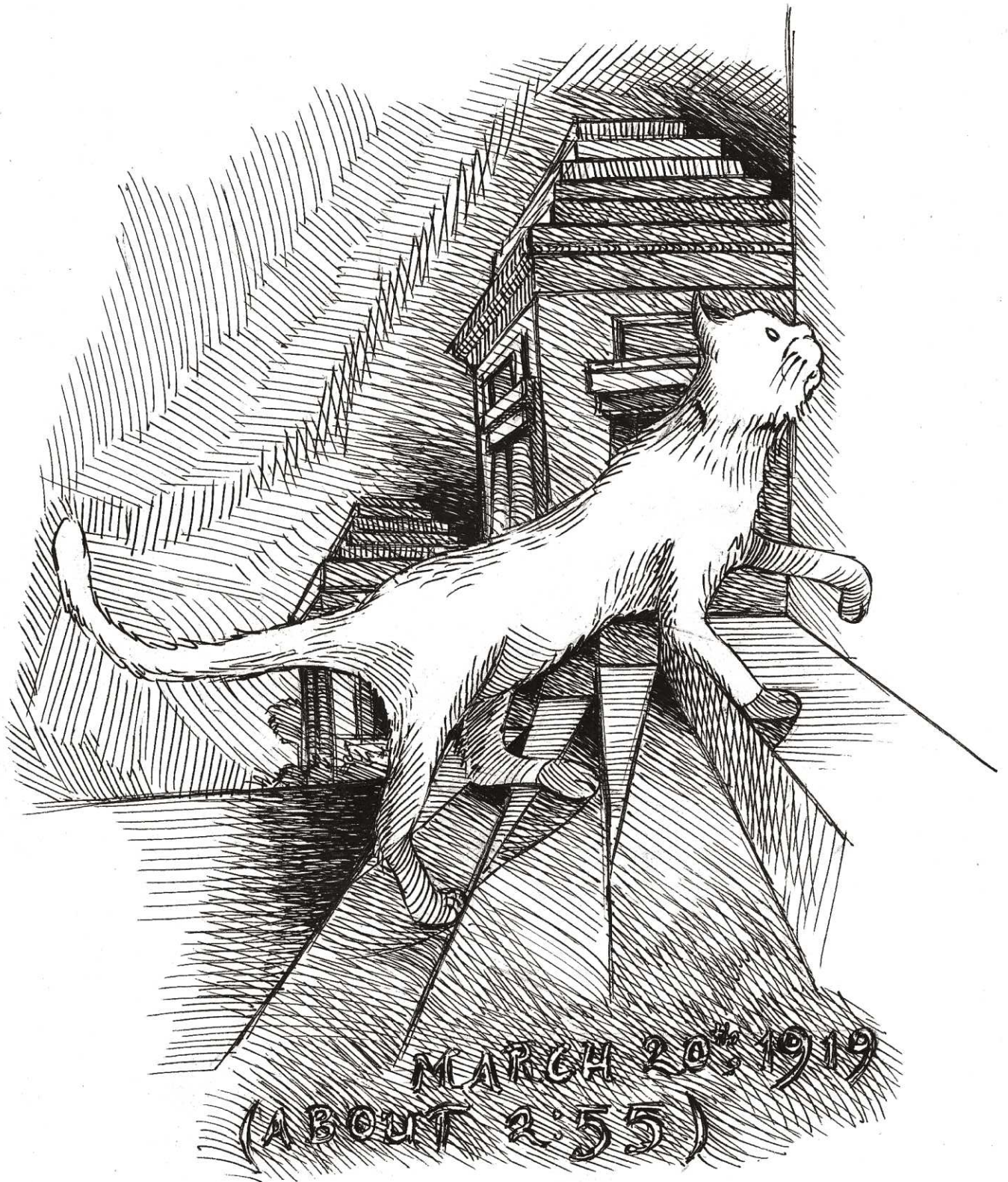




VOLUME 100
ISSUE 1



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VOO DOO MAGAZINE
MIT ROOM 50-309
77 MASSACHUSETTS AVE
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02139

PHOS@MIT.EDU

WEB.MIT.EDU/VOODOO/WWW

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Editor in Chief

Alina Kononov

Voice of Reason

Zoz Brooks

Real Live Writer

Emilio Jasso

Art Director

Niraj Inamdar

Green Machine

Emilee Johnson

Ghostly Apprentice

Nathan Hernandez

Adonis

Mark Feldmeier

Joking Lady

Rob Morrison

Gamiest Alum

Zachary Barryte

Publicity Director

Cody Sanchez

Publisher

Phosphorus

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Comrades

Allison Schneider

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Deena Wang

Emily Rosser

Frederick Moore

Frijolito Jasso

Helena Wang

James Douberley

Laura Royden

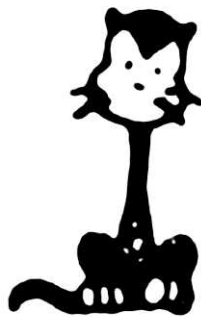
Leonid Grinberg

Matt Cole

OURLAD

Pranjal Vachaspati

The MIT Free Group



BE A COOL CAT.

SUBMIT TO

VOODOO!

EDITORIAL

Dear Voo Doo readers,

Welcome to the 100th volume of Voo Doo! I'm happily surprised that the magazine has lasted this long. This issue represents a feeble attempt at paying homage to this incredible publication's long and rich history. On the next page, you can find a brief account of said history, and throughout the issue, you may notice fonts and art styles vaguely reminiscent of those popular in the late 1910s and early 1920s. Also, the only color is on the front and back covers, but that's mostly because no one submitted anything colorful.

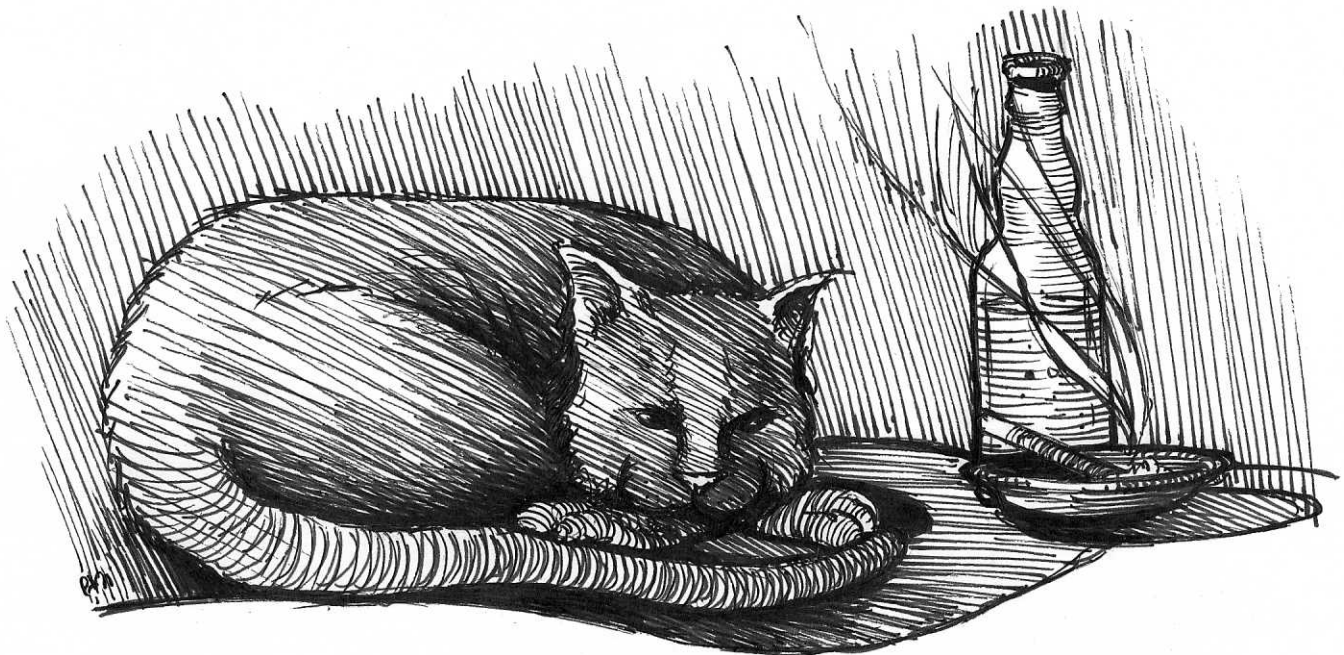
In just five more years, Voo Doo will turn 100 years old. I'm not quite sure why the magazine has more volumes than years — I guess someone down the line lost count. Anyway, maybe Phosphorus will have a big birthday

party in 2019. I'm sure it wouldn't be nearly as glamorous as Tim the Beaver's extravagant birthday celebration earlier this year, but it would certainly have WAY more strippers.

Thankfully, I won't have to organize this party. I'll be long gone and forgotten, for this Editorial is my last task for my last issue of Voo Doo ever! Well, realistically, I suppose I'll help out my successor for a bit until he/she gets the hang of things. But the point is that I'M ALMOST DONE, and I have NO SHITS LEFT TO GIVE.

That is all.

Alina



VOO DOO HISTORY

One could argue that *Voo Doo Magazine* was born of war. In early 1918, students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contemplating the prospect of being sent "over there" to fight a war in Europe, realized that there was a distinct lack of humor on campus. These poor young men needed something to get their mind off the grave international issues at the time. *Whoop Garoo* was born.

Those with good eyesight may notice that "Whoop Garoo" is not the same as "Voo Doo". Indeed, *Whoop Garoo* was the first iteration of our wonderful rag; it was a relatively small, simple, and apparently very popular publication at "Tech". It wasn't too different in principle from *Voo Doo* today. The first issue, Volume 1 Number 1, released on February 5, 1918, features a comic making fun of Francis A. Walker (the namesake of Walker Memorial) for being a widower. Perhaps there never was a "golden age of class and tact" in the history of *Voo Doo*. Furthermore, even as *Whoop Garoo*, the mascot for our trite little piece has always been a black cat.

As 1919 rolled around, *Whoop Garoo* merged with *The Technology Monthly*, another student publication, and evolved into the *Voo Doo* we all know and love. The interwar years were relatively kind to *Voo Doo* — the magazine was published on a monthly basis and had both a large number of contributors and a large reader base. However, the fun and games didn't last forever.

With the advent of the second world war (a.k.a. "Germany Steps on Everyone's Toes Part 2"), *Voo Doo* did their part by publishing advertisements encouraging readers to donate blood and buy war bonds. There are even instances of *Voo Doo* going so far as to suggest that students buy war bonds instead of beer!

After Everyone-Killing-Everyone-Else Part 2, *Voo Doo* really began to flourish. Perhaps returning service men and women wanted to forget the war and move on with their lives. At any rate, issues of *Voo Doo* from the post-war years were among the best made ever. In a world without the Internet, aspiring writers and artists sought to get published

in actual, physical publications. Likewise, people looking for a good joke sought out actual, physical publications. *Voo Doo* filled both niches quite well. The post-war years up to the late 1960s saw the creation of wonderful magazines with beautiful, artistic covers and funny comics and jokes. Legend has it that *Voo Doo* was even referenced on Johnny Carson's TV show. *Voo Doo* had become a household name in some houses.

Some unwise accounting decisions left *Voo Doo* in financial ruin by 1970, eventually resulting in its complete disappearance from MIT. Through the following decades, various groups of hopeful students attempted to revive the magazine. *Voo Doo* was brought back in several iterations, namely, *Thursday Voo Doo* (1975-1979) and *Voo Doo's Tool & Die* (1983-1987). In 1988, *Voo Doo* finally returned as plain old "Voo Doo". It puttered along for a while, still trying to find its sea legs.

Inevitably, *Voo Doo* was reborn again in the 1990s. Like a phoenix it rose from the ashes as something that was once again clever, funny, and enjoyable to both MIT affiliates and non-affiliates. This period survived into the early 2000s under a succession of amazing head editors and gifted staff members.

Unfortunately, the Internet began to take its toll. As blogs gained popularity, writers and artists no longer desired publication in a physical magazine. With YouTube and humor websites, students no longer had to walk down to the front desk of their dorms or wait a month for a dose of humor. *Voo Doo's* popularity waned on campus and became nearly nonexistent off-campus. Between 2010 and 2012, potentially the worst editor *Voo Doo* had ever seen took over, and for a few years, turned *Voo Doo* into a disgusting rag of filth and depravity (a toxic influence, if you will). *Voo Doo's* current editor has started to bring *Voo Doo* back into the forefront of humor magazines, filling it with wit, sarcasm, and clever antics.

What does the future hold for *Voo Doo*? Maybe with a little luck and a lot of skill, *Voo Doo* can once again rise in reputation back to its former glory.

DEAR PHOS,

Dear Phosphorous,
I am writing to you today about a matter of grave importance. In recent days, an insidious publication has begun to chip away at the wholesomeness and moral fiber of the Institute. Led by a group of witless, tasteless editors with absolutely no oversight, this purportedly student run periodical is known to have published multiple offensive, triggering cartoons and articles. I am of course referring to The Tech.

The Tech is a toxic influence on campus. This publication receives money mostly from advertisers, who in turn receive funding from students who purchase their goods and services. Thus, students may be surprised to learn that their money is used to fund a "serious" publication that has published asstastic opinion pieces which actively demonize an innocent and well-meaning student group. The Tech has previously defended its graphic depictions of duncery under grounds of free speech, news, and facilitating discourse. Libeling beloved student groups is neither newsworthy nor "discourse." Rather, it simply maintains the status quo by being so boring that I was literally psychically compelled to jump off the top of the Green building and impale myself on a half-empty bottle of Colt 45 that I had positioned precisely for this purpose.

I call on the Undergraduate Association and the Association of Student Activities to take a strong stance against impalement culture and cease recognizing The Tech unless the publication agrees to remove its tiny head from its floppy, distended anus. Too often The Tech is simply ignored by 97% of the student body, whereas its editors ought to be expelled from the barrel of a circus cannon into a lake of burning dicks.

Of course, it would be another matter entirely if The Tech

started publishing opposing viewpoints. That might lead to something like a conversation, and (who knows!) maybe even progress on important student issues. But for now at least, students will have to find a kinder and more welcoming venue to express such views, because the forces at play at The Tech would never let such a thing happen.

God Bless,
-A Concerned Student

Dear Concerned Student,

In order to offer an informed response to this issue, we actually submitted several copies of The Tech to several eminent biopharmacologists formerly from Bexley Hall (now operating their lab out of Maseeh, where there are no cultures present to contaminate their growth media).

It turns out that The Tech's influence is so weak that it can not be strictly considered toxic. Exposure to small doses of The Tech's unique brand of verbal diarrhea simply causes a sympathetic laxative effect. It is easily treated by removal of the irritant and care should be taken to avoid dehydration until the effect passes. Larger doses are self-regulating due to an emetic effect: it is physically impossible to consume a lethal amount of The Tech, though swallowing a nanosatellite before attempting to do so has been postulated as an inexpensive launch mechanism to low earth orbit.

In general, it should be remembered that opinion pieces are only published in The Tech because it is a cheaper and more effective method of banishing them to obscurity than multi-pass disk erasure. If accidentally exposed, clench your sphincter and move on.

In Christ,
Phos

HACK, PUN, TOOL

A grammar instructor went to see a doctor because she was having trouble with her semi-colon. She kept falling into a com(m)a whenever she had her period.

~*~

Q: Why do lumberjacks like looking at pictures of deforestation?

A: They are tree-gore happy.

~*~

How you steer a sailboat depends on what body of water it is in, for it is important to know your current sea when banking.

~*~

Q: How many administrators does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Four: one to announce the decision the week before finals, one to hold a subsequent "town hall" meeting, one to nod reassuringly while pretending to listen to student concerns, and one RLAD to actually do the menial labor of changing the bulb.

Q: How many UA Councilors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: It takes five UA Councilors to change the UA, not that there's any lightbulbs in the UA...

~*~

Q: How many Voo Doo staffers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: I don't know. How many jokes do you have to tell before I get one?

~*~

I have finally succeeded in making a fine beer-whiskey hybrid. Every kid will love it! I will market it as... hopps-scotch!

~*~

Feminist: Dude, check your privilege.

Tech Man: I just did — apparently I have root.

~*~

With fastfood sales booming, I don't relish the catch-up shift at the hotdog factory.

~*~

Q: What do you get from eating too many donuts, bagels, or swiss cheese?

A: Holy shit! But it could also be a side effect of communion. Just don't start blessing anyone with water from the toilet... at least not until after you flush.

~*~


Jack: Doesn't unparalleled just mean intersecting?

Diane: What's your point?

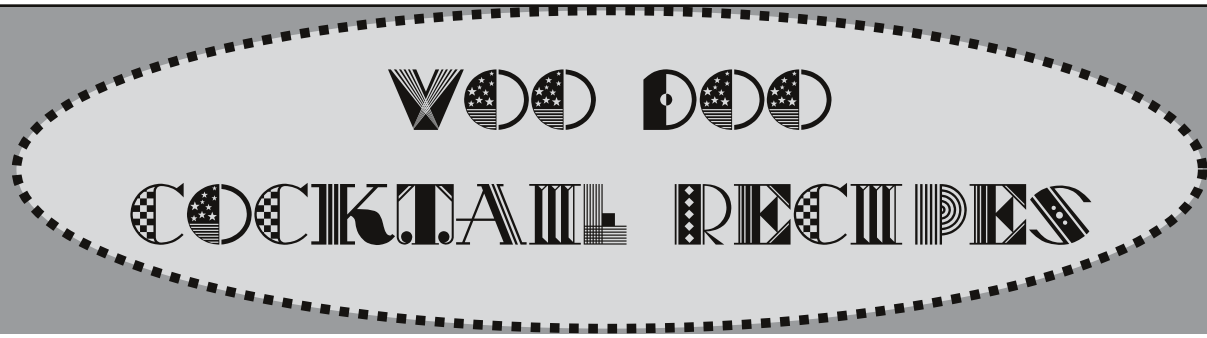
~*~

I figured out why little people blow their fuses when their small height is acknowledged: they get shorted out.

GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO PHOS?



WRITE TO PHOS@MIT.EDU!



THE PUTIN

- 2 oz Russian vodka

Pour into a Russian tea cup. Drink while conquering Ukraine.

"Ukraine? No; MY-kraine!" ~Vladimir Putin

THE FDR

- 2 oz bourbon
- ice

Pour the 2 oz of bourbon into a glass with ice. You must do this while sitting down and getting a handjob from your cousin.

"The only thing we have to fear is inbred children." ~FDR

THE OBAMA

- 1/2 oz insulin
- 1/2 oz penicillin
- ghosts of the middle class
- 50 billion tax dollars
- a dash of oppression
- 7 oz Kumi Kumi

Burn the tax dollars to a crisp and muddle with a copy of Obama's birth certificate. Mix with the remaining ingredients. Drop a mic from a predator drone into the glass for surveillance. Drink while wearing mom jeans and standing in an unemployment line.

"Thanks Obama!" ~Everyone

THE LADY GAGA

- 2 oz Goldschlager
- 1 oz Rumpel Minze

Combine in the most ridiculous glass you can find. Drop a water-proof flashing strobe into the bottom of the glass. Garnish with a lemon cut into non-Euclidian shapes, a length of tinsel and a handful of glitter.

"On the ra-ra-ra-rocks!" ~Lady GaGa

THE RICHARD SALLMAN

- 8 oz free and open-source rainwater
- one blended iPhone
- a dash of condescension

Drink while pouring over emacs and receiving a blowjob from an even-toed horned ungulate.

"Can you please join me in striking a blow against big brother by submitting to Voo Doo?"

THE MARIE CURIE

- 6 oz French vermouth
- 2 oz radium, shaved

Muddle radium and mix with vermouth in a lead-lined glass. Fill with champagne.

"If there's anything I love more than radiation, it's married men." ~Marie Curie

THE SPORI DEATH

- 1 bottle of scotch
- 105 packets of lube from Medical

Lubricate anus. Insert bottle of scotch into asshole while tire swinging, taking advantage of the centrifugal force to aid ingestion.

"Only anal shots can kill you." ~Crazy Horse

THE TOWERS

- 10 oz Bombay Sapphire

Garnish with glitter. Drink while sitting around alone.

"The difference between me and Harvard kids: they think they're better than everybody; I know I am." ~Towers Alum

THE FIFTH EAST

- 10 oz Jack Daniel's whiskey

Pour over ice, then spill on the floor and lick it up while hanging upside-down from a dance pole. Garnish with three blue-cheese stuffed cockroaches.

"We only play beer-pong ironically" -Jack Florey

THE BEXILE

- 1 oz crumbled brick
- 2 oz dumpster-dived orange juice
- 2 kindergarten level penis drawings
- 4 dashes anal leakage
- 3 dashes butthurt
- a pinch of just trying to fit in

Mix together and serve in a cracked glass. Drink before it slips through your fingers.

"I jerk off... need a chaser?" ~Bexile

THE WEST CAMPUS

- 30 rack of beer (Tecate preferred)
- 6 red plastic cups
- 1 ping pong ball

Arrange cups into a big "A" for Abercrombie (or a big "F" for your grades) on whatever flat surface is at hand. Half-fill each cup with beer, ensuring to spill at least half on the table. Attempt to throw ping pong ball into cups while looking as much like an idiot as possible.

"Like, oh my GAWD, did you SEE what they posted on Facebook?!?!!" ~some frosh

THE FRATERNITY MAN

- 30 of the cheapest beers you can find

Drink all 30 beers at a party and do something really stupid while plastered. Wait for your National Chapter to hire a lawyer to save your pathetic, worthless ass. Garnish with a can of Axe and four popped collars.

"I can't tell if I'm drinking beer or piss. Amazing!" ~John "Bluto" Blutarsky

THE RANDOM

Note: This is a "drink" and not a "cocktail" because "Random Cocktail" is trademarked.

- 2 oz 17-year-old whole milk
- 1 oz nervous sweat
- 3 mana
- +4 XP

Stir with a Cocktail Spoon of Cocktailmancy Lvl 4+ (or else roll for Special Ability). Cocktails containing milk of this particular vintage pair quite well with rubber ball gags and the gel that accumulates in the bottom of fur-suits. Garnish with a Nerf dart.

"I'd tap that keg for 1 colorless mana." ~J. Arthur Random

THE FRED DESK

- 2 oz lime juice
- 2 oz peppermint schnapps
- 3 oz Jagermeister
- 3 dashes angostura bitters
- 3 dashes rhubarb bitters
- 3 dashes hibiscus bitters
- 2 dashes sarsaparilla bitters
- 2 dashes tobacco bitters
- 2 dashes ammonia
- 2 dashes JoeG bitters
- hot sauce to taste

Mix in a cardboard box. Throw at an EC resident waiting for service. Don't answer the phone.

"Do I LOOK like I'm getting paid to be here?"
~Laura Royden

THE ADMINISTRATOR

- 4 oz distilled fermented human feces
- 2 oz urine from a convict on Death Row
- 2 oz alumni tears
- 2 oz undergraduate blood

Mix in a cauldron over fires made from burning the Bill of Rights. Film the act with new dorm security cameras. Force into the belly of a restrained torture victim and then siphon back out through a fistula into the hollowed skull of a sacrificed goat. Hire two new sub-deans to pour it directly into your mouth. Garnish with a lemon twist.

"We make every effort to incorporate student feedback." ~Anonymous Administrator

THE ROB MORRISON

- a quaffing of Mountain Dew
- some volume of juice from a honey-glazed baked ham
- a respectable amount of banana Quik

Mix into a large jar or bowl. Drink during breaks between Gilbert and Sullivan songs.

"I am the sausage man." ~Rob

THE BON APPEIT COCKTAIL PLAN

- 1 oz generic flavorless grain alcohol
- \$3000 per term

Throw the money away and have the drink forced down your throat. Garnish with the ghost of student autonomy.

"Does 'in loco parentis' mean 'I have crazy parents'?" -MIT freshman

THE SOMERVILLE

- 1 case PBR
- 1 Subaru Outback
- 1 glass pipe

Drink the PBR and smoke your LEGAL and MEDICINAL marijuana out of the glass pipe while sitting in the Subaru. Vote democrat.

"I find chain-lube makes a great moustache-wax." -Local Somervillian.

THE VOO DOO ALUM

- a really nice bar

Go to a really nice bar and order the most expensive cocktail on the menu. Pretend to like it while commenting on how it has a great "flavor profile" and waxing non-laconical about its virtues. Secretly count how much money you've wasted on this shitty, weak cocktail and how it's going to cut into your welfare check.

"I used to like that bar, but now it's so crowded that nobody goes there anymore." ~Voo Doo Alum



EXPERIMENT GONE WRONG: CROWDSOURCING A STORY

At this past CPW activities midway, Voo Doo staffers challenged passing prefrash to write a short story collectively. Each sorry, apathetic millennial was tasked with adding a single sentence to continue the narrative composed by their peers. Unfortunately, our random sample of '18 admits mostly consisted of students who will undoubtedly fail the FEE, and the "short story" quickly devolved into a chaotic string of disconnected, gramatically questionable sentences.

Once upon a time, there was a unicorn named Stanley who felt self-conscious about the size of his horn. He asked his best friend, Gary, why it had to be so big. "Well," Gary said, "Your horn is so big because your mommy and daddy were a bit promiscuous while you were in utero." Upon hearing this, Stanley got angry and shot a laser out of his horn, hitting a pigeon and causing it to drop dead in midair. He almost felt bad about it, but it was just a pigeon, and pigeons don't matter — they're just rats with wings anyway. In this magical land, pigeons occasionally spawn butterflies. It's like they're laying an egg, but a cocoon comes out instead.

Anyway, after hearing of his parents' promiscuity, Stanley was inspired by the glorious way in which pigeons give childbirth. "Gary!" he yelled, across the room, "if we secretly expanded a cocoon into a pigeon whore house, well, just imagine the wingspan of that butterfly!" After a moment of thought, he added, "Let's go ask the biologists at MIT to help us create a butterfly so humongous that it will feed on my oversized horn."

"Sure," Gary responded, "but let's get a hammer first. That

Having failed to outsource our magazine's production to prefrash, we turned to the brave souls on the voodoo mailing list to salvage the scraps of plot and craft a cohesive story. The result is below. Decide for yourself: who is more literarily skilled – prefrash or Voo Doo fans? Can you tell where the transition took place?

If you think you can do better, try this with your friends and send your masterpiece to phos@mit.edu!

They traveled to MIT's biology department and waded waist-deep through the unending sea of female Asian pre-meds that clogged the main thoroughfares and hallways, giggling and laughing about various goings-on and their sororities. "Stanley, what good is your colossal guided horn if you can't deal with with a bunch nubile pre-meds?!" Gary ejaculated after 40 minutes of wading.

"As an equine," Stanley replied, "I suppose I'm really more of an ass-man."

A scathing rebuttal died in Gary's beak; indeed, all thoughts of pigeons, butterflies, and Asian premeds quietly took the back door as Gary drew Stanley's attention to that glorious poster.

"Look, Stan," said Gary, "they're seeking non-masturbatory virgin unicorns between the ages

of 18 and 80 for participation in an oscillating hydraulic study into proto-rectilinear advantages of aqueous food substructures in vegan fish larvae." "You mean they're going to jam eels in my ass! Sign me up!" And so, they each tore off a tab with the lab's contact information, inserted it into the other's anus for safe storage, and continued skipping their way down the infinite tiled road. Little known to them, that poster was actually printed on recycled pigeon cocoon, and something beautiful and magical began as they skipped by scarecrow outside the physics department. "Hark!" yelled the scarecrow, stopping Stan and Gary dead in their tracks, "I came to this here slum because I was told this was where great minds are made -- do you know where I might find one for myself?"

"This must be part of the test," cautioned Gary. "Those researchers are swift, tricky bastards." So Stan resiliently held back the flood of tourists to answer the scarecrow, "We don't know anything about this great mind making slum, but we're off to participate in an oscillating hydraulic study into proto-rectilinear advantages of aqueous food substructures in vegan fish larvae. (Yeah, ass eels, echos Gary) Perhaps they would know something about mind slums. Would you care to join us?"

"No," responded the scarecrow, "you don't seem like a very trustworthy pair; I'd better stay here and wait for someone else, perhaps an attractive young girl, to escort me."

And so, with a friendly nod, Stan and Gary went on their way. But as they turned, the recycled cocoon poster print incubated in the warm anal regions, reached immaturity, and blossomed forth as two fully grown nubile young butterfly girls, much to the delight of the scarecrow. Stan and Gary backed away slowly, trembling with fear as the butterflies flapped their wings menacingly.

The first butterfly — slightly pudgy, even by butterfly standards — wiped a fleck of poop from its eyebrow, stretched out its proboscis and in a high-pitched, trumpet-like voice asked, "Are you my mommy?"

The unicorns struggled to answer, for they realized that, due to the quick nature of the emergence and pursuant confusion, without a large in-test-in, it was unclear which one should answer the question a-parent.

The scarecrow jumped to their rescue, offering a hanky, and putting a baleful arm around each corpulant thorax, saying "Ladies! As you can see, they're just snorts. Come, let Daddy show you a good time!" The three flew off together amid the inadvertant prepubescent unicorn horn-laser destruction, thus explaining the grand pile of rubble the 'tute now is.



2014 ASA SPACE PAIRINGS

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| Voo Doo | & | The Tech |
| Palestine @ MIT | & | Hillel |
| Secular Society of MIT | & | Campus Crusade for Christ |
| Global Poverty Initiative | & | Sloan Business Club |
| Students for Nuclear Energy and Power | & | Camp Kesem |
| MIT Vegan and Vegetarian Society | & | mitBEEF |
| Republicans at MIT | & | G@MIT |
| Student Sex-Positive Club | & | MIT Pro-Life |
| MIT Caving Club | & | MIT Outdoors Club |
| Division of Student Life | & | Undergraduate Association |
| MIT Veterans Organization | & | Amnesty International |
| Tech Catholic Community | & | Campus Crusade for Cthulu |
| MIT Fossil Free | & | MIT Rocket Team |
| Chess Club | & | MIT Metal Appreciation Society |
| MIT Pottery Club | & | Student Juggling Club |
| Clowns@MIT | & | Active Minds at MIT |
| MIT Preveterinary Society | & | Roadkill Buffet |
| MIT Spinning Arts Club | & | OrigamiMIT |



HILLEL, PALESTINE@MIT BATTLE FOR SPACE IN STUDENT CENTER

According to reports, Jewish and Palestinian student groups at MIT are currently battling for coveted space within the Institute's Student Center. The conflict, which was first reported butchered last week in Thetech, has arisen due to disagreements over the amount of space granted to Hillel, the Jewish student organization, and Palestine@MIT.

According to the regulations of the Association of Student Activities (ASA), space within the Student Center is allocated based on the number of active student members in each group. Palestine@MIT filed a request for space in the Student Center in January. After the ASA finalized space allocations, it turned out that the majority of Palestine@MIT's future space was, at the time, being used by Hillel.

Evan Sorensen '14, the student who first broke the story, says that the resulting conflict has elicited a strong response from the MIT community, polarizing students and faculty alike.

"It seems like everyone on campus has an opinion," says Sorensen. "Some people think taking space away from Hillel, as opposed to one of the larger organizations, was unfair, while others are saying that the allocation process was fair and that the Palestinians have received a fair partition." Furthermore, says Sorensen, a number of students and instructors have been officially reprimanded for bringing up the issue in class.

"One of the professors who teaches Near Eastern history, Charles Feldman, talked about it in class," explains Sorensen. "He slammed the ASA ruling as unjust and claimed allocation was grounded on antisemitism." According to Sorensen, Professor Edward Jaffrey in Arab studies praised the ruling and suggested that even more space be taken from Hillel. Both were formally reprimanded by a faculty disciplinary board and told to keep their political opinions to themselves.

Naturally, the strongest words about the conflict were spoken by the leaders of Hillel and Palestine@MIT themselves.

"This is an outrage," said Hillel Director Avigdor Ackerman. "We've occupied that space for almost 20 years, and now Palestine@MIT wants to claim it as theirs? On what basis? Some arbitrary ASA decision? That's ridiculous. It took us a long time to get this space as it is, and we're not giving it up to a bunch of fucking bitches, not when we were here first."

Palestine@MIT President Saeed Nasir '15 had similarly strong words about Hillel. "I don't care what the Jews say," said Nasir. "That space is rightfully ours. We've been granted it so that we can do salah [daily Muslim prayers] and hold other religious services and cultural activities there, and we intend to do so every day. And you know what? If they want to provoke us, we'll throw them into the Charles." Nasir added: "I hate those guys so much."

Members of Palestine@MIT and Hillel, on the other hand, seem much more ambivalent about the ruling, and indeed, some have expressed a desire for peace and collaboration with the rival student organization.

"I think it may actually be cool to have space next to Hillel," says Palestine@MIT member Ismail Helal '16. "I mean, for Jews and Arabs to actually sit down and have a discussion. We could probably learn a lot from each other, find out about our similarities, and understand our differences."

Similar sentiments were echoed by Hillel regular Jason Dudone '14, who simply shrugged when asked whether he was upset by the ASA's decision. "If that's the process and those are the rules, then that's that," said Dudone. "There's no point in making a big fuss over it, is there? We should all be glad we have space. Anyway, I've never really had any Arab friends, so hanging out with some of the guys from Palestine@MIT may be a pretty interesting learning experience."

Added Dudone: "Yeah, as long as one of them doesn't show up with, you know, a bomb strapped around his waist, then I'd totally be up for hanging out with them!"

IX BIBLE VERSES TO LIVE BY

Ezekiel 23:19-21

Yet she became more and more promiscuous as she recalled the days of her youth, when she was a prostitute in Egypt. There she lusted after her lovers, whose genitals were like those of donkeys and whose emission was like that of horses. So you longed for the lewdness of your youth, when in Egypt your bosom was caressed and your young breasts fondled.

Deuteronomy 25:11-12

If two men are fighting and the wife of one of them comes to rescue her husband from his assailant, and she reaches out and seizes him by his private parts, you shall cut off her hand. Show her no pity.

Exodus 21:4

If his master gives him a wife and she bears him sons or daughters, the woman and her children shall belong to her master, and only the man shall go free.

1 Timothy 2:12

But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

Proverbs 31:3

Do not spend your strength on women, your vigor on those who ruin kings.

Hosea 3:1-3

Once again the Lord spoke to me. And this time he said, "Hosea, fall in love with an unfaithful woman who has a lover. Do this to show that I love the people of Israel, even though they worship idols and enjoy the offering cakes made with fruit." So I paid fifteen pieces of silver and about ten bushels of grain for such a woman. Then I said, "Now you are mine! You will have to remain faithful to me, though it will be a long time before we sleep together."

Leviticus 18:17

Do not have sexual relations with both a woman and her daughter. Do not have sexual relations with either her son's daughter or her daughter's daughter; they are her close relatives. That is wickedness.

Leviticus 15:19-20

When a woman has her regular flow of blood, the impurity of her monthly period will last seven days, and anyone who touches her will be unclean till evening. Anything she lies on during her period will be unclean, and anything she sits on will be unclean.

Genesis 19:8

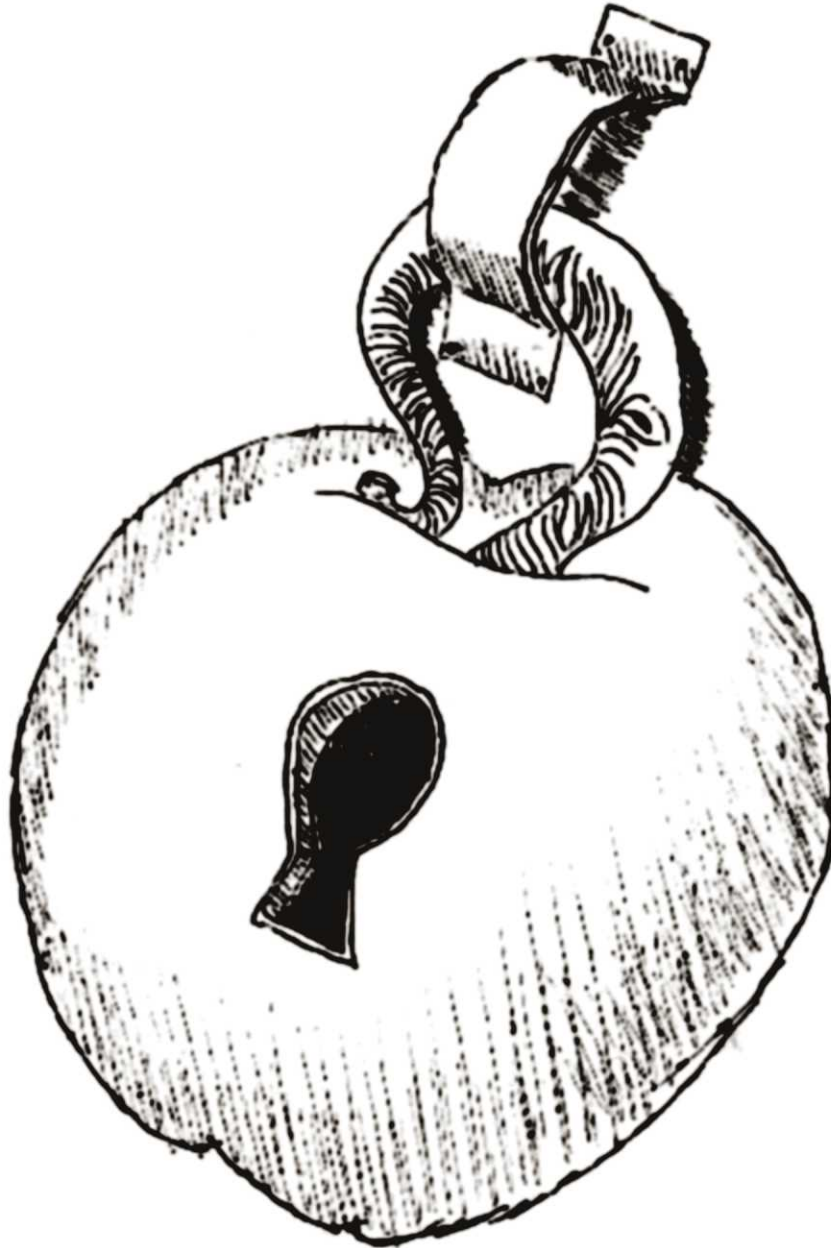
Look, I have two daughters who have never slept with a man. Let me bring them out to you, and you can do what you like with them. But don't do anything to these men, for they have come under the protection of my roof.



MIT's only intentionally
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[According to Apple,] the way you improve your iPad isn't to figure out how it works and make it better. The way you improve the iPad is to buy iApps. Buying an iPad for your kids isn't a means of jump-starting the realization that the world is yours to take apart and reassemble; it's a way of telling your offspring that even changing the batteries is something you have to leave to the professionals.

— Cory Doctorow

DEAR EAST CAMPUS,

Thank you for submitting your i3 video for review and approval! We appreciate your attempt to show off your dorm's culture. However, we fear it may give the wrong impression in a few instances. We propose that you remove all footage of the following things, which we think will lead to a video that more accurately represents your dorm overall.

- People in the hallways: this presents a possible fire hazard.
- More than 3 people in one room: this presents a possible fire hazard.
- Upbeat music at night: This is a distraction from psets and implies a "party atmosphere."
- Use of lightning bolt without proper electrical protection: electrical work is not a hobby.
- Wrestling: this is a disguised form of physical violence.
- Consumption of potentially undercooked meat: this may be harmful to pregnant women.
- Non-MIT students shown in dorms: new dorm security measures do not permit visitors.
- Students with no limbs on the ground: for liability reasons, we require students to have at least two limbs on the ground at all times.
- Unspecified vapors used for cooling: we have no choice but to assume these are drugs.
- Animals: this could be offensive to students with cat allergies; please check your privilege.
- RLAD and house manager having fun with students: please maintain a professional (i.e.

cold and distant) relationship with your dorm staff.

- Desk closed during work hours: this will no longer be a problem after you get professional desk workers, but for now please remove this.
- Light pollution: you may reinclude any highly-lit scenes if the light comes from your ResLife-provided \$22.50 LED light bulb.
- 3D twister: ResLife only supports twister in two dimensions.
- Incitation of riots: not only are riots prohibited, but explaining MIT history to freshmen is also strictly forbidden. They must be allowed to form their own opinions without learning from your mistakes.
- Out of order laundry: ResLife prides itself on always providing functioning laundry to all of its dorms, as shown in the Maseeh i3 video.
- Cockroaches: ResLife prides itself on always providing the cleanest facilities to all of its dorms. The only way for a cockroach to get inside East Campus is for you dirty twinkies to bring it there yourselves.

Please let us know when you've made these changes. If you think the new video would no longer reflect your culture, then perhaps it is time for your culture to change.

By the way, we love the scene of the permitless distribution of potentially undercooked food to residents of other dorms by inappropriately dressed students on the back of a flatbed trailer that is unsafely connected to a questionably-obtained moving pickup truck, driven by someone neither carrying a valid driver's license nor wearing proper footwear. We encourage more of your i3 video to show this type of interdorm bonding happening outside of our buildings.

Counting down the days until fully randomized housing,
MIT Residential Life & Dining



REGULAR BAR REVIEWS: CAMBRIDGE COMMON

It's everything your parents thought a Boston bar would be.

The first thing you notice about the Cambridge Common is that you don't. The sign is technically visible from the street, but unless you already know where it is, it'll catch your eye about as well as the homeless guy next door with the "Need Money for Beer and Weed" cardboard sign. As a plebeian pedestrian, you're going to walk right by it.

After doubling back a couple times, you may somehow finally manage to locate the entrance and slip a few fingers in. You'll find that two paths diverge in this hellish wood: the one on the left leads to a wanna-be club trying hard to pretend to be something passably cultural, and the one on the right leads to a place that tries a bit less hard. That second place is a bar — the Cambridge Common.

the front of the patrons' vintage Modest Mouse T-shirts. The liquor selection is Anne-Franked away above the bar instead of being on full display like at any sensible establishment. The bottles, lit with dim spotlights, tease you like a 19th-century strumpet exposing her ankle, daring you to take a trip up her petticoat to explore the moist, burning liquids inside. Despite it being a Saturday night, a seat at the bar was obtained reasonably quickly. When you plant yourself in one of the wooden bar stools, the bass from the club downstairs vibrates your love-cushions and Satan judges you for your vices from above the tap handles.

As for the patronage, it's exactly what you would expect of a pub two blocks from Harvard. The place is still trying to be the local

serves as a permanent parking spot for ironic elbow patches and rolled-up flannel.

If you've been to other bars in the Boston area, you may be misled by this place. Although the inside looks exactly like you'd expect a Boston Bar to look — big bar in the middle, wood tables and booths on the outside — it's the subtle differences that really make this place unique. For instance, here the one-eyed snake juice is in the toilets instead of in the kegs. The row of taps caters to the fickle and attention-deficit nature of the bar's demographic, carrying a selection of whatever micro-brewed swill the yuppies are drinking now. Try to think of that one person you know who pretends to be a beer snob but only ever buys Natural Ice and Rolling

“ The bottles, lit with dim spotlights, tease you like a 19th-century strumpet exposing her ankle, daring you to take a trip up her petticoat to explore the moist, burning liquids inside. ”

Inside, a large, horseshoe-shaped bar occupies the middle of the space. It's adorned with a bafflingly large lip around the outside edge that appears to exist either to prevent anyone from leaning against the bar even remotely comfortably, or to prevent spilled PBR from staining

Cheers, but nobody in the bar is a day over thirty five and no one knows your name because they've got to save the memory space for obscure music references. This bar probably once supported the wobbly stance of some of the greatest minds of the Abolition period, but it now

Rock. This place would have everything they would ask for — except Natural Ice and Rolling Rock. If Cambridge Common was a person, it would drink PBR because it's a working man's "beer".

Out of the beers I tried, only a

couple were really memorable. There was the “Porter Square Porter” by Slumbrew, which is the most aptly named beer (and brewery) I’ve ever encountered in my life. Then there was the “Pivo Hoppy Pils” by Firestone Walker Brewing Co, which tastes exactly as you’d expect: like fire, bitterness and regret — like a liquified EAsT campUS. But while the first sip lives up to the name, the second falls short, perhaps due to the first sip having burned off your taste buds, and it’s all downhill from there (also like a liquified EAsT campUS).

The mixed drink selection resembled the contents of a Portajohn at the end of the Boston Marathon. There was a yuppified Old Fashioned with fig infused whiskey and honey that didn’t need the fruitiness or the honey. Just like decaf coffee, this drink defeats the point and drinking it makes you a bitch. You get what you pay for, which is a glass of boozy nectar with a bourbon cherry on top. This “Old Fashioned” is something a character from “Sex in the City” might order to look hardcore, not something Don Draper would be caught sipping while giving orgasms just by making eye contact. Ordering a Blood-Orange Margarita gets you a goblet of Pepto-Bismol, minus the chalk and plus extra pink/orange color/flavor, or “pi-orange colavor”. Choking down the slithering pinkness reveals that the

pinkos were only hiding an October Revolution’s worth of grain alcohol. I suppose that since it’s served in a glass, it’s technically a step above getting wasted on a bottle of fortified Boone’s Farm. Fortified with Pepto-Bismol, that is.

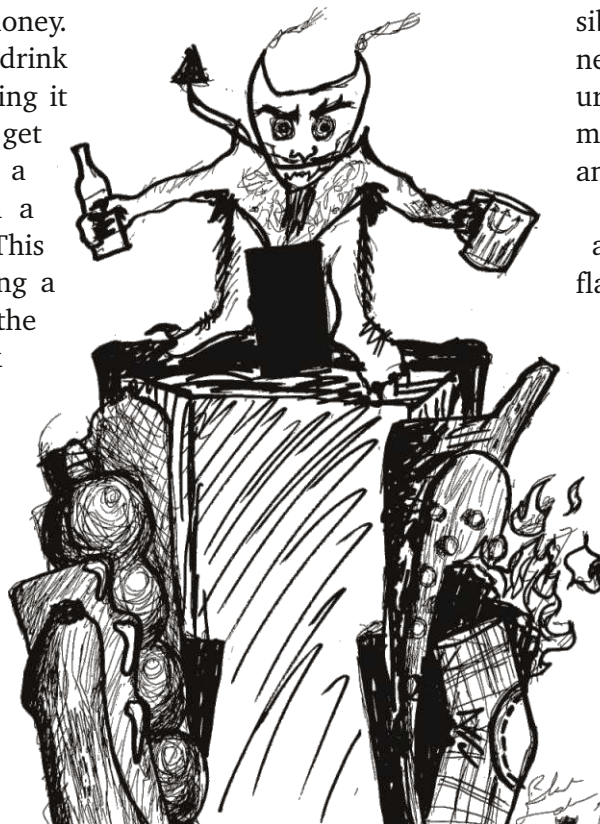
reasonable local flavor, but only if you’re a Harvard student looking for your “local flavor” fix. Cambridge Common is like that boy full of dreams who goes to Boston bars thinking he’ll be Matt Damon from Good Will Hunting, or the girl full of hope

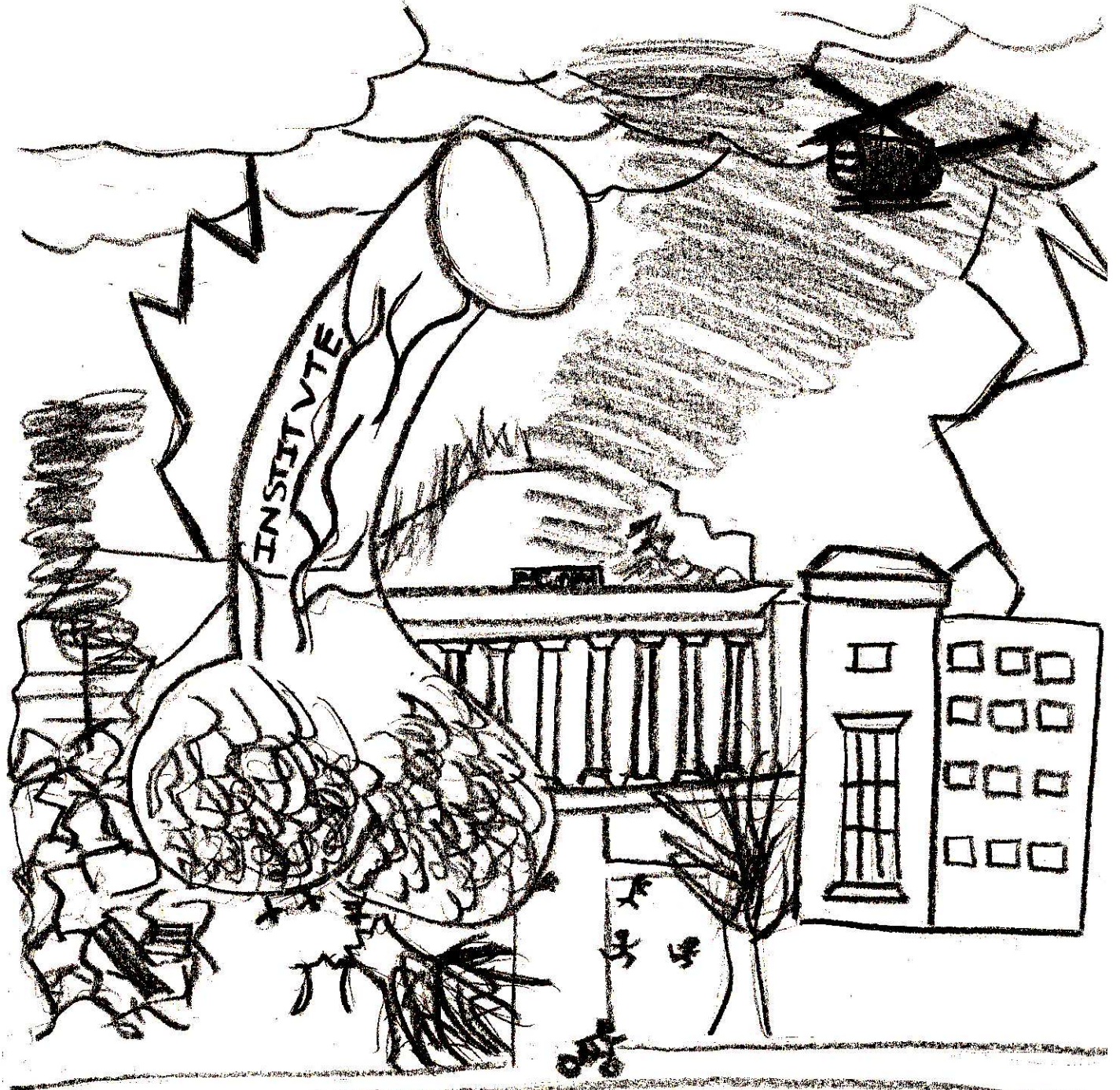
“ The mixed drink selection resembled the contents of a Portajohn at the end of the Boston Marathon. ”

Overall, the Cambridge Common is a pretty reasonable bar. It would be a reasonable place for your regular union guy to stop by for a pint after work, but he won’t. It’s got reasonable prices for reasonable beers, reasonable food, reasonable ambiance, and

who puts on her high school prom dress back on biweekly to remind herself that someone once called her pretty. It’s reasonable, but a little sad, and unless that’s what you’re looking for, you’ll probably spend as much time away from it as possible. Just like that sad, kind of neurotic girl, on a lonely Saturday night, Cambridge Common was borderline enjoyable and minimally satisfying (sissy drinks and drinking sissies aside). Cheap beers were full of flavor, if lacking head; the bitch drinks sneak you a reasonable dose of alcohol under layers of subsidised Socialist sucrose; the bartenders have accents straight out of P-town; and the bouncer didn’t look like he was going to stab me.

Cambridge Common: The Official 5PM Union Shop Destination of Your Average Hard-Working, Blue-Collar, Down-to-Earth Harvard Students.





A WELL ENDOWED INSTITUTE EMERGES
IN THE FACE OF A STORM, REARING ITS HEAD
AND DEMANDING THE FIRST BORN CHILDREN OF RETURNING
STUDENTS AS TRIBUTE.

INCREDIBLY SPECIFIC EROTICA

Dean of Emissions

I knocked tentatively on the Dean's door, feeling oddly alone in his empty office. The waiting area outside of his office was completely dark except for the faint light filtering in from the Infinite and a soft glow that I could see behind the frosted glass of his office door.

"Come in," his voice called out from behind his door, warm and inviting. I felt a vienna sausage begin to grow in my boxers.

I pushed his door open slowly. The first things I saw were two candles, their flames lapping at the air like eager tongues on soft flesh. The two candles sat on the front of the Dean's desk. Behind the candles, the Dean himself was reclined across the (thankfully) sturdy mahogany top.

He was wearing his favorite Power Tie (TM), draped carefully between his glistening man-breasts. As my eyes moved down his spherical and gelatinous body, my eyes alighted on his black leather jockstrap and the bulge therein. My eyes lingered for a bit before he swung his dress sock clad-feet behind.

"So," he said to me, "let's see if we can come to an agreement about this whole 'dining plan' thing."

Tired Swinging

I swung wildly around the tree, Courtney on my shoulders. Rarely had two people been in such harmony in the swing. My muscles throbbed from the strain, but as Courtney's moist crotch began to leave a streak of snail-slime on the back of my neck, a deeper throbbing began in my loins..

Every Freshman's Dream

I was sitting alone in my room working on 8.01 when it happened. Never in my life did I think something so wonderful could happen to me.

There was a knock at my door. I yelled "hold on," tucked my boner into the waistband of my sweatpants, and opened my door. Standing there in the threshold was the most beautiful senior girl I had ever seen.

I had seen her working desk before. She was

moderately tall with short blue hair. She wore high paratrooper boots under her baggy cargo pants and a Sport Cthulhu shirt under her Sport Death hoodie. She peered at me through spotless glasses and played with her lip ring.

"You're h4rsh3db0n3r@mit.edu?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, hoping that the precum my wing-wang was surely excreting wasn't staining the inside of my limited edition "Panic! At The Disco" T-shirt.

She stepped into my room. "I've seen your emails. You know, the completely unrelated and not-funny images? The so-called 'random' comments that might have been funny to mentally retarded middle schoolers three years ago? The autistic bragging about neopets..."

"Uh...yeah?"

She reached up and tweaked her glass-cutting nipples. "Well, that kind of disgusting froshiness really gets me wet."

Rolling in the Clover

I pulled the chickpea fritter from its foil and began to rub it on my breasts, the pita bread ripping as it was pulled across my stiff nipples.

"Oh, god," Julie said, watching me and touching herself, "You know how much I love vegan food."

"I know," I said as I dipped my finger in some of the special sauce, "Why don't you come and have a taste?"

I rubbed the special sauce on my clitoral hood and couldn't help but squirm from the pleasure. Julie crawled toward me on all fours and pulled the shattered remainder of the fritter from my hand.

"Only if I can, you know, put this to good use." She raised an eyebrow at me and gave me a knowing smirk underneath her cute button nose.

I giggled. I yearned for the feeling of her tongue on my chickpea.

Julie began to lick me while caressing her vulva with the remains of the chickpea fritter. Her moans began to take on an animal-like nature as I felt myself being overcome by wave after wave of vegan pleasure.

TOP 20 BASEMENT RENOVATION IDEAS

- 1) Fill the basement with rows of movie theatre seats that are bolted/cemented into the floor and face one wall, on which hang pictures of various administrators. That way, you can get in an hour of "Love Time" every day and never forget that students are here to serve administrators.
- 2) OMG U GUISE, YOU COULD MAKE TEH BASSMENT A BALL PIT LOL JUST LIEK SIMMONDDDS!!!
- 3) Turn the basement into a giant litter box -- just fill the place with cat litter three inches deep. That way, cats can roam free in the dorm and take care of mouse problems in the basement. Hire students to go through with specially modified shovels and remove the waste debris to use as fertilizer in the courtyard gardens.
- 4) Turn the basement into a fake beach by covering it with sand and hanging tanning lamps throughout the space. This would provide a place in the dorm where people could get their Vitamin D fix. Don't forget the nude beach section. No boners allowed.
- 5) Paint the entire basement black and allow the ability to turn off all of the lights. Then, paint an accurate representation of the night sky on the ceiling, walls, and floor so that you can go down there and it would totally be like you were like, walking in space, man. It'd be wild. Totally groovy, man. Totally.
- 6) Donate the basement space to Voo Doo to be used as an office and event space. Give Voo Doo a monthly salary of \$4,000 and the freedom to set off explosions at-will.
- 7) Convert three quarters of the basement into a museum dedicated to the September 11th attacks. The remaining quarter could be a museum dedicated to the American actress, philosopher, and musician Sasha Grey.
- 8) Convert the entire basement into a museum for memorabilia that sexualizes the September 11th attacks.
- 10) Turn the basement into a studio for pornography that helps people's pet dogs relieve their sexual frustrations. Episodes might include "Pillow Pals", "My, That's a Sexy Leg", "Humpin' Erryting N Site" and "Deep Fur".
- 11) Turn the basement into a self-sustaining farm by laying down a foot of soil and installing sun lamps and sprinkler systems. That way, you won't ever need to leave the dorm, not even to find food!
- 12) Make the entire basement a storage area. Allow students across campus to store their belongings there over the summer, since DSL initiatives are slowly eliminating dorm storage spaces. Charge rent and place the proceeds into a savings account that will eventually accumulate enough money to buy out your dorm from MIT. We all know what Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty, or I shall buy it!"
- 13) Install brick ovens and use them to bake assorted pastries that could be sold in fundraisers. With the ever rising costs of housing and tuition, students have to find a way to get by somehow.
- 14) Fill the basement with expensive leather chairs, mahogany hand-carved furniture, and donate it to DSL to be used as a "Home on Campus" where administrators can have their own space sheltered from the crass and juvenile nature of students.

15) Cover everything in five inches of foam padding to make sure the widdle boys and giwls don't faww and huwt da widdle heads. Embed needles into the walls' padding to punish those who do.

16) Convert the basement into a dining hall and require all residents to buy into a new dining plan that comes out to only about \$25/meal. Of course, the dining hall is only open 4:30am-5:15am, 12pm-12:05pm, and 5pm-5:16pm. If you don't make it during the open hours, tough luck. If you're standing in line when it closes, tough luck. Eliminate any conflicting programs by banning students from purchasing food elsewhere. Run weekly room and kitchen inspections to make sure no one is breaking the rules.

17) Install walls and allow the basement to be converted to apartments for Administrators. That way, all of the RLADs can be concentrated in one dorm!

18) Make the entire basement a compost heap with chutes running from each kitchen. Hire students to walk through and stir it periodically.

19) "Hire" children to produce T-shirts and other dorm merchandise, effectively cutting out the middle man and reducing costs.

20) Fill with water to create an indoor pool. Don't waste money on chlorine or other sanitizing chemicals — STDs will spread anyway, so there's no point in trying to stop them.



INSTACART EXPANSIONS

We here at Instacart are thrilled with the solid client base we've found in Cambridge. We thought MIT students were among the smartest people in the world and that they would be able to manage buying their own groceries like goddamn adults, but apparently we were mistaken. Because of the growing market for delivery services for lazy Millennials, we've decided to expand our programs in Cambridge — keep an eye out for these latest products appearing on your campus later this month!

- **Insta-Backpack:** A personal listener will attend all of your classes for you, taking verbatim notes and delivering your psets. Never worry about being late again — we're there for you!
- **Insta-Friends:** A personal person will listen to you bitch about your endless problems, all while waiting for you to stop talking so they can tell you how much worse their problems are (they have FOUR PSETS due this week). You'll never have to pretend to care about anyone else again!
- **Insta-Discretion:** A personal hacker will pick you up from your bed and carry you to the top of the Dome, Green Building, Stata Center, or other campus landmark of your choice. The whole hacking experience without any of the effort or fiberglass!
- **Insta-Flamewar:** A personal emailer will send any email to ec-discuss@. Regardless of the content, it will inevitably provoke dozens of emails from residents containing stupid gifs and entire Wikipedia pages, leading to everyone patting themselves on the back for having another noteworthy flame war. All of the glory of starting a flame war with none of the email writing!
- **Insta-PosterChild:** A personal talker will call your parents once a week and come up with plausible lies about how great your grades are and all the wholesome activities you participate in with your

copious amounts of free time. No more having to call to check in!

- **Insta-Instagram:** A personal photographer will take your phone, snap some hipster photos of your feet or food or some shit, pick the proper filter for you, write a clever caption with #plentyofhashtags, and post it to all your favorite social media sites. Never again will you have to worry about whether the filter will ruin the hipster aesthetic of your picture!
- **Insta-Like:** A personal browser will go through your favorite social media sites three times a day, liking, retweeting, and commenting on the appropriate amount of your friends' posts (calculated by our social media algorithm experts). No more forced social interaction!
- **Insta-PickUp:** A personal dater will go to bars for you, pick up a number of individuals of your preferred gender and sexual orientation, and deliver them to your room. The ultimate choice will still be yours!
- **Insta-AmazonPrime:** A personal clicker will place Amazon Prime orders based on your shopping history, wait patiently for the packages to arrive, and notify you the second they do. Never again will you have to wait the extra thirty seconds for online tracking to update!
- **Insta-BodyImage:** A personal excersiser and dieter will work out at your preferred gym and maintain a healthy diet, all according to your weight-loss and body-building needs and desires. Now you'll never be weighed down by the consequences of overusing our services!

Thank you for your loyal patronage, and we hope to see you using one of our new services soon!

The Instacart Team

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

Preference Given to East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$193,000 from over 300 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 Senior House desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office, Mary Kate Thompson, Mark Feldmeier, or Zoz Brooks

Sad, Crying Alum in an Iron Lung

I wasn't raised to feel attracted to people like her. In fact, I would say that my parents tried their hardest to make me believe what they did: that people like her were subhuman, not even worthy of a glass of water or the time of day. They looked different, they dressed differently, they liked the cold and the dark. They were "others". I guess I just was not meant to follow in my parents' footsteps. I guess it was just fate.

I remember seeing her across the room as if through a haze. Maybe it was all the vapor from the poseur's E-cigarettes. She was facing away from me, but it didn't keep my heart from pounding out a dubstep beat in my chest. At first I was simply struck by her beauty. Her red hair danced like a cardinal waterfall across her shoulders and covered the tops of her dastardly cute suspender straps. My eyes followed her curves down to her circular waist and her brightly-colored baggy pants and then down her legs to her sexy shoes. For the first time in my life, I felt that I needed to see this person's face before I died. It was a primal urge like thirst or hunger.

I was not disappointed. She turned towards me, not quite as if in slow motion, but my eyes took in every detail. Her skin was like fine china, her cheeks rosy and bright. Her round, reddish nose stood out between her painted lips and her unbelievably long eyelashes. Her eyes glistened in the dim light in a way I had only read about in books.

I approached her slowly, leaving whatever inane conversation I had been in mid-sentence and pushing through

the crowd of people. I handed some douche with a mohawk my cup and stood next to this heaven-sent goddess.

"Hi," I said, choking on the word like a poorly-chewed hotdog, "do you come here often? I don't think I've seen you here before."

The sentences came out like 8 millimeter rounds from an MG42 operated by a trigger-happy Ostbataillone goose-stepper.

She looked at me and smiled. I felt my knees shaking. She said "honk".

I quivered in my boots. She had the voice of an angel.

"I didn't realize," I said in a low whisper. "I...I have to tell you something."

Her eyebrows raised in the middle and her smile faded into a quizzical smirk.

"You're the most beautiful human being I've ever seen in my life. I'm sorry, I had to say it." I looked away in embarrassment, my cheeks reddening to match hers.

I felt her step closer. She touched my arm with a gloved hand. I looked into her eyes.

"Honk," she said.

"Yes," I told her, "I meant every word."

Her eyes scanned the room. The person she had been talking to had since started a conversation a few feet away with someone else. She looked back up at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Honk honk?" She asked.

My pulse raced. I could feel my palms becoming moist as a middle-aged woman's seat in a Twilight film.

"Sure," I answered, "sure, let's get out of here."

She took my hand and pulled me along through the crowd and down the stairs that led to the street. We approached a remarkably small rainbow-colored car. She produced a set of keys from a lime-green pocket on her shirt and unlocked the back door. She crawled in and disappeared from view. I followed.

She pulled me down on the queen-sized mattress and thrust her lips against mine. I could feel the greasepaint smearing across my lips, my cheeks, and my nose. My nostrils filled with the scent of it, mingled with the polyester-smell of her red hair. I ran my hands down her body and stopped, perhaps awkwardly, on a bulge in her pocket. She pulled away and in the

darkness of her car, I watched her pull out a box of condoms. She opened one, blew it up and twisted it into the shape of a fetus, complete with umbilical cord. Then she pulled a pin from her bow-tie and popped it.

"You're the most amazing human being on earth," I said, shifting so that I was no longer squeezing the bulb of a bicycle horn with every movement.

"Honk," she said with a smile.

"And to think," I continued, "I would never have met you if I hadn't come to

Voo Doo Office Hours
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Come out of your shell into ours

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REGULAR BAR REVIEWS: BRENDAN BEHAN PUB

It's the bar for the life you could have had.

What the hell is it with Boston naming their bars after alcoholic poets from the so-called "Beat Generation"? More like "sloshed-up sensation", amirite? Brendan Behan's is a bar in Jamaica Plain (JP), making it as hard for you to get to as it is to correctly pronounce its name. [Ed. Note: It isn't that hard, you lazy bastards. /'bi:ən/ BEE-ən] Located in the "Historic" Hyde Square (center of the infamous Gentrification Wars of 1987), this boozier's dream is in a lovely neighborhood that gives you neither the sense of artificial corporate-made plastic of a college town nor the "looking-over-the-shoulder-paranoia-of-imminent-homicide" of the rest of Boston. The internet told such lies stories as "the quintessential Boston dive bar", "full of local color and beer" and "sometimes I like to poop on prostitutes' chests, would you like to meet irl?"

The first thing you notice about Behan's is the smell. Well, I suppose I first noticed that the bouncer looked like someone who would be "the bitch" in a prison full of hippies and hipsters, but the smell was a real close second. It brought back memories of Myrtle Beach and Daytona Florida in the off-season — the sickly acrid stench of chlorinated water in stagnant pools tortured by a combination

of apathy, mass-brain atrophy, and hyper mold. In the land of infinite, perfect beach, what the hell are you doing at a grungy smelly pool? In a city with endless options for places to get shit-faced, why would you waste time exposing your orifices to a giant bowl of stagnant, disease-ridden slop?

Speaking of pools, the roof of the bar seems to have an inverted kiddie pool pasted on the ceiling and illuminated in blue light. I've seen these things in Boston before, but I honestly have no idea what they are. If you know what these features are, please write to Voo Doo, Walker Memorial Room 50-309, and I'll mail you back a pizza roll. The only other notable decor is a fake fireplace along one wall and a shrine to JFK above the register (complete with grandfather clock and a single cowboy boot — because apparently JFK was a clockmaker and also secretly a one-legged John Wayne?). The fans on the ceiling gyrate in unison and the lamps quiver along with them like an animatronic Miley Cyrus themed kids' restaurant. The whole place seems to be slowly falling apart; for example, the stall door in the bathroom seemed to be much more of a suggestion than a request. The bathroom is apparently unisex, meaning that this is definitely

not the place to bring first dates or to try and play 'how many fingers?' in the back.

It was a Bruins game night when I came in, so seating was about as scarce as at a Lemon Party; if you wait long enough, Nice Guy, you might finally get a chance to jam it in. The bar was comfortable and cozy, decorated with pictures of important Irish (an oxymoron) folk and junk that appeared stolen from a variety of other Boston bars. The tap selection was quite impressive for a dive bar and HOLY JESUS CHRIST ON A STICK THAT CATFISH IS MASSIVE. WHAT SORT OF ELDRITCH HORROR SUMMONED THAT THING? HOLY GOATBALLS IT'S SCARIER THAN THE BOUNCER.

The game was being projected over the tap list, making it difficult for someone who can't read tap handles in the dark from 10-feet away to tell which beers were on tap. By simply choosing the shiniest tap, I ended up with something that was supposed to be an IPA by Sam Adams, but actually just tasted like regular Sam Adams. The second shiniest tap was a Hennepin Farmhouse Saison with a psychedelic argyle love-handle tap that seemed to be made from the petrified dick cut off of a card soldier from Alice in Wonderland. The third

shiniest was proof of the yuppie infection vector, a remnant of the aforementioned Gentrification Wars hiding in the corner and waiting to pounce on the bar like some sexy Russia-on-Ukraine action: a Stone IPA. Asking for that here is like asking for filet mignon in a Golden Corral, but I was getting tipsy and I had given away my last fuck trying to hold the bathroom stall door shut with one extended leg.

There was no menu or grub to speak of. BY KROTUS that is one big catfish, though. Ordering a mixed drink here was like asking for a happy ending at a massage parlor staffed by 18-year-old high school seniors; sure, you could do it, but it would feel dirty and wrong and may end up getting your ass kicked. After glancing back at the bouncer, I decided my chances were pretty good. The Tom Collins was light on the gin, heavy on the lemon. Then karma wormed its way in like an unwelcome finger to the taint during a good ol' rub and tug. The bartender, upon request, came up with an unholy concoction of a Fireball old fashioned. The blood red drink was muddled with oranges and cherries, tasted like liquefied red hots, and smelled like Satan's farts after an all-you-can-eat wings night in Hell. Like most Southie escorts, it was super sweet but still left me with an uncomfortable burning sensation. All aboard the Sugarland express! Destination: Fiery Re-

gret and Melted Esophagus.

Around this time the game went into overtime and the energy became as electric as my ex's stun gun. The drinks on the bar were largely forgotten, the violence onscreen intoxicating enough. I hadn't heard as many "oh!"s in my last three sexual encounters combined. Now that I took the time to really observe them, I realized that these patrons had always been there, and will always be there. They're exactly the type who would have been drinking on this plot of land 70 years before anyone except MI6 gave a damn who Brendan Behan was.



These people are professional alcoholics, fixed points in time weighted down with the gravity of their drinks. The bartender himself looks like the type to advocate legalization of man-bar marriage in Massachusetts. Nothing is what it should be; all is what it always was. It's Nev-

erEverLand for the NeverEver-Sober. I'm sure that even as the great Gentrification Wars reach their climax with All-Natural Neutrino bombing to cleanse away the uncomfortable parts of culture, Brendan Behan's will still be there, with the same bartender, and all the same patrons. It's surprising, really. I always assumed that folks in Jamaica Plain abhorred bars, preferring instead to punish their livers with 40s of Cobra in back alleys and abandoned bear cages.

Going to Brendan Behan's is like going to the House of Mirrors at the carnival, except the reflections show prettier, happier versions of you. You're the unrealistic twisted and contorted shell of a human who's looking for lifestyle affirmation in the filthy, sludge-filled bottom of a glass, trying to convince yourself that although your parents hate you and you haven't had a healthy romantic relationship in years, you still made all the right choices. Brendan Behan's shows you the life you could have had without judging you for what your life currently is. You slip into your seat like it's your favorite pair of jeans, and you leave with the sweet nostalgia of a life that never quite was. And as you stumble back towards the T station in the dark, you're okay with that.

Brendan Behan's: A personal goddamn solution to your personal sobriety problem.



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