



**Volume
97,
Issue #1**

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A PROBLEM,
CALL
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EXOTIC!
COZY!
EXCITING!

COMPLIMENTS of Phil Walsh & CO. CT



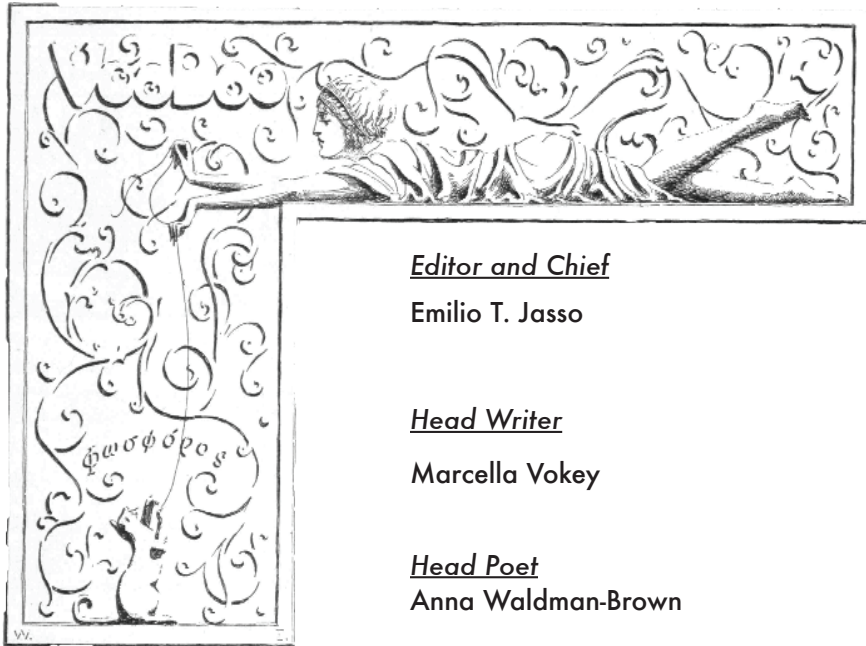
"IT HAPPENS HERE"



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

EDITORIAL

Greetings fellow collaborators,

Welcome to my final issue as Editor in Chief/President of Voo Doo! It's been a long, hard road and I'm very sad to see it end. To be honest, if I could just sit in 50-309 and work on Voo Doo for the rest of my life, I would. I know that there are probably alumni that feel the same way, and maybe they'll call me up and we can talk and joke and laugh about the way things used to be.

Ah, but of course I digress. The point of the editorial is to let you know how dark our times are, and how we're fighting the good fight, correct? Well, times are dark. Let me tell you how dark.

To begin with, we're losing our space. That's right. After 90 something years of being in 50-309 and turning out the best humor MIT has to offer, we are being tossed out like a bag of moldy tangerines. And why? Because the MIT administration has seen fit to take Walker Memorial away from students, bulldoze the inside of the building (just like Senior House in the 90's) and convert it into offices and practice space for course 21M (Music and theater arts).

"What will happen to Voo Doo?" "What will happen to Student Cable?" "What will happen to the Muddy Charles?" "What will happen to WMBR?"

These are all questions we asked. The short answer was "We don't know, but you can't stay here."

The Muddy might be able to stay. They've launched some campaigns to try to get the Institute to acknowledge that Walker Memorial is necessary to their existence. However, they will still have to be shut down for the 5 or 6 years it will take to renovate the building. WMBR might be able to stay, just because of how expensive it will be for MIT to pay for them to get a new tower somewhere else in Cambridge.

Voo Doo? Student Cable? Apparently being one of the oldest student groups on campus isn't enough. We've been told in so many words that it didn't matter how

old we were, or how many alumni or current members we had, that our space was expendable. We asked where we were supposed to go, what space was left on campus where we could put our studio, our archives, our work. The response was that no one knew for sure; they hadn't thought that far in advance. They only knew that we had to leave.

So, with my passing comes the passing of a 90 something year institution. Voo Doo will no longer be Walker Memorial, MIT Room 50-309. In fact, Voo Doo may not have a space anymore. I plan on doing all I can to stick around, to make sure that whoever takes over doesn't let Voo Doo fall prey to the administration's trick of "take more than four years to do something and no one will remember the way it was".

If you're an alumni and you're reading this, I beg of you: please write to someone. Please help out Voo Doo, help to make sure it doesn't disappear like so many other things that we all used to love.



The First Ever National Intercollegiate Humor Conference An Experience

As you may or may not know, the first ever National Intercollegiate Humor Conference was held April 1-3 this year in Princeton, NJ. As you also may or may not know, Voo Doo sent a delegation to attend and to soak up the radiating rays of humor from the other magazines.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to behold was how different the different students were from one another. Now, I'm not saying that in a "geez, those Ivy League guys sure are rich and handsome" but more in a "geez, those Ivy League guys sure are rich and douchey".

But, to be fair, not all the Ivy League guys were douchy. In fact, the Princeton fellows and...uh...fellows we met seemed pretty damn cool, so let's start with them.

The Princeton campus was gorgeous. There were grass and trees everywhere. The girls cared just enough about looking like sluts that at night, they came out in greater numbers than mosquitos in the bayou, shorts so short that if they didn't wax, they'd need hair nets in restaurants. Sure, they weren't the best looking girls in the world, but with free beer at every party, that didn't matter! The students involved with the Tiger (their mag) seemed professional, honest, and trustworthy. I was very confused as to why they were going to Princeton...

Speaking of confusing people, we also met the guys and girls from the Cornell Lunatic. The Lunatic is pretty old, I guess, like Cornell. It's pretty funny, too, also like Cornell. The students seemed to all be pretty ok, especially since they put up with a certain member of the MIT delegation's drunken bawlin as he realized he was going to bomb the stand up routine because OH, GUESS WHAT? YOU CAN'T PERFORM A STAND UP ACT IF YOU'RE TOO DRUNK TO STAND UP! Seriously, it breaks the genre.

Also at the conference were our friends from Tufts' own Zamboni. Despite having a horribly stupid name for a magazine, the people from Tufts seemed pretty

cool, if a little young. It's amazing to see that there can be students in Cambridge/Somerville that don't hate their lives and go to bed every night crying into their P-sets, willing to suck a crack dealer's cock in order to get just a little more energy to finish their work. But then again, to each his own.

There were plenty of other schools, too. Swarthmore. DePaul, UVA, UNC, Brown, University of Michigan (fucking badasses, I shit you not) and lots of other schools that I can't remember (so what, you think I'm a machine, like I'm just going to remember your names?)

Out of all of them, the best was probably the school (who will not be called out - I'm not that much of a dick) that showed up drunk when we showed up sober (surprising, right?) and basically continued drinking, leading in a final outburst during the debate of "What's the best thing in the world". This school's answer? AMERICA.

I have never before in my life, even with all of my comedy mining from Colbert and Fox News, seen an outburst of that magnitude. The reek of cheap whiskey, the pulsing veins, the throbbing eyeballs, the blood curdling cry of "AMERICA!" It was beautiful, it was disgusting, it was enchanting, it was like watching two mentally retarded obese people fuck - I couldn't stop watching and I found myself oddly aroused. At the end of the rant, I realized just how meta it all was. Their disgusting display of lust and greed and superiority, all soaked in cheap whiskey was just like us. All of us. In America.



Dear Phos...

We've both just started writing our own comics for the Tech. They're really funny! We make funny observations about MIT and how zany and wacky we all are! We were wondering if you would let us publish in your magazine. If you want, you can look at some of our comics on the Tech's website.

--E. S. and E. R.

Dear E's,

I've read the Tech and am still looking for those funny comics. Maybe you could help me out? My address is Walker Memorial 50-309. You can send clips, actual comics, or pairs of worn panties. All cuts and colors accepted.

###

Whenever I walk by the school near my house, I get a strange feeling in my pants. It's invigorating, watching those young girls strut around in their skinny jeans and their short skirts...even if they are in second grade, aren't they asking for it?

--Cosmos Darwin

Dear Pervert,

First off, "Cosmos" isn't a name. You should slap your parents for smoking too much weed. Secondly, for legal reasons, I must say that second grade is too young. But between bros, if they can crawl, they're already in position.

I sit behind this really cute guy in class, and I keep trying to get him to pay attention to me, but he never talks to me and never even says hi. Sometimes, I even try to talk about how horny I am extra loudly to get his attention, but he doesn't ever turn around. What can I do?

--Lovesick At Tech

Jesus H Christ, that's you? For the love of God, I do not want to hear about how wet you are when I'm trying to do science! Also, you are ugly. Like, mega-uggo. Like, make a train take a dirt road ugly. Like, I'd have to be blind and roofied and you'd have to strangle my seeing-eye dog ugly.

###

I raped and killed a girl last weekend. Does that turn you on? Tell me how turned on you are.

--Anonymous

Dear Cosmos,

We've told you not to write to us anymore. Seriously. What's wrong with you? And still, Cosmos isn't a people name. What, did your parents want a dog and got you instead? I guess someone should have told them that that position isn't called that because you end up with puppies.

###

*Signed,
Phosphorus T. Cat*



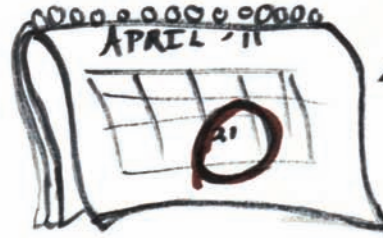
"Evicted!"

VOODOO
INTRODUCES:

with a smile to...
PRACTICING
SAFE CLASSES

BY:
ROB
MORRISON
&
EMILY
ROSSER

1: PULL OUT
EARLY.



Remember
Drop
Date!

2: KEEP A RUBBER ON-
HAND.



technology

3: CAP YOUR PENS BEFORE
LECTURE.



For Extra
Protection!

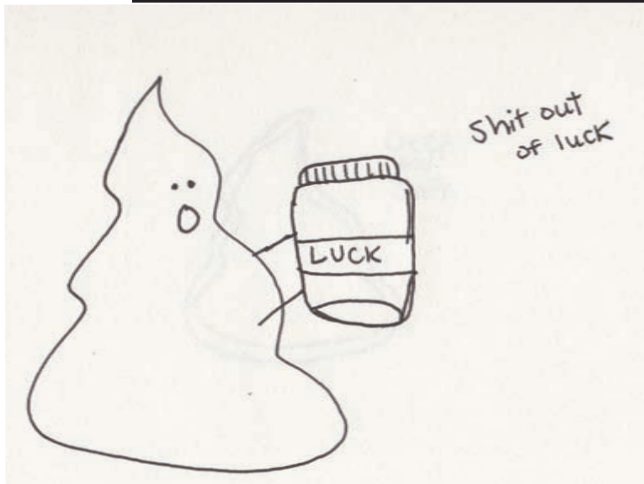
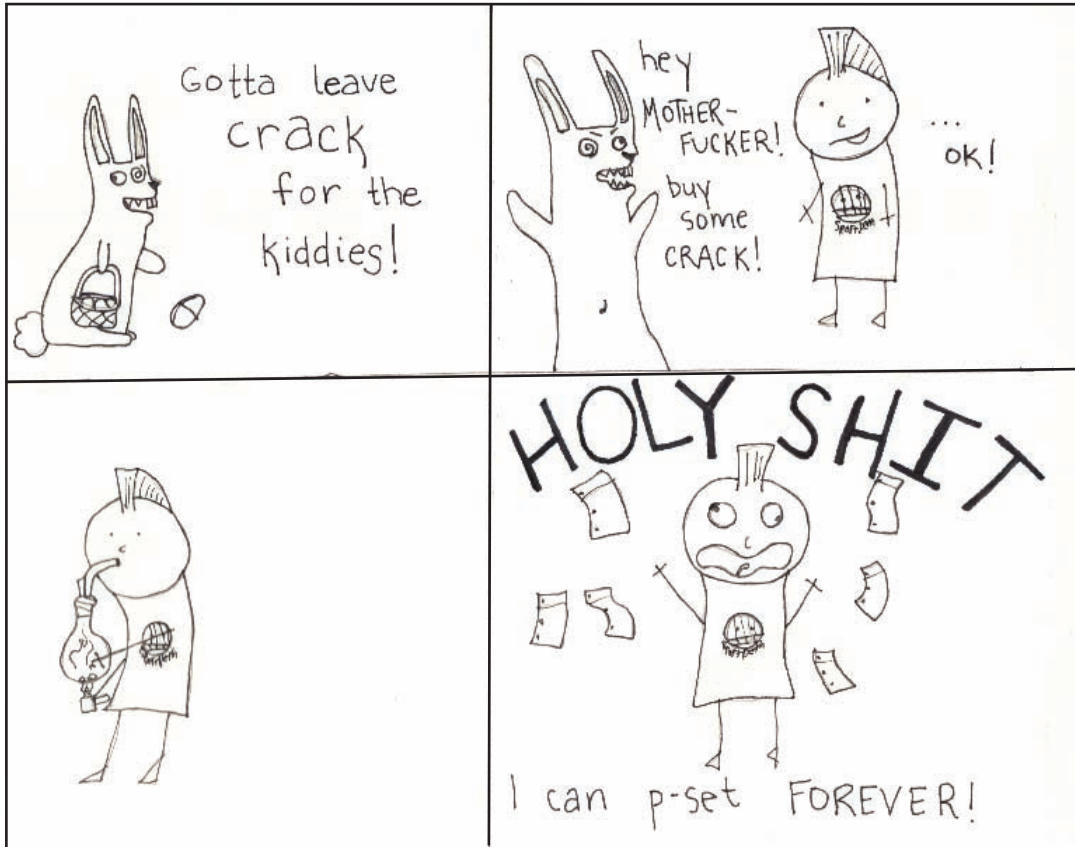
4: REMEMBER YOUR
ASSAILANTS!

"Well, Mary, who
could the father
possibly be?"



"Dunno, Bill, could be
any of the Unified
classes!"

The Marvelous Misadventures of Crack Rabbit



Oh no! This poor shit is all out of luck! Don't you feel sorry for him? Don't you feel like he's something like a metaphor for you? Don't you feel like a small, insignificant little shit who has completely run out of any and all luck or good fortune? No? Oh. Then nevermind. We thought you were an undergrad. Sorry about that.



"Evicted!"

IT CAME FROM THE ARCHIVES!



On your left may be seen Lenora Novasio who sings, dances and wumps. How would you like to be her victim?

Above we have Beth Lydy. As usual, she takes the leading role with great success.

And now on your left are eighteen of the reasons for not staying at home. If you don't believe it, count 'em. Oh, yes, we can count. Try again.

WE HAVE WITH US
Some Reasons For Not Spending A Quiet Evening By The Fire.

This piece, from the April 1919 issue of Voo Doo, tells us two things: 1), the Voo Doo editors have always tried to take pictures of scantily clad women (so don't judge me, goddamn it!) and B) that MIT girls have always been flat-chested an manly. It also tells us that, 4) the old Voo Doo editors were awesome at picking up chicks.

And guess what? If you're doing it because you like women, it's not misogyny! Hooray loopholes!

Do you Suffer from ADD or ADHD?

Let Voo Doo Help!

Come to the first annual Voo Doo Summer Concentration Camp! Get those concentration skills back up to par or higher!

The Voo Doo Summer Concentration Camp is the first camp of its kind!

We understand the causes of ADD and ADHD. Primarily, it's students and children that don't have enough physical activity in their day. Their minds tend to wander when required to sit down and focus on a boring and meaningless task like school-work. At the Voo Doo Summer Concentration Camp, our well-trained Senior House Fascists will solve this problem with days packed full of back breaking labor!

If students are both troubled by ADD/ADHD and are fat, they can opt to join our Voo Doo Diet Plan. This will reduce all of their meals to thin potato soup and a piece of hard black bread once a day. Coupled with the soul-draining physical work, you are sure to be at a healthy weight by the end of the program!



Fees are minimal, and each camper will be issued a two-piece camp uniform of blue and white stripes (our official colors), so you never have to worry about little David or Anne needing new clothes.

Students will be housed in barracks-style housing, segregated by gender, so you don't have to worry about any unauthorized mixing.

In order to make sure that none of our campers feel left out, and that they all understand how special they are, they are all issued gold stars upon entering the camp, which they may wear with pride for the rest of their lives!

What's that? Your only worry is losing your little dumpling in the sea of students eager to get into the camp? Not to fear, as we log all of our students with a unique ID number, which then gets printed on all of their clothing and temporarily tattooed on their arm.

And safety is not an issue with the Voo Doo Summer Concentration Camp. The entire camp is surrounded by a 20 foot tall razor-wire fence and a special division of the camp staffers (the Guest Police or Guest-Po) man watch towers every fifty feet to make sure nothing can get in to harm the little darlings.



Phos, enjoying a typical afternoon in the Voo Doo office. Like a boss.



Drew Peacock

A Los Angeles Legend

The Playboy mansion is a magical place where an 80-year-old man can still get a hard-on, where breasts defy gravity, and blonde, barely-legals with daddy issues work out their low self esteem. And while the occasional mansion myth surfaces in modern-day lore, few know the tale of Drew Peacock, the flightless fowl.

He came to the mansion as a mere hatchling, long before his feathers grew in and his voice dropped. Back then, he knew only life's simple pleasures – like sunbathing with the topless chicks on sprawling emerald lawns, chasing tail (his own), and choking on the occasional condom floating in the fountain. The world was full of hope for Drew. He and the peahens would dance and frolic; Drew especially liked the times they played twister when it was too hot to put any clothes on.

Perhaps Drew was a screwdriver where others were power drills, or maybe it was because his mother once touched him in his bathing suit area, but something made Drew obsessed with the hens. And for a very long while, he got by just fine. The peahens would flee from his "playful" aggressions, roosting higher and higher in the trees. Yet despite their efforts (which, it should be noted, did help the peahens get swimsuit ready for the summer), Drew always caught up to them. Nevertheless, he mounted those conquests and asserted his authority as all of God's creatures inevitably do.

But as the years passed, as Drew's feathers drooped and thinned, the hens continued to roost ever higher in the treetops, a height he could no longer reach. You see, as Peacock's get older, they are not as strong and cannot fly for as long or with as much gusto, if at all. Drew could barely lift his wings, and he would beat them furiously without the gratification of takeoff. It was frustrating for Drew, to say the least. But worst of all, a new cock had strutted onto the scene: Lou.

Drew watched miserably, voyeuristically, as Lou partied with the peahens. Lou buried his face in their tawny feathers and splashed champagne on their bodies during special occasions and holidays.

The whole time Drew felt his pulse from his rigid beak to the tips of his wings. With such excitement, Drew could only beat his wings. He beat them, and beat them harder, harder still – until a woman appeared out of the fountain.

Her hair was crunchy and peroxide yellow; it fell across her shoulders, which sagged under the weight of her surgically enhanced breasts. The woman pouted her lips as if she were about to suck a cock and said, "Trim-Spa, Baby."

Drew was confused.

"Shit. That's my other gig," she said in a nasally whine. "Let me start over. I'm the fairy of the fountain, and when you beat your wang with no liftoff, I cum to grant you a wish."

"Anna Nicole Smith? Didn't you die already?" Drew asked. She giggled so vigorously that pills of all colors and sizes spilled out of her cleavage like skittles from the rainbow. She stooped over, barely balancing in her stripper heels, to pick up a small blue one.

"Here," she said, handing the pill to Drew. "This will help you keep up with the young hens in the treetops. You will get up with ease and can fly for hours on end, just from this one little pill."

Desperate, Drew swallowed it in a single gulp. In no time he felt himself reaching and higher and higher. The peahens, once unattainable specs in the distance were getting closer. He could start to smell the sour stink of champagne (and banana lube?) as he finally drew eye-to-eye with Lou.

Their battle was epic. Drew would bob and Lou would weave. They swatted; they slapped; they wrestled on the ground like naked boys in an ancient Greek arena. But their fight waged on, hours passed, and Lou began to tire. He may have been young, but Drew was empowered by the magical blue pill. And eventually Lou fell in defeat.

"My work here is done," said Anna Nicole Smith. And she disappeared like Chumbawumba from the music scene.

Haikus For You Who (And Other Poetry)

My Japanese Boyfriend

Cute PokePenis

Can't poke worth a damn; at least
There's cunilingus...

He'll kamikaze
His sushi in your bonsai
-Not a metaphor

In Japan, dolphins
Are fucked more than the women.
Sailor Mercury.

It's like sashimi,
The pussy. No wonder, right?
Also, tentacles.

There once was a ho bag from Baker
Whose tits couldn't be any faker
Her eyebrows she plucked
And frat boys she fucked
Til Hep-C and AIDS, they did take her.

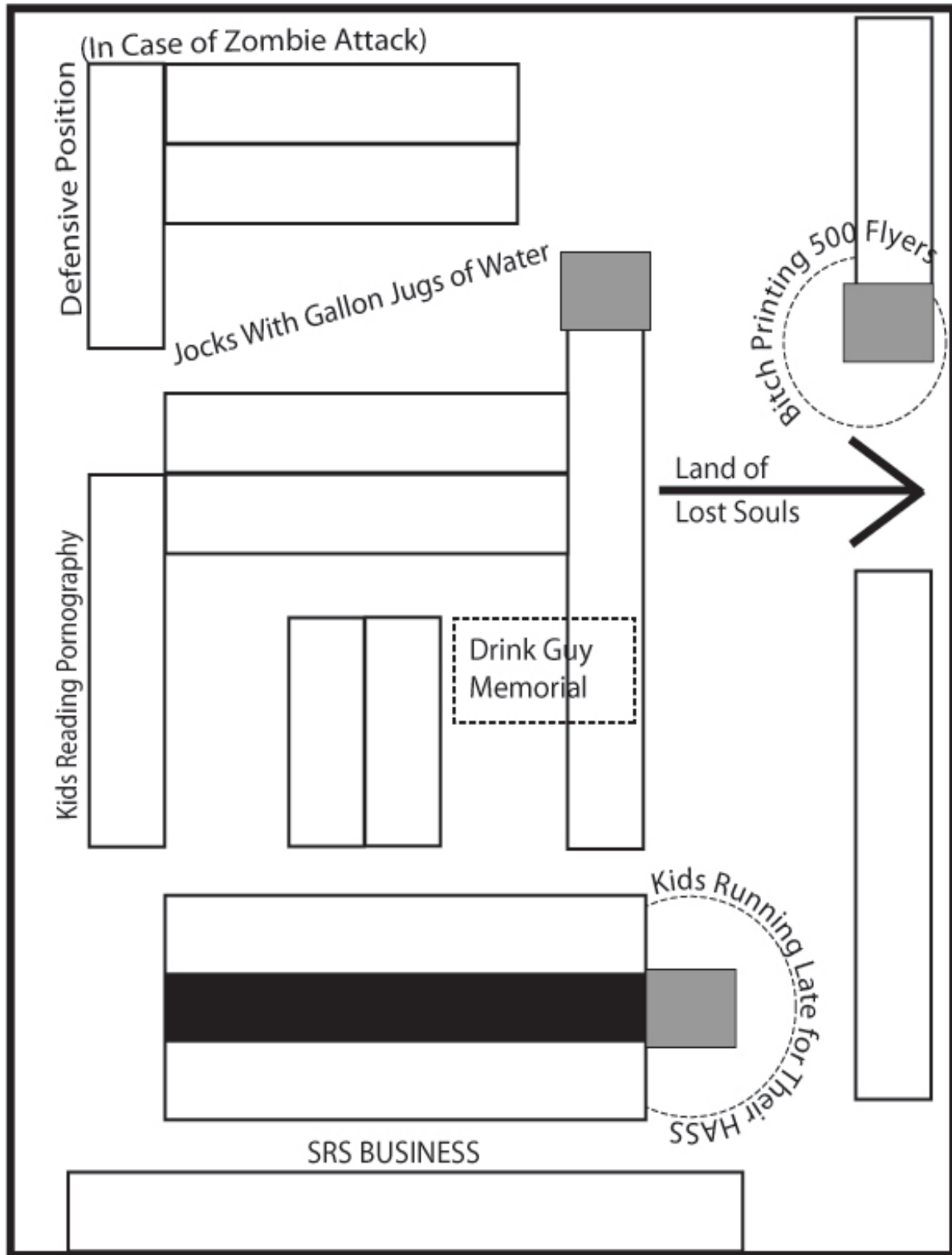
Remember the poor course sixteenner
Whose workload had saddened his wiener
Enslaved in a lab,
Where he didn't dare grab
His Johnson, which somehow got leaner

Did you hear of that frat ATO
That used to be all bro on bro
Well they burned their place down
And then IFC frowned
So now there's no place for their dildos



**SUBMIT TO
VOO DOO
Walker
Memorial
50-309**

W20 Athena Cluster



Career Opportunities

How MIT Guaranteed My Success in the Real World

Like many seniors before me and those still to come, I am in the unique position between the dream world that is college and reality. This means finding a job. So what am I qualified to do after \$160,000 (Holy shit! That much?!) and four years of sleep deprivation? Well, we'll get to that.

First let's talk about the promises MIT made during our courtship, when everything was exciting and full of optimism. You know the promise, that the world will be ripe for the picking when you finally leave this place – the promise of knowledge and a life without limits. Now with the perspective to look back on all of this, I can say that MIT has lived up to its commitment, because I am perfectly suited for a stable and prosperous career as a call girl.

While the merits of life as a prostitute are obvious, I feel it is important to point out that, thanks to MIT, I have found a future in this dynamic and recession-proof field. My friends, with their liberal arts degrees, will be teachers and accountants. But I will have the brightest future of them all, working with executives in a range of industries - right off the bat.

Soon enough I will be making thousands of dollars per day. Sure, that kind of success doesn't happen right away, but like any job you have to gargle some balls to move up the ladder. And MIT definitely prepared me for that. Whether joining a frat or earning an A in orgo, we MIT students have plenty of opportunities to suck major cock. When the admissions office mentioned work/play balance, this might have been what they meant.

Admissions also warned me about the challenge and rigor of an MIT curriculum, which was guaranteed to pay off in the long run. I didn't realize, back then, that this included taking it up the ass every time I was in the Walker Memorial gymnasium. Sure it hurt the first couple times, but when you get to be a pro you can make at least 10% more.

Of course, being a prostitute can also challenge the average MIT student. The fellating and fornicating may come naturally, yet sometimes hookers are paid to hold a conversation. On occasion they are even

expected to practice good hygiene.

But that shouldn't scare anybody away from choosing such an exciting career path. Because, let's face it, whether you're doing it on Wall Street or in China, some douche in a suit will blow his load in your face and you will say thank you.



With the proper education, any MIT graduate should be able to get a job that pays well. In fact, you should earn enough money to afford the Challah Cost.

Get it?

Too far to go for a really bad sight gag?

We think not.

"Evicted!"

Grad School Ballad

I bid you welcome, said the World
To Graduate capped and gowned.
You're young, you're smart and quite naive-
The sort we need around.
Come tell me here, you've got my ear
What have you to propound?

I've knowledge, said the Graduate,
Intelligence profound.
Of literature, philosophy-
And every kingdom's crown.
Of sciences, appliances,
Of gerund, verb, and noun.

I'm not impressed- so said the World-
Have you got something more?
The cropland's running out, you see,
With nations still at war.
The sea's perturbed, climate's disturbed,
These facts you can't ignore.

Then I'll tell you, said Graduate,
Of Maxwell, Einstein, Bohr,
Of Machiavelli and Lao Tsu,
Athena, Vishnu, Thor-
Of praetors and theaters,
Rousseau and Kant's rapport.

Pretentious youth, the World decried,
Ideas, numbers, words!
I've enemies with atom bombs
Who will not be deterred;
Inflation and starvation and-
Diplomas are absurd.

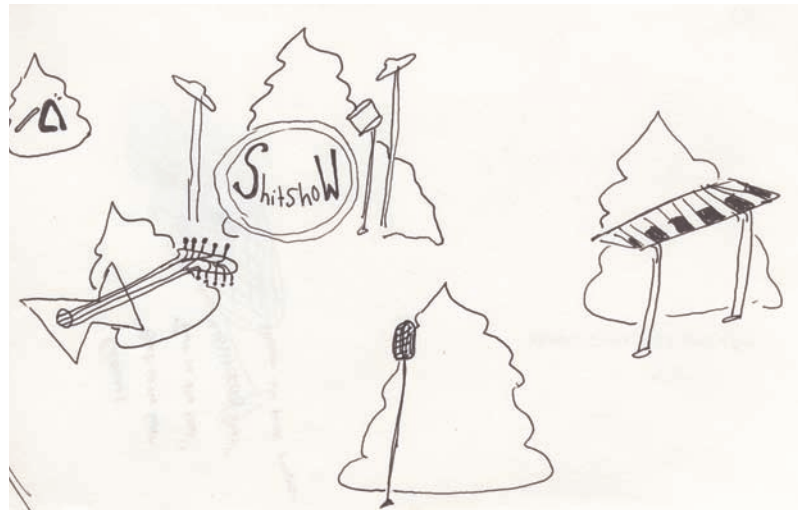
The Graduate threw up both hands
And turned a reddish hue:
With problems multifarious,
What would you have me do?
Build Noah's arc, or quark by quark
Create the world anew?

I can derive all Newton's laws
From quantum formulae;
Or contemplate humanity-
At least nine times a day.
But my esprit, as you can see

Is starting to decay.

So you're afraid, the World did scorn,
To wake up from your dream?
You'd let your cities fall to shreds
And float along downstream?
Or, I'll confide, there's suicide,
But that's rather extreme.

The Graduate considered this,
And lost some of his gleam.
He told the World, I've been betrayed-
You're not all that you seem.
But I'm no fool-I'll back to school,
And stay in academe!



Because all graduate work is a shitshow.

Harvard Introduces New Degree Plan

After a petition signed by 83% of Harvard students identifying as “female” reached the desk of Harvard’s President, the university has decided, for the first time in years, to introduce a new degree plan.

The Harvard M.R.S. degree is designed to make sure that girls that attend Harvard are properly prepared for the lives they have dreamed for themselves in their Lisa Frank Trapper Keepers. The classes will be a mix of Harvard taught classes and classes taken at both MIT and Wellesley.

“We see this as a victory for Ivy League women everywhere,” one Harvard female (we think) said. “With this new concentration, Harvard girls will finally be prepared for the lives they’ve always wanted.”

Some are unhappy with the proposal, particularly MIT women.

“Harvard is basically setting women back at least 200 years.” Claimed one Birkenstock and jeans-clad MIT woman who wanted only to be identified as a “PIKAN. “Women are free to do as they want. They don’t need men. And that’s “women” with a “y”, ok? Make sure it’s with a “y”.”

The concentration is set to be fully introduced next year following the destruction of the rest of MIT’s student culture.

Classes outside of general requirements necessary to complete the M.R.S. degree:

Art of Fellatio: “Learn the proper way to orally pleasure a man - taught by visiting MIT Deans”

How to Take it in the Ass: “A complete guide from fisting to footing - presented in a series of lectures by MIT undergraduates”

Living With A Micropenis: “The proper way to deal with a partner with a comedically small phallus - taught by the MIT Dean of Student Life”

Slut-Yourself-Up: “A series of lectures from the finest Wellesley scholars of the subject.”

Getting The Most Out Of Your Prenup: “A guide to vaguely worded and misleading contracts and agreements, presented by the MIT HDAG Committee”

Getting Pregnant: “A guide to the only thing that will ever make you feel like a real woman - a seminar led by girls of Cambridge Rindge and Latin School.”

Bullshitting Your Way Through It: “A seminar on faking it, cohosted by MIT Panhel and students from Harvard Law”

The degree will not only apply to women. Gay males are also encouraged to seek out the degree if they plan on fulfilling the role of the “bottom” or “catcher” in their relationship.

“We don’t want this to sound sexist or misogynist in any way,” a Harvard affiliate who did not want to be identified stated, “we want to be clear that anyone taking a cock in any orifice is more than welcome to pursue the concentration.”



Submit To Voo Doo

Room 50=309

10 Reasons Why I’m Voting for Donald Trump in 2012

Perhaps it is too early to pick sides in the 2012 presidential race, but I already know which candidate is getting my vote: Donald Trump. That’s right, The Donald. Think what you will about the Reformist Party and comb-overs, but he’s the man to get America back on track. Who else can navigate the fierce political waters, rife with the dangers of impending financial doom and volatile foreign affairs? No one. And there are 10 simple reasons why Trump can.

10. FLILF Status: Forget Michelle and Laura, there is a new First Lady I’d like to fuck. With Melania Trump’s seriously hot bod, America hasn’t had a first lady it can fap to with such enthusiasm since Ida McKinley. It makes you wonder if all presidents should be married to Eastern European models. Forget Skinemax, I’ll be watching CNN as long as Melania gets full coverage, and bet your ass I’ll be saluting.

9. Financial Integrity: Every once in a while, constituents start to suspect their candidates of corruption, especially when it comes to finances. Some politicians take bribes. Others skim a little off the top, but with Donald Trump, the people don’t have to worry about these kinds of things because he already has all of the money.

8. Entertainment: If Donald Trump is elected as president, government will be a hell of a lot more entertaining. Just think, State of the Union addresses will be delivered with big budget effects and feature a wide array of his celebrity friends, like Meatloaf and Gary Busey. The two might even fight each other in a rematch. And how awesome would it be if, instead of announcing budget cuts the usual and boring way, we got to see The Dona’s mug on TV saying “America, You’re Fired.”

7. Foreign Policy: Donald Trump has a global plan that would make Hitler cream his pants. As a real estate mogul, there is no doubt in my mind that Trump can negotiate some property acquisitions on behalf of our country. First in Panama and then in

Dubai, the United States will continue to grow, and its borders will expand, one luxury hotel/casino at a time.

6. A Man of the People: Finally, a presidential candidate who didn’t go to an Ivy League school. Oh wait... never mind. U Penn is still an Ivy. It just has all of the pretension of Harvard with twice the dumb people. Well, at least Trump has a rags to riches story, a life built on hard work and determination. Hold on a sec... Apparently he had rich parents. Fine, he’s just as privileged as the rest of them.

5. The Amazing Trump and Friends: It’s pretty clear that we can expect a total overhaul of the White House, should Trump take office. No doubt George Ross, who appeared on The Apprentice and Lord of The Rings (as Smeagol) will be appointed as a member of the U.S. Cabinet. What remains to be seen is whether Trump’s daughter and fiercely hot second in command, Ivanka, will run as Vice President or settle into a Chief of Staff position. Can I just say, “meow!”

4. The Power Tie: Nothing says “I’m pro life but am still sensitive to women’s issues” like Trump’s signature pink tie. Not only that, this tie says “I’m secure enough in my masculinity to wear pink and tell Gaddafi to bend over and take it like a man.” This tie has plenty of other things to say but they all boil down to demonstrating how much of a mother fucking badass Donald Trump is, bested only by Samuel L. Jackson who will not be running in 2012 due to skepticism over whether America is ready for a real black president.

3. Rosie O’Donnell: Sure, it happened a long time ago but we were all thinking the same thing, it’s about time someone called her bitch ass out. I prefer to think Trump’s comments about her degeneracy as the noble defense of a poor pageant girl with a drinking problem not gay bashing. Trump does not actually hate lesbians. He definitely doesn’t hate the hot ones, at least.

2. **Physical Prowess:** If ever the government needed to save money on military spending and decided to let the leaders duke it out, Trump could definitely beat any of those pussies in a cage match. Kim Jong Il? Flattened. The Queen of England? Decimated. At 6'2" and the proud producer of several WWE matches, I wholeheartedly believe that Trump could lay the smack down on any terrorist or unsatisfactory prime minister out there.

1. **The Comb Over:** Hair styles have an understated significance in politics. Which leaders are detrimentally vain, genocidal, or naive can all be determined from a person's mop. Obviously Trump's no Mitt Romney, but at least he's not like Gandhi, either. That guy was just plain crazy. But at the end of the day, Trumps comb over says everything we need to know about The Donald and that is that when he sees a problem he fucking fixes it – like a boss.

Now, an Economics related limerick!

Economics Circa 2008

When finance becomes all laissez-faire,
Every bank becomes quite debonair—
When my loans are risk-free,
From myself back to me,
I pull interest right out of thin air!

Now a physics one!

We wanted to map the galactic,
We had quite a brilliant tactic,
But finding the shape
Spiraled into ass-rape—
I don't have the right sized prophylactic.

AHA! Physics, ass rape, AND prophylactics!
Wow...we're on a roll...

WE MUST BE BUTTER.



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The Implications of Aerial Phonons Regarding Multi-body Dynamics, with Emphasis on Group Applications

Nicole Berdy and Anna Waldman-Brown

MIT Department of Physics

(Dated: March 28, 2010)

ABSTRACT:

It has been observed that physicists as a whole fall well outside the normal distribution of aerial phonon-driven applied multibody dynamics, as demonstrated by peer institutions. In such systems, current observations[1] reveal an unprecedented number of chaotic subsystems with a non-Gaussian distribution of desirable harmonics. This study attempts to enlighten the physics community on common modes of response to phononic oscillations; an informed application of the following methodologies would minimize collisions and augment damping coefficients, while maximizing allowable symmetries and producing optimal conditions for coupling.

IF YOU WANT TO READ THE REST, VISIT OUR WEBPAGE AT:

[mit\[dot\]edu/voodoo/www/](http://mit.edu/voodoo/www/)

Ever wish you had a Voo Doo Shirt? Coffee Mug? Offensive Sticker? Contact us to see what we have in stock!

email:

[voodoo-exec\[at\]mit\[dot\]edu](mailto:voodoo-exec@mit.edu)



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A CPW FAQ: OMGWTFBBQLOL?

While MIT's pre-freshmen prepare for their very first semester in the fall, students might be approached by parents or prospectives with questions about MIT. Sometimes these questions may be difficult to answer, especially for those who struggle to relate to the incoming class of 2015. As such, we have provided our suggestions for handling the more common questions. MIT's administration cannot and is in no way telling students what to say, but we strongly encourage that they study this handy guide.

Will I still get As at M I T?

At this point in their lives, the pre-freshman are still very much attached to the idea of GPAs. They operate under the illusion that grades have actual meaning in the real world and use them as a rubric for success in life. Whatever you do, do not give the impression that As are more elusive than unicorns. Try something more diplomatic like, "As long as you work hard enough, you can achieve anything."

How expensive is M I T?

Expensive is relative, but it's best not to mention the three jobs you have to work in order to afford food, housing, books, and all of the drugs you need just to not go crazy while you're here.

Is the weather as bad as everybody says it is?

If you have a better response than silence or denial, then by all means take a crack at it.

Did Iron Man really go here?

FUCK YES! Also, feel free to mention other notable alumni such as Steve Buscemi's character in Armageddon and Dancing with the Stars contestant, Buzz Aldrin.

Are M I T students as nerdy as the stereotype?

If you call pleasuring a woman with an Ethernet cable nerdy, then so be it. But don't say MIT students never get any action.

I heard I can cross register with Wellesley and Harvard, is that true?

If this is actually selling point for some people, feel free to talk it up. While the administration sees no reason why anybody would ever prefer a Harvard (let alone Wellesley) class, say whatever makes the children happy. If the pre-frosh asking is just looking for chicks, don't mention Anna Tang.

IHTFP?

We suggest using one of the following acronyms:

I Have The Finest Professors

I Have Truly Found Paradise

I Hunt The Finest Pussy

It's Harry-The-Fucking-Potter!

By all means avoid:

It Hurts To Fail Physics

Itching Hos, Those Fucking Pros

It Helps To Fuck Professors

I Hate This Fucking Place

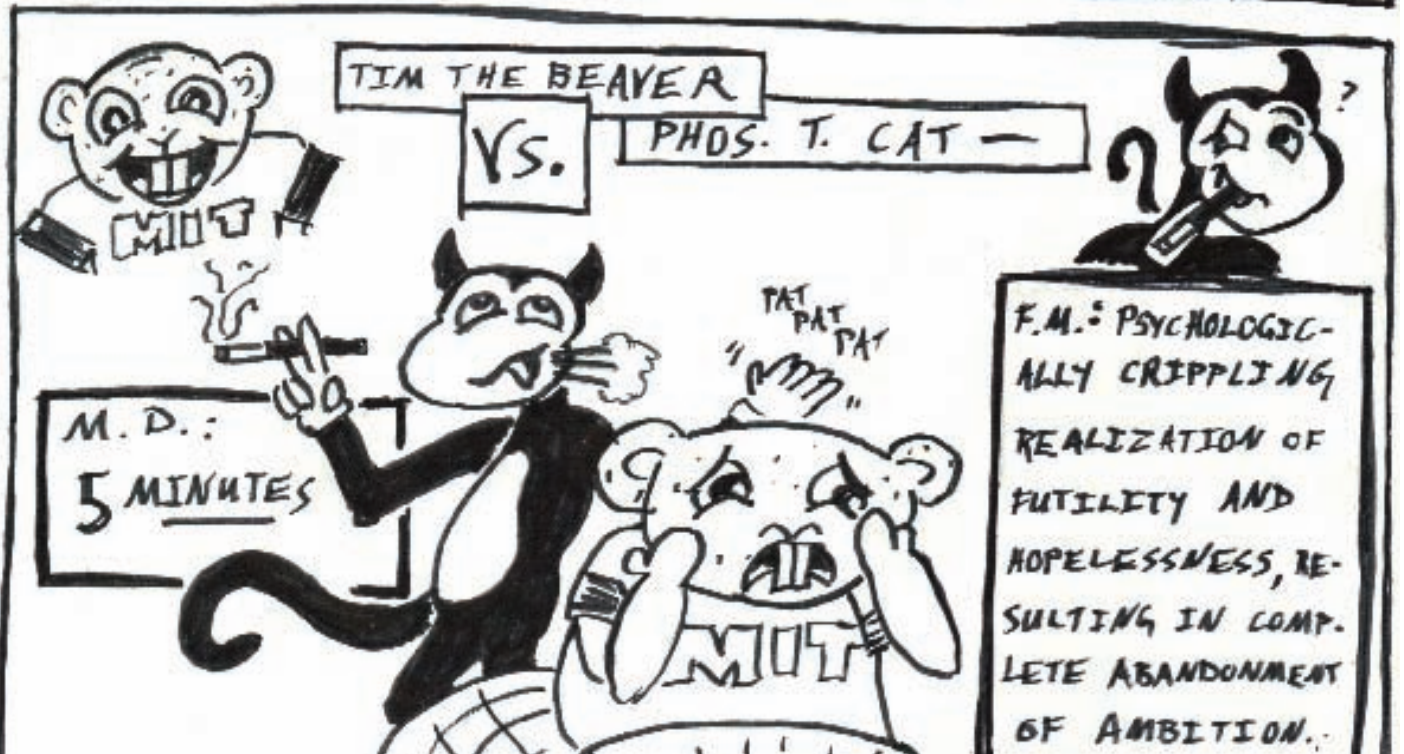
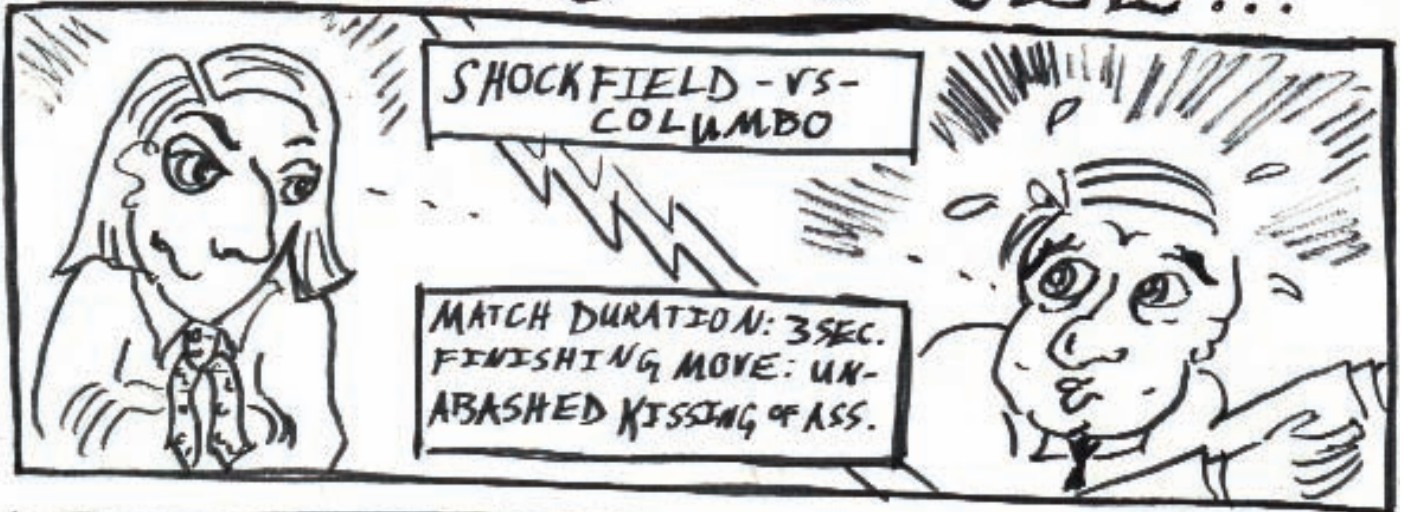
Is it true what they say about hacking?

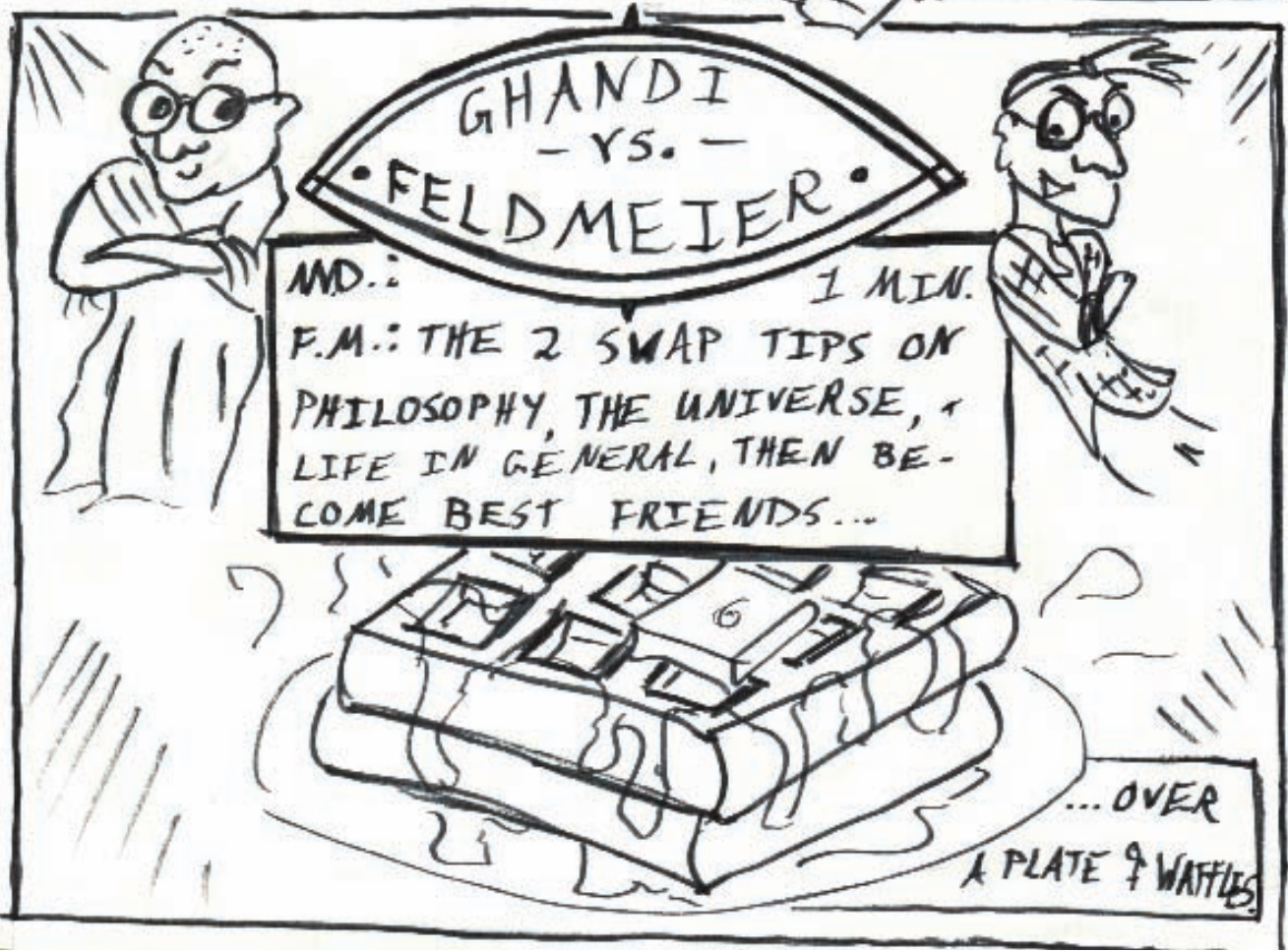
What? That the admissions office hypes it up while the administration simultaneously tries to keep it from happening and levies absurd fines on people who are caught? That only a small segment of campus actually does it, but most people will take credit for it? That they used to flat out arrest people (and still do) for hacking but they don't arrest frat boys for drugging up and raping girls?

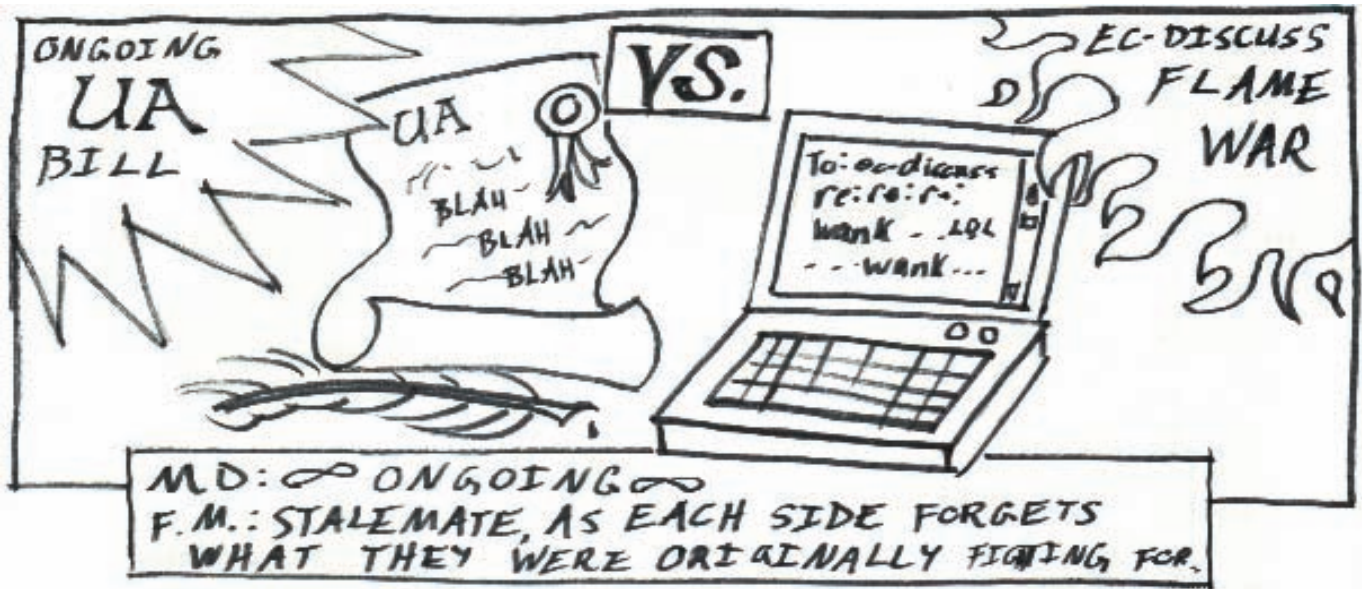
Answer: ALL OF THE ABOVE



5 STEER ROAST MUD-WRESTLING MATCHES I'D LOVE TO SEE...







Special Thanks

A special thanks is in order here for the Baker Foundation, without whom our fantastic romp to and from the National Intercollegiate Humor Conference in Princeton would not have happened. They're awesome and deserve almost as much money as we do. Thanks again.

Why didn't we ever think of this before? Pinups? In Voo Doo? As shown on page 10, they've been there since the beginning. This is a reminder to all the heterosexual men that their geeky girlfriends aren't anywhere near as attractive as they could be, a reminder to all the women that they aren't as attractive as they could be, and to the homosexual men that women are gross and cocks are awesome!



James "Big Jimmy" E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund

Preference Given To East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$122,409.32 from 272 donors
Scholarships are being awarded!

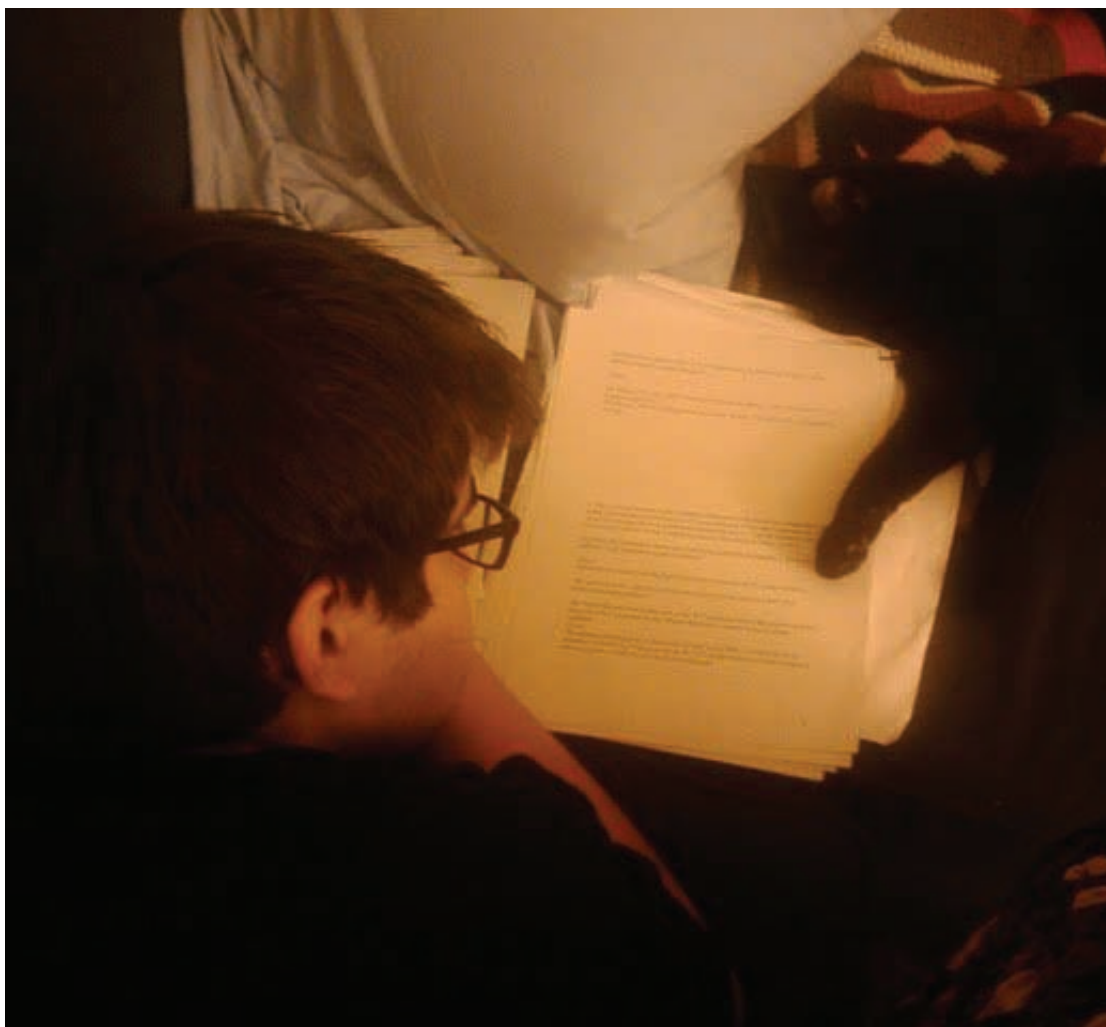
Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship
Will fully support one student for one year

Help us continue his legacy of helping the students for whom he cared
so much. Donation forms and instructions at desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office

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and this too could be joyous you



Our Editor and Cat, Frijolito, circa 2010, pouring over submissions

**Wanna Be A VooDoo Artist?
Then Take The
VooDoo Art Test!**

DRAW THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD!

THEN SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO:

VooDoo
MIT ROOM 50-309
77 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02139

Wanna Be A VooDoo Writer? Then Take The VooDoo Humor Test!

In the space provided, tell us how goth you are. Try not to use the words "soul" or "dark". Good luck!

Then, submit your work to:
VooDoo
MIT Room 50-309
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02139

MAD LIB!

Ever wonder how The Tech's comics can be routinely boring and nauseatingly bad at the same time? No? Well the answer is Mad Lib! Try it yourself!

Title: Two Kids and a Porno

Once upon a time, you and [Your Friend] were at the book store. While browsing the pornography section, you noticed the [Plural Noun] in every magazine were rather [Adjective]. So [Same Adjective], in fact, that you told [Your Friend], "It makes me super [Adjective] when they're like that. I'll have to [Verb] for [Number Units of Time] just to stop thinking about it." [Your Friend] was [Adjective] and suggested, instead, that you two steal a magazine and then [Verb] it, [Adverb]. But before you could leave the store, [Your Friend]'s [Body Part] began to [Verb]. It was decided that he should go to the hospital where a doctor would [Verb] it.

Title: The Sound from the Closet

On a dark and [Adjective] night, [Boy's Name] heard a [Sound] coming from his closet. The sound echoed [Adverb] through the room, causing the boy to [Verb] under his covers like a [Adjective Noun]. [Same Boy's Name] didn't know what to do and yelled to his mother, "Mom! There's a [Noun] in my closet. It's going to [Verb] me!" But she ignored him and resumed [Verbing] her [Body Part]. Unfortunately for the boy, there was, indeed, something lurking in his closet. That something was a [Adjective] [Noun] that wanted to [Verb] his [Noun].

Title: The Truth About Lindsay Lohan

Forget what the tabloids say, Lindsay Lohan is not a [Noun]. Far from it! According to her closest friends and family, Lohan is a [Adjective] member of the Hollywood community. She volunteers every weekend by [Verbing] the homeless and giving them her collection of [Adjective] [Plural Noun]. Anybody who says Lindsay Lohan should be found guilty and punished to [Number] years in [Place], is wrong. I think she should keep making movies, maybe one about a [Adjective] actress who goes to court [Adverb].

There! Now you, too, can write a piece worthy of being turned into a Tech comic. Or, at the very least, a piece worthy of an "A" in any science writing class at MIT.

Good luck!



Comics Sans Funny!



We don't actually know the answer to this question. Maybe you do? Fill in the comic, cut it out, and send it to Voo Doo at Walker Memorial Room 50-309, 77 Mass Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Potential answers that you can't use:

- "It keeps my head warm."
- "Don't you mean 'why do you have a douchebag on your ass?'" (from the penguin)
- "Because the bitch that draws me is a stupid cunt."
- "Because I punched him in his stupid Penguin face and shoved my head into his rectum."
- "NOOT NOOT, MOTHERFUCKER."



LADY JOKES

Every now and then a typo makes history. Sometimes people just look at them, roll their eyes and think “goddammit, Voo Doo needs a copy editor.” The lady joke started off as a typo and became an institution, something that is cherished and adored by all inhabitants of the Voo Doo list. Or something.

A pumpkin, an elbow, and a futon were arguing which was most useful to humanity and no one was getting the better of it. Pumpkin called itself sustenance, and sustained society. Elbow was claimin’ to be a body part. The futon was soft and comforting. In the end, a nonsequitor invaded the conversation, and we looked up the baseball score. Twins and A’s were tied in the 4th inning.

So here’s to non-sequitors. They’re bright and shiny like sequins, yet i don’t know where they come from. probably pluto. Or Goofy. Oh well.

In the beginning, there were sequitors.

Oh, I sent you. Not going to even give you a chance to be resented, I’m senting you from the start.

Let us examine the contra-positive statements...

It can’t be funny ‘cause it’s not true.

It can’t be true ‘cause it’s not funny.

As much as I wanna live in the world governed by the second contra-positive, I think neither universally true. Nor false, precisely. I’m pretty sure both examples and counter-examples exist. But, ya know, I’m examining this from the wrong perspect. I should be asking myself not “is this statement

true?” but rather “is this statement funny?”

Heck, let’s start simple:

This statement is funny

It earns a faint chuckle perhaps.

How ‘bout:

This statement is hilarious.

This statement could cause convulsions and seizures due to convulsions.

The surgeon general has issued a the following warning:

Construing this statment could be hazardous to your health.

I don’t know about that...

Or perhaps

This statement wants to be true so bad, it pulled an all nighter.

This statement would be true, but it’s busy punting.

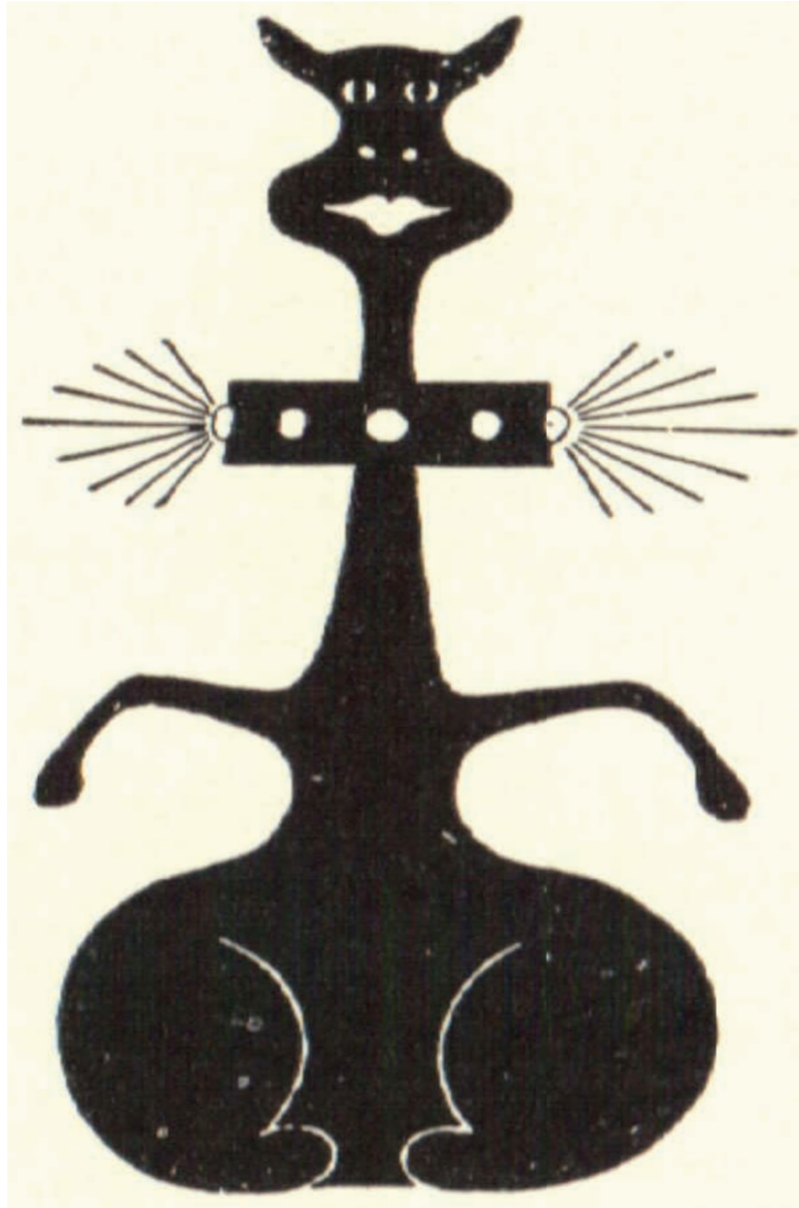
This statement is desperate for attention.

This statement vanishes when no one is watching.

Oh well. I’m about all logic-ed out for once.

CONGRATS ON
ANOTHER YEAR
OF
FUCKING UP
FROM VOO DOO





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