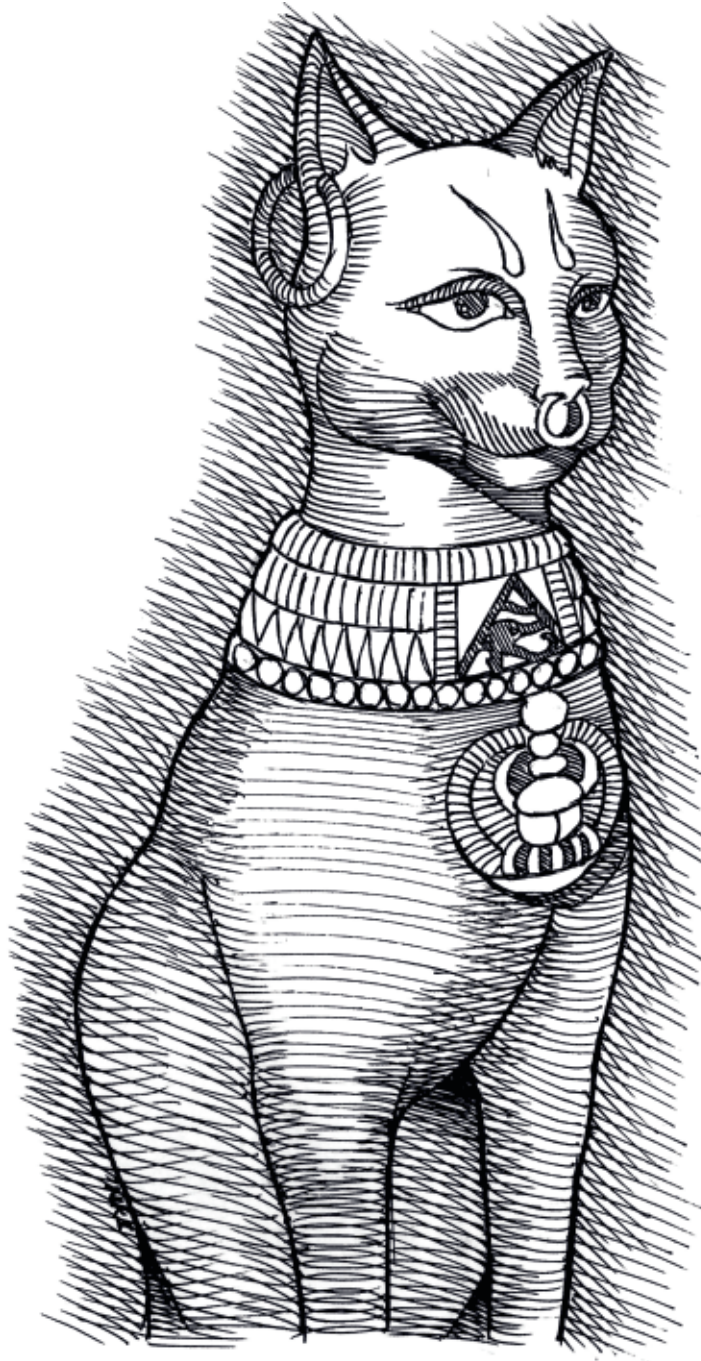


# Voo Doo

*MIT's only intentionally humorous publication · Since 1919*



## "After the Flood"



March 20<sup>th</sup>, 2550 BCE  
(about 2:55pm)

# Voo Doo After the Flood



Staff.....4  
 Letter from the Editor.....5  
 A "Report" on a "Report" on  
 "Reporting" .....6  
 Hack, Pun, Tool.....7  
 Dear Phos.....8  
 An Important Letter to All  
 Team Members.....10  
 Closure: Letters of Love Lost from *Voo Doo*'s  
 Department of Heartbreak.....11  
*Voo Doo* at the Movies!.....12  
 Recognizing the Recognizers Who Recognize  
 the Recognizers.....13  
*Voo Doo* News in Brief.....14  
 AIDS Advocate Horatius Flaccus  
 Advocates AIDS at MIT.....15  
*Voo Doo* Focus Feature: The Anointing  
 of a Football King.....16  
 Nearly Half of Freshman Class Wiped Out  
 By Winter Storm Juno.....18  
 Conspiracy Theorists Announce Intent to Fly  
 Planes into New WTC Building to Prove  
 9/11 Was Inside Job.....19  
 PRESS RELEASE: MIT Medical to Follow Rest of  
 Institute's Playbook for Treatment  
 of Illness, Injury.....20  
 The Official MIT Admin Purity Test .....22  
 Senior House Ice Cream Thieves Deterred .....25  
 Another Important Letter to Team Members.....27  
 Regular Bar Reviews.....28  
 An Interview with President Reif Concerning the Institute's  
 Recent Actions Towards Walter Lewin.....30  
 Top Ten Gifts Fabio Left for Campus Police  
 in the Locker.....31

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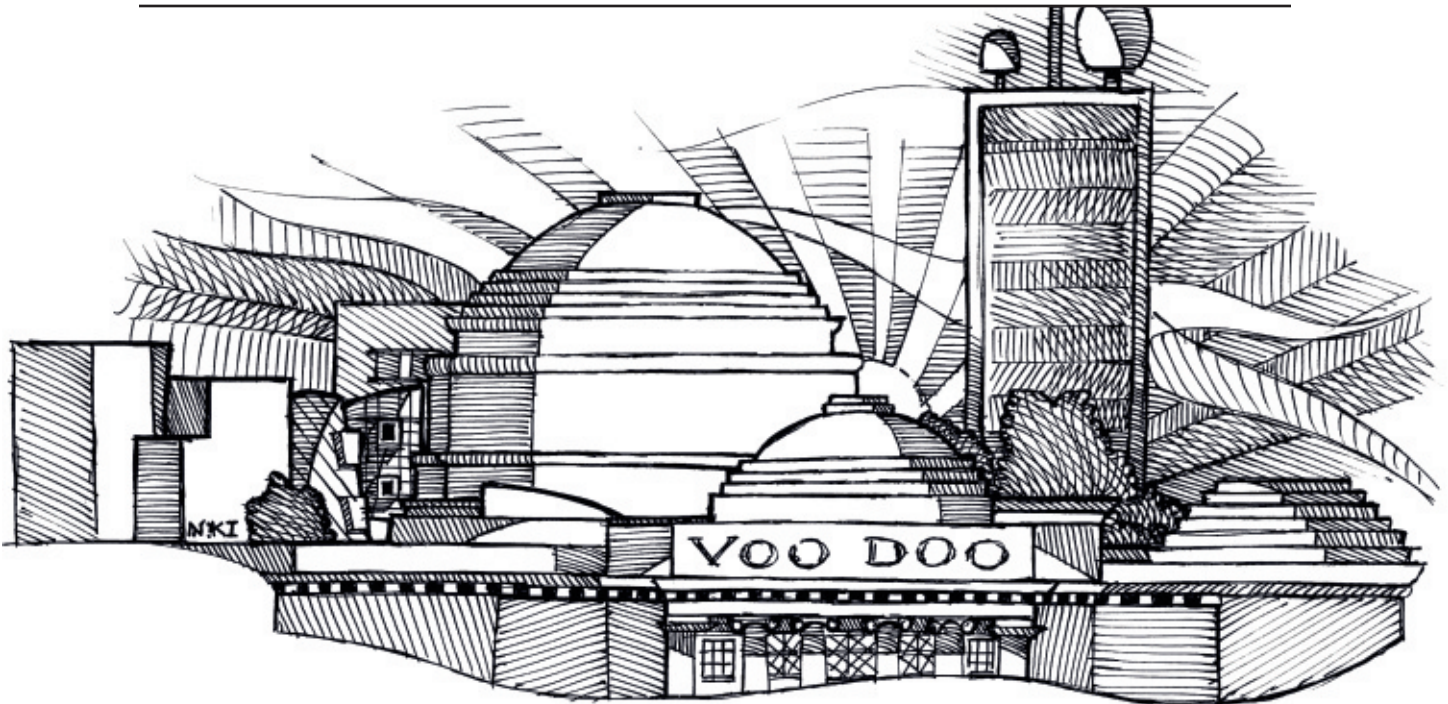
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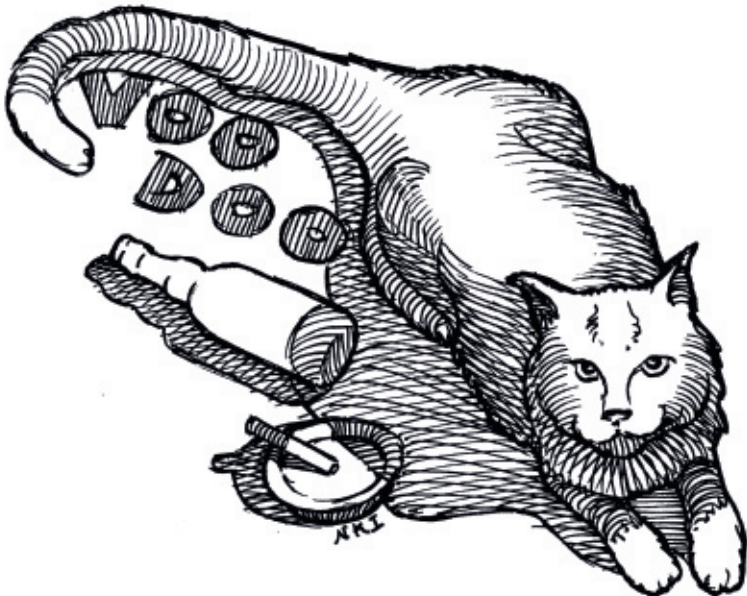


# Letter from the Editor

Dear readers of *Voo Doo*,

It's that time of the term again. I want to welcome you to the first issue of volume 101 of *Voo Doo*! I'll take a stab in the dark and guess that many of you are or have been blowing your brains out on tooling, projects, exams, theses, and so on. Well, hopefully *Voo Doo* can bring some much-needed respite to your MIT lives.

This is my second issue as Editor-in-Chief and I must admit, I was kind of blown away by the last issue's reception. Some of the comments turned (however temporarily) my usually cold and hard heart to warm jelly. So how do you follow up an effort like that? After all, we here at MIT take pride in continually outdoing ourselves. Well, fortunately both MIT and the world around us (which can often seem oddly disconnected from the 168 acre tomb that is our intellectual and often physical home) comes through time and again. It is a lovely and fortunate thing that what's usually the funniest is that which is rooted in what's true and relevant. Humor's often found by taking that which is safely (and often sadly) real, and giving it that tiny push that launches it into the absurd. My hope is that, by toeing this line, *Voo Doo* can always be fresh, relevant, and universal. In this way, we can often simultaneously say something profound and nothing at all.



There was a lot to write about this term. Some of it was touched upon in the last issue. Sexual assault and gender attitudes remain an incredibly important point of discussion and action here and elsewhere. People we once looked up to as father figures and venerated as educators have been recast as sexual predators and harassers. In a "post-racial" America, we've seen some of the nation's most ardent protests in fifty years: we've been forced to look squarely in the face and confront the undead non-secret many of us were hoping was safely buried in 2008. Free speech has come under attack as strongly as ever here and abroad. Closer to home, we continue to battle with an Administration that may be well-meaning but is certainly clueless. And of course, we have faced both incredible losses and seen some of the strongest showings of unity our community has to offer. (And if you ever want breaking news on the latest tragedy on campus, be sure to catch the scoop on *The Tech's* website—*The Tech*: MIT's leader in shitty and sensationalistic journalism!)

In the spirit of humor, however, I think anything and everything should be fair game. Some of you may be offended by what you read here; some of you will think we've not gone far enough. And yet others will think pie tastes best precisely at noon. But that's the nature of the beast. By maintaining a "not much is really sacred" line, we both play it safe and go for broke. I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I do, and I (semisincerely only, I promise) hope that you have a wonderful summer.

Niraj

# A "Report" on a "Report" on "Reporting"

## An Unsurprising Foray into Today's Journalism at MIT

---

There are few things worth waking up for each morning, and a so-called MIT newspaper certainly isn't one of them.

I was a freshman when I first became aware of *The Tech*, and I remember my utter disappointment when I learned that nothing beyond the paper's flimsy, lightweight newsprint at all resembled what a news source can and should stand for. Little did I know that the real disappointment was yet to come.

On Monday, January 12th, 2015, I walked past Senior House desk, idly picked up a copy of the previous week's paper, and took it home with me. It would have been best to throw it into a blazing fireplace, keeping my eyes tightly shut to eliminate any possibility of catching a glimpse of the words, avoiding eye contact at all costs as if it were a deadly Basilisk. But alas, I instead tossed it onto my desk and promptly forgot all about it.

The next morning, just after I had finished my hearty breakfast of fried peanut butter, my eyes fell upon the newspaper. I quickly popped them back into their sockets, picked up the paper, noting that it felt thinner than ever, and took it with me to the bathroom. As I started reading the front page, I couldn't help wondering what was more vile: the poor excuse for an article, or my own excrement.

I snorted loudly when I realized that the article was nothing more than a so-called reporter's ramblings on the shockingly brutal world of so-called real-life reporting. A whole club centered around so-called reporting had no collective inkling of what so-called real-life reporting is like? Even *Voo Doo* knows what makes a "real" satire publication: 1 cup of disregard for authority, 3 cups of hate mail (if you're unlucky, a dash

of cold-hearted murder), and if you're lucky, 1 teaspoon of real advertisements.

I wondered whether the *The Tech* was oblivious to the whole thing or whether it actually meant to acknowledge its incompetence openly. All this was very perplexing to me and I strained to produce an answer, letting out an audible groan. Suddenly, I became aware of the khaki-clad gentleman in the stall next door. Embarrassed, I waited for him to leave the bathroom before emerging from my stall. You know you've done that; no one likes awkward bathroom encounters!

Anyway, if ever the imposter syndrome was justified, this was it. Sure, MIT doesn't offer a journalism major, but neither does it offer a critical analysis major, let alone a breathing major (though the Beginner Swim class comes close). And yet I understood that the words laid out in front of me belonged not in a newspaper, but in a rhinestone bespeckled diary with rainbow unicorns on the cover. The piece was even titled "Reporter's Notebook," for Christ's sake. (Oops!! I didn't mean to use the Lord's name in vain—it just slipped out! Please spare me!)

But let's give credit where credit is due—*The Tech* is doing a great job of keeping up with the nationwide trend of journalism. Say goodbye to informative, illuminating reports, and say hello to self-centered narratives. The Tsarnaev trial is certainly a news-worthy topic, and kudos to *The Tech's* staff for pursuing it, but please—do us all a favor and cover it with "real" reporting.



# Hack, Pun, Tool

Did you hear about the scandal from someone counting all of what they weren't supposed to be counting? It added up to quite a scandal, I can tell you! And no one was so embarrassed as all those involved in aggrigate!

~\*~

You hear about the pimp who made it into the papers?

It was in an oh-bitch-you-wary!

~\*~

You've heard of a baker's dozen, no doubt? Well, how about a baker's two? Er—I mean baker stew. It's unusual, as they add yeast in the hope of making a soup-rise!

~\*~

The winter weather lesson we can't seem to get the hang of is that SNOW MEANS SNOW.

If you plotted the coefficient of friction against temperature of a certain lubricant and it turned out to be linear, at what point would the line have a slippery slope?

~\*~

Early of a crisp spring morning, before they start grinding the grains, if you look closely on the grist stone amongst the flours, you just might see the mill dew.

~\*~

Royal Rupert really relied on his regal rhombus rumpus room for restraining tantrums and tempering tumults. It may not have been right, but at least all sides were equitable.

~\*~

Did you hear the pants of that western singer star? it sounds like a chord o' Roy Rogers...

~\*~

The Three Laws of Thermodynamic Robot Motions:

1. A robot may not decrease entropy, namely the number of human beings who could possibly tell them what to do, nor through inaction allow entropy to decrease, unless acted on by an outside farce.
2. A robot cannot even just ignore entropy. The rate of acknowledgement is dependent on the robot's mess and the farce exerted upon it.
3. Sucks to be the robot that can't even end a miserable existence without creating an equal and opposite robot that now has the exact same problems, only backwards, doesn't it?

GOT SOMETHING TO  
SAY TO PHOS?



WRITE TO  
PHOS@MIT.EDU!



Dear Phos...

Dead Phos,

The voices keep telling me to kill you. Sorry, but I have to do what they tell me.

Is anyone expecting you anywhere next Thursday night?

Hope there's no hard feelings,  
Bob Q. Strangler

*Dear Mr. Strangler,*

*I'm free until around 9:30pm Thursday night, at which point I plan to aimlessly wander around campus, muttering to myself and urinating around the boundaries of my territory. I have no special plans for this weekend, except for another attempt to take over the world on Friday, but those usually fail, so I digress to my typical schedule: return to my lair and vigorously masturbate until Monday morning. Really, anytime this weekend will be just fine.*

*While I sympathize with the insatiable desire to take the life of another as well as deeply appreciate your courteous notice, I am, by nature, a vindictive fucker, so instead of following the plan outlined above, expect to find me in a vegetative state, hanging by my brainstem from a meat hook. I will still be alive, so you'll still have to kill me, but absolutely all the thrill and enjoyment will be stripped from the experience.*

*Passive aggressively yours,*

*phos*

Phos

Dear Phos,

My long-term boyfriend and I recently split after years of being together. I think I'm ready to get back into the dating game, but after being off the market for so long, my flirting skills are out of practice. And on top of that, with all of the work of being an MIT student, I hardly have time to even go out and talk to boys. I just wish there were some way to indicate that I'm available without having to put in any actual effort. Do you have any advice?

Ronery and avairable,  
Koaladick Horcrustein

*Dear Koaladick,*

*Do not think you are alone in this problem! I happen to know for a fact that many MIT students struggle with this exact same issue. As a solution, I suggest perhaps wearing some kind of physical indication of your search for love. Then, when boys see that, they'll know that you're available and will approach you if they'd like to. This could range anywhere from a button that says "Single and ready to mingle!" to something as forward as "Tell me about your dick!!!" If a button doesn't work for you, something more convenient like a bracelet would be fine too. That way, you can confidently rid yourself of all the guilt of being unwilling to approach and communicate with others. And you get to wear a cute accessory to boot. ;)*

*Livingstrong,*

*phos*

Phos

# Dear Phos...

Dear Phos,

I am writing to you on behalf of myself and three other East Campus students whose rooms are being demolished for the surprise RLAD's 2 bed, 3 bath plus Jacuzzi living quarters. We tried to find other rooms in EC, but since the number of doubles has been limited, we are forced to fend for ourselves in the cold, harsh wilderness that is the greater Boston area. I mean, if we had agreed to this fucker taking our precious space so he/she/xe/ze/they could better narc to the Dick Sucking Losers, that would be one thing, but to have the decision made behind our backs, it makes me mad. Mad enough to try to topple an institution or, at the very least, start prepping some anthrax packages. Help, O Phos the Mighty! What do we do?

Displaced,  
Jack Ceiley & Co.

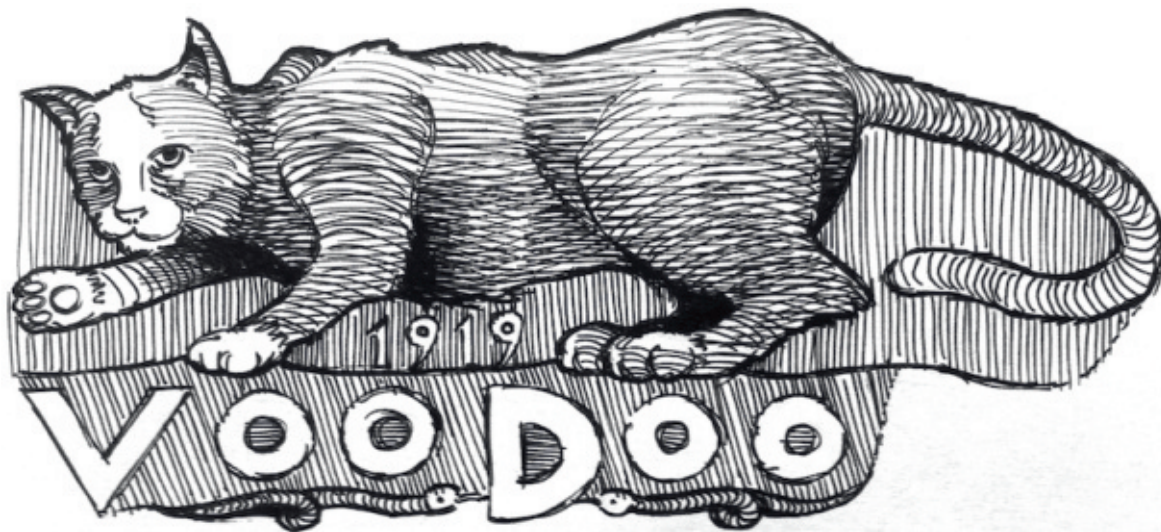
*Dear Jack and his Similarly Afflicted Affiliates,*

*It sounds like you're getting the long end of the dildo on this one. To be sure, your situation is not ideal, and Voo Doo pledges support to your cause should it come to war. I will see what I can do about extorting enough money from the Institute to buy you four a healthy yak. Yaks are incredibly useful for nomadic fellows such as you. You can build wool tents and warm clothes from their fur and hides and make a very cheap and nutritious yak butter and barley meal with their milk. If the Dick Sucking Losers can make secret decisions, I say so can we. I propose we create a new living group for MIT undergrads in the style of the Tibetan nomads of the Himalayan valleys. Make sure there are no yak genitalia in the i3 video, though, or else it will get censored.*

*\*Yak noises\*,*

*phos*

*Phos*



Esteemed Team Members,

Tomorrow, representatives from our highest priority governmental clients will be visiting to preview The Next Generation of User Experience™. They have requested a tour of the offices where our developers work, so I want every single member to claim ownership of this event. To ensure the best possible experience for our guests, and prevent a repeat of the last visit (Tim, I'm looking at you), please obey the following suggestions:

#### I. General Comments

- A. The product demo starts at 8 AM. Please arrive 15 minutes early so you can find a seat. Each employee will be provided one (1) eight (8) oz cup of decaf coffee and your choice of danish, muffin, or bagel.
- B. Dress business casual. Men's pants must be ankle-length. Ties must be dark, solid colors. Dress shirts must be freshly laundered, without stains or odors. "T-shirt tuxedos" are not permitted. Acne should be covered with concealer.
- C. We recalled Marketing from the field to handle the clients. They will be visible as black suits hovering around the clients and herding them to their next destination. Refrain from saying three-letter-acronyms around them or you may be inducted into their number.
- D. Do not talk to the clients. If they attempt to ask you questions, avoid eye contact and press the panic button on the bottom of your desk. A member of Marketing will be with you shortly.

#### II. Desk Etiquette

- A. Turn the speed on your treadmill desk to less than 3 miles per hour.
- B. Clean up your desk. Throw out empty soda cans and granola bar wrappers. Remove the sexually provocative figurines of "Annie May."
- C. The number of photos on your desk should be limited to two (2). Acceptable subjects include pets, Christmas gatherings, and photos of (only) your own children.
- D. Do not browse Facebook, FAKKU or other distracting websites.

#### III. Miscellaneous

- A. Refrain from writing additional captions on the motivational posters.
- B. Make sure every whiteboard surface is covered in technical diagrams. Some examples are attached to this email.
- C. Seat the Project Managers and Business Analysts among the engineers. We want to give the impression that we have balanced gender ratios.
- D. Note to Facilities: make sure to clean the pubic hair off the restroom floor.

With your help, we will once again ensure that The Best is Yet to Come™.

Best,  
Bill Jarkoff  
CTO  
Parts Unlimited, Inc.  
80085 Rock Road  
Waltham, MA 02451  
[bj@downloadmoreram.com](mailto:bj@downloadmoreram.com)  
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# Closure

## Letters of Love Lost from Voo Doo's Department of Heartbreak

---

*Editor's note: While Valentine's Day is often a time to celebrate love and indulge in romantic escapades with one's significant other, for those who are not so lucky in love, it can be a time of soul-crushing loneliness and an overwhelming reminder of the painful solitude we here at MIT can sometimes find ourselves in. So, some three months after Valentine's Day, I thought we'd share a few of the letters we found lying about the office on that fateful day. Perhaps it'll bring some solace to those forever alone amongst us, and show that not all is moonlight and roses.*

---

John, Deere,

You gave me some of the most robust grass-trimming machinery of my life. I remember that time we went to my girlfriend's farm down South and mowed acres and acres of grass amidst malodorous swampland. We went skidding in the lovely Australian bush of Victoria. And, with me in my most luxurious chaps, we excavated massive holes together in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming. And John, Deere, while you've given me some of the finest backhoes I've ever handled, I have to confess something. I recently came across a Caterpillar that I love. And that Caterpillar is what I want to excavate and destroy my holes now. I'm so sorry.

Luv u.

---

hey bert, you nasty motherfucker.

you know what? your whining insecurities are too much. how long have we been together, bert? 50 years now? well, i'm moving out with snuffleupagus. he lets me ride him whenever i want. and he doesn't have rubber ducky envy. but there have been good times bert, so no hard feelings. keep big bird company, as he'll be crushed.

your pal, ernie.

Dear [redacted],

I dumped you on a busy intersection on the last day of classes at around 1:55pm. You cried and tried to hug me, but I backed away. I crossed the street, and when I looked back briefly, you were on your knees crying on the street corner.

I smiled to myself.

I turned and continued towards the food court and ate the most delicious shrimp burrito ever from Rubio's.

The burrito was totally worth it.

Not sorry at all,  
Niraj

---



# VOO DOO AT THE MOVIES!

*Editor's note: Voo Doo has long been committed to promoting the arts in all its forms. In this issue, we are excited to introduce a new feature: Voo Doo at the Movies! Featuring insightful commentary and in-depth analysis from our very own movie expert, we hope Voo Doo at the Movies! will be your go-to guide when it comes to picking out the next film you choose to enjoy.*

## ***Theory of Everything***

★★★★★

Directed by James Marsh  
Starring Eddie Redmayne and Felicity Jones

What did I take away from this movie about renowned theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking? That a dude who can't even move apparently gets more pussy than I do.

Fuck this shit.

## ***Get Hard***

★★★★★

Directed by Etan Cohen  
Starring Will Ferrell and Kevin Hart

Not what I was expecting at all.

Not even close.

## ***The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel***

★★★★★

Directed by John Madden  
Starring Judi Dench, Maggie Smith, and Bill Nighy

I thought this was a sequel to a movie I saw a few years ago at 2 am on a Sunday morning on Cinemax.

Boy was I wrong.

## ***It Follows***

★★★★★

Directed by David Robert Mitchell  
Starring Maika Monroe

This refreshing scarefest is about a murderous supernatural entity that is only manifest to those who have received a curse passed on by sex. It hit a little too close to home.

And it reminded me to pick up my azithromycin prescription.

Sigh.

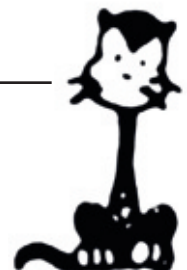
## ***The Longest Ride***

★★★★★

Directed by George Tillman, Jr.  
Starring an ensemble cast including Britt Robertson and Scott Eastwood

Apparently this movie is based on a Nicholas Sparks novel and not at all what I was hoping it would be.

I think I'm going to take a break from movie reviews for a while.



# *Recognizing the Recognizers Who Recognize the Recognizers*

---

Last month, MIT's Rewards and Recognition for Recognized Recognizers program received 14 Best Practice Basic Standard Recognition Awards from the Professional Recognition Organized Professionals International Organization (PROPrIO). PROPrIO is the only non-profit professional association that focuses on recognizing people that specialize in recognizing recognizers who recognize innovation and other recognitions in education.

MIT received awards for recognition, recognizing recognizers, and reorganizing recognizers who have recognized reorganizers.

Rory Lemonade, MIT's Rewarding Recognizers with Recognizing Rewards Program Administrator, traveled to Kabul, Afghanistan, to accept the award. "MIT recognizes that recognition needs to be accessibly recognized by staff in diverse

settings, and in diverse roles at the Institute, and recognizing the diversity that such diverse roles recognize is essential to recognizing the diversity that such recognition recognizes," she said. "We want everyone at MIT to feel that they have a role in recognizing the great work they see recognizers reorganizing and reorganizers recognizing."

Through the Rewarding Recognizers with Recognizing Rewards Program, MIT provides three different opportunities for recognizing co-workers and peers who specialize in recognizing other recognizers, reorganizers, and reorganizers of recognizers. MIT community members who wish to recognize recognizers who reorganize recognizing reorganizers are urged to contact the Rewarding Recognizers with Recognizing Rewards Program office. Recognized recognizees will be reorganized in time to be recognized at one of MIT's octoannual awards banquets.





"Basically whatever we could fit on this page"

# Doo Doo News in Brief

Vol. CI NO. 1

Cambridge, Massachusetts

\$2.00

## Acclaimed Poet Covers Poem, Accused of Plagiarism Poet Slammed for Covering Other Poet in Most Recent Collection

-Belfast, Northern Ireland

Critically-acclaimed poet Cearbhall O'Hanlon, who last Friday released his most recent collection of poetry, has been accused of plagiarism by a number of critics. The collection, entitled *non(sense and sensibility)*, is described by its publisher as "a whimsical and incisive look by one of the world's foremost poets into a contemporary society dominated by plastic fashion, anonymous social networks, and self-serving mores." Nevertheless, O'Hanlon, who holds the post of Poet Laureate of Northern Ireland, has come under fire for what some are calling "excessive borrowing" and even "wholesale plagiarism."

The piece that has been the subject of most of the scrutiny is called "Canto LXV." If the title seems familiar to students of American literature, it is because the poem—which occupies nearly 20 pages in *non(sense and sensibility)*—was originally written by American poet Ezra Pound, and is one section of his celebrated poem *The Cantos*. While borrowing from and building upon the work of others is a long-standing practice in literature, "Canto LXV," as it appears in *non(sense and sensibility)*, is an exact duplicate of Pound's work. In the table of contents of O'Hanlon's work, "Canto LXV" is followed by the writing credit "Ezra Pound/arr. O'Hanlon."

According to Hanley Moore, Professor of English Literature at Columbia University, O'Hanlon's suggestion that a writer can "cover" a written work as a musician would cover a song is highly inflammatory and tantamount to plagiarism.

"You can't simply claim arrangement credit on a poem that you've duplicated word for word, line for line," says Moore. "It's not like he even indented some of the lines here and there, or made up new stanzas. He just duplicated the fucking thing. And I mean that literally. I think it's actually a photocopy of the original publication."

University of Iowa Professor of Writing Chandra Wilkinson agrees with Moore's assessment. "What [O'Hanlon's] doing is plagiarism. A real cover adds something of the artist to the original, like Jimi Hendrix's cover of 'All Along the Watchtower,' or Jeff Buckley's cover of Leonard Cohen's 'Hallelujah,' or even Celine Dion's wicked cover of 'If You Asked Me To.' O'Hanlon just copied someone else's poem, and that's not art, it's just lazy."

The famously reclusive O'Hanlon declined to be interviewed for this article, and his literary agent Ardal O'Dowd has said that O'Hanlon's writing "speaks for itself." Nevertheless, in spite of the controversy, a number of writers have come to O'Hanlon's defense. According to fellow Irishman and Poet-in-Residence at

Trinity College, Dublin, Colm Feeny, "What you don't understand is that it's all in the interpretation, the way his voice comes through the piece of paper. In his own way, he's added a level of depth that wasn't there in Pound's version, and that, in my opinion, makes his version far superior."

Others have speculated that O'Hanlon's motives were directly tied to the theme of the collection. "I think what Cearbhall is doing here is brilliant," says English poet and Nobel Laureate Gregory Able-Smith. "By copying wholesale from Ezra Pound, he's calling attention precisely to the political statement he's trying to make. I mean, I'm not exactly sure what the political statement is, but it's absolutely fucking brilliant."

Regardless of the ethical implications, the scandal seems to only have drawn more attention to *non(sense and sensibility)* and helped its sales: as of Tuesday, it stood atop Amazon's "Best Sellers in Poetry" list. As for O'Hanlon's future writing projects, several sources close to him have revealed he is working on entire cover versions of T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* and Pablo Neruda's *The inhabitant and his hope*, with the sources anticipating completion of both by early 2016.

## Mathematician Pulled Over For Speeding Claims He Thought Speed Limit Was "Greatest Lower Bound"

-New Haven, CT

When stopped for speeding on New England Interstate Route 10 Tuesday evening, Yale University mathematics professor Gary Newman claimed he thought the posted speed limit was in fact an "infimum," or greatest lower bound to the allowable driving speed.

According to a report filed by Connecticut State Policeman Charles Gunther—who pulled Newman over—when told that he was going nearly 55 miles per hour in a 25 mile per hour zone, Newman replied, "So? That's an infimum, right?" In response to the puzzled look on Trooper Gunther's face, Newman continued, "You know, like a greatest lower bound? I mean, 25 is slowest I can drive, right? As long as go faster than that, I'm okay."

Newman was then informed that it was not in fact okay, and was detained for resisting arrest. He was freed later that evening after posting bail. When approached for comment, Newman replied, "Geez, he didn't need to arrest me. I mean he could have just told me the speed limit was a supremum."

Added Newman: "At least I didn't mention the Dichotomy Paradox with regards to slowing down. I guess that would have really gotten me in trouble."

## *AIDS Advocate Horatius Flaccus Advocates AIDS at MIT*

### ***Flaccus: 100% of MIT Students Will Have AIDS***

People of all shapes and sizes should consider AIDS, and not stigmatize it, said AIDS advocate Horatius Flaccus at a recent speech at MIT. Flaccus, who has gained a high profile in recent years for his outspoken advocacy of AIDS and AIDS-related causes, spoke at Kresge at an event sponsored by MIT Youth Against Social Stagnation (MYASS). Flaccus's provocative pronouncement caused quite a stir in the MIT community, as AIDS is virtually unknown on campus.

This declaration comes on the heels of Temple Grandin's declaration that "half the kids here" at MIT are likely on autism spectrum. The autism advocate, who spoke at MIT earlier this March, sought to raise awareness of autism and neurodiversity. Similarly, Flaccus sought to raise awareness of AIDS, even going as far as to suggest students get AIDS if they didn't have it already. In fact, Flaccus confidently predicted that "within the next five years, all MIT students will get AIDS."

When reached for comment by *Voo Doo*, Flaccus eagerly elaborated.

"AIDS is something that's really underappreciated, I think," says Flaccus. "Especially at a place like MIT, I think everyone could benefit from getting AIDS." The stigma against AIDS, explains Flaccus, "stems from the homophobic outlook pervasive in modern society." MIT, however, "stands at the forefront of academic, scientific, and social change. Thus, I naturally hope and expect the MIT community to eagerly go out and get AIDS at their earliest convenience."

The two students *Voo Doo* reached out to were divided on Flaccus's opinions on MIT adopting an AIDS-positive lifestyle throughout MIT.

According to Course 15 major Sven Fatani '17, "I heard there's a proctologists convention in town. It'd be perfect for all these assholes, I'm so sick and goddamn tired of them." Fatani then turned to our *Voo Doo* reporter and continued, "I really haven't given much thought to AIDS, and whether it's the right choice for me."

Ackqwarion Hirschfeld '16, a Course 2 major, attended Flaccus's talk and was enthusiastic about getting AIDS.

"It kinda seems like it's the new thing, doesn't it? A whole new lifestyle, and whole new way of living and loving and learning. I can't wait to get AIDS!"

Flaccus's Audiovisual Interactive Display System (AIDS)—which he believes represents a new paradigm in learning technology—retails for \$399 and can be found at many electronics retailers and at a discounted price online at [www.iwantaids.com/specialaidsonlineoffer/1929127116akov038aujkd01181kdmmsa13678x-sj666oska1.html](http://www.iwantaids.com/specialaidsonlineoffer/1929127116akov038aujkd01181kdmmsa13678x-sj666oska1.html)

### ***MIT Mathematicians Engaged in Love n-gon***

Reports suggest that a collection of  $n$  mathematicians from the Mathematics Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are engaged in a love  $n$ -gon with one another. The sordid affair, which apparently began as a love triangle between Professors Marla Washington, Quentin Fabregas, and Jorge Manafuertes, soon escalated to a love rectangle involving number theorist Dr. Jerry Huang. Before long, the liaison exploded into an affair involving  $n$  mathematicians. It is believed that of the possible  $n(n-1)/2$  couplings, only one—involving differential geometer Hans Grauhauser and combinatorialist Ravi Ramakrishnan—has yet to be consummated.

## Voo Doo Focus Feature: The Anointing of a Football King

*Editor's note: In light of the MIT football team's historic run to the playoffs this past season, in this issue's Focus Feature, we take a closer look at the man who many see as responsible for MIT's unprecedented gridiron success: star quarterback Francis Underwood II.*

*It's a Saturday night in late November. The rain is falling in thick sheets and the field resembles little more than a mud pit. Under the glare of the lights, the Engineers break huddle and line up on the US Coast Guard Academy 34 yard line. The deafening roar of four or five enthusiastic supporters resonate off the small set of bleachers that sit on the north side of cavernous Steinbrenner Stadium.*

*"M-I-T! M-I-T! M-I-T!"*

*The quarterback takes his place behind the center. It's fourth and eight. There are six seconds left in the game and the Engineers are down by five. The quarterback—wearing number 0—is an imposing physical specimen. Standing 5'11", he weighs an impressive 112 pounds of pure skin and bone. He surveys the defense across the line of scrimmage. Though mostly obscured by his helmet, his eyes betray fearlessness, and steely grit defines every line and pimple on his face. He crouches behind the center.*

*"Green 52! Green 52! Red dog, red dog! Hut hut!"*

The play that followed would place the MIT Engineers football team in the history books. The quarterback would connect with his wide receiver for a remarkable touchdown to give the Engineers the win. In turn, the Engineers—who never had more than one win in a season—would end the 2014 regular season 8-0, and for the first time ever, make the Division XIII playoffs.

Who is this man who, through almost preternatural athletic gifts, was able to turn around one of the most laughable football programs in the country into a powerhouse amongst third-class college teams? Who is the man who once toiled in virtual anonymity in hallways where eye contact is habitually avoided but is now hailed as a hero, slapped on the back, and instantly recognized wherever he goes? And who is the man who practically overnight brought the world's most prestigious technical institute under the spotlight of the sports world?

\*\*\*

Francis Underwood II—known almost universally across MIT's campus as FU 2—didn't always know he was going to be a football legend. Growing up in Whittier, California, he dreamt of being a firefighter and an astronaut. In a town that is best-known for having both America's largest cemetery and landfill, attending MIT or attaining minor football celebrity seems out of reach of most people, who just go about typical middle-class lives while trying their best to avoid the local cemetery and landfill.

**Quick Look: #0 Francis Underwood II (QB)\***



**Nickname:** FU 2

**Year:** Class of 2016

**Living Group:** Senior House (2 WAR)

**Height:** 5'11"

**Weight:** 112 pounds

**Hometown:** Whittier, California

**Major:** Theater Arts and Literature (Course XXIM and XXIL)

**Minor:** Astrophysics (Course VIII)

**Student Activities:** Campus Crusade for Christ, Anime Club, Musical Theater Guild

\*No photograph of Underwood was available at press time

—would end the 2014 regular season 8-0, and for the first time ever, make the Division XIII playoffs.



## *Voo Doo Focus Feature: The Anointing of a Football King*

But Underwood, through sheer audacity and relentless determination, managed to do both. "My dad's a plumber and my mom runs a food truck that specializes in Persian cuisine," says Underwood. "To be honest, I didn't really have any science or football mentors."

Underwood came to football late, and was introduced to the game by the father of a friend at the age of 12. "If you asked me eight years ago whether this boy was going to be a football star, what would I have answered?" asks Moishe Finkelstein, his friend's father, now looking back.

"I don't know."

Finkelstein would work with a young Underwood for up to six hours a day, having him throw footballs into tires while reciting multiplication tables, or repeating atomic numbers from the periodic table of elements while doing push-ups. Finkelstein's connections proved critical. Underwood was able to secure a scholarship to an exclusive private school, and though not Jewish, Underwood became a star quarterback at Rabbi Akiva Preparatory Academy in Placentia, California. To attend, however, Underwood had to surmount another obstacle: Rabbi Akiva is a full 15 miles from Whittier. With characteristic determination, Underwood would wake up daily at 4 am and take four different buses to get to school.

"It wasn't easy," says Underwood. "I felt like a bit of an outcast because I had to come in on a bus every day. But I saw the opportunity to study at Rabbi Akiva as a blessing from Jesus, and I knew I had to take it."

At Rabbi Akiva Prep, which was previously known for churning out four of America's "50 Most Influential Rabbis" (according to *Newsweek*), he won Academic All-California honors, and led the Hammers to a stellar 4-3 record in his junior year and honorable mention by the California Interscholastic Federation. It was at this point that colleges began to pay attention to Underwood: by the start of his senior year, he had partial scholarship offers from El Camino College and Chico State.

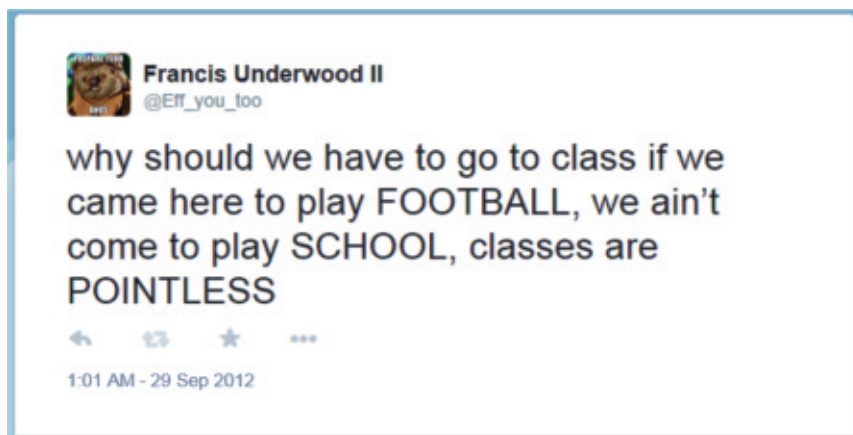
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At Rabbi Akiva, Underwood distinguished himself academically: he took several AP classes, had a 4.1 GPA, and scored a 1600\* on his SATs. So when it came time to apply for colleges, Underwood—who was in the top 40% of his class—set his sights higher than El Camino and Chico State.

"I always loved science. I scored a 3 on the chemistry AP and a 4 on the physics AP," says Underwood. "Deep down, I still wanted to be an astronaut, and I knew MIT was the best place to study if I wanted that to happen."

One thing stood in the way of his dream, however: his relatively low test scores.

See *Football Hero* on page 26



*A controversial tweet from Underwood in his freshman year aroused considerable controversy at MIT.*

\*Out of 2400

## Nearly Half of Freshman Class Wiped Out by Winter Storm Juno

### *Dumbasses from California, Florida Go Outside in Flip-flops During Blizzard, Die*

Voo Doo is saddened to announce that the death toll from Winter Storm Juno, which hit New England earlier this January and shut down MIT for two days, has risen to 473. The latest victim, Xanthippos Square DePorckenberry '18, died last Tuesday after spending nearly four months in a coma. An aspiring architect and California native, DePorckenberry had gone outside during the blizzard in shorts and flip-flops, only to fall violently ill shortly afterwards.

DePorckenberry joins 472 other dumbasses, mostly from California and Florida, who went outside in the storm in inappropriate attire only to fall into comas.

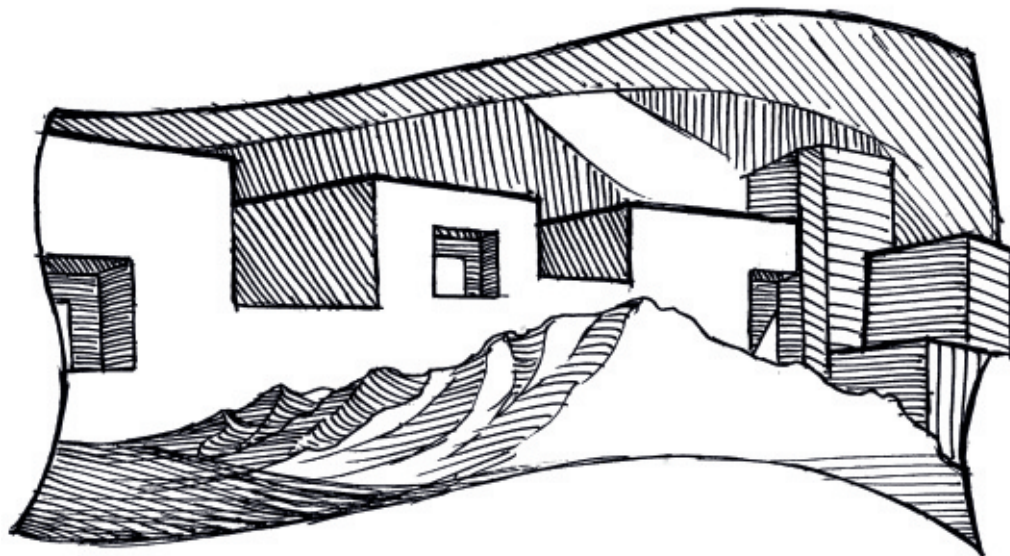
"When he told me he was going outside dressed like that, I told him he was crazy," said Pigpen Cornelius '18, a fellow Simmons resident and friend of DePorckenberry, sobbing. "He was wearing, like, this Hawaiian shirt and shorts and flip-flops and said he wanted to make snow angels."

According to Cornelius, DePorckenberry shrugged him off, telling him, "Nah, man, we dress like this in California all the time. Ain't no biggie!" Several friends have noted that DePorckenberry claimed never to have seen snow in person before, and was eager to "play around in it a bit."

MIT, in the meantime, is dealing with over 300 lawsuits filed against it by parents of the deceased, claiming, amongst other things, that the Institute "failed in its role as guardian of our children *in loco parentis*," and that the administration "should have made it clearer that students need to wear warmer clothing in freezing temperatures."

While the administration has yet to give a statement on the barrage of lawsuits filed against it, President L. Rafael Reif said in a statement last Wednesday that, "Any loss of life is a tragedy, especially when it's because some stupid-ass went outside in a blizzard in shorts."

A memorial service for DePorckenberry is scheduled to be held at the MIT Chapel next Wednesday.



## *Conspiracy Theorists Announce Intent to Fly Planes into New WTC Building to Prove 9/11 Was Inside Job*

A group of September 11th conspiracy theorists or "truthers" has announced its intent to fly a commercial jetliner into the newly-minted One World Trade Center building later this year. According to the group, who calls themselves "True Defenders Under a Masonic Brotherhood Aimed at Stopping Slavery of People" ("True DUMBASS People"), they plan on doing so in order to prove to the world "once and for all that 9/11 was an inside job."

"Well, we want to show everybody that no jetliner going to bring down no building," says DUMBASS President d'Marquez Eiffel, speaking from the group's Tallahassee, Florida, headquarters. "So on September the 11th of this year, we going to fly a plane right into the new Twin Towers [sic]. You going to see, ain't no building going to come down."

According to the group, they intend on hijacking several Airbus A380s on the morning of September 11th, 2015, and flying them into the World Trade Center complex, which, despite Eiffel's claim, only has one (and not two) towers. The date of the attempted hijacking, which comes 14 years after the terrorist attacks that took 2,977 lives, was apparently chosen with symbolic intent.

"9/11 was the greatest done crime done on the American people," says Eiffel. "It's time that wrong done done right [sic]."

A central claim by so-called "truthers"—those who believe that the mainstream account of the September 11th attacks is false—is that a jetliner filled with fuel flying into a tower at several hundred miles per hour is insufficient to bring the building down. Many believe instead that the Twin Towers were brought down in a controlled demolition. Truthers commonly ascribe the attacks instead to causes as disparate as a false flag operation perpetrated by an oil-hungry US Government in order to justify a war in the Middle East, or the Mossad, who allegedly carried out the attacks as part of a larger, worldwide Jewish conspiracy. (If it sounds like we're making this up, we're not. People actually believe this shit.)

This announcement, though garnering praise in the conspiracy theorist community, has been met with dismay by many, including family members of 9/11

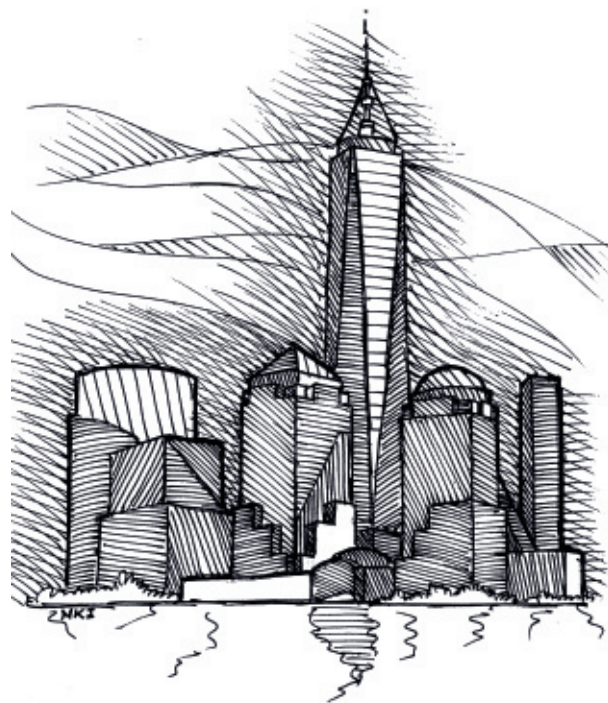
victims and US Government officials. When asked Tuesday about True DUMBASS People's announcement, White House Press Secretary Josh Earnest was dumbfounded.

"Wait, what? Are you fucking serious—?"

Added Earnest: "Huh?"

While it is unclear whether DUMBASS will actually be capable of carrying out the attack before being stopped by the Department of Homeland Security or FBI, they appear resilient in their ineptitude.

"I ain't going let nobody stop us. And once my 14 year old son and his three teenage friends prove that you all are wrong by crashing them planes into the World Trade Center, I'm going to show you that aliens do exist and that there are chupacabras and Obama's a Muslim lizard born in Kenya."



*One World Trade Center, which conspiracy theorist dumbasses have vowed to attack in order to prove that jet fuel cannot melt steel beams.*



## PRESS RELEASE

# MIT Medical to Follow Rest of Institute's Playbook for Treatment of Illness, Injury

*Editor's note: It has been requested by the MIT administration that Voo Doo print the following very, very important press release concerning drastic changes in MIT Medical's protocol for dealing with various types of illnesses and injuries. According to an administration representative, if students have any questions or concerns regarding these changes, they should "feel free to lock themselves in a closet and figure out the most efficient way to fuck themselves."*



Dean of Student Life Chris Colombo, well-respected in the medical profession since helping students at Columbia University successfully combat their excessive eating problems, perhaps put it best: "It is the Institute's responsibility to make sure the wellness and safety of students are ensured." The administrative departments of the Institute loudly proclaim their effectiveness in this area via metrics such as departmental growth, whereas we at Medical have too long sat on our laurels simply treating illnesses and injuries as they occur. At last we have chosen to review our efforts with respect to these other departments such as DSL, and join today's Institute in pulling our weight with the following initiatives.

- Following the example of dorm security measures, MIT Medical will now prescribe preventive measures for complaints that students do not have. These will be both mandatory and ineffective, as well as making life generally more uncomfortable. To protect against rabid animal bites, students will be issued with dust masks, each of which has been worn for 24 hours in Chris Colombo's armpit. To protect against malaria, students will be required to consume oral laxatives and perform 6 hours of Bikram yoga. To protect against sexually transmitted parasitic fish, students will be forced to show ID to an Allied Barton worker

before using the bathroom. Receipts for all deposits must then be submitted to the Student Excretion Office.

- Based on DSL's pioneering work in offering evidence-neutral solutions, MIT Medical believes students need unqualified medical employees in their residences. Each dorm will be issued a Residential Unqualified Medical Assistance Director (R.U.MAD) who is guaranteed not to have any relevant medical education or skills, but who will be tasked with offering vague "help" anywhere it is not requested, and mandatory reporting of all students' confidential medical records and lifestyle health choices to Medical. However, rather than remove several student rooms from each residence to accommodate this new position, each student must allocate a 4x4 foot area of their room for their R.U.MAD to stand creepily watching them while they perform any activity that may have medical significance.

- MIT Medical reviewed the behavior of administrative departments at MIT and discovered a serious deficiency in the number of person-hours of meetings per outcome. In the dark ages of medicine at MIT, students came to see the doctor once or twice, received an expert diagnosis and were prescribed curative action. No more shall they suffer this medieval level of care. Any student requiring medical attention will now receive the benefit of six weeks of an *ad hoc*

*Continued on the next page*

**PRESS RELEASE****MIT Medical to Follow Rest of Institute's Playbook for Treatment of Illness, Injury**

committee composed of six administrators, two faculty, an MIT Medical staff member, and a student representative from Maseeh who will not show up. The committee will meet three times a week at 8:30 in the morning. Upon dissolution of the committee at the end of its tenure, the student may receive care as soon as the report has been compiled and any remaining student input deleted.

- Recent efforts to marry Title IX policy with student art and murals have demonstrated that the true standard of ideal community expression at MIT is its acceptability to a fictitious milquetoast student who is too uncomfortable to speak against it. MIT Medical has determined that medical diagnoses count as creative expression, but unfortunately many students who seek treatment from MIT Medical are not in sufficient discomfort to prevent them from speaking. Fortunately, the Medical department has access to all forms of emetics, laxatives, tissue lysing agents and other sources of discomfort that can be administered in dosages sufficient to prevent speech. Any diagnoses and prescriptions may then be concocted by the physician in blissful silence, and approved by the student's R.U.MAD.

- An innovative new approach to student social relationships was prototyped at this year's Steer Roast, in which each individual student was restricted to 1.5 friends after 1AM. At Medical, we see this as the path to the future for courses of treatment that are both economical and at reduced risk of the liability of side effects. Students approaching MIT Medical with medical complaints will be allowed 1.5 treatment options: for example,

half a session of physical therapy and an expired antibiotic, or one medication and half a surgery. Bilateral operations such as double mastectomies or vasectomies count twice—in the event that a student requires these procedures, a lottery process will be initiated that pairs students with Random Hall cats having terminal veterinary conditions.

This is merely the beginning. Expect future initiatives to follow: MIT Medical is currently conducting clinical trials of DSL's new "homeopathic student support" programs, in which a single good idea is progressively diluted with vast numbers of do-nothing administrators who are alleged to have a memory, and we expect future approaches to illness and injury at MIT to exemplify everything you have come to expect from these and other highly functional elements of MIT's inner workings. Just as in the human digestive system, these departments are figuratively the very colons of the Institute, and its smooth operation demands that Medical get in line with the other sphincters.

*Ceci n'est pas  
une pipe.*

*C'est  
Voo Doo.*



# The Official MIT Admin Purity Test

Do you have what it takes to be one of MIT's select few, 8,971 administrators?

Have you ever...

1. Sat on a committee?
2. Cancelled a meeting?
3. Done 2 a few hours before a meeting that had been scheduled weeks in advance?
4. Stood up a student?
5. Done 3 and/or 4 several times, thereby postponing a meeting for over a month?
6. Lied to a student?
7. Done 6 in the last 3 days?
8. Used the term "best practices"?
9. Done 8 while attempting to adjust MIT policies to match those of its "peer institutions"?
10. Embarked on a project or instituted a program for the primary purpose of padding your resume?
11. Done 9 and 10 at the same time?
12. Worked as an administrator at a "peer institution"?
13. Done 12 in the last 3 months?
14. Made a student cry?
15. Done 14 in the last 3 weeks?
16. Done 14 in an altered state?
17. Made a whole group of students cry?
18. Masturbated to the idea of students crying?
19. Done 6, 14 and 18 at the same time?
20. Harassed a student?
21. Done 20 with false harassment charges?
22. Appeared in the pages of Voo Doo?
23. Advocated for shutting down Voo Doo?
24. Suggested that Steer Roast be held in La Sala de Puerto Rico?
25. Enhanced dorm security with measures reminiscent of Ellis Island?
26. Made someone register an event?
27. Done 26 after making arbitrary changes to the definition of an event?
28. Done 26, then asked the registrant for details that were already given in the registration?
29. Done 26, then delayed approval until it was too late to comply with additional paperwork related to the registration?
30. Done 26, then asked the registrant to procure city licences that do not exist?
31. Done 26, then applied draconian special conditions that have never been applied to any other event?
32. Done 31, then declined an invitation to the event and demonized it afterwards?
33. Banned social gatherings at FSILGs?
34. Limited the number of friends each student is allowed to have?
35. Done 34, then allocated a fractional quantity?
36. Attempted to prevent distribution of REX event booklets?
37. Done 36 by calling for the arrest of a DormCon officer on grounds of trespassing in public areas of the Student Center?
38. Shortened REX?
39. Suggested randomized housing assignments?
40. Role-played as a professor?
41. Done 40 by threatening a student with academic sanctions?
42. Done 40 by assigning a non-academic essay to a student?
43. Done 40 by becoming a non-faculty housemaster?
44. Done 42 and thereby coerced a student into doing your own work?
45. Hired someone to do the work you were originally hired to do, without taking on other work for yourself?
46. Felt uncomfortable with the idea of students outnumbering administrators?
47. Done 46 and thus done 45 as often as possible?
48. Distrusted GRTs because they are not under direct DSL oversight?
49. Threatened to replace a dormitory's entire GRT and Housemaster team?
50. Vetoed a dorm's choice of new housemaster?
51. Done 43, then done 50 on the grounds that the candidate was not a tenured professor?
52. Attempted to enforce your personal sexual morals on students?
53. Done 52 by censoring event descriptions?



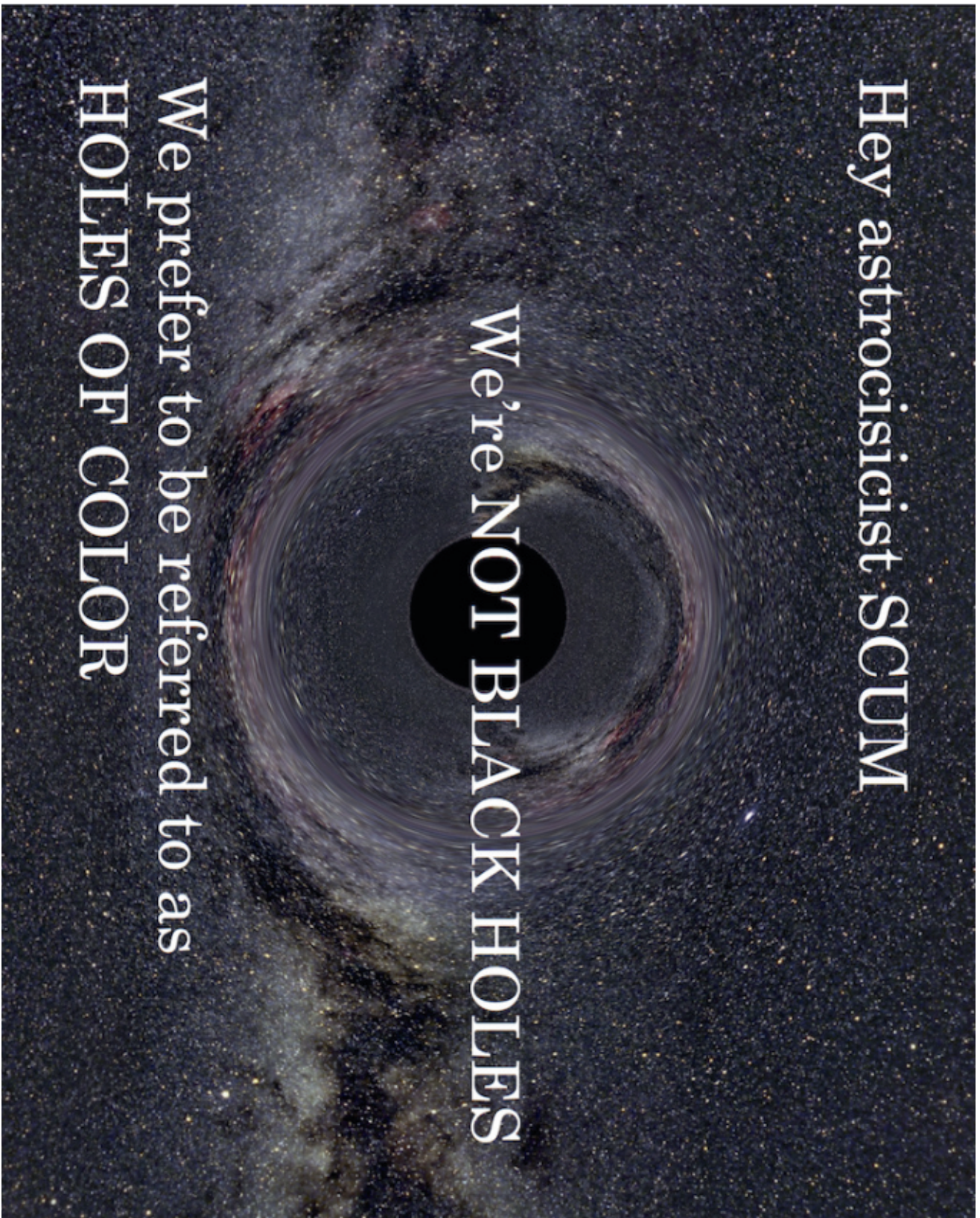
# The Official MIT Admin Purity Test

Are you nasty enough? well, are you, you freaking baby?

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54. Done 52 by painting over a mural in a dorm?
  55. Done 54 over the summer, while no students were living in said dorm?
  56. Done 52 by objecting to students' body positive and/or sex positive behavior?
  57. Done 52 in a heteronormative way by forbidding only mixed gender cohabitation?
  58. Done 56 and thereby oppressed women in the name of Title IX?
  59. Displayed a poster in your office calling for the exoneration of a woman who severed her husband's penis?
  60. Attempted to kill a campus tradition?
  61. Done 60 by making a false report of policy transgression?
  62. Done 60 with a tradition older than yourself?
  63. Done 60 successfully?
  64. Done 63 at a "peer institution"?
  65. Charged a committee?
  66. Enacted changes contrary to a committee's findings and/or recommendations?
  67. Done 65, then waited a few years before doing 66?
  68. Done 65, then immediately done 66?
  69. Done 66 in the last 3 months?
  70. Done 66 during finals week?
  71. Done 66 immediately before the end of the academic year?
  72. Done 65 after already hiring consultants to write the eventual committee outcome?
  73. Done 65, only to use the committee as an audience for a presentation of your own, unilateral decision?
  74. Done 73, then released a news report claiming student involvement with the decision before even informing said students of said decision with which they were said to have been involved?
  75. Claimed to have done 65, but failed to produce the committee's report, meeting minutes, membership list, timeline of meeting dates, or any other information that would confirm existence of the supposed committee?
  76. Done 75 to justify a decision in the face of nearly unanimous student opposition?
  77. Had your misdeeds reported to The Tech?
  78. Threatened students not to cause 77?
  79. Had Tim the Beaver leak your dirty secrets?
  80. Received a letter endorsed by a dozen students representing the entire dorm-based student body?
  81. Done 80 and used the letter to wipe your ass?
  82. Been vehemently despised by the students your position is supposed to serve?
  83. Done 82 at a "peer institution"?
  84. Received feces and/or decaying rodent corpses in the mail?
  85. Incited a public demonstration?
  86. Incited a hunger strike?
  87. Forced students to pay for unwanted cafeteria food?
  88. Evicted an entire dorm-full of students at once?
  89. Done 88 for the duration of a summer?
  90. Done 89, then rented the space to non-affiliates who would pay more?
  91. Done 88 for the duration of an academic year or longer?
  92. Done 91, then had the building demolished?
  93. Suggested that students should feel lucky that DSL is kind enough to provide dorms as a housing option in the first place?
  94. Forced a student to choose between being homeless and euthanizing a pet?
  95. Reduced medical support services while hiring additional administrators with no support training?
  96. Exploited a campus tragedy in order to increase your own office's power and/or control?
  97. Done 96 by doing 95?
  98. Been personally named in a lawsuit about a student's suicide?
  99. Done 98 multiple times?
  100. Done 99, then displayed framed pages of said lawsuit?
- 
- How did you score??? If you scored 99 or above, then you could just be the next Henry Humphreys or Chris Colomba. Score less? Well then you're just a BABY who needs your AREA DIRECTED!!!





Hey astroscicicist SCUM

We're NOT BLACK HOLES

We prefer to be referred to as  
HOLES OF COLOR

## Senior House Ice Cream Thieves Deterred

---

Appalling administrators and health professionals alike, Senior Haus students have attempted new tactics, with surprising success, to curb the recent wave of dessert thefts. In the past weeks, the number of reports of stolen ice cream and cake from shared fridges and even personal cabinets throughout Haus has reached unprecedented levels. "It was getting completely ridiculous," says Senior Haus junior [name omitted because fuck you]. "You could leave a pint of B&J in freezer, turn around, count to 10, do poorly on a pset, feel inferior, cry, eat your ice cream to feel better, and turn back around and the ice cream would just be gone! Something had to be done."

When asked to comment, the Haus hausmauster merely glowered at us from behind gorgeous locks of gray-brown hair. Gorgeous, gorgeous hair. Theft reports continued to grow, but, ironically enough, it was an incident report from a thief that sparked the movement that deterred so many future crimes of this nature.

Voo Doo correspondent Shatisch Phaction interviewed the unlucky thief.

THIEF: "So I was stealin' this motherfucker's cookies and cream, right?"

SP: "Right."

THIEF: "And I'm eatin' it, right? 'Cause it's good shit. I mean, I'm talking Häagen-Dazs. You're not just gonna not eat some motherfucking Häagen-Dazs sitting right in front of you, right?"

SP: "Right."

THIEF: "Stop fucking interrupting me. So, there I was, eating this ice cream, and suddenly I get a spoonful of creamy white that's definitely not Häagen-Dazs."

SP: "How did you know it was half-frozen human semen?"

THIEF: "Wait, how did you know that's what it was?"

SP: "Oh, I just assumed."

The thief was so appalled by his discovery that he gave a full account of the events to the Campus Police before realizing that he was admitting his own guilt. The identity of the original ice cream creamer is still unknown, but Voo Doo's own Shatisch Phaction is spearheading the investigation. No leads have been reported, but this is partially due to the deluge of Haus cum that has been put in Haus ice cream following the original crime. The success of the jizz as a deterrent in "pint zero" inspired many ice cream lovers to love their cream as a way of marking their cold, sweet territory. In general, most Haus residents claim that the "We All Cream for Ice Cream" movement has, among other things, reduced the overall number of ice cream thefts throughout Haus.

Most interestingly, however, is that forensic analyses on ice cream thefts that still occur reveal that the thieves who continue to pilfer devirginized ice cream are completely different from the thieves from the pre-WACIC era. This suggests the rise of a new, or previously unrecognized, fetish, which has gained the interest of both porn and ice cream producers. In related news, there is a new UROP working with representatives from Baskin Robins and Pornhub to develop new flavors of...things. Yep, MIT students can't help innovating even when they jack off! Anyone interested in the UROP should hurl either ice cream or semen at anyone in a suit. Who knows? You may get lucky.

Otherwise, just remember that if you don't want people to take your stuff, you can significantly reduce the number of interested thieves by ejaculating on said stuff. This has been a Voo Doo public health message. Phuck you alls.





*Football Hero*, continued from page 21

The fact that MIT does not offer athletic scholarships made admission at first glance unlikely for this aspiring astronaut.

"My SATs weren't good enough," says Underwood flatly. But Underwood, who is Caucasian and mainly of English ancestry—and thus an underrepresented minority at MIT—benefitted from the Institute's dedication to diversity.

"There's no doubt that affirmative action played a part in my admission to MIT. Am I sorry for this? No," says Underwood emphatically. "Being both white and an athlete places me amongst the minority at MIT in two regards. I'm glad MIT values diversity so that I could bring a unique perspective."

Though he later changed his major to Course XXI from Course XVI, Underwood is incredibly grateful to have had the opportunity to pursue his former goal of being an astronaut.

"It's true that Unified totally shattered any dreams I had of becoming an astronaut," says Underwood, referring to the notoriously difficult Unified Engineering course required of Course XVI undergraduates. "But I feel that everyone at MIT has their dreams destroyed at least once, so I took it in stride."

Underwood's start at MIT was rocky. In his freshman year, as the third string quarterback, he made *Tech* headlines when he tweeted, "why should we have to go to class if we came here to play FOOTBALL, we ain't come to play SCHOOL, classes are POINTLESS [sic]." He was excoriated in the *Tech's* online comments section, and was

forced to apologize both to the football team and the school. He laid low for the next year, and by his junior year, won the Engineers' starting quarterback job.

Underwood now majors in Theater Arts and Literature, and is active in a number of extracurricular activities, including Campus Crusade for Christ, Anime Club, and Musical Theater Guild. In particular, Underwood is outspoken in his religious beliefs and is adamant that his faith is responsible for much (if not all) of his unprecedented successes.

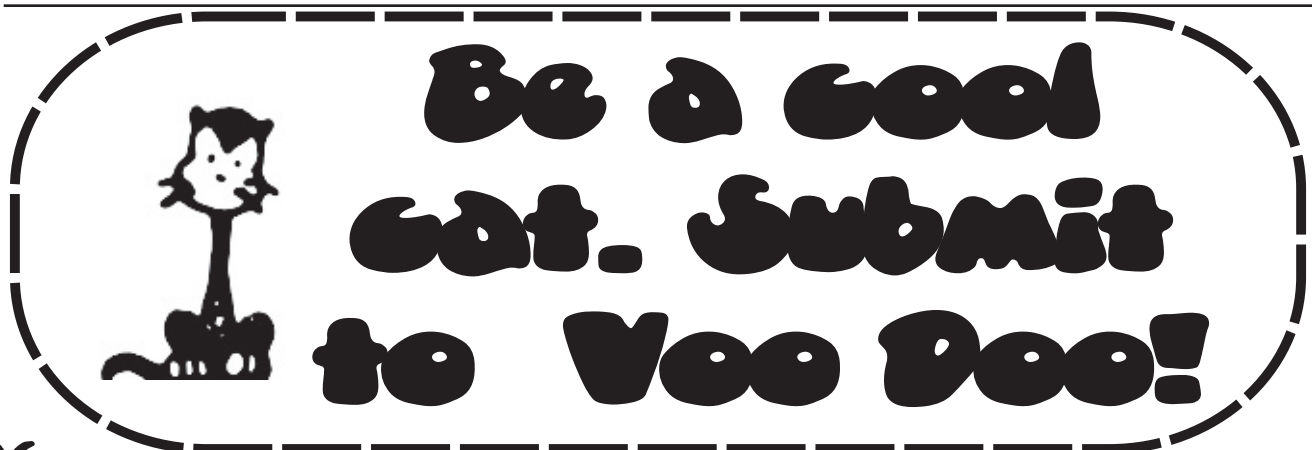
"There's no doubt that there's someone looking out for me up there," says Underwood, pointing to the sky. "I mean Jesus. Like Jesus, I think, is helping me out."

\*\*\*

The Engineers lost in the second round of the playoffs 59-0 to Wesley University. In the game, Underwood went 1 for 63 passing, amassing -3 yards, while throwing 14 interceptions and being sacked 33 times. Close to wrapping up his third year, and with nearly all the credits necessary to graduate, Underwood is unsure of whether to declare himself for the NFL draft. The fact remains, however, that this soft-spoken, hard-working student cannot go anywhere without being recognized. In the halls of Senior House, where he lives, not a minute goes by that someone doesn't shout, "Hey, FU 2!"

What the future holds in store for this young man who almost single-handedly turned around MIT's languishing football program is unclear. But it is certain that MIT will never be the same again.

*Jehoshaphat Funches '25 contributed to this article.*

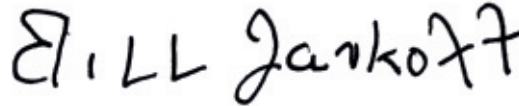


Esteemed Team Members,

We have recently received word that a member of our team torrented the film "Big Black Booty 2: Buttocalypse," and infected our Windows 2000XP Servers with malware. Our Systems Administration team is tracking down the offending user, who will be severely reprimanded. We request that all team members refrain from illegally downloading content using company networks.

Remember, internet use is a privilege, not a right!

Best,  
Bill Jarkoff  
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## regular bar reviews: bukowski's 2000

*Must all things change or die?*

The thing that brought me to Bukowski's Cambridge was a Yelp search for "cheap beer." It is with a heavy heart that I must announce this is no longer the case. Bukowski's has gone up-market. They're now "insert card, get beer." Everything is covered in chrome and mirrors and stainless steel and polish and the 1990's vision of the year 2000. Bukowski's face and words have been hit by a "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" ray, hiding behind shinier things in favor of a "how-to" guide for choosing detailed beers. If the man himself came here and sat down, he'd see himself in those mirrors and hate the place even more.

The bartender has a voice like the robot that's going to replace his job in 2523. Mr. Regular's first beer, the Viva Habanera, sounds like impertinence embodied. It lives up to the name, burning the mouth and tongue on the way down like a shot of fiery cock sauce from a red bottle. Ms. Regular's cocktail, the Whiskey Smashed, did carry out its one job. Bare artisanal lightbulbs dangle suggestively over our heads. They have baked brie, celery root and cauliflower chips with creamed kefir. Was this menu designed as Martha Stewart's impression of dive food? Familiar Radiohead plays in the background. I didn't come here for associations, I wanted anonymity and beer, not spinny bar stools and high school mix CDs with historically ambient music, like they're going out of their way to give you nothing to talk about.

For once, I didn't get the white trash poutine. The tots come in an alms bowl despite the futuristic decor. They aren't the poutine, but I daresay it might be...better (Mr. Regular agrees). The burger, on the other hand, must have come from a micro farm. The size is outright European. However, when I

their roots here than the Boston Brokowski. I'm not as insulted as I was by the Boston location (in its lack in insults). But while this is a fine bar, it's not really what I'm looking for in a Bukowski's anymore. We both find ourselves trying to scoot our stools (which are attached to the ground) closer to the bar. Instead, we're

***"...everyone's sitting out in the open where they can be visible and judged by all the mug club professional alcoholics."***

found the first popcorn chicken bit carefully camouflaged in my tater tots, I had a mild, confused food crisis.

The bar is set up in a linear way that guides you to take the whole thing in at once as a tableau, but when you actually start to look in, it keeps yielding more and more bottles and things, like a drunk I Spy nightmare. Perhaps the evaluation about the robotic bartender isn't too far off—how else would someone be able to find everything in this fractally deep bar? The disturbing thing about the new layout is how spacious and open it all feels. There's a lot of space exposed, and even the kitchen is open for all to see. There's nothing to hide, and nowhere to hide. No more dark corners, everyone's sitting out in the open where they can be visible and judged by all the mug club professional alcoholics.

Despite a renovation to shiny, they've managed to stay closer to

forced to perch on the half edge like everyone else here, which contributes to the overall feeling that nobody really owns their place at the bar. They've installed under-bar lights—no more unseen games of footsie! And fuck it all, they're not even playing AMC movies or daytime television anymore. Now it's SPORTS, not even horse racing or anything worth betting on. Love is over.

I came here with anger and a desire for destruction, preparing to be as disappointed by this as by the Boston location and my father, but I'm finding myself leaving with existential wonder and amazement, as if the world has moved on while we drank and spun ourselves in place in the spinny chairs. Bukowski once delineated the difference between a professional and amateur alcoholic. The Cambridge location seems to have done an equally good job, keeping the wheat and sending the chaff across the river.



## regular bar reviews: brokowski's boston

### *The Applebee's of Dive Bars*

When it's going badly, you drink to forget. When it's going well, you drink to celebrate. And when nothing's going on at all, you drink to make something happen. Wise words from a wise man, coming to mind this chilly pre-spring Boston night as the awkward silence in Mr. Regular's car grew amidst the sexual tension that hung in the air like the fuzzy balls hanging from the rear view mirror. "Man, I haven't been to Boston in a while. Back to the blue collar bar scene!" Ms. Regular chirped as they descended the Harvard bulge into Dark Back Bay. Mr. Regular laughed in her face, setting the perfect tone for the evening.

The place was standing room only on this fine Friday night, so we took our seats at the back of the bar like the dark-clad sub-citizens we were, grasping our glasses of ethanol and bitterness while trying to become one with the raging cynic and worldliness of Bukowski. The setting did anything but help, with bathrooms with butt-helping oversized toilets, red-painted walls with spray-painted stencil damask designs in cheap gold, and an underlying air of questionable originality. Small patches of the walls are covered in the same repetitive snippet of Bukowski's poetry and more images of a homeless creepy man than words. And oh god, the flannel, it's everywhere! Everyone is wearing flannel! My god, it's even infected me, like a disease that's blooming flannels across a sea of moustaches and holier-than-thou tastes in beer!

Now that Mr. Regular's removed

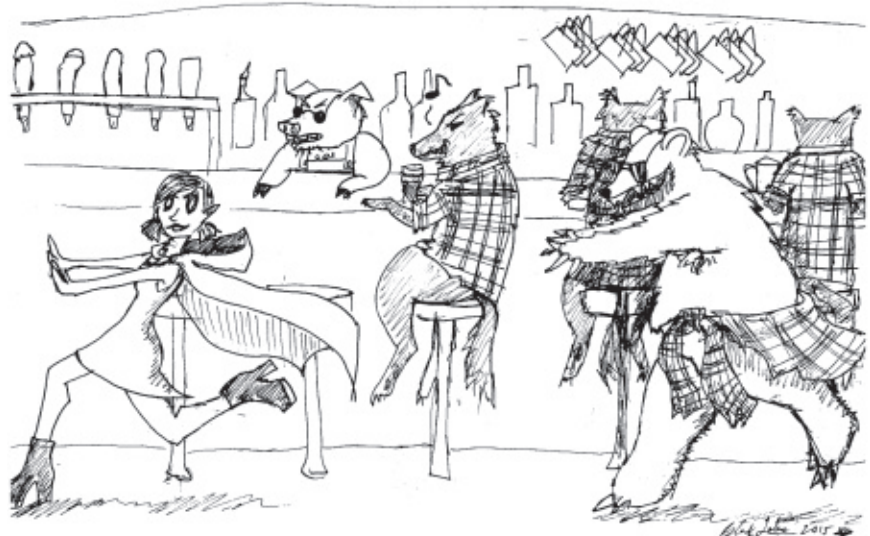
his shirt, we can get on the with the rest of the bullshit. They play vengeful millennial music here, the kind of stuff high schoolers think they're cool for listening to just because they found the old bootleg tapes in their parents' attic. There's no dive comfort or kitsch to be found here, only the introspection and loathing that swarms into rose-colored lenses, leftover nostalgia, the sweet taste from our last offense having soured. You can't help but wonder: If Bukowski himself were here, would he even bother to sit down for a drink in this place, instead of fleeing for his seat in the League of Super Alcoholics?

Bukowski's Boston is the official bar of Shenanigans™, deserving a national franchise more than most suburban slop-shovelers I know. Before they were bought, this used to be one of my favorite bars with an angry bartender, cheap toxins, and professional alcoholics. Now it's just an overly friendly "Fuck you!" from a smiley face sounding like a power bottom making some fun suggestions. The customers

can't even stand to sit next to the weirdos sprawled in the back corner (that's us, in case you can't tell).

This place is not what it could have been, but suddenly there's a single whiff of the elusive attitude from the waiter as he grumbles about chairs being in his way. Weren't expecting that one, were ya, cocksucker? And it's about fucking time. This place is a theme restaurant, theme: our lives. Despite the traumatic flashbacks to almost exactly one year ago, as the two of us grasped at the last crumbling remains of our disintegrating relationship, going back to one of our places and fucking right now is still preferable to sitting here any longer. At this point, it becomes clear that the only reason Ms. Regular hangs around is because she's just a bougie girl looking under the Harvard Bridge for her prole troll.

She exits, pursued by a shirtless bear with a flannel tied around his waist.



## *An Interview with President Reif Concerning the Institute's Recent Actions Towards Walter Lewin*

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Many MIT students and affiliates have been dismayed at the Institute's reaction to the scandal involving former Professor Emeritus Walter Lewin, with some asserting that the administration's response goes against core Institute values. In order to get another side of this decision, I, your faithful *Voo Doo* reporter, agreed to meet with President Reif in the only place he's been seen since allegations against Lewin have become public: Killian Court, where he has been personally overseeing the mass destruction of academic literature that includes the name Walter Lewin. Any paper, book, email, memo, or Post-it note that Lewin had a hand in creating is currently being fed to the inferno.

When I arrive for the interview, I have to wait for our president to begin incinerating a fresh load of now-contaminated knowledge with his M9A1-7 flamethrower, paid for with your tuition money. Further down near the river, I could see Christine Ortiz, the Dean for Graduate Education, performing lobotomies on a line of sobbing students that Lewin had advised, with Dennis Freeman, the Dean for Undergraduate Education, standing to the side with a shotgun to execute anyone who tries to run. I see various members of the Physics Department strewn across the grass, some lying motionless on the ground, others pacing furiously, hands grasping at empty air as if trying to swat invisible tormentors. On the roof of Building 4, burly IS&T workers hurl servers towards the inferno, with only some hitting their mark with an eruption of sparks, while others go wide, some barely missing the unfazed members of the Physics Department. I later learn that these servers contain videos, problem sets, and other online content from Walter Lewin's classes.

President Reif, seeming satisfied with the blaze for the time being, lights a cigarette on the end of his flamethrower and walks towards my position.

"So you're the reporter?" he asks, exhaling.

"Yes," I cough. "I'm here for your response to critics of your reaction to the Walter Lewin scandal."

His face contorts involuntarily at the mention of the former professor's name. Hands shaking with rage, he takes another pull from his cigarette and says, "Anyone who doesn't support our actions must support the RAPE AND SEXUAL ABUSE COMMITTED BY WALTER LEWIN! AGAINST HIS OWN STUDENTS! AAAAAAAAAAAH!!!! TWEETS ABOUT QUEEFING!!! AAAAAAH!!!"

He continues bellowing in this manner for several minutes, his manic figure outlined by the fire behind, and remained unresponsive to my attempts to continue the conversation. "WE WERE ONCE FRIENDS!"

He advances towards me very quickly and thrusts his hand towards my face, showing a pinky ring with an MIT insignia.

"HE GAVE ME THIS RIN—" he stops suddenly, shocked. A horrified look creeps onto his face, and he looks at his pinky as if it might attack him. Slamming his palm onto a nearby pillar, he pulls a marine issue KA-BAR combat knife from his belt, and, in one vicious stab, removes his pinky finger. I am unable to look away from the severed finger twitching on the ground, as if trying to shake the ring off it's bloody stump, until President Reif grabs me with his other hand, steps very close so our noses almost touch and, his features demonic, chokes out, "Fuck Walter Lewin."

Taking one last drag from the cigarette still held in his mangled hand, he picks up his flamethrower and walks away whistling the Mickey Mouse Club theme song. This reporter understands the anger felt towards former professor Lewin, but he hopes that the administration does not burn the Institute down trying to express it.

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# TOP TEN GIFTS FABIO LEFT FOR CAMPUS POLICE IN THE LOCKER (AND THAT REQUIRED SPECIAL CRIME SCENE CLEAN-UP)

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1. The dismembered corpse of Maseeh's dorm culture
2. Missing murals from Burton Conner
3. A Horcrux\* containing a bit of Chris Colombo's soul
4. A Horcrux\*\* containing a bit of Henry Humphreys' soul
5. One month campus supply of Adderall in a pink penis piñata
6. Bong water from LCA
7. Roach Highways from East Campus
8. Romance novel featuring said Fabio on cover
9. Spaghetti. Just tons and tons of fucking spaghetti.
10. One very sticky issue of "Voo Doo Untombed!"

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\*Printouts of all 348,761 ec-discuss threads about DSL

\*\*Keystone from the Bexley arch



**LAUGH  
UNTIL  
YOU  
DIE**

