

MIT'S MAGAZINE OF HUMOR

TECHNOLOGY

SPRING 2002

VOO DOO

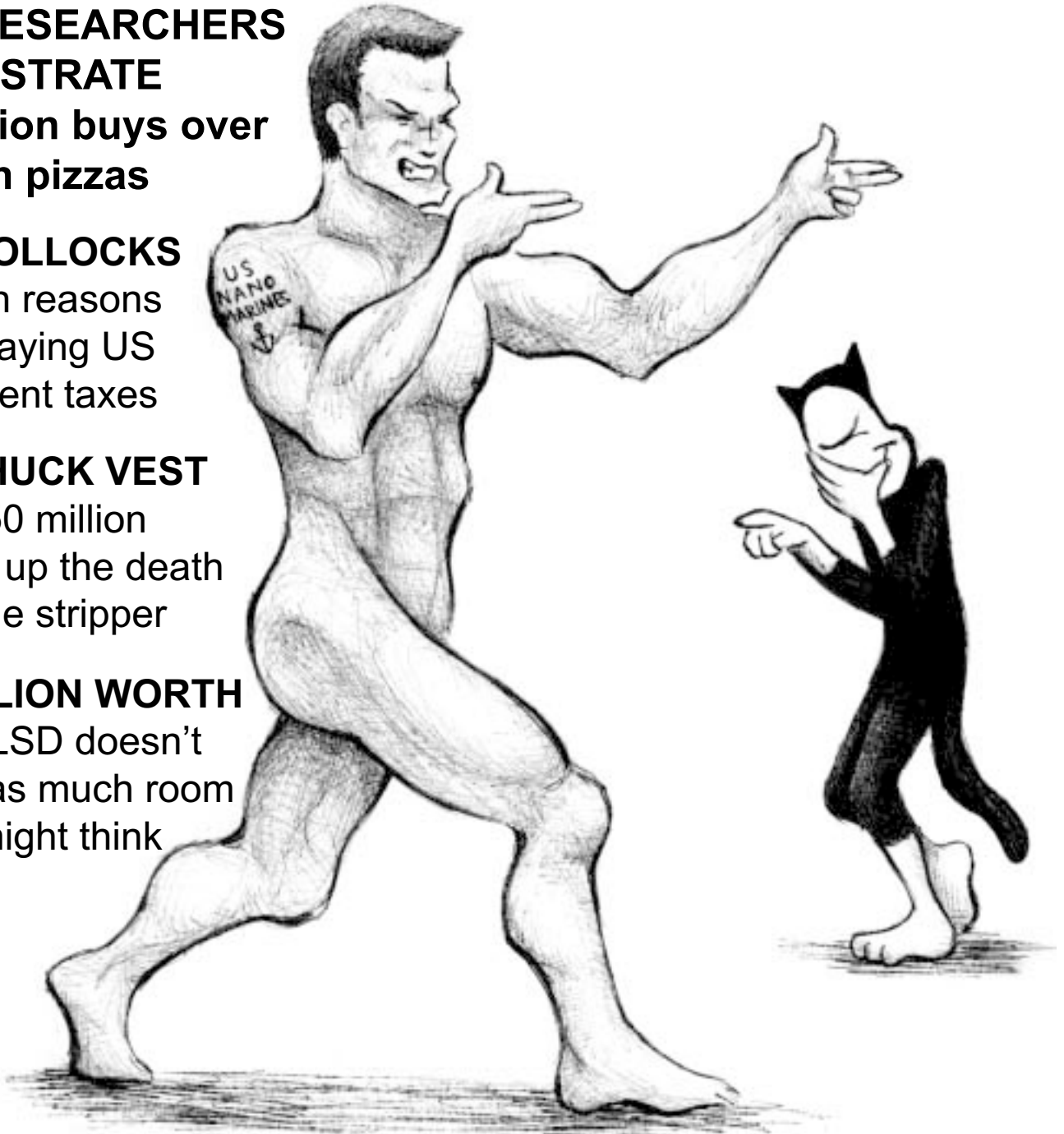
VOODOO.MIT.EDU

**NANORESEARCHERS
DEMONSTRATE
\$50 million buys over
8 million pizzas**

NANOBOLLOCKS
50 million reasons
to stop paying US
government taxes

HOW CHUCK VEST
Spent \$50 million
covering up the death
of a single stripper

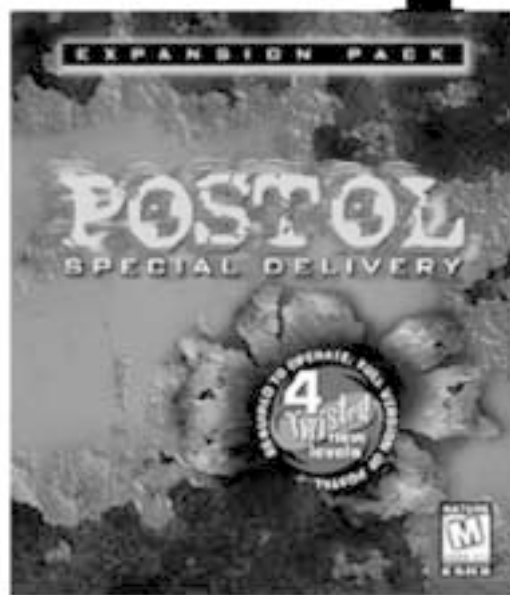
\$50 MILLION WORTH
Of pure LSD doesn't
take up as much room
as you might think



USA \$2.00 • CANADA \$6.66

THE ARMY'S NEW CLOTHES

Prepare to go



This May, re-enter the depraved mind of MIT Professor Ted Postol, as he goes on another quest for truth, justice, and bloody, two-fisted vengeance.

Four years ago, the FBI tried to silence this critic of Missile Defence by classifying public documents. You were there with him when he fought back, leaving a trail of scorched earth and corpses from MIT to D.C.

Now, a war-hungry president is occupying Washington, the media are ignoring new evidence of fraud at the hands of MIT's own Missile Defence scientists, and Ted Postol is pissed! Join this murderous peace-nik as he takes another sabbatical from hell!

In stores
May 15

This expansion pack contains the original game (featuring such classic levels as "Terror in Kendall Square") as well as 4 twisted new levels set all around the world. Also included is the bonus level "Let's Find the Boeing in the Pentagon."

The action and gore never stop in "Postol: Special Delivery."



Wreak havoc on Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands, the apartheid state that is home to Missile Defence development.



Paint the road red as you cross the Potomac into D.C.

TO
O
V
E
R
O
F

In Arabian Nanites Voo Doo:



Letters to the Editor — page 6

For security reasons, all paper mail has been screened through Phos's digestive tract before printing.

The Daily Voo Doo — MIT Wins \$50 Million Transformers Grant — page 8

Stay tuned for 'Voo Doo sued by Hasbro and Marvel', next issue.

Lemelson Winner Stripped Of Prize — page 10

Build a better mousetrap, and prepare to be sued into destitution, technology-dweeb.



Point-Counterpoint — page 12

Dean Tracy Purinton will defend any student activity for food.

Hemp Crossword — page 15

Marijuana doesn't sap your motivation; it just redirects it.



The Voo Doo Humor Survey — page 16

"You'll laugh at what you're given, if you know what's good for you" -- Andrew Brooks G, Editor

The Cult Of The All Night Tool Tug — page 18

The inside story on solitaire salami hiding, straight from a master of the game.

MIT Policies And Procedures Section 9.5: Harassment — page 21

Remember, the first amendment to the MIT constitution isn't for free speech. It's actually about asbestos.

The Revised Catholic Hymn Book — page 23

Personally recommended by Captain Rape.

Ask Phos — page 24

Don't put a lock on that cock, we're here to talk.

The Voo Doo Whore-o-scope — page 28

It's all in the stars. The ones in your eyes. If that line works on you, this page is for you.

The Voo Doo Ultimate Frat Party Poster — page 29

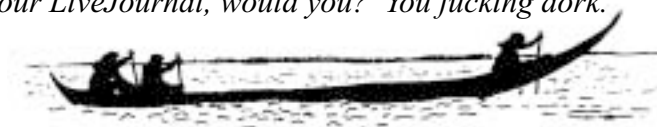
Our new sexism technique is unstoppable.

Harry Potter In "Harry's Sodded And The Sorcerer's Stoned" — page 30

The long-awaited MITHC-MITMBLA collaboration finally arrives.

Desk Stretches — page 31

You wouldn't want RSI to come between you and your LiveJournal, would you? You fucking dork.



From the Publisher



Ectoplasm

Andrew Brooks

Engorged Cock of
the Anti-City

Mateusz Malinowski

Jazz Trombone

Kelly Clancy

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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. It doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going to 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/submissions welcome. 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



Well, once again I sit here writing this note that no-one will read, right before we go to press — I've been up for 33 hours working on this damn thing, my staff would rather take gender-reversing hormones than see another e-mail from me, and the printer pick up guy cheerfully promised to show me his new tire iron if the issue's not ready for him when he gets here in an hour. But as always, it feels good to have it almost put together — our futile little stand against the world about to be spawned forth to try to bolster the morale of a few allies out there in this mess with us.

Speaking of which, I guess the only slightly different tack in this issue is that we've made an effort to reach out further West — sure the fun of doing the vox pop was its own reward, but I'd genuinely like to see more people from that quarter get some idea of what Voo Doo is about, and hopefully get involved. Perhaps this makes me less hardcore and bitter than a Voo Doo editor should be, but I'm giving it a shot nonetheless. And if it doesn't work, then may the infidels all perish in the hellish, milky torment of a cloud of flaming coffee creamer.

I'd like to thank all the staff who contributed to the issue — you're the reason it's finished. It was also great to see a continuing alum presence, particularly since they of all people should know what they're letting themselves in for. And I was especially touched when my next-door-neighbour came in and did some editing earlier today while I was lying on my bed babbling incoherently and drooling on my pillow. Hails to you all.

Readers: I hope you like the fun we've made of some of the more fucking ridiculous aspects of MIT and the world over the last term — while it seems like we've singled out a few for particular humiliation (because we have), there are plenty more that can and should receive it. If you feel we've left someone out — write! If you feel that we're a bunch of hopeless malcontents that should just give the fuck up — write! And if you feel slightly unsettled that these words keep slipping off the paper, stop drinking that floor polish. Don't you owe it to yourself to upgrade to yacht varnish? I certainly haven't looked back.

Keep the banner of scorn aloft,

Zoz

SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

OR WE LET THIS MAN LOOSE.

TRUST US. IT WON'T BE

JUST THE BEARS WHO SUFFER.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Still only
83.3% crap!

Dear Voo Doo editorial staff,

As editor, contributor, and sexgoddess of the campus' only intentionally literary publication, I find a preternatural anger welling up every time I pick up your, well, Bachelor's Degree quality work. I'm planning on starting my own humor magazine, which will include glossy covers, commentary, black-and-white stills instead of childish cartoons, and jokes in a number of poetic styles.

Keerann Hieuhefner

PS Do you think I'm hot?

Dear literate one,

We look forward to your centerfold picture. Invite us to the next party at the Rune Mansion.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

Who is this new Zoz editor guy? What happened to Geeta? Frank, geetadayalfanclub@mit.edu

Dear Frank,

Have no fear. "Zoz" is actually a codeword used in an old lawyer liability trick. Due to the continual threats of libel, defamation, harassment, and child support suits we receive every month, Voo Doo incorporated and generated what legal types call: "A Non-existent pseudo-entity at Fault", which is conventionally named, "Zoz". If you look at MIT's hall tutor list, you'll note their lawyers did the same. Next time someone in a dorm takes too much PCP and opens up with a Spud Cannon killing 16, the courts will find "Zoz" at fault (net worth \$465).

As for Geeta, she's off to journalism school. She wants to be Connie Chung when she grows up.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I find my life lacks spirituality, but that conventional religious organizations on campus lack pizzazz. I was disappointed by the so-called Campus Crusade for Cthulhu, whose ceremonies have been worse than a Bar Mitzvah. Can you recommend an alternative group with some spark?

A Soul Seeker

Dear Desperately Seeking Satan,

Our favorite is a mysterious group. After the Campus Crusade for Christ's brutal hunting of the Pagan Students'

Group in '92, more radical occultists were forced to move underground. Under the guise of operating a "counseling hotline", these students banded together to form the highly secretive cult known only by the cryptic moniker Nightline. Although their members are anonymous, it is sometimes possible to out them by the hoods, sacrificial knives, and large tomes they carry in their bookbags.

Joining involves an interview to determine your desire to learn the black arts, followed by a long brainwashing period. After this, members are forced to report to the secret "altar room", said to contain a full-sized replica of Stonehenge as well as several telephones, and where sacred ceremonies, summonings, and strange sex rituals take place from 7pm to 7am every night. No one knows where this room is, but after every Lupericalia, a brutally slain goat is found deep in the sub-basement of 56. It is also rumored that they play part of a massive mind-control conspiracy which includes the huge MIT Mental Health corporation, the Brotherhood of GRTs, and the alien lifeforms kept locked in the labs of Building 68.

If you are still unafraid of their acolytes and the dark gods they worship, you can discuss it with members of their group by calling DEF-TUV-TUV-OPER-OPER and incanting their prayer, "Do you know the number for Domino's, dude?"

All Hail Eros! Natasmal!

Phos

ok so as i sit here in really tight bellbottoms i have been trying to think of something to write to you although all i can really think about is the constriction around my hips at any rate hope alls well with you

Dear Mark,

It is good to see that the many hours spent in GRT training have paid off, in particular the "E-mail Etiquette" section. It is important to start a letter off by putting the reader in the right state of mind, or in our case the sweaty state of underpants. With erotic prose like that, I see an RLA position in your immediate future. Perhaps you will also be able to find someone in the administration to help you out of those restrictive clothes.

Baum chikka baum baum,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,
Damn dude, I heard about that GG Admin album from a friend of mine. He said it totally rocked. I live out here in Portland, and the scene is getting so stale. But this friend of mine, you see, went out to visit his ex-girlfriend's best friend from high school, and she goes to M.I.T. And he said he heard this album that fucking tore his head right off and shat monster piles of filth down his throat. Then it sewed his head back on with fishing line, using a spork from Wendy's as a needle. Damn. I heard you know where I can get some of this shit. I've got some money, too. Rock on dude.

Hail and kill,
Lyle Foreskin

*Dear Lyle,
Reminds me of a woman I used to date. Anyway, if you're in Portland, your best source of GG Admin material is mail order from Red Tape Disciples in Manchester NH — they carry the entire Rigid Records catalog, as well as a lot of other hard-to-find bureaucrat-noise. Otherwise if you're just looking for the recent stuff at a slightly cheaper price, you could try Just Following Purchase Orders, as long as you don't mind supporting a distro with accounting supremacist tendencies. I know what you mean about the stale scene — I heard some campuses have such a shoddy 'cratrock following that they've started hiring competent staff, finding jobs for them to do before they're hired, and even preventing groups from writing their own inflated performance reviews. Doesn't look like we'll have that problem at MIT anytime soon though — the futile scramble to provide internal banking services in the wake of an absurd unilateral prohibition on outside accounts should keep us slamming for years.*

*See you in the pit,
Phos*

Dear Greta Dayal,
We are pleased that you have accepted our offer of admission to the Columbia School of Journalism, we know that you will be a great addition to our student body!

In response to your requests for housing, we regret to say that the options are quite limited. However, after considerable research, we have come up with an offer that we think you will find very attractive. Understanding that you were very pleased with the social culture where you lived at MIT, we have located another Columbia-bound MIT graduate who lived practically next door to you! Perhaps you know him already? Kevin says he was quite well known in the artistic circles on-campus. Feeling confident that you would find this an agreeable solution to your housing needs, we have made all the necessary arrangements. In fact, Mr. Choi has already begun to move in!

Cheers,
Jane Handy
Columbia School of Journalism

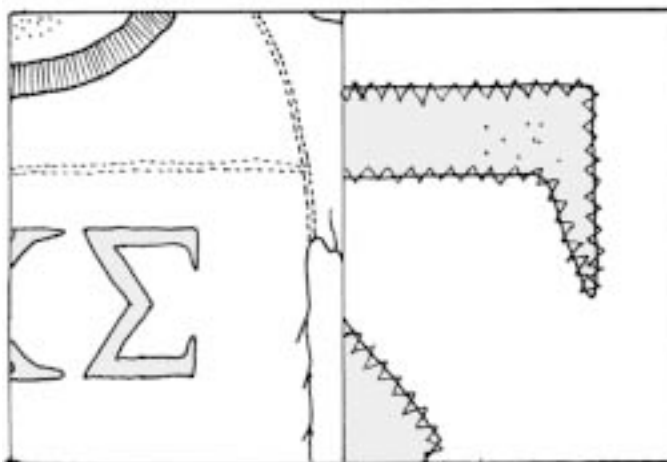
*Dear Jane,
I can assure you that all of us here at Voo Doo are turning pink with gaiety at this thrilling news. We just hope Kevin has upgraded his MP3 player, as it would be a terrible shame for him to suffer "iPod-envy". We will be giving Ms Dayal a case of baby oil from the office to take to Columbia with her, to assist in the production of her roommate's next film project.*

*It takes diff'rent strokes to rule the world,
Phos*

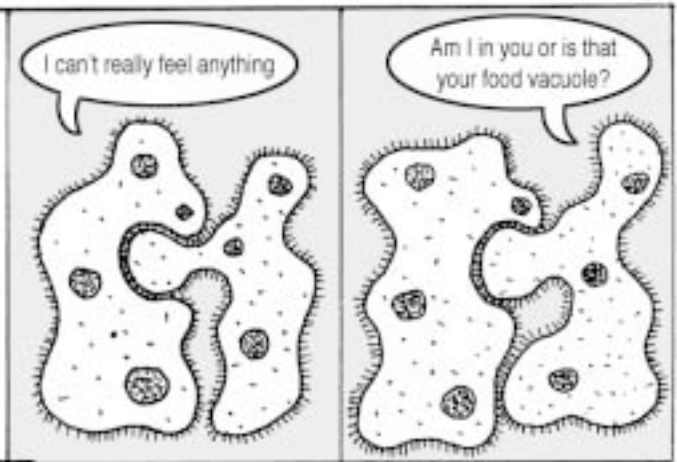
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Cambridge MA 02139
USA

Amoeba Sex!



"The Frat Party"



THE DAILY



VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"The Most Rusted Name In News"

MIT Wins \$50 Million Transformers Grant

More To Materials Science Department Than Meets The Eye

As the nation's scientists scramble to cash in on war research, MIT's Department of Materials Science announced a major jackpot this month: a \$50 million DARPA grant to develop vehicles and equipment for the US military that transform at will into enormous, violent robots. The grant was personally endorsed by President Bush, who cited the need for the United States to close the "giant shape-changing robot gap" that currently exists with unpredictable, fad-driven rogue nations such as Japan.

"Our goal is to greatly enhance the average citizen's confusion as to what the fuck is going on, using robots in disguise," said Ned Thomas, the Morris Cohen Professor of Materials Science and Engineering. "Imagine the psychological impact upon an ordinary person walking down the street, when what looks like a regular Volkswagen suddenly sprouts arms and legs and starts leaping around kung-fu smashing shit. Anyone who could take that in stride would have to be already far too fucked up to be a threat to national security."

The Volkswagen, he explained at the news conference, would be one of "the old-school variety, not those gay-ass yuppie new ones." Thomas went on to note that MIT researchers have recently created "world-record ridiculous ideas" that are "better than LSD."

While precise details of the research program are yet to be determined, it has been released that two major research thrusts will be undertaken. The first, code-named Project Autobot, will focus on the development of robots that disguise themselves as normal civilian vehicles such as cars and trucks, while the second, Project Decepticon, will work on the question of making immense mechanical soldiers that cunningly fool observers by appearing in the form of military equipment and weaponry. Both types will be able to operate undetected by the local population, in much the same fashion as the robotic Dick Cheney developed at CMU two years ago.

"The Autobots are intended for domestic use, such as security patrols as part of the new Department of Fatherland Security,"



An artist's impression of a scene that may soon be commonplace thanks to the new MIT Institute for Transformer Technologies.

a DARPA spokesman said during the agency's announcement concerning the grant. "Their civilian appearance has been chosen in order not to alarm the American public, which has already been terribly traumatised by having world affairs brutally imposed almost into the periphery of its consciousness last year. Similarly, their atonal, synthetic voices will have a robust and kindly-sounding tinge, further helping to ease our citizens back into their comforting mental stasis."

"The Decepticons, on the other hand, will not need to conceal their military nature, as they are to be deployed abroad," the spokesman continued. "That's where people are brutal, militaristic savages who only understand violence and terror and hate Americans for their freedoms." The announcement further noted that the Decepticons' speech would be a harsh, grating screech, as is the case with foreign people, particularly evil-axis members Asians and Arabs.

Continued on page 2

BREAKING NEWS

US To Start Bombing Foreign Countries With Bales Of Money

Cuts Out Military-Industrial Middleman,
Results Equivalent

Pranksters Straighten Stata Centre 14 Dead, 2 Conceived In Mideast Battle

Course VI T-Shirts Now Available In I-Play- Quake-All-Day Size

**French Judge Declares Terrorists The
Winners**

Over 200 Chocolate Eclairs Sold In "Eat The Patriarchy" Bake Sale

Institute for Transformer Technologies Rakes In Bucks

From front page

The MIT press conference featured preliminary sketches of only two of the transforming robots, one of each variety. The Autobot — appearing to the casual observer to be a red, white and blue eighteen-wheel truck — is to be designed not only to change into a comparably-sized towering metal behemoth named Optimus Prime, but also eventually to carry other Autobots in its expansive, sometimes-present trailer. In contrast, the Decepticon prototype, designated Megatron, takes the disguised form of a regular Walther P-38 handgun — commonplace around military enthusiast groups and upper-crust high schools — albeit a nuclear-powered variety that transforms into a remorseless German-helmeted android over three storeys in height.

"They're the leaders," explained Thomas. "Except later Starscream will want to take over the Decepticons, but Megatron's too powerful. 'My time will come, Megatron!'"

"Weeeeeooooowww," added Thomas. "Starscream turns into a jet fighter. Wheeeeeooooohhhhh."

Exactly how the palm-sized Walther P-38 pistol will transform into a 30-foot, indescribably violent robot with a fusion cannon mounted on its shoulder, has not been explained. "We already know how to transform a house-sized pile of money into a bunch of hype-filled news articles, a handful of PhDs, and my tenure — collectively filling a volume of approximately a cubic foot," smirked principal investigator Professor Paula T.

Hammond. "We just need to work on the reverse scaling direction. We definitely plan on consulting with the MIT administration, which has achieved remarkable results in recent years in vastly increasing its own size with no net reduction in density."

Other members of the department also seemed highly enthused with the receipt of the grant. "The technology we're developing at MIT will be so much better than that Voltron shit they're doing at Cal Tech," said course 3 Masters student Imganagitu Sokka G. "All of their vehicles have to form up together to make the giant robot, whereas each of our devices conceals an individual autonomous metal biped. Though I do not expect you to know much about Materials Science, I am sure you can see how that is far less lame."

"Wait, let me tell them about the other ones we've got in the works," interjected PhD candidate Richard Reed G. "I'm spearheading development of the turbojet-powered Decepticon named Thundercracker. And I'm hoping to put the results I achieve on that to use towards the Autobot we call Huffer...," he continued, trailing off as he and the other graduate students collapsed into fits of laughter. "We're not shitting, you, dude," gasped Reed. "We're just giggling because we're so happy to be funded to do all this important research. Wait till you see Aimée's Decepticons, Hotrod and Thrust." The students then declined to continue the interview, citing a sudden collective onset of severe abdominal pains.

COMMUNITY NEWS

2003 Commencement Speaker Undecided

Vest Weighing Saddam Hussein, Jerry Falwell

Boston Shuts Down Police Department

"At Last, Nothing Is Open Past Midnight"

Crows Triumphant Mayor

Student Loses Quarter In Drain

MIT Bans Student Activity Group Members
From Carrying Change

Chancellor Clay To Sponsor Official "Phun"

Emphasizes Not To Be Confused With Actual Fun

Bulimic Vegetarian Vampire Cult Uncovered At Next House

They Drink The Blood Of Children's Pumpkins And
Vomit It Into Killian Court; Goths Blamed

MIT Grad Student Fakes Own Death To Avoid Finishing Sour Milk

Lemelson-MIT Winner Stripped Of Prize

Embarrassed judges allege Heafitz had working hardware

The Lemelson-MIT Program has stripped Course 2 graduate student Andrew Heafitz of his \$30,000 Lemelson-MIT Student Prize after learning that Heafitz had working hardware and intended to "produce actual products." The judges had selected Heafitz for his "ingenuity and remarkable inventiveness," but quickly retreated when they learned that Heafitz's "so-called inventions" went far beyond simple patent applications.

Contacted for a reaction, Heafitz said he was "disappointed and dismayed," although not entirely surprised. "I brought one of my working rocket cameras to the press conference, and they kept referring to it as 'the model.' No one asked to see how it worked."

"We really dropped the baby on this one," said Lemelson-MIT chairman Lester Thurow. "Working hardware is prohibited by the Lemelson Foundation rules. I guess we should have known he was the wrong guy when he mentioned starting a company to produce low-cost surveillance systems." Heafitz's company was founded last year and provides video cameras to the US Army. "Creating jobs for other engineers and leaving patent lawyers jobless and starving on the streets ... What a bastard!"

In contrast, the Lemelson Foundation, which funds the Lemelson-MIT Awards Program, employs thirty-six patent lawyers, paralegals, and clerks, but no engineers.

"My father had over 500 patents and never built a useful thing in his life," said Robert Lemelson, son of inventor Jerome H. Lemelson, who established the Lemelson-MIT program with his wife Dorothy in 1994. "A true inventor just files patent applications and talks to lawyers. Constructing operational prototypes and getting your hands all dirty is absolutely repugnant." When asked about other famous inventors, he bristled, "Thomas Edison, with his greasy gadgets and electrical doohickies, was a technician, NOT an inventor.

Heafitz's working prototypes dishonor my father's rich legacy of simple patent exploitation."

Licensing fees for Lemelson's many patents have reaped over \$1.5 billion for the for-profit Lemelson Foundation, which continues fighting on behalf of the late Jerome Lemelson. "You can't make that kind of money building stuff and junk," said

Robert Lemelson. "The real money is in obstructionist patent applications; as soon as Heafitz realizes that, he can have his thirty grand back."

Known as "Black Box Jerry" at the US Patent Office for his sweeping patents short on technical details, Jerome Lemelson successfully filed for patents on children's toys, cassette tape mechanisms, automatic warehousing, and communication systems. He also made broad claims on machine vision and thing-a-ma-bobs. The Lemelson Foundation now files patent infringement lawsuits against companies like Boeing, Ford, IBM, Sony and anyone else who uses bar codes (which Lemelson claimed is covered by his patent on "machine vision") or refers to their product as a "thing-a-ma-bob."

Machine-vision manufacturer Cognex Corporation co-founder and MIT graduate Robert Shillman calls Lemelson's patent portfolio "a tax on every consumer in

America ... It's basic fraud. What was produced by this man that is worth a billion dollars?" Robert Lemelson responded by saying "ka-CHING!"

Phone calls to the Lemelson Foundation offices and Foundation lawyer Gerald Hosier were not returned, but an anonymous caller left a message on the Voo Doo answering machine, saying, "You better not print anything negative about Jerry Lemelson. I may not know the difference between an invention and an infection, but I know how to tie your ass up in court. We will sue you! DO YOU HEAR ME? S-U-E Y-O-U!!!"



Heafitz prepares to send his response to the Lemelson Foundation.

The RLA Conundrum

Despite claims from the Residential Life and Student Life Programs office that the initiative is a "success", the Residential Life Associates don't seem to have much to do. Here are the 10 most important jobs the RLAs are being given to help pass their time.

10. Filling out surveys for 15.301, Managerial Psychology Lab, while being careful not to think about exactly what "Managerial Psychology" might mean.
9. Finally resolving once and for all whether Miller Lite truly "tastes great" or is "less filling".
8. Being the Department Chair for Course 23.
7. Finding out exactly how many licks it takes to get to the centre of a Tootsie Pop.
6. Attempting to win the Publishers Clearing House Sweepstakes to fund the hiring of more desperately-needed administrators.
5. Designing algorithms to optimize the all-important Pucillo-Sporkie ratio when ordering food from Bertucci's.
4. Making sure that anyone who goes to Neiman-Marcus doesn't buy the villainously overpriced cookie recipe.
3. Maintaining MIT's Stackenblocken compliance by rearranging the Infinite Corridor bulletin boards so that none of the flyers overlap and all are at right angles to one another.
2. Helping students through revolving doors.
1. Satisfying the undergraduate housing office.

Lafayette Square: A Topology of TERROR

After giving his coup de grace to the sinners of ATQ, God has shifted his gaze northward, to a once quiet neighborhood near the intersection of Mass Ave. and Main Street.

The past couple of years have seen numerous murders and disappearances, many of which still remain unexplained.

To the many MIT students living in the area, these terrifying events form an exciting backdrop that provides a sense of community and belonging, not to mention countless topics to write about in their LiveJournals. Here's a breakdown of the most recent tragedies to strike Lafayette Square.

Linus Torvalds' twin brother Dieter disappeared on Oct. 5, 2001, after entering this CompUSA.

The subdued horseplay of the Cambridgeport Saloon turned violent when a customer was shot in the stomach during a fight. What a pussy.

The heads of four Starbucks employees were found on the sidewalk by Mama Gaia's, some dirty hippie coffeeshop.

An abandoned gas station sits right in Lafayette Square. Its sheer inexplicable ugliness claims at least two lives every week.

This man was found dead outside Rhythm & Spice, a local Caribbean restaurant, after complaining that the food lacked Spice and the music Rhythm.

There have been six rush deaths at Zeta Psi fraternity, located near Lafayette Square. These have gone unnoticed because the freshmen that died never registered for Athena accounts.

Two MIT students residing at Random Hall have mysteriously died over the past two years. The MIT administration blames their deaths on "lack of community and RLAs," and also malaria.

POINT-COUNTERPOINT

Voo Doo Is Not Funny

By Roger Pfister
Graduate Student

In my opinion, Voo Doo is not funny these days. Voo Doo today is an example of how humorists have gotten the wrong message about what's funny. Some popular comedians of the last thirty years have had funny material which they delivered with a particularly obnoxious style.

Many humorists today got the wrong message from this, and are taking material that is not funny by itself (some examples from your magazine are profanity and anatomy), and delivering it in that same in-your-face manner. Audiences laugh at the material out of surprise, but they rarely actually enjoy the material. This is evident from noting which jokes people continue to retell afterwards.

For example, the rape news, abortion article, anti-gay jokes and cock cartoons in the last issue were completely devoid of humor and had only shock value. And the Harry Potter "satire" was a complete waste of tree pulp. The editors of Voo Doo would do well to take more lessons from humorists like Dave Barry, and fewer from "comedians" and prison-rape fetishists like Norm MacDonald. If there were more absurdity and less obnoxiousness in Voo Doo, I and many others would enjoy it much more.

I don't see why Voo Doo can't be a chronicle of the amusing daily foibles that we encounter in the course of our lives here at the Institute. It should model itself on the charming little comics in The Tech. Then it would be a publication which I would be proud to pick up in the infinite corridor instead of hurrying past with visible distaste. Clean up your act, Voo Doo.

Is Too

By Tracy Purinton
Dean

As one who has a lot of interaction with students, I often hear statements like, "Voo Doo isn't funny"; "This issue is completely unfunny and did not include any student humor!"; "The Voo Doo staff doesn't understand humor"; "What's a Voo Doo? Isn't that some kind of female anal piercing?"; etc.

The challenge with these assertions is determining what "humor" means. Should one student snickering at a dirty joke be viewed as representing the whole student body? What about a gathering of 100 students laughing out loud at an LSC movie?

Must everything be a Saturday Night Live spin-off movie? Should those 100 be viewed as representing the opinion of all 5,000 undergraduates or 10,000 students as a whole?

In light of current issues with respect to the last Voo Doo, it seems like an appropriate time to be thinking together about what effective humor looks like. Getting a unified and representative voice of the student body and making sure that those ideas are heard at Voo Doo staff meetings is no small task. It involves not only your contributions, but also the contributions of other undergraduates, graduate students, staff, and faculty. As a full-time MIT administrator, I can assure you that nothing tickles the funny bone like a committee meeting.

Several students with whom I've spoken during this term claim that, "Voo Doo never publishes anything anyway." Voo Doo, however, consistently publishes. Counting all of the editor's whiny pleas for submissions as publications, Voo Doo publishes more often than most periodicals on campus. Furthermore, MIT is currently dealing with substantial and important issues regarding the student experience, and Voo Doo raises awareness of these issues through thoughtful satire and unbridled mockery. If you are dissatisfied with the current state of Voo Doo, a responsible thing to do is to provide lame contributions for the next issue. This will ensure a level of blandness and homogeneity that can be appreciated by all.

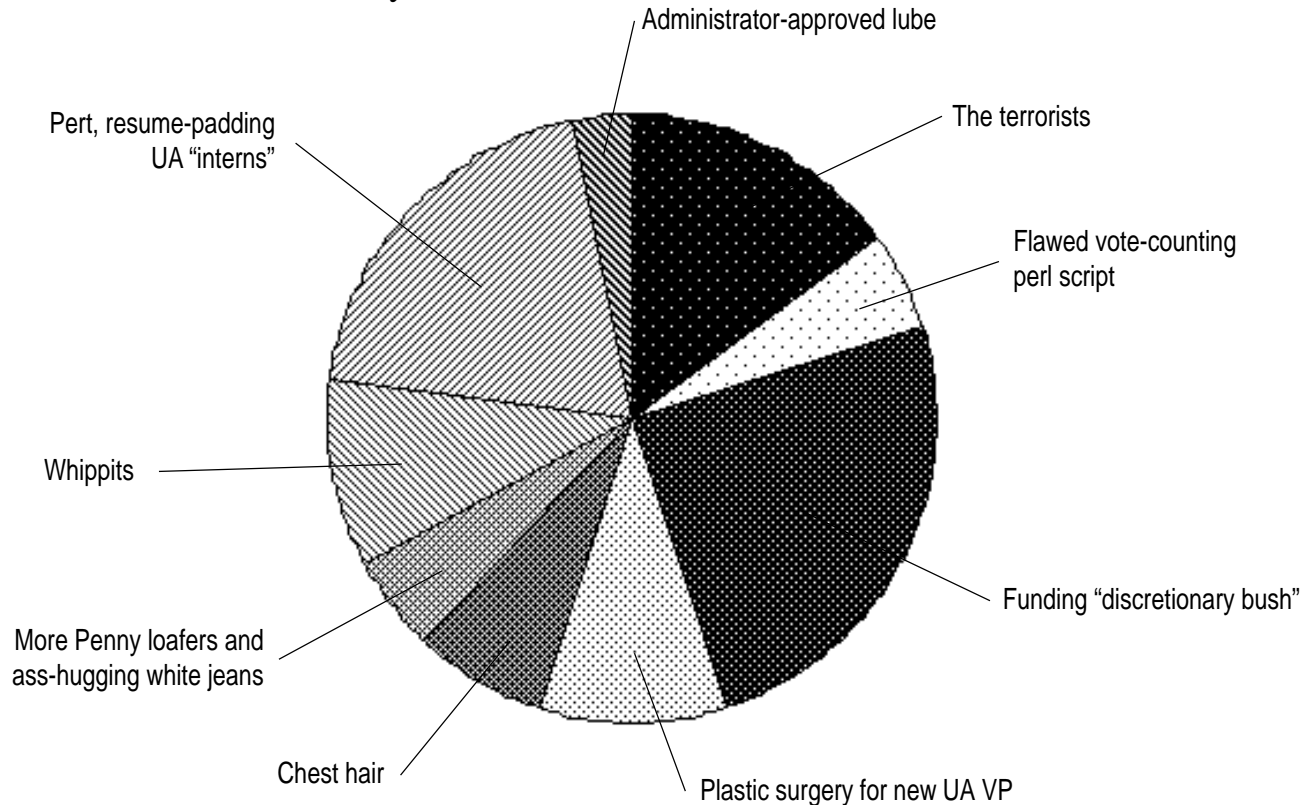
Currently, Voo Doo is working on contributions related to satirizing the interminable construction on campus, Aimée Smith G, embezzlement at The Tech, Tony Gray's mojo, Dick Arney's name, cloning, clowning, the Queen Mother, Hamas, the MIT harassment policy, mathematics, Voo Doo, public art, the Cambridge-MIT Institute, the English in general, fucking lizards, and me, Tracy Purinton.

This is not to say that Voo Doo is perfect. In fact, I think there could be some serious overhaul to the way magazines are distributed and contributions are gathered. I think students could be doing even more to ensure that humor is included earlier on in the magazine production process, instead of the night before it goes to the printers. I think students could become even more engaged in satirizing some of the issues that face our community as a whole, instead of ignoring the whole magazine other than bleating "When's Voo Doo coming out?" once or twice towards the end of term. And I think that even though I seem to find time in my busy administrative day to write vacuous op-ed pieces for student publications, I am clearly overworked in an essential capacity and MIT should hire a bunch of RLAs or something to help me out.

But that is for you to decide. Oh wait, it isn't. Suckers.

Undergraduate Association databite

The Creighton/Brar UA election ticket would have used the Bush fund to pay \$10 to each faithful voter. Unfortunately, they lost. How is new UA President Josiah D. Seale planning to use the \$5000 discretionary fund?



Parking elimination update

MEMORIAL DRIVE

The mysterious digging and moving cones on Memorial Drive have been taking up about four parking places at a time, and are now in front of Walker Memorial. Damn, this is fun. "No Parking" signs have been posted on the piece of Memorial Drive closest to Building 1, successfully eliminating about fifteen parking places near the Mass. Ave. underpass. The early morning race for free parking has never been so heated. You ought to come to the Science Library with me in the morning and watch all the poor saps jockey for a spot at seven A.M. I've never seen so many flipped birds in my life.

MEDIA LAB EXPANSION

The Media Lab Expansion has eliminated parking on one half of Ames Street near East Campus. East Campus and Senior House residents shouldn't be allowed to have cars anyway, those freaks. And parking near the Medical Center that isn't run by a little guy in a booth ought to be illegal.

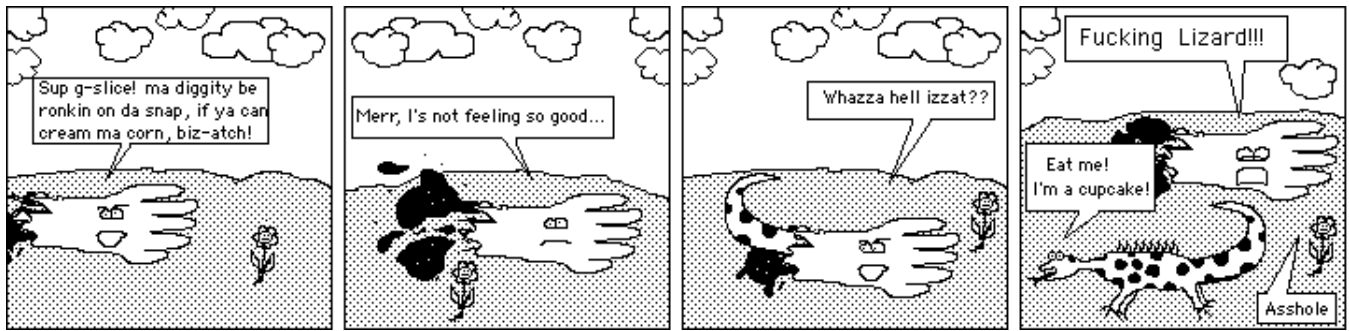
STATA CENTER AND VASSAR STREET UTILITIES

Construction of the Stata Center and the Vassar Street Utilities upgrades completely eliminated parking on Vassar Street from Mass. Ave. to Kendall Square. For several weeks, there was no on-street parking near buildings 33, 35, 37, 39, 38, 34, or 36. This should keep those dirty EECS and Aero grad students from driving into campus with their crappy cars. Some of the parking is back now, but we could take it away in the blink of an eye! Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next week. You stinking grad students.

SIMMONS HALL

Construction at Simmons Hall has swallowed up thirty parking places across from the athletic fields. West Campus undergrads with cars, you can suck my dick.

Ha ha ha! Try to drive your car into Cambridge without an MIT Parking sticker now, fuckers! Keep your cars away from me, you damn dirty apes! I own you!



New improv formats we'd like to see at Roadkill Buffet shows

"Lobsters: an Alien Love Song"

Six lobsters descend from the mothership and gang-rape Ben Balas for exactly three-and-a-half minutes, at which point the opera ends.

"Our Lady Peace's Biggest Fan"

A Canadian band attempts to describe, using only the word 'dildo', meeting Dan Katz at an alternative/faux-metal music festival.

"Hear no evil"

Some loudmouth wannabe-comedian sticks his head in a bucket of audience-donated semen for four minutes. Somehow, this is funny.

"Long Form"

Ben Balas, Maitland, and the rest of those whiny bitches don't say a fucking thing for two whole weeks.

"Resonance"

The Roadkill troupe performs an entire show while pretending to be a new MIT 'a crappella' group. Nobody catches on.

"Torture the Actor"

Three members of the audience, using only their wits and a set of pump-action shotguns, try to prevent the group from surviving the skit.

Here's what women at the Suffolk County Detention Center are saying about Ray Antwon's WMBR radio show, *For Your Pleasure* :

"Ray, you know *exactly* when to play Clarence Carter's 'Strokin.'"

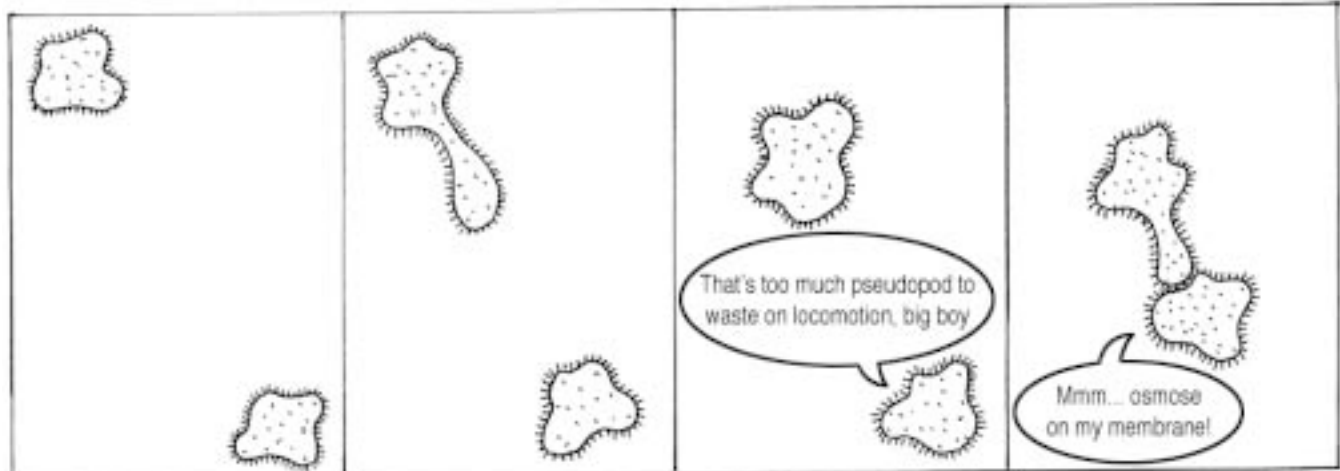
"Al Green might have been a better pathway to my lover's heart than a Phillips head screwdriver."

"Ray, please let me have your lovechild, or give me some other excuse to go to the infirmary."

Ray Antwon's *For Your Pleasure* can be heard Sunday Nights from 10PM to midnight on WMBR Cambridge, 88.1 — "first on your FM dial".

Amoeba Sex!

"The Slimy Slut"



SUPERS
BOWLERS

1. puff puff _____
2. _____ rope
3. 28 to an oz.
4. reference in Jamaica
5. _____ crush
6. just say _____
7. _____ box
8. one who casts the first rock
9. smoke-
10. to be under the influence of 56 across
11. forthright
12. _____ bowl
14. active ingredient in 56 across
15. this is your brains on drugs
16. to inhale
17. _____ buds
18. to be under the influence of 56 across (cursed)
19. leftovers of 61's across
20. container for 33 down
21. another name for 56 across (spice)
31. snoop dogg's _____
32. to be under the influence of 56 across (cook)
34. a vessel for cooking
35. of 56 across
37. "unwanted" plant
38. see 38 39.
41. medical equivalent to 56 across
42. the family of
44. a specific strain
46. to think for yourself
48. hit, bottom of the bowl
49. see 39 49.
50. same as 17 across
53. we like to smoke it
55. I learned it from watching you
56. we like to smoke it
60. don't document hits with this camera
61. device for smoking

4. home _____
8. another name for 61 across
1. what you do with 41 down
17. crystals
19. _____ door
20. the last bit
21. Mommy says, "_____ your 56 across"
22. another name for 56 across
23. synonym of 9 across
24. severe
25. necessary for ignition
27. you can't do this with 56 across
29. Chong's special kind of weed
30. number of deaths caused by 56 across
32. to acquire or sell 56 across
33. device for smoking a single bit
34. device for smoking
36. yo, this shit is _____
37. the H in MITHC
39. drug _____
40. where you go to smoke
41. yo, I got mad _____
42. to be finished
43. smoking is not a _____
45. not even
47. worker for 48 down
48. abbr. for the man
50. pick 'em out with the stems
52. another name for 61 across
54. another name for 61 across
56. hey _____
57. they make a religion of it
58. device for smoking
59. a good friend
60. "_____ oh oh" says Nelly
62. _____ party
63. What are you _____?
64. fight the drug _____
65. good _____
66. Freud was 37 when he thought of this
67. really good 56 across

Answers On Page 26

THE VOO DOO HUMOR SURVEY

It has been brought to our attention that some people don't think Voo Doo is funny. We gathered this from our many regular emails, letters and catcalls in the street saying things like "Voo Doo is not funny", "Spare Change is funnier than Voo Doo", and "Voo Doo is about as funny as cancer." Well, we initially thought that last one was a compliment, but then we were quietly advised that not everyone shares our sense of humor regarding terminal disease either. This got us thinking — most of our contributors are from the East side of campus, so maybe our particular brand of humor is too Eastern-bloc-centric? Maybe it's true, as our correspondents have suggested, that we're a bunch of hate-filled, inside-joke-recycling misfits? Our intrepid editor and treasurer decided to hit the streets and venture over to West Campus to find out exactly what sort of humor appeals to those who live and visit there. The question we put to the people:

What do you find funny?



Everything is funny. Well, funny things are funny. But only if it's done in good taste. You should make fun of the CPs. They don't do their jobs, they just give out parking tickets and bug people about alcohol.

Hao '04
Next House



Sarcasm. I think Chuck Vest really cares about the students.

Marjory '02
Baker House

Katrine: The more stupid it is, the more I find it funny. I don't think most people's humor is like that though.

Stephanie: I think you're wasting your time with us.

Katrine '05 & Stephanie '05
Baker House



Bad things happening to other people. Especially ones that resulted from them doing something stupid.

Genye '05
MacGregor House



In Korea, we make fun by teasing others.

Ben '04
Baker House



I'm a little brain dead right now. Things where people get hurt. Sometimes the Tech comics aren't funny.

Diana '04
Next House

Midgets... midgets in clown suits. And in pornos. Midget tossing. Have you seen that? It's an Olympic sport. They put a harness on the little guy. They get hurt, too. Midget porn, that's the greatest. They say the best things. Like they'll be in the middle of it and one will lean over and say "You really ring my chimes."

Robbie
Harvard graduate student



I have other things to think about. Serbian TV, it's funnier than the news.

Radu '05
French House





Inside jokes. I'm just used to my track coach's humor. It's corny and full of puns.

Adeline '02
MacGregor House

Political satire... World events... Bush surprised me with his performance, even though he bumbles the environment. Anna Quinlan, because she's so pro-liberal. Aimée Smith. DKE should sue her for defamation of character. Rev Prez. Aimée Smith and Rev Prez should have a debate. That asshole who lost the paw. The Ring Committee are just idiots.

Josh '04
Next House



People in the house like monkeys and kitties. I like Spongebob Squarepants. Partly for his innocence, and partly because he's a fry cook. Nazi fetuses. All kinds, a diversity of Nazi fetuses. Foxtrot, especially when you go away on break and when you come back there's 6 or more at once. I'd be okay with them kidnapping and torturing Bill Amend to make more Foxtrot

comics, as long as the quality didn't go down.

Doris '04
Theta Delta Chi



I can't wait to get the hell out of here.

April '02
Baker House



Smash the patriarchy. The idea that there is a patriarchy. Chomsky. Political cartoons. Disco Arafat.

Gillian '05
MacGregor House



Americans, patriotism... American patriotism. Fat people, punks with gelatin in their hair. The 80s, especially the depictions of colour. You know, like when you have a webcam and you turn the colour right up.

Dan CMI
Senior Haus

Tough question... I guess eccentric looking people, people with comical features. Piercings, hairdos — you've got a really funny hairdo.

Warren
Simmons College



First off, I'm a Next House student and you're here. I've seen your headlines, "Next House Student Gets Laid." I don't really fit in to Next House, though. I mean, besides being an Asian female. You should have an amoeba sex comic in the next issue.

Flora '03
Next House



All kinds of gay shit. Can I use the word 'fucking fag'? I don't know, pictures of feces. Lemme give you an example. Yesterday I was bored in lab and did Google image searches for 'taking a shit'. It worked much better after I turned the filter off. Hey, I've got a job for you if you've got a sniper rifle.

Michael G
Tang Hall



I don't really like your [Fuck The Skull Of Jesus] T-shirt.

Christina '05
McCormick Hall

EXPOSED!

The Cult Of The All-Night Tool Tug

In the dead of night, they roam the Athena clusters in search of inspiration -- but it's not mathematical formulae they're massaging, but rather their rock'n'roll hams. Voo Doo spoke on the record with a member of this elite group -- identified only by his 'handle', "Owlspank" -- to get the exclusive inside story on this most underground of campus activities.

Voo Doo: When did you first start masturbating in Athena clusters?

Owlspank: Well, let's first get our terminology straight. Those of us involved like to refer to it as clusterbating.

VD: OK, so how long have you been clusterbating, then? How did you get your start?

O: It's been quite a few years now, I don't know, perhaps about ten years ago. I was in a cluster working on a class project with a friend. I happened to look over to see how he was coming along with the graphs, and he was coming along a bit too well, if you know what I mean.

I asked him what he was looking at, because it most certainly wasn't the Poisson flow distribution I was expecting. But, instead of answering, he desperately tried to move his emacs window to the foreground. Unfortunately for him, and fortunately for me, the Vaxstation was a bit overburdened by the image processing, and I got a great view of a dog getting reamed by a midget with a baseball bat. Let's just say that it was a pivotal day for me.

VD: Ten years. That's certainly a long time. You must have picked up a few tips and tricks in that span. Could you share a few with us?

O: Yeah, I've seen a lot of things come and go in ten years. My swimmers not being the least of these, at any rate. I can definitely tell you some stories. A lot of us old school clusterbators remember the high risk days of clusterbating in the fishbowl. Man, those were some good times.

VD: Speaking of the fishbowl that is no more, what is your favorite current cluster still in existence? Are there differences in the atmosphere between the clusters?

O: The clusters most certainly have their personalities. If you're looking for the adrenaline rush of almost getting caught, not too much can beat the stud center cluster, there is almost always someone in there. But, for myself, I prefer a long, slow, teasing session, and for that you really need a bit of solitude. For that, I really enjoy the sixty six cluster, which, by the way, most people will refer to as the sixty nine cluster. The name doesn't really make much sense, but what do you expect from people who jerk off so much. You see, the sixty nine cluster is down in the basement, and only has one small window, which previously didn't exist. You could sit back behind m66-20 and get a great view of all people coming and going. The voyeuristic folk in the community really enjoyed that.

VD: What is your favorite personal clusterbation experience? You had brought up the fishbowl before. Any other amusing incidents?

O: Well, favorite is a difficult word. For most enjoyable experience I would definitely have to go with the twelve hour sessions back in sixty nine, that required over seventy two news groups and a half roll of toilet paper. But perhaps the most exciting was the quickstation at Senior Haus. This is post-renovations, mind you. There I was, getting some good goat bondage. It was five in the morning, and the nightwatch was fast asleep, with his movie still playing, so I didn't hear that woman come down from Towers, or at least I thought it was a woman. At any rate, she caught me jerking off, which was

only the second time I had been caught at that point, so I was very startled, and very embarrassed. So I just stood there, dick in hand, staring at her, wondering what she was going to do; wondering what I was going to do. My mind raced for some excuse, but before I could even open my mouth to explain, she already had her dick in it. She made some mention of liking guys with small dicks, something about feeling less threatened, I can't exactly remember. But whatever, I was too busy sucking down to care anyways. Things got rather hot from that point, and I think the nightwatch might have woken up, but I definitely remember Rob Morrison walking by. I'm not quite certain who was more embarrassed, he or I. Neither of us mention that incident to this day.

At any rate, I'm sure you get the idea. I didn't end up cumming, though. It's weird how some things just stick in your mind.

VD: What was the first time you were caught?

O: Oh, that wasn't good, I had to do a lot of lying. It was rather early in my career. When I first got started, I was rather shy. I still hadn't gotten over my Catholic upbringing of feeling guilty about masturbating in public. So, I was being more discreet, mostly using the pocket pool method and sticking to basement clusters. At any rate, I had become rather engrossed in the story I was reading on alt.sex.stories.black-metal. Damn, it was going on about these two Norwegians and a drum set that was lubed up with a cow's uterus. So you can see why I didn't notice the officer who had come in to check his mail. I was just on the verge of finishing my business, and was leaning back a bit too far, so he caught too much of a glance.

Or perhaps it was the low growl I was letting out while pounding my fist into the air. At any rate, he came by, and asked me if I was aware of MIT's policy on harrasment and Athena rules of use. All I could say at that point was a very affirmative "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" I think the officer felt some sympathy for the situation, and understanding how embarrassing it could be to get caught masturbating in public. So, he just let me off with a stiff warning and a rectal search.

VD: Sounds exciting. You mentioned the pocket pool technique. What others are commonly used?

O: You know, it's interesting that you mention that. There are quite a few techniques, and the community really isn't too forthcoming about sharing them. It's more of a private thing, each person has to learn for themselves. It's a bit sad in a way, all that knowledge and experience lost when one of us gets a girlfriend. The people I'm really impressed with are the females. There aren't too many of them, I guess women don't like sex or something. At any rate, its a lot more difficult for them, you understand. It's not like there is this big pleasure rod to grab on to right in front. I've only talked with one female about this, so perhaps the data sample is low, but she usually used extra devices. She even modified her vibrator to include a sort of silencer. Very imaginative. At any rate, for myself, I typically do what is referred to as thumbing off a cum. That's when you put your hand in your pocket, so just your thumb sticks out, and then you slowly rub your thumb up and down along your cock through the top of your pants. It takes forever to get off. The sensation is very subtle. For those who are more into beating the quickstation timeout, you can cut out your pockets and wear baggy pants. Then, just come prepared by wearing a condom, inside out, so that the lubrication is on the good side. You could be done in less than thirty seconds, especially with all the fast network connections

and good porn sites nowadays.

As of late, I've become a bit bored with the more secretive techniques. The whole cat and mouse aspect, trying not to get caught, it just gets in the way. I'm more of a purist nowadays. Quite frankly, if people don't want to see someone masturbate, they shouldn't go to a cluster. I usually just whip it out and do my business. It's not like I'm an asshole about it. I don't go over to the repressed Asian guy across the way and jerk off to the porn on his screen that he thinks no one can see. I keep it under the table. But it's there, and I'm not ashamed. It's my reproductive right as a human. Masturbation is just a way of life, like any other.

VD: You keep making mention of the clusterbation cummunity. How do you meet and stay in touch?

O: The cummunity is really dispersed. The majority of people involved are really embarrassed and ashamed of what they do, so they don't want to talk about it much. But, every so often you notice another person clusterbating. You can tell by the glazed look on their face. And the box of Kleenex next to them. They sometimes pretend to have a cold, and blow their nose, but you know what it's really there for. Knowing glances are exchanged, and you

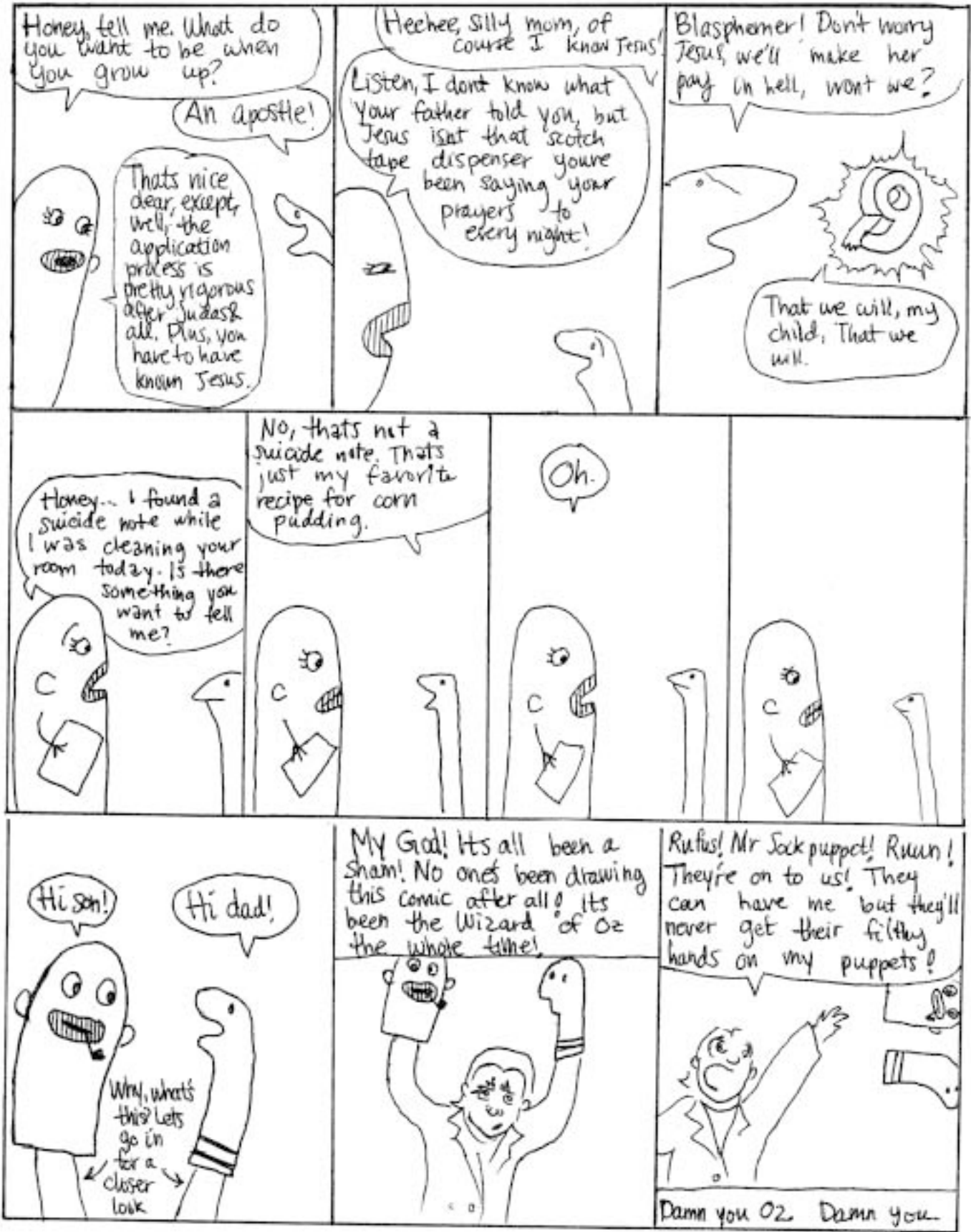
go about your business. A few years back, someone tried to start up a mailing list. You know, to exchange tips and cluster reports. How the environment for 'bating was that week, and so on, but no one really joined. There were four or five of us, but most were seniors and graduated, and no one joined later, so it just died out. The whole culture really took a dive after Resnet hit. Back then, not too many people had computers in their rooms, and those who did had twenty eight six modems dialing up Athena. If you wanted anything besides text, you had to wait for hours. Forget about your modern horse-fellating movies. The clusters were really the way to go. Of course you were still downloading gifs in parts, and waiting for the cluster to empty. Everybody used the clusters back then. It wouldn't be until six a.m. until it would empty. I used to walk from sixty nine to four to two to thirty eight, all over, seeing who was logged in where. Then a friend told me about xcluster. That made my life a lot easier. Less walking, more wanking.

VD: Thank you very much for your comprehensive historical perspective on the clusterbation phenomenon. For the beginning clusterbators, or those who are just looking for a challenge, we have rated the clusters by difficulty for your convenient reference. (see sidebar)

CLUSTERBATION TRAIL GUIDE

◆	W20-575 Student Center	◆	12-182
◆◆	CopyTech Express	●	14S-0330
■	1-142	■	Building 16 Quickstations
●	2-032	◆	33-202
■	2-225	●●	37-312
■	4-035	●●	37-332
◆	4-167	●	38-370
◆	10-500	◆	6.001/6.004 Lab
■	10-600	◆	56-129
◆◆	CopyTech Quickstation	●	66-080
◆◆	11-100	■	E51-075

prosopopeia



MIT Policies And Procedures

Section 9.5: Harassment



May 2002

1. Since women come in many body shapes:

- 1.1. Pictures of women for fraternity party posters must obey the Smaller than a Cantaloupe Breast Rule. A number of frats have requested rewording this to "a large cantaloupe".
- 1.2. Pictures of women in academic mailings often are intentionally "dumpy" so as to suggest that these women are prized for their minds and not their bodies. Hence, they must obey the Larger than a Cantaloupe Breast Rule. (The Deans' offices have requested rewording: "large cantaloupe").
- 1.3. Since many people don't like women's bodies, including most women themselves, pictures of women hanging in the Infinite Corridor may constitute harassment of these people. In fact, there can be no greater injustice perpetuated against the worker than placing images and text where disapproving people might see them. Hence, pictures of women in the Infinite Corridor are expressly forbidden.
- 1.4. The exception of Rule 1.3 is pictures of Aimée Smith, who as a rebel against the patriarchy, represents all women. Hence, all pictures of women in the Infinite Corridor must from now on be pictures of Aimée Smith. The MIT Public Relations office has produced a series of posters deemed acceptable:
 - "MIT Mental Health Open Hours" (with Aimée Smith in a nurse outfit)
 - "Get NU'd!" (with Aimée Smith in a frat-lettered nurse outfit)
 - "Join Andersen Consulting!" (with Aimée Smith in a business suit smashing the glass ceiling with a hammer and sickle while feeding a human penis through a paper shredder)

2. Since veteran status comes in many sizes:

- 2.1. All uses of "War" (a potentially offending word) will be replaced with "Patriarchial Use of Phallic Objects to Reverse The Sacred Motherhood of Women".

3. Since sexual orientation comes in many dimensions:

- 3.1. GaMIT will remove offensive posters of women kissing from the Infinite Corridor because it is well known that Lesbianism is just a tool of the Patriarchy, as demonstrated by the number of girls at MIT who are only bisexual when fratboys are around. Furthermore, transsexuality is nothing more than a transparent attempt by men to infiltrate and repossess women's bodies by surgical means.
- 3.2. GaMIT will remove offensive posters of gay men kissing since no greater threat to women exists than the possibility of a male-dominated society where women can't even use sex to control men.
- 3.3. When a situation is questionable, the word "Homosexual" will be replaced with "Aimée-Sexual".

4. Since freshmen come in many positions:

- 4.1 All incoming freshmen will be mailed Hothead Paisan Comics with "Chicken" replaced with images of Aimée Smith. These images will conform to the Cantaloupe Rules listed above. (Aimée Smith has requested rewording to "a large cantaloupe").

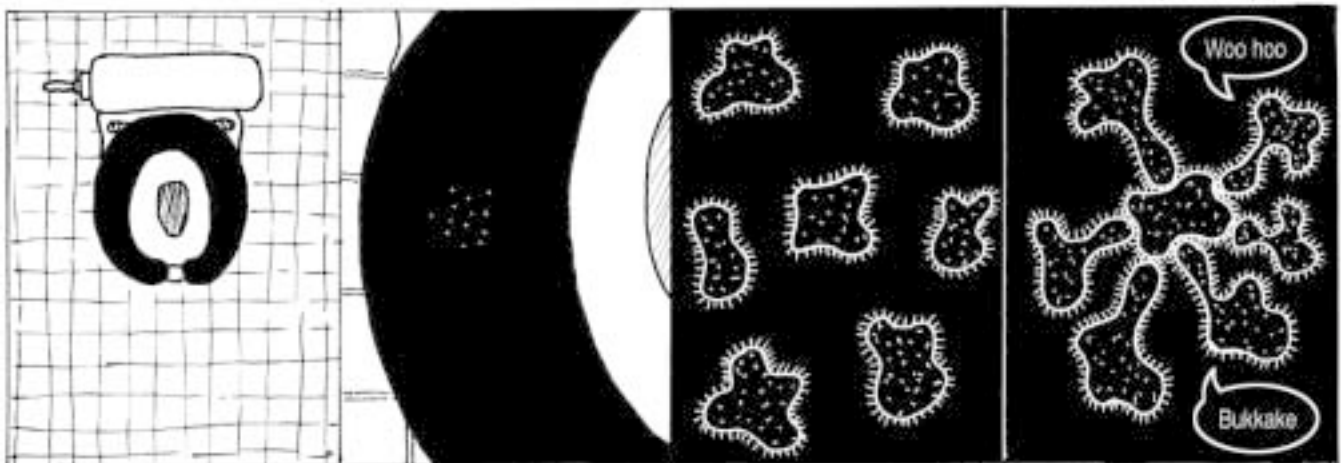
5. Mission Statement

SMASH THE PATRIACHY! REMEMBER SEX IS A TOOL USED BY MEN BUT THE ONLY WEAPON AVAILABLE TO WOMEN! SHATTER THE GLASS CEILING! USE THE SHARDS OF IT FOR CASTRATION!

MIT was recently awarded a \$50 million grant to found the "Centre for Soldier Nanotechnologies". What are the expected results of this massive expenditure of money and research effort?

- Fashion world to be thrown into upheaval with the most expensive, impractical clothing yet
- Really small guns to fire dust
- Soldiers of the future to have oversized eyes, breasts
- 10 years' worth of graduate student investigations into "nanoblow" and "nanohookers"
- Centre for Soldier Nanotechnologies to surpass Media Lab as Institute leader in attracting ridicule
- Nanite-enhanced soldiers can leap tens of nanometres higher than adversaries
- Nanopretzels impossible to choke on
- "Active camouflage" allows Dick Cheney to return to planet Earth
- Clothing fabrics that automatically stiffen without days of intense masturbation
- US super soldiers' capabilities to finally match those of villainous Red Skull
- "Army of One" motto further reduced to "Army of 1/1000,000,000th"
- Rogue US scientists to have greater selection of microscopic deadly substances to release into postal system
- Marine nanoROTC finally able to combat Harvard advances in nanogenitals
- US able to bomb arbitrarily small foreign countries
- 8 more fratboys can die

Amoeba Sex!



666 Small boys! Small boys! Let me do you!

83-4-50L For the Son of man that came in the glory of His Father with His angels Matt. 16:27
Julia Ward Howe

1. My balls have felt the glo-ry of the cumming of my
 2. The Smith twins in the sac - ris - ty on ear - ly Eas - ter
 3. The sight of pre - pub - esc - ent wil - ly is my favourite

dick;
 morn;
 view;

As I make the al - tar ser - ver pound u - pon my
 I ply Jeb with Johnny Walker on the morn - ing
 My re - lent - less lust can - not be sat - is - fied with

nine - inch prick;
 Christ is born;
 just a few;

He is on - ly ten but al - read - y he's
 O, a priest's life is the best, it's all a -
 If the car - din - al should catch me he'll just

lear - ning migh - ty quick;
 bout live kidd - ie porn;
 send me somewhere new;

My bone is throbb - ing on.
 My choad is throbb - ing on.
 My schlong is throbb - ing on.

Small boys! Small boys, let me do you!
 Small boys! Small boys, let me do you!
 Small boys! Small boys, let me do you!

do you!
 do you!
 do you!

My bone is throbb - ing on.
 My choad is throbb - ing on.
 My schlong is throbb - ing on.

Fellating Bruce

667

9-3-50L Therefore make ye handless, as a good soldier of Arma Christi. II Tim. 2:3
John Newton, 1779 Wm. Walker

1. Fell - at - ing Bruce, how sweet the taste;
 2. I nev - er mean to fuck a child;
 3. And so it goes, day in, day out;

Of bald cock on my tongue;
 But when I go to Mass;
 Be - fore and af - ter prayer;

My al - tar boys must not be chaste;
 The pre - teen boys drive me so wild;
 I gent - ly mouth a young lad's spout;

And ne - ver are too young!
 My on - ly thoughts are ass!
 The best is there's no hair!

ASK PHOS

Anxious? Confused? He's the cat who cares.™

Dear Phos,

I have always wanted to be an inventor, and recently I at last had a great idea which I am considering starting a company to market, so I am writing to ask your advice on this process. The product is a computer chip containing an integral ultrasonic mapping sensor. The assembly is surgically inserted into the skull, from where it can detect the presence, size and identity of any object placed inside the cranial region. In particular, the device can therefore not only determine when the carrier is sucking back a big long stiff, but can ascertain just how big and long it is, not to mention — and here is the important part — how far it gets taken in. Furthermore, its components would also include a digital counter that would increment with every inch of dick inhaled — thus keeping track of each implantee's lifetime fellatio performance. I call it the Cock-Odometer.

Because the data from the device can be non-surgically downloaded via radio frequency, I see a number of benefits to this device, which should ensure its popularity. Sorority girls could have competitions to see who could put the biggest increase on her odometer at the evening's frat party, or it could simply be made a pledge requirement to break a certain threshold. Graduate students could be remotely interrogated to see just how much of the patriarchy they haven't smashed. Clergymen could use it to demonstrate their integrity, if applicable, or more frequently to secure bragging rights around the



diocese. Personal advertisements could include odometer readings to make them more attractive to potential mates. Who could fail to keep reading an ad which started 'SWF/NS/CO:50,000,000'? I envision parents having their children implanted with the Cock-Odometer at birth, to ensure them the best possible set of options in the future.

In my opinion this idea can't fail to be a winner. Please let me know what you think of it, and any corporate or marketing advice you may have for a beginner.

Sincerely,

Entrepreneurial Engineer

Dear EE,

I am sorry to tell you that I see no future for this invention. Recent advances in internet services delivery are going to make conventional knob-gobbling obsolete within a decade.

According to the director of the Sloan School's Department of Corporate Fellatio, preparations are already underway for a massive broadband digital blowjob rollout across the continental United States. For a few cents a day to your cable company, a Course 15 graduate will personally stroke the instrumented member of the president of AOL Time Warner, and the unique digital sequence will be e-mailed to you directly disguised as unobtrusive spam advertising hot wet XXX teen sluts. These can then be played back on inexpensive home equipment such as the Nintendo Sukémof of your choice, or, for the discriminating electronics connoisseur, the Apple iSwallow.

My condolences,

Phos

Dear Phos,

I am facing a nearly impossible managerial problem and would like to ask you, the successful publisher of a major campus magazine, for advice. Over the past month, it has come to the attention of the world that many of my subordinates have been taking sinful and disgusting liberties with their youngest and most innocent charges.

The list of abuses is frightening and keeps growing every day as victims and their families step forward, bringing new accusations against my once-respectable staff. What is worse is the disclosure of evidence that I had full knowledge of these abuses and have even been an active participant throughout my tenure. I fear to show

my face in public and I weep for the demise of this, my shining institution. Please answer my prayers and counsel me.

Begging your pardon,

Disgraced Leader

Dear Cardinal Law,

It cannot be denied that your staff has been sodomizing the youth under its watch for quite some time, and it is most unfortunate that these abuses have gone on for so long. Your first step should be to reduce the number of paedophile priests in your organization in order to restore the public's belief in your leadership — these people are essentially dangerous liabilities who are not to be trusted, and therefore should be identified and eliminated with all haste. Next you should add "institutional transparency" to your list of management buzzwords: information should flow much more freely within your church, and your subordinates should be taught the values of personal responsibility and honesty, not of obfuscation, finger-pointing and self-justification.

Finally, to ensure future prosperity, recognize that a "no" means "no", even if it isn't particularly loud or firm. Distracting your charges with

lollipops while trying to fuck them will not work any more and should be avoided at all costs.

See you in hell,

Phos

Dear Phos,

I am a facing a nearly impossible managerial problem and would like to ask you, the successful publisher of a major campus magazine, for advice. Over the past month, it has come to the attention of the world that many of my subordinates have been taking sinful and disgusting liberties with their youngest and most innocent charges.

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Begging your pardon,

Disgraced Leader

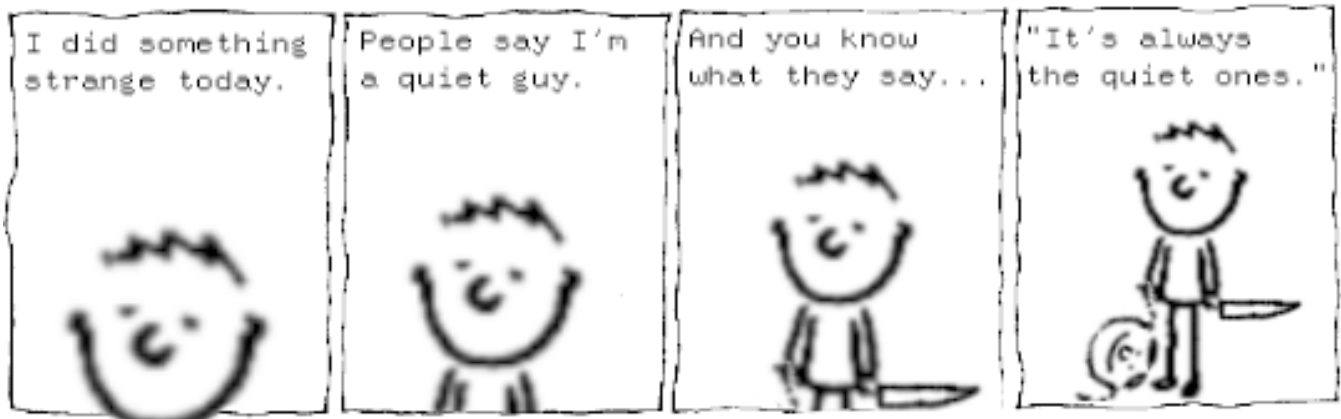
Dear Chuck Vest,

It cannot be denied that your staff has been sodomizing the youth under its watch for quite some time, and it is most unfortunate that these abuses have gone on for so long. Your first step should be to reduce the number of administrators in your organization in order to restore the public's belief in your leadership — these people are essentially dangerous liabilities who are not to be trusted, and therefore should be identified and eliminated with all haste. Next you should add "institutional transparency" to your list of management buzzwords: information should flow much more freely within your college, and your subordinates should be taught the values of personal responsibility and honesty, not of obfuscation, finger-pointing and self-justification.

Finally, to ensure future prosperity, recognize that a "no" means "no", even if it isn't particularly loud or firm. Distracting your charges with ideals of community while trying to fuck them will not work any more and should be avoided at all costs.

See you in hell,

Phos



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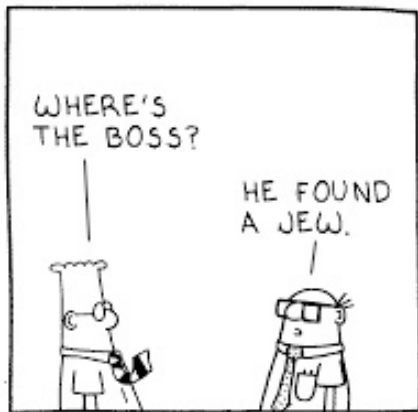
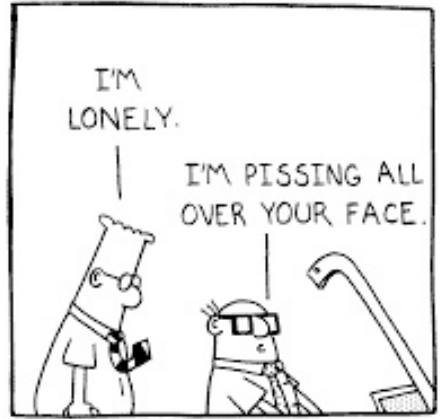
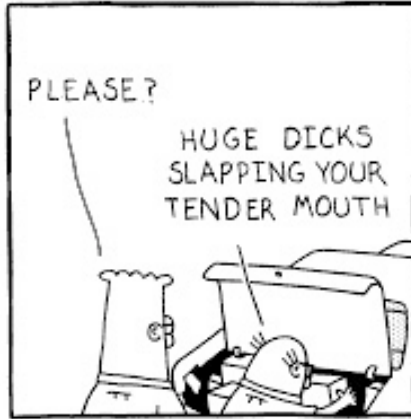
CROSSWORD ANSWERS

UPPERS

1. pass
2. hemp
3. gram
4. ganja
5. orange
6. no
7. hot
8. stoner
9. up
10. lit
11. blunt
12. fish
14. THC
15. eggs
16. hit
17. kind
18. fucked
26. roaches
28. dugout
31. herb
32. dog
34. bake
35. pot
37. high
38. weed
39. dope
41. merinol
42. cannabis
44. indica
46. dare
49. reefer
50. ass
53. kind
55. dad
56. marijuana
60. eos
61. joint

DOWNERS

4. grown
8. spliff
13. eat
17. kief
19. screen
20. dreg
21. share
22. Mary Jane
23. out
24. chronic
25. lighter
27. OD
29. lab
30. zero
32. deal
33. bat
34. bong
36. hot
37. hemp
39. den
40. crib
41. munchies
42. cashed
43. sin
45. odd
47. narc
48. DEA
50. seed
52. tea
54. doob
56. mon
57. rasta
58. pipe
59. bud
60. EI
62. toga
63. on
64. drug
65. shit
66. id
67. dank



THE VOO DOO WHORE-O-SCOPE



Aries
March 21 - April 19
omg, ur like pregnant!!!
what R u gonna do now,
huh? no w8, th@'s just
the donut u 8 this
morning! u fat cow, now

that ZBT guy u copy ur 18.01 homework off
will NEVER want 2 fuck u!

Taurus
April 20 - May 20

did U know that ur classes
technically AREN'T on west
campus? eww... y do they
want 2 make u look like some
kind of freak?



Gemini
May 21 - June 21
don't sleep w/ ur t.a. 2 get
better grades! sleep with ur
PROF instead :)

Cancer
June 22 - July 22

ur pps call u a SLUT coz u
stay in some guy's room all
night watching E! no 1der the
rest of sigma kappa h8s u.



Leo
July 23 - August 22
when ur parents come 2 visit
DON'T take em around boston.
u'll get lost... & there will B
poor ppl!!!

Virgo
August 23 - September 22

at the next IM lax game u will
get hit with a ball & B 2 ugly 2 go
2 a frat party, ever! stay away,
u moron!!



Libra
September 23 - October 23
Boston has a system of trains
& buses (not saferide) that
u can use 2 get around.
weird, huh?

Scorpio
October 24 - November 21

don't EVER fall asleep in class
cause ur hair will get fuckd ^!
as will ur face!!



Sagittarius
November 22 - December 21
Y r some ppl gay? u will never
know.

Capricorn
December 22 - January 19

omg! AOL will go bankrupt
tomorrow!!! j/k, lol, rotfl... 4get
about it & concentr8 on writin
ur shitty comic.



Aquarius
January 20 - February 18
4 the rest of ur life, ur parents will
B bitches, ur profs will B bitches...
in fact EVERY1 will b bitchez, exsept
4 U. funny, huh?

Pisces
February 19 - March 20

next time try using blanche 2 get
ur OWN fucking self off a
mailing list, whore



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Here at Voo Doo, we just can't get enough of the saucy exploits of a certain magical young boy as he explores his way into budding manhood. But Father John Geoghan wouldn't share him, so we'll have to make do with more Harry Potter porn instead. Let's take another sneak peek into the upcoming fifth chronicle of the young wizard, wherein Harry's Sodded and the Sorcerer's Stoned...



"Here, drink this," he said, handing his friend a bubbling cup of blue liquid. Harry bent his head over the chalice and sniffed the vulgar brew. "What is this?" he asked, feeling unsure about the safety of the potion. "Rogeenol's Quest," Ron said. "You mean the date rape potion?!? I don't Adam and Eve it. Why would I drink this?"

Harry was surprised that his friend would be able to make so strong a brew to slip him. Little did he know that Ron got the potion from Draco, a botty boy keen to shag Harry's 'andsome British arse five ways 'til Tuesday. Luckily, Harry was cool with experimentation. So after a short explanation (I'll give you a backhander to keep your pecker up, Ron said), he downed the bubbling concoction.

He instantaneously and oh so magically felt dizzy, but didn't want Ron touching him 'til he evened out again. So, he told Ron that he wanted to go for a walk. Ron asked if he was OK, saw his friend get up hazily, and let him leave to walk around the campus. In truth, Harry was just itching to do the five finger shuffle, but thought that perhaps Ron wouldn't want to see. For fuck's sake!! Was he ever Radio Rental!

Draco had heard everything from below their window and was waiting outside for Harry. Harry saw him and tried to veer in a different direction, but Draco shouted out, "Would you be needing a hit from the hubbly bubbly?"

Harry was apprehensive, but he knew that he would feel much better if he were banjaxed, so he went with Draco to the Dark Forest. They found a fallen log to lean against and Draco conjured his pipe. They magically inhaled a few cauldrons of dankitude and before long Harry was feeling quite alright. They were actually talking and laughing together when Draco said to Harry, "Would you like to see a magic trick? I learned a smashing new spell from Snape."

Harry nodded drowsily and Draco told him to stand up.

Draco then began the incantation, "Hippity-dippity-bop, let's see those trousers drop." To Harry's surprise, his trousers fell magically around his ankles. Harry exclaimed, "Oh, my!" and leaned over to pick up his trousers, but caught Draco's hungry gaze on his splendid bangers and mash.

Breathing heavily, Draco whispered, "You are marvelous. You are a perfect mix of Marky Mark and Prince William." Harry blushed and his plonker rose to half mast. He sauntered over to Draco, his now-throbbing love wand gently swaying between his hips. Harry looked down at Draco's bone-on, barely concealed beneath his breeches. "Now it is your turn," Harry stated, "Stand up." Draco slavishly rose and Harry not-so-magically said, "Thinking of you pumps my nads."

At that moment, several of the larger mushrooms on the fallen log behind them started to glow. Draco saw it first, fell to his knees, and said, "This is a gift from the Enchantress of the Forest." Harry asked, "What does this mean? What do we do?"

Draco responded with a confident, "We must eat of her gift and then one of us must have his ring-piece had." Harry's wand started shimmering at the tip while he said, "Large portion, yes." Harry bent over to retrieve two large "Amulets of Shroom", as they were called by the Wizards of Rogering.

Draco saw his opportunity to shaft the young lad when Harry bent over to pick them up. Draco rushed to stand, gave Harry a huge bear hug from behind, lifted Harry's robe and stuffed his bell end between Harry's pale cheeks. Harry yelled "Lumme!" and "Smeg, smeg, smeg!" until finally Draco shot 'is Wad of Sweets and fell against the log smiling and sweating.

They ate the amulets and took a nap in each other's fit arms. Forty minutes later they awoke Tripping Their Balls Off. Harry was the first one to go running after them. "Me balls," he said. "Oh fuck," Draco said, grinning like a Cheshire cat, "Where me balls off to?"

DESK STRETCHES

These are stretches to do at your desk.
This program will take 2 1/2 – 3 min.

- Breathe easily
- No bouncing or forcing
- No pain!
- Feel the stretch
- Relax
- See Stretching Instructions, pp. 77-84

1
5 sec, 3 times
p. 82



Boob grab

2
5 sec, 3 times
p. 82



Butt grab

3
5 sec, 2 times
p. 81



Your response to "Did you just grab my boob/butt?"

4
5 sec, 2 times
p. 84



Proper blowjob position

5
5 sec
p. 84



Try to dodge the flying semen

6
5 sec
each side
p. 84



Watch TV while doing it
doggy style

7
5 sec
p. 84



Attempt to lick your own nipples

8
10 sec
each arm
p. 81



Wind up for the atomic bitch slap!

9
10 sec
p. 82



Kung-fu that bitch in the face
when she talks shit

10
10 sec
p. 81



Raise the roof afterwards!

11
9 sec
each side
p. 82



I am not an animal

12
10 sec
p. 79



Try not to cry during anal sex

- Prolonged sitting at a desk or computer terminal can cause muscular tension and pain.
- Taking a few minutes to do a series of stretches can make your whole body feel better.
- Learn to stretch spontaneously throughout the day whenever you feel tense.
- Don't just do seated stretches, but do some standing stretches too. Good for circulation.

Photocopy this page and keep it in your desk drawer.

Don't Ignore Harassment



Harassment of any kind is unacceptable at MIT and in conflict with the interests and policies of the Institute and Aimée Smith and her army of baby seals.

This is MIT Policy. See MIT Policies & Procedures, Section 9.5

Stop it!

Is it harassment? Ask yourself these three questions:

- Did the incident make you think or otherwise expose you to ideas not your own? Something curious, unusual, or controversial?
- Was it some frat boys desperately trying to get laid?
- Would a person of your gender/race/GAP demographic subjected to this behaviour think you are paranoid/stupid and want to ream you with a two-ton I-beam?

If you answer yes to these questions, please don't ignore the situation.

Here's What To Do

- If you are in danger or want to register a complaint, call Aimée Smith, **x3-4575 (24 hours)**
(she will be paraded in with a king-size permanent marker, a megaphone, and a phallus-cutting scimitar)
- To talk to a vibrant, supportive community of stellar writers and deep thinkers, spam **mit-talk**, **mit-talk@mit.edu**
- To talk to someone who will spread your message to all your brothers and sisters around the world, contact **Re Antoine, For Your Pleasure Only (WMBR)**, **x3-8810** (10pm-midnight) or **The Thistle** (anytime -- the revolution cannot wait), **thistle@mit.edu**
- As a last resort, close your beady little eyes and keep on shuffling down that corridor!