is striking!

The common myth	Our modern-day understanding of Jesus Christ

But don't take my word for it! Archaeologists have recently uncovered an artifact they believe to be the veil Veronica used to wipe Jesus' face just before his crucifixion. decide for yourself... & be proud of those coochies!

Kate's Heavy Flow
Notex Heavy Flow
Notex Heavy Flow

Voo Doo Presents:

A LOST FEYNMAN LECTURE

The Real Many-Body Problem

Welcome students, we have a lot of ground to cover today. The topics I'm going to discuss will be the cornerstone of your future work on what I like to refer to as the *real* Many Body Problem. I know most of you have studied the Many Body problem as it relates to the interaction of masses at a distance. We've covered it from a quantum level in previous lectures. But today we're going to apply it at a biological level. Namely, how does one approach one of the Many Bodies in one's field of view, and proceed to a state of coupling? And what do you do with them when you're there?

I'd like to remind you of an analogy from the quantum level. The basic events in electromagnetic interactions are the emission and absorption of photons by charged particles. These events are represented by a single vertex in a Feynman diagram. Today we'll be talking about a different kind of emission and absorption.

Imagine with me, if you will, that you've just walked into a small club in Rio. Your glasses askew, you observe a number of fine bodies attracting your attention. But how to induce a mutual attraction? The simple symmetry of quantum particles doesn't apply to your tubby nerd ass. You order a drink from the bartender, and idly chitchat with him about the finer points of lockpicking. The topic wanders from torque wrenches to factoring big numbers, and you find yourself demonstrating your innate talent for multiplying large numbers in your head. The band takes a break from the last samba, and you find yourself shouting a string of numbers out into the silence. People turn to look.

Now, this is where some truly Nobel Prize-worthy skills come into play. You could be just three easy interactions away from a quick grope, six interactions away from a

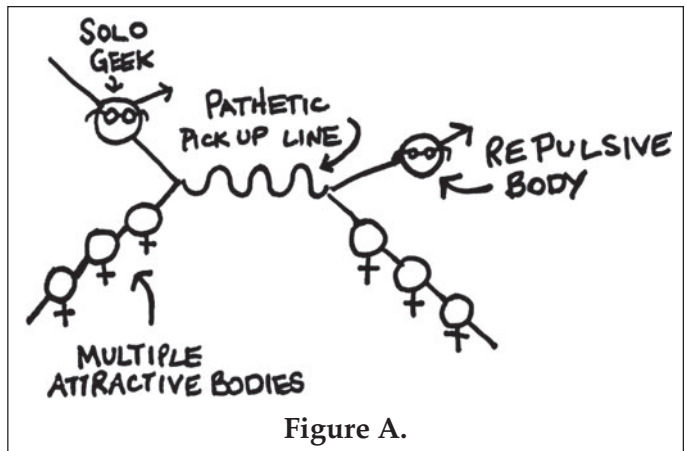


Figure A.

menage-à-trois, and perhaps twenty or thirty interactions away from a string of sexual adventures that would kill a man my age.

But you're just one interaction away from being blown off by every single person in the joint, including the bartender.

Here's where my incredibly original, intensely brilliant diagrams become particularly useful in illustrating just what is physically plausible.

For the sake of simplicity, we will consider only the straight male case in this example.

In Figure A you see a nerd at the bar and a group of three attractive bodies. They collide in space-time, and soundwaves are generated. The quality of the soundwaves is the first important term of the equation. High quality soundwaves will result in the

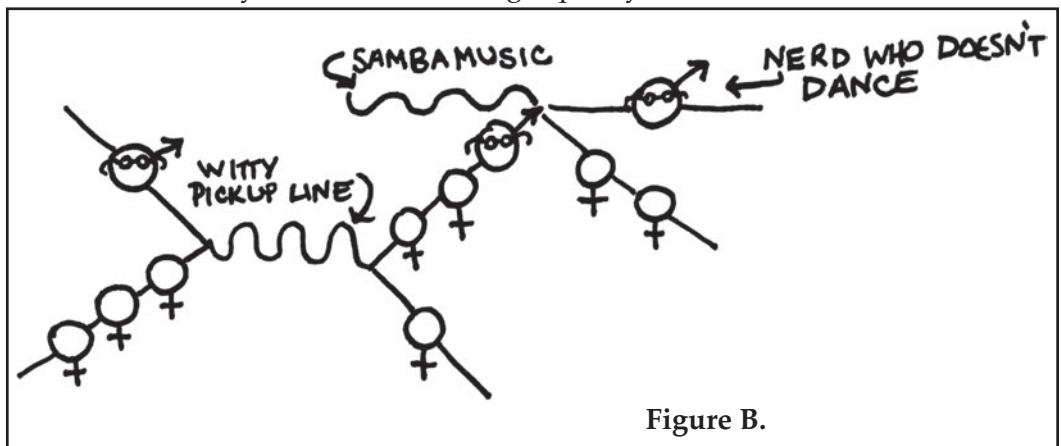


Figure B.

attractive bodies changing direction to travel with the nerd, at least in time, perhaps by joining him for a drink as seen in Figure B. Figure A shows the result of low quality sound such as, "No, I'm not reciting the first 1000 digits of pi. But they're tattooed on my cock if you need a reference in the future."

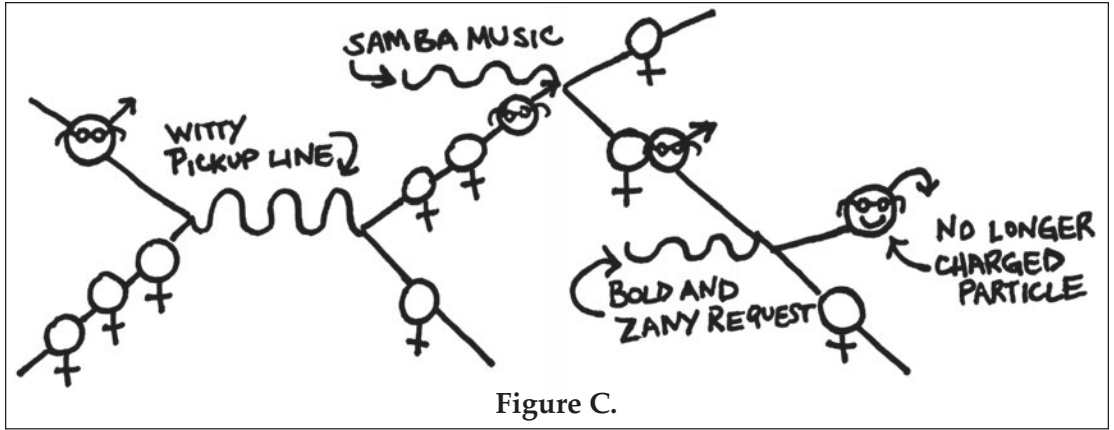


Figure C.

Continuing with Figure B, at some point later, additional soundwaves from the band initiate another interaction, and the bodies arrange themselves according to the energy expended by the nerd. In Figure B, the interaction concludes when the nerd refuses to attempt samba dancing. In Figure C, the nerd attempts to samba dance, and continues to travel in space-time with one of the attractive bodies. Depending on the energy expended in the samba dance, the two bodies could quickly change direction again, culminating in a trip to the bathroom for a quick blowjob.

However, if we examine Figure D, we see that an even greater input of energy in the third term can result in an even stronger attraction of bodies. We see the nerd separate himself from the other bodies, requiring an initial output of energy. Then we see him joining the band on stage for some impromptu drumming. Soundwaves stemming from this could change the direction of travel of multiple attractive bodies, resulting in a number of masses converging on the point of space-time the nerd oc-

cupies. If they have enough momentum, it is possible to capture three masses in one mutually attracting system, for an evening of fucking.

The last case of this set, an ongoing sexual adventure of bed-hopping, is left as an exercise for the reader. However, I will say that it requires even more soundwave exchanges.

Now, in order to evaluate the probability of each scenario occurring, we can add in an amplitude factor in each instance of a soundwave. For each soundwave, we multiply times $1/22\pi$, so the amplitude of diagrams with many soundwaves is small, and the probability of each is proportional to the amplitude. So, you see that Figure A is the most likely outcome, as it involves the least number of soundwaves.

Next week we will consider the case of a female nerd. While at first glance, the analysis outlined here seems to work in both cases, it turns out there are a few subtle differences in energy expenditure.

This week's problem set will include some laboratory work, so be prepared for some long, hard hours observing emissions from charged particles.

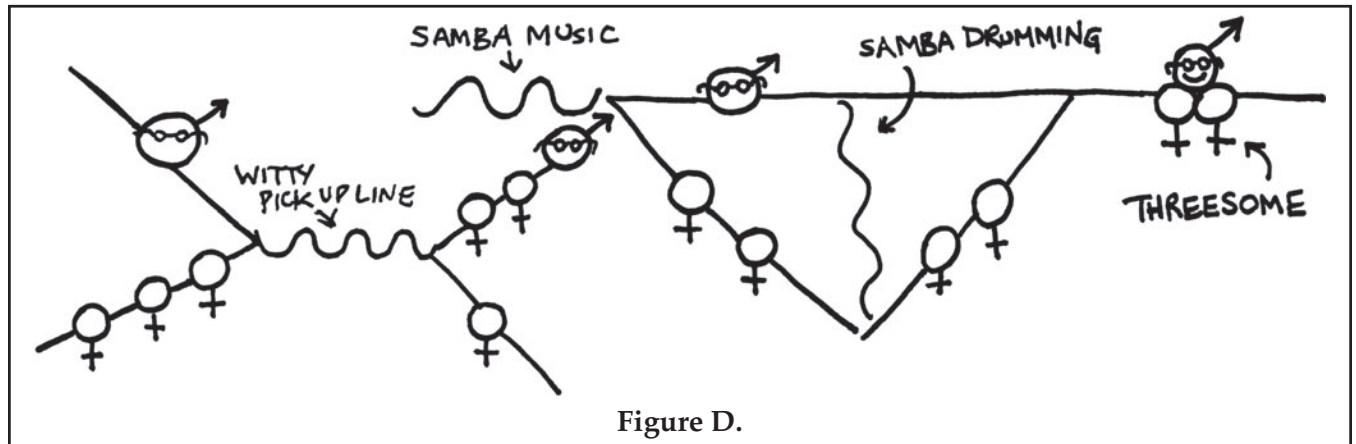
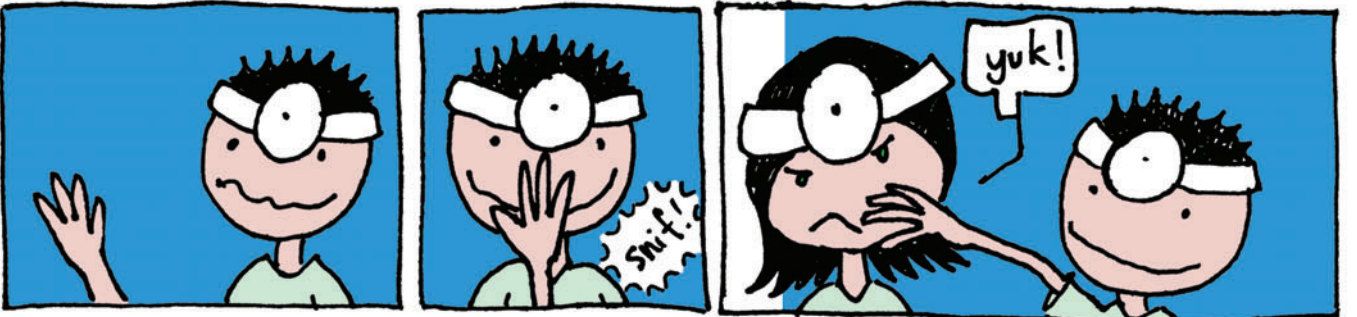
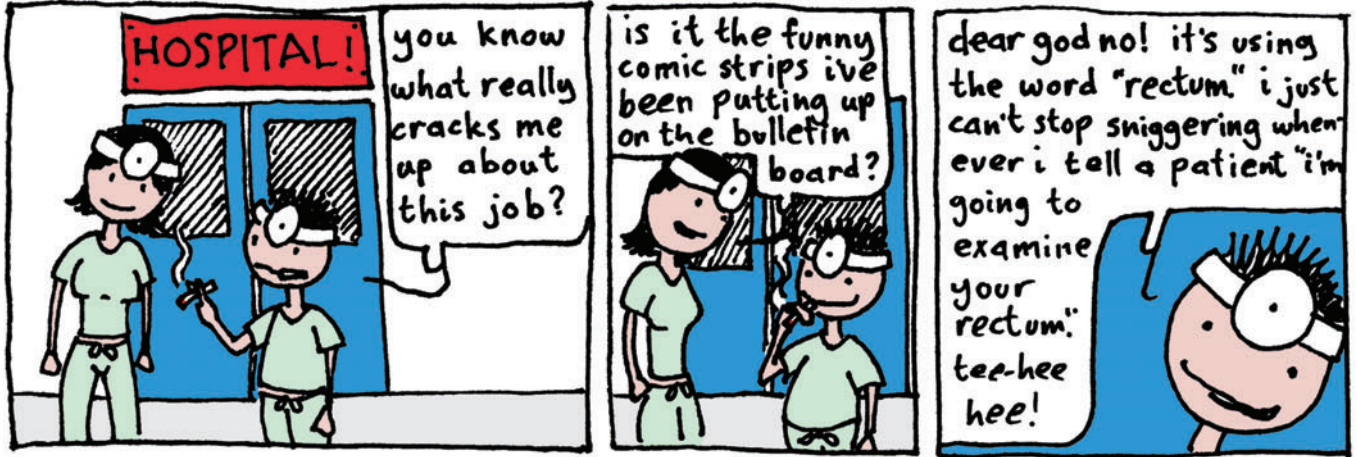
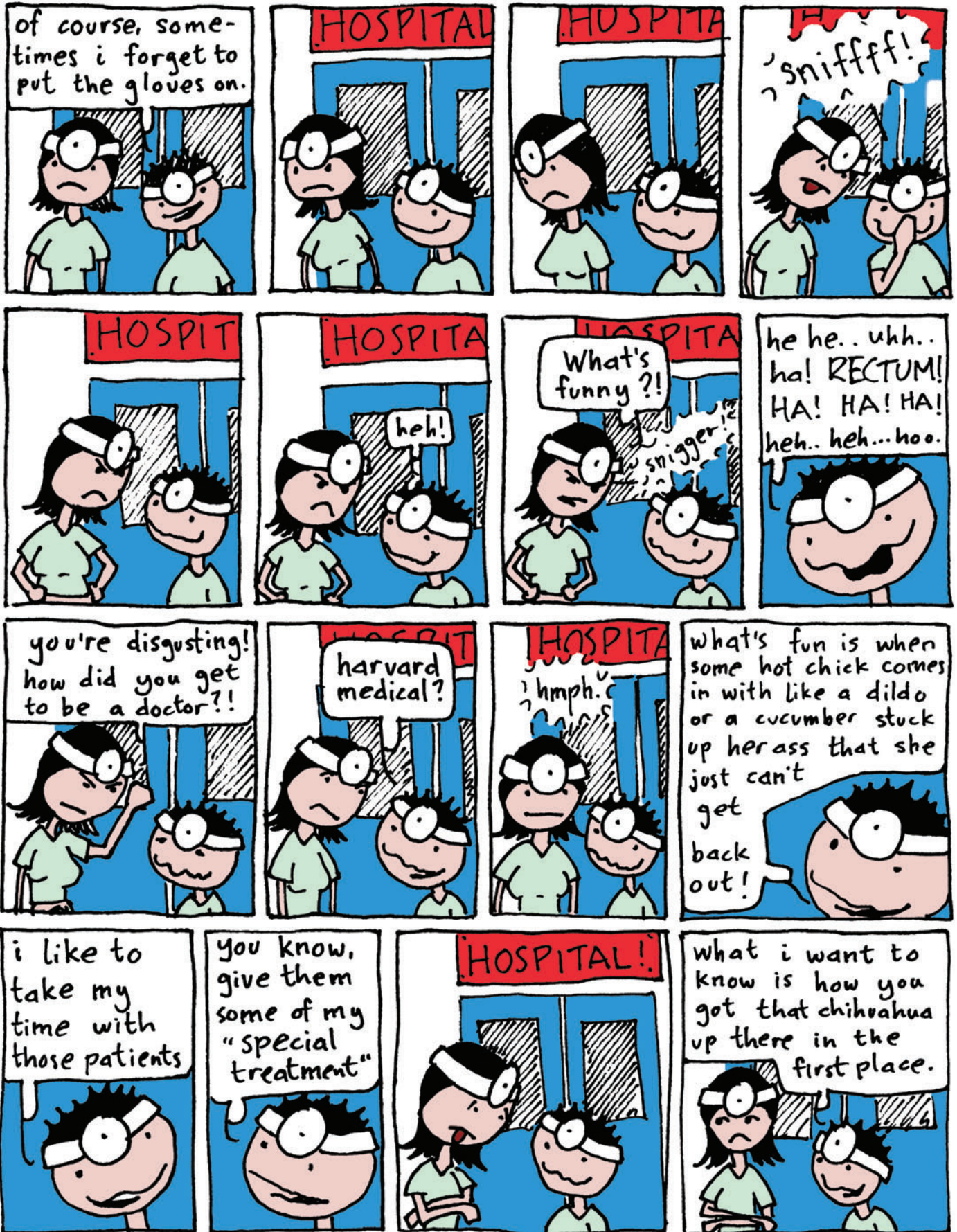


Figure D.

GIN SOAKED COMIX!





FEATURES

Ask Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus

By Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus

DRIVELER

Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus is an MIT graduate student with even less of a life than traditionally associated with the species. If you would like to collaborate in his program of dragging The Tech to even lower depths, and are too lazy or incompetent to look up his real name cunningly concealed in plain view in The Tech masthead, feel free to e-mail him at some lameass yahoo.com address — just pick one, they all end up at an equivalent fool.

Dear Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus,

I have a problem. I'm new here at MIT and I find that life is hard, difficult and frustrating. Could you please tell me all of the clichéd problems that MIT students face, because I don't want solutions that might require going through something difficult. (They told me during Orientation that difficulty is the first step in a long, hard road that ends in liability.) I just want a bunch of easy to listen to watered-down crap.

— Mel N. Eal

Dear Mel,

Well, you've come to the right place! I have the solution to your problem. Let's see, you are probably having a hard time here because you were the valedictorian in high school, and now you get a C in 18.01 just like everyone else. Also, you're probably not sleeping very much, and probably not working hard enough. When you have too much work to do, try to suck on the "MIT is so much harder than everything else in the world" pacifier and rest on the "I never get enough sleep" blankie that you should have received during Orienta-

tion. I'm not sure if you are a graduate student, but if you are, just walk around and talk about your research to everyone you see. If you are an undergrad, just walk around and talk about being raped by a test. Free food will probably help you too, so try to find some meeting about meetings to attend. If all else fails, mention how cool you are for being up at 3 a.m. working and sleeping through all your classes. Like me, I'm writing this column at 3:27 a.m., and man, am I cool.

Dear Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus,

ROFL!!!!!!! LMAO!!!!!! U are so funny!!!!!!! LOL! I love you Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus, I just can't get enough of ur "advice" column where u always turn evry problem n2 sumthing about urself. I jus can't get enough! :-) LOL!!!!!! Can u plz rite a column about how kewl u r? (Just 2 silence those foolz who say that u write the questions urself just as a segway in2 how kewl u are.)

— Fluffr Nuttr Lovr

Dear Lovr,

Of course! Thank you for your letter! I love all of my devoted fan, er, fans! And yes, it is true, I am the awesomest thing in the whole entire world! I can do anything and everything, and they beg me to write my column to put on the 9th page of *The Tech* right below the special donated space! I rock! I'm a pimp, a playa, and I got more bling than a factory that manufactures Mr. T action figures! I'm the hottest grad student at this school. When me and six other guys are all trying to talk to the same girl at a Warehouse party, she'll pay attention to me for a quarter of the time! And I just know, that if she didn't have to study for her quals, that she would've wanted some of the real Fluffer-Nutter C-Minus.

Sex on the SafeRide

By Amanda Beman

NYMPHOMANIAC

Negotiating sex on the SafeRide is not one of the easiest things to do at MIT, but it certainly is one of the most essential to the MIT experience. Few students who have participated in this pastime have related their success stories to the public — in fact, they constitute a secret society à la various MIT hacking guilds — yet they are more than mere ambitious dorks. They are ambitious dorks that have sex — in style! It's like banging in a strangely top-heavy limousine full of abnormally pasty social pariahs driven by a minimum-wage chauffeur. Check the floor below you — you're probably already dripping into a pool of your own sex juices! God knows I am!

So put down that p-set, Poindexter, it's time to learn how to pork your fellow Beavers the way they were engineered by God to be porked!

- Most people don't want to be violated on the SafeRide. This is only because they haven't given the idea enough thought. Convince your violatee that if he or she has sex with you right now, there will be more time later to finish that lab report. Can you do a lab report on the SafeRide? I doubt it. Can you consent to an uncomfortable three-minute humping that can be pared down to two if at least one party is wearing a skirt? Absolutely!
- If you are doing poorly in a class, ask your TA to have sex with you on the SafeRide. The TA will be so impressed that you are part of MIT's sexual cognoscenti that you'll get an immediate A+, and by that I mean a blow job.
- Timing is everything! More people ride the SafeRide between

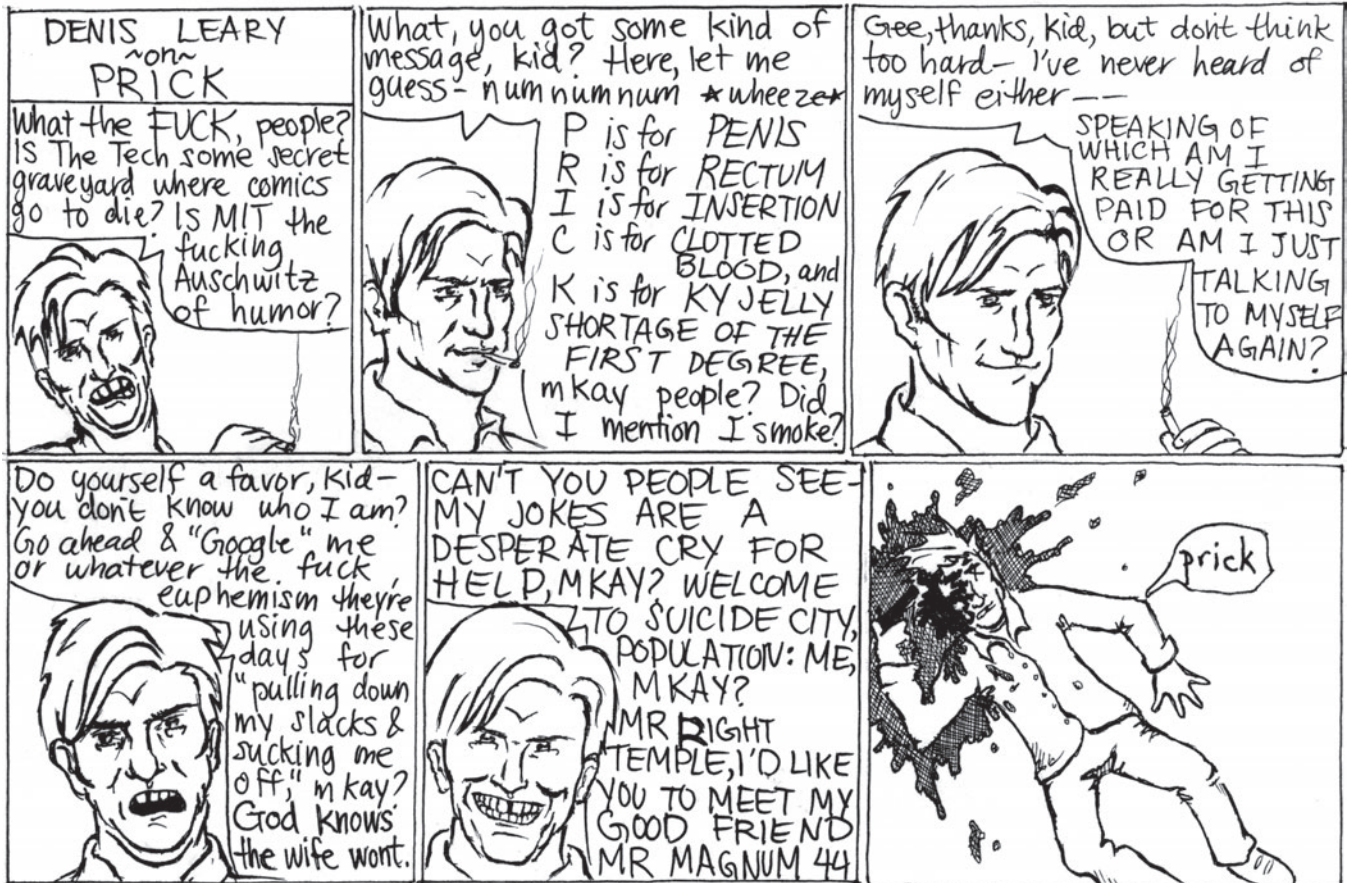
11:30 p.m. and 1:30 a.m. than any other time. By having sex during these times, you blend in and increase your anonymity. If possible, synchronize your orgasms to dropoff stops so that you can let people through the aisle if necessary.

- If you and your sweet thang are alone on the Saferide, be wary of the driver's wandering eyes. If he sees you doing the ol' in-out, urgently shout something in a foreign tongue. Nobody wants to deal with foreigners.
- A little bit of bribery goes a long way. Give the driver a reason to take a break and you've got yourself a pleasure bus headed straight for Bangsville, USA!
- Remember when you were a kid and you'd bounce on the seats when a bump was coming up? That is way more fun with someone's face in your crotch. It's a good investment to apologise insincerely afterwards.
- Sigma Epsilon Chi, the underground sexual saferiders fraternity, hides aphrodisiacs in the SafeRide cushions. Passionately rip through the cushions in search of them. In-the-know MIT students consider this a major turn-on.
- The sounds of pop music and the warm, dimly lit interior create a naturally romantic environment. Shouting "Someone fuck me like a pig in heat!" as soon as you get on would not be totally out of place.

Amanda Beman is the pseudonym of a writer that publishes a weekly column promoting sexual transportation awareness to students of MIT. Thus she obviously is not an MIT student, but a 35-year-old male SafeRide driver looking for some fresh meat.

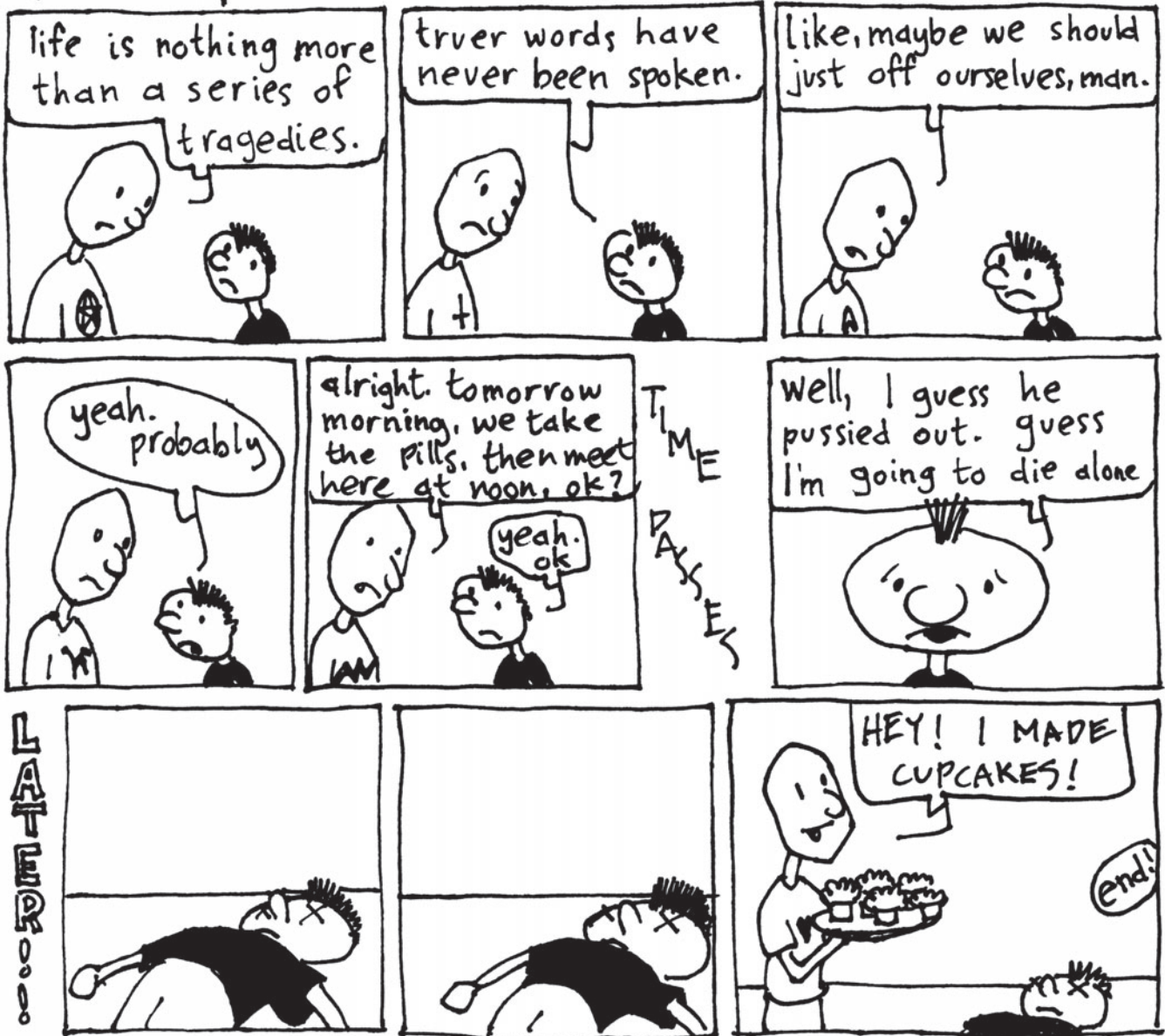
UA Goals Checklist

Goal	Current Progress	Target Completion Date	Contact
Solve MIT's budget crisis through street crime.	Homeless man outside Libby's in Central Square mugged by Student Committee on Educational Policy; netted 15 copies of <i>Spare Change</i> , \$3.62 and half bottle of Old Crow bourbon (consumed at scene).	November 2130	ThugComm (ua-thugchairs@mit.edu)
Replace freedom of speech with "freedom from speech".	Successfully manufactured politically motivated controversy over embattled students trying to improve campus social scene with a party. Working with MIT Medical to distribute "anti-sad pills" to be taken whenever you encounter something you can't censor.	1984	Supercilius Excusamere (ua-president@mit.edu), Corncob Fable (ua-vp@mit.edu)
Steal John Harvard statue by concealing it in Tim the Beaver's rectal cavity.	Tube of Astroglide purchased; borrowed by UA President & Vice-President for special Senate "closed session"; not yet returned. Beaver performing stretching exercise regimen in Z-Centre toilets.	Harvard Commencement	Statue concealment expert Attorney General John Ashcroft (ua-fascist@justice.gov)
Resolve dispute concerning the hanging of flags from dorm windows.	Sent representative to 'Housing Policy Whitewash Committee'. Have been assured the name merely refers to the process by which dormitory walls are kept clean when not covered by dangerous flags and thus we "don't have to bother [our] pretty little heads with access to boring old minutes".	Institutional memory plus one week	UA Patsy (ua-patsy@mit.edu)
Develop protocol for orgies held in residence halls.	Drawing up list of important factors to be considered, such as order in the sodomy queue, budgets for spermicidal cream and lubricant, necessary vaccinations for DormCon german shepherd.	IAP	Committee on Circle Jerking and Daisy Chains (ua-deanrimjobs@mit.edu)
Pad own resumés.	We got elected, didn't we?	Ongoing	Our middle fingers, suckers!



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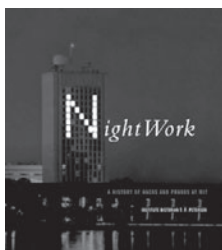
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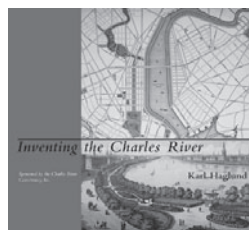
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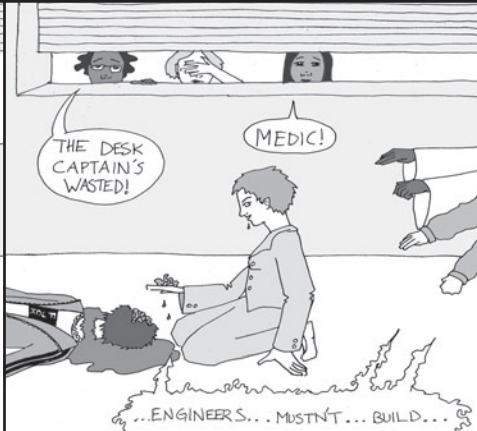
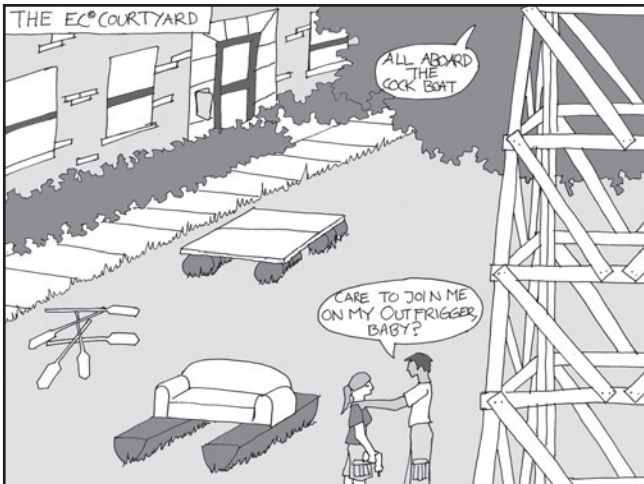
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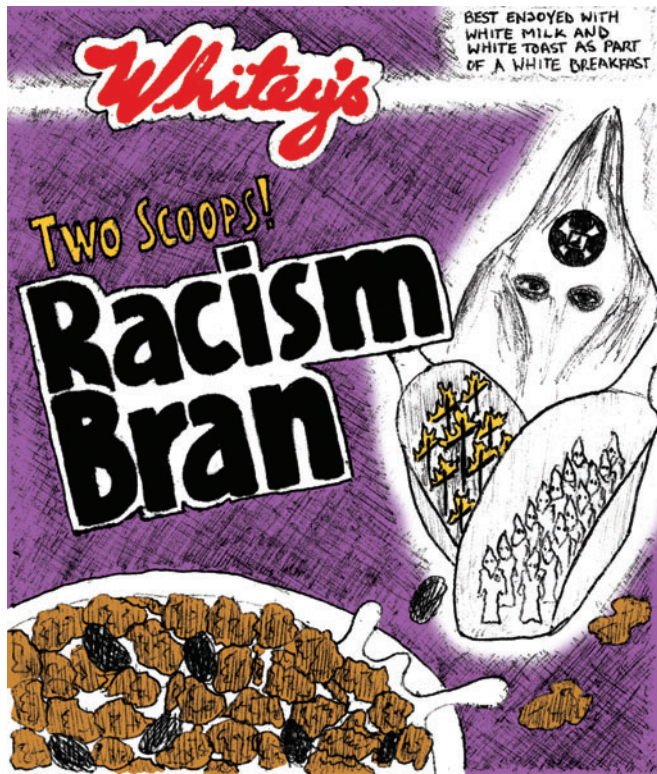
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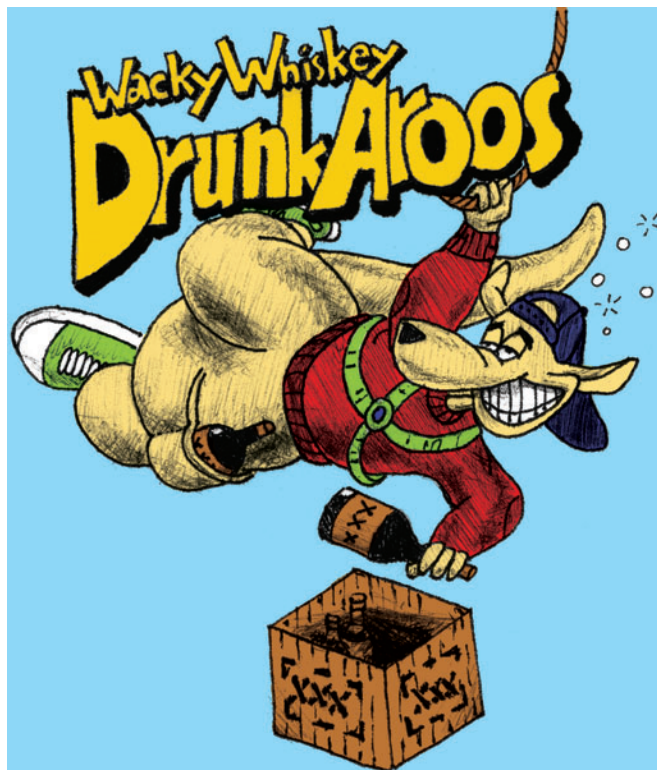


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