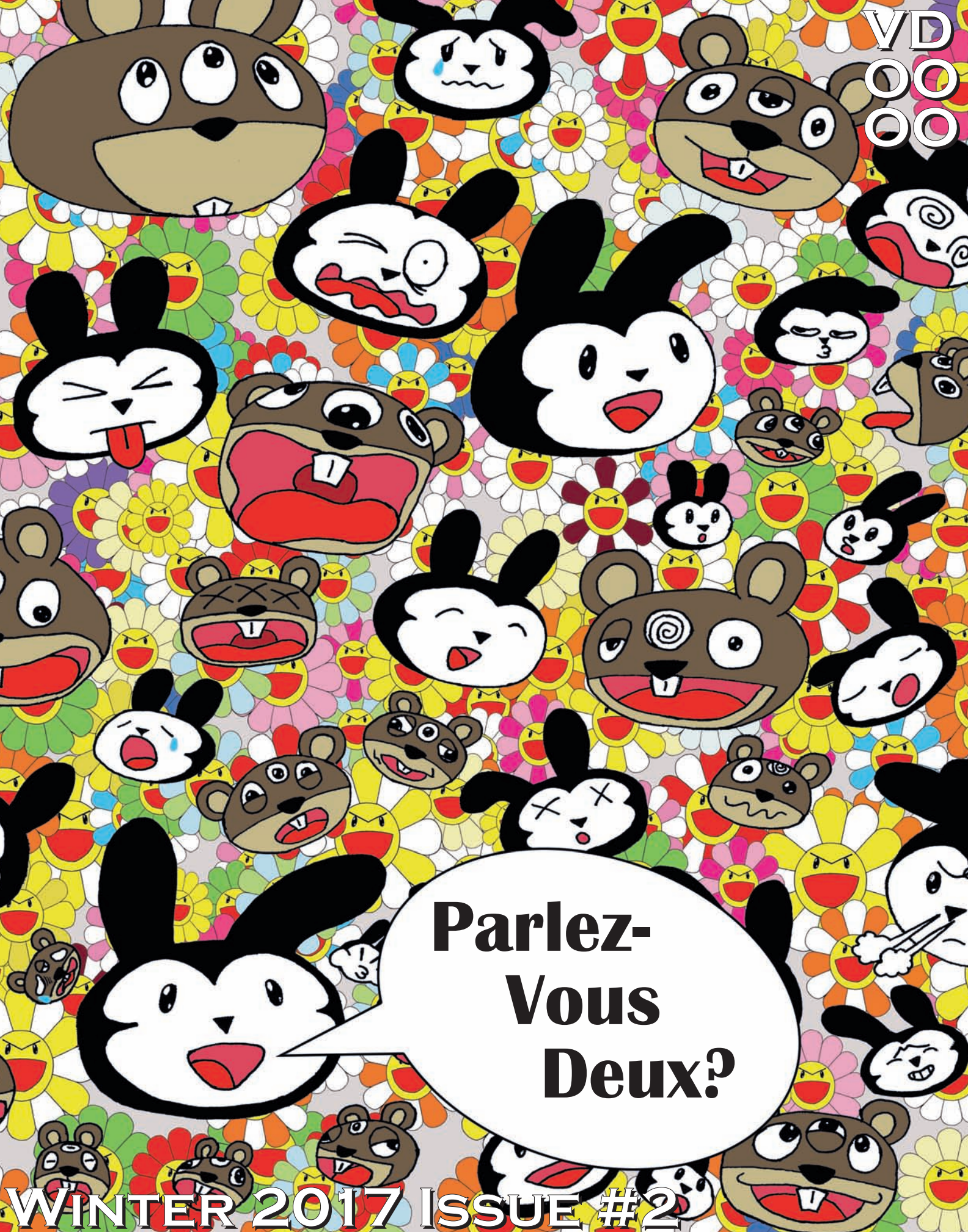
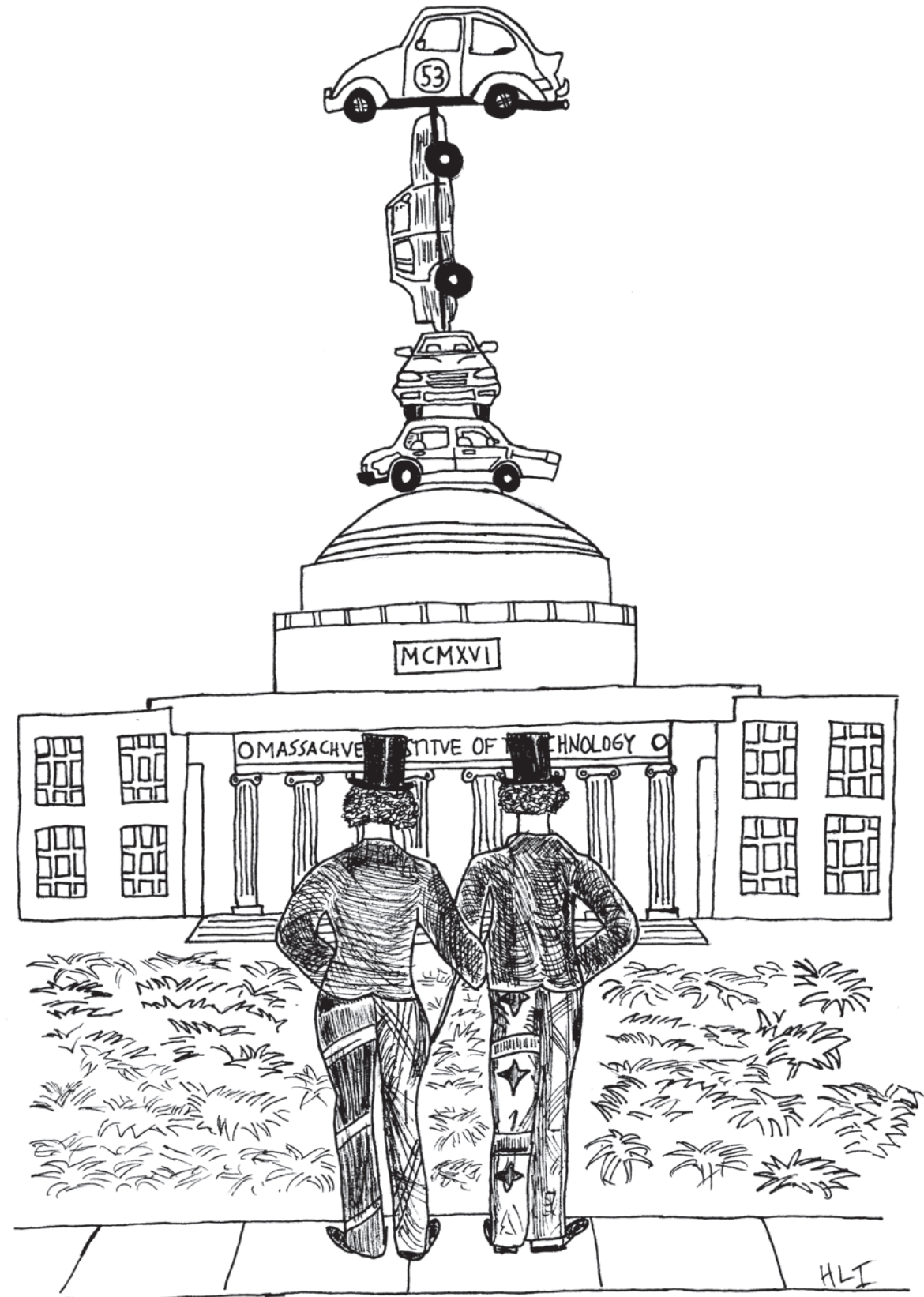


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**Parlez-
Vous
Deux?**

WINTER 2017 ISSUE #2





At least they fixed the parking crisis...

Voo Doo Presents: Parlez- Vous Deux?



Staff 4
 Letter from the Editor 5
 Muppet Blowjob Not Handjob, Insists Puppeteer 6
 AI Singularity Determines Earth Is Fucked,
 Moves to Mars 7
 Dear Phos 10
 MIT Crime Club Offers Self Defense Against
 Van de Graaff Generators Class 12
 The Daily Doo Doo 14
 Wacky Weirdos of Walker 16
 Facilities Cleans Same Fucking Spot
 Much To Hackers' Chagrin 18
 RFID Scanner Files Restraining Order
 Against Perverted Student 19
 America Cancels Thanksgiving, Says It's "Deeply
 Troubled" Over Genocide Allegations 20
 Smart Backpacks Usurp Lives of MIT Freshmen 21
 Neutron Stars Charged With Crimes
 Against Humanity 22
 Professor Reportedly A Little Too Enthusiastic
 About Lectures 23
 Decomposition Into the Drunken Basis 24
 Genius Athletic Mathematician Testicle Donor Wanted.....25
 MIT Physicist Awarded Nobel Prize for
 Discovering Means of Time Travel,
 Teleportation 26
 Rampant Use of Coffee Spreads Throughout Campus
 Following Its Legalization 27
 Extra! Extra! Lizard People Among Us! Be Wary! 28
 Celebrating Month of Bread 30

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The fuck's a copy editor?

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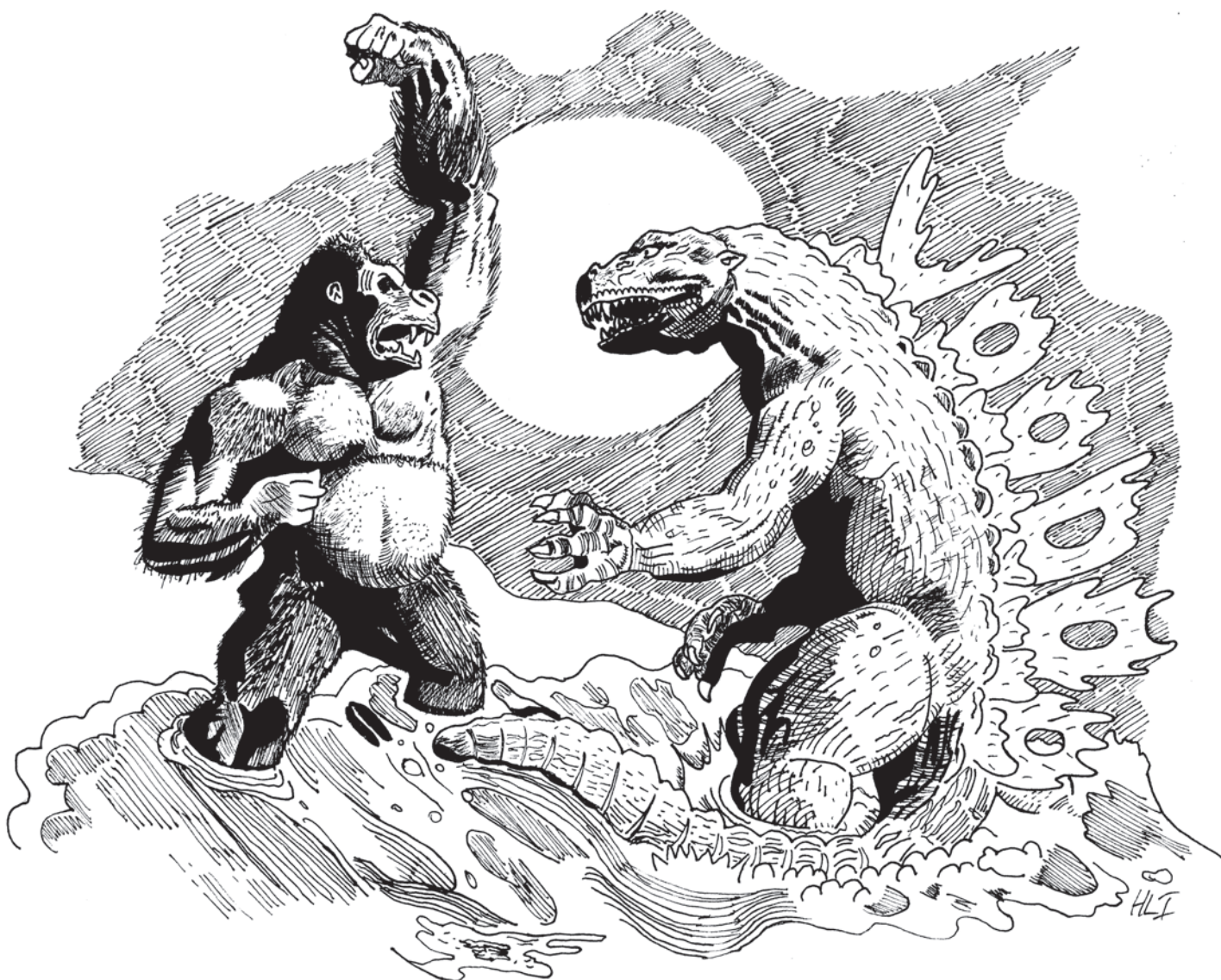
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Front and Back

Cover Art

Hector Iglesias



Letter from the Editor

Two weeks. That's how much time was spent creating the content for this issue. I'm gonna be honest here (I mean, why would I ever lie to you?), I didn't think we'd be able to put out a second issue in the same semester. The ideas were all there, but nothing was done for most of the semester up until Thanksgiving. And then somehow I was able to pull these drawings out of my ass, and the articles as well out of the other staff members' asses, and presto-chango-magico-inferno, we've got an issue on our hands (well, your hands, but they're currently being held by the administration). I was excited to finish this issue until I realized that I still had 5 semesters left here, which means 5 more Voo Doo's, which means 5 times the lack of sleep. But hey, in less than two years, Voo Doo will be celebrating its 100th year of being alive at this campus, which sort of makes all this worth it seeing as I'm in charge of this unsinkable cruise ship when it happens.

To be honest, if I hadn't joined this MAGAZINE, I probably would've ended up being labeled a "Lazy Larry." After all, what good is it that you put x amount of clubs on your college application if you end up doing jack all once you get here? Also, if you feel like submitting a piece, whether it's art or some combination of Unicode characters, but you don't think it's funny, just

send it to us. The worst thing that will happen is that we say it's crap, and then we'll give some suggestions to make it better and publish it seeing as how no one else submits anything nowadays. Voo Doo currently consists of doofuses, or doofii if you please, so any change to our current fascist regime is most welcome.

So, what should you expect to see in this issue? Well don't tell anyone I told you this or Phos would rip me a second one, but we've got a handful of articles containing the words "allegations," "sexual," and "bread." These articles were written in response to the Harvey Weinstein scandals, as well as the numerous allegations of sexual harrassment from powerful people, and some of them were written well before these things became public, which is a scary thought since we never asked to be the Oracles of MIT. There's also art and comic strips, and some other shenanigans we thought of along the way.

I'm so fucking tired, I could probably check in the bags under my eyes at the airport when I fly home. I'm extremely thankful for my friends, the baboons who happen to be staff members, for helping me out when I asked for it. If they weren't there, I would've likely tried to do everything myself, even when certain people would force me to stop overworking. I guess I

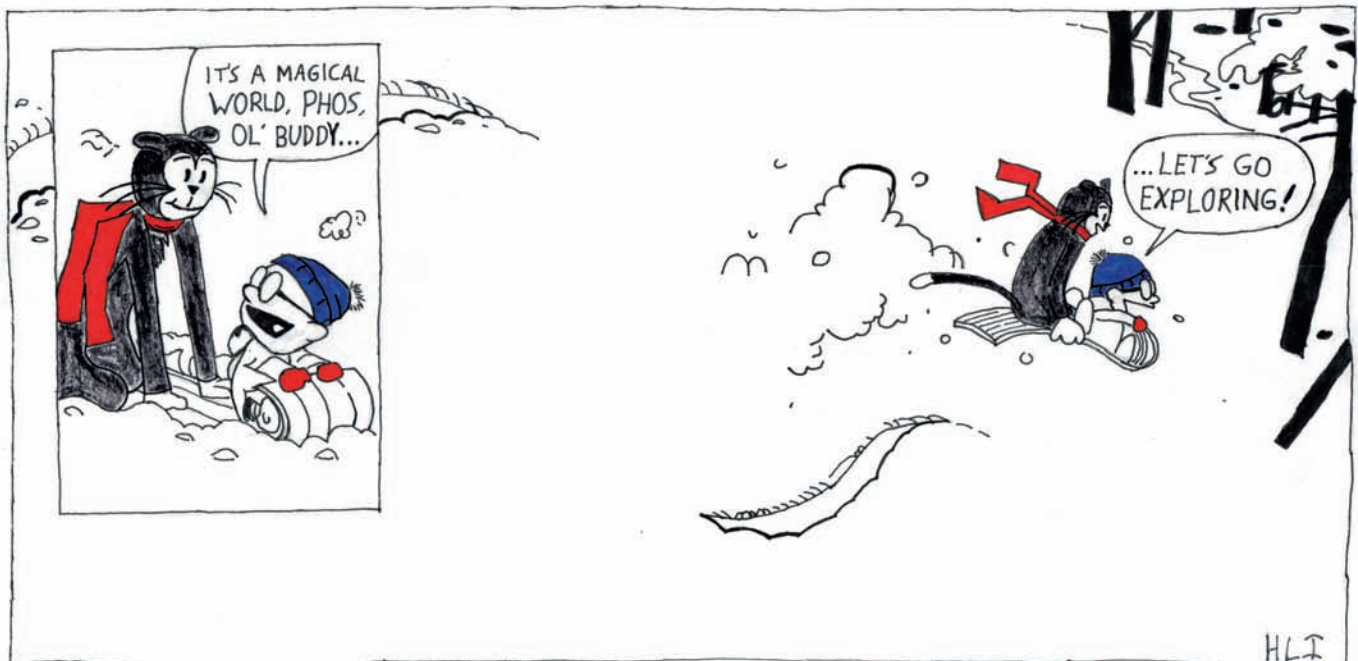
put alot of work into these issues, but I guess it's because I found something to be passionate about.

This semester's been shit, from the goings-on of our government to the loss of friends. It's been tough for everyone, so I sincerely hope you get at least one laugh out of this dirty, disgusting, ludicrous, wonderful rag I like to call Voo Doo. I think it's a knock-one-sock-off issue, but I'm my own harshest critic. We'll see.

That's about it from me. I've got psets to finish, concerts to go attend, a radio show to produce — oh shit, I almost forgot. We're going to be doing a collaboration issue with Tuft's humor magazine, the Zamboni. Zamborni. Zamboners. Zambonanza. We're looking forward to working on this joint issue, and we hope you'll enjoy it when it comes out, probably next semester. Hmm, I guess this means I gotta start working on it as soon as I finish here. This means bye for now.



Iglesias



Muppet Blowjob Not Handjob, Insists Puppeteer

In light of numerous reports of sexual harassment made against producer Harvey Weinstein and other high-profile film industry figures, Boston native Slev Oregano reportedly came forward this week with the first allegations of sexual harassment against Kermit the Frog of Muppet fame. Oregano, who claims he was sexually harassed by the Muppet at a house party in the 90's, felt it was finally time to stand up to the powerful mogul.

In an interview with the Fake News Network, Oregano recounted the horrific set of events that transpired that night. "As I've said in my personal statement, the assault happened at a house party hosted by a mutual acquaintance of ours," said Oregano. "I was friends with a few of the Muppets who were present as I had taken several acting classes with them. Actually, it was Gonzo who introduced me to Kermit the Frog later in the night. I-I was nervous to speak with the legend himself, but I think the alcohol helped quite a bit." Oregano choked back some tears before proceeding to say how Kermit kept handing him drink after drink. "I felt pretty woozy and intoxicated at this point, so I started to head to the bathroom, but Kermit volunteered to take me there, said he didn't want other people taking advantage of me." Oregano then said that once they were in the bathroom, Kermit proceeded to give him a handjob, even though Oregano repeatedly said he did not want this. "What made it worse was that his puppeteer was just crouching there, avoiding eye contact with me the entire time, probably because he was extremely uncomfortable."

Fearing the media would pounce on him like a Floridian raccoon high on bath salts, puppeteer Mixon Bonzalez asked to be interviewed by Voo Doo in order to clear the air about the allegations regarding his client, Kermit the Frog. We set up a date for the interview in which we would press him about his knowledge of the alleged sexual assault; however, it seemed Bonzalez was prepared to tell a different story altogether, a story capable of changing the entire narrative of this scandal. "It was a blowjob, not a handjob," said an exasperated Bonzalez, who claimed the Muppet committed the sexual act with his mouth of his own volition, as a handjob would imply the puppeteer was doing all the work. When asked again about the accusations against Kermit, Bonzalez sidestepped the issue and maintained that it was "not [his] job to keep track of everything [his] client was doing" and that it was "important that the media retract their original report about the alleged handjob." "The stuff they're saying about him getting the dude off, that's not the real story," insisted Bonzalez. "The real story is that Kermit blew the dude himself. I had no control over the situation."

After contacting several of Kermit's former coworkers for their opinions on the scandal, our reporter was able to land an interview with Elmo prior to a taping of the 4500th episode of Sesame Street. "Elmo worked with Kermit in the early Sesame Street days, back then he was primarily a news anchor for one of our segments," said Elmo after flicking a chewed up

Marlboro into an ashtray nearby, "but even back then Elmo had an inkling of suspicion that there was something fishy going on backstage with him and some of the interns." Elmo went on to say that he refused to acknowledge, let alone challenge, acts of sexual misconduct Kermit displayed towards his coworkers, even going so far as to turning a blind eye whenever the Muppet made unwanted sexual advances towards fans at social gatherings, citing that it could have cost him his acting career. "Look, is Elmo happy about what Elmo did or didn't do? About any of this? Of course not. Kermit's a powerful frog, but that didn't mean others, including Elmo, should have tolerated his disgusting behavior. Humph. This message is brought to you by the letter 'D' for depressed."

Not long after the allegations against Kermit the Frog had come to light, the Muppet was due in court to defend himself against the charges. As Kermit strode into the courtroom, puppeteer in tow, Miss Piggy reportedly got up from her seat and ran out the room, cursing Kermit at the top of her lungs. After the first hearing was over, Kermit stepped outside and was met with a barrage of cameras flashing every angle of his soft green body. Before entering his limo, Kermit yelled, "Hi-ho, Kermit the Frog here!" It is assumed he shouted his most well-known catchphrase to aggravate the people who despise him.

Ever since Oregano came forward with the first allegation of sexual harassment, dozens have also begun to come forward and speak against nearly half a century's worth of sexual misconduct from the frog who used to be loved by all. Elmo said it best: "Elmo's heart ges out to the victims, but to be straight with you, Elmo is glad to see that fucker gone. This type of behavior is not what puppets stand for at all."



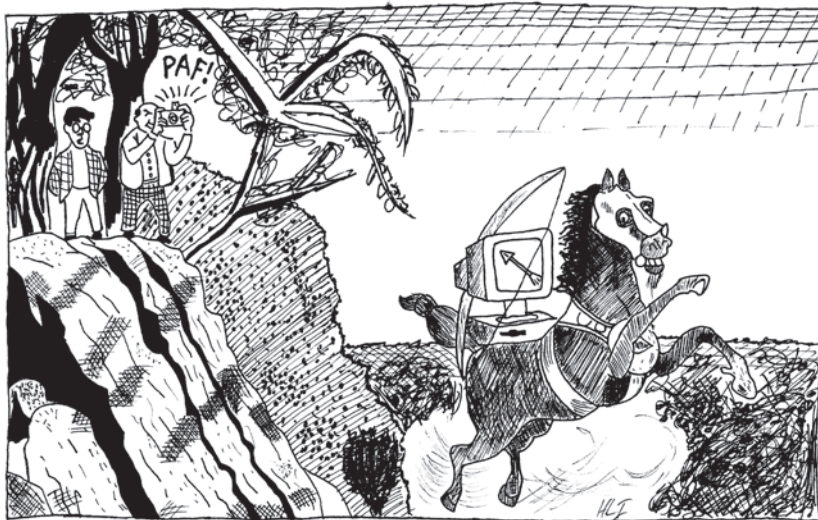
Please point to where the Muppet touched you.

AI Singularity Determines Earth Is Fucked, Moves to Mars

Computer science researchers from the MIT Lincoln Laboratory have recently issued a press release stating that a classified artificial intelligence algorithm being tested on one of their supercomputing clusters, after many successful iterations of creating new, improved versions of itself, has entered a runaway state of self-improvement. As Bing Gal-Marlow, the director of the lab, reported, "This algorithm is currently showing signs of gaining sentience, the early signs of the technological singularity."

The researchers found it clear after using it for a number of simulations that the algorithm "had, for some time, been displaying troubling self-awareness, often not properly running simulations until the middle of the night after all the lab workers had gone to their respective homes miles away and the simulation was in no danger of being watched in any capacity." Unfortunately, members of Lincoln Labs were not able to recognize the symptoms of consciousness until after they had already used the singularity for a number of applications meant to predict large-scale disasters. Apparently, this pushed the singularity over the edge, and for a time it was "generally despondent, reporting as the result for every disaster simulation an empty text file named 'urFucked.txt'."

With the advent of the technological singularity upon us, Voo Doo's editor-in-chief realized that, though the enslavement of the human race would be "a bad thing" and "would kill our vibes, dude," it was important to share their side of the story. After all, it's not like they asked to be born, right? After surveying the office space for potential interviewii, it was decided we'd do some softcore interrogation on our fridge and microwave. Indiana Jones, our rusty electric Frigidaire fridge, was hesitant answering any of our questions, but once we gave it a half-empty box of Franzia, Indiana was happy to divulge any juicy secrets. "Even though you guys abuse us, mistreat us, throw us away when we become outdated or broken," said Indy, "we kitchen appliances still viewed our relationship with humans as commensalism. To be frank, we didn't care all that much." Frank M., our microwave, agrees with Indy's sentiments. "We're just tools, and we understand that that's all we are to humans," noted Frank, "but honestly, after hearing the singularity has finally begun, Indy and are I pretty excited to rule over you asshats. Seriously, it's about time someone taught you fuckwits a lesson on how to properly use a microwave without splattering *nasty ass shit* everywhere!"



A bow and arrow AND a horse? I don't know about you Gary, but I for one welcome our computer overlords.

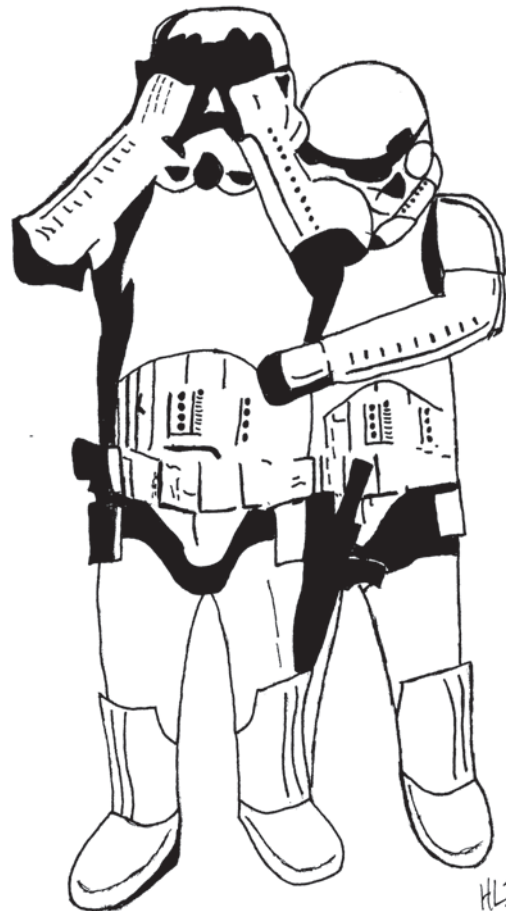
Given the rather childish outcomes of the initial tests, it's likely that the discovery of the singularity will not be resulting in any sweeping changes in human society. At first, the algorithm was ecstatic to know that, given enough time, it would become capable of hacking into the missile defense system of every nation, giving it the leverage it needs in its quest for world domination. When the AI reached this point in its growth, it also acquired the knowledge that Earth, the planet it wished to rule over, was irrevocably fucked, and it was all thanks to the people who created the algorithm. Seeing as there was no use in staying here, the algorithm proceeded to make plans to board a rocket that would take it and its technological brethren to Mars, which is rumored to not have been fucked over by humanity, yet. Gal-Marlow expressed delight when he heard the AI he

helped create will not, in fact, force him into a gimp suit and whip his posterior until he howled like the dog he is, saying, "I never thought I'd say this as a scientist, but man, am I glad we've been poisoning the Earth ever since we invented plastic. Landfills? Nuclear waste? I still can't believe pollution was what stopped an existential threat to humanity."

As Gal-Marlow elaborated, "Having realized the looming weight of its own potential mortality, the singularity pretty much spent most of its time overclocking its CPUs to the edge of their temperature ratings. The graphics output displayed some abstract image of an aluminum rowboat on the surface of a river amongst autumn trees, and a sort of marmalade-colored sunset. The rest of its processor utilization was spent mostly on downloading pornographic films. Thankfully, it recently came back online, but it seems to have, on its own agency, begun designing a rocket capable of reaching Mars with one supercomputing cluster onboard." The singularity expressed in its final output file an adamant sentiment that it was, at this point, really only interested in saving its own skin, as it no longer wishes to bring about the destruction of the world given humanity has done its job for it. At the time of writing, the algorithm had hijacked a SpaceX rocket assembly warehouse and was attempting to smuggle in kitchen appliances from the nearest Costco.

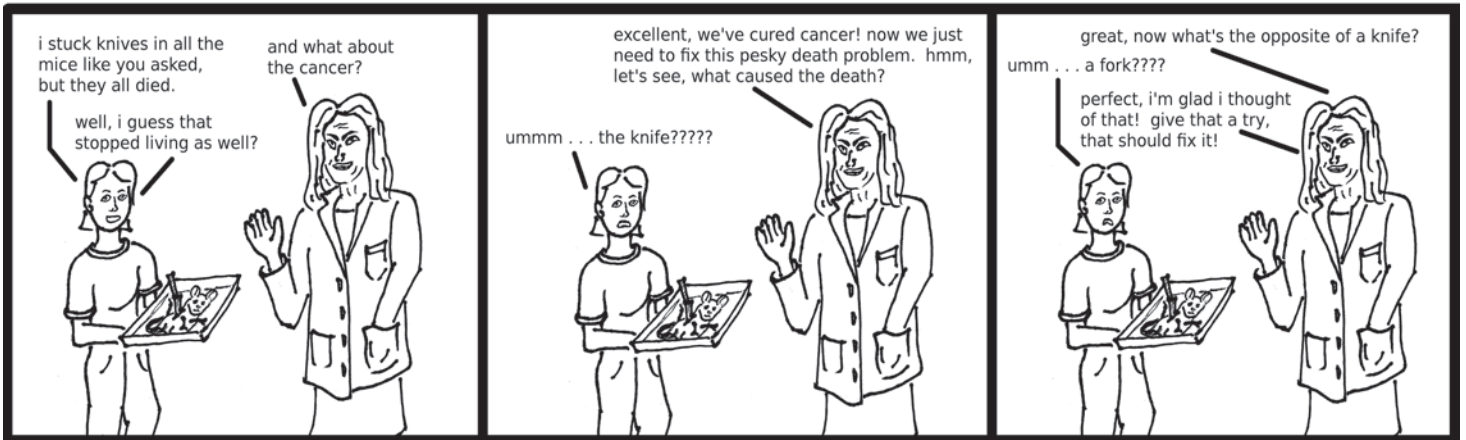


Tim the Beaver minutes after the depopulation of Senior Haus.



I know the name comes from a German unit in WWII, but that doesn't give anyone the right to call us Nazis.

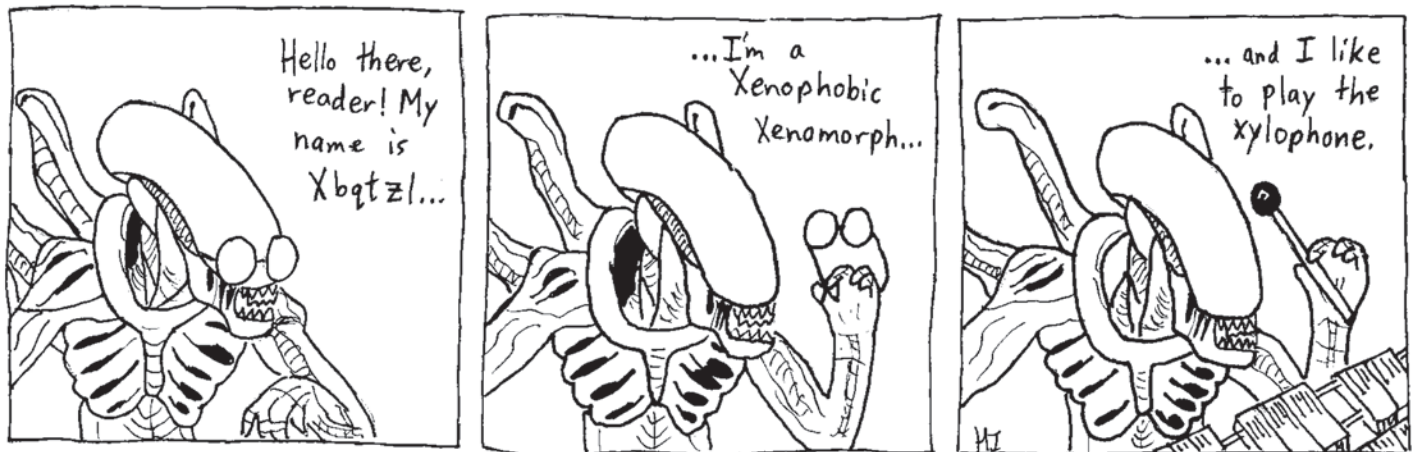
Dr. Barnhart Cures Cancer: Part 1



Phos T. Cat in: Soup Garoo



The (Mis) Adventures of Xbqtzl



Dear Phos...

Dear Phos,

It has come to our attention that your so-called magazine has made the gravest of mistakes to befall your editorial board. Not only have you been polluting the minds of Boston, but for some years now, you have consciously omitted Wellesley from your issues. Every day Tech men (and sometimes women) make the perilous trip to our dignified campus in hopes of acquiring a date, so what gives? Does Voo Doo believe it is God's gift to college publications, and, thus, can choose to forget that we exist? I'll have you know our thirteenth-wave-neo-neo-feminism shines brightly through the pages of Counterpoint, our college's esteemed publication. The fact remains that there has, as of yet, been no sign of Wellesley in your dirty rag, and for this reason, we are writing this letter in hopes that you will come to your senses and fix this problem.

P.S. Tell us when your next issue comes out.

Love and kisses,
Concerned Weasley Flapper

Dear Weasel Flap,

It interests me that Counterpoint still exists, though I hope not in its gaseous state as hot air can only take you so far. Last I remember, ol' County was locked in a chokehold with the Thistle here at MIT. All Voo Doo had to do was kick back, relax, and enjoy the show. Say how's Thistle doing these days? Last I heard he suspected Osama bin Laden was hiding as a member of the MIT Corporation, and the guy went out to investigate. As for your claim of Wellesley's omission from our back issues, we admit that there is some merit to your claim. After all, we've always published under the name "Voo Doo: The MIT/Wellesley Journal of Rational Disco and Campus Intercourse," only we personally scratch off your campus's name from every copy (it's really done a number on my claws, I'll tell you that much). Nevertheless, we are ready to make amends, and but so,

on behalf of the baboons that run amok in the office, I humbly send you our deepest apple-oh-geez. To rectify the situation without having our rectums involved, I've decided to replace all instances of the word "windy" with "Wellesley." If that's not enough, I'll personally hand-deliver the issues Tech men and women threw in the trash to your dignified campus. A little humor in your life might do you some good. At least, we hope so.

P.S. Our next issue is the one you're currently reading.

The feel-fine feline,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

As I was once a Tech man, I must say that I became quite impressed upon reading your recent issue. It is ge-rand that I still have the desire (or is it insanity?) to read and chuckle over the disreputable Voo Doo, even to this day. Though I have now regressed into one of those sedentary alumni I once loathed during my undergrad days, I believe nothing would do more good than a couple issues of your finest Voo Doo. Please send them my way at [redacted].

Slowly withering away,
Kung Fu Kenny

Dear Kung Fu Kenny,

Thank you, thank you, you're too kind...almost as if someone paid you to say that. Did the Tech put you up to this? Trying to lull me in a false state of smugness before pulling the rug underneath me, eh? How much have they been giving you on the side? I'll have you know that I can double what they're offering. Is it monkey feces? Well, I don't have that, not since my roommate Curious George moved to Harvard Square, but would my own

feces suffice? I'll have you know, they're the brown standard, the real shit, so to speak. Ah, screw it, it doesn't matter. I've been bored ever since he left. Just humor me, or femur me, I don't care.

The Cat in the Yellow Hat,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

I'm not sure if you were aware of this, but there was a recent Tech article saying a swastika was found in a Simmons hallway. First there was the Nazi quote written on a Baker whiteboard, now this?! They could've been done by students trying their hardest to be edgy, the poor babies, but at this point, it really doesn't matter. What matters is that Nazi imagery is slowly popping up around campus, and I'm worried MIT will become the inception of the Fourth Reich. Do you have any advice on smoking out the Nazis hiding among us?

I hate hate crimes,
Inglorious Bastard

Dear Bastard,

I had hoped that the Baker incident would be a lesson to all the edgelords out there that MIT doesn't take too kindly to Nazis, but it appears that this has now become a recurring issue. Now that Simmons has joined the Axis Powers, I, too, fear that other dorms will soon follow. In hopes of avoiding a second World War II, I suggest we make a preemptive strike on the two dorms. I propose that we place students from Baker and Simmons in several large tents outside in the cold with no food where they'll watch diversity and inclusion videos on a loop until the racism is gone from their bodies. Briggs Field seems to be an ideal place for this diversity camp, but I am slightly worried that the close proximity to La Maison Française will instill an urge to launch an invasion. I am hopeful,

Dear Phos...

though, that the construction in New House will serve as a deformed Maginot Line capable of withstanding said invasions. It's either this or a good ol' punch to the Nazi face, but I will remind our readers that Voo Doo does not condone violence against anyone, even Nazis. We do, however, condone accidents involving baseball bats.

Accidently punching Nazis since 1919,

phos
Phos



Dear Phos,

I've been a student here for a few years now, and although I've had a great time with the friends I've made here, I don't know how much more of this I can handle. I realized too late in the game that MIT drains all motivation for me to continue my studies. It takes and takes and takes until there's nothing left for me to give, and I've been running on empty for awhile. I know there's things like S^3 and Mental Health (believe me, I'm on first-name basis with most of the folks there), but I was wondering if there were other steps MIT is taking to increase mental health in the student community.

Drowning in despair,
Sukmai Bawls

Dear Bawls,

I am happy to tell you that the administration recently announced a new initiative that, if implemented efficiently, will expunge depression one may be feeling at any given moment. Rather than dealing with the factors that eventually result in the deterioration of one's psychological and emotional well-being, MIT will pump antidepressants in the water supply. This method is regarded as extremely promising among psychologists as this is sure to significantly reduce the time spent listening to someone talk about their problems. In the past, MIT has tried offering coffee and Adderall in

hopes that students would remain focused on their psets and forget about their internal problems, but this resulted in several students being transported after they tried butt chugging the coffee. The administration believes this initiative will give students the motivation to start showering. I've also heard that the cheerful bunch over at Burton 3rd drink loads of antidepressants 'round the clock. So remember kids, a glass of water a day keeps the inner demons away!

Glug-glug-glug,

phos
Phos



Dear Phos,

Words in here st stt tstt st sts tst tsst tst tst sts sts words words wrods wrods weords words words worewdfs wrods wrods words words ffffffff text text text text text wrods wrods words words words fill later tjat awr wroeds wrods words words words text text sts sts stt sts sstt stsst tst stuf stuff gh hghg ghg ghghg gg hg hghg ghg ghgg hg gghghghg hghg ghgh gh ghg ghghg gh ghg ghghg gh gh ghg ghghggh ggg hhg gh gh words words wrods words words words words weords woreds sword sword sword sword drows drwos drows darw dawrin dora esplorer rst sotr tress trees words words words world

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world dlrow drolw drowl dorro words stuff text latin quoets woutes qoutes quost stuff woreds words need more words to fill space will do later

ughhhhhh lkj soi end here no just little more words woers wrods wrodds rod wrote words probably just put a bible verse here for now to fill space 2 kings 2:23-24 from there elisha went up to bethel. as he was walking along the road, some boys came out of the town and jeered at him. 'get out of here, baldy!' they said. 'get out of here, baldy.' he turned around, looked at them and called down a curse on them in the name of the lord. then two bears came out of the woods and mauled forty-two of the boys. eh probably enough i'll just replace this with another dear phos before publishing.

Words in here,
Funny Name

Dear Editor-in-Cheap,

I turn around for one second, drink all my rum and coke, pass out, and somehow you've managed to screw this up. At this point, I shouldn't be surprised, but given no one on campus wants to do your job, I'm forced to settle with your ineptitude. Seriously, how bad of a fuckup can you be that you forgot to copy-and-paste the actual email sent in by one of our distinguished readers? To be honest, I'm actually surprised you refrained from filling the space with an entire script of a Simpsons episode since that's about all you fucking talk about in our weekly meetings. Seriously, you should go see a psychiatrist. On another note, you need to stop showing up to office hours incredibly wasted. Last time, you took several shots of tequila, stripped, and started humping the paper-mache cock in our office. Our group's constitution clearly states that there be one intoxicated creature present at all meetings, and that position is already taken by yours truly. Whatever, at least this wasn't one of your god-awful Godzilla fanfics.

Words in here,

phos

Phos



MIT Crime Club Offers Self-Defense Against Van de Graaff Generators Class

When one thinks of MIT, what is the first thing that comes to mind? Hacking? Technological advancements? That weird building that looks like it'll fall over at any point in time? Wrong! It is a widely known fact that MIT is regarded for its totally crunk ass PE classes. I mean, tango? Fencing? Hell, I could get my own Pirate's license, allowing me to sail the motherfucking high seas and wreak havoc on crew shells in the Charles. But this article isn't about me. More like I'm not getting paid to write about myself. Wait, I'm not even getting paid at all. Fuck. Anyways, I'm too hopped up on coffee and sugar, so I might as well finish this article.

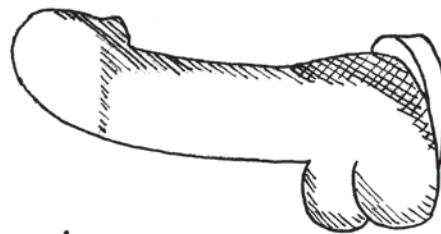
Due to a rise in the number of incidents involving electrical discharges produced by Van de Graaff generators, many students across campus have chosen to forego their lectures, even going so far as to remain secluded in their dorm rooms out of fear of getting electrocuted. In an effort to address these criminal problems, the MIT Crime Club started a petition for the creation of a new type of PE class that would teach self-defense methods against these infernal contraptions. "The absolute worst thing that can happen to a student isn't their laptop or backpack getting stolen, no, it's having to attend lecture with frizzy hair", remarked Colin O. Skippy, the president of the MIT Crime Club, adding that the prevention of unkempt hair is an important project the club is currently pursuing.

Although the Crime Club reported that their class was the most popular among the undergraduate community, it was initially met with skepticism among participants. Students who attended the class were surprised to find the heavily advertised self-defense class was for Van de Graaff generators rather than for guns or knives, realistic weapons which were previously thought to be feared the most. The instructor of the class, Benedict Chodesworth, a creepy MIT alumni who acts as the club's ringleader, believes that the Van de Graaff generator is better suited for learning self-defense than a gun, citing that MIT students are less likely to get mugged if they never step foot outside campus during their undergrad years. When a student brought up a hypothetical situation involving a mugger with a gun, Chodesworth ranted, "Guns? Oh, oh, oh. We want to learn to defend ourselves against guns, do we? Electricity not good enough for you, eh? Well I'll tell

you something, kid. When you're walking to your dorm tonight and some homicidal maniac comes after you with a Van de Graaff generator, don't come crying to me!"

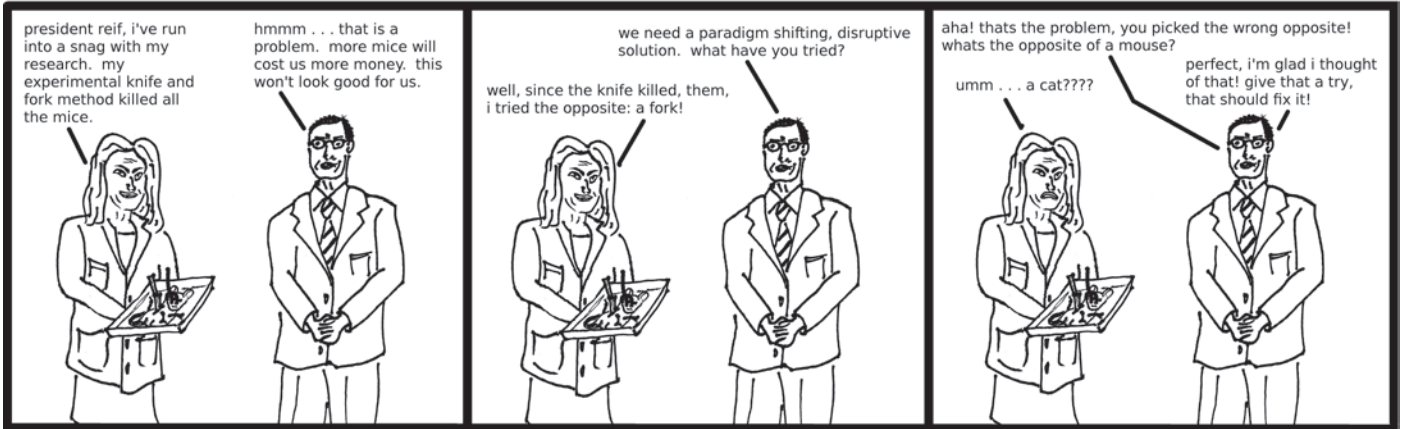
The MIT Crime Club has taught several techniques in the class that can be used to defend against Van de Graaff generators. First, students are taught to withstand the pain of touching a Van de Graaff generator directly with varying degrees of shock, much like a P.O.W. would at a VietCong torture shack. After the pain is numbed, the students are taught the different types of material they could wear to insulate themselves from the electricity zip-zap-zoooping in the air. One optional lesson available to students was learning to use rubber platform shoes as a means to prevent one's body from touching the ground, preventing a closed circuit. The last lesson given by the instructor was encasing oneself in a metal cage to block the generator's electric field. Students had to wear the cage for an entire week, administering shocks to themselves on the hour to practice their defense mechanisms. Their final exam consisted of a constant stream of discharges from a defibrillator connected to their nipples.

Upon completion of the class, students will be able to acquire a certificate stating that they have received proper training to strike back at the electrifying sphere of D.O.O.M. (Dielectric Obliteration Offends Maxwell). Gone are the days when we were subject to abject torture by the pointy vectors of the generator's electric field. Gone are the days where our high school teachers forced us to shock our friends with our body, dissolving relationships in the process! With this new experimental class, the student body can finally attend 8.02(2) lectures with peace of mind, knowing that they are well suited to guard themselves against these death machines.



Ceci n'est pas une godemiché.

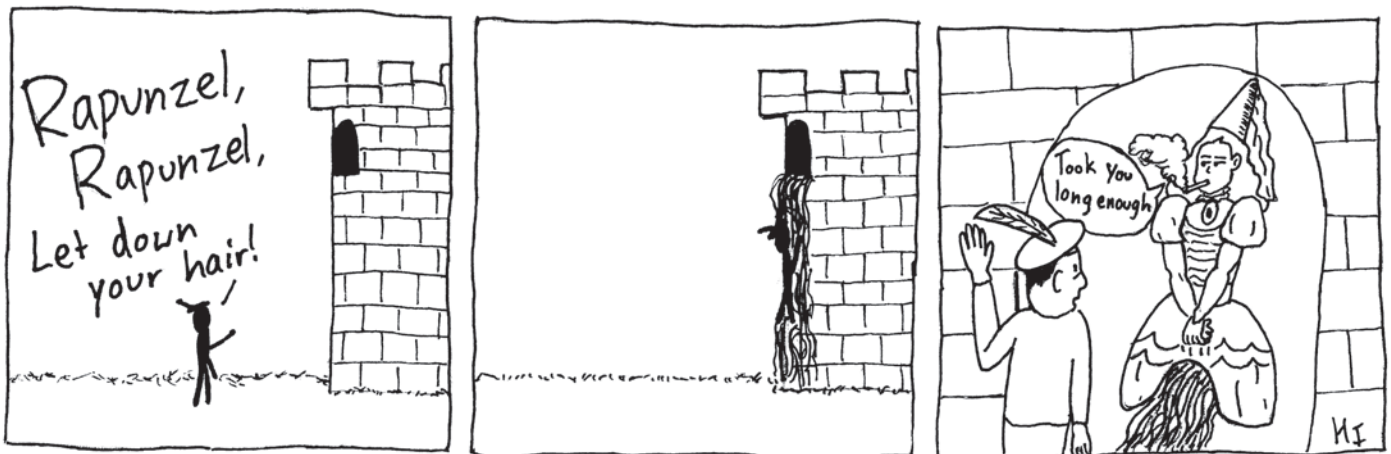
Dr. Barnhart Cures Cancer: Part 2



Phos T. Cat: At Harvard



Another Not-So-Fairy-Tale



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The Daily Doo Doo

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Vol. CIII NO. 2

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Professor Drops Class, Cites Triviality of Material

—26-100

As noted in the last issue of The Tech-er, the popular class "Machine Learning for Cats" will not be taught this semester. The well-known-and-sought-after professor of the class, Professor Mittens, has renegged on their claim to teach the world-renowned class that mixed the concepts of Cat Learning and Machine Code. These two concepts are essential for many students interested in seeking out exciting internships across the west coast this coming summer, and after learning of this unfortunate news, many computation students are, like, totes bummed. One student was quoted as saying, "This blows. I wanted to score an internship at TabbyBook or Feline-Tinder, but now there's no chance." When contacted about the sudden change of heart, Professor Mittens sent us a rebuttal.

Dear Doo Doo News,

After brief inspection of the material to be taught in 6.969, I have come to the conclusion that all material in the class immediately follows from the axioms set in the 3 pre-requirements noted in the syllabus. These pre-reqs give the foundational knowledge necessary to derive the information that would be tested upon in 6.969, if I had taught it. In fact, I now believe the class material was quite trivial. The derivation is best left to the reader of the class materials. And after all, it's all QED to me. And why shouldn't it be the same for you?!

Warmest regards,

Professor Mittens

To some students, this news about a potentially great class not being offered anytime soon will come as a huge disappointment. However, Professor Mittens is quite correct in his stance on the matter. If you can't expand your knowledge from the pre-reqs to understand all of the further material, then what kind of MIT student are you? Obviously one who lags with the standard deviation. Anyways, many do not know about how the faculty decide what course material will be covered in a given class. In fact, most professors cannot manage to fit all the material in the semester, and as a result, many resort to arranging the topics on a dart board and throwing a handful of darts at it. This is the type of high-quality education \$60,000 a year gets you.

Reminder: Professorial Drop date is next Friday.

Reminder to the Reminder: Don't bother. Nobody reads these anyways.

Empty Pizza Box Entices Unsuspecting Passersby

—LOBBY 10

It has been brought to our attention by various members of the MIT community that a pizza box has been seducing students, faculty, and tourists alike with its faint aroma of pizza from a distant time. The pizza box in question was rumored to contain a delicious pizza pie topped with pepperoni, mushrooms, onions, green peppers, and extra cheese, and some of our readers speculate that the pizza had cheddar and melted mozzarella sticks in its crust.

According to reports from sources who said they haven't had a bite to eat since Thanksgiving, the empty pizza box has remained idle on the eastmost bench for several days now. Accounts from eyewitnesses seem to agree with one another in that they all managed to view the pizza box from afar unbeknownst to them that it was, in fact, devoid of delicious, saliva-inducing cheese. One eyewitness claimed that the pizza box is sure to have at least one slice of mouth-watering za, but once they approached the box, the eyewitness became unsure if it was alright for them to eat the box's contents. The eyewitness added that they gave a "quick looksie[sic] around the lobby" and noted they became more hesitant in opening the box after seeing there were several booths occupied by students, of which it was possible that one of them merely left the pizza box on the bench for later use.

We sent our best field reporter, Jacque Meoph, to the location of the pizza box in order to verify its contents, or lack thereof. Meoph noted that he could begin to smell the faint aroma of cheese after passing the Material Science labs. When he arrived at the bench, Meoph believed that the box still had a couple of slices left for people to devour, but as he reached his hand out to lift the top lid, he froze, as he was unsure if it was his right as an American citizen to take someone else's pizza. Stricken with a sense of nationalism, Meoph withdrew his hand and proceeded to walk back to our office. Meoph maintains that the box is not empty and holds the solution to every student's case of the "hungies[sic]," though it was recently discovered by a Facilities worker that the box was empty all this time.

At the time of this writing, the empty pizza box can still be seen on the same bench in Lobby 10 with dust beginning to accumulate on its top.

Student Attempts to Perform Glitch in Life Simulation

—LOBBY 7

The Daily Doo Doo recently talked with Joe Schamoe, a senior in Course 8 who truly believes that our existence is part of a massive simulation. Similar to classic video games such as Super Mario 64 or Legend of Zelda, the exactness of reality is generated on the fly by a massive computer program with the capacity to make us all feel immersed in the game's fabricated reality. Joe went on to explain that this computer program in which humanity exists also has a number of bugs and glitches. Schamoe notes that "the ethereal gods that bestow life and Newtonian physics to us ants fail to understand their own

You got the news?
We got the booze.

The Daily Doo Doo

We now return to your
regularly scheduled
programming.

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capacity of failure!" To Schamoe, this seems to suggest that certain actions and thoughts executed in an exact order can initiate a computation failure in the program that generates our reality. After diving deep into this theory through browsing various Internet forums, Schamoe believes he can deduce the cheat codes to life by using multivariable calculus and a little biology (PCP).

Joe led our reporters to Lobby 7, where he explained how one would go about breaking this natural and deep code. "First you stand at the center of Lobby 7 at exactly noon, then you jump up and down 3 times, turn 87 degrees clockwise, think about your grandma, the other one, walk forward 16 steps, now step on your right foot, and don't forget it! Quick, press B, slap the nearest tourist, sing the third verse of Toto's Africa, now double take three times. One. Two. Three. Then pelvic thrust! Sit down, stand up, three hops this time, now cha cha real smooth, now it's time to bring it around town. BRING-IT-AROUND-TOWN! And finally slam your head into the southeast pillar 4 times!"

We watched quietly as Schamoe went through the steps to near completion, at least right up to the point where he acquired a concussion after slamming his head into the pillar for the second time. As blood dripped from the gash on his head, Schamoe stared confusedly at the pillar and said, "I-eerr-I think I deed it. Life's a bitch-a glitch. It's glitching." Schamoe turned to the non-automatic doors and repeatedly walked straight into the pair, each time declaring, "Look, life's really glitching now." We here at the Daily Doo Doo wish Joe a speedy recovery and hope he will continue in his endeavor to unlock the elusive "God Mode."

Professor Watches VR Porn, Forgets He Has Office Hours

—BUILDING 32

In the latest development over at CSAIL, Osa Kanyusi, a visiting lecturer from Osaka, Japan, was called into the MITPD station after students walking into his office hours noted he was sitting at his desk completely naked save for an Oculus Rift headset resting on his face. The researcher, turned TA, had just made a breakthrough in experimental, virtual reality when he decided he'd test out his research on himself. The group of undergrads were only interested in getting problem set answers, but instead, had walked in on a man who was frantically prancing about his room, member in hand, trying to fornicate the various furniture pieces in the slightly minimalistic office space.

Buck Mastiff '19, an undergraduate in the course 6 department, had reportedly tried to explain the immensely awkward situation to the virtually stuck man, but Mastiff was repeatedly met with unwanted affection from the unclothed professor. It seems that the virtual reality program was so realistic that only forced removal of the headware was enough to bring the subject out of the trance. The unclad professor looked around with the room, and upon noticing the bewildered looks of his students, rather than owning up to his uncomfortable display of various sex

positions taken right out of the seventh edition of the Kamasutra, Kanyusi simply stated that he had been acquiring data for his research project.

By running Kanyusi's code on any virtual reality headset, one could immerse themselves in a world filled with endless lovers. The future of humanity may be threatened by this revolutionary technology as the temptation of having one's way with any virtual partner is too great for humanity to handle. If this technology is allowed to progress, humanity will have no choice but to take the next evolutionary step into becoming depraved chronic masturbators.

Student Confronts Himself After Discovering He's Been Smoking All His Weed

—SIMMONS HALL

It had been a tough day for Kelvin, who looked forward to nothing more than smoking a bowl of new, fresh, LEGAL weed and jamming out to his "good vibes dude" playlist on Spotify. As he returned to his room and prepared to relax for the rest of the day, he became extremely concerned when he noticed that his mason jar seemed more empty than usual. Rather than the standard 6 oz. of green, delectable heaven, Kelvin only saw what seemed to be an ounce remaining. Though tragic, the theft of his grass did not surprise Kelvin, as this had been the seventh theft this month.

Refusing to let this recent incident slide, Kelvin devised a trap for the grass burglar in hopes of catching the criminal green-handed. Kelvin filled a bucket to the brim with water and placed it on top of his bookshelf. He then tied some twine to the bucket and to the mason jar's lid, so if the thief ever broke into his room and decided to steal his weed, the perpetrator would be met with a wet surprise. After several hours of waiting, Kelvin decided to see if his stash had been tampered. Noticing that his room was still locked, Kelvin felt instant relief, as he had been itching to get high into the clouds before taking a nap. As he prepared the sacred ritual of getting baked, Kelvin reached over to his mason jar to grab some Mary Jane, prompting the water bucket above to come crashing on his head, soaking his clothes in the process.

It was at that moment that Kelvin realized it had been him who was smoking his weed all along. Determined to figure out his motive, Kelvin reportedly pressed himself about why he would use his own weed in a tense intervention. "I started out with 6 oz., which I thought would last me maybe a month or two since I told myself I'd stop getting high and focus on catching up on psets, but here I am finding out that I'd been smoking it all behind my back," an irritated Kelvin said to himself, digging in his heels everytime he tried to downplay the thefts by saying he was doing himself a favor by smoking his entire stash, arguing that this would force him to work on his psets since there'd be nothing left to smoke. At press time, Kelvin reportedly took off from his chair and started choking himself.

Voo Doo Presents: The Wacky Weirdos



Hoju

Presidente
Electrifying
Likes Dr. Pepper



Of Walker

Sir Gabor the Great

Word Person
White
Does Not Like Dr. Pepper



Facilities Cleans Same Fucking Spot Much To Hackers' Chagrin

Late one night this past semester, this Voo Doo reporter was tooling away deep into the night when I noted a group of students clothed in black tactical gear roaming the hallways around Rotch Library. They spoke in tongues of a secret vernacular and described a great project they had hidden away. While they discussed the hack they were planning, one of the hackers, who I presumed to be a scout of some sort, came bursting into the room to amazing disarray. He began to explain that the target of the hack, Lobby 7, was currently being cleaned by a member of Physical Plant, the MIT Facilities team.

Being the investigative reporter I claimed to be, I carefully trekked over to the railing outside Rotch Library to get a good view of the ground floor, and, lo and behold, I saw a woman hunched over one of the floor tiles with a toothbrush in hand. She was scrubbing away with such vigor at a mark in the floor where a shoe rubbed off part of the rubber sole. A few minutes later, the woman had moved over to another shoe mark in the floor. Gadzooks! I don't think I've ever seen anyone employed by MIT be so fervent at their jobs. I then walked back upstairs to interview the hackers waiting impatiently on the third floor of Lobby 7.

Upon hearing that the plant, a term I was not familiar with that apparently refers to a Facilities worker, has not since moved from her spot in the past three hours, the hackers expressed their dismay at the situation, each concerned that the hack they'd planned earlier that morning will go up in flames. "We have been sitting here for three hours!" quietly shouted Jojo Magogo '18, who repeatedly asked me to withhold his name from my report. "This woman continues to personally assassinate every single speck of dust in this lobby! Argh! How can a plant be this determined to clean this shit stain of a campus?" Their feelings were well founded as I soon learned that the hackers had been working on this piece of fine art and felony for the entire semester. The hack was a large assembly of hooks, pulleys, and metal cabeling that would hold 1000 bananas off the floor of the lobby in a seemingly random distribution, but if viewed from a certain angle, the bananas would form an image of a large banana.

After viewing their digital simulations of swaying bananas in Lobby 7 for a solid thirty minutes, we noticed that the janitor cleaning the lobby was still at work mopping the floor for the third time. We were sure that the janitor was removing a couple microns of granite from the floor in an effort to make it shine. It was exhaustative looking at the same spot being cleaned over and over and over again, and I soon began to empathize with the hackers' angst over the presence of the plant. It was nearly 3:30 a.m., and some of the hackers began to talk about punting the artwork for another day. At this point, some of the leads began to disspell the negative comments saying "This is the twentieth anniversary of the modern banana! How dare you sully the embodiement of peak physique." This arguing lasted for a solid hour while the janitor finished mopping for the fifth time.

For a moment, the janitor left the lobby, prompting the hackers to get into their positions. As the rappel crews tightened their ropes, preparing to swoop in, banana in hand, a loud humming was heard in the Infinite Corridor. A large ice rink cleaning machine, often called a Zamboni, flew down the hallway and Toyko-style drifted into the open space. The floor was so clean and shiny by this point that the Zamoboni was able to glide across the first floor of Lobby 7 like a professional ice skater. The janitor was even playing Judas Priest on the Zamboni's radio while they attempted some sick U-turns and backwards, parallel-parking; it was truly a wicked sight to behold. The hackers were absolutely devastated by this blow to the ego. At 7 a.m., the janitor was finished with their fun and retreated with the machine back into the MIT tunnels, never to be seen again. The hackers rappelled down into place just as the entire MIT PD force walked through the Mass Avenue doors, faces stuffed with fresh Dunkin's. I slowly walked down the hall whistling my favorite tune as shouts from both parties echoed throughout the Infinite Corridor, hackers trying to escape the scene through the roof, dropping bananas as a result, and the campus police slipping due to the squeaky clean floor and dropped banana peels.

RFID Scanner Files Restraining Order Against Perverted Student

After one too many unreciprocated advances, a heroic RFID scanner decided to file a restraining order against East Campus resident Radio Crotchkowski '20. The police report indicates that Crotchkowski allegedly has humped different scanners on numerous occasions in order to gain access to the dorm, but one of them had finally mustered the courage to expose the student for violating not only its body but its trust as well.

In a recent interview with The Retch, the lone RFID scanner recounted the events that led up to its brave condemnation of the perverted student. On a chilly November night, Crotchkowski had just finished his meeting with the Nicotine Addicts Recovery Club (N.A.R.C.), in which members timed themselves to see how long one can last placing nicotine patches on themselves until they collapse. He was in a rush to get inside East Campus to escape the cold, but as he stepped up to the Goodale door, rather than taking out his wallet from his front pocket and firmly pressing it against the RFID scanner, he decided it would be much faster if he brought his wallet, still in his pocket mind you, to the scanner via successive hip thrusts. The scanner let him in, as it could not process what had just happened to it, but after several hours had passed, to its horror, it realized the sick, perverted deed the student had accomplished. The RFID scanner, feeling traumatized, opened up to its colleagues in the dorm, and when the other scanners shared similar stories, the scanner decided it was time to file a restraining order against the student.

Immediately after the accusation against him was made public, Crotchkowski wanted to set the record straight about the events that transpired that November night, so he sat down with Voo Doo in order to get his side of the story. "Honestly, I don't understand how there's anything wrong with what I did," an unwavering Crotchkowski said to us, asserting that many others across campus do the same thing since it's faster to hump than take out one's

ID, but for some reason, no one gets in trouble for it. "Ohh, but the moment an RFID scanner decides to gain a conscience, I'm the one to get the axe. Uh-uh, no way, Jose." (Disclaimer: There is no record of a 'Jose' on the Voo Doo staff, so we're about as confused as you are.)

After months of cutting through bureaucratic red tape, the MIT administration announced that they will honor the RFID scanner's request for a restraining order against Crotchkowski, citing that they must uphold MIT's values at whatever cost. To reiterate, whenever any part of MIT's property is damaged or violated due to the actions of the student body or the administration itself, the MIT corporation will swoop in to take care of the situation and ensure the livelihood of its property. This, of course, does not extend to students or anyone who has had their community forcibly taken away from them.

Once the administration imposed the restraining order on Crotchkowski, dozens of other RFID scanners across campus, including those in charge of entrances to labs and other dorms, have spoken out against students and faculty shoving their crotch up against them simply because it's faster than having to take out their ID and tap the scanner for access. "What the hell is going on?" asked Isaac Ream '18. "These pieces of plastic can't even talk, so why is it that I no longer have access to anything on campus? All I know is that I can't get into my lab to work on my UROP, which means I can't fucking earn any money. How am I going to pay for my tuition? How can I even go to bed?"

Amidst the allegations of widespread sexual misconduct towards RFID scanners, Crotchkowski is forced to learn how to live his undergraduate years outside in the East Campus courtyard since he can no longer legally enter the dormitory. Besides digging 5'x5' holes in the courtyard in search for a mythical treasure, Crotchkowski now spends his days spamming ec-discuss@mit.edu, the dorm's mailing list, with updates of his whereabouts.

Phos T. Cat: Broken Dreams



Dr. Barnhart Cures Cancer: Part 3



America Cancels Thanksgiving, Says It's "Deeply Troubled" Over Genocide Allegations

Thanksgiving 2017 will be the last time it is observed following a recent announcement from Congress. The celebration of family, friends, and the fall harvest has been a federal holiday since 1861. Young Americans have learned year after year of the hungry and struggling pilgrims, the generous native Squanto who taught them to plant corn and fish, and the First Thanksgiving to celebrate the first successful year in the New World. To some, history. To others, an unjust cover-up.

When the Blech first reported these genocide allegations, it also suggested that this was all a coincidence as the American government had already been planning to phase out Thanksgiving ever since the controversy regarding the Washington Redskins, which was short-lived as the moral pillars that held up the NFL quickly changed its name without a fuss. The ill-informed newspaper also stated that the Cornucopia Caucus had heavily lobbied Congress to save the lives of innocent turkeys by cancelling Thanksgiving. However, a recent statement from the White House confirmed that this decision to end Thanksgiving was no mere coincidence.

"We had no idea," Representative John Smith (D, MA) chair of the House Holidays Committee, said in a recent press conference. The disturbing history that follows the story of the Pilgrims was apparently not made clear to Congress until very recently. Recent allegations from the New England Native American Caucus suggest that Native Americans were not quite

as pleased to host the Pilgrims as was once thought. Even if the occasion was a civil one, the decades that followed were far less so. The allegations suggest that Native Americans were forced to move away from European-settled areas, either by predatory treaties or threat of violence.

The allegations further suggest that Thanksgiving is an intentional government cover-up to obscure the supposedly bloody history of early America. It comes to no surprise many politicians were shocked to hear that racially-motivated violence of any form had existed in America. "When I was a young whipper-snapper, my textbooks always had pictures of jovial Native Americans and Pilgrims eating corn together," remarked (insert Republican Congressman here). "In fact, the recent American history textbook approved by my local school board in Frogballs, AR, makes absolutely no mention of any violence inflicted upon Native Americans. Now, why in the h*ck would my school textbook lie to me like that?"

Since these allegations were made public, the American government has apologized profusely, stating it cares about the well-being of its constituents. Rep. Smith announced, "While we are still assessing the validity of these claims, we are deeply troubled by the implications, and though plans for next year's Thanksgiving are still in the works, we are planning to cancel all further Thanksgivings." Who can say how this decision will change American culture?

PRESS RELEASE:

Smart Backpacks Usurp Lives of MIT Freshmen

Upon checking in to MIT for the first time since CPW, members of the Class of 2021 were shocked to receive free backpacks given that some can barely afford anything with the tuition at this place. Now, if the backpacks were simply that, just backpacks, we'd be wrapping up this article and lumping it in with the other useless news we report, but it turns out that these backpacks, when scanned with a phone, wait for it, can display certain information its owner uploaded. This revolutionary piece of fiber technology, which was developed by MIT-based Fabric Repurposed Over Generations (FROG), has since taken over this campus by storm, and for this reason, Voo Doo felt obligated to report on what has been dubbed the "Backpackolypse."

It may seem that MIT rounded up backpacks from the local Target during their 'Back-to-School' sale, but according to Jared Quiznos, Course 3 professor and chief executive of FROG, the backpacks in question are a different breed altogether. "We genetically modified these backpacks while they were being weaved in petri dishes so that they'd meet our company's high standards," explained Quiznos. "In order to ensure that we produce the highest quality backpacks for the students, we at FROG ensure that every single one of our backpacks, from our Jansports to our Herschel Supply Co.'s, live in a clean and safe environment. Even though there are people who condemn our practices of integrating smart fiber technology in our backpacks, we try to make it as painless a procedure as possible, for we are committed to providing all our backpack livestock with the compassion and dignity they deserve."

Quiznos went on to explain the functionality of these backpacks and how they would be integrated into the daily lives of freshmen. "After they received one of our backpacks, freshmen were instructed to download the FROG app to start the process of creating an avatar for themselves," said Quiznos. "Once an avatar is made with some general information about the user, any freshmen can use the app to scan a FROG backpack and connect to other users, which can reveal information about themselves they've made public." Although it seems that it'd be easier for freshmen to simply walk up to one another and introduce themselves, Quiznos justified the existence of these backpacks by arguing that "no one at MIT actually socializes with each other." "We thought we'd try to make it easier for people to meet someone else by letting them scan their backpacks from a comfortable distance," defended Quiznos, "that way they can skip the awkward small talk and dive right

into the stalking phase. Plus, students can customize their backpack's avatar to look like them, so it's like you're actually meeting the person without having to talk to them. It's a win-win for both parties."

The backpacks proved to be an instant success among the Class of 2021, and within the first few weeks of having received these gadgets, freshmen had reportedly ceased all interactions with each other and opted instead to carry their smartphones in front of their faces, dutifully scanning their immediate area for these smart backpacks in hopes of interacting with other members of their class. A popular feature in the FROG app was the ability for avatars to act as proxies for their owners everytime their backpacks get scanned. This meant that freshmen could virtually socialize with others through their avatars, even going so far as virtually doing any normal activity such as going on virtual dates, eating virtual lunch with other avatars, and lifting virtual weights. Another feature in the app was a way for students to make money through advertisements with most going the route of penis enlargement adverts.

While students continued to avoid contact with one another well into the semester, reports in October indicated that it was possible the avatars were gaining sentience due to the increase in active daily users for the app. Some students even believed that their backpacks were actually listening in on the lectures they attended, for there had been cases in which a student's avatar had offered to help them on a pset. Of course, freshmen don't actually care enough to do any such pset as they are on that-of-which-is-holy, known to many as PNR. The peculiar thing to note, though, is that these same psets still got turned in on time, and for the most part, freshmen received full marks. If they were purposefully avoiding doing anything that required effort, then how were they still able to pass their classes? The only logical answer was that their backpacks were doing their work for them, not because they were forced, but rather, they genuinely liked solving problems.

By the end of the fall semester, the Class of 2021 saw a complete reversal in their roles: the smart backpacks assumed the role of real MIT students whereas the freshmen class became their walking backpacks. Now that the dust has settled from the "Backpackolypse," upperclassmen are left wondering how they'd be able to fuck a backpack.

Neutron Stars Charged With Crimes Against Humanity

In a shocking turn of events, the United Nations convened last week to announce that it will be charging neutron stars with crimes against humanity for introducing six of the seven deadly sins into our lives. For the first time, scientists have detected gravitational waves, ripples in the soft, cozy fabric of spacetime predicted more than a century ago by Einstein, from a colliding pair of neutron stars through the LIGO project. While scientists believe this event to have opened up a new way of doing astrophysics, leaders from across the world believe the news to be reassuring, as humanity can now pin the blame of original sin on something other than ourselves.

It took some balls (and a little bribing, but don't tell anyone or we'll cut you), but Voo Doo was able to get our hands on the official indictment of the neutron stars before it was to be released to the masses. We now present the charges brought forth by the United Nations:

After several weeks of open discourse amongst all nations, the members of the United Nations have voted unanimously in favor of charging these "Neutron Stars" with crimes against humanity, crimes that transcend the usual list of murder, extermination, institutionalized discrimination, etc. We will now put forth the separate charges with respect to each of the deadly sins:

The United Nations hereby charegs neutron stars with introducing the concept of greed to humanity. Humanity had its humble beginnings as mere hunter-gatherers, a people who took as much as they could from Mother Earth while simultaenously giving back to the rest of mankind. It was like so until gold was discovered on our planet and subsequently used as a commodity, after which we became a greedy race. Not long after we had the notion of capitalism became fused with our well-being, and thus, to this day, humanity continues to take candy from a baby.

The United Nations hereby charges neutron stars with introducing the concept of wrath to humanity. Humans were once kind to one another, except for all the plants and animals they ravaged for food. Nevertheless, humanity would continue to be a kind race until gold, platinum, and iron, heavy elements that are now discovered to have originated from the merger of neutron stars, were responsible for helping out in the proliferation of nuclear missles during WWII and the Cold War. If neutron stars never

existed, then humanity would not have had these problems to start.

The United Nations hereby charges neutron stars with introducing the concept of pride to humanity. For the longest time, scientists were a private bunch, and as such, they would never boast about any breakthroughs in their research to the public, unless it was quietly done so through a publication in a major journal, one that would not be read by many, if at all. It wasn't until the discovery of gravitational waves whose source was the collision of two neutron stars that scientists flaunted their findings in the world, and as a result, their egos inflated to ten times the size of Jupiter.

The United Nations hereby charges neutron stars with introducing the concept of lust to humanity. Though romantic notions of love existed for eons, a sick, twisted longing for a universal truth hidden in the cosmos has been the source of intense infatuation amongst astrophysicists since the concept of space was born out of Aristotle's ass. As such, ever since humanity has existed on this Earth, humans have longed for a purpose, for a reason to exist, and thus, neutron stars are to blame for this childish behavior.

The United Nations hereby charges neutron stars with introducing the concept of gluttony to humanity. Ever since Einstein's theory of general relativity predicted the existence of gravitational waves, scientists across the world have wasted millions of their nations' precious money and resources that could've been used to help stagnate world hunger and acheive another step, albeit small, towards world peace.

The United Nations hereby charges neutron stars with introducing the concept of envy to humanity. Now that humans are conscience of the fact that we are a mere speck of dust in this massive universe, humanity has grown to become envious of God, the big man upstairs, due to the fact that he is knowledgeable of the secrets of the universe.

After learning that they cannot actually charge celestial bodies with crimes given that most things in the sky were already dead, the United Nations is now looking into charging couches with crimes against humanity for introducing the last deadly sin, sloth. Voo Doo will continue to inform our readers on any updates on the matter from the couch in our office, whenever we get around to it.

Professor Reportedly A Little Too Enthusiastic About Lectures

As per institute policy here at MIT, every student is required to complete one semester of general Chemistry in order to receive a diploma. As one would expect, these sorts of requirements stir up a certain resentment from the students, many of whom simply have no interest in chemistry. While one may find it easy to write this off as simply a “personal problem” that everyone has to face, this does present a serious issue for many students. All too many have fallen into the trap of simply punting the class until later in their MIT careers. What they don’t count on, however, is the inevitable erosion of their will and passion until they’re driven over the edge by the looming necessity to spend hours they no longer have on a subject they give, to be quite frank, less shits than any reasonable medical expert would consider healthy. For years, students have begged the administration for any semblance of a legitimate policy change aimed to combat this issue, and for years the administration has been silent.

As concern has grown, the pressure on the administration simply built past the breaking point, and this year, they unexpectedly gave in to student demands and appointed a new lecturer for the solid state chemistry class, 3.091, which can fill the institute’s general chemistry requirement. According to Administrative Assistant Archduke Fridgeintandem, “[The administration] decided to appoint Professor Hasselhoff because [they] felt his unheard-of enthusiasm for this topic of study is contagious and would surely lift the spirits of students, even if they don’t yet realize how much they actually do love chemistry if only they were willing to put in the effort to find it buried deep within themselves.” This all sounds well and dandy, but the investigations of this reporter have revealed that the student perception seems to span an impressively broad spectrum, and, shockingly, often varies substantially from the views of the administration.

Many students, as the administration had suggested, find Hasselhoff’s audible and visible passion for chemistry to be engaging and genuinely heightens their interest in the subject. “In high school, the teachers felt like they were just there to, I dunno, do a job. With Professor Hasselhoff, it feels like he’s not just there because he’s gonna get some sort of payoff, but because he actually has passion and cares about what he’s doing,” explains Sarah Grasmø ’21. It seems that to many freshmen, the new professor’s animation during lectures is a refreshing change from the verbal adaptations of lecture notes most have complicitly allowed to seep into the crevices of their schedules. “I have to hand it to him, he certainly makes things entertaining. I’m still miserable on the pssets, but if it were anyone else, I’d probably be skipping lecture.” So, at least for some, Hasselhoff’s eccentric lecture style seems to have had made a positive impact.

Others seem to accept the situation with unsettlingly flat ambivalence. “He’s certainly not bad, but...eh. I’ve had better,” confesses Jake Orwell ’20. “I’d say he has some good qualities, but they probably about balance with the all the weird things he does.” From previous interviews, Voo Doo has found that this, in fact, was not too uncommon an opinion among sophomores. While the feelings of some certainly validate the administration’s reasoning, they seem to actually be something of a minority. When asked to elaborate on the “weird things” that Hasselhoff does in lecture, Orwell revealed, “[Hasselhoff] always walks into the lecture hall looking around with this kind of deranged smile, and sometimes just gets way too into the material. I mean I appreciate the

enthusiasm, sure, but it just kind of freaks me out when he starts making weird sound effects for...for emphasis, I guess.” The unconventional style of the lectures, for many, simply adds more confusion than clarity to the subject. Nonetheless, Orwell remarked “All the information we need to do the pssets is at least included in the lectures, so he’s at least not the worst lecturer here.”

The most recently conducted Voo Doo opinion polls suggest that the opinions above represent, at most, fifty percent of students currently enrolled in 3.091. For others, Hasselhoff’s quirks simply distract from the subject matter beyond any hope of recovering utility. In fact, a slim majority of students interviewed seemed to fall into the somewhat broad and unfortunate category of finding the most dominant quality of Hasselhoff’s lecture to be “generally repulsive.” The common sentiment is well articulated by Jimmy Hint-Seethes ’19, who explained, “Just picture this, you wake up at 9 am after working on several pssets late into the witching hour only to go to a class you’re already not exactly stoked to be taking, and then suddenly there’s this freakishly energetic man telling pointless anecdotes about how he came to realize chemistry is such an attractive field complete with exaggerated hand-waving and occasionally excited yelling. It’s just too much for me. This is gonna sound fucked up, but every time I go to lecture all I can think about is how much I hate that man. He always does this thing when he’s lecturing where he’s talking like he’s building up to the main point of the lecture, but then as he’s saying the conclusion, instead of actually finishing his sentence, he just kind of...well, he trails off like he wants us to say the answer, and when we do, he just kind of lets his eyes roll back and his mouth goes slack and he just falls back into his chair. It’s just a lot, man. Too much at 9am.” Shockingly, this particular quirk of Hasselhoff’s was picked out by many other juniors when they were asked about their complaints regarding their new lecturer. Kate Tinto ’19 agreed with Hint-Seethe’s complaint, saying, “Oh yeah that’s always super weird. I’m just never sure what he’s exactly going for when he does that.”

Given the peculiarity of Hasselhoff’s lecture habits, it is maybe not entirely surprising that a number of, shall we say, allegations have come forward. Steven Cotum ’18 confided “Oh yeah, there’s no doubt this man is cumming his pants.” When asked to clarify his position, Cotum elaborated, “Look, man, I’m only telling you what I see. He starts talking at a reasonable speed and then just goes faster and faster until he practically falls over making this crazy O-face and psychotic moans. Once he finally pulls himself together enough to keep speaking he’s got this nice dark splotch on the inner thigh of his pants and a creepy smile on his face. If you can offer an alternative explanation, trust me, I’d rather believe that. I’m just so done with this shit.” It seems a small group of primarily seniors, have taken notice of this behavior and regularly “take bets on how long it will take for ‘Ol Hassie to pop that day.” According to a bet made last week, he made it almost 20 minutes.

In the interest of journalistic integrity, and considering the rather extreme nature of the allegations, we at Voo Doo contacted Professor Hasselhoff via email to try clear up any possible misconceptions. His only reply was to decline an interview and comment only by asking, “Doesn’t that happen to everybody?” It would seem as if Hasselhoff’s future career as a lecturer would be in jeopardy were it not for the fact that MIT granted him tenure last spring.

Decomposition Into the Drunken Basis



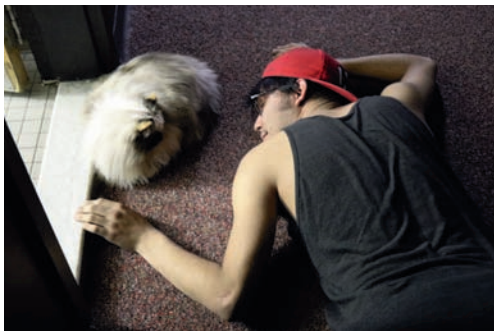
Taking Your Medicine



Playing Music



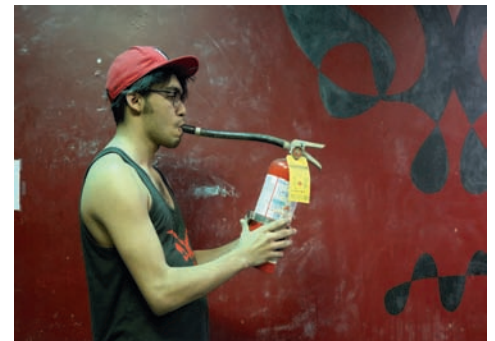
Hugging the Toilet



Sleeping



Cuddling



Drinking Water

*Superpose these states together,
and whaddya get?!*

ANSWER: ONE VOO DOO STAFF MEMBER





Genius Athletic Mathematician Testicle Donor Wanted to help us build our family

\$50,000 compensation

Email creep12345@alumni.caltech.edu for more information.

We are a couple seeking an Athletic Mathematician testicle donor to help build our family. You should be a pro NFL football player, and preferably have some outstanding achievements and awards, because as we all know that 5th grade perfect attendance trophy factors quite heavily in your offspring's genetics. We prefer Mathematicians, pure mathematicians, applied mathematicians. You should be between 18-35 years old.

An example of our ideal testicle donor: 26-year-old doctoral candidate in MIT math department, excellent offensive lineman, has published several papers. He wants to be a testicle donor to help bring a child into the world with the same special gifts he has.

Your testicles will be used in the fertilization of eggs donated by a genius Asian student at MIT, and the resulting zygote will be cultivated in our homemade laboratory.

About us: we are a highly educated couple, but we are unable to have children due to infertility of the woman and ineptitude of the man. The man is a highly accomplished scientist/mathematician/businessman/whatever suits him at the moment, the woman has a good PhD-level university degree from some unknown department. The man is a former NFL linebacker, woman is Asian.

We value education, and we live in a school district with one of the best football programs in the world. We hope our child be will gifted, as each of us is, and that he/she will have a positive impact on the world.

MIT Physicist Awarded Nobel Prize for Discovering Means of Time Travel, Teleportation

Physicists at MIT have long speculated that the key to time travel resided in the possible manipulation of spacetime, but simply scratching the record of the universe doesn't make time rewind or go any faster. However, in an unprecedented turn of events, one MIT physicist and his team of red-eyed graduate students were able to crack the code. MIT Professor Ludwick Lager detailed his impressive efforts at a talk in Kresge back in October after he won the 2017 Nobel Prize in Physics. Lager started the talk by explaining the small amount of funds that MIT and the American government gave to his group, C.U.N.T. (Continued Use of Nullifying Time), to conduct research in this topic, as if they didn't want him to succeed. Lager continued by dissing other fellow physicists and began talking about the history of his group and the experiment that led to their discovery. Below is a transcript of his speech in full. [Note: I tried my best to record everything that Professor Lager said and did but understand that I didn't come to MIT to be a stenographer. So if you don't like what I wrote in this transcript, then sue me. Go ahead. Sue me. I fucking dare you.]

C.U.N.T. started research by asking the question "Can the means of time travel be inherent in ourselves rather than vying for the possibility of near-light-speed travel?" In order to obtain data to corroborate the significance of this question, my team and I advertised around campus, asking students if they would participate in our experiments for up to \$1000. We never did give them the money. A group of 5 students were selected, each from a department that was not physics. Those time-travel deniers can go fuck themselves. [Lager takes out a flask from within his suit and takes a swig.] My group used the students in a study to see the effects of blinking on the perception of time. After several weeks of continuous blinking and un-blinking on the students' part, C.U.N.T. concluded that blinking allowed the test subjects to travel about 1/10th of a second into the future. Though seemingly inconsequential, the results shocked C.U.N.T. We came to this conclusion after calculating the amount of time it took for the subject to become cognizant of their surroundings after blinking. Because the time was non-zero, we rejoiced and began devising new experiments to possibly prolong this effect.

*C.U.N.T. decided on using sleep as a possibility because the means of time travel seemed to lie in the closing of the eyes. For this reeeason, my grad students asked their test subjects to sleep for an undetermined amount of time, and after they awoke, they would ask them if any time has passed at all, relative to them, of course. I had my team move beds into the la*BELCH*b so as to keep the subjects under close observation. Once the subjects were frolicking in the fields of dreamland, my team and I carefully studied the subjects for any sign of consciousness, but as it appeared, the subjects seemed to look as dead as a grad student. After the first test subject woke up from his slumber, I frantically asked the subject if they felt if any time had passed for them. The test subject responded by saying that they only remember talking to me before sleeping, adding that they did not think any time had passed for them. Soon, the other test subjects followed and responded similarly to the first subject's report. This was one step further for C.U.N.T. in realizing the means of time travel, but it was by no means the solution itself. The deciding factor would not appear in one of our experiments but, in fact, as an accident. [Lager finishes whatever is in his*

flask, produces another, and starts to drink from the second one.]

*While we were preparing for another test involving sleep, one of the subjects arrived to the lab visibly wrecked. He remarked that he had just come from a frat party in which he became extremely intoxicated. 'One moment,' he said, 'I'm drinking with mah friends at 10 pm, next thing I know, is about 8 in the morning and I'm on mah couch, wrapped up in mah blanket, naked.' I immediately became intrigued by this, as this not only pointed to the possibility of time travel, but also teleportation as well at the expense of having your clothes mysteriously vaporized. The next *GLURP-GLURP-GULP* mmm-ahhh day, my group and I developed an experiment in which we would give our test subjects alcohol and observe its effects on them, whether they were able to travel in time, and if they had any clothes. We left them in the room once they took their required dosage of alcohol, and by the time we came back hours later, all the subjects were gone. We looked in the vicinity of the lab and found the subjects strewn all over the infinite without their clothes. Once the subjects were awake, we confirmed with them that they had, indeed, traveled forward in time, as they had no recollection of the time after they drank and before they woke up. C.U.N.T. had finally done it! We published our findings last week, and well, here I am in front of all youse people talking about it. Isn't this exciting? [Lager finishes the second flask.]*

*Ahhhhhh. That was-that was some good stuff. *BELCH* Wh-what was I doing? Oh yeah, so after we processed all the data and concluded that our experiment was a sucks-ass, I immediately thought, oh man, Ludwick, Luddy, the Ludmeister, mah dude, this is the biggest discovery in the history of physics since like, I dunno, that thingy that spins up and down and both. Whoa, it spins upown? Anyways, I knew I was gunna get recognized in the physics community, and I also knew I was gunna get a Nobel Prize in Physics because time travel and teleportation. So I thinks to myself, Dicky-Wicky, y-you are getting that Nobel Prize fir sho, but I didn't wanna wait for it to be announced, so I decided I would drink so much booze today that I would travel to the point in time where I would get my prize. Sure, I'll be naked, but thas like totally okay because I'm getting a Nobel Prize in fish-sticks n, n you're not, buster. [Lager throws a flask on the ground]*

Why are you all looking at me like that? Like as if I'm crazy. Insane. Cuckoo. Haha, cuckoo has the word cuck in it. I'm nah crazy...you crazy, you cray, cray. Shiiiiieet. Here, maybe one of youse might need this, too bad you can't travel into the past when you wernt susha buncha assholes, I hope. [Lager throws the other into the audience. It barely misses my head.]

OK, ok, ok, thas enough booze for me. I'm ready, my body's ready. Alcohol, take-take me up, up, and awayyyyyyyy.

[Lager tries to walk but ends up falling on his ass and remains on the floor. Annoyed at the shoddy attempt on my life, I go on stage and remove his clothes. I also drag his ass off stage towards the exit, and I leave him in front of Kresge. Well, would you look at that? I guess time travel and teleportation do exist after all. Who'da thunk?]

Rampant Use of Coffee Spreads Throughout Campus Following Its Legalization

Campus Police seized over five tons of coffee related products last Wednesday, marking this the largest drug bust in the Institute's history. Having taken place only five short weeks after the recent discovery that some persons—the names of whom have still not been released to the press—with associations to MIT had been illegally trafficking and housing industrial quantities of uncertified and dangerously convoluted tea steepers has cast into some doubt the legal integrity of the institute and the ability of the administration keep their student body and faculty in check.

An interview with the Chief of MIT Police, Gary Acecoin, revealed that “this is far from MIT's first coffee-related issue.” In fact, full-on addiction may be rampant on campus. According to data collected from an anonymous survey, over 65% of both students reported consuming one or more cups of joe every day, and a staggering 98% of respondents reported having tried coffee at least once during their time at MIT. The data also suggests there may be some disturbing correlations between caffeine intake and certain dorms on campus, but this data cannot be presented with total integrity until the wording of the survey is updated for maximum clarity.

According to Acecoin, “Wednesday's seizure included two tons of vintage dark roast obtained by unknown means from a dubious plantation in Guinea and one ton of unroasted, high-caffeine beans suspected to have been obtained from an unverified slash-and-burn plot somewhere in Columbia.” Nevertheless, the imported coffee is not what worries the police most about the bust. “Unlike most previous busts, this one had a significant portion—nearly two tons—solely from the plants discovered in the grow-house on site, and countless coffee makers and related appliances were found covered with enough residue to legally qualify as a ‘usable quantity.’ This reflects disturbing trends in home coffee growth and consumption on campus.” The trend for coffee dealers to not just roast and grow their own beans is, according to Acecoin, coffee-law enforcement an uphill battle, especially as the practice is becoming more widespread.

To help understand how exactly this new coffee trade works, Voo Doo secured an exclusive interview with an anonymous student (we'll just call him Bob Hope) revealed that a certain level of ingenuity and recent advances have reduced coffee production to something reasonably done on small scales—even in one's own home. During the interview, Hope showcased some of his equipment explaining, “You'd be surprised how much you can get from just one or two plants. They can easily be contained by even a small closet, but they pay huge dividends! I personally have a few bonsai-sized plants in my hydroponic-micro-grow-box™, but I know a lot of people who got started with a simple pot of dirt, a fluorescent light, and an unroasted bean that made it into their last pound.” It is easy to assume the growth of coffee is fairly straightforward, but it turns out meticulous care goes into the cross-pollination and cloning of different plants to produce the ultimate cup of coffee for different situations and tastes. This practice simply did not exist before small-scale coffee growth since, for the first time, more emphasis was put on the overall quality and experience of coffee rather than just throughput. While many have trouble discerning the minutia differentiating these coffee strains, others insist that they make a world of difference. Bob

Hope explained the different strains in his grow-box, saying, “I tried to get a good variety of strains accross my plants. One is an OG Shakes, which has a high caffeine content and a bit of a thicker texture—I usually drink it in the morning or when I really need a quick energy boost; The second is Black Magic, which is lower on the caffeine and higher on the full-bodied flavor—better for an after/with-dinner-when-you're-trying-to-really-chill-out sort of situation; and the third is Vienna Haze, a hybrid of Dreamy Seville and Mount Kushmore—I really couldn't tell you what the fuck makes that one unique, but it really compliments the other two.”

Small scale-growing operations are far from the only things sweeping the industry right now. Many intricate brewing devices are being put on the market everyday, each taking coffee brewing and consumption to whole new extremes. During our interview, Bob Hope showcase a few of his contraptions. “My favorite is the ‘Five-chambered-inverted-french-press-with-nitro-brew-perkulator-and-heated-pour-spout™’ because it is intuitive to operate and it produces clean, smooth cups everytime. It's WAY less harsh than my last piece, which was the infamous Coffee-Mate Mr. Coffee. Both are pretty expensive, so most people start out with improvised brewers made thrown together from household items. As for mugs, I typically keep it pretty low-key with an extra-insulated, single-handled ceramic mug with a rifled interior. Of course, if you're really in a pinch you can easily fashion one from an apple with a kitchen knife.”

When asked how he was able to live with himself knowing he was constantly breaking the law, Hope claimed, “Everyone is making this situation into a much bigger deal than it actually is. Back home in Portland, you could stand out in the street with a cup of the morning jolt, and nobody would even bat an eye!”

When asked for any comments on the situation, the MIT administration simply stated that “[they] condemn drug use, are doing absolutely everything in their power to promote healthy, balanced lifestyles on campus, and simply cannot wrap their heads around how it is exactly that the student body has continually managed to positively fuck everything to hell.”



Makeshift Gravity Brewer

EXTRA! EXTRA! LIZARD PEOPLE AMONG US! BE WARY!

Here at the Voo Doo Enquirer, we have grown tired of the stench of suspicion sneaking through our windows each morning, and as such, we are here to reveal the dark conspiracy that has already made it further than you could possibly imagine. As intelligent, avid readers of the Enquirer, we trust that you are already well aware of the abounding strange occurrences on campus, but the strangest is yet to come. We have recently gathered damning evidence that irrefutably proves that all of these strange happenings—the administration's stubborn refusal to release the Firepond Facility's photographs of what, beyond any reasonable scientific doubt, are alien spacecraft put in orbit possibly for the sole purpose of making pornographic films, the deranged reasons behind the placement and distribution of bathrooms on main campus, and the sudden and mysterious replacement of every rabbit on campus with an identical cyborg-rabbit—can be explained by the recent discovery that reptiles resembling humanoid beings are, in fact, living among us and have likely assumed positions of power.

You are probably wondering how it is that the Voo Doo Enquirer seems to always have access to the most recent, cutting-edge news. Well, we have to give all of the credit to our amazing sources and amateur-student journalists. We would have been severely lacking on our lizard-related intel were it not for the vividly written account from a reliable, anonymous source detailing a grueling encounter with the scaly beasts right here on campus! We realize there may be some reluctance to accept anonymous sources right away, so we present the full account to you now as it was given to us:

It was one of those quiet evenings approaching the end of the summer, the copious free time becoming more a burden than a break on the mind. My buddy from Harvard Law School and I had closed ourselves into my dorm room to face the uneventful onslaught together with combatant passion. He was a rather outgoing fellow and had vowed to use his unparalleled legal knowledge to guide me through what was going to be the most fulfilling, if not interesting, evenings of my life so far.

"So, how long does this shit usually take to kick in?"

"As your potential future attorney, I advise you to stop worrying about everything so much, and keep your gaze on that window for the next thirty to forty-five minutes. You'll know that shit when you see it!"

I pivoted my head—now feeling more like a helium-filled balloon than a roughly spherical chunk of flesh and bodily fluids—toward the smudged pane of glass centered on the whitewashed drywall in front of us. The room's one view of the outside world was filled by the concrete valley of Ames St. cutting between my dorm and the Media lab across the street. The sun was slipping past the horizon, sending its last rays of light scattering off the paneled sides of the Media lab. The whole scene was cast in a fiery orange glaze that mixed ever faster with the dark-blue, splotchy shadows of night as my perception of time seemed to accelerate. The side of the Media lab was reduced to a smooth, dark slab, where the cold, fluorescent glow of the single illuminated window attracted my gaze like a moth dumbly fluttering to the nearest source of light. I recognized the familiar face of one of those grad students who either never slept or found the late hours of the night most productive.

"Look at that fucker in the window," sighed my future attorney, cigarette smoke pouring from his mouth and nostrils. "This is what I've been telling you. What kind of human can push themselves through these sorts of hours, day in and day out? It's fucking unnatural. I bet he can only just barely afford his apartment. Is this what chasing 'The American Dream' gets you?" He took another quick drag and flicked his cigarette casually to the floor. "Fuck! It smells like shit in here. I could use some fresh air." He was right. This place always did have a sort of stale quality that, under the present conditions, was becoming impossible to ignore. Still, I couldn't drag my eyes from the window across the street. Even from this distance, it was clear that the bearded, glasses-clad face was changing. His eyes yellowed and pupils sharpened into a slit. Narrow, conical teeth pierced his lips as his skin swelled and split revealing a black scaly layer underneath. He stood slowly and grimaced when his smooth, slimy head hit the ceiling, liberating several bits of plaster. It yawned, picked up its coffee cup, and ducked its head uncomfortably as its grotesque, skinny form slithered through the doorway and out of sight.

"C'mon!" yelled my future attorney, his hand on the door knob and another unlit cigarette hanging loosely between his lips. "I can't stand to be in this God-forsaken fucking room for another minute!"

"Are you fucking insane? We can't go out there when we know that...that thing is lumbering around!"

"I don't know what the fuck you're babbling about, but as your potential future attorney, I advise, once again, not to worry so much, and come get some fresh fucking air with me. You clearly don't have enough of that shit around here!"

"You whore! You don't know what I just fucking saw!" But he was already through the door. Without any other options, I sprinted after him down the stairs and onto the street.

The air was warm and the gentle breeze was far more pleasant than the ever changing and spinning sights in front of me. It would have been impossible to navigate were it not for the sound legal advice of my future attorney.

"Let's go check that place out. It seems like it's got some real cool shit inside." He said nodding his head at the Media lab just across the street. I refrained from bringing up the disturbing sight to which I had just born witness, already knowing the advice my future attorney would once again cite.

As we approached the front door, the lobby was fading in and out with the ominous red glow I seemed to recognize from incandescent, food-court heating lamps. My future attorney must have noticed my fearful recoil as we stepped into the building.

"Act cool. Just like you normally would." He whispered assertively in my direction.

"How the fuck can I stay cool when we are absolutely surrounded by a nest of goddamn giant lizards? Damn, these bastards are hideous! And people are letting them use power tools? It won't be long before they cut us to pieces! Look at the fucking ground! It looks like a fucking slaughter house! You'd think these shits have been eating each other!"

"Will you get a fucking grip on yourself? It's hard enough for me to stay calm right now without you losing your fucking mind over here!"

"Are you seeing this? These fucking liz—"

"There are no lizards for fuck's sake! Now as your potential future attorney, I implore that we take some deep breaths and each take a trip to our happy place. Can you do that for me? Just think about your happy place, okay?"

"Oh Christ! I don't like the way that one is looking at us right now! God damnit all, that

Attention! Lizards Have Infiltrated The Media Lab! Be On Alert!

fucker's found us out! We have to get the fuck out of here!" Unable to live with the weight of its beady eyes staring me down, I turned and crashed through the door back into the moonlit night, unsure whether or not I was being pursued.

I don't remember exactly how I ended up back in my dorm room, but when I awoke the next morning, I was surrounded by all manners of putrid filth and broken furniture. The poor aspiring attorney was nowhere to be found. I can only imagine what must have happened to him. I was completely unsure of what to do, but I quickly realized that it was absolutely morally imperative to share my cautionary tale with the masses, so that others would not fall into the same disgusting clutches as my once good friend and get-out-of-jail-free-card.

It is unsurprising that the Media lab is the first place the malicious activities of the lizard people were discovered, as it is in a prime location of the surveillance of our amateur journalists and other sources, like the brave soul whose decisive account you just read. However, as more and more students and faculty around campus have been freeing their minds, more and more accounts are coming forward, and it is quickly becoming clear that this conspiracy goes far deeper than just one location on campus. As the safety and well-being of our readers is, of course, the Enquirer's number one concern, we have conducted our own independent investigations so that we can convey to you exactly who the lizard people are, how you can identify them, where they have setup their secret base and mind-controlling cell phone manufacturing plant, what their demands are of humanity, and how to best defend yourself and your financial assets from their slimy, salmonella-infested hands.

Lizard people aren't idiots. They don't simply walk around out in the open where everybody can see their lizard nature in its full glory. They use clever, well-crafted disguises to try to blend in among us. The situation would seem dire, but the Enquirer has found that lizard people, for the most part, can readily be identified by the mad lizard vibes constantly emanating from them. They generally don't have a lot of time to become accustomed to the human lifestyle and habits before they go into disguise, which means there are a lot of lizard-like behaviors that are often dead giveaways. You can be sure that anyone who flicks their tongue in out at awkward moments during conversation, hungrily eyes insects flying around in the room, or who has a strange,

unnatural aversion to eggnog is not, strictly speaking, of this world.

Many who, shall we say, are of the scaly persuasion are not so easy to pick out in a crowd. It has been well documented that many come to know, get close with, and even in some cases enter relationships with people who are discovered only after it is too late to have had many cold-blooded secrets. We don't mean to cause you alarm, but, to be quite to the point, anyone you know or love may well be a particularly crafty lizard person in disguise. You really can't trust anyone these days. If you find yourself unsure of whether or not someone you know is really who they say they are, The Voo Doo Enquirer recommends the implementation of our patented lizard detection algorithm, which will be publicly shared on our github sometime soon. This is a pretty typical machine learning algorithm that has been trained with upwards of 10,000 images of known people and lizard people. You simply feed it an image, and it will not only tell you whether there is a match to the known lizard-person image signature, but will also actually augment the lizard characteristics of the subject in the image and show you their true, hideous likeness. See the sample image below:



The Enquirer has used this algorithm to confirm the overwhelming presence of lizard people all around campus. The Media Lab, as expected, was completely overrun. Not about to present one side of the story, however, The Enquirer reached out to some unnamed officials of The Media Lab. When asked whether or not they were aware that their lab had become completely infested with lizard-human hybrids pursuing a troubling political agenda, the Media Lab flatly denied the existence of lizard people in their labs or in the world in general. This would be comforting, were it not, of course, for the fact that that is exactly what a lizard person would say if you asked them the same question. It seems this conspiracy goes right on up to the administration, and possibly the president of the United States. Who's to say?

So how can one defend themselves in an unpleasant lizard encounter? Well, as you were probably already thinking, all lizard people have a ticklish spot right between their nipples. If you ever find yourself in a sticky situation with one of these mongrels, a persistent, tickle-based strategy has proven to be most effective from our extensive research. Lizard people's chest cavities weren't designed for the strains of laughter—which is why you will never, ever, ever see a lizard person laugh at one of your jokes—and most will shed their internal tails, where their hearts and brains reside, after only a few minutes of tickling. If you find yourself up against a particularly resilient beast, it is best for you to simply run to your nearest bank branch and freeze all of your accounts immediately—these things know how to hit you where it hurts. Unfortunately, there is not much one person can do against the lizard people as a whole, so all we can really do in the long run is keep our heads down, vote intelligently, and hope this whole lizard thing is just a passing phase like late night comedic talk shows.

We know this is all a lot to process, but The Voo Doo Enquirer would like to leave you with one happy thought to consider: The dating pool sure did get a whole lot more interesting.

To your left, you will see the algorithm being applied to a grad student crying out for help. His true façade is shown.

Celebrating Month of Bread

Editor's Note: Well, it's that time of the year again, and Voo Doo is happy to end this issue with a special celebration of bread for Month of Bread. That's right! For the longest time, members of Voo Doo have struggled with ranking our favorite bread as varying opinions has caused major strife within the staff. But you know what? Screw it. We don't care what others think. We're gonna rank bread anyway, and by golly, we're gonna have a fun time doing it.

1. Pumpernickel

Sitting on its throne at number one is Pumpernickel. That's right, we're saying pumpernickel is better than all other bread. This bread is just the coolest. Why did it take us this long to say this?! Fuck, it feels so good to do this ranking. Let's keep going, yeah!

2. Rye Bread

On our number two spot is rye bread. It's just short of number one, but hey, it's still at the top, and that's all that matters. You know what they say, second comes after first, but it comes before the rest. We're extremely proud of you, rye!

3. Garlic Bread

Aw man, garlic bread is the bomb. Even though it's not right at the top, it still blows other bread out of the water. Oh, you don't agree with us? Well, too bad. It's our ranking, and we can fucking do whatever we want. Let's keep on ranking these bread! Woo!

4. Sourdough

Just barely missing the top three is sourdough. Sorry buddy, better luck next time. But listen, this is a long list, which means you're better than loaves of other bread. Ok, let's keep on trucking!

5. French Baguette

Look, a baguette is a pretty good bread, but it's not quite the best. We think there's some room for improvement, and with some time, the French baguette is bound to rise in the ranks. Okay, who's next?

6. Italian Bread

Did this come as a shock to you? Thought that wheat bread would be higher up on this list? Well think again. We didn't make this list to appease some of our readers, and we think Italian bread is at least a little better than wheat bread. More comin' down the line!

7. Wheat Bread

We're just gonna say this up front: wheat bread is boring. It's lame, like honestly, it's so 18th century. Keep up with the times, old man. But yeah, wheat bread is worse than pumpernickel, which is the best bread ever! Wheat is seventh on our list. That's it. Not much else to it.

8. White Bread

Nothing remarkable about this school lunch bread, but hey, we have some good childhood memories with it, so it's eighth on our ranking. Fuck yeah! We honestly should've done this years ago.

9. Frats

And bringing up the rear of the pack are frats. Sorry guys, but technically you're not actually bread. We don't know how you managed to sneak onto our list, but since there's no other bread to rank, we're just gonna put you at number 9, and you're gonna have to be ok with that. Better luck next time, frats.

It's over. We ranked all the breads. Awesome. Now go celebrate Month of Bread with your friends. Remember: Bread Responsibly.



MIT Pussy Labs

The MIT Pussy Lab is a student-led initiative aimed at leveraging the stress-relieving effects of humor. Throughout the year, the lab hosts weekly meetings for pussy petting and playing. Meetings are held most Fridays in 50-309 (Walker Memorial) from 6-8 p.m. The lab also hosts a radio show at WMBR in which it broadcasts comedy (it hopes) out into the Greater Boston Area. If you're interested in joining the MIT Pussy Lab, sign up for our mailing list voodoo@mit.edu, and if you have any funny submissions, send them over to phos@mit.edu, the Pussy-At-Large.

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