

WEEWEE

Euthanasia Fairy Tales



Volume 91
Issue 1

POOPERATION

CAN YOU SAVE POPE JOHN PAUL II IN HIS MOMENT OF PASSION — OR AT LEAST HELP HIM TO BE LESS OF AN ASSHOLE?

THE POPE'S EVIL EYE, WHICH HE DIRECTED AT AMERICA AND ITS ABORTION-FRIENDLY "CULTURE OF DEATH!"

REMOVE THE POPE'S SECRET TATTOO, WHICH TIES HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL WITH JOHN PAUL JONES, LED ZEPPELIN BASSIST AND KNOWN ASSHOLE!

SEE IF YOU CAN REMOVE THE CRUCIFIX FROM THE POPE'S ASS, AND MAYBE HE'LL BECOME LESS OF A TIGHT-WAD AND ALLOW ORAL SEX!

MEHMET ALI AGCA'S BULLETS ARE STILL LODGED IN THE POPE'S STOMACH — COME HELP A BROTHER OUT!

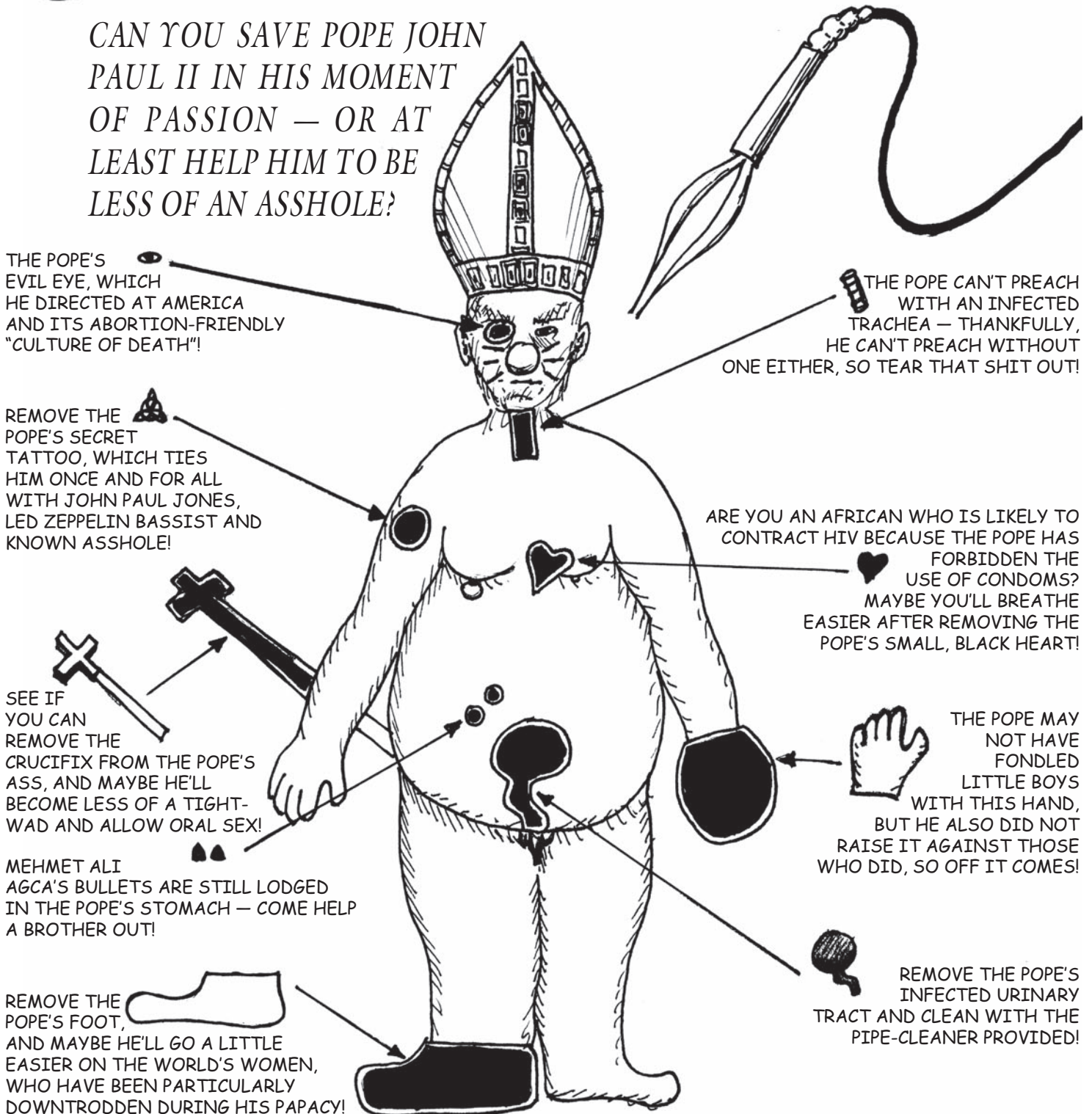
REMOVE THE POPE'S FOOT, AND MAYBE HE'LL GO A LITTLE EASIER ON THE WORLD'S WOMEN, WHO HAVE BEEN PARTICULARLY DOWNTRODDEN DURING HIS PAPACY!

THE POPE CAN'T PREACH WITH AN INFECTED TRACHEA — THANKFULLY, HE CAN'T PREACH WITHOUT ONE EITHER, SO TEAR THAT SHIT OUT!

ARE YOU AN AFRICAN WHO IS LIKELY TO CONTRACT HIV BECAUSE THE POPE HAS FORBIDDEN THE USE OF CONDOMS? MAYBE YOU'LL BREATHE EASIER AFTER REMOVING THE POPE'S SMALL, BLACK HEART!

THE POPE MAY NOT HAVE FONDLED LITTLE BOYS WITH THIS HAND, BUT HE ALSO DID NOT RAISE IT AGAINST THOSE WHO DID, SO OFF IT COMES!

REMOVE THE POPE'S INFECTED URINARY TRACT AND CLEAN WITH THE PIPE-CLEANER PROVIDED!



In Where's My Morphine Voo Doo:

Letters To Phosphorous — page 6

Now Containing 74.6% Real Correspondences!



The Daily Voo Doo — **Interfraternity Council Protests Lack of Women in Science** — page 8

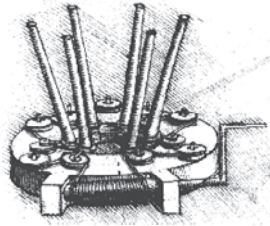
We're protesting the lack of women scientists in our porn collection.

Happy Little Swastika Man — page 10

Making Nazi jokes is like watching a train wreck, sometimes you can't help yourself.

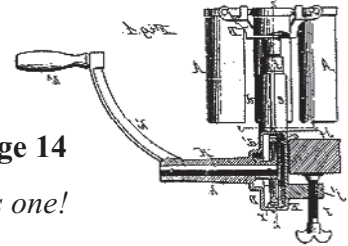
The Voo Doo Centerfold — page 12

Everyone knows girls are just for decoration.



The Gospel According To Transistor Man — page 14

We're really scraping the bottom of the n-well for this one!

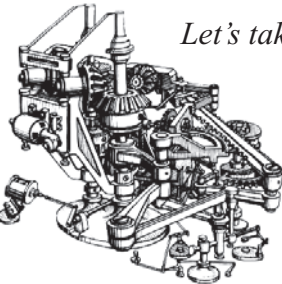


The Voo Doo Crass Rat Premiere — page 16

It's impossible to please everyone, but we'll prove it's trivial to offend them.

Voo Doo Careers Section — page 18

Let's take an open action item on developing fisting as our core competency.



Can you Draw Phos? — page 20

Failing that, would you be our Ombudsman?



Wall Socket Funnies — page 21

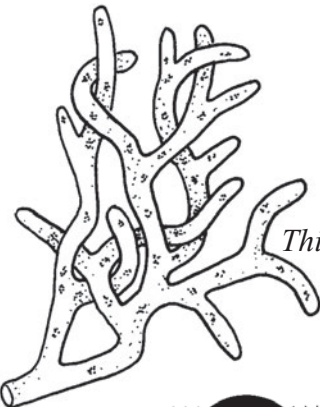
That fork will seem infinitely attractive after reading these.

120 Ways To Say 'No' To An Abortion (And Still Sound Cool) — page 22

Because I always wanted a little sister!

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Those slippery little suckers just speak for themselves.



Gonzilla — page 28

This is your brain. This is your brain at MIT. Any questions?



From the Publisher



Editor In Brief

Amanda Wozniak

Humanist At Heart

Andrew Brooks

Illustrative Machinist

Laura Nichols

Buckin' 'n' Boostin'

Mark Feldmeier

Polish Party Platter

Mateusz Malinowski

Irresistably A Mystery

Clara Rhee

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Joseph Seaward

Publisher

Phosphorous

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Michael Baker

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Maitland Lederer

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Sheila Longo

Mateusz Malinowski

Laura Nichols

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Matthew Traum

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Joshua Pevner

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**NEXT SUBMISSION
DEADLINE 11/11/05**

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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 Rag

It's been quite the harrowing effort over the past month to conceive, gestate and finally forcibly extract this issue of VooDoo. There were moments when I considered abortion the only option, as I have far better things to do than send out email after email begging for submissions and death. My thesis is one example; sleep, another. I am not alone — every person who contributed to VooDoo had something better to do with their time. But we did it anyhow. Now it's an hour before we go to press and another issue full of bitterness, anger and jest is ready to be printed, distributed and promptly disposed of by Physical Plant. If you were quick enough to save a copy from the Holocaust, I salute you.

In the past six days, I've been home twice and slept in a bed once. Our artists punted their theses and the layout editor suffered my intrusive presence for six days (not that I really mind, because he thinks it's hilariously funny to refuse to layout what he's told). Friends brought us emergency provender, namely beer and hot pockets (and an occasional change of clothes) so that we could see the issue through to completion. Several times... Hell, many times, I was left alone in 441 to tool on the issue while everyone else went out on dates, to dinner, to class or gave up on VooDoo entirely.

Now, doesn't that sound like a waste of a week? Why bother? Let's be honest, who really cares about VooDoo that much?

Well, damn it, so many of you keep your head down and you never bother to look up and see what a ridiculous place you're in. It's VooDoo's job to do that for you, currently, I am VooDoo, and I'm leaving! Excepting my thesis, this is the last project I'll ever undertake in my time as an MIT student. In less than three months, I'm going to have a real job in the real world. With things like cars, houses, marriage and kids (so I'm told) looming overhead like

nuclear winter, I won't have time to think about how infuriating it is that Larry Benedict used mine and your Student Life Fee to reimburse some lazy Burton-Conner slack asses for "inconvenience". Why should I care that the Institute's new fiscal architecture of self-sufficient buck-passing is completely ridiculous? Hell! I don't even live on campus, so the phone plan wouldn't effect me even if I were staying on for a PhD. There's no reason to get one's panties in a bunch.

The problem is that I've been here so long that I can't help it — love it or hate it, MIT's a part of me until I die. And I have a personal vision of what MIT means and what it should be. If you've paid any attention at all to the world around you during your time here, you should know what I'm talking about.

Let's have an example. The new phone plan will cause a lot of people to just do without a dorm room phone. It's no big deal because all the Millennial Parents will blithely foot the bill for all the administration's capricious demands. But when I was a freshman, I worked part-time for two shifts a week at the 24 Hour Coffeehouse to pay my bills. On 8 x \$7.25 an hour, plus \$0.75 of free food per hour and all the day-old donuts and coffee I could handle, I paid for all my food, school supplies and clothes. I couldn't have afforded the new phone plan back then, and neither could my parents. It certainly would have made it harder to get reassuring calls from home, without which I might have added to MIT's suicide liability lawsuits (the effects of which always propagate back down to the students). But what difference does it make? The Coffeehouse is gone — no department or dean is willing to bring it back for a mere \$40k per annum (most of which would pay for student workers). No one except Jhawk has the time to even investigate MIT's latest crack-fueled schemes, let alone counter or protest them. No one even noticed the latest ridiculous tuition

hike, and spontaneous tuition riots were a thing of the past, even for me. It looks like protesting just isn't the fashion with the kids these days.

Fuck that! It's up to the current and continuing crop of MIT students to maintain what they feel is their ideal MIT. The Institute is an abusive home, but it shapes who you are — you are therefore responsible not only for surviving it, but changing it in it's turn. If that means giving the extra effort to be a good TA, being a decent GRT or participating in the UA or GSC, then that's what you've got to do. Everyone praises the student leaders while whining that they just don't have the time to do it. Find the fucking time! Undergrads, unless you're on scholarship or want to go to medical school, your grades don't matter. The only time graduate students should crawl into their holes is right before quals and their thesis defense. If you do nothing but keep your head down and get your work done, you're wasting your fucking time — and when you're here, that time is your entire life.

But look at me ramble on like some homeless bum in Central Square. I'm leaving in a few months, I'm almost free! My days of stealing liquid nitrogen and stapling women's underwear to Steve Alpert's door are over. Next up is the daily tedium of earning capital and trying to find a husband who won't shaft me with all the housework. Maybe there's such a thing as fun after college, but I wouldn't know. Life as I know it is ending. It's someone else's turn now.

Several graduate students were molested during the making of this issue of VooDoo. I sincerely hope you enjoy it.

Cheers,

WØZ

LETTERS TO PHOSPHOROUS

Subject: Re: Fetal VooDoo Volume 91 Issue 1 (Abort, Retry, Fail?)

thanks for that.

your posting arrived just-in-time.

every bit as good and useful as an actual number of voodoo (around here, at home on the foggy coast of maine) where our kids who are still at home, and awake, look forward to the days and nights when they too might write like yourself and voodoo, on a regular basis ...

it happens we needed some serious humour injected into our early morning hours and ... there it appeared ...

thanks again.

hastily, but sincerely,

- r. shyduroff

Richard,

I'm very glad we added some cheer to your day. It's usually beyond hope that anyone responds to one of our broadcast emails with submissions let alone compliments and encouragement. It's things like this that give humorists pause in their prayers for benediction from the Euthanasia Fairy. I hope you find as much serious amusement in the issue proper as you did in our the ever-degenerating pleas for material. Thank you for writing, it helped keep us going.

Best of luck with life on the Outside,

—Phos

Dear Woz,

Please permit me this subtle pleasure and alleviation of my personal suffering. I understand, possibly even appreciate, your lack of understanding behind the facade of my concern, but I would think it reasonable if you would release my drink from its cloister. The foresworn monk that is vodka needs to be permitted his place among my people... I beg you, bring him from his shelter, please, let him be mine, as no other has been mine.

Sincerely,

Josh Pevner

While you were distracted, Woz gave your drink to Zoz. Go ask him about it.

—Phos

Dearest Zoz,

Zed - omega - zed, is this the end? The end of joy, or the end of sorrow. The river moves onward, and water flows with babble and babble, passing moments, like little rocks in a stream, a lifetime. Let me, nay, force me to baptise in the water of the spirit, and drink as some men breathe of this gnostic drought. Force the sacred upon my throat and free me from this world of sadness.

Josh Pevner

Hey, we don't normally answer letters to former editors! I poured your drink down the drain while you were spitting ink and yelling, "I am the squid!" It's for the best, but let me take this moment to encourage you in your attraction to Zoz (for a pasty metal-loving white boy, he's quite the catch)! And I'm sure he'd be willing to force the sacred down your throat given enough love and encouragement.

Best of luck with that,

Phos

Dear Phos,

Does free pizza go well with suicide?

—a wayward freshman

Dear Joe,

Why, yes it does. Hope all's well with you,

—Phos

Hey, have any of you seen my dildo?

I looked in my closet this afternoon and could not find my beloved auto-schlong. Its about 13 inches long and clamps to the table. If you find it, DONT TOUCH IT! I have not been tested for STDs. Drop me an email.

plz k thx

hip

Yo,

Was it black mold-injected silicone with an internal support rod and spring loaded clamp? Because we haven't seen it anywhere near the VooDoo office, and we certainly didn't probe any prefrosh with it during our annual Telethon.

Good luck finding that pinnacle of sexual engineering!

—Phos

Dearest Woz,

I cannot bear to be so long away from you. My heart grows fragile with every passing moment ... you must return to me soon, or I might simply give out. I know I have so little to offer, but, I hope you will be overcome my pitiful freshman status and accept me as the man I am. Please, take this poem as a gift, to help you appreciate your neccessity to my very essence.

[REDACTED FOR YOUR SAFETY — Ed.]

Sincerely,

J.L. Pevner

In the female editor, signs of sexual and textual frustration are ambiguous and often confused. A clever tactic used by males (unable to discern the difference) is to combine multiple offers of submission in the hopes that the larger and more aggressive female will take at least one bait. While I would like to congratulate you on your implementation of a known tactic, I regret to inform you that the editor is simply too violent for that ruse to work. We've tallied up no fewer than 7 genital injuries sustained by male staffers, two of them quite severe, in the course of publishing the current issue. We would hate to see a virile and unwashed young man, like yourself, literally crushed in the prime of his life.

Whatever you do, don't ask Woz about the Gestapo.

Keep those submissions coming,

—Phos

Mr. Phosphorous,

I recently attended a Campus Crusade for Cthulhu ritual and was lasmbasted to submit something to your magazine. So, in the spirit of giving, let me tell you a story:

In the summer of 2003 I spent several billable hours crafting a fake scientific news article about how much the BareNaked Ladies suck (see: "Researchers at Lawrence-Livermore Laboratories Prove Conclusively That Barenaked Ladies, Moxie Fruvous Suck Ass). This was in response to plaintive cries of "We need content for VooDoo! Please help!" So I did my part and submitted my missive.

A few months later, out comes the "Sacred Cow Salami" issue of VooDoo. Oh

look, an article is conspicuously absent.

Listen fuckups; I don't know what kind of baboon is running the show over there now, but I can tell you that they're fubar-ing the whole operation. I should know, I was the fucking Copy Editor in the mid-90's, and back then we knew how to run a god-damned humor magazine.

Let me give you a little peice of advice: VooDoo will ALWAYS need submissions, and I don't care what kind of second-hand exhalations are passing for "journalistic integrity" in the office now, but in my day ther was no room for it. When I was copy editor, we got SHIT for submissions. And you know what? We printed ALL OF IT. That's the way VooDoo works.

So get off your collective self-masturbatory pedastal, none of you are too good for the tripe that gets sent to you. Just put on your hip waders, spread some Vick's VapoRub under your noses, and start shoveling the shit into TeX. You arrogant fucking bastards.

Best Regards,

Hani Sallum

Voo Doo Copy Editor '94-'96

Mr. Sallum,

*Masturbation is, by definition, of the self. And how might one balance on a masturbatory pedestal? I think a couch or papasan would be far superior in comfort. Besides, I take umbrage at your tone. This entire Editorship has been based on the premise that all one needs to publish VooDoo is a nice pair of breasts and a sunny disposition! You must be thinking of the former regime of Der FunkenFuehrer, who ruled with cod-liver-oil enemas and an iron fist. That fucker rejected even **my** VooDoo submissions! And I **am** VooDoo!*

Rest assured, we've relaxed our standards significantly for this issue. We've even included a fair amount of material that only a crafty alum like you could truly appreciate. I hope you enjoy it!

Thanks for the feedback.

— Phos



Hey guys,

I managed to find my dildo a couple of days ago, but now I'm missing my Kelly Osborne cyberskin blow-up doll. If you see her, could you bring her back home? I get lonely if my precious Kelly is gone for too long.

k thx bye

hip

Hip, sorry to hear it!

We swear that we didn't give your love doll, a turkey baster and a large jar of Vaseline to Mark. But we'll try and make sure to patch her up good when she shows up on reuse-sex.

— Phos

Hello VooDoo,

This is the first time I've written in to your magazine, mostly because this was the first time I was able to make it past the first page without becoming either overly bored or disgusted with the material contained therein. I would like to congratulate you on your new editor and hope you keep up the good work.

—zoz

Dear Feldmeier,

Does Zoz know you're touching his computer again? For the love of god man, run! RUN!

— Phos

To the So-called Editor of VooDoo,

I refer to you as such because I don't think you edit anything at all. All the filth of the unwashed masses that infest this swarming hell hole excuse for a school merely slips under your watch to appear in the pages of this masturbatory rag. I was particularly incensed that, in this past issue, you so blatantly defamed me in your "Blob and Porcupine" comic. Do you really think people appreciate having their personal issues held up for public ridicule in five thousand circulating copies of shit? Sir or Madam, you can fuck off!

—blob (or porcupine, whichever i was)

Why are engineers obsessed with masturbation? That's just not healthy! Have you considered going outside? Maybe eating some green vegetables? You might be a little less angry if you were more regular.

Best of luck with that,

— Phos

Dear Mistress Editor,

Please forgive my insolence, as it has been five days since my last submission.

I don't deserve the kindness of your leather boot, but rather, need the studded paddle to retribute my wicked ways. Oh, how I wish I could muster the courage to bring forth what I'd truly like to submit to you, but I fear it would not stand up to your rigid requirements. But I shall submit anyhow, in hope that I may recieve the justice of your strong hand for my transgressions of such a flaccid offering.

-i. m. potence

*For the love of Christ, do you people see the kind of email I get?! Submit to VooDoo does not mean volunteer to get your noxious seminal fluid all over my recently polished jackboots. And while we're at it, I thought nudity in the Infinite Corridor was a ballsy publicity stunt (until some fucker stole our poster, and is no doubt furtively masturbating to it even as we go to press). But no! All I hear is how you **might** have submitted to VooDoo if it had been full-frontal nudity instead.*

Fuck you!

— Phos

Confidential To the Cock-Monkey Who Stole Our Poster:

The files were freely available for download on the internet, asshole.

— Phos



Please address all correspondence to:

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

THE DAILY



VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"The News You Knead To Noh"

Interfraternity Council Protests Lack Of Women In Science

Back Bay, Boston, MA—IFC president Chris Child '06 released a statement today protesting the lack of women in "the fields of science, technology and mathematics." The IFC's press release marks only the latest stage in the ugly drama which has erupted ever since Harvard's president Larry Summers, former advisor to former president William J. Clinton, declared that women were underrepresented in the sciences thanks to inherent biological differences.

"We of the IFC unanimously take exception to President Summers's attitude, which we regard as a throwback to medieval times," says the manifesto. "We do not ignore the obvious biological separation between male and female, which is plain for all to see. Hell, we all know it's great to be male, and we think some of those Women's Studies cunts should really climb off of their Power Towers. Aren't we the gender which sprays enough sperm in one fuckin' load to impregnate the country twice over? I think so-o." Although the members of the IFC "would be the last to argue that men and women are equal," they emphasize that the inequality of the sexes

is not the key factor behind the small number of women in science. Noting that the recent Association of Women Students panel described an "image problem", the IFC report continued, "It is extremely exasperating that the Society of Women Scientists fails to see the general image problem for scientists at large. Typical bitches, not able to see past their own sagging tits. I mean, just turn on the Tube any given Saturday morning, and you'll see a crazy guy with poofy white hair who's trying to conquer the world with nuclear-powered supermen. That's how the public sees scientists: foreign men with bad communication skills. We're here to tell you, lots of us are red-blooded American to the core, and there are plenty of Wellesley chicks out there who will testify to our sociable natures."

While taking a break from his winning beer pong streak, a fraternity resident who wishes to remain anonymous said, "I'm not out to rule the world. I just want to make missile defence practical so I can feel safe starting a family with the girl of my dreams."

The IFC's statement claims that MIT fraternity men believe in the women

who tool alongside them. "We know in our hearts that women can be as intelligent and creative as the men they follow. And this is a very good thing, because unless we can tap the full intellectual reserves of this great country, we will fall prey to those foreign powers who have learned to harness their women and direct their brainpower to subversive ends. We simply cannot afford to shortchange ourselves in the brains department, not in this time of crisis. But if we all cooperate to the fullest, we can build America into the greatest power the world has ever seen, thrusting boldly into the future to stand erect before God as the wise descendants of Adam we know ourselves to be."

Dean of Admissions Marilee Jones, who served on the Association of Women Students panel, called the IFC report a promising stride toward a future of equality and toleration. "I'm just so proud of my little boys," she told reporters yesterday. "When I see such a warm and kind outpouring of affirmation, it makes me glad I chose so well in admitting them to MIT. When my children turn out this great, it almost makes me forget the death warrants I've signed. I hardly even stop to consider the ten undergraduates who killed themselves during the '90s alone—why lose sleep over those for whom I opened the gates of Hell? Those upstanding fraternity boys make my fears seem silly. I know that those good lil' Millennials will keep Social Security running for me, just like I know that for a little while, their bold hopes will keep me from waking in the night to that awful screaming of the lambs."

HEADLINE NEWS

Building 32 Transforms into Battle Droid

Saves Cambridge from Mothra, Megalon

Student With Duct Tape Places Campus Police In Quandary

Dual-Purpose Material Used For Terror Protection, Terror Hacking

Burton-Conner Residents Compensated For Inconvenience

"Student Life Fee" Payout Proportional To Proximity To Slocum Jr.

GHB Not As Tasteless As Advertised

However, Voo Doo More Tasteless Than Usual

SI Units Feature Prominently In ESG Scrabble Game

Nation's Satirists Now Obsolete, Commit Mass Suicide

Cambridge, MA—Trish Iclix '05, a course 21W major whose poetry has appeared in Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, sits huddled on an eighteenth-story window ledge of the Cambridge Marriott. She is only one of the thousands of satirists who have shot, slashed, poisoned, electrocuted, incinerated or gravitationally impacted themselves since the November 2004 presidential election.

"Time was, you know, when I thought I could do my part to make the world sane and happy," said Ms. Iclix. "Then I decided my only hope was to help our species die with style and gallantry. I think the turning point was when I first heard about the Clear Skies program." She let out a shuddering, gasping sob. "Now, I realize we don't even have that bit of dignity. Reality is even worse than I could invent."

Similar sentiments have been expressed across the country, as young and creative people realize en masse that their accomplishments as human beings are, even in the short term, irrelevant. Trish continued, "I'll be seeing all you bastards soon enough. You can pretend the planet isn't rotting under your feet, but the coral reefs are bleaching whiter than your DKNY jeans and they're not coming back. At least I died when there was still snow on Kilimanjaro."

She pushed herself up on one hand and looked out over the campus she had once grown to love. "I can see the twinkies fucking on the Little Dome from here," said Iclix. "It's going to be hard to leave it all behind. There were so many people who treated me so well. So many people who did their best to defy nature and create joy. Goodbye, Kurt Vonnegut. Goodbye, Dorothy Parker and Richard Feynman and William Shakespeare. Goodbye Bjork and Twain and Sigur Ros. Pleased to meet you, George Harrison." She began to lean into the wind. "Farewell, Larry Gonick and Bill Watterson. Tell them I wish I could have explained myself to Gr-a-a-a-a-a...."

Trish Iclix was survived by her parents and most of her freshman advising seminar.

EDITORIAL

The People who make the administration their primary target of ridicule are obviously not going to the same MIT as I am. There is so much more wrong with this place than them.

"Oh, the administration sometimes makes unreasonable policies!"

"The administration is 'out of touch!' "

"The administration doesn't love us!"

"President Hockfield doesn't wipe my ass for me!"

No shit! Admins are administrators, the officers of a corporation. Of course they don't give a shit about you. Where the hell do you come from that this is surprising enough to warrant this kind of outrage? It certainly isn't where I'm from: Earth. And if you think you're even doing a good job of busting administrative chops where they deserve it, think again! Do you honestly believe that, when the most powerful people in academia put on their frumpy robes and silly hats and get together for one of their high tea circle-jerks to decide what sort of shit they can put over on students this time, that they even spend time on evaluating what image they project to the student body? Do Admins care about some assholes singing inept blowjob jokes about them in 10-250, does that even make it on their agenda? Since you obviously need to be told: the correct answer is "no."

PERSONAL CONNECTIONS

Quark Masses: Charmed Quark looking for Strange, but any Flavor is nice. Goal: Interactions

I like TOP
If you like BOTTOM.

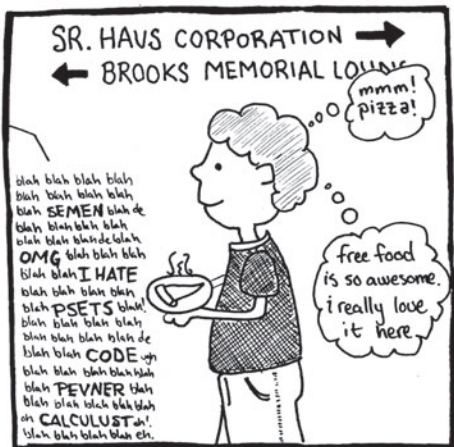
I like DOWN
If you like UP.

I like BOTTOM
If you like TOP.

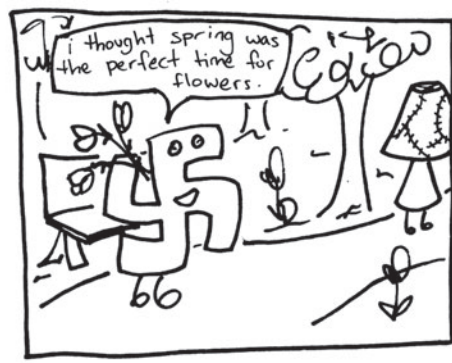
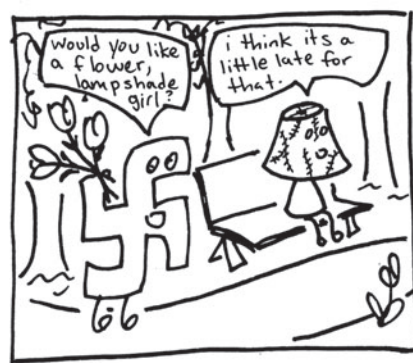
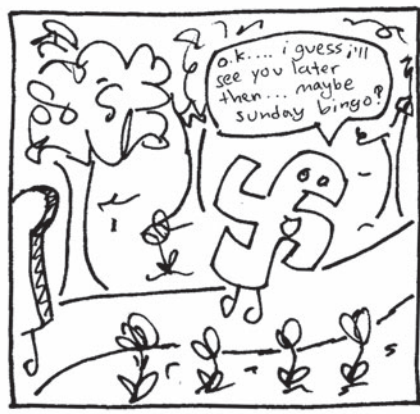
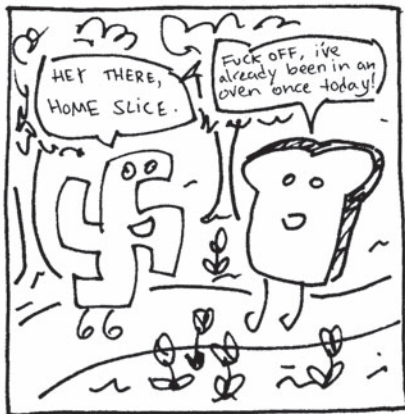
I like UP
If you'll get DOWN.

Let's find a HADRON and Glu ON!

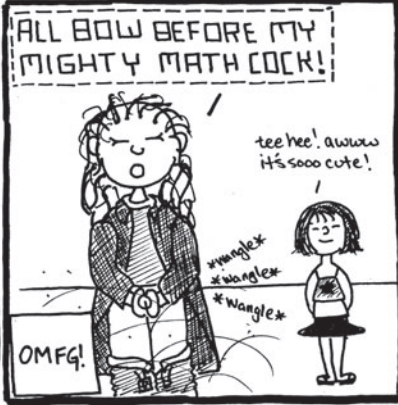
True Tales of the Wayward Freshman



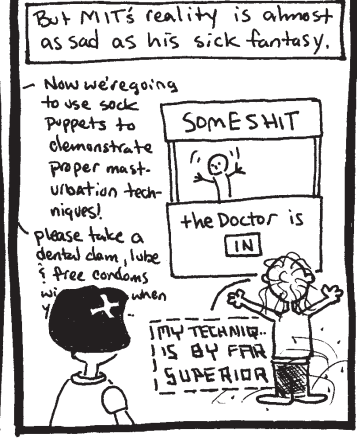
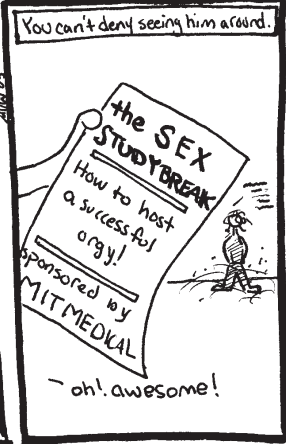
True Tales of the Wayward Freshman



True Tales of the Wayward Freshman

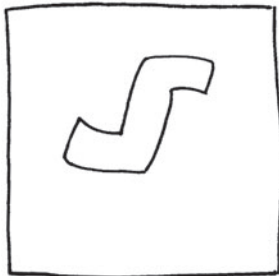


True Tales of the Wayward Freshman



~ HOW TO DRAW LITTLE HAPPY SWASTIKA MAN ~

1



OK., SO FIRST WE START WITH AN "S".

2



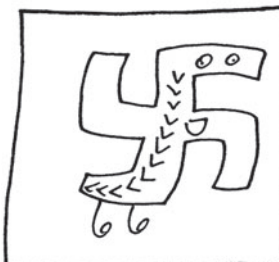
AND THEN WE ADD SOME EYES... AND SOME FEET.

3



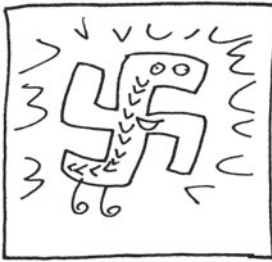
AND NOW SOME CONSUMMATE "V"s.

4



DON'T FORGET THE ARMS, HOW'S HE SUPPOSED TO DO THINGS WITHOUT ARMS.

5



ALWAYS PUT IN THE MAJESTY. The majesty is so good.

6



and now some text, and you're done!

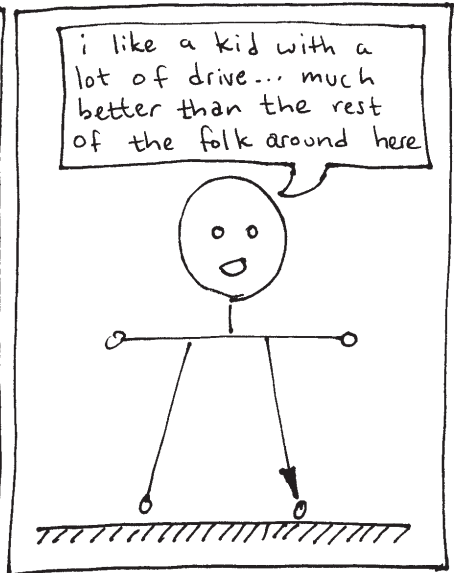
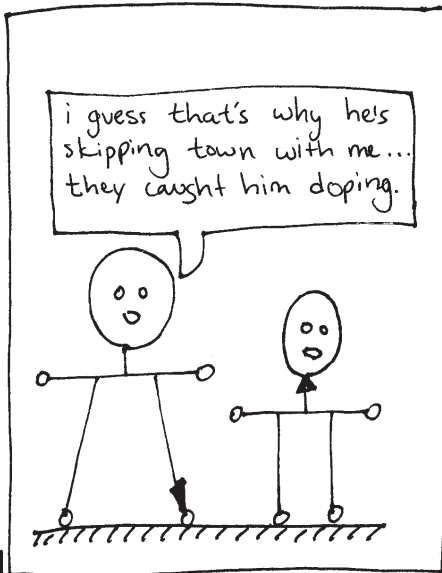
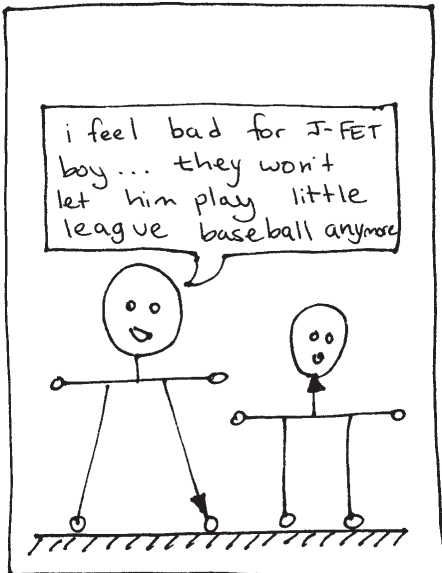
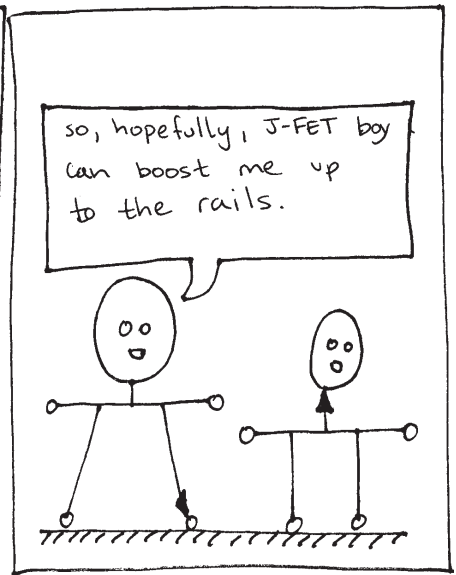
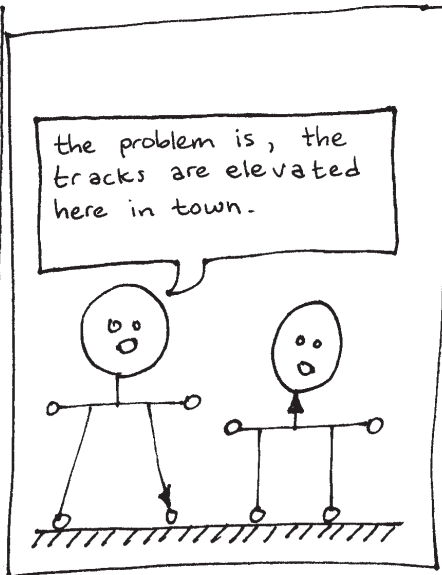
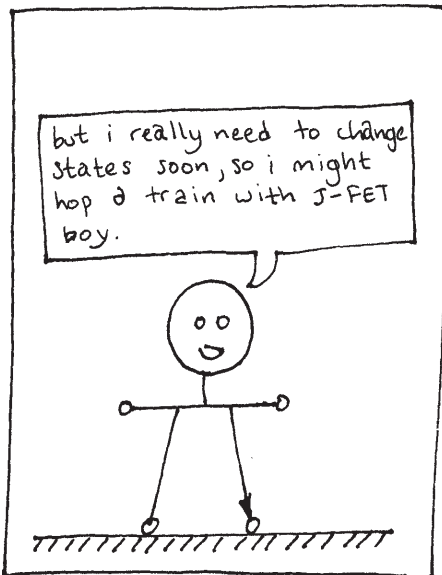
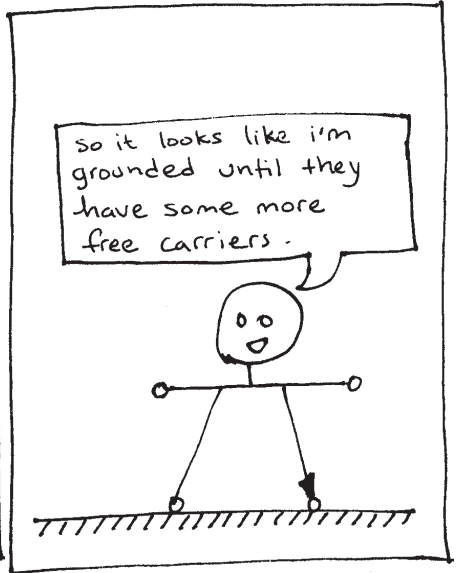
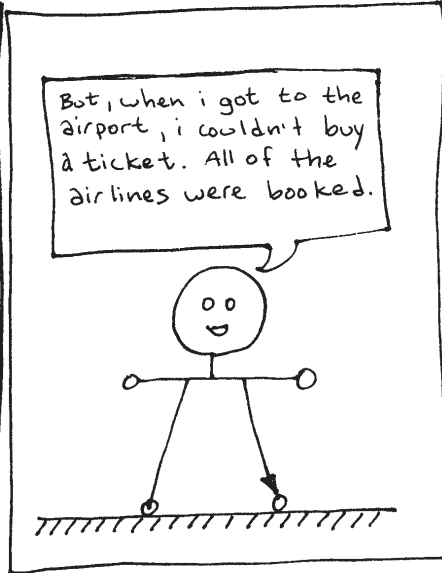
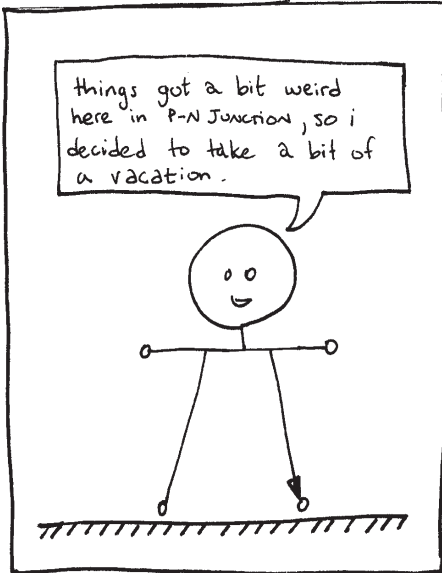
It took two weeks of searching, but we managed to find evidence that girls can be pretty *and* engineers. When asked to comment on the image, 20% of respondents replied, "I wish I had a girlfriend," and the remainder commented, "That iBook is fucking HOT."

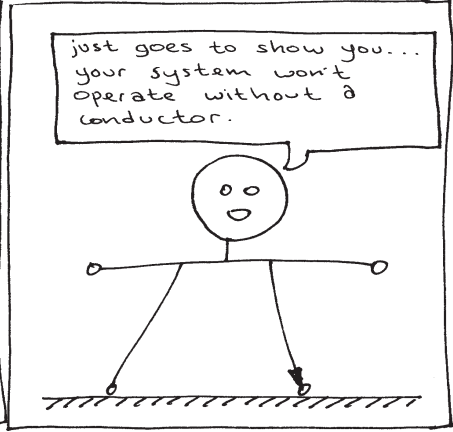
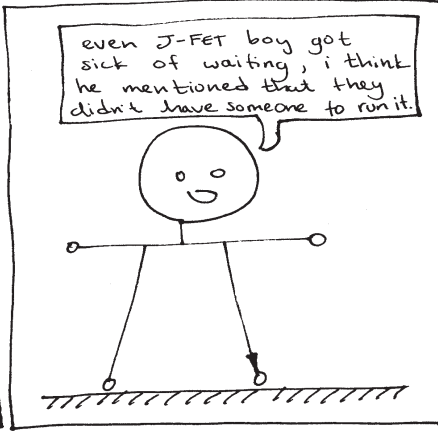
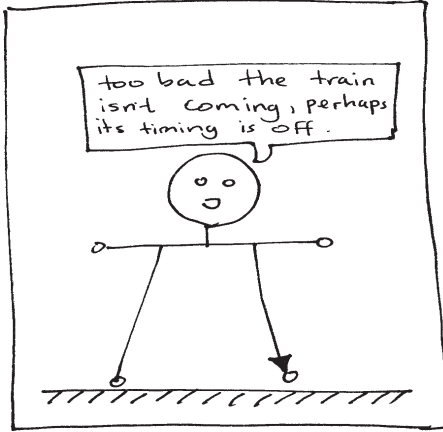
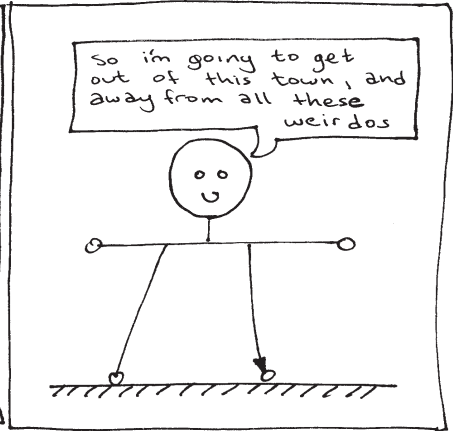
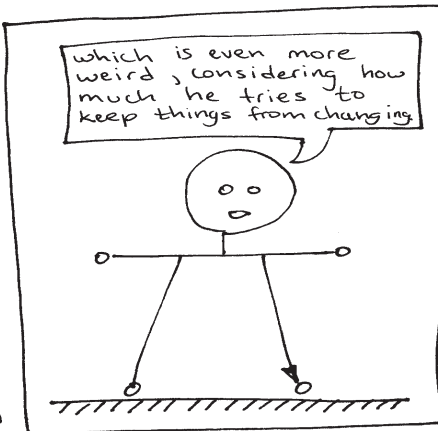
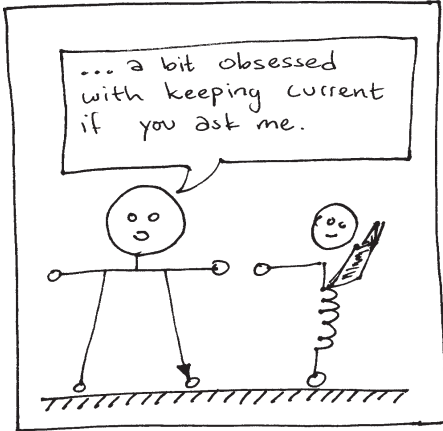
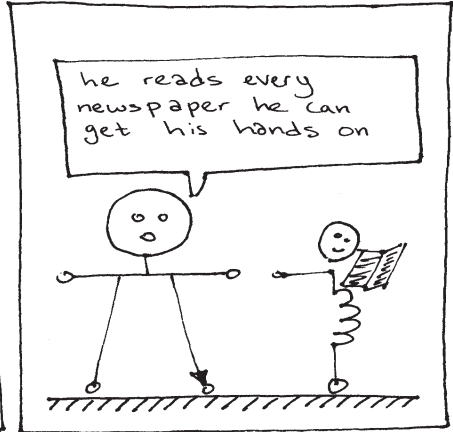
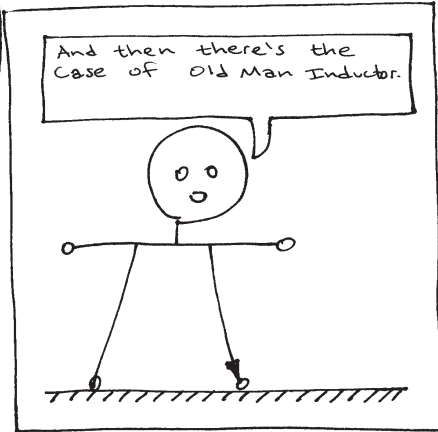
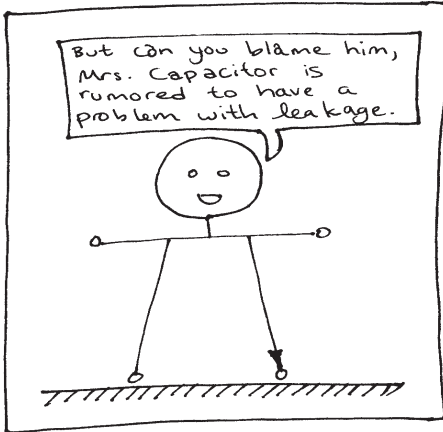
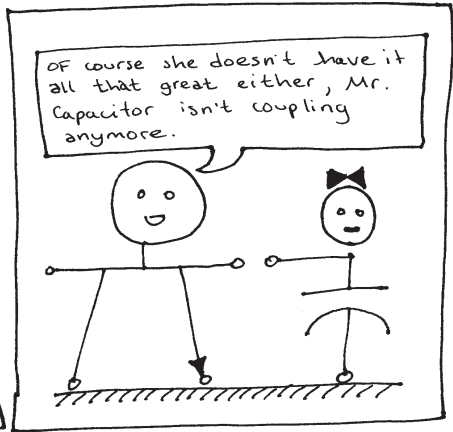
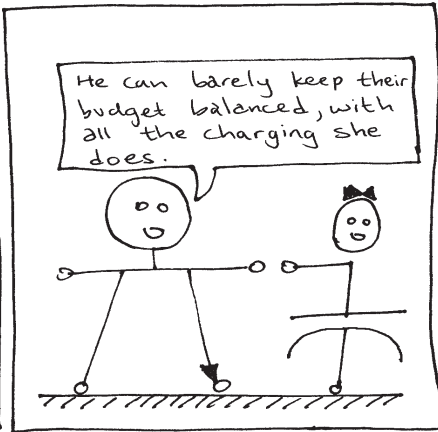
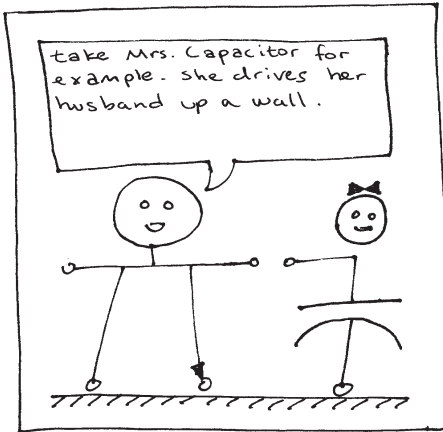


To Rhos
& Mich

SPEED STICK







THE VOO DOO CRASS RAT PREMIERE

The History of the Crass Rat

Every year, we suffer through another ring committee being handed vast piles of money to "design" a piece of jewelry which is intended to embody four (or more) years of Hell at MIT. When RingComm doesn't embezzle the publicity funds, the forging of the Brass Rat serves as a delightful side note to every student's sophomore year.

But the eight-person RingComm always fails to entirely disguise the fact that the "unique" ring for each class year is yet another poorly constructed exercise in conformity. Women are disgusted by the misogynistic Tech when they aren't represented on the MIT Seal; Mike Hall whines like a pregnant woman when they are. Every year, students get offended when the symbolism of their ring has no real meaning. But the Brass Rat isn't meant to truly embody a given class or the MIT experience, nay! The Brass Rat is meant to be a foci for rich alumni who, their memories of pain and suffering swiftly fading, glance down at their hands and that innocent-looking beaver and remember the dear old Tech when it comes time to make the next round of tax-deductible donations.

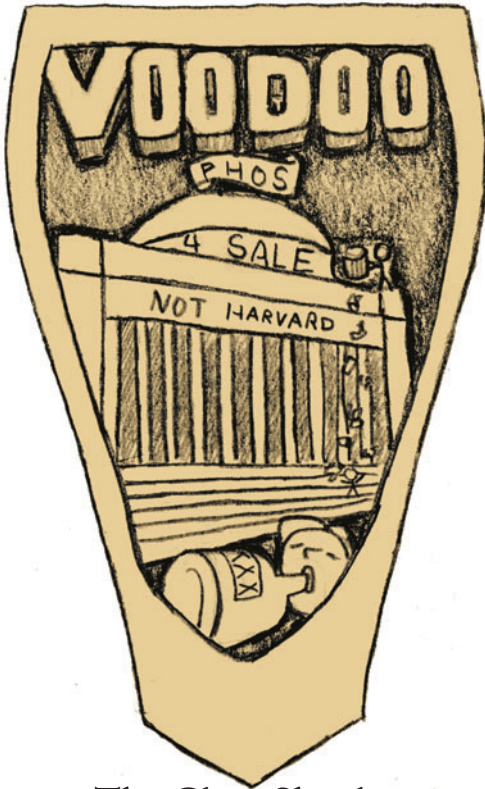
We here at Voo Doo don't believe in letting harsh memories fade, so we've crafted our own Crass Rat, to be typical (but truthful) of every MIT Engineer's experience with (only a little) self gratification thrown into the mix.



The Ring Bezel

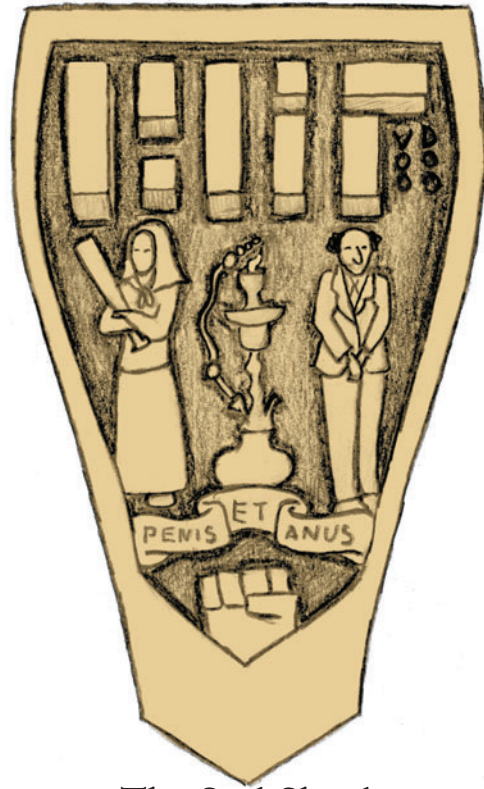
Why a beaver anyhow? Plagiarism is always the answer: "The beaver typifies the MIT student, and his habits are particularly our own. Of all the animals in the world, the beaver is noted for his industry, his nocturnal engineering and cunningly implemented back-door protection. No one sodomizes a beaver. Everyone knows that."

The beaver (of course) is the focus of the bezel. He wears a diaper to symbolize the level of administrative pampering desired by the Millennial Tech Man, while indulging his compulsive onanism. From one limb, hot sticky streams of knowledge arc forth, covering the Charles River and a rotting corpse marked with 'Phi' and 'Sigma', representing the current state of the FSILG community since the abolishment of Rush. The noble beaver sits upon fat piles of Benjamins to indicate the amount of money we pay to be to humiliated and demoralized in our course of education, so that MIT can buy self-indulgent storage sheds like the looming hulk of Building 32, depicted over the beaver's shoulder. In the background, Phosphorous T. Cat battles Godzilla over the CITGO sign, one of Our personal favorite fantasies.



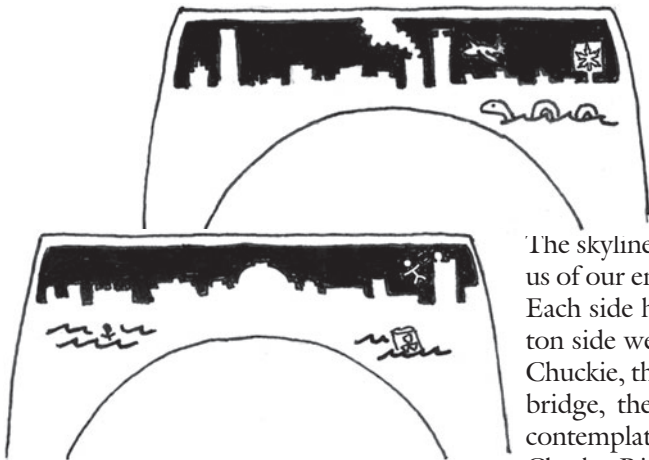
The Class Shank

This shank portrays the MIT we know and hate, for sale to the highest bidder. Voo Doo arches prominently over the Great Dome, symbolizing our firm command of campus and that this is our ring and we damn well want you to know. To commemorate MIT's fine tradition of hacking, Jack Florey rains garbage upon an unsuspecting tool from the corner of the Gravel Pit. This and yet another clever banner hack declare that we're better than CalTech, but we're certainly not Harvard. The bottle of hooch and the base-ball cap adorned undergraduate eagerly swilling it reminds us of our only solace and pastime in this poured-concrete hell — severe alcoholism.



The Seal Shank

At the top of this shank, the MIT corporate logo simultaneously declares where you are and what you might never find. The rest of the shank is dominated by the MIT seal, which we have completely retooled to reflect our perceptions of the Institute and greater MIT community. The blacksmith has been replaced by Aimee L. Smith armed only with a sense of vengeance and a sturdy baseball bat, ever ready to smash the patriarchy. Opposite her stands the scholar, Senior Haus alumnus Larry Summers, who is living the MIT dream and running Harvard into the ground but must constantly be on guard to protect his masculinity in the academic arena. Beneath them is the new motto, "Penis et Anus", supported by the unofficial Administrative Fist logo.



The Skylines

The skylines of Boston and Cambridge are placed on the ring to remind us of our environment and life at MIT, whichever side may be home for us. Each side holds memories that we will cherish for a lifetime. On the Boston side we recall long evenings of pot smoking at LCA and discourse on Chuckie, the Charles River Monster. When we leave and look back at Cambridge, the two small figures will remind us of all the nights we spent contemplating hurtling ourselves off of the Green Building or into the Charles River. A floating radiation barrel in the Charles reminds us that, even if we were to dream the impossible dream, the unparalleled toxicity of the water would be sure to destroy all forensic evidence.

VOO DOO CAREERS SECTION

In these days of ever decreasing returns on investment, is your fancy tech-school education doing the most it can — for you? Or are you just stuck paying for phone service, athletic facilities, medical insurance, student life fees, toilet flushing tax, oxygen installment plans and Athena usage bills (in addition to perpetually inflating tuition) while you sacrifice all these expensive luxuries so you can actually finish your degree? If you're at MIT, you either answered 'Yes', or you're a member of the self-serving administrative horde who shouts slogans like, "Departmental self-sufficiency! Fiscal independence for housing! Pass it on!" while being so out of touch with reality that they think the Infinite Corridor has no end. Engineers, this one's for you.

Reflections on Engineering and MIT

From the VooDoo Financial Advisory Staff

What are you talking about in this publication? Nazi fetuses? Christ! What is wrong with you people? Let's stop wasting ink and talk about something important. I have been asked (actually, threatened repeatedly) by the VooDoo editorial staff to write a piece for this piss-rag which discusses my personal views concerning the value of an MIT education. What follows is a critical distillation of my reflections from the past decade.

If you graduate from MIT with a degree in engineering, sooner or later you'll realize that your life is a total dead-end. You may challenge this thesis, but I'll walk you through the derivation. Let's ask some insightful questions to help us on our way. Do you want happiness and recognition for your work? Do you want freedom and compensation for your labors? Do you want a meaningful and creative outlet with which you express yourself? News flash, motherfuckers — a career in engineering will give you none of these things. Let's explore this. First, engineers are *never* recognized by society. And they shouldn't be. Engineers are the little implementation rodents who run off cliffs so above-board society can run without a hitch. Do you want to watch 50 channels of Saved By The Bell while you jerk it split-screen style with your favorite 9/11 videos? Technology made that possible. Some engineer did that. Who gives a shit? There is no awards ceremony for you because society would rather celebrate

knocking up Britney Spears than acknowledge that the people they pissed on in high-school could ever do anything worthwhile. And most of the engineering you'll do in your lifetime isn't even useful, you'll be providing technology to a consumer base that doesn't need it to make your company big money. And you'll sacrifice your social life to do this. Sounds like fun, yeah? Sure, you can play Ultimate Frisbee until women notice you, but the only women you'll run into in an engineering field are either prostitutes or the online dating community. So it's venereal disease or Craigslist, take your pick. Even if you find a girl, the best thing you'll have to look forward to in the working world is a softball league and maybe getting sullenly drunk on the weekends. Or you could go to law school and start having a real life.

Second, engineering companies know they don't have to pay you much, and management across engineering fields colludes to make pay raises miniscule. You may start at a reasonable amount but it won't move. All that after the huge amount of debt you accumulated so you could *get* your degree. If you want money, become a doctor. In this country doctors have nothing to do with helping people and everything to do with taking lots of vacation and getting fucking good at golf. If you don't want to be taking out a third mortgage and going straight back to work after getting triple-

bypass surgery so you can put your kid through MIT in 25 years, go to medical school now.

Third, creative outlets are dangerous for engineers. Sure, you could have a pretentious side-gig as a painter but don't let any other engineers find out! If anyone knows that you like to sculpt your feelings, your coworkers will take you about as seriously as a Dr. Who impersonator at a Time Traveler's Convention. Concrete relationships are all that matter to real engineers. Creative talents make you a liability to any serious project. Give it up.

Finally, engineering companies are all ultra-conservative. They have to be — the inmate running your asylum is solely focused on making some fat-ass sponsor at the Pentagon smell like roses. If you work for a government contractor and go to a peace rally and call Paul Wolfowitz a nigger (a bad idea by any measure, peace is for fucking idiots) you *will* lose your job. There is actually legal precedent for this in Massachusetts and if you were a lawyer you'd already know that. Note that "employment at will" has nothing to do with *your* will, but everything to do with *their* will. They can fire your Half-Life lovin' ass for any arbitrary reason. Free speech in this country is only protected from Congress, not from employers, hence the diarrhetic stream of political correctness that gets sprayed in your face when you take a new job.

Also, most engineering companies are extremely uptight about drugs, probably because they've hired Bexley students before and have had problems with needles in the workplace. The deal is you have to take piss tests so they can make sure you haven't been tripping in your free time. Drug use is the ultimate stupidity, but testing is still a violation of your rights. I pissed clean for years so I could work those shit engineering jobs, and, let me tell you, it's not fucking worth it.

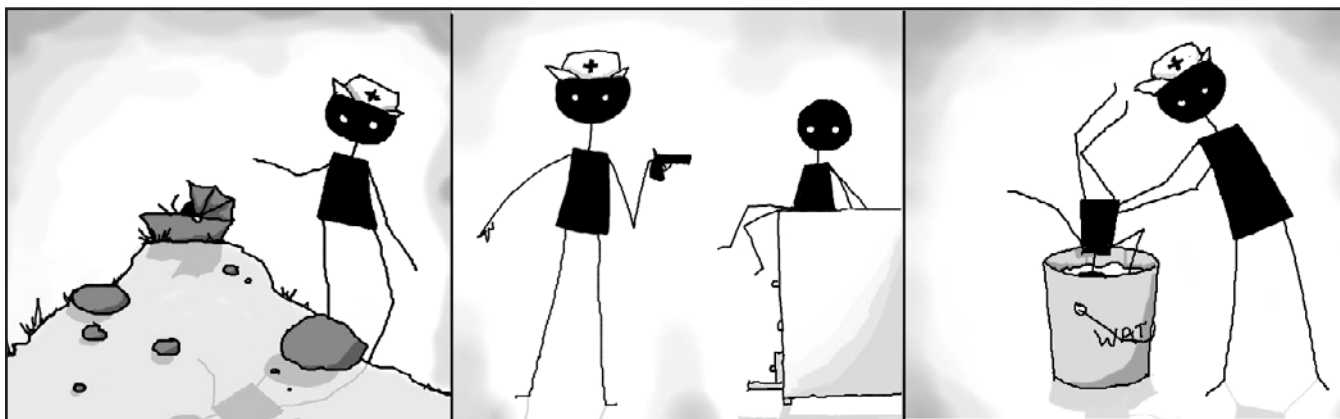
Having established that engineering is a goddamned dead-end, you can't really escape it at MIT. You could be a humanities major but that's even more asinine. Who the fuck spends \$40,000 a year to dress in black, smoke clove cigarettes and hang out with like-minded people who,

incidentally, couldn't cut it past high-school? Minor in humanities is one thing, but majoring is pathetic. Really. If your SAT scores were good enough for MIT but you hate engineering, you should have the presence of mind to transfer up the river to a school where you might actually learn something.

Another retarded phenomenon at MIT is all the time you lonely and misunderstood engineers spend making friends. You're paying over \$100 an hour to be at this place, why the fuck are you wasting time trying to get to know someone who traded in their social skill set for supreme mastery of Fields, Forces and Flows? If you absolutely must waste these fleeting years on human interaction, at least try to meet people from BC or BU. For one, they're cleaner, for two, they're cuter, for

three, they might actually sleep with you and not crack jokes about how the Young's Modulus of your erection compares to their silicone standby.

Do you actually want to be happy in life? Here's a plan for you — switch into Management studies and apply your synthesis abilities to memorizing all the lingo and loopholes so that you can up-prioritize sodomizing the rest of the world and make a tidy profit at the same time. Or you might consider a political science degree, because then you could join up with the forces of evil (like motherfucking Voltron) and kill foreigners for fun and profit. If you know a second language, the CIA is hiring. In a nutshell: Hey, MIT kid, are you in Sloan? No? You're wasting your fucking time, dude. Goodbye and god bless.



Cambridgeside Post-Natal Abortion Clinic

We here at the VooDoo branch of Planned Parenting fully support a woman's right to choose, even after birth. It is with great pleasure that we can announce the opening of the Cambridgeside Post-Natal Abortion Clinic. The CPNAC will offer a great range of services, including counseling, education, and, of course, the three most popular types of post-natal procedures:

- **Exposure**
A simple, cheap, and time-tested method of post-natal abortion.
- **Gunshot**
Swift, generally painless, although somewhat more expensive due to the possibility of legal fees.
- **Immersion**
The most popular method of post-natal abortion, immersion is both cheap and effective.

Made a mistake? Need help fast? Come visit the Cambridgeside Post-Natal Abortion Clinic today!

#36 3 Ames Street, Cambridge, MA, 02104

Can You Draw Phos?

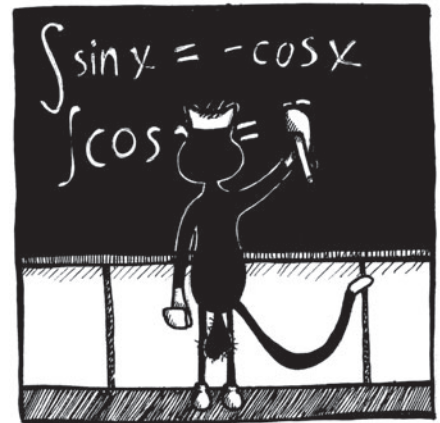
We sent out an intrepid Voo Doo reporter to solicit MIT professors, administrators, students and alumni to take the Voo Doo art challenge. Can you draw Phos? Next to fellatio and imitation, masturbation is the sincerest form of flattery. It's therefore unsurprising that all of the respondents depicted Phos in a somewhat autobiographical fashion. Reprinted here for your amusement is the best of the best from this top-notch investigative reporting effort.



Jennifer Lopez



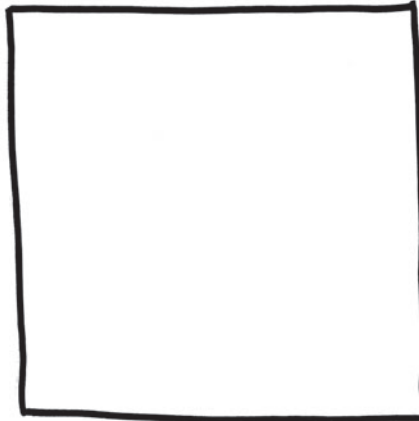
Richard Stallman



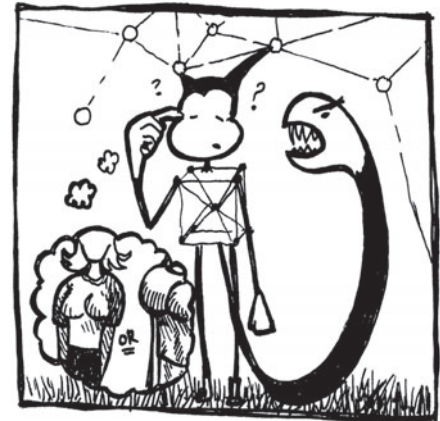
Larry Summers



Nicholas Baldasaro



Susan Hockfield



Donald Gadoway



Josh Pevner



Zoz



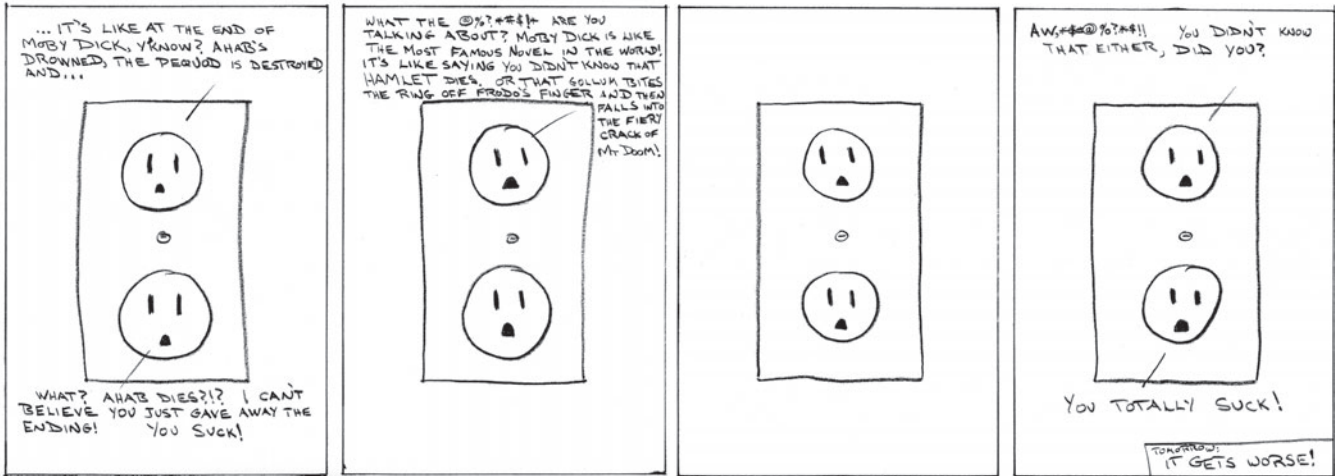
Yuran Lu

DR. FOO'S

WALL-SOCKET FUNNIES

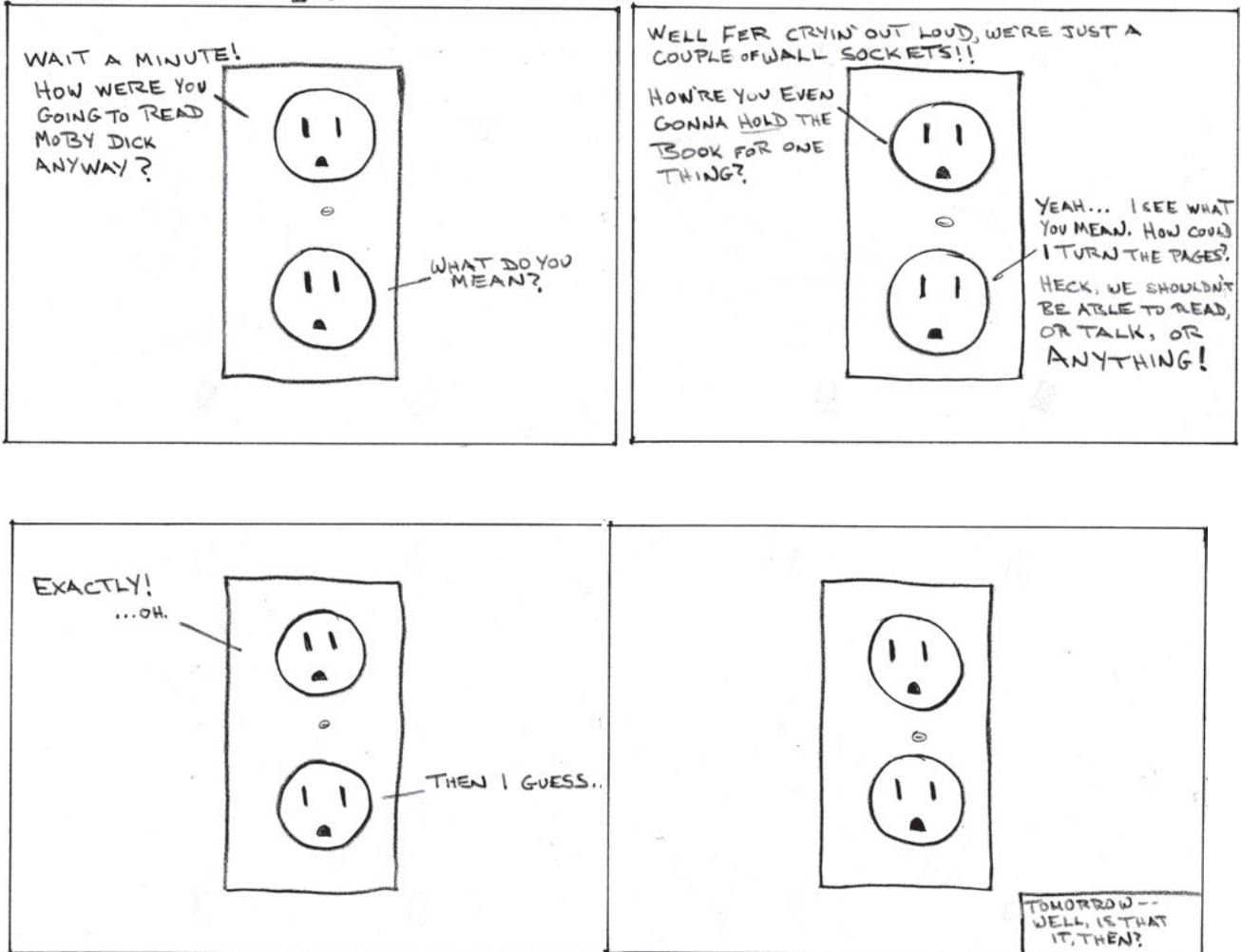
Presents

"CALL ME FISHMEAL"



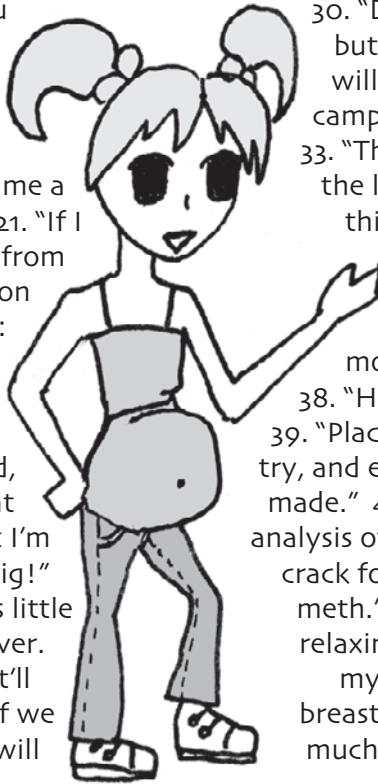
DR. FOO'S

WALL-SOCKET FUNNIES in "REALITY CHECK"



120 Ways to Say 'No' To An

1. "I can't. Being pregnant is my #1 reason to say no to drugs and alcohol!"
2. "I'm going to eat it when it's done. Thank you Jonathan Swift!"
3. "Sorry, I've already got a totally sweet offer from Michael Jackson."
4. "Bush won't let me use the fetus for stemcells, but I'm sure I can harvest them from the baby."
5. "I'm looking forward to raising an Epsilon semi-moron."
6. "Sacrifice him now? No way! In 17 years I'll just send him to MIT."
7. "I like that "new baby" smell."
8. "I'm really looking forward to the pain of natural labor."
9. "I've read about these stretch-mark fetishists on the internet..."
10. "I want to keep my TA with me forever."
11. "I found this turkey baster of sperm off reuse and I really want to know if the sample was any good."
12. "My son will be the founder of the new Aryan Nation."
13. "Life is precious, motherfucker."
14. "Baby Jesus cries every time you abort."
15. "Every sperm is sacred. Don't you watch Python?"
16. "It's an investment: newborns fetch a much higher price than fetuses on the black market."
17. "I'm a do-it-myself kind of girl."
18. "Oh yeah? And what else are you preaching? Should I practice safe sex too?"
19. "No. I don't want to support the abortion-industrial complex."
20. "No, thanks... On the other hand, would you mind buying me a drink? Oh, and can I bum a clove?"
21. "If I abort now, how will I keep the meat from spoiling until winter?"
22. "I'm high on pro-life!"
23. "Sorry, but it's too late: Wal-Mart won't let me return all the baby clothes I bought."
24. "You don't understand—I'm Sarah Connor. My son MUST be born."
25. "I would, but I couldn't get an appointment at MIT Medical."
26. "Never—now that I'm pregnant, my breasts are twice as big!"
27. "Sorry, but I already promised this little soldier to God's army."
28. "Whatever. I've been smoking so much crack, it'll probably be stillborn anyway."
29. "If we don't keep our population up, how will we keep the Mexicans out?"
30. "Do you hate Freedom?"
31. "I would, but I'm afraid that my abortion dollars will go straight to Hillary's presidential campaign."
32. "It's a child, not a choice."
33. "Thanks, but I get to go to the front of the line at amusement parks with this thing."
34. "I've got show-and-tell next week."
35. "I'm doing it for science!"
36. "It's a real conversation starter."
37. "If I have two more, I'll get my own Lifetime movie."
38. "Hey—I'm saving Social Security here!"
39. "Placental soup is a delicacy I have yet to try, and everything's better when it's homemade."
40. "I'm performing a comparative analysis of biological development. I was on crack for the last one, this time it's crystal meth."
41. "I hear the Army recruiters are relaxing the age limits, and I want to serve my country."
42. "This makes all the breast milk I've been keeping in the fridge much less creepy."
43. "Having a baby is easier than making friends."
44. "No thanks, I've had a bad experience with a vacuum in the past."
45. "I would, but unfortunately I bombed the abortion clinic last week."
46. "And lose my get-out-of-finals-free card? Ha!"
47. "Will you drool and love me unconditionally?"
48. "How else will I mask my bulimia?"
49. "It's easier to go through rehab with a partner."
50. "I can't—I'm getting old for a porn star, so I really need to broaden my repertoire."
51. "Last time I checked, all the prom-night dumpsters were already full."
52. "Selling people into slavery is only wrong if they're old enough to tell the difference."
53. "I want to find out how bad incest really is."
54. "This is more entertaining than writing my thesis. Did you feel that—she kicked!"
55. "It was at the top of my life to-do list, and who am I to argue with that?"
56. "If I lose this, the cover's blown on that fling with my gynecologist."
57. "You know, there is nothing quite like sharing a genetic disease with a loved one."
58. "This adds credibility to all those claims of giving up my first-born."
59. "How else is can I prove to everyone that I've actually been having sex?"
60. "The other white meat?' Anyone, anyone?"
61. "Now that I've finally gotten rid of that pesky period?"



Abortion and Still Sound Cool

62. "I don't think we've met. My name is Rosemary." 63. "I would, but I'm afraid to violate the placental abstraction barrier." 64. "No matter what they tell you, you CAN'T buy everything online." 65. "I'm getting my money's worth out of Stata Day Care, by hook or crook!" 66. "This is the world's one chance to bring down Bush, and I'm not gonna waste it!" 67. "But my professor said he really loves me." 68. "I wouldn't want to lose all my friends in pro-life." 69. "I prefer baby showers to golden showers." 70. "What? And sabotage the Intellifetus just days before Sponsor Week?" 71. "Oh, this? This is just a harmless hazing ritual. Ha ha." 72. "No way! It's quite the guilt trip during kickboxing." 73. "The wheels on the bus go round and round, and I get to sit on my ass!" 74. "Well, the way I look at it, I'm cutting my effective tuition in half." 75. "You know, before you can say 'I abort you', you have to learn to say 'I'." 76. "Well, I've dropped out of MIT for worse reasons before..." 77. "I'm afraid The Tech will fuck up the obituary." 78. "Thanks, but I really need the child support."

79. "My mom always told me to finish what I started." 80. "It's already past drop date."

81. "Thanks for the suggestion, but I already have 4.301 project." 82. "No, I already kill enough babies by working at Raytheon." 83. "They say pregnancy's like a gateway drug..." 84. "How does something the size of a watermelon pass through a vagina? I don't know, but I'm going to find out!" 85. "This might be my ticket out of working long nights at the MIT reactor." 86. "Decisions are the WORST!" 87. "Weed is wack! ... Sorry, what did you say?" 88. "I don't know... none of my friends are having abortions..."

89. "No way—I hear you get eight PE points just by going through labor." 90. "No thanks, I already have seven of my own... What? Oh, I thought you said 'adoption'." 91. "What, and destroy my only souvenir from Steer Roast?"

103. "I'm not sure I've ever heard of the elusive AB-ORT ions. Was there a recent paper in NATURE?" 104. "Do I even have a choice?" 105. "Don't worry, the Republicans promised to take care of him for me." 106. "The father is a real jerk, so I figured what better way to get back at him than to raise his kid and send it to Harvard." 107. "Hey man, if I don't get married because of this, I'm never gonna get married." 108. "What, and waste all this thalidomide?" 109. "I'm out to settle this nature versus nurture argument once and for all." 110. "I don't want my aborted fetus to turn into a Nazi." 111. "I'm waiting for the Mother's Day discount." 112. "An abortion now would really jeopardize my degree. This honey is my thesis on developmental biology." 113. "No thanks, the pregnant look is in this year." 114. "I'll abort you!" 115. "I would, but all my coathangers are plastic." 116. "Abortions are for quitters." 117. "No thanks, I really need the ninth-term housing." 118. "I want something to remember the father by, and if I could remember his name, that would be good enough. But I can't, so this baby is all I have." 119. "No one but my child would willingly donate a kidney to me." 120. "No thanks, I'm just fat."



92. "I use my coathangers for hanging my clothes!" 93. "I don't know... I don't want to pass up these new NSF maternity fellowships." 94. "A recent study said one in 15 moms was hot—this could be my only chance!"

95. "What, and demagnetize my moral compass?!" 96. "But Barbie looks too good in her maternity outfits! Anyway, abortions are hard, let's go shopping!"

97. "If I ignore this problem, I'm sure it'll go away by itself."

98. "d(baby)/dt is staying positive for me!" 99. "No thanks, I'd just get pregnant next week anyways." 100. "No thanks, 20 is my limit."

101. "No, so far it's cheaper and more effective than birth control." 102. "Sorry, but I put my days of extreme body modification behind me a long time ago."

AD _____ m _____ i _____ n _____ -LIBS!

You just spent another hour and a half in an office off the Infinite, engaged in a "constructive discourse" or a "cooperative discussion" with an admin. You fool! What did you think you'd be able to achieve? Well, just so others don't make the same stupid mistake, file this record of your experiences—AD-LIB style—before going into your corner to cry over yet another upset in the battle of MIT.

Hi, good of you to come in! I'm _____ to see you brought your _____.
(1. adj) (2. noun)

Why don't you please take a _____. So, about your _____--I really
(3. noun) (4. noun)

_____ student life, so I'm _____ you came to see me. Unfortunately,
(5. verb) (6. verb past part.)

I _____ do anything about it. You see, _____, this _____
(7. verb modal) (8. noun) (9. noun)

actually lies under the jurisdiction of the _____ Office. Furthermore, the
(10. noun)

_____, who is up above me, has lobbied against your _____. Finally,
(11. noun) (12. noun)

any _____ are preempted by this Special Sekkrit Committee Report written in
(13. noun pl.)

_____. Yes, that means this decision is pretty much _____. However,
(14. year) (15. adj.)

I want you to _____ how _____ your concerns are taken around here.
(16. verb) (17. adv.)

And please, do _____ my office next time you have a _____. Well,
(18. verb) (19. noun)

great _____ with you! Bye.
(20. verb present part.)

Sample answer cards:

1. giddy
2. pipe
3. hit
4. addiction
5. ignore
6. surprised
7. won't
8. homes
9. drug deal
10. Crack
11. pimp
12. hook-up
13. side deals
14. 1987
15. unrefusable
16. respect
17. highly
18. get high in
19. craving
20. smoking

1. disappointed
2. complaints
3. fuck
4. bitching
5. hate
6. angry
7. won't
8. jerkoff
9. disaster
10. Phantom
11. jerkoff
12. stupidity
13. compromises
14. 45 A.D.
15. incontrovertible
16. get
17. trivially
18. torch
19. lighter
20. fucking

1. slap-happy
2. virginity
3. shower
4. waistline
5. butter up
6. unnerved
7. shan't
8. tool
9. abortion
10. Microsoft
11. animal
12. peppermint pattie
13. time travels
14. 2101
15. fuschia
16. joke
17. jocularly
18. fornicate in
19. camera
20. balling

Introducing The James E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Undergraduate Scholarship Fund

Big Jimmy (James E. Roberts, Sr.), night watchman, friend and fount of East side lore, passed away unexpectedly on January 21, 2005. In consultation with Big Jimmy's family, we have set up the James ("Big Jimmy") E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund, a scholarship with preference given to East Campus and Senior House students. The scholarship will be a lasting and fitting tribute to Big Jimmy, a man devoted to students during his time here, by continuing his legacy of helping those for whom he cared so much.



The website: <https://giving.mit.edu/givenow/GiftStart.dyn>

Instructions: Under "**Search for designations**" type in "Big Jimmy" or under "**Browse for designations in the following categories:**" go to *Financial aid > Scholarships > James ("Big Jimmy") E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund (4025300)*; Add this scholarship to your gift list and follow the instructions on the website.

The status: \$9645 from 84 donors as of May 4th, including Parents, Students (2006 and older), Alumni, Friends of Steer Roast 2005, Dorm Patrol and the Service Employees Intern Unit

The goal: \$50,000 for a partially endowed (self-sustaining) scholarship. Must reach target within 5—10 years or the fund will either be rolled into the general scholarship fund or be disbursed as intended until the money is all gone. The sooner the fund is partially endowed, the sooner it can start helping students.

For updates: Add yourself to jimmy-fund@mit.edu or email jimmy-fund-request@mit.edu.

SPACE DONATED BY VOO DOO

ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



AGED NAZI POPE!



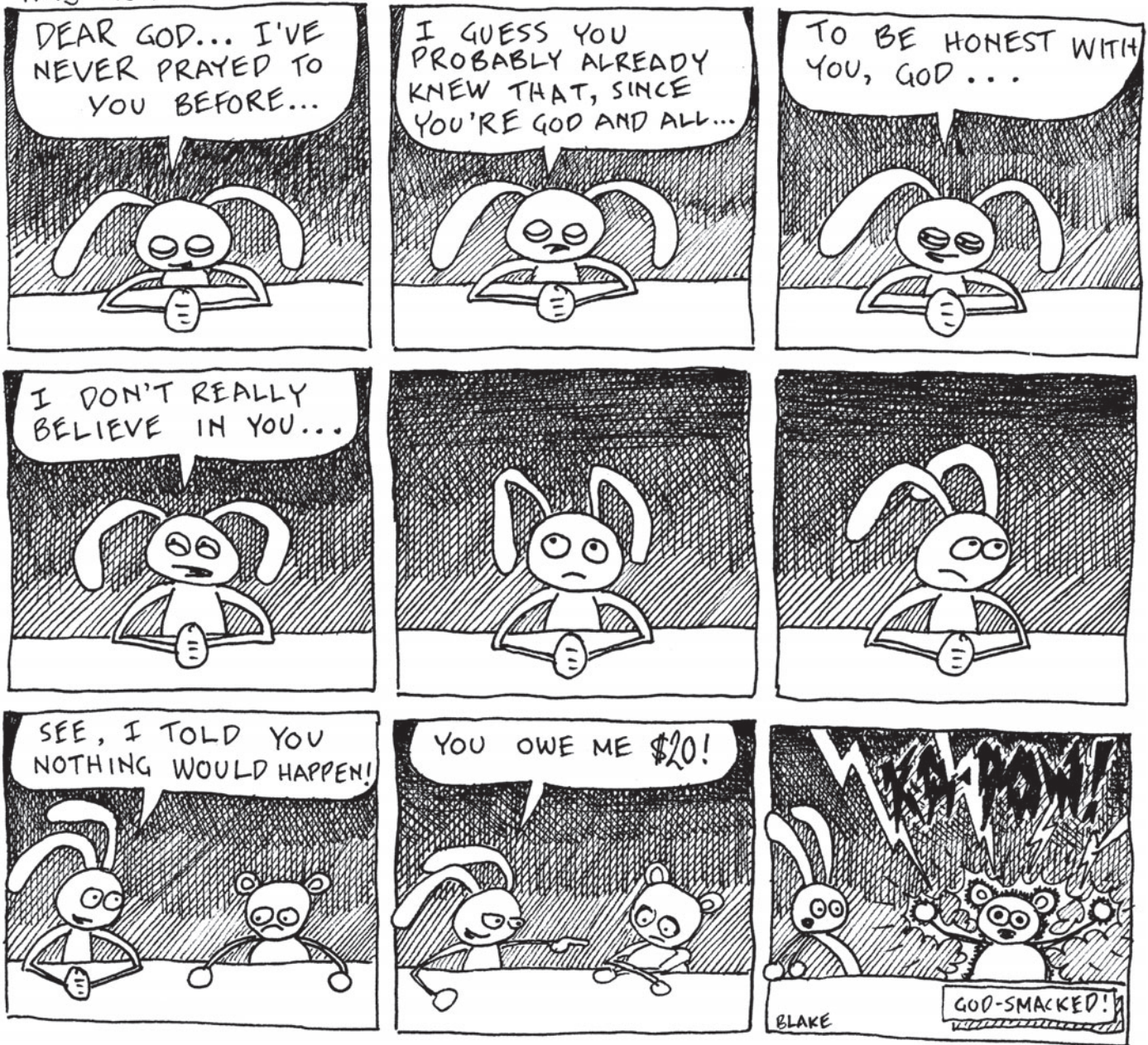
AGED NAZI POPE!



10 Things that were better "back in my day," from a crusty Haus alum who knows more than you, you fat pop-punk millennial posers

10. There were no emo kids. And by 'emo kids', I mean you.
9. We were the only important people on campus, and, goddamn it, we acted like it.
8. The Bulgarians weren't the heaviest drinkers in the Haus, just the most obnoxious. We were honest enough to admit that, yes, we *did* need alcohol to enjoy one another's company.
7. We didn't just get offended — we got even.
6. The quiet ones were always the dangerous ones. Now, all the quiet undergrads now are just dickless, milk-sucking millennial pussies.
5. Pot pie, motherfucker!
4. Haus girls used to be hard-ass butch bitches who made you cry. These days, the ladies bend over backwards to suck up to anyone with balls.
3. Only the cool kids were allowed in Towers. Now, whenever I stop by there's either no one around or nobody worth talking to.
2. Our crack was homemade, not this imported French crap you kids keep pushing.
1. Voo Doo was funny. (Yes, it's obligatory — stop busting my balls, you little shit! I was writing tripe that got rejected from Voo Doo when you were in diapers.)

Why God Sucks



An MIT By Any Other Name...

In this modern era of burst dot.com bubbles and digital vibrators, MIT has come to symbolize more than just "Massachusetts Institute of Technology". The mighty MIT moniker can get you placed into technology internships and thrown out of casinos. However, did you ever think about what would have happened to the acronym "MIT" if William Barton Rogers had any real foresight about how his beloved Institute would devolve in the 21st Century? We here at Voodoo have done the thinking for you, you slovenly slackasses:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 13. Might Induce Terrorism | 6. Mysterious Initiation Toxin |
| 12. Mishandled Institute Treasury | 5. Morons In Transition |
| 11. Mediocrity Inside - Truly! | 4. Mountain-men & Inbred Trekkies |
| 10. Man, I'm Tired! | 3. Myriad Inches Thick |
| 9. Masochistically Intense Teaching | 2. Mount Inside There |
| 8. Motherfuckers! I'm Taiwanese! | 1. May Involve Torture |
| 7. Masturbation Implodes Time (and Space) | |

GONJZILLA

I've lived in Senior Haus a few years, but I've never really hung out much. Last Saturday, though, I was around and trying to get some stuff done on. I needed to mail my Mom a card, but I was out of postage, so I went up to the 5th floor and asked if anyone had a stamp. They were having some kind of party involving cattle, but everyone was really friendly. I hung out for a while talking to all these weird old alumni, before I got the urge to take a walk.

The last think I remember is I was staring at the Big Sail and contemplating licking it when I envisioned EC House Manager Joe Graham drinking the entire contents of the tower over at the MIT nuclear reactor. He swells up to the size of a five story building, bloated from the water and engorged with nuclear radioactivity. He has morphed into a hideous caricature of man, with a lizard tail and disproportionately massive hands and head.

He begins his evil descent upon East Campus, shambling up Mass Ave from the reactor. His feet did not grow accordingly to support his bulk, so his giant head and hands make him awkward and top-heavy. A poor EC sophomore, stuck studying in the Rotch Library, spies the expanded Joe Graham lumbering towards campus. Having his wits about him, he phones an emergency dispatch to EC Desk, where the Desk Captain pushes the secret red button. Immediately, the fire alarm system begins to wail insistently throughout the dorm, but does it call the Fire Department? Oh no. The soothing voice of the ghost in the alarm does not tell you, "Please, do not use the elevator." The elevator would only take you to the basement and Hellfire eternal with no \$35 reward for the inconvenience, thank you Dean Benedict. Instead, the voice says only, "We need Gonjzilla. We need Gonjzilla," and this announcement echos through the empty parallels as all the students flee to the courtyard.

A small band of Jack Florey's Roof and Tunnel Hackers races to Dangerhouse, where Gonj, the sacred Alumnus, can always be found sleeping on the couch with a cigarette butt hanging from his lips, an empty beer bottle slipping from his hands and Cats playing on the stereo.

The students grab Gonj and throw him to the floor. He awakes with incomprehensible guttural shouts, but in his groggy state can only throw off two of his assailants. As the other six hold him fast with all their strength, these two run to the hall closet and pull out a black garment bag labeled 'DANGER: BioMechATronics Thesis Prototype'. Inside the bag is the the most innocuous and unflattering garment one might expect from the Wearable Computing group on Demo Week. But this suit is different — sacred — it is the Gonjzilla suit.

Struggling and bellowing, the Gonjzilla suit is forced over his head, pulled up over his legs, slid down over his arms. With one final fateful roar from deep within his soul, the students zip the suit and the man known as Gonj ceases to exist. The floor shakes! The earth trembles! He begins to expand, growing reptilian, growing in size until his head crashes through the roof and he shakes the building off like the layer of dust on a Course VI-er's emergency condom.

Bounding forward, Gonjzilla races to East Campus, smiting the earth with each great step and smoking a lamp-post-sized cigarette. He gets to the courtyard, only to find Joe Graham ripping out trees and swinging them at the dorm, smashing in windows and screaming how, "These damn windows never worked anyways!" In one step, Joe obliterates the barbecue pits, declaring, "AAAAAARGH, you students are ungrateful rodents! You requires extermination! You damned courtyard rats!" Just then, Gonjzilla steps in and blows smoke in Joe's face. "Dive into the Charles and swim away, old man, if you want to live past today." But the horribly mutated and infuriated house manager stands his ground.

"Fuck you! I have nothing to live for anyway!"

You see, Joe's life is nothing but a daily drudgery split between trying to please psychotic administrators who want nothing more than to destroy the Institute, and satisfying the needs of unappreciative students who piss on his every effort.

Gonjzilla takes pity on his bitter foe and decides to do him the favor of swiftly rending his throat from ear to ear. But as he reaches forth to do the bloody deed, he stumbles on the trampoline and the epic battle begins! The two titans charge each other and tumble into Building 66, just smashing it to bits. Joe Graham rips out a lamp post and swings it at Gonjzilla, catching him squarely in his beer gut. Luckily, Gonjzilla has the alcohol tolerance and liver cirrhosis of a true engineer and his beer gut is voluminous enough to protect his vital organs — this does, however, cause him to spit out his cigarette, which lands on the media lab and sets it ablaze.

Gonjzilla roars with fury! Bad enough to lose his last cigarette, but with the Media Lab gone, where will he find

UROP funding or an AUP? Gonjzilla strikes Joe Graham with his tail, cutting him deeply and knocking him into Building 56. Fearing for his life, Joe runs for the Green Building and begins to climb it. Gonjzilla quickly pursues, but can not catch up. He lacks the advantage of disproportionately large hands and can not scale the building. From the roof, Joe jeers and taunts while licking his wounds.

"You will never stop me, Gonjzilla! I'm going to end it, in true MIT fashion! Blood and concrete and I'm taking all you fuckers with me!"

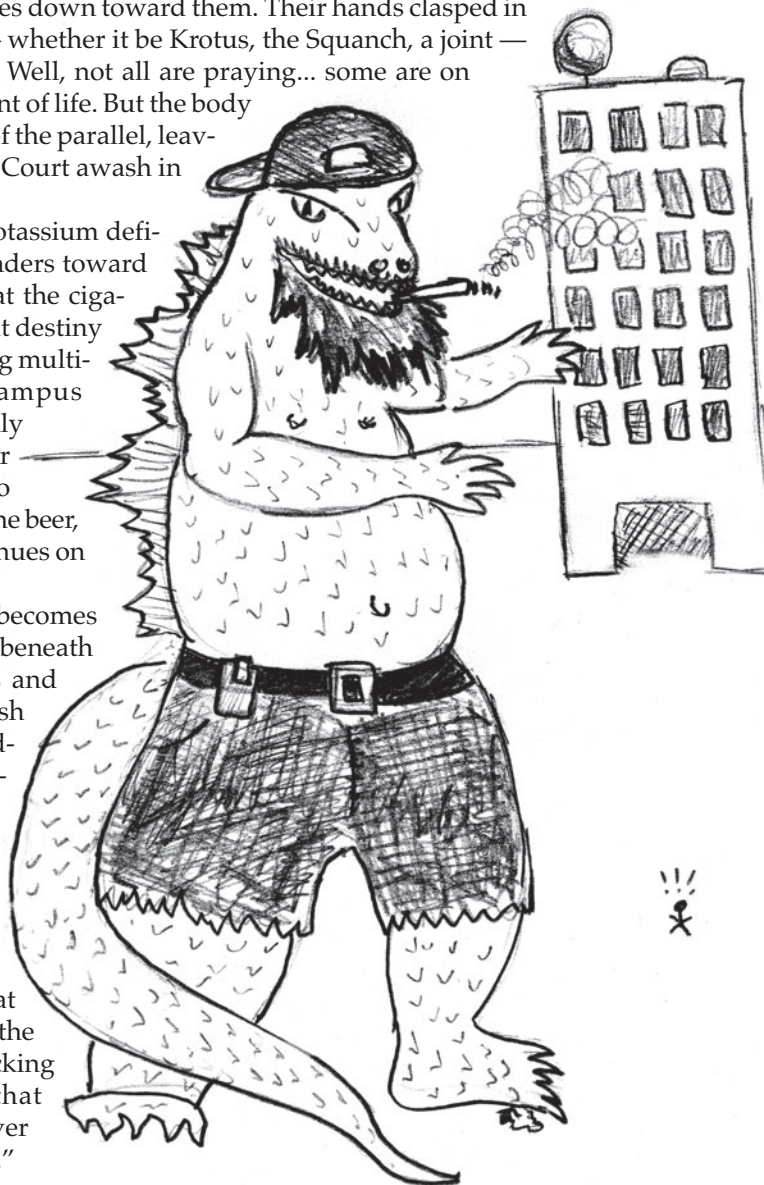
Realizing Joe intends to jump from the Green Building onto the West Parallel, Gonjzilla bashes the base of the building, tearing ferociously at the indomitable steel rebar concrete. Hoping to bring the structure down but knowing it's to no avail (God damn I.M. Pei), Gonjzilla hears the voice of EC Housemaster Julian Wheatley. Leaning from a second floor window and screaming as loud as he can, "For the love of God, Gonjzilla! The grounding wires! The grounding wires! If you want to save EC, find the grounding wires!"

By now, Joe Graham has backed all the way to the west side of the roof for a good, running start. As the meaning of the Housemaster's desperate plea penetrates his skull, Gonjzilla runs to Building 14 and grabs the antenna which protrudes from the top corner of the building. As he begins to pull on the grounding wire connected to the roof of the Green Building, Joe Graham beings his last desperate shambling gambit for everlasting rest.

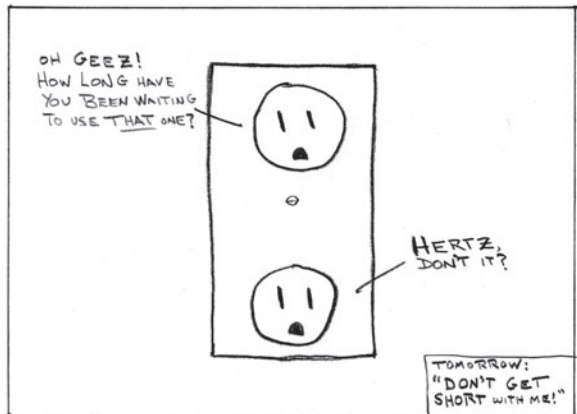
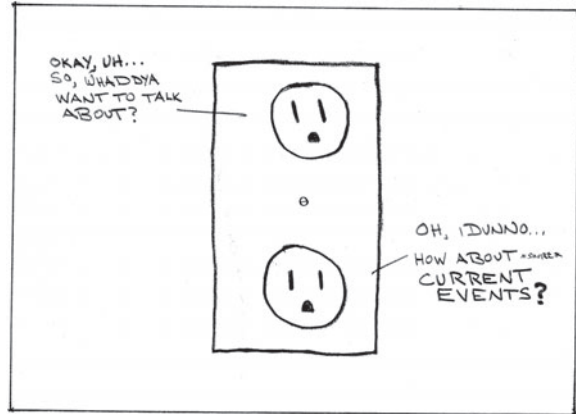
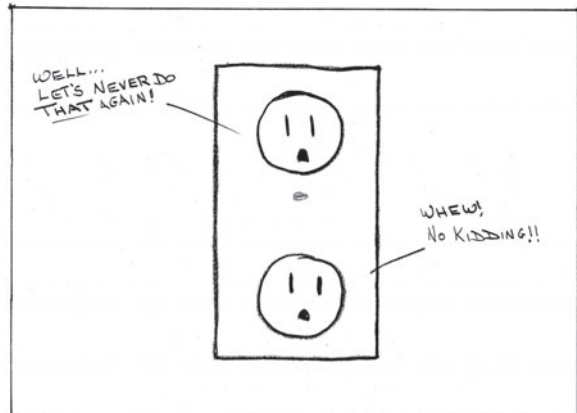
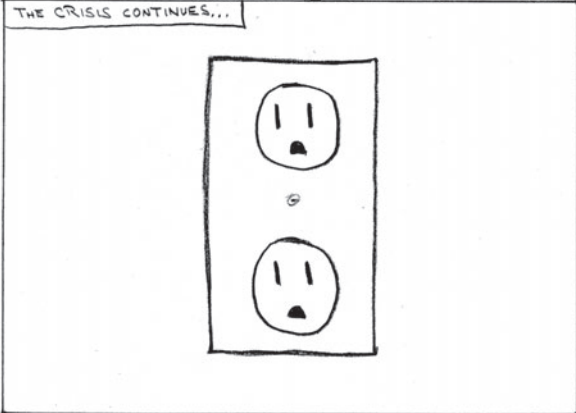
Time slows down and the audio is over-sampled as Gonjzilla lets loose a heart-wrenching yell and gives a haul on the wire that would stop the earth from spinning. The Green Building leans, then totters and crashes down on Building 18 just as Joe Graham launches himself off the roof. The East Campus residents watch in horror as Joe's bloated body blocks out the sun and hurtles down toward them. Their hands clasped in prayer to whatever gods they worship — whether it be Krotus, the Squanch, a joint — they are united on their knees in prayer. Well, not all are praying... some are on their knees, savoring that last salty moment of life. But the body crashes into the tress along the west side of the parallel, leaving a 10-foot deep crater and McDermott Court awash in gore. EC has been saved!

Gonjzilla, now suffering from severe potassium deficiency after his extended epic battle, wanders toward Senior Haus in order to refresh himself at the cigarette machine and the new beer fridge. But destiny is never fair. He stumbles past the cheering multitudes assembled outside the East Campus Alumni Memorial Houses to thank the only man who could have saved them in their time of desperate trouble. Gonjzilla has no time for their adoration though, he needs the beer, the couch, the bitterness... and so he continues on to Senior Haus.

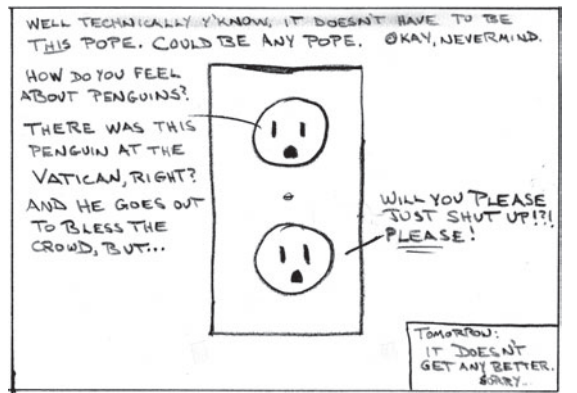
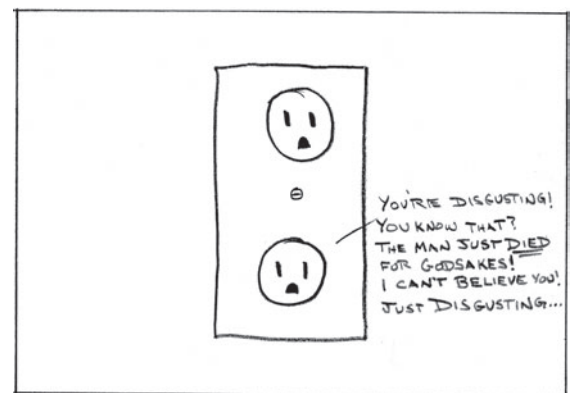
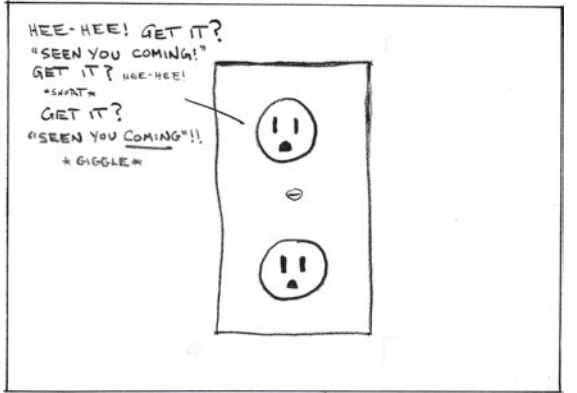
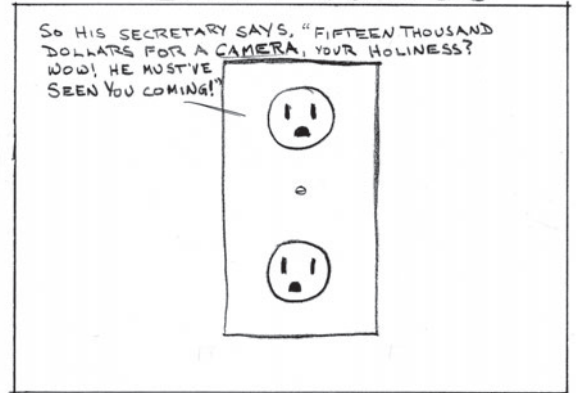
As he crosses Ames Street, his vision becomes blurry and the ground begins to heave beneath him. Stumbling forward, Gonjzilla falls and crushes the President's house. Students rush towards him crying, "No! You're too hard-motherfucking-core to die!" There's a chorus of, "But we don't know how to defend ourselves! We need you!" The crowd is hushed as he breathes out one last smoke-filled breath and says, "This is why I couldn't wear the Gonjzilla suit... I knew it would be the end of me. Just make sure you do one thing for me... make sure that they still drink and smoke at EC, and that the students keep fighting for what they fucking believe in. I'd hate to think I saved that godforsaken dorm for nothing. If you ever need me, I'll be hanging with Big Jimmy." And then he died.



DR. FOOS WALL SOCKET FUNNIES in "WIRE WE HERE?"



DR. FOOS WALL SOCKET FUNNIES in "Watts so Funny?"



i'm writing notes in the margin! i'm so cool!



EPISODE 1 'TYPICAL ME'

TODAY A MAN ON THE STREET CALLED ME "BABY". IS THAT SUPPOSED TO "flatter me on"?



INSTEAD, IT MADE ME FANTASIZE ABOUT DRIVING OUT TO THE MIDDLE OF VERMONT.



things i'm not good at drawing: 1) streets 2) cars

THEN I'D SHAVE MY HEAD AND SLASH OFF MY BREASTS.



mom... breasts!

BUT FIRST I'D HAVE TO GET A JOB.



CLONE HIGH!
SUICIDE GIRLS!
ZIM!

gr 80 pop culture references!

SO I CAN BUY A CAR.



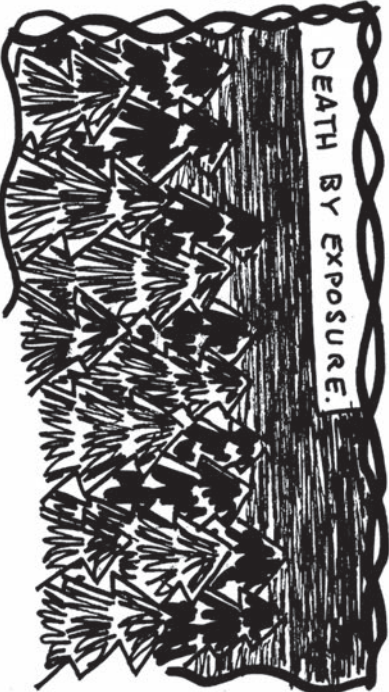
if you can't see

she's brushing her teeth.

I'D FIND A CLEARING AND START A BONFIRE WITH MY CAR AND MY CLOTHES.



DEATH BY EXPOSURE.



2) sheets

AND I'D HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO DRIVE.



MITRIS™



NEXT PIECE

SCORE
VooDoo: 245
HACKERS: 0

L. NIMHOL