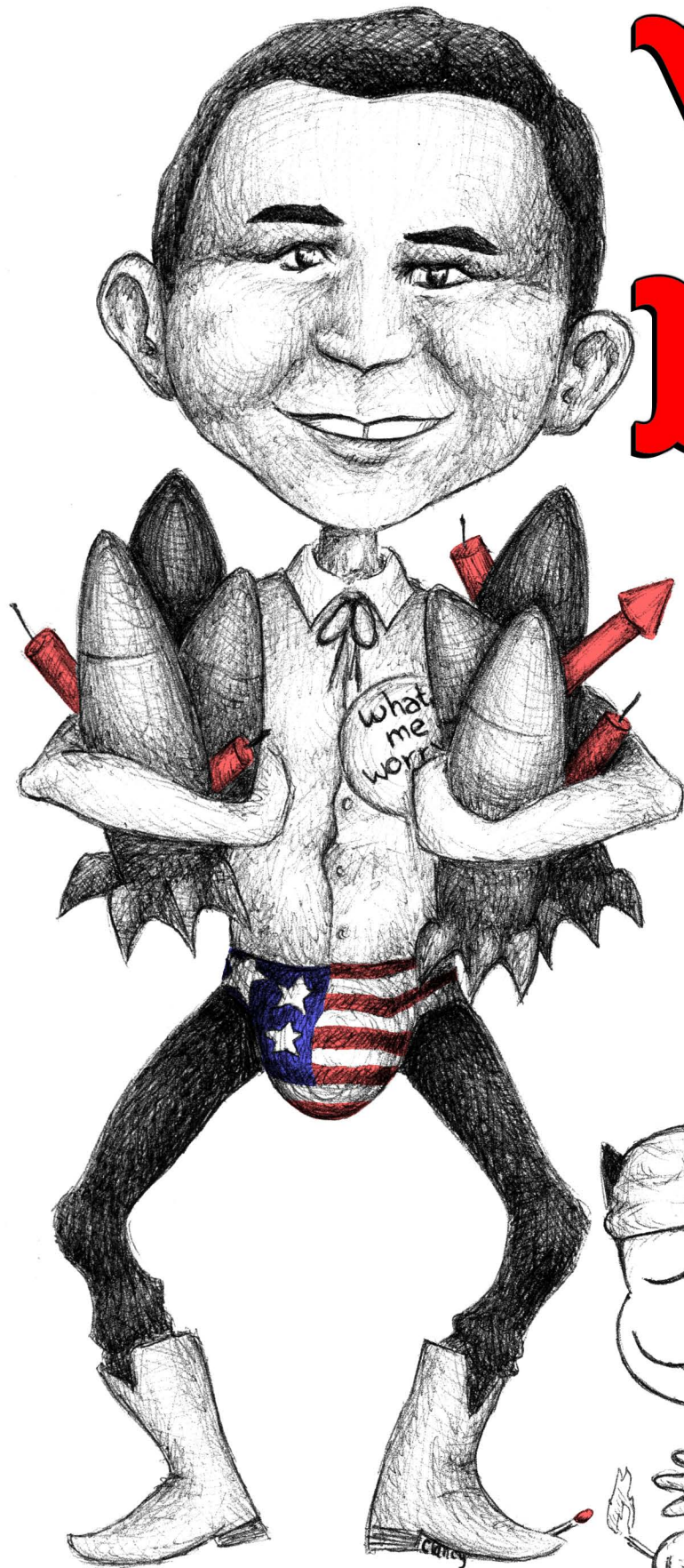


**MIT'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY HUMOROUS PUBLICATION**

# **V O O D O O**



**VOLUME 84  
ISSUE 1**



# NEW ALBUM RELEASE

## GG ADMIN

COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO



### HATED ON THE CAMPUS

18 all new songs, including:

*(Force Them To) Eat Shit*  
*You Hate Me, And I Hate Pass/Fail*  
*Hard Candy Community*  
*Your Prison Dorms*  
*Committee On Sodomy*  
*Tough FOCin' Shit*  
*RLSLP Up Your Cock*  
*Mandatory (Alcohol Education And*  
*Community For All)*  
*Rape You With My Safety Office*  
*Rush-Fuckin', Roast-Lickin',*  
*MIT-Suckin' Administration*

*"When I first heard of GG Admin, it was a review of this video — watch GG shove forms down the audience's throats, watch GG appoint more bandmembers, watch GG take a shit and call it a policy. I was like, yeah, these guys are cool, that's bureaucrat rock!" — Gary Weasel, Triplicate Hammer Magazine*

Fans of brutal, uncompromising administrative rock'n'roll should prepare to bend over and spread 'em, because **GG Admin** is back! Several months in the making, their new album **Hated On The Campus** is a raging masterpiece of micromanaging mayhem that is sure to pleasure and punish the most jaded connoisseur of meddlesome music! Fresh from their 'Your Green Space, Our Brown Eye' tour, unfortunately canceled due to concerns about fan rioting after less than half the dates had been played, the band headed straight into the studio to record this latest slab of no-holds-barred paper-pushing punk rock.

With the group's interfering tendencies running at fever pitch after the problems with the tour, long-time **GG Admin** followers knew they were in store for an unparalleled dose of devious dabbling, and **Hated On The Campus** does not disappoint. From the blisteringly aggressive opening track *(We're Gonna) Shove That Meal Plan Up Your Ass* to the fist-banging final arrogant anthem *Bite It You Millenials*, **GG Admin** lets you know in no uncertain terms that they are in charge and you will choke it down like the pathetic geeks you are!



Those that have never heard **GG Admin** before or seen them in concert will be literally silenced by the sheer intransigent intensity they display on this record! **GG Admin** are pure officious id, delivering their supercilious scheming with the force of a mimeograph machine gun! On **Hated On The Campus**, songs like *Suck My Aramark*

*It Smells, I Wanna Homogenize You* and *My Sadistic Policy Spree* flatten all objections like a steamroller, while even the ballads *Layin' Up With Marilee* and *Fucked By Authority* display an unmistakable strict undertone of harsh discipline. Never a band to concern itself with preserving tradition, **GG Admin** even depart from their repertoire of original sonic torment by including a desecrating Ricky Martin cover, *Livin' La Vida In Loco Parentis*, that will have you banging your head till you fall out an upper-storey window!

In today's bloated music industry, awash with excessive choice, very few bands can be described as mandatory, but **GG Admin** has indisputably ensured it is one of them. Sticklers for detail, **GG Admin** even chose to audaciously abandon stereo reproduction technology in favour of recording **Hated On The Campus** in top-heavy, unilateral sound for a vortex of edictal energy you truly can't live without. As **GG Admin** says: *Buy it or fuck off, it'll be on your bursar's bill anyway!*

OUT NOW ON



RIGID RECORDS

## In Al Quaestor Voo Doo:



**Letters to the Editor** — page 6

*If you make checks out to the editor, they won't end up pinned on the Voo Doo office board for eternity.*

**The Daily Voo Doo — Institute May Discipline Student for Rape** — page 8

*The fistings will continue until morale improves.*

**Infinite Buffet to be Replaced with Infinite Steer Roast** — page 10

*It was still more infinite back in the day, say Senior Haus alums.*

**Campus Police Log** — page 12

*Just the hacks, ma'am.*

**Anthrax: "Fun, Not Scary"** — page 12

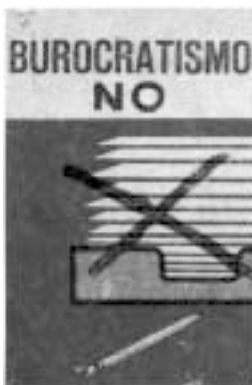
*If marketing worked for NutraSweet, it'll work for this.*

**Voo Doo Games and Fun Pages** — page 14

*So easy even Next House residents can have some play.*

**Counterpork — Sanger and Trent Reznor** — page 16

*Sex sells. Counterpoint's free.*



**Jejune — The MIT Journal of Angst and Truncated Letters** — page 17

*When it comes to layout, the line between avant-garde and asinine isn't actually that fine.*

**MIT Medical Presents — Frequently Asked Questions About Abortion** — page 19

*There's got to be a contingency plan for when all those pregnancy tests start coming back positive.*

**Top Ten Lists** — page 21

*Like Letterman, but not delivered by a total choad. Bonus Leisure Town strip.*

**The Voo Doo Collection — Holiday Catalogue 2001** — page 26

*It's never been easier to give 'til it hurts.*

**Harry Potter and the Wand of Sybia** — page 31

*The world's favourite child wizard at last comes... of age.*



## From the Publisher



Fuhrer

Andrew Brooks

MacGyver of Hate

Andrew Brooks

Wicked Mystic

Kelly Clancy

Mail-Order Bride

Dan McAnulty

Publisher

Phosphorus

Cartoonist

Ultra-Emeritus

Jennie López

Contributors

Alfred Ashford

Blake Brasher

Andrew Brooks

Kelly Clancy

James Dillon

Tristan Farnon

Mark Feldmeier

Leo Hochberg

Mateusz Malinowski

Dan McAnulty

Zach McGregor-Dorsey

Ben Morse

Ken Nesmith

Jay Pottharst

Javid Sadr

Eillen Tecele

Meena Shah

Malima Wolf

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Volume 84, Number 1

Voo Doo Magazine

MIT Room 50-309

77 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02139

[voodoo@mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@mit.edu)

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

**Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron** (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNobel Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage  
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>  
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

# EDITORIAL DISCHARGE



The first thing I can think of to mention to the Voo Doo faithful upon this, my first issue as fuhrer, is the ancient Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times". Comments on the championship belt of racial perversity aside, we have the dubious honour of living in some fucking interesting times, my friends.

What's an MIT student to do? We're clearly beset from without by a steady golden stream of malcontents wanting to do us ill. Besides the obvious gang of outside fanatics who want to crash, explode, infect, poison, and otherwise erase every last one of we Great Satans, and who at long last seem to be getting good at it, we have no shortage of home-grown zealots whose plans don't look much better. There's a dingbat in the White House who, with the help of his android oil baron and American inquisition chums, is diligently working to destroy freedom in order to save it, and at last count 90% of the country has spoken steadfastly in favour of the wholesale murder of anyone who looks like they—for some inexplicable reason—might have priorities other than our continued prosperity.

# SUBMIT

But the traditional MIT student response of sticking our heads in the sand and ignoring the outside world doesn't help much these days, since our sandbox is also saturated with the acrid stain of cuntoxes from within. The administration of this august institute, formerly content just to increase its density by sprouting like fungus, now seems to be forming up like fuckin' Voltron to banish once and for all everything that made this place unique. With our homes under attack from all sides, what's an MIT student to do?

The answer, of course, is make fun of it all. With raw material like this, Voo Doo has a stronger and more important position than it's had in years. Where most people, even MIT admittees if you believe our esteemed Admissions Director, are apparently content to take what they're fed and like it, it's our duty to keep our eyes, ears and minds open, and relentlessly skewer those things that make our world what it is instead of what it should be. We've all grown up with bullies, and have seen that the most effective way to deal with them isn't reasoning, or pleading, or further violence, but public ridicule. The spotlight of satire may not have the power to fix things in the long run, but by George, we'll take a few of their fucking windmills with us.



# TO VooDoo



Zoz

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Now only  
87.5% false!

Dear Voo Doo,

With deep misgivings, and against my wife's better judgement, I would like(!?) to request a subscription to your purile[sic] rag.

With personal animosity,  
Matt Neumann ('97, course 3)

*Dear Matt,*

*I'll say it was with animosity — the cheque wasn't made out to anyone personally, so we couldn't even spend it on beer! You bastard!*

*Phos*

dear voodoo,

so, like, im writing because i wanted to say something, i think. and its just that, well, you know, me and all my friends here at baker just dont think your magazine is funny. i mean, like, oh my god, theres all this stuff and what not for senior house residents to laugh at, but really, wtf, like, i dont know, its just not that funny for me, or something. so, like, i was wondering if maybe you could, you know, possibly write something funny for us west campus residents, you know. i mean, were really not used to being left out. totally, like, the rest of mit caters to our needs, i mean, why shouldnt you. and, like, i totally know that, well, im not alone on this issue, i mean, like everyone is talking about it, and stuff. so, ok, im assuming youll have that done for next issue then, thanks so much, youre great and all that, and ill tell all my friends to read the next issue.

big hugs and kisses,  
jenny wes camper

*Dear Jenny,*

*In response to your concerns I'm happy to announce that this issue of Voo Doo has been sponsored by Abercrombie & Fitch, so you'll have to enjoy it. Because if you don't, the A&F Gestapo will be coming to your room immediately to take your clothes away, and then everyone will see your freshman fifteen and you'll never get laid by anyone in a fraternity again without hanging around the No. 6 Club disguised as a Porsche.*

*You'd better laugh till it hurts, baby,  
Phos*

Dear Voo Doo Magazine,

I am writing on behalf of my client, Walter Bender of the MIT Media Lab, who wishes to pursue legal action against your publication "Voo Doo, The MIT Journal Of Humour", regarding Volume 83, Issue 1. If you note page 8, you will find a very detailed plan for international Media Lab enfranchisement. We are not certain how you came across this information, but it was both private property of the Media

Lab, Inc. and very valuable as nondisclosed information. As a result of your unlawful release of this information over which you have no copyright control, shares in McMediaLab have dropped over 27 percent, and 13 McMediaLabs which were slated for installation have had to be canceled. This has resulted in a total loss of US\$11.2 million for the Media Lab, Inc., and its parent company the United Nations, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of Halliburton Oil, Inc., and we are therefore seeking actual and punitive damages. This letter will be followed with a subpoena to appear in a special international military court of commerce which will determine the level of your guilt and assess the most effective way of transferring compensation to the appropriate persons. Please feel free to forward any communications on to my office, and until then, I guess it sucks to be you.

Yours truly,  
The Robotic Dick Cheney

*Dear Dick-that-thinks,*

*I wouldn't do that if I were you. If you check further back in the stack of previous Voo Doo issues you've no doubt deviously assembled, cast your beady electronic eyes on our exposé of the Media Lab's Pokémon Research Group in Volume 81, Issue 1. At the time we chose not to reveal the whole story, but if you push us we'll let the world know about the Media Lab's secret "ML-ULTRA" LSD experiments on the entire country of Japan, which led to the whole Pokémon phenomenon in the first place. Your Japanese sponsors will be madder than a barrelful of Enron investors and before you can say "myocardial infarction" they'll take away so much Media Lab funding it'll make \$11.2 million look like the lost change behind the cushions of Nicholas Negroponte's couch. Minus the UROP sweat stains, of course.*

*Put that in your pipe of the future and tangibly smoke it,  
Phos*

Dear Voo Doo,

I am a long time reader of your magazine. I think you do a wonderful job. The only problem is, I never know what the weather is going to be like. Could you include a weather section or something. Thanks a lot.

Captain Crunch

*Dear Captain Crunch,*

*On the day of John F. Kennedy's assassination, Hunter S. Thompson wrote the following prophetic weather prediction: "We now enter the era of the shittrain, President Johnson and the hardening of the arteries." Well, we now have President Bush Jr. I'm sure you can extrapolate the meteorological forecast accordingly.*

*Phos*

Dear Voo Doo,  
Here is five dollars. I wanted to support your magazine. I think it's good. I laughed a lot when I read your last one. It was funny. Especially the pictures. I think they are funny. When I get more money I will try to send it to you. Hopefully my uncle will be around then to help me write another letter. It's fun.

Bob "Little Billy" Joe Hank Roberts III

*Dear Billy,  
It's good to see that the sophisticated humour we strive for in Voo Doo hasn't gone completely over everyone's heads. Thank you for the five dollars, I used it to become an "uncle" myself for a short while.*

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,  
I don't have any friends. And from reading your publication, it seems that you don't have any friends either. So I was wondering if you wanted to be my pen pal. I like to write, and I have all sorts of hobbies. I like to ride my skateboard, and I have all sorts of funny stories to tell. At any rate, will you be my friend? I'll do whatever you say.

Lonely in Alaska,

Rave R. Boy

*Dear Rave,  
You must be one of those "millenials" I keep hearing about. See you at MIT soon!*

Phos

Please address all correspondence to:

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

Dear Voo Doo,

I like to smoke marijuana and as a result I think it is the funniest thing in the universe. Whenever it turns 4:20, I laugh really hard. Huhuhuhuhuh, 4:20! Dude! That just never fails to crack me up at least twice a day. Have you seen those funny movies about stoners doing funny things and not getting caught and stuff? That's really funny. Dude. Maybe you can have more stuff in your magazine about stoners, that would be cool, man, I'd be all over that. Like, you could have a stoner smoke a bowl and then take a test or something, or maybe have a conversation with Chuck Vest, yeah, that would be funny. You should do that. Cool. Dude.

Too damn stoned to do anything myself,

Dan the 4:20 Man

*Dear Dan,*

*If you think pot is funny, you should try cocaine. Take enough of that shit and they'll let you be President and make special Middle East infra-red versions of America's Funniest Home Videos. Watch out for that tin can, Abdul!*

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

Have you been to the new Wendy's in Central Square? They've got these great potato dishes, but you can still get hamburgers and stuff. You should check it out.

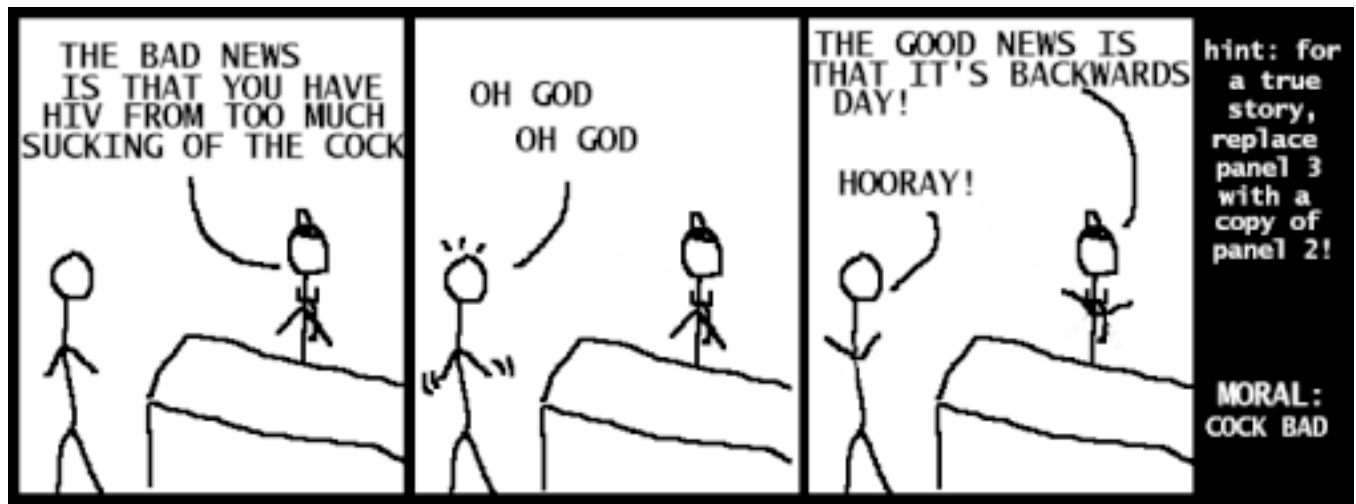
Your friend,

Dave Thomas

*Dear Dave,*

*Have you been to MGH? They've got these great angioplasties, but you can still get quintuple bypasses. You should check it out.*

Phos



THE DAILY

Est. 1919



VOO DOO

"All The News That's Foetus To Prick"

## Institute May Discipline Student For Rape

The MIT administration is deciding whether it should take disciplinary action in a case of off-campus rape allegedly involving an undergraduate resident of Alpha Phi. Joanne Clements '05 was walking home alone from a fraternity party in Boston when she claims she was accosted by an unknown male, who dragged her into some nearby bushes and raped her.

"We are taking this incident very seriously," said Assistant Dean for FSILG Public Image David N. Rogers, in an immediate press statement. "We expect all of MIT's students to maintain high standards in the public eye, both on and off campus, and sorority members are no exception. I don't think I need to remind anyone of that particular group's pre-existing sexually promiscuous reputation, and irresponsible rape participation only serves to reinforce this negative impression. Not to put too fine a point on it, it makes all of them look like a bunch of sluts, whereas everyone at MIT knows the true place to go for some cheap poontang is Fifth East."

Rogers broke for a moment to wave a five dollar bill in the air and make the universal hand signal for fucky-fucky, before continuing, "Preliminary accounts indicate that Clements had been wearing suggestive clothing to the party and was thus practically begging for a good raping. These are just not the type of standards we at MIT are trying to enforce. MIT students have the newly-created Dean of Campus Defilement to whom to turn for these needs, instead of resorting to such ignominious pleading."

Rogers hinted that possible Institute punishments Clements may face include fines, community service and forced relocation to the sex-free MacGregor House.

Other sources in the administration took a similarly rhadamanthine stance. "According to the police report, Clements responded to the unidentified man's initial advances by screaming the words 'Get the fuck away from me, you creep!'," MIT Presidente Supremo Charles M. Vest stated when reached for comment this morning. "This type of violent hate speech is completely unacceptable in our community, and we will be taking the appropriate deterrent steps at this time to ensure that it is eradicated in the future."

Continued on page 2



The MIT Media Lab this week unveiled its new robotic interface to educate at-risk children about paedophilia.

### BREAKING NEWS

America Strokes Off  
Building 68 Opens Bioterrorism Cafe  
Orientation 2002 Renamed 'Dead Week'  
Media Lab Afghanistan Announces Lego  
Minestorms  
Simmons Hall To Be Extra-Crispy  
Following Eggo Sponsorship  
Raver Receives White Powder In Mail

### MEAL PLAN UPDATE

Dean Of Covert Operations Successfully  
Sabotages Goosebeary's  
Institute To Drop Humanitarian Food  
Packages Over East Campus  
Aramark To Begin Selling Dehydrated  
'Space Food'  
"Water Doesn't Grow On Trees" Says Dining  
Director Berlin



**COMMUNITY NEWS**

**MIT To Start Admitting Parents**

"They're The Ones Who Filled Out The Applications Anyway," Says Admissions Dept.

**RLAs' First Term Declared A Success**

Email-Forwarding And Meeting-Attending Tasks Being Performed Admirably

**Marilee Jones Separates World Into Two Kinds Of People**

"Those Who Will Live, And Those Who Will Die"

**Yoko Ono Speaks At Media Lab**

"Digital E-Milking My Dead Husband"

**OpenCourseWare Renamed WideOpenBeavers**

---

# Sexual Assault Punishment Considered

*From front page*

"It is only understandable that this victimized individual retaliated in the fashion he did when confronted with such venomous and discriminatory invective," continued Generalissimo Vest. "Hell, if I'd been there I'd have raped her myself."

"Giddyap!" added Vest jubilantly, slapping his own buttocks.

Internal disciplinary action beyond the criminal justice system has been pursued at MIT in previous cases. In May this year MIT imposed sanctions against two ATO brothers, ultimately forcing them to leave their residence, and against the ATO fraternity itself, for brazenly receiving a physical assault from non-MIT persons inside the ATO house. Similarly, just this October MIT debated making four DTD brothers thank them, sir, for another, after allowing themselves to be arrested for attempting to preserve the natural wilderness of Vermont.

These additional punitive measures have not been reserved solely for fraternity members, however. Also in October, Commandant Vest pressured MIT radio station WMBR into suspending one of its announcers for having the temerity to broadcast a disclaimed opinion without first clearing it with

the Committee On Propaganda. And last year, in another of his gently worded letters to The Tech, Vest demanded an apology from the publishers of the parody newspaper 'The Boston Glob' for satirizing Cambridge Licensing Commission Grand Moff Benjamin Barnes.

"I was dismayed at the example of nigger-baiting that was published in The Boston Glob," wrote Vest at that time. "Everyone knows only coloured folk use phrases like 'Where my hos at?', and such public display of language to which no good white boy from Louisiana would stoop reflects very poorly on all of us at MIT. We must all remember that speech is a powerful tool that should only be used to separate rich alumni from their money, not for dangerous political commentary."

Head Disciplinary Warden Carol Orme-Johnson concurred with Vest's sentiments. "The days of 'all Tech men carry batteries' are well over, and you're just going to have to get used to it," asserted Orme-Johnson, dispensing some substance from a tube. "It's time for that painted hussy to get what's coming to her. And that goes for the rest of you millennial reprobrates."

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## H4X0R F4C10U5

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Age:15  
Hair:Blonde

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IPtrace  
file transfer

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# Infinite Buffet To Be Replaced With Infinite Steer Roast

Four years ago, when the first Infinite Buffet was hastily organized in an attempt to rally a campus under assault from within and without by Scott-Krueger-related stupidity, the event faced widespread criticism from an unimpressed student body. Descriptions such as "lame", "gay", and "less infinite than yo mamma" were the order of the day.

Four years later, armed with the blissful fog of institutional memory and a \$65,000 budget, the much-maligned idea has been resurrected to very different reactions. Comments elicited by the second Infinite Buffet show that despite the lingering negative image of its predecessor, students considered the new incarnation "totally lame", "Ara-gay", and "as much fun as a mandatory anus-waxing plan".

"I queued up half an hour for Institute food, but they ran out before I got any," lamented Warren Peterson '04, two hours into the three-hour event. "I don't know whether to be disappointed or relieved. But I can say that if they can't feed all of campus once, how do they expect to do it every day with that mandatory meal bullshit?"

Peterson emphasized his remarks by making a jerking-off motion with his hand, indicating that in addition to being bullshit, the proposed mandatory meal plan was in his opinion also the work of one or more compulsive onanists.

Responding to feedback such as this, MIT President and Infinite Buffet cockmaster-of-ceremonies Charles M. Vest has announced that he is turning future responsibility for the fiasco over to Senior Haus. When the campus-wide feast is next revived, it will be under a new banner: Infinite Steer Roast.

"It's time for us to face the fact that the MIT administration couldn't run a computer program," declared Vest in his announcement. "We considered appointing a Dean of Large Food-related Gatherings and Community Enforcement, but then we realised that Senior Haus has successfully run a major community event of this type for 37 years despite our best efforts to prevent them from doing so. Hell, they somehow even manage to prepare food without involving Aramark. It's quite remarkable."

Initial plans for Infinite Steer Roast have budgeted \$10,000 to be spent on a mountain of beef, which will be roasted in an

enormous fire pit in Killian Court. Ordinary charcoal fuel is incapable of maintaining the hellish temperatures necessary to cook so much meat, so President Vest has promised the organizers what is left of former Chancellor Larry Bacow's immense personal stock of body-grease to burn in the pit. Vegetarians will also be catered for — Infinite Master-Baster Cory Lorenz '03 was quoted as saying that the number of foetus-shaped tofu burgers special-ordered for the banquet is "equal to the entire annual stem cell output of China".

In a radical departure from what many associate with the Infinite Buffet, instead of an interminable progression of a *capella* groups, Infinite Steer Roast will feature "bands" — groups of people who make music with the use of "instruments", listening to which is actually an experience associated with feelings of pleasure rather than the grinding of teeth. The stage for these performers will be the Building 10 gravel pit, with pyrotechnics being launched from atop the Great Dome.

Infinite Steer Roast will also feature the familiar sideshow attractions present at the legendary annual version. Imported European XXX strippers will perform with a wide

range of vegetable and animal props in 10-250, with the spectacle being broadcast on MIT Cable's Telethon Channel in several overflow rooms in the likely case that the capacity of the lecture theatre is reached. The first and second floors of the Infinite Corridor will be decorated with all known forms of pornography, and Lobby 7 will be turned into a bondage dungeon. "All that scaffolding should be able to support at least 500 simultaneous testicle-suspensions," beamed Infinite Steer Roast Head Dominatrix Kendall McConnell '02.

Despite having a far more ambitious program than the Infinite Buffet, the Infinite Steer Roast organizers have so far only needed to allocate around half the \$65,000 budget allotted them by MIT. Due in part to the rescinded requirement to hire overpriced corporate catering, this has left them in somewhat of a quandary as to how to spend the substantial remaining funds. Perhaps the answer will come in the form of Infinite Steer Roast's version of the traditional mud-wrestling pit. A source close to MudPitComm reported, "The white powder used to make the mud isn't going to be anthrax, if you know what I mean."





# CAMPUS POLICE LOG

**7:00pm East Campus:** Fire alarm. Turned out to be resident smoking.  
**8:32pm Infinite Corridor:** Routine harassment of male student wearing a dress and furry hat. Suspect was advised to take off that silly-ass hat.

**9:00pm Stratton Student Center:** Report of LaVerde's being out of egg salad sandwiches. Two officers confirmed the report, and a ticket was issued.

**9:30pm East Campus:** Fire alarm. Turned out to be resident smoking.

**10:30pm Burton Conner:** Female resident called in a suspicious person entering the building. The suspect was described as black, and male. The description matched that of a former student suspected of stealing several laptops. Suspect turned out to be not a robber, but a resident, and not black, but a Republican.

**11:14pm Building 16:** Routine harassment of furry-boy. This time he was also wearing a purse. What a fucking weirdo.

**11:47pm East Campus:** Campus Police and Cambridge Police recieved several calls of a woman screaming. All callers insisted that serious domestic abuse or a sexual assault was taking place. Two officers on the scene found a black male with a Magnum. The suspect was otherwise unarmed. The woman appeared to have suffered no external injuries. No arrests were made, officers were offered popcorn and thanked for cumming.

**12:23am East Campus:** Fire alarm. Turned out to be resident smoking.

**12:31am DKE:** A fraternity brother trying to date rape a female undercover Campus Police officer was arrested. At the station, the brother filed a complaint that female undercover Campus Police officers are the same color as sorority chicks, and argued that fraternity

brothers could not tell the difference. He claimed that several innocent brothers had been caught by officers while trying to play the field for sorrority chicks to coerce. The IFC is holding a vigil for the incarcerated brothers this coming Thursday on the steps of 77 Mass. Ave., and has called for the Administration to address this issue and end this tragedy. An investigation is underway, and the situation has been brought to the attention of President Vest.

**1:47am Northeast Garage:** Report of a car parked without a valid MIT parking permit. Two cars were dispatched. Three Ford Expeditions were sent for backup. They were met at the scene by two officers on Cannondale bicycles, and one on a Specialized. No MIT Parking Office sticker was found, and a ticket was issued.

**2:43am MacGregor:** Noise complaint. Report of a wild, sex-crazed party that was disturbing other residents. Call obviously a hoax, no action taken.

**6:50am Building 3:** Frantic call from a dean's secretary, who believed that she had been exposed to anthrax. Caller believed that while she and her employer were out of the office, an intruder had dumped several lines of white powder on the desk of her employer. The victim believed that the razor-straight lines were meant to form some sort of terrorist group symbol. Several documents were contaminated, including a report in progress. Cooperation between the Campus Police and Massachusetts State Police gathered samples which were sent to the State Lab, however no traces of anthrax were found in the powder. Remainder of powder sent to Chancellor's office for further testing.

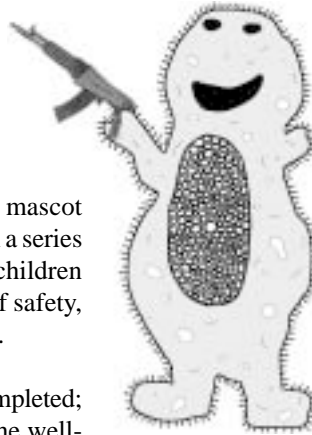
**8:00am East Campus:** Fire alarm. Turned out to be student smoking.

## Anthrax: "Fun, Not Scary"

A recent bill, passed by the House and Senate and expected to be signed by President Bush this week, allocates thirty million dollars to the Department of Education for a TV marketing campaign to help educate our nation's children about anthrax. The campaign features the jovial mascot Anney the Anthrax Spore, who will appear in a series of 60-second commercial spots, teaching children about the value of sharing, the importance of safety, and how to operate semiautomatic weapons.

Anney's first commercial has almost been completed; created by the same advertising agency as the well-known "my Anti-Drug" series, it will feature such catchy lines as "Anthrax is great, it's faggots we hate!" and "Bullets are scarce, don't pull that trigger / Unless it's a towelhead, dune coon or nigger." Countering arguments from the left that this campaign was "well nigh on propaganda," Attorney General John Ashcroft stated, "We have to educate our children. If our children aren't safe, our future isn't safe — and it's important we mold our children in my own image."

Ashcroft's comments were overshadowed yesterday by



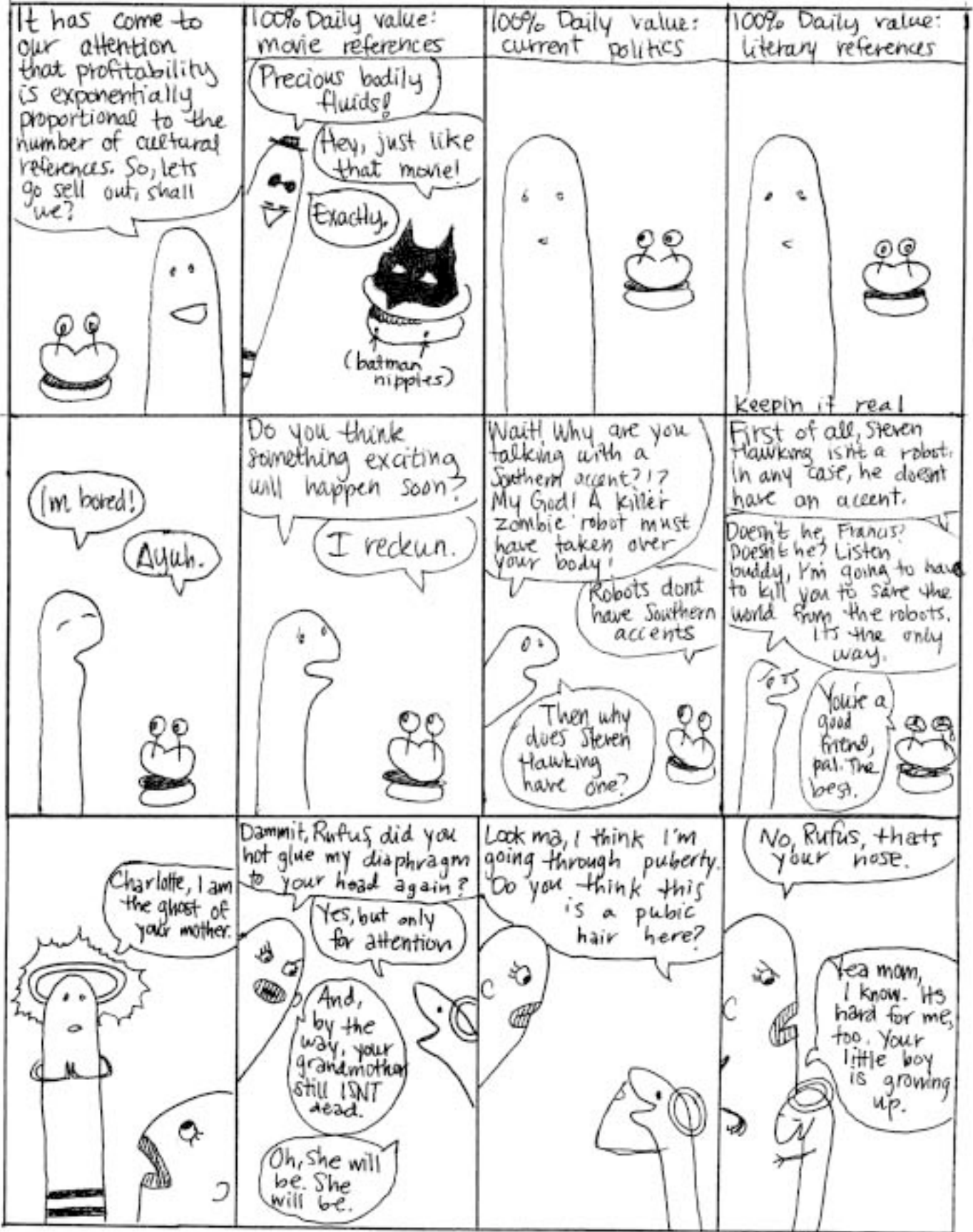
Anney the  
Anthrax Spore.

President Bush's press conference, in which he made an important announcement. According to the President, the FDA has just approved a genetically-engineered version of anthrax which is mostly harmless. Nicknamed benzoylmethyl-ecgonine, or just "Anthrax!", this drug will be sold to civilians as a preventative medication. Through repeated intake, users can gain immunity to the effects of more dangerous strains of anthrax.

"I have been on the anthrax — this new anthrax in development[sic] that is just being released — for over ten years now, in case something disasterish[sic] might happen to our nation," the President declared. "I risked my life testing this substance[sic], and not only is it safe, it's even fun to use!" He ended his speech by inhaling some white powder, grinning widely, and being carried off the podium by two secret service agents. Once the press representatives were given some Anthrax!, there were no further questions.

As Anney says: "Anthrax! is great! But always know your source, or else it could hurt. The Indian guy running the Quickiemart is probably cutting it with dirt."

# prosopopeia



# VOO DOO GAMES

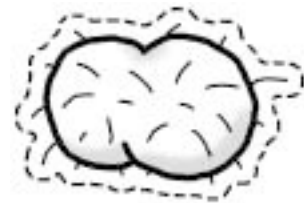
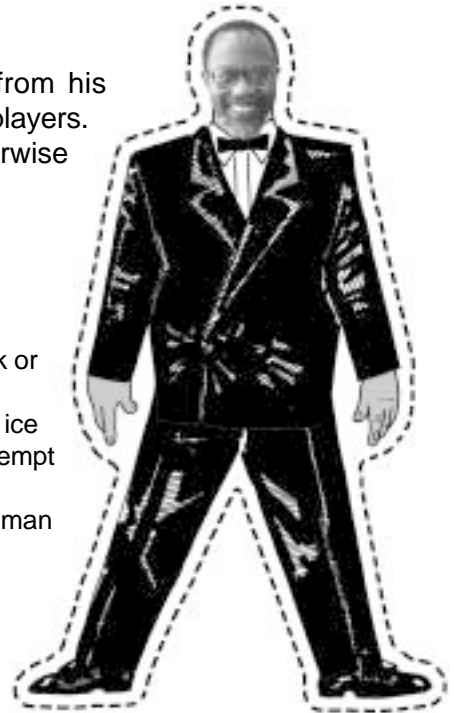
## Pin The Bollocks On Chancellor Clay

New Chancellor Clay doesn't seem to have the balls to deviate from his predecessor's rotten schemes. Can you help? A game for two or more players. Perfect for whiling away the hours until classes start that might otherwise have been spent enjoying Rush.

### Instructions:

1. Cut out the silhouettes of the cock and balls.
2. Attach Chancellor Clay to the wall, and equip the testicles with a thumbtack or drawing pin.
3. Give each player, in turn, the vision of an MIT administrator. A blindfold or ice pick is recommended. The blinded player must walk across the room and attempt to pin their hairy scrote on the Chancellor's forehead.
4. The player who gets the bollocks closest to their true position wins a freshman ghetto.

Be careful not to get pricked!



## Connect The Dollars

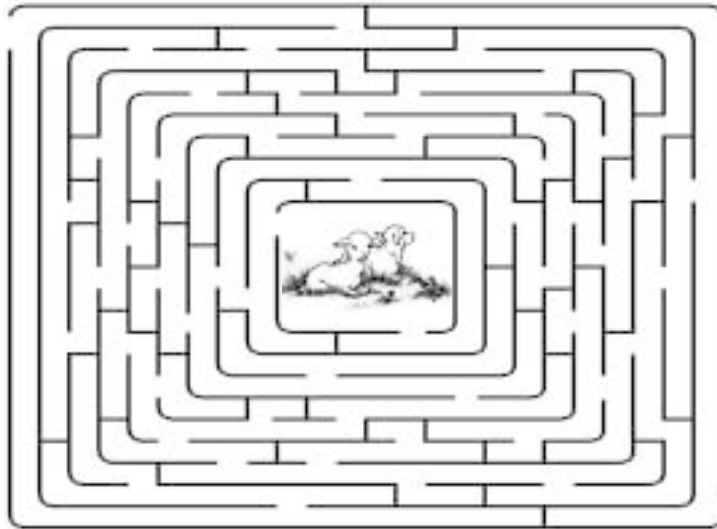
Poor MIT can't afford to feed its students unless they make everyone give them money whether they eat there or not. Can you help line the Institute's threadbare pockets? Draw as you collect the mandatory meal dollars in order, and you'll see the Voo Doo view on the matter!

# AND FUN PAGES



## Little Marilee Bo Peep Can't Find Her Millenials

MIT's Dean of Admissions has lost her flock of freshmen and doesn't know where to find them. Can you help the Mom Away From Mom navigate the Lord Of The Flies maze of choice and self-reliance so she can lead them to safety?



## What's Wrong With This Picture?

We spotted 11 mistakes in this picture of a party rally outside the new Simmons Hall dormitory. Can you find them all? Answers below!

1. Professor Mitchell is saluting in the wrong direction. Reichsführer Vest is to the right.
2. The woman is moving to cover her mouth. A real person faced with such a monstrosity would first cover his or her eyes.
3. Vassar Street is depicted as a paved road. In reality, its closest resemblance is to the surface of the moon.
4. The dorm windows have been depicted too small. Only one person at a time would be able to jump from such an aperture, a capacity which is clearly insufficient for projected demand.
5. Only one crane is visible. It is actually not possible to view fewer than three cranes in the Cambridge skyline.
6. The airplane-repelling airbags shown here are not actually scheduled to be installed until late next year.
7. The picture purports to show an official MIT gathering to which functionaries would naturally be attracted, yet Josiah is not in attendance. The phrase "God Bless America", now legally required to be printed on every single thing in the fucking country, is not present.
8. Scott Krueger's parents cannot be seen spraypainting their name on the building while wiping their bottoms with hundred-dollar bills.
9. A section of the MIT campus without an *a capella* group? Impossible.
10. Waffles are made with flour and eggs, not steel and concrete.

## Sanger and Trent Reznor

### *A feminist reading of "Closer"*

BY BRINY CUMFULL & EHNA FLOSS

**A**s Wellesley students, our feminist salute for the week goes to Trent Reznor and the Nine Inch Nails for their song "Closer". The same year Kurt Cobain was shooting himself in the mouth (Courtney Love wasn't putting out, not like good little Wellesley girls), a band until then lesser-known to popular culture rocked the airwaves with their Feminine-Empowering song "Closer". Who knew that millions of girls would be affected by their controversial, emasculating and buzz-worthy video debut on MTV? With one flick of his tongue (on a nipple), Trent liberated millions of then-preteen girls across the country.

"Closer", often dismissed as a sophomoric diatribe on the sexuality of the white American woman, deserves a closer look. Upon closer examination, the alleged themes of sexual exploitation and misogyny crumble away under the industrial pounding of empowerment's bass. When treated to thorough free form analysis, the lyrics of "Closer" yield a cabal of new themes, among them sexual liberation of the white American pussy, and feminist post-modernism, while bounding and binding listeners to re-evaluate their zeitgeist.

#### "Closer"

You let me violate you, you let me desecrate you  
[I decry abuse in all its sinister manifestations]

You let me penetrate you, you let me complicate you  
[I am a caring and sensitive man and respect your abilities as a modern woman]

Help me, I broke apart my insides  
[Bring me the glue to mend my fragile broken heart]

Help me, I've got no soul to sell  
[I'm gonna rob you white mother-fuckers]

Help me, the only thing that works for me, help me get away from myself  
[I'm gonna rape me a white bitch]

I want to fuck you like an animal  
[You're as cute as my dead dog Toby]

I want to feel you from the inside  
[Fucking you feels better than waxing my asshole for my drummer to rape me]

I want to fuck you like an animal  
[I like it when we do it doggy-style, it liberates you as a woman]

My whole existence is flawed, you get me closer to god  
[My arousal at the sight of an empowered woman knows no bounds]

You can have my isolation, you can have the hate that it brings  
[I like to give you presents, that's how a man should treat a lady]

You can have my absence of faith, you can have my everything  
[I'm a selfless, honest, caring man who feels for the struggle of your gender]

Help me tear down my reason, help me, it's your sex i can smell  
[No, no, these stains are from a lady]

Help me, you make me perfect, help me become somebody else  
[I reject traditional courtship/

bethrothal roles, in which the strong implication is that women must be duped into sexual relations]

I want to fuck you like an animal  
[I will only seek to develop a relationship with my special lady, while refusing to support the artifice of impersonal sexual relationship]

I want to feel you from the inside  
[Insides are obviously a metaphor for your soul, the only thing that really matters in a healthy twenty-first century relationship]

I want to fuck you like an animal  
[I am mesmerized by the sight of a beautiful woman enjoying herself]

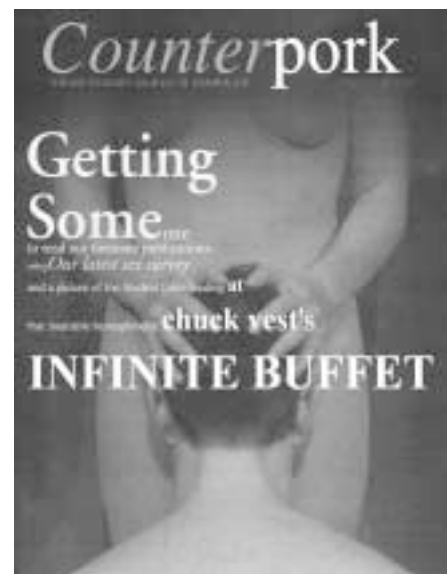
My whole existence is flawed  
[I wish to build bridges across the deep chasms of sexual intolerance]

You get me closer to god  
[By the power vested in me by our lord and savior Jesus Christ]

Trent, we salute you!

*Briny Cumfull '02 (bcumfull@wellesley.edu) likes trains, facials and finger-cuffs.*

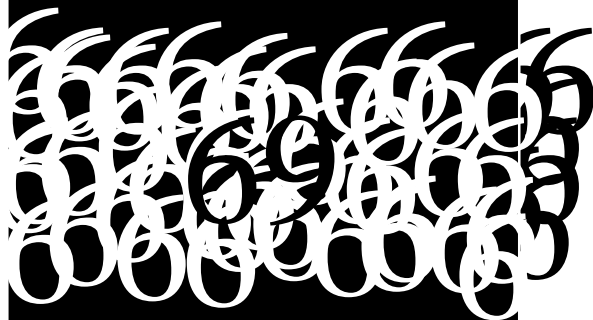
*Ehna Floss '02 (anal@mit.edu) wants a good Viking-style pillaging.*





# IEJUNE

The MIT journal of angst and truncated letters



fall 2001

## Detritus Anno

away..... so far away.....  
drifting like the seasons

fall,  
a wilted leaf, slowly dying, to be dragged by the wind,  
along the unforgiving sidewalk of life

winter,  
frozen snow, like my soul, to be dragged by the snowplow  
along the dark streets of life

spring,  
an allergy, a runny nose, plaguing the sinuses  
dragged like mucous along the tissues of life

summer,  
an unsightly weed on the otherwise joyous grassy hills,  
dragged by the lawnmower into the trash heap of death

*Desmond Pondent*

## haveIfailedorNot.com

death! oh horrid death's head!  
get thee from me!  
With your integrals, and your derivatives,  
and your buy-one-get-one-free cuban cigars.

Cuban Cigars of 8.02 Death!  
and your 18.01A tofu exams  
clawing your way through my Broken Death's Head!  
Smoking Professorial Trash Wound  
leaves me lonely and in Plastic Pain.

My math TA is a sex-machine. there, I said it.

*Sally Burton-Conner*

## The Problem Set Of Love Is Challenging

*Melvin Cholia*

I don't understand girls. What are they looking for in a guy? I can't seem to figure it out. There's this one girl I've been after for months. I sit two rows behind her and three seats to her right in Calculus, four rows behind, and two seats to her left in physics. All I can think about is her. Lately I've found myself stealing my roommate's porn magazines, and cutting out the models' faces. I take them to this abandoned room I've discovered in the basement of building two where I'm trying to assemble an image of her face. I've finished the chin, the left side of her hair, and part of her nose. I've just obtained the perfect eyelashes from a poster I found in Central. I can't seem to find any pictures of her online. She grew up in the state where I was born, her parents are divorced, *and* she likes mathematics. We have so much in common, it's really weird.

Still, she hardly seems to know I exist. I've tried everything I know how. In Physics I ask the professor all sorts of knowledgeable questions. Recently, when he was deriving an equation for the terminal velocity of a paratrooper, I managed to sneak in a 'question' about gravitational waves. He was speechless. I lingered near the doorway after class, hoping she would stop to ask me my name, but she just walked past kinda looking at the floor. I guess she didn't see me.

In Calculus I'm always looking for mistakes at the chalkboard, there are so many! I try to point out as many as I can, but there's this other guy six rows down who's always jumping on them before me. He beats me a lot of times, because he'll just shout out whatever he's noticed instead of raising his hand, he's really rude. I pointed out six in a row one time last week. Every time I raised my hand everybody would start laughing, and some people even yelled; I felt kinda bad for the professor, but they were his mistakes after all. That day I walked really slow to get to the door, so that I would meet her when I got there. The whole way there I was racking my brain for a really funny math joke, but nothing came. It was like writer's block or something. I was so nervous that I kind of walked into the doorjamb while passing her on the way out and I dropped my papers everywhere, right in front of her. To recover I tried to say something funny about the curve they had traced as they had fallen to the floor. She looked at me and smiled really wide and began to laugh, then she put her hand over her mouth and rushed out, I think maybe she was nervous like me. I was so happy! She smiled at me, and even laughed at my joke! I spent nearly half an hour trying to pick up my papers I was so delirious with joy. A lot of them had gotten trampled and ripped, but I didn't care. She smiled at me!

Since that day I've redoubled my efforts. In order to show her how dedicated to my work I am, I've stopped showering and shaving. That's been almost a month ago now, and I'm starting to show some stubble on my chin. I got the idea from my roommate, who got the idea from a friend of his who's married now, so it's gotta work. Still though, I've haven't gotten her to notice me since that day she smiled at me, even though I'm asking more questions and pointing out more mistakes now than ever. I just don't understand. What's a girl looking for?

yourself, look around for mobs of angry protesters. They like to hang out around clinics to "cheer on" their favorite doctors.

Don't forget to comparison shop. If you catch the right deal, you might find a great bargain on a perfectly good abortion, at a great saving. If you're a child under 12 or a senior citizen, you may be able to save even more. If you still can't find a deal that you like, try to negotiate. Make it clear how little you care about your child. Some clinics offer group discounts, so get together with some pregnant friends and make an evening of it!

### **Is a developing fetus actually alive when it's aborted?**

No one really agrees on this, but you can try this simple test: poke it with a serving fork. If it bleeds, it's alive. If it merely oozes ambiguous organic fluids, it may need more time in the "oven" before it's "done."

### **Is abortion legal?**

Thanks to the 1976 Supreme Court decision *Roe v. Wade*, in which Roe aborted Wade, abortion is perfectly legal.

### **What if the Supreme Court made a mistake, and *Roe v. Wade* is overturned?**

The Supreme Court has never made a mistake. Just ask, uh, "President" Bush.

### **Yeah, but what if?**

Thousands of women who have had abortions would need to be reimpregnated as soon as possible, and a national draft might be needed to enlist enough of the nation's able and active young men to get the job done. The ruling would likely have the same effect that prohibition did in the 1920s — mythical gangsters would arise and sponsor fun "speakeasies" where people could have the abortions they demanded, in a pleasurable, social setting, and then Kevin Costner could be in a movie about it. At the end, they would repeal the law, and someone would ask him what he's going to do, and he'd say, "Get my wife an abortion."

### **Is abortion right?**

Of course, if he were still alive today, God would probably say no, but God said a lot of things. As long as you're an atheist, or like most people you don't take your religion seriously, you should be fine. It never hurts to get a second opinion, so be sure to talk to more than one God before you make your decision. Only you can tell if an abortion is right for you, so don't let anyone — not your parents, mate, doctor, conscience — make the decision for you.

### **I'm a man. What do I need to know about abortion?**

Your partner will be looking for a lot of emotional and spiritual support during this difficult time. Familiarize yourself with your local phone company's Caller ID and Call Blocking services, and you shouldn't have anything to worry about.

Pregnant women should be encouraged to abort their children, since studies show that women who are not pregnant are more likely to engage in casual sex. This, of course, begets the need for more abortions, in what is called "The life-postponement cycle".

### **What's all this I hear about a "morning-after" pill?**

Contrary to popular belief, the morning-after pill will not make you or your lover look the way you thought each other looked when you were drunk. However, if approved for use, the pill could finally be the "magic bullet" that exceptionally lazy patients everywhere have been waiting for. Of course, field trials are still needed, so if you're willing to participate in research, call me at 253-4575, and I'll provide you with the pills and the lovin'.

### **These pills say "aspirin".**

That's slang for "abortion".

- WEB [web.mit.edu/voodoo/www](http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www)
- EMAIL [abortion@voodoo.mit.edu](mailto:abortion@voodoo.mit.edu)
- STOP by MIT Medical @ 50-309
- CALL MIT Medical Abortion Advisory @ 617/ 253-4575

# MIT Medical Presents



## Frequently Asked Questions About Abortion

With all the talk about Bush's supreme court nominations flying around these days, the issue of abortion will certainly be "popping up". Here's a brief primer about this fun and exciting hobby.

### What is abortion?

Abortion is an easy and convenient way to deal with something you don't want. Usually, it refers to unborn children, but it is increasingly used to describe treatment of other similarly undesirable things, including born children. Some examples of common usage:

- "Do we want these old books?" "No, let's get an abortion."
- "I'm going to abort a few pounds or so for summer."
- "Do your homework or I'll abort you."

### Why would I have an abortion?

There are several great reasons to have an abortion, but only you can decide if an abortion is right for you. While most experts recommend putting careful thought into your decision, some of the most exciting abortions are the spur-of-the-moment, whimsical ones. If you're passing by a clinic on the way home and you're feeling adventurous, give it a shot; after all, you'll never know until you've tried it.

You might want to consider having an abortion if you:

- are a victim of sexual assault
- are a victim of completely intentional sex
- don't know what to name your child
- are tired of sharing your food and blood with an unwelcome leech
- don't like this season's maternity clothing styles
- want to give God a little friend to play with
- don't like dirty diapers, or can't tolerate the incontinent
- are pro-death
- need to lose weight fast

### What are the benefits of having an abortion?

Having an abortion puts you in an elite social demographic, and you can treat your new-found status with pride and pretend to be traumatized by your experience. If you abort often enough, you can join a frequent aborters club and receive valuable discounts and savings at your favorite abortion clinic. Some clinics will give you a spiffy "Baby Not On Board" sign for your car, or a bumper sticker that says "It turns out it's a choice after all." You might be able to find someone to buy parts of your fetus. Try hanging around people who need transplants at the hospital and carefully dropping hints. For instance, if someone needs facial tissue, casually mention that your baby has a perfectly good face, and that it's "too bad it's just going to go to waste."

### Where can I get an abortion?

If Starbucks gets its way, you'll have a much easier time finding an abortion clinic, and you'll be able to grab a great Mocha Latte while you're there, at any of 516,378 locations. If you want to do it yourself, you have several options, most of which are available at your local liquor store. Be creative; try mixing pills with liquor, or toxic household substances that are marked "unsafe for pregnant women". If you're going for more of a casual-aborter look, wear high heels and climb up and down tall staircases as much as possible. Avoid smoking before you abort; you don't want to cause your child discomfort before the big day.

Some people prefer to relax and have an expert do the job. Explore dark alleyways with a coathanger in hand, or find an abortion clinic in the yellow pages under "murder" or "parental service," depending on the town you live in. If you prefer to get out and explore for

At MIT, we do things a little differently



### Top 10 Mandatory Plans MIT Actually Needs

10. Compulsory Voo Doo Submission Plan
9. Enforced Course 15 Drowning Plan
8. Required Introductory Flaming Lessons For People Named Josiah Plan
7. Obligatory Resume-Padding-Whore Expulsion Plan
6. Mandatory Tech Comic Humor Or At Least Intelligibility Plan
5. Required Fifth East Sketchy Sexual Partner Quantity Limitation Plan
4. Obligatory First Amendment Awareness For University Presidents Plan
3. Enforced Fratboy Decockization Plan
2. Mandatory Undergraduate Housing Office Minimum IQ Plan
1. Compulsory Public Flogging Of Those Who Use The Word "Community" To Push An Agenda Plan

### Top 10 New Deans

10. Dean of Constantly Changing The Name Of Networks and Painting Campus Food Outlets Like Kindergartens
9. Assistant Dean of Disinformation and Covert Policy
8. Head Dean of Inappropriate Touching and Poking Additional Holes Into Simmons Hall
7. Dean of Destruction, Provost of Pain, Macho Man Randy Savage!!
6. Associate Dean of Random Swapping, Childcare and Chinese Food Marketing
5. Assistant Dean of Ghetto Drugs and Fine Booty Shaking
4. Special Advisor to Minitrue on Housing Selection and Florida Balloting
3. Associate Dean of Appointing New Deans and Chair of the Committee On Committees
2. Adjutant Dean of Culture Renovation and Media Toadying
1. Institute Dean of Turning That Frown Upside Down



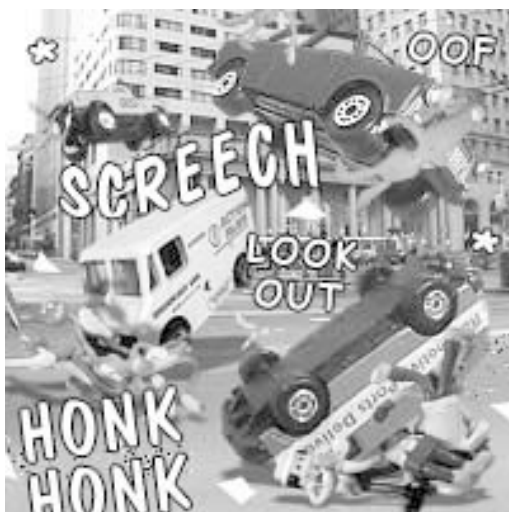
### Top 10 Mandatory Plans MIT Will Actually Get

10. Official Campus Police Orange Tours Plan
9. Unavoidable Individuality Sacrifice Plan
8. Inexorable Prefix Everything With "Infinite" Plan
7. Involuntary Afternoon Nap Plan
6. Inescapable Administrator Roommate Plan
5. Unilateral Aramark Photosynthesis Chlorophyll Injections Plan
4. Irreversible Marilee Jones Is Your New Legal Mother Plan
3. Intractable You're Not Adults Until You're Graduated With A Job Plan
2. Inevitable Smiling And Campus Gaiety Plan
1. Suicide: It's Not Just An Option Anymore Plan

### Top Ten Ways To Tell That The Prefrosh You Just Fucked Was A Spy Sent By The Administration

10. Looked to be at least 46 when the paper bag slid off her head that one time.
9. Wasn't impressed by your wicked collection of Dave Matthews MP3s.
8. Did not use "lol" in casual conversation.
7. Had 1 x 1.5 cm likeness of Chuck Vest tattooed on her right inner thigh in magenta ink.
6. Wouldn't let you violate her with the official house hamster.
5. Did not giggle wildly at math-themed pickup lines such as "Your breasts are at least two standard deviations above the average."
4. Was a virgin.
3. Kept up a conversation for at least 10 minutes before consenting to "go upstairs" for "a tour of the house."
2. Stopped crying suspiciously quickly afterwards.
1. Wouldn't let you write out your frat letters on her chest with semen.

## Leisure Town



Children's letters to God, functional drug addicts, learning how to spray paint, and magic tricks.

The Leisure Town Activity Book is an online publication which insinuates comics "for mature readers" alongside articles, features, and other content. Every pixel appears to be a supreme act of sheer will.

<http://www.leisuretown.com/>

## CLUB Z

Relive those awkward, stifling high school functions by catching some "Z"s at Club Z!

Live at Club Z: "Milk & Cookies"  
Bedtime Story/Lullaby Trio

Friday, 9PM-12:30AM,  
on West Campus somewhere

**Music:** INSIPID, not inspiring  
**Drinks:** APPROVED, not alcoholic  
**Setting:** SUPERVISED, not sociable

Open to the entire MIT/Wellesley community and anyone else without a mind of their own.

For more info, email [millennialz@mit.edu](mailto:millennialz@mit.edu)  
or check out <http://millennialz.mit.edu>



**GOD BLESS  
AMERICA**

## Moral Bankruptcy Sale



**UNITED  
WE STAND**

Due to the cataclysmic damage to our national blissful unawareness, and the mounting costs of Operation Enduring Vengeance, America has sadly been forced to declare ethical insolvency. But our tragic loss can be your short-term gain!

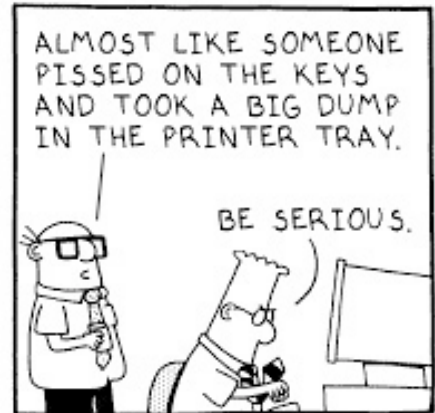
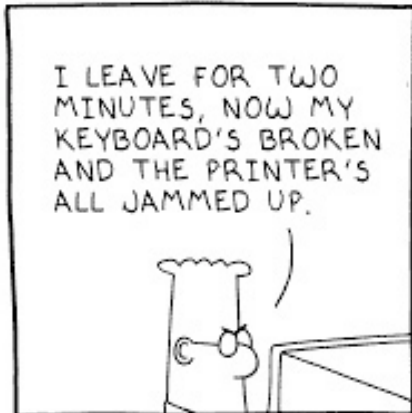
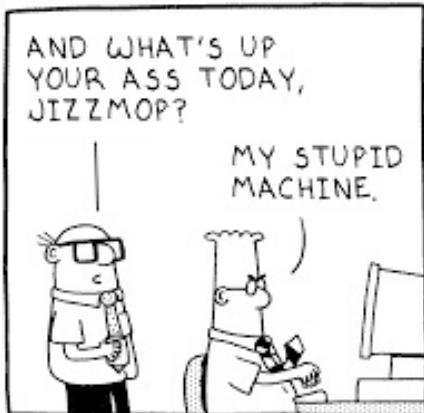
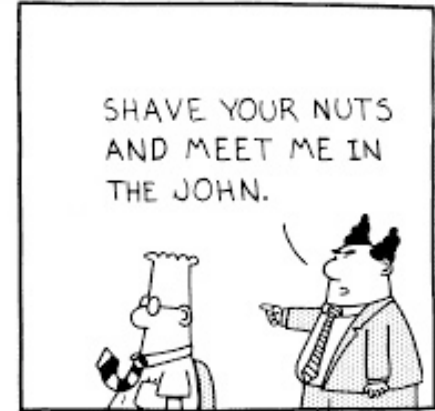
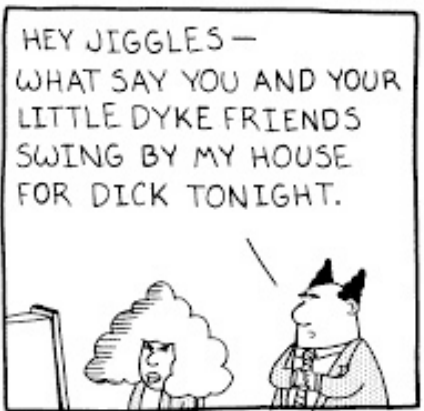
To pay off our karmic creditors: *All Remaining Assets Must Go!*

LOOK  
at these  
steals!

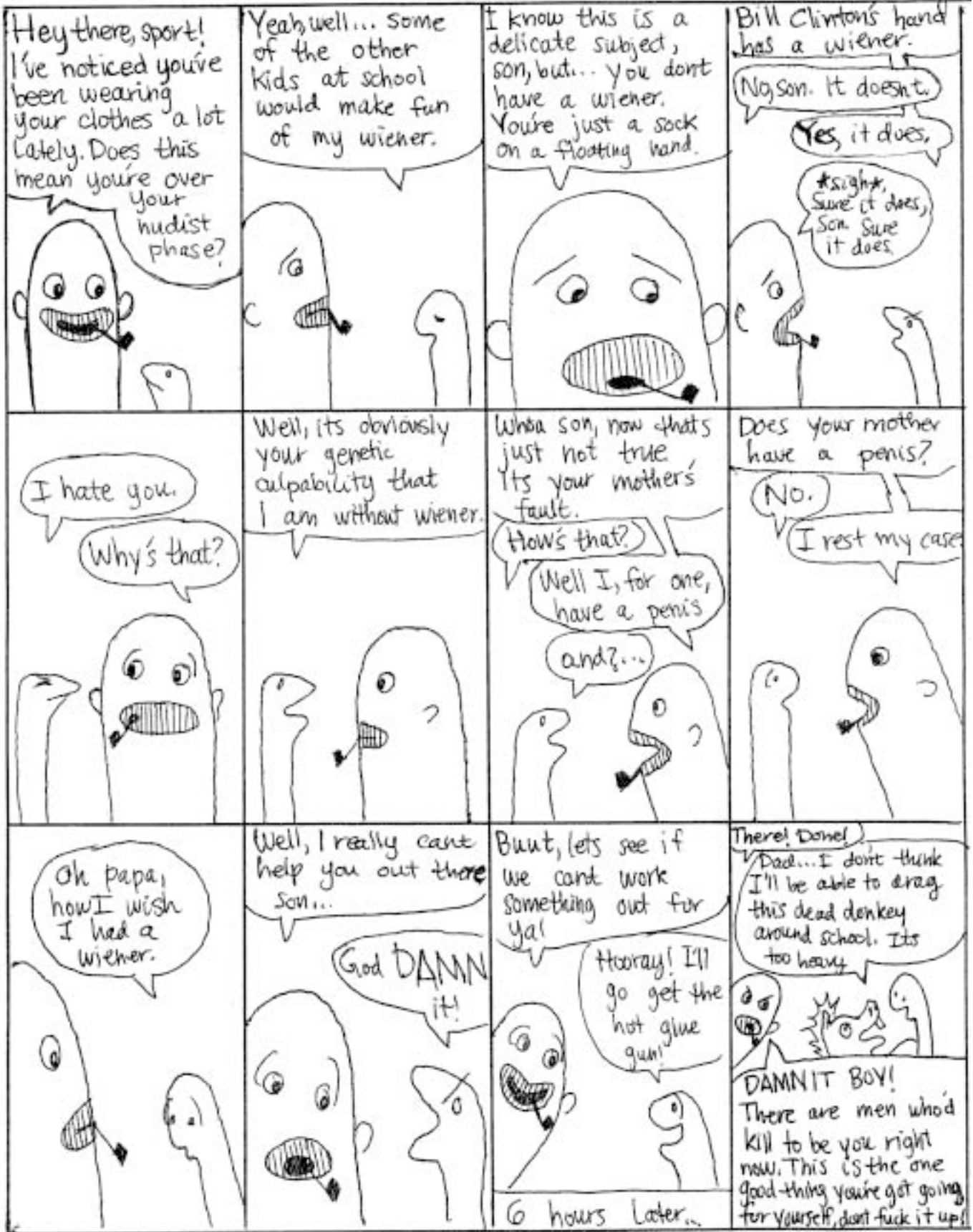
Up to 90% off Jingoism!!  
Hypocrisy — Save \$\$\$ in bulk!  
Buy Nationalism and Aggression, Get Militarism for only \$1 more!  
Stereotypes: Half Cocked and Half Price!  
Civil Liberties — **SOLD OUT**

**PLUS: Free Propaganda  
with every purchase!**

The bargains have to be obscene to be believed! Don't fall for the Ka-bullshit, jump on the Tali-bandwagon and head down to our warehouse for some mind-blowing infi-deals! It's not actually on fire (like some other bombed-out warehouses we could name), but these are absolute fire sale prices! Patriotism may never be this cheap again — buy in now while you have the chance!



# prosopopeia















<p>Iron Chef Infight! Japan Versus France!</p>  <p>my bet is on Sakai- his Au Gratin attack is very deadly</p>	 <p>And the secret ingredient is:</p>	<p>ANTHRAX!!</p> 
<p>The Iron Chefs are confused!</p>  <p>Anthrax is an ingredient in neither Japanese -nor- French cuisine!</p>	<p>Yet, they forge on gallantly.</p>  <p>Sakai makes a soufflé, and Morimoto creates a delicate wonton to hold the finely grained spores.</p>	<p>BUT WHO IS IT???</p>  <p>WHOSE CUISINE WILL REIGN SUPREME!?!?!</p>

THE Big Jimmy Mix 'N MATCH SPECIAL

- Draw a line between the student's problem & the night-watchman's appropriate response

<p>1. _____ HELP JIMMY, I GOT LOCKED OUT AGAIN</p> 	<p>1E, 2B, 3C, 4D, 5A -OR- 1A, 2A, 3A, 4A, 5A</p> <p>CORRECT ANSWERS:</p>	<p>A. _____ it's time to take my pills</p> 
<p>2. _____ Uh, Jimmy, I think my ANUS is bleeding</p> 		<p>B. _____ I know what you kids are up to</p> 
<p>3. _____ HELP, Jimmy, my CAT IS MISSING</p> 		<p>C. _____ oh boy, I really need to cut back</p> 
<p>4. _____ Jimmy, my roommate kicked me out so she could have sex... But I haven't slept in 3 days... can you help</p> 		<p>D. _____ WHEN YOU GET TO MY AGE, VIAGRA DOESN'T EVEN WORK ANYMORE</p> 
<p>5. _____ I MUST KILL I MUST KILL</p> 		<p>!!! _____ Who's this Jimmy person you kids are always talking about</p> 

Fun With Porn

Isaac Aaronson



"Does this jewelry make my ankles look fat?"

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solve freshman class problem sets and build simple circuitry. **\$6.99**

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snoring on the only unspoiled span in the room. Harry's bed was little more than a pile of splinters and his chair could not be found. The security bars too were mangled, resembling the teeth of one of Hagrid's whores. Mostly sober, but still able to see a ghostly reminiscence of the citizens in the sky, Harry gazed at the stars. To his horror, he saw Virgo dead, her head propped up on Lupus' sleeping body, her lifeless eyes staring nowhere, her dress reddened with blood. He knew it was he who shot her in his craze, murdering his own motive for life, his only love. Here, nor anywhere, was Virgo.

He clenched his chest, shallowed his breath, and walked over to the sleeping owl. Mechanically, he untied the message from its leg, knowing there was nothing it could say that would make any difference, nothing that would bring his Virgo home. He unrolled the message and read:

-----  
Harry!

I hope the Dursleys haven't been too awful this year. It's been great here--every day my brothers and I have been playing some hellish Quidditch out back and I'm getting good. I tell you, you better be careful next year, as Gryffindor might have a new Seeker next Year!

Anyhow, I was wondering if you might want to go with the family and me to Armenia this year. My brother Charlie has been there for a while studying the famous dragon dying grounds near Lake Sevan and we are going to visit him. It should be lots of fun. My brother has been going on and on about this food or something they have there called hashish. It's some sort of muggle magic. I think we should try it.

Get here as soon as you can, or send Pig with a message, because we leave in four days.

Supernaturally Yours,

Ron

P.S. My mom has been acting really

strange lately. She stays in her room almost all day and when she isn't there, she just smiles all funny like. I always hear bizarre noises coming from her room, too, like screaming, but not scary. She sounds like Headless Nick a little. I can't figure out why. All I know is that it has to do with--I think--this new wand she bought called the Sybian Wand, or the Wand of Sybia. The weird thing is I checked over at Ollivander's and they said they do not sell wands like that. They wouldn't answer any of my questions about it either. Freaky, eh? Oh yeah, Colin and Neville said their moms were acting weird too, but I haven't had a chance yet to ask them about the wand. See ya soon!

-----  
Harry didn't care too much about Armenia, but he really didn't like living in shit, especially now that Virgo was gone. He sent Pig back to the Weasleys' with a message that said he'd be there soon and then started packing. He wriggled his way through the confused maze of metal around his window--no longer electrified since he uncompleted all the circuits--and jumped to the ground below. He was just about to leave when he realized he was forgetting something... what though? Of course! He stuffed the rotting corpse of Bullethead into his knapsack and set off.

Traipsing through the fallow suburbia surrounding the Dursleys' house, he began to wonder: what was making Mrs. Weasley so happy? And what kind of wand could there possibly be that Ollivander's would not sell? According to Hagrid, happy women had something to do with the clitoris, but what?

Perhaps he would find out in Armenia--hashish country.



changed the motor out to a quieter one. Yet there was never, ever, any penetration, so she remained the innocent heavenly beauty she always was. Essentially, Virgo did nothing to help Harry's Sex Ed; he mainly just sat around all day drawing pictures of himself in suits of armor and tripped all night while watching Virgo shimmer and dreaming up affected, preposterous and hollow one-liners like "Can there ever be any justice, any spiritual, soul-satisfying justice, for the virgin?"

\* \* \* \* \*

This had been Harry's chief pursuit ever since returning home to the Dursleys. After receiving countless hours of psychiatric help, smacking each other around with foam tubes, and regressive hypnosis, the Dursleys had managed to forget, or just ignore, the terrible magic a year ago in which Dudley, Harry's sizeable cousin, had plumped up like Ricki Lake in a Twinkie factory. They still feared Harry, but this fear manifested itself in the cell they built for him: a plywood plank of a bed tilted just enough that Harry awoke each morning on the floor, a balsa wood chair stained with sandpaper, and heavy black security bars on Harry's only window. Twice a day, Mrs. Dursley slipped a tray of food through a slot in the door, if food it could even be called, as it was, after all, British. There were no allowances for intestinal relief, so there laid, in the corner of the room, a heaping mass of shit, which Harry had taken to sculpting during the daylight hours.

His friends, Ron, Hermione, and others, had tried to contact him by owl repeatedly, but the Dursleys were no fools—they had electrified the bars. The plot of grass beneath Harry's window was littered with owl carcasses in varying stages of decomposition, releasing a stench to high hell that was only bested by the piss-n-shit odors from Harry's own room. Harry had long ago cut off his nose—spitting his face—in an aster-induced frenzy, so he didn't mind.

Harry had grown particularly fond of one of the feathery lumps of flesh on the lawn and had nicknamed him Bullethead, because the local squirrels—distant relatives of Fuckhead—had circumcised off its wings for lack of a dorm in the area to terrorize. One day, Harry imagined, he would ride Bullethead into the cosmos to save his dear Virgo from... from... ah, who gives a shit?

On this particular night, however, Harry became distracted from his starry lover by a small black dot fluttering haphazardly through the trees near his

window. It looked to be as comfortable in the air as a ValuJet Boeing flown by Capt. Joseph Hazelwood, but somehow it managed. Had Harry been sober, he would have recognized the dot as Pigwidgeon, Ron Weasley's diminutive personal owl, but instead Harry was peaking, so he frantically started hunting through his belongings for his thirty ought six. "Fuck you, Hazelwood! Don't think I've forgotten about the marbled murrelet, you genocidal son-of-a-bitch! You're going down!" Harry yelled as he placed his trembling fingers on the cold, steel barrel of his second favorite phallus. Harry carefully began to load the gun.

Pig, however, was faster than he looked and, being so small, managed to fly straight through the iron bars seconds before Harry pushed the last shell into place. As Harry raised his gun to take aim, Pig gently landed on the sight and held out his leg, to which a small letter was attached. Harry freaked. He proceeded to fire indiscriminately, eventually turning to his personal pile of feces—currently molded into a surprisingly detailed rendition of Michelangelo's "David"—and castrating the Jew-king with one bullet.

"Oh dear lord, a fucking owl," Harry exclaimed. "What did you do with my goddamned nose?!?!?"

Pig couldn't respond, not having Harry's nose or the ability to speak, so he busied himself dodging shit shrapnel, which, at this point, was not an easy task. Then, suddenly as if inspired by David's demise, Harry turned the gun on himself. "Here, there is no Virgo. No nose. No me. Just an owl and lots of shit. It's all shit." He pulled the trigger.

Click.

Tears mingled in the excrement covering Harry's cheeks until his eyes appeared dysenteric. He took the barrel from his mouth and examined the small inscription on the butt of the handle: "Smith & Wesson—Black Arts Division. Warning: this firearm is enchanted and cannot be fired at or used to harm in any way its owner."

Harry collapsed. "Magic," he muttered, "Always magic." And then he slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Harry awoke, it was still dark. He glanced around the room, surveying the damage. Everything was brown and yellow. On a small ledge of sheetrock dislodged by one of Harry's bullets sat Pig, quietly

## Harry Potter and the Wand of Sybia By J. K. Rowling

### Chapter 1

Newly-installed security bars segregated Libra from Virgo in the heavens of Harry Potter. "How appropriate," he mused, as he gawked wantonly at the pursed buttocks of Virgo's form, his eyes casually chasing the folds of her raiment that fell so delicately around what he imagined to be unblemished, nearly translucent thighs. "Can there ever be any justice, any spiritual, soul-satisfying justice, for the virgin?"

Harry had, only an hour before, eaten three magic aster buttons and was already a willing subject to their whims. He no longer saw the sky as simple white dots, but as a crowded gallery of humans, creatures, and other assorted figures he could not even name. Aster buttons brought constellations to life for the user, let them move, talk, fight, and fuck. All of humankind's successes—all of its failures—were grotesquely reflected by this euphoric playground of the gods with its perfect comedy, perfect tragedy; it was an IMAX theater that perpetually screened "The Bold and the Beautiful."

Best of all, light pollution is not a problem for the aster user, as aster buttons are magic! Hocus Pocus! Ooo-weee-ooo type stuff. In fact, most of the amateur porn available to wizards is made simply by giving a couple of buttons to a CCD camera and letting it record... all night long. Ever since Cassiopeia took her first Bukkake Shower, she's been hooked, as have been the clientele. Wizard porn is currently the hottest market on the Hogsmeade Securities Exchange (HSE).

For nearly a month now, aster buttons were Harry's only pleasure. Before Harry left Hogwarts last month, Hagrid had sat Harry down and told him all about the Phoenixes and fleas. Of course, Hagrid is a dimwitted, half-giant with a face that was, 14 years back, the foremost cause of the Forbidden Forest's Great Soaring Slug Extinction; most of his experience—all right, all of his experience—lies with the whores of Knockturn Alley. Not to imply, by any means, that these whores are of substandard quality. Indeed, they can, with the stability spell known only to members of their exclusive Moll Lodge, hold a man to pleasures *ne plus ultra* for as long as the client's ledger stays in the black, squarely kicking Amsterdam's lackluster, muggle-sex focused Red Light district in the ass. Still, these whores are British, so we aren't talking Britney Spears (now legal in all states!); we are barely even talking Minnie Pearl. In fact, rates on Knockturn Alley

are completely based on number, type, and position of teeth and Hagrid, being a simple gamekeeper, maxes out at about three teeth, two of which are molars.

So Hagrid was not the best person to receive The Talk from, and Harry left mostly confused, especially with regards to this clitoris thing. Hagrid was vague on this subject, even more so than most men, given his paltry resumé; yes, he was nearly as vague as the clitoris itself—nearly. For some time following, Harry would rifle through women's purses or slyly examine every inch of their exposed skin, looking for this obscure creature. It was not until many years later that Harry would find out the truth—that the clitoris is the one magical feature that even muggles have, completely imperceptible to all the senses of men but, to its owner, easily detectable. More than easily, it was holy shit detectable.

Hagrid did give Harry one important item, a bag of aster buttons intended to expose him to the expressive beauty of bodies entwined, to the complementary loves of man and woman, man and man, woman and bull, centaur and oak, and most importantly, to fucking on a magnitude only matched by a Stalin-era hydropower plant. It was, by Hagrid, a masterful idea to aid in Harry's education, an admirable admission of his own shortcomings, yet there was a problem. Aster buttons have a number of side effects including, but not limited to, diarrhoea, taste alteration, vaginal moniliasis, fungal infection, tongue discoloration, sexual dysfunction (including impotence), hairy palms, and most devastatingly, quixoticism. Harry felt the last of these effects profoundly, causing him to close his eyes to the countless wads blown across the sky each night, making no wishes on these hot and sticky shooting stars. Instead, he only attended to Virgo, his love, his maiden, his bitch-bunny, who could only be saved from... from... what didn't matter, but he knew she needed to be saved and it had to be by him, Prince Potter. Even during the meteor shower—the orgy—he saw only three nights prior, he remained fixed on Virgo, oh Virgo.

As Virgo was a virgin, she was not about to participate in the sin that surrounded her, though she'd give head a couple times a year, 'cause after all, oral sex isn't real sex, right? She was also "riding the butterfly" pretty much all the time now that they sold it with a harness, made it smaller—fits in just the right places—and

When it comes to hard-boiled, in-your-face, investigative journalism, what periodical is more often turned to than the esteemed MIT Journal of Humour—Voo Doo? Probably just about every publication you can name plus fifty. But when it comes to stealing stuff, you know the rag out there you can count on is Voo Doo. So, not to disappoint, Voodoo has done it again, folks.

This past June, we sent our best—and only—staff reporter Phos “Phive-Phingers” Phorus off to Merry Ol’ England to find the infamous children’s author J. K. Rowling in hopes of getting her to write for VD. Unfortunately, all Phos had to go on was that Rowling liked to write in a tavern near her home. So he made a list of all the taverns in Great Britain, donned a disguise as a dog named Bismuth, and began his search.

Sometime in Mid-October, after we had long given up hope of ever seeing Phos again and had begun the process of auditioning new mascots, we received the following letter in a frantic hurried pen:

VD,

*I am sitting in a bar on Market St. I'm drunk, well, not quite, but I soon will be. I am here for 2 reasons; I must wait 5 hours for the plane to Denver (next assignment--no sleep for the weary) & lastly but, most importantly, I'm here (drinking) because, of course, because of a woman & what a woman!*

*To be chronological about it: I was on the biggest drinking binge this dreary island has ever seen when the late morning crowd came into the bar -- a perfectly proportioned, beautiful, drunk gargled & stammered NO! (Paradox of expression, after all, how can one stammer No!?)*

*She sat -- I sweated -- She started to speak, I knew it would be generalities, so to tempt her I remained silent. She (her name Joanne) sat on the stool beside me at 10 AM (Early!). I didn't speak until 12 PM -- in the intervening 2 hours I not only of course, determined to make her, but, how to DO IT.*

*I naturally can't quote the conversation verbally, however, I shall attempt to give you the gist of it from 12 PM to 4 PM. Without the slightest preliminaries of objective remarks (what's your name? where are you going? etc.) I plunged into a completely knowing, completely subjective, personal & so to speak “penetrating her core” way of speech; to be shorter (since I'm getting unable to write) by 4 PM I had her swearing eternal love, complete subjectivity to me & immediate satisfaction. I, anticipating even more pleasure, wouldn't allow her to blow me in the bar; instead we played, as they say, with each other.*

*Knowing her supremely perfect being was completely mine, I led her (She directed, but I had the baton) to her house where (I stood in Athelardic horror) her four-year-old was asleep on the sofa. The child (my nemesis) didn't wake (ergo, God exists) as we--long dash--to her bed.*

*7 hours of sputnik citadels--interruption once, but the Nanny, not the Kid. 7 more of dreams. I hereby leave all I have to the Nanny.*

*I awoke--she didn't, couldn't--and stole off for some OJ (vital for recoveries of this magnitude). Alas, alas--there was no OJ, only a hunch of sherbet lemons. And a plethora of legal pads everywhere. I eyed one and noticed (and then splurt once more--only a short gasp) it said “Harry Potter: book 5” at the top. Holy fuck, VD, I hit gushes and gushes of gold--better even than the 19-year-old virgin schoolteacher in Missouri.*

*I grabbed what little I could (no thumbs) and hit the door at cool 55mph. That was an hour ago and I think I made it out clean, though she's got to figure it out eventually, so I'm sending everything I've got to you now.*

*I'll elaborate further later (probably?) but at the moment I'm drunk and happy (after all, I'm free of Joanne already, though I ain't saying this job is guiltless. I could never have told her I was really a cat anyhow.) At the happy note of Les Young's ‘Jumping at Mesners’ (which I'm hearing) I close till later.*

*To my Brother*

*Carry On!*

*Phos*

So, as you can see, we've got the scoop of the century—all two years of it. The fifth book of the Harry Potter series. Actually, all we have is the first chapter, but that's still a pretty big scoop, and we think you'll get the gist of it. After all, how different could it be from the first four?

Here, presented for the first time, unedited (except for grocery lists and such), we present the first chapter of J. K. Rowling's new book:

# Harry

HANGS OUT  
AT  
HOGWARTS



A STORY OF  
A BOY & HIS WAND