

WOOD GARROO

MIT'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY HUMOROUS PUBLICATION



WOOP GURU

VOL. 01, ISSUE 01

MAY 2019

HECTOR IGLESIAS Editor-In-Chief
KATHARINA GSCHWIND Art Director
KEVIN SANTILLAN Managing Editor

BEN SHEFFER Editor
JACKIE MONTANTE Publicity Manager
JACOB MISKE Office Manager

LITERARY BOARD

Noah McDaniel
Adrian Meza
Annie Miller
Jacob Miske
Jackie Montante

ART BORED

Karina Hinojosa
Natasha Hirt
Emily Levenson
Laurel Wright

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS

SOYO

- 04 Letter from the Editor
- 05 Denial: Innocent Soap for Innocent People
- 06 Junk Mail & Anthrax
- 08 Massholes of Tomorrow
- 12 Frankenstein's Beaver
- 13 The 7 Deadly Sins of MIT Publications
- 14 The Woop of the Tvte
- 16 (Not) An MIT Rejection Letter
- 17 The Beaver's Guide to TETRIS Planning
- 20 To Vax or Not to Vax?
- 22 Finite Malarky
- 25 DIY Rorschach Booger Test
- 26 The Ghosts of MIT
- 28 Burning Beaver
- 30 Inconsequential Art

FRONT COVER
NATASHA HIRT

INSIDE FRONT COVER
KATHARINA GSCHWIND

BACK COVER
KATHARINA GSCHWIND

MITROCKS2019



FROM THE CATHOUSE



It's April 26th, a late Friday night in Walker Memorial. The office is in disarray, much like its editor-in-chief. Sketches of illustrations that are going in this issue are strewn across the furniture, hiding from everyone and causing unnecessary stress in the process. It seems like the number of days that goes into duct-taping together an issue is dwindling with each passing semester. Who knows, maybe once I'm getting ready to graduate, the issue will actually be pulled out of my ass.

Surprisingly, Phos hasn't had much to say on the matter. The Cat usually goes around berating the new members, trying to get them to guess how many fingers he's holding behind his back (here's a hint: it's always the middle one). However, he's since ceased all tomfoolery. Lately, he seems more active, actually contributing to conversations for once instead of the usual "Noo-ugh-itja-it just wasn't meant to be, you no?" I mean, good Lord, the Cat doesn't look a day over 100 years old. I wonder if he's been preparing for our 100th-year anniversary.

Oh, muchos apologies, my compadres, I didn't mean to surprise you. Yes, somehow, someway, somewhere, over the rainbow,

Woop Garoo, the Magazine Formerly Known as *Voo Doo*, the Magazine Formerly Known as *Woop Garoo*, MIT Humor Magazine (ISSN 1066-2499), is published by Phosphorus Publishing twice a year assuming apathy does not consume us all. All material ©2019 *Woop Garoo* Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, two issue mail subscription \$3. Submissions accepted from any past or present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes, and deadlines.

Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidental. Content published does not necessarily reflect the views of individual authors, WOOP GAROO, MIT, or any other entities with which it may be associated. WOOP GAROO does not take responsibility for any consequences of people reading the magazine. By choosing to view this magazine, you put yourself at risk of taking offense, doubling over in uncontrollable laughter, and/or nuclear radiation. WOOP GAROO is not printed on recycled paper due to concerns about the environmental impact of the "deinking" process, but is printed with soybased inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu. WOOP GAROO is printed at TCI Press and produced with free/libre and open source software because its Editor-in-Chief likes to pretend he cares about the environment and hippie shit like that.

Voo Doo is celebrating its 100th-year anniversary as MIT's only intentionally humorous magazine. A lot of things have happened in the past 100 years: cancer was invented, Al Gore invented Reddit, and after the moon landing, Stanley Kubrick didn't have to worry about money for a very long time. The point is, the world today is very different from the world 100 years ago.

This is a good jumping off point to talk about our magazine's name. The magazine was founded during World War One in an attempt to bring joy and humor to the MIT campus during uncertain times. The current staff believes the magazine still has a role to play on campus in promoting light-heartedness and laughter as well as providing an outlet for free expression. That said, we are sympathetic to the argument that the title unfairly singles out one particular group and was originally chosen possibly for questionable reasons during the magazine's infancy. We aren't going to pretend to know what went on in the minds of our predecessors 100 years ago, though knowing they were MIT students, there probably wasn't much there to begin with. We live in a much different world, and we want to make sure our magazine is open to such change.

I have talked with the current staff about the matter, and we have come to the conclusion that it is best for the magazine to change its name. While we were throwing around many ideas for this, such as, but not limited to, "Venereal Disease," "Pooh Pooh," and the runner-up "1980's Pop Hits from Milwaukee," one of our members stumbled upon a cabinet face-first. In it, we discovered a treasure trove of old issues, and we also found out that we used to operate under a different name originally during the Great War. Who'da thunk? We were called "Woop Garoo," a short-lived humor magazine that later turned into Voo Doo. After a long, arduous discussion with the staff members, I was able to conclude that Woop Garoo is a funnier name, and since no one was using it at the moment, we figured we might as well steal it back while no one's watching.

We believe that returning to our roots in celebration of our magazine reaching its 100th-year anniversary reaffirms our commitment to bring humor to this campus. To think that something like Voo Doo would want to spend 100 years at MIT when we staff members simply want to survive for 4 is a funny thought. In any case, the magazine has decided that it will revert back to its original name: "Woop Garoo." According to the first issue (1918) of the Woop Garoo,

"The inquisitive will seek in vain for our name in Webster's Unabridged. There is no legitimate word which satisfies our purpose and believing heartily in originality we coined one. What's the trouble? Hasn't Mr. Roosevelt done the same thing? 'Whoop' means to cry out. 'Garoo' comes from the 'jump part' of kangaroo...Therefore, considering this and the derivation of our name, we have appropriated from the vernacular: 'To Shout Like Hell and Start Sumthin'.

Wherefore, WOOP-GAROO!"

We sincerely hope this name will not offend any marsupials in the MIT faculty, but if so, we would be happy to reach a sort of compromise with them.

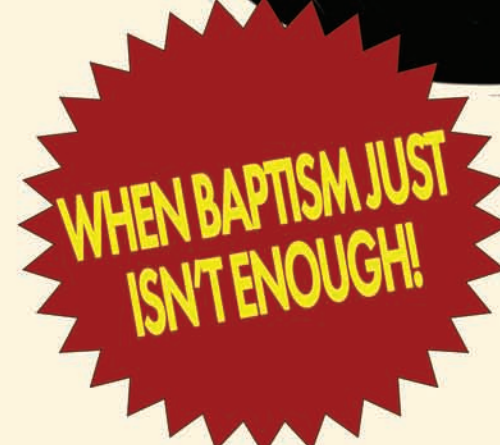
We still aren't sure whether to consider this issue as our first-last issue ever, or our last-first issue ever. In addition, with us reverting back to Woop Garoo, we would instantly become MIT's youngest humor magazine, but seeing as how we are the only intentionally humorous publication, we would then go back to being the oldest humor rag on campus. The youngest and oldest. The Alpha and the Omega. My head hurts now, so I'm going to wrap this up.

While it may seem that we are yielding to a few non-believers by changing our name, the staff does not think so as we believe that this move will help steer the magazine in a new direction. It is highly possible that this magazine will outlive all of us, and hopefully another century from now, some new undergrad at MIT, in a rush to attend lecture, will trip upon a newly printed issue, and as they massage their bruised leg, they'll laugh at the utter nonsense that is Tech humor and fall in love with the magazine. Who knows, maybe they'll end up in charge of it and be thinking back over its history, just like I am doing right now. We want to leave behind something that would be able to guide them and speak to them a hundred years after the fact. If we seriously thought that any readership we had was a result of our name and not our content, we might as well call ourselves The Tech™.



Iglesias

the newest
breakthrough in
**SOAP
SCIENCE!**



What the hell is this?

Have you ever wanted to avoid responsibility for any actions you took? Is the soap you currently use unable to wash away the blood that is on your hands? Introducing Dial's newest bar soap, Denial: the soap that washes you of 99.9% of your sins.

How does it work?

In a bar of Denial soap, micelles work tirelessly to entrap nonholy sin molecules in their unholy interior. These molecules end up dissolving and are carried away with the soap by way of the disavowal process, otherwise known as the washing of one's hands.

Don't take our word for it! Ask one of our valued customers:

Henry Kissinger George W. Bush Pontius Pilate Cynthia Barnhart

DENIAL: THE INNOCENT SOAP FOR INNOCENT PEOPLE*

*Don't worry, we know you're innocent. You don't have to keep repeating it to yourself.



JUNK MAIL & ANTHRAX

THE STRAGGLER

I've never done a damn thing with Voodoo except read it. And I guess I ended up on the mailing list somehow. Maybe that's enough to get in the 100th anniversary issue?

—Josh Horowitz '10, former EC resident

Dear Josh Attention Whore-owitz, Did you really think your dumb ploy would work? I know you think we're a bunch of bozos who'd be willing to publish literally anything so long as it allows us to fill 32 pages before our print date, but that's just because you don't know a damned thing about us. And To think that any quote-unquote reader of Woop Garoo (formerly known as VooDoo) could possibly draw that conclusion! I shake my head at you, sir/madam/Mx. (And that's another thing! How the fuck can we even properly respond to you if you don't tell us your preferred pronoun?). This whole thing was

clearly just a fruitless attempt to get yourself some attention, but it'll never work. We won't even dignify it with a response because that would only be a waste of our and our reader's time. So don't expect to hear or see anything in the issue about you Mx. Attention Whore-owitz! God, I just can't get over how pointless that whole thing was!

—Phos T. Cat, Woop Garoo
Publisher and Resident Alcoholic

AN OFF-OFF-OFF CAMPUS PRODUCTION

In the early/mid 1960's an "off campus" humor magazine from Florida ran a poll and VooDoo came in second to them. Not to be outdone (and using our mailing list of college magazines) I ran a second poll of all the college humor magazines. Amazing - WE came in first, they came in second (Bill Kileen of Charlatan). I never heard of any other time we were ranked #1. We also were given #1 for jokes in both polls, and one or two of our special issues were ranked in the top few (Gayboy, etc.).

—Bob Pilon, via email

Dear Bob Pile-on-the-pills,

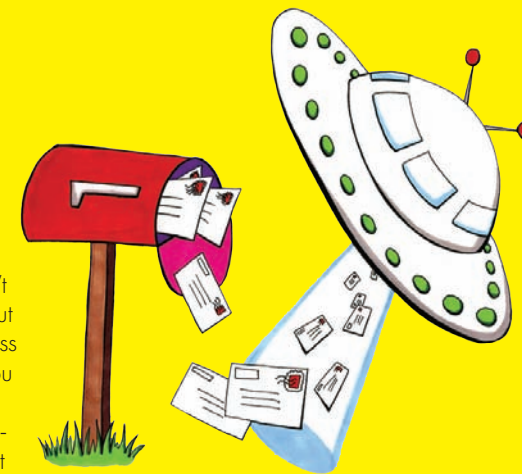
It's good to see there are still some old school alums alive and kickin' it on the streets! Now I don't know if I'd ever trust any poll that Florida Man might have responded to. Who knows what he was hopped up on when he was reading those humor magazines all those years ago? Talk about response bias! I'm glad you took it upon yourself to run a properly controlled poll that gave much better results! Too bad those days of glory are long behind us. I mean, have you seen our issues recently? "An Acid Trip to the Moon"? "Stoner's Roll"? "Parlez-Vous Deux"? You'd have to be tripping hard on something strongly dissociative to enjoy any of that nonsense! Ah well, I guess the times are just a changin'. —PHOS

STACK OVERFLOW

Every year I've seen new issues of Voo Doo pile up around campus. I don't mean to sound rude, but isn't that all a bit excessive? Like how many people actually read your magazine anyways? It's gotta be like 15 people max. Wait, you have 15 members don't you? Hmm...maybe it's even less then. Anyways, what I'm getting at is that most people don't even look at those stacks of issues you distribute. Sure they make great wrapping paper, and sure I've been known to crumple them up and using them as packing material whenever I need to mail a package, and sure they're not bad for cutting the letters out of to make threatening anonymous notes, but if no one reads them, why even bother filling in the pages?

— Concerned Citizen # 237, '19

To whom citizens it may concern, especially the 237th one, You're totally right. In the past we've printed more issues than we've known what to do with. You should have seen our office! It was always packed to brim with fat stacks. At first we didn't know what to do with the issues. We tried burying them, shredding them, and burning them! But eventually, we decided to just give them all away. But you won't have to worry about that gross display of capitalistic excess anymore because Voo Doo doesn't even exist! I don't know if you heard, but we're actually Woop Garoo now, That's right, new name, new us, bby boi! Soon there'll be stacks of shiny new issues that'll captivate the masses! I'm gonna venture to optimistically say 25 or maybe even 30 people will pick them up and read them this time around. Not a bad turnout for 2000 issues! Fuck yeah, dude, we're moving up in the world! —PHOS



#1 FAN!

Hey, Voo Doo, I thought your articles were supposed to be funny! Everytime I read them they either don't make sense, or they're dark and depressing as shit! Do you even understand how humor is supposed to work? What are you trying to pull here?

Señor Junior, Sr. '21, via email

Well, Mr. Señor Junior, Sr., last of his name. First off, you just assumed that this magazine is still Voo Doo, but we're actually Woop Garoo. I don't get offended the first time it happens, but it's gonna bother me if you continue to make that mistake. Okay? Cool. Now that that's out of the way, we can move onto the important stuff. Ah..hem... EvEryTiME I rEaD tHEm tHEy eIThEr DO'n'T mAkE sEnSe oR tHEy'Re DepREssING aS sHiT! dO YoU eVEn unDErStanD HoW HuMOr iS suPpoSed To wOrK? —PHOS

OUR



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Your name is absolutely, morally repugnant. How could you ever even think it's appropriate to use the name Voo Doo for your magazine? How is that not just plagiarism of Voodoo Doughnut, Voodoo Vape, Voodoo Games, Voodoo Productions, and the long list of other Voodoo-named corporations? You must all be **horrible people** with absolutely no regard for the feelings and well-being of others, and frankly, you're a **scourge on this campus** that should be purged from the Earth!

—Anon 'XX, via email

Oh, Anon (if that even is your real name), Sigh...We. are. Not. Voo. Doo. Our name is Woop Garoo now. The old name of our magazine was chosen by a bunch of old farts during World War One who are probably all dead now. Who knows what was going through their heads or why they thought it was okay. We had nothing to do with it, which is why, and I cannot emphasize this enough, WE ARE CALLED WOOP GAROO NOW! Not that it really matters that much since only 25 or 30 (I'm still real optimistic on this one) people read our magazine. As for all those other companies, who knows why they think it's okay. If only some highly educated and internationally recognized scholar who studies social issues like these could send them a damning email demonstrating the errors of their ways to get them to come round...just an idea.

Trying to keep his cool in the face of misidentification, Phos T. Cat

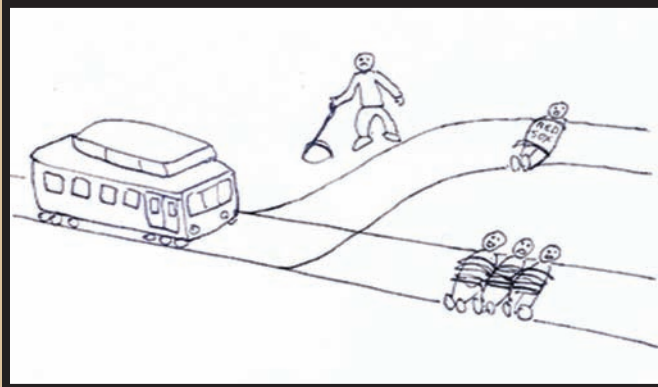
MASSHOLES OF TOMORROW

WRITER **NOAH MCDANIEL**

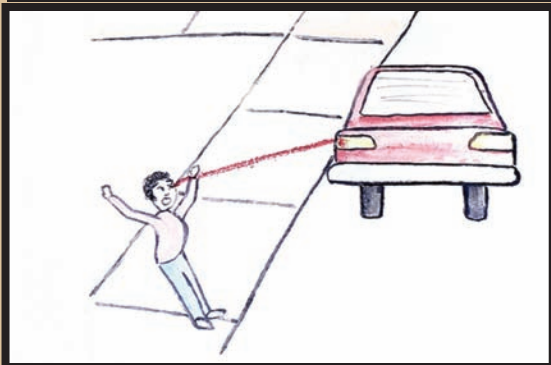
ARTIST **LAUREL WRIGHT**

Automated vehicles offer a future of increased safety, better fuel economy, and less traffic. This all sounds well and good, but can even the best AI's resist the universal pull of East Coast culture and keep their cool on Boston's whimsically designed roads? We have our doubts.

Autonomous vehicles solve the trolley problem by minimizing the number of victims wearing Boston sports apparel.

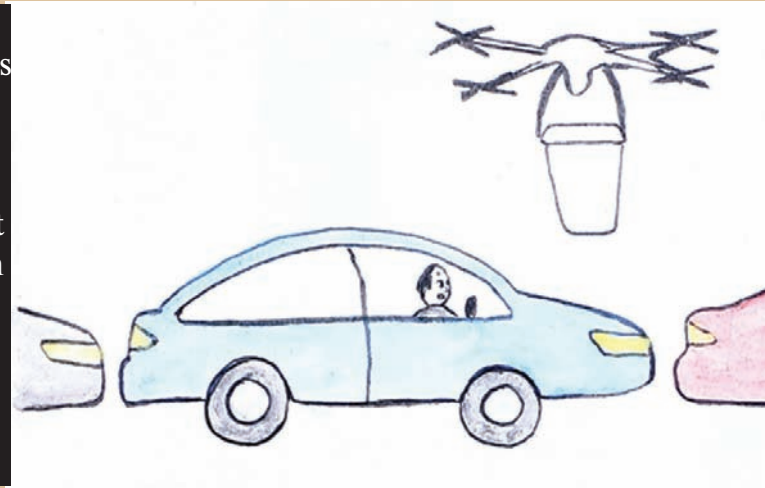


Massholes use cutting-edge lasers as turn signals, frying the eyes of pedestrians.



Pedestrians live in constant fear of the silent approach of electric vehicles.

Commercial drones enable dunkin coffee delivery at 75mph on I-93.



Machine learning enables driverless cars to replicate the behavior of actual Massholes.



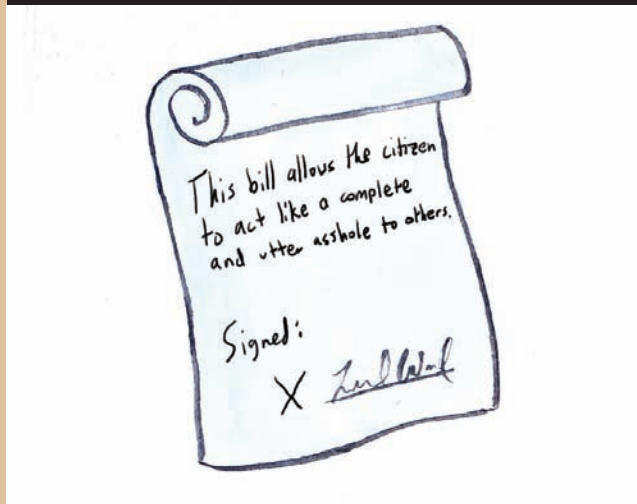
Fundamental differences between e-scooterists and bicyclists provoke a race war.



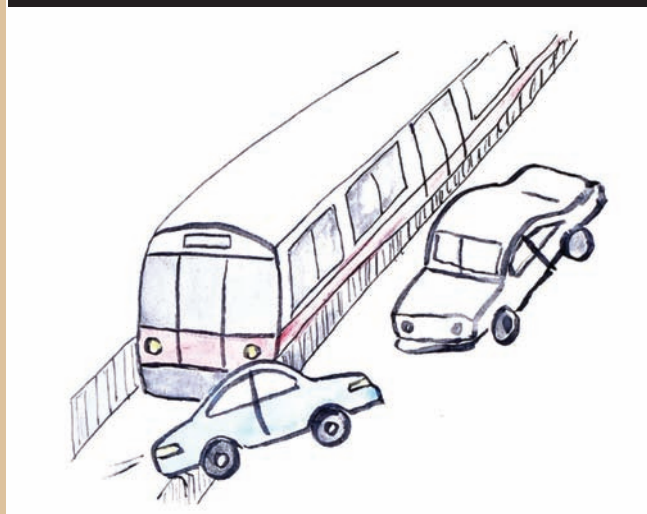
Street lights are no longer maintained in order to divert power to the CITGO sign.



Pro-masshole legislation is passed to combat the threat of out-of-state gentrifiers.

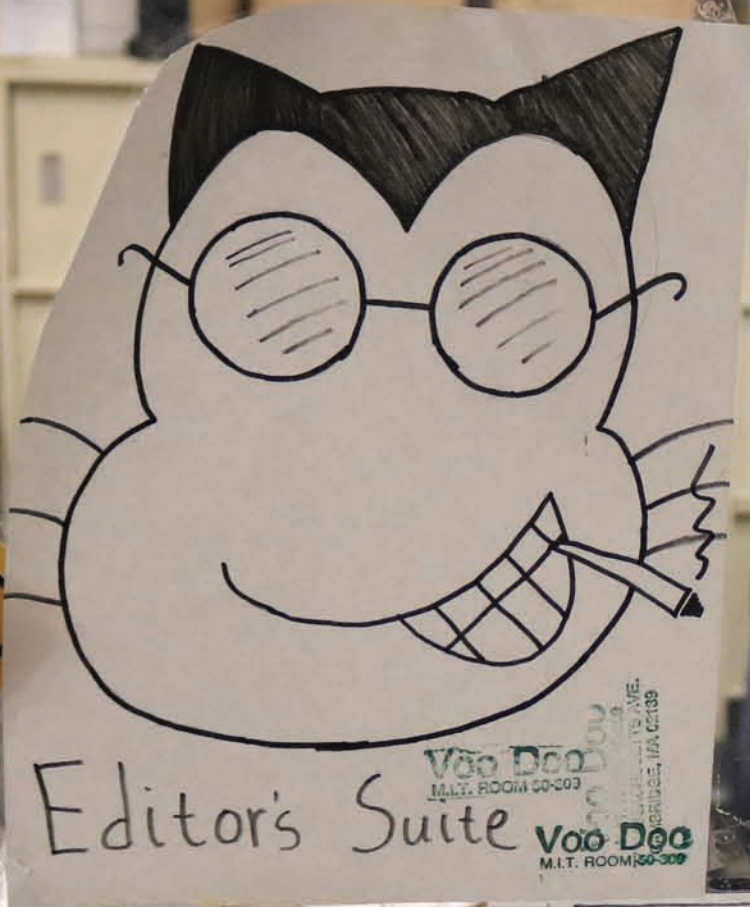


Self driving cars get drunk on high octane fuel and crash into the Red Line on the Longfellow bridge.



...And yet it's still a pain in the ass to find parking.





VOODOO INTRODUCES...

As a Guide to
PRACTICING SAFE CLASSES

BY: ROB MORRISON & EMILY KOSSEK

1. PULL OUT EARLY. *Remember Drop Date!*

2. KEEP A RUBBER ON-HAND. *technology*

3. CAP YOUR PENS BEFORE LECTURE. *For Extra Protection!*

4. REMEMBER YOUR ASSAILANTS!

"Well, Mary, who could the father possibly be?"

"Dunno, Bill, could be any of the United classes!"

SPECIAL ALUMNI ISSUE

VOODOO

MIT MEMOR SINCE 1919

Spring 1999

STILL TELLING THE SAME OLD JOKES

THEY'RE ALWAYS BE A VOO DOO

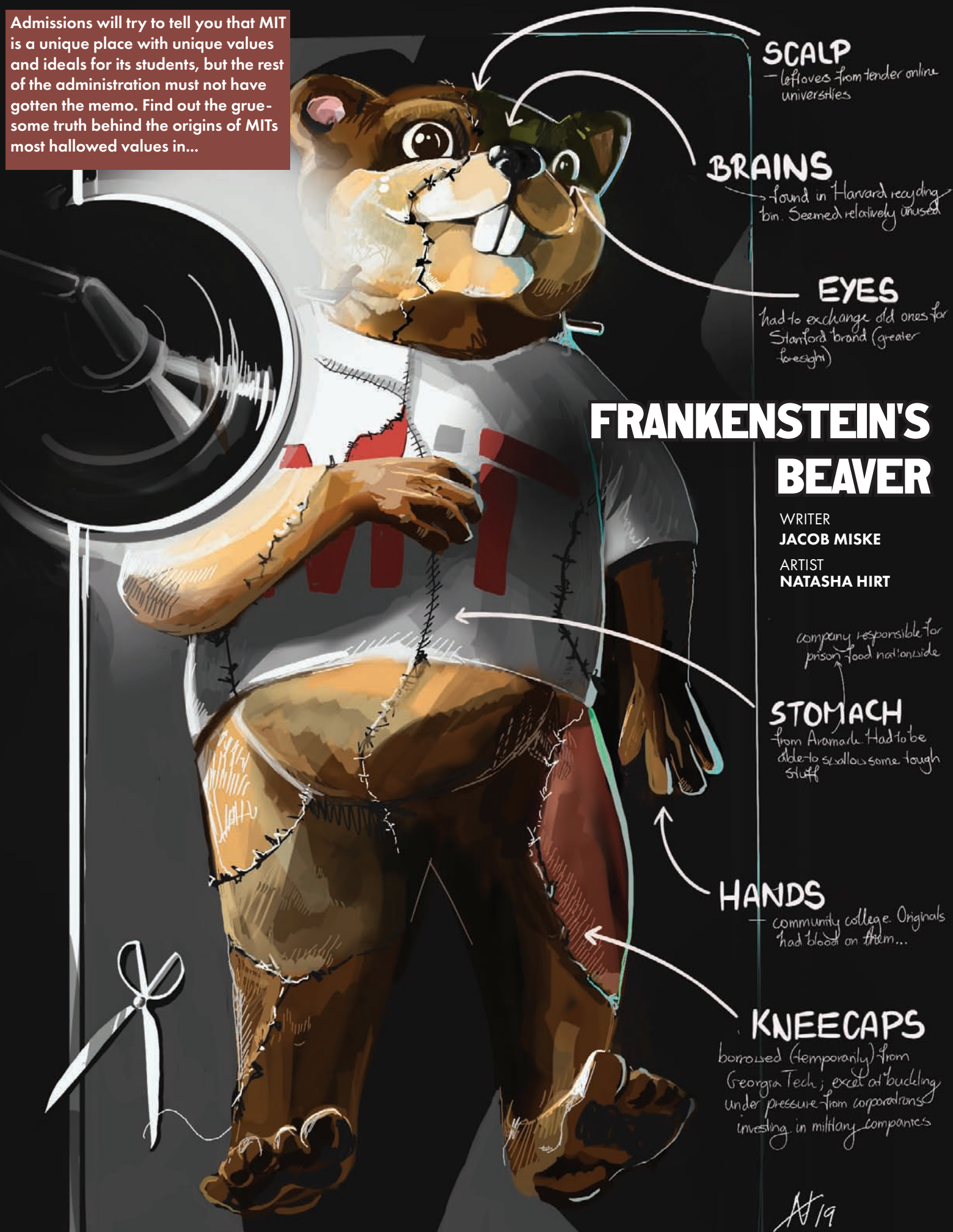
MIT students will always have the urge to practice humor and drink... (text continues)

As every body... (text continues)

John Woop Garool!



Admissions will try to tell you that MIT is a unique place with unique values and ideals for its students, but the rest of the administration must not have gotten the memo. Find out the gruesome truth behind the origins of MIT's most hallowed values in...



FRANKENSTEIN'S BEAVER

WRITER
JACOB MISKE
ARTIST
NATASHA HIRT

SCALP
—leftovers from tender online universities

BRAINS
—found in Harvard recycling bin. Seemed relatively unused

EYES
—had to exchange old ones for Stanford brand (greater foresight)

STOMACH
—from Aramark. Had to be able to swallow some tough stuff

HANDS
—community college. Originals had blood on them...

KNEECAPS
—borrowed (temporarily) from Georgia Tech; exact at buckling under pressure from corporations investing in military companies

AT/19

Since we're all good Christians here, you probably already knew that all MIT student publications are built on a foundation of sin, but did you know which ones? Help curb your inclination towards evil before dire consequences and atrocities occur! Remember, Evagrius Ponticus the Solitary is watching you from hell! Find out now which cardinal sin YOUR favorite MIT student publication embodies!

THE 7 DEADLY SINS OF PUBLICATIONS

Woop Garoo (Sloth)

Sloth is sometimes defined as “sorrow about spiritual good” and oh boy is Woop Garoo (formally VooDoo) sorrowful about doing anything good! The poor slothful Woop Garoo staff procrastinate printing their papers until the very last minute - Saint Thomas Aquinas would be ashamed.

Infinite (Gluttony)

Every single glossy inch of the Infinite's gluttonous thick paper is practically... colorful (gasp). The overindulgence! The sinful opulence! The consumption of cloths and threads reveals the ostentation of their worldly materials...

Rune (Envy)

The poor wretched literature majors of Rune have the Sisyphean task of reaching their artistic potential at a technology institute. Envy abound for the sprawling ivory of the liberal arts schools where their beautiful studies are not corralled into one small singular department entitled 'Humanities'.

The Tech (Pride)

The original and most serious of the capital vices is pride, of which our leader in

the printed written word (since 1881!) is of course way to dignified to fall prey to. Hubris, that is, dangerous corruption, could never touch the shining proverbial Sun of MIT journalism. Like its journalism, The Tech's brilliant yellow light reaches all.

Chroma (Wrath)

Nothing screams uncontrollable rage and cruelty like the digital political musings of well-informed college students. Oh, you have a blog? Do you want to kill me? The Catechism of the Church condemned the misanthropy of think-pieces long ago.

Et Spiritus (Lust)

The publication's included artwork is truly... inspired.

MURJ (Greed)

Book of Sirach clearly elucidates the abhorrent sin of printing a full page Bayer (™) advertisement in a work of academic integrity. Art thou to begin selling indulgences? How many more UROP students must you keep locked away in the CSAIL basement to satisfy your avarice?

THE WOOP OF THE TVTE

(Not) A Gossip Column

The Acapella groups of MIT of mit have historically been known for their aggressive marketing techniques. Most students have become accustomed to the daily onslaught of emails in their inboxes, all imploring them to attend some hour-long performance of pop mashups. Recently, however, these once friendly invitations have begun to take on a more threatening tone. The implication has changed to “come watch us perform. Or else”.

A student, who asked to remain anonymous, has come forward to Woop Garoo to share their story and beg for the return of their family. The student, continually looking over their shoulder, told us “I returned from a long night of tooling to find a mysterious package at my door... I thought that my new Rubik’s cube had finally arrived in the mail, but

when I opened it a creepy note fell out. It basically said that if I didn't go to Unnamed Acapella group’s spring showcase, they would have to do something drastic. Of course, I didn't take it seriously at first - why should I give a shit about some silly singers? Anyways, I didn't go and, and -” At this point the student started visibly shaking and mumbling incoherently. Another victim of these vicious attacks, a resident of McCormick, told us that they were awoken one night by the sound of rocks on their window. “At first I thought it was just those stupid frat guys again”, the student recalls. “But then I looked out the window to see Unnamed Acapella group serenading me with these really evil smiles on their faces. How the fuck did they even know my name? Anyways, I opened my window to tell them exactly where they could take their cute little act, but then... then they...”, At this point the student trailed off and stared into the distance blankly.

Woop Garoo is publicly condemning these actions and

demanding justice for these students. We would also like to request “Don’t Stop Believin’” at the next concert.

You read a recent poll that shows 90% of the undergraduate population now suspects they are the only sentient beings at the Institute, and the rest of their peers are nothing more than elaborate artificial intelligence facsimiles of real human beings in a greater simulation. You read on to find that more and more students have gradually come to the realization that the behavior of their classmates and friends is suspiciously robotic.

For example, did you ever notice how your roommate never seems to sleep or even eat?! Every time you come back from the library late at night, they are there working at their desk. And you do not have time to go to the dining hall often, but you’ve never seen them there. Now that you think about it, you don’t even know anything about their family... if they even have one. All you know is that they’re from California... how can everyone be from California?! I mean, you’re from California. You were there first.

And after reading the results of the poll, you’re a little offended that your classmates think that you exist merely as an AI in their reality. I mean, why would they think that? Actually, wait a minute... you never really



That wretched Cthulhu! I'll show him who's the one with flat space-time!

sleep either... you have to spend all your time working... Most days, you barely even have time to eat... I mean, you basically follow the same pre-programmed routine every day... Wait. Are you an AI...? Am I an AI?! Ah-hhh!! Let me out of this thing!! LET ME OUT!!!!

The other night, President Reif was walking down Memorial Drive and fishing around in his pocket for a piece of bubblegum. When he pulled his hand out of his pocket, to his surprise, out came a neat little bundle of \$1 million in cash instead. “Aw, hell yeah”, Reif said. “I love it when I find a little spare change lying around that I had forgotten about. It’s like winning the lottery!” He

whistled the rest of the way home that night, daydreaming about what he could buy for himself. I could buy a cute little building for the new College of Computing, he thought. Or, no, I should buy one of those sick fountains that lights up at night and changes color. Maybe I should get an ice sculpture of myself done. Actually, better yet, a bust. No, scratch that. I mean, I have always wanted to have a building named after myself... Anyways, he got so distracted by his imagination that he totally forgot about spending the money and put it back in his pocket. A couple weeks later though, President Reif was walking down Memorial Drive and fishing around in his pocket for a piece of bubblegum...



The College of Computing finally computes the economically-optimum solution to climate change just in the nick of time.

It's a terrible feeling when you muster up the courage to ask out that person you've been ogling at for months, only to be outrightly rejected. To make matters worse, that person also happens to be the #1 technical college in the nation. In efforts to erase this feeling of worthlessness, MIT has decided to stop rejecting suitors and instead will be sending them...

(NOT) AN MIT REJECTION LETTER

Office of Admissions



Massachusetts Institute of Technology
77 Massachusetts Avenue, Building 10-100
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139-4307

Phone 617-253-3400
Fax 617-258-8304
admissions.mit.edu

Dear Jack,

The Admissions Committee has completed its review of your application. We are excited to tell you that we took the liberty of forwarding your application to Harvard. On behalf of the committee, it is my pleasure to welcome you to the Harvard class of 2023. You stood out as one of the most talented and promising students in one of the most competitive applicant pools in the history of the Institute, which is exactly the reason why we sent your application to the college down the street. Your commitment to personal excellence and principled goals has convinced us that you will both contribute to a diverse community and thrive within an academic environment. Just not ours. We think that you and Harvard are a great match.

You have until May 1, 2019 to let us know if you'll call Harvard home for the next four years. Until then, we look forward to building their relationship with you and helping you to get to know them better. Over the next several months, we'll be in touch via phone, email, and a plastic tube.

Please understand we are not rejecting you; here at MIT we reject rejection. Instead, we choose to give our applicants other opportunities instead — many people are very happy with their alternative school. MIT has implemented this new admissions process after survey results showed that typical outcomes (i.e. rejection) could negatively impact the happiness of applicants.

We believe that you will find the opportunities at your alternative to be the best ones for you. We use an algorithm called selective selection in which we take all the preferences from your application and forward your application to all schools where the algorithm suggests you will be a good fit. The schools return their admissions decision to us, and MIT is overjoyed to share the news of your placement!

Last year, the algorithm placed 85% of students at a school they *strongly* agree is a good fit. Our algorithm takes the guess work out of applying to college, as we handle all the rejection for you. MIT prioritizes your future happiness over the possibility of human error that would lead to a poor outcome.

I hope you'll agree with us that Harvard is the perfect place to prepare for your future. As a member of their community, you'll join lackluster individuals, entrepreneurs, and lackluster entrepreneurs. Together, you will make all the difference in a world that doesn't really need you.

Rejection is not necessary when we can pick the best school for you.

We thank you for your application and wish you the best at Harvard.

Sincerely,



Stuart Schmill

Seeing your schedule filled to the brim is always be stressful. But there's no reason you can't have fun finding new ways to fill it! Life's always better when you find ways to turn it into a joke (or game?). Learn more by reading...

THE BEAVER'S GUIDE TO TETRIS PLANNING

"Wow, you left a column for the almighty Tetris! Now all you need is a — whoops!"



HOLD	M	T	W	TR	F	NEXT
		6.NAP - The Art of Morning				
		Naps	[Recovery			
	Cram ALL the PSE-TS	11am-1:15pm	Period]			
	12:30-7pm		12-1:45pm			
		18.03				
		Re(sus)citation				Attempt to make it to my 9AM lecture
		me please				2-4pm
		4-5:30pm				
			I go to a STEM school, why am I in a sport?			Read MIT Confessions
			5-7pm			5-7pm
		(Fuck this)				Let's hope Masech dinner doesn't kill me today
		Team Meeting				7-9pm
		7-8:30pm				
			Eat dinner with some schmuck			
		I probably shouldn't go to this party	8:30-9:30pm			
		9-11pm				

LEVEL

02

SCORE

2,078

WRITER
ADRIAN MEZA

ARTISTS
EMILY LEVENSON
HECTOR IGLESIAS



BUILDING 50-309
Voo Doo - MIT JOURNAL OF HUMOR
SQUIRREL HUMOR SINCE 33AD
YOU TOO MAY GET
OLD AND WEAR
FOR A GOOD TIME
CALL US: 253-4575
CONSTANT BIBATICN
TOASTER AI's
BEEFY
&
C₃H₈
UAR
TIBETANS PEE TREES



TO VAX OR NOT TO VAX?

What happens when children are left to fend for their health themselves. Spoiler alert: They're not that good at it.

BY JACOB MISKE



When I began my investigations, anti-scientific rhetoric had reached an all time high. It's easy to forget that the nation had been built upon the backs of engineering marvels and ingenious breakthroughs, that "American ingenuity" used to mean something. Now the persistent efforts of numerous lobbyists, who dispelled science in vain attempts to gain votes, had broken the back of one of medicine's greatest achievements, the vaccine. On the surface, it is a biological preparation that provides active acquired immunity to a particular disease. But embedded deep in the statistical uncertainty of their historical use were narratives of horrific complications. Autism, mind control, impotence--you name it and there was someone out there claiming vaccines could do it to your children. While most resisted the temptation to blame unexplained problems on the convenient scapegoat of vaccines, some still believed that they caused dangers untold.

Across the country, measles and mumps were on the rise but some small towns still managed to keep these rates low. It was well known that these towns tended to reside near Canada, but the exact reason for this pattern remained a mystery. As an investigative reporter, I was compelled by a moral imperative to get to the bottom of this and save my country's children from their ill-informed parents...plus, I had just put my laundry in the wash, so I had about an hour or so to kill.

As a lifelong resident of Minneapolis, this mystery resided right outside my front door. Still, it was unclear to me where to even begin with this investigation. What was different about the borderland compared to elsewhere? Were the doctors more convincing? Were the parents better informed? Were the children somehow naturally heartier? Utterly lost, I wandered to one of the worn, dark green benches of Mill Ruins Park, which had always been one of my

favorite thinking spots.

It was there that I met Harry. He was a pale, lanky kid who looked to probably be in middle school. His hair was brown and matted like he didn't much like to comb it. I didn't think much when he approached me, dragging along a fluffy sheltie on a leash, but when he saw my face of utter concentrated mystification (since I couldn't see my own face, I don't know what it looked like, only that it was enough to get his attention) his high-pitched, prepubescent voice rang out.

"What's the matter, Mister?" I snapped out of thinking about the vaccines and looked at him.

"Uhh...just thinking too hard, I suppose." I was uncomfortable talking to a children without their parents present. It just always seemed it would just look a certain way--a way I wasn't too fond of--even if my intentions were perfectly innocuous. Plus, I find children to be too innocent to fully grasp the scope and nature of the problems I investigate, so I try to leave them out of my investigations if I at all can.

"What're ya thinking about? Maybe I could help you figure it out."

I was resistant at first, saying I'd be more comfortable if his parents were around, but he was of the age where he desired nothing more than to separate from his dependence on his parents and think of himself as an adult. After spending several minutes failing to convince him to keep walking, I gave up. I began petting his sheltie, and told him about my investigation, about the vaccines, the suffering children, everything. I had no way of knowing, but he turned out to be just the person to ask, as if God himself had placed me on that park bench and him on that afternoon walk just so we could talk and peel back the layers of shocking decrepitude that had quietly seeped into the lives of him and his schoolmates. While I have taken some care in the presentation, this is what he told me. This is Harry's story...

Harry was born in Minneapolis in 2008. He was a kid from a simple family, his blue collar parents never enrolled him in any special programs and were generally very average parents. Unfortunately, Harry never received any vaccinations growing up. He was as vulnerable to polio, smallpox, and yellow fever as the next kid born many centuries ago. In his spare time, Harry loved to read. His friends and family did not understand this hobby. In the age of cell phones and fast media cycles, reading was on the de-

cline. Harry's love for the written word had exposed himself to the great disregard his miseducated parents had for his public health. And once Harry had figured this out, he was internally disgusted with the system around him because there had been massive scares around the country involving measles and mumps. These diseases would have never popped up if there had been proper vaccination and herd immunity. Harry had to do something about this but first he had to help himself.

One day, while Harry was hanging out at the park, one of his classmates approached him.

"Hey H, why do you look so glum?" Harry's friend Alex asked.

"I was reading about vaccines recently, they seem like the cure to all these bad diseases going around town in the last year." Harry replied

"...huh, well... have you heard about Mulligan's basement?"

"John Mulligan? The tenth grader?"

"Yeah, you didn't hear it from me, but humor's told is that he has a shipment of MMR vaccines."

"What? How would a high schooler get vaccines?"

"I don't know dude, all I know is that he isn't asking for too much." Alex seemed sure of himself.

"He doesn't live to far from here, let's go." Harry said cautiously.

A lead! These boys were onto something. I had to find out what it was.

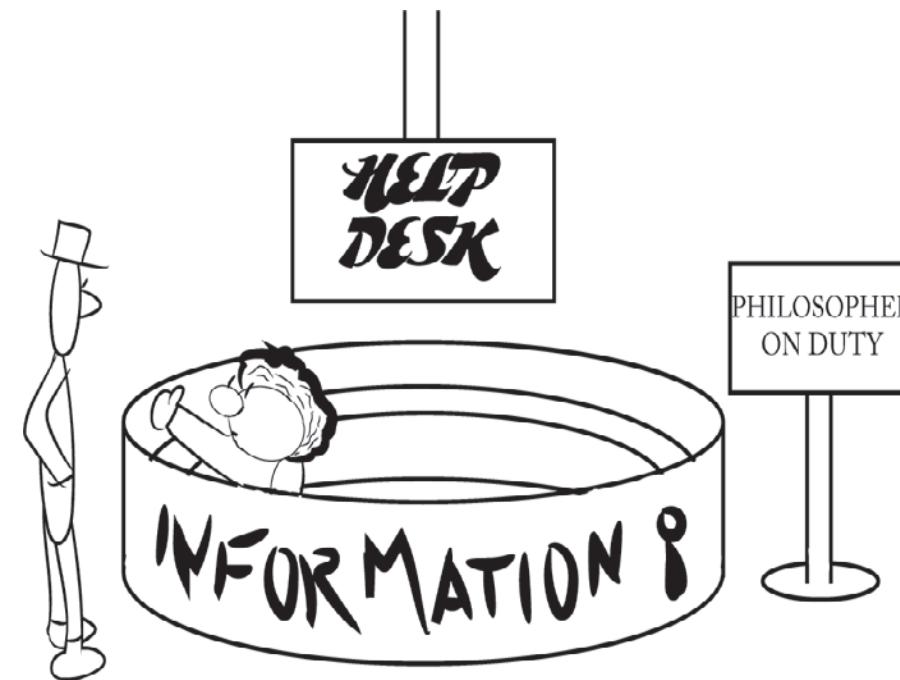
Harry and Alex walked from the park to John's house. They didn't know what was in store for them or what lies were floating around. Both were scared for what they didn't know. As they approached John's house about three blocks away from the park, their parents left them at to play, the boys noticed John's house was surrounded by big high school kids. Teenage girls and boys in leather jackets and baseball caps. It was intimidating but something was definitely off. The house was quiet and there wasn't anything happening outside. It seemed like the kids outside were acting as guards. Harry and Alex decided to approach the girl at the side gate of the front lawn.

"Hello, is this John's house?" Harry asked.

"Yeet, what's it to you?" The tall girl retorted.

"My friend Alex here, mentioned that he heard John has vaccines for kids like us."

Alex popped up, "Well, I heard it from someone on the playground"



You must first ask yourself, "Does the bathroom even truly exist outside the constructs within my own mind?"

while looking at the ground.

"You've come to the right place. Do you go to school at St. Marcy's middle school?"

"We're sixth graders, yeah"

"Come on in, head over to the cellar door." The guard turned to let them through the chain link gates and into the front yard.

Harry and Alex noticed they were being watched by nearly every guard in the house and on the lawn. Something was off about their whole interaction with the guard. As he went along the side of the house to the cellar door, they began to hear music and talking. The cellar door was an inconspicuous wooden door slanted up from the ground at a slight angle leading under the house. Alex reached forward to open the door when suddenly it burst open to the sound of conversation and music. A bright, red face looked up at them. The kid looked only eight years old and was followed by a taller boy who appeared to be a teenager.

"Excuse me" Harry said out loud.

"Sorry." The smaller kid replied. "We were just headed out" The high schooler replied. "Come on in, there's plenty of space"

Harry and Alex piped down the cellar steps into a colorful and wide basement. The room was rustic and filled with wood paneling and stone pillars. There were kids hanging around at the

various tables talking out loud. Harry looked at the nearest table and noticed something weird. There was a small kid with their arm out on a table while an older kid stuck a long thin needle deep into a pulsating vein running along their shoulder.

"Oh my godness!" Harry exclaimed.

"Welcome to the my basement" A deep voice said to Harry and Alex.

Both turned to meet a tall and wide man with a warm smile on his face.

"I was a Doctor before those lobbyists in the government banned vaccines, they sent my kind out in droves. But then Canadian vaccine runners solved the job. My friend from back in my U. of Toronto days came in clutch."

The basement was loud and boisterous. At the long counter across the room, toddlers to young teenagers pulled up their sleeves for smuggled product. The sweet relief of the epidermic needle fed them the biological wonder of the modern vaccine.

Harry and Alex were saved. They could shoot up with vaccines all day here in John's basement. Far away from the evil grasps of their families who didn't want them using these terrible drugs. Unfortunately, half of Harry's class got Measles and many passed away. But Harry was safe, for he had been inoculated.

FINITE MALARKEY

It started out as an innocent attempt to get some sleep, but did an unassuming grad student chance upon an entertainment that's too perfect?

BY BEN SHEFFER

April 2, Year of The Cuckolder's Blowup Sex Doll

The nameless grad student felt a slight release in pressure in his ears as the elevator ascended the drab concrete rectangular prism of Tang¹. An archaic electric bell emitted a piercing clang as the elevator overshot its stopping point and lurched down to the correct position, knocking the grad student's glasses down his nose in the process. The lumbering metal doors began to pull themselves open, and the grad student frantically tried to shove his glasses into the correct position, but ended up just hooking his finger under their bridge and sort of flinging them off his face and onto the floor. He fumbled around in a blurry haze trying to locate them as the elevator flooded with the sickening glow of mercury vapor from a number of overhead fluorescent tubes that lined the hallway and persistently droned with a just-audible sixty hertz hum². He was relieved that the hallway was empty since he would have been positively mortified if anyone had born unfortunate witness to his clumsy glasses incident, which he was sure anyone would judge to be unforgivably awkward.

Of course, this fear of public shaming and classification as awkward, which bordered not just on the irrational but on the totally psychotic, was not restricted to his occasional elevator-invoked mishaps and stalked him voraciously wherever he ventured on campus. His own mind, and those of others, were objects of utter mystery to him, and rather than attempt to rework the underlying neural wiring that caused these fears, he accepted them as fundamental dogmas of his existence that he had no choice but to accommodate through strict strategies of social avoidance. So, while he was indeed glad that the hallway was empty on this particular instance, he would have been not just glad, but actually ecstatic to see the hallway totally devoid of another human soul regardless of his own clumsiness leading up to the non-encounter. Assured of his utter aloneness, he exited the elevator, breathing in the stale smell of the building³ as he entered his suite and approached the oaken door to his dorm room. His eyes were just at the level of the peep hole, and he, as he did every time he entered his dorm room, brushed a few overhanging locks of black hair from in front of his smudged glasses and attempted to look through the peep hole to verify that no one could possibly look into his room from the outside. His labored efforts to remove his keys from his pocket and insert them into the door's lock were a display just as clumsy as his glasses incident, which only increased his anxiety and escalated the uncontrollable tremor in his hands, as he feared that any second someone might exit the elevator or their dorm room and witness his hapless struggle. Nonetheless, after his tenth or eleventh try, he managed to get the key to slide into the key hole, and he cracked open his door to enter his darkened room.

His utter lack of hand-eye-coordination, and an additional, heightened sense of anxiety was likely a consequence of his prior five nights with no sleep. His insomnia came in waves that usually corresponded to days of particularly high social contact, which, aside from the most extreme instances⁴, would be considered only the slightest burden of small talk by most people's standards, but for the nameless grad student, lingered and echoed endlessly through his mind, becoming more and more cringe-inducing with each mental recreation until his sleeping hours were completely supplanted by divergent regret at having even showed his face in public in the first place. Now securely and privately enclosed in his own dorm room, the grad student was in a state that sleep, while tenuous, was at least a tractable possibility provided that he strictly followed his W.A.N.K.⁵ protocol, which involved the use of a number of self-written scripts to automatically scroll carefully selected text or other web content across his computer screen. The grad student would read this preselected content until he, on lucky occasions, fell comatose with his head against his keyboard for entire days on end. His W.A.N.K. was one of the few joys or indulgences he truly enjoyed in life given his otherwise invisible and turmoil ridden lifestyle.

The development of the entire W.A.N.K. system was one of his most extensive personal programming projects, one that required constant upkeep and adjustment to match the progression and evolution of the racing thoughts that kept him awake at night. Methodic selection of the source material to scroll across his screen was the most critical and finicky component of the entire system. It required a precise balance of both emotional engagement and emotional distance so that it could initially pull him out of the depths of his own thoughts and then let him slip effortlessly into unconsciousness⁶. He generally found, following years of false starts and dead ends, that specific types of email threads could contain sufficient emotional or inflammatory outbursts to, for one thing, get him shocked and emotionally engaged in the conversation, and, for another thing, force him to think consciously about someone other than himself, for once finding them, rather than himself, to be the awkward and uncomfortable one. That was the pull-him-out-of-his-own-thoughts component of the problem solved. The weakly attentive component of the system kicked

in only when the email thread contained sufficiently wide response from the community to create hours' worth of reading. The grad student found that, in such cases, the repetitious objections to the initial, putrid email, while it initially contributed to the engagement, would, with time, collapse into messages that only reaffirmed previous points and outrage, at which point, he could somehow rest easy and slip into sleep. The trouble now was that threads attracting that much attention from that many people reached his inbox only frequently enough for four or five complete deployments of W.A.N.K. per month.

Development of a means of accelerating the rate of full-on flame war occurrence via his own electronically-generated-initiating-email-messages occupied much of his working hours, where he, out of desperation, had been covertly writing programs for that purpose rather than the search engine optimization work prescribed to him by his rather laid-back, but troublingly disengaged, principle investigator. He had made great strides today in generating inflammatory messages with a series of filtered Markov chains that took source material from the audio of dark web snuff films, various snippets of political debates from the last three election cycles, and a series of additional machine-selected gems from corners of the internet the grad student had never even known existed.

He sat on his bare wooden institute desk chair⁷ staring at his email thread. His heavy eyes could barely read the messages scrolling across his terminal as he feebly attempted to incorporate the thread-initializer script he had written that day into the rest of his W.A.N.K. code. Each cycle of his program would generate the devastating initial email, send it to a preselected mailing list, in this case EC-discuss⁸, using an anonymously titled mailing list of his own creation, and automatically scroll through the replies at his preferred reading rate. From test emails he had been sending, he expected a low turnout on each thread, though he hadn't verified this with his new modifications to the initializer, which now incorporated the machine selected component in the source material. To make up for his anticipated lack of volume, he had settled on running the program in an infinite loop that sent a new email at a fixed rate, which he had calculated from his preliminary test emails. Most of the setup had been completed prior to tonight, so his work now was really just a matter of adjusting filenames. Even this proved to be quite a task considering the compromised state of his cerebral cortex, but, after a number of fumbled syntax errors, he finally managed to enter the correct command into his terminal and let the program run. The stream of text dimly reflected from the nameless grad student's smudged lenses as he stared blankly at the feed, his mouth slightly hanging open.

Excerpts from a Selected MIT EMT Patient Care Report

Vehicle Number: 237

Date/time of pickup: April 4, Year of The Cuckholder's Blowup Sex Doll / roughly 22:15

Location of Pickup: Tang Hall

Reason for Call: An anonymous PI reported one of their grad students hadn't appeared at work or responded to any attempts at contact for the previous 48 hours or so; PI attempted to visit student's residence (15-3B) to check up on them; Student was unresponsive, but a strange, pungent smell was present in the vicinity of the room; PI feared the worst.

Medications/care administered: Hydration IV drip

Description of Injury/ailment: The exact nature of the ailment is difficult to describe. The student was unresponsive when we attempted to knock on their door, and the door had been locked. The reported smell was indeed present. A key to the room was obtained from the front Desk of Tang Hall. The room was dark upon entering, but the student's computer monitor was illuminated. The student was found staring intently at the computer screen.

The student had soiled themselves such that a mixture of urine and feces had saturated the student's pants and leaked through the pant legs onto the floor. This was determined to be the origin of the reported smell. The student was initially quiet. Their head was resting on their left shoulder, and they appeared to be drooling. As with Athena Cluster patients⁹, the monitor had its power cut to prevent the affliction of any of the responders on the scene. The patient protested weakly when the monitor was powered down, but none of the responders could quite make out the words they were saying.

The delirious state of the student raised suspicion, and a skin-pinch test revealed them to be severely dehydrated. It was inferred that the student had not drunk water or eaten for at least two days or so. Upon removing the patients pants to change them out of their soiled clothes, the state of the skin suggested that the patient, as with other similar cases, had not left the chair they were found in for as long as they were not eating or drinking (approximately two days in this case).

The patient protested with weak moans for most of the transport process. The protesting intensified after an IV drip had been applied for some time, and the patient's speaking eventually became intelligible. The patient begged to be brought back to their room, and continuously protested our powering off of their computer screen, which they were begging to be shown again. Attempts to distract the patient were unsuccessful. The patient refused to take part in any discussion that did not negotiate returning to their computer screen as they had left it. Severe mental trauma similar to the previous Athena Cluster cases is suspected.

END NOTES & ERRATA

¹ Tang Hall is one of MIT's residence halls and contains approximately 400 of the institute's graduate students, and occasionally acts as overflow space for isolated cases of undergraduates who are difficult to place in the undergraduate housing system due to a recently escalating overcrowding crisis among the Institute's student body.

² The typical lighting installations in the Institute, and especially in the institute's residence halls, tend to emit a rather harsh spectrum that always made the unnamed grad student feel legitimately ill. This was one of the reasons he preferred to leave the lights in his room off even when he was inside it. This often left the backlight of his computer monitor as the only light source in his room, which wasn't a problem for him since most of his work was on his computer anyways.

³ It's common for the older buildings on campus, Tang included, to acquire strange smells as their aged building materials are exposed through holes punctured in the walls, leaky radiator steam pipes, backed up sink drains, and accidentally fractured ceiling tiles. On occasion, these sorts of incidents have been known to expose harmful asbestos artifacts, which has been a recurring source of administrative distress at the institute for decades.

⁴ The unnamed grad student walked into his PI's spacious office. The shelves, tables, and chairs in the office had all come in the same furniture set, and were all similarly constructed with stainless steel frames and thick green-tinted glass surfaces. The PI quipped, as he always did, that the office was messy when the unnamed grad student, entered the full glass door embedded in an even larger glass wall, but the surfaces of the room all appeared to the grad student to be sterile and relatively bare aside from a few piles of paper on the PI's desk.

The PI himself was a pale man, who was short but relatively fit, and had previously boasted to the unnamed grad student about all the 10k races and marathons that he tried to meticulously train for each year. Aside from running, the PI was completely dedicated to his research, but knew and understood the decreased levels of enthusiasm that was unavoidable in grad students. He took pride in his ability to remain relaxed and laid-back with his project schedules to accommodate his students' needs, or at least that's what he told the unnamed grad student during the admitted student's weekend. This was an attitude that made the PI unique among many of his colleagues, whose grad students had been prone to being engaged in rude impressions of their PI's whenever the unknown grad student encountered them in the departmental break room.

During this particular meeting, the unnamed grad student had to present some slides about his recent progress on his thesis research. When the PI told him to make the presentation, he also noted his work and general reliability had been a bit stunted recently compared to when he was a first year student, which had put the grad student on edge. He had stayed up all night to put together his presentation slides, and because there was no projector or projection screen in the office, was going to show the slides on his computer screen. The grad student opened his laptop, and to his horror was met with the tail end of a Pornhub video that was still displaying a paused, vulgar act on his screen. The student had been sure he had closed out of that window, but apparently he must have forgotten. His heart fell into his pelvis. He clicked frantically to try to close the window, but his computer was running too slow. He looked panicked at his PI who was on the opposite side of his laptop screen, who immediately realized something had gone wrong and was coming around to assist in trouble shooting. The grad student looked both directions rapidly and shouted.

"Duhhh...Uhh...No!"

The PI gave him a puzzled look.

"No! Don't look sir!"

"What're you—"

"They're not ready!" The grad student slammed the screen as the PI was clearly not deterred and had continued to walk around to take a look. "The slides! They aren't ready, sir!"

The PI still looked positively mystified, but was beginning to accept the situation.

"Uhh...Okay. That's completely okay. If you need more time on anything, all you ever have to do is—"

"Oh, fuck me. Harder!" blared out of the grad students laptop. The video had loaded just before he slammed the screen, and the computer had emitted a short burst of audio from the video before entering sleep mode.

The PI and the grad student met eyes. The grad student's eyes were so wide they were perfectly circular, and he held his trembling hand over his agape mouth.

"Oh, I see." Whispered the PI as he looked down as if he just wanted to break the eye contact.

The grad student took that opportunity to collect his computer and swiftly hit the eject button on the situation, dashing through the glass office door and down the hall.

⁵ Weakly Attentive Nervousness Knockout

⁶ It was uncommon for the unnamed grad student to come across something that actually allowed this to happen, but as his sleeplessness, and thus his desperation increased, he tended to spend increasing amounts of time on Reddit seeking out suitably captivating, yet boring threads. This was tough living, but it got him the minimal amount of sleep to hang onto a thin wisp of sanity and get some lines of code down in an IDE.

⁷ The exact institute furniture set varies between the residence halls, but in this case was constructed from a lightly stained, flame retardant wood. The chair didn't have anything in the way of cushioning, but an indentation approximating the shape of the human buttocks and upper thighs was carved into the seat, which the unnamed grad student had always found made the chairs deceptively comfortable.

⁸ EC-discuss, short for East Campus discuss, is a mailing list on the MIT email service. It originally started for the purposes of general discussion/socialization among the twin-building east-side dorm, East Campus, but quickly attracted members from all corners of campus. The large number of members and lack of general formality often leads to passionate disagreements, all vocalized, and recorded for the members of the list to read enjoy and chime in on.

⁹ The Athena Clusters are rooms of Linux driven computers that dot MIT's campus. Students often use these rooms and as study or work locations when said studying and work necessitates the use of a better-than-laptop computers. The cluster known as "The Bunker" was the first location where students with the affliction were found. The EMTs were called when a number of students were found sitting at computers typing furiously with several onlookers standing motionless and staring at the screens. None were responsive and continued in this state for hours. When the first EMT arrived on the scene, he immediately started squinting at the computer screens to see what everyone was so caught up in, and himself became paralyzed as he stared at the screen. When the remaining responders arrived, they saw the original EMT in the mix, and decided to cut power to the computers to prevent further incidents. Upon doing so, all those typing and staring at the screens in the room screamed in horror and demanded they get to another computer.

Even at the hospital, all patients, the EMT included, begged to be given access to their email so that their thoughts could be heard. When the doctors gave them their laptops or phones, they would type indefinitely, ignoring all bodily desires and functions. They didn't eat or drink and many soiled themselves as they typed or read. All they spoke or seemed to even be capable of contemplating were the emails they were composing.



April 20, 2019

Today the events of my life diverged entirely from what I knew to be possible. The realization was so startling and so sudden that I'm certain no one would believe me if I were to tell them. Instead, all I can do is record my findings. Indeed, it is likely that the very nature of my findings today will result in my untimely end, and in preparation for that eventuality, I decided it would be wise to document what I have discovered so far to allow future generations of students to coexist peacefully with the beings of the otherworldly realm, which I'm now certain reside among us.

Ever since I moved into my room, I had wondered about the person living in the room next to me. They never attended hall meetings, and all the time that we had been neighbors, I had never so much as seen them walk to the bathroom. Yet for weeks, strange noises and smells had been emanating from the door into the hall. Subtle a sign as it was, I was convinced there must be someone living on the other side.

I found their lack of presence around hall strange, but it never hit me how strange until today when I finally confronted one of my hall chairs about them.

"You're talking about Room 237, right? Well we haven't been assigning anyone to that room in years. It's been left vacant as long as I've been around. I've never even seen the inside."

"But at night, I can smell cigarette smoke in the hall outside the door. And sometimes I can hear these demented noises too. All these creaky bed springs and anguished moaning. I know someone's in there!"

"Hmm, maybe someone did get accidentally assigned there. But whoever they are, they're a total ghost."

And that's when it hit me. I couldn't believe I hadn't realized it sooner. Whoever is in there, they are a ghost. That's why they never go to the bathroom. That's why they never need to leave to go to class, and even why they never felt obligated to go to hall meetings.

It's all coming together. I've never been surer of anything in my life, and in the coming days, I will reveal the exact nature of the ghost and discover how to vanquish him so that our hall can finally accept a reasonable number of freshmen next year.

April 21, 2019

The noises from Room 237 were especially loud last night. I fear that perhaps the ghost has discovered that I know its secret, and is trying to taunt me. I must study its habits to regain the upper hand.

I'm quite sure the ghost never leaves the confines of their room. But to be sure, I have just installed a motion activated camera in the hall outside door 237. I was assured by the Ebay vendor that the camera was highly sensitive to infrared light, which is known to be emitted from paranormal beings. If anything enters or leaves that room, I'll know about it tomorrow. All I can do now is sit back, and watch it all unfold.

April 22, 2019

No noises last night, and no luck with the camera trap. I fear that my cover has been blown, or worse yet, that this whole thing has been nothing more than a figment of my imagination. I was so confident in my reasoning before, but now I have come to question everything that I thought I was sure about in life. This is a dark day indeed for the forces of the living.

April 23, 2019

Fucking Christ almighty! I've done it. The noises were voracious last night, but the camera functioned just as the vendor said it would. Upon checking the memory card this morning, I was greeted by a picture of a confused, but ghostly figure. All my faith in my beliefs have been reaffirmed. It feels good to once again have the upper hand.

The camera was only triggered once, which means the ghost only moved past the door once. I can only assume it's still lurking in that room. I wonder what he's doing right now. Probably brooding. I'm sure he's still in denial that he's been discovered. It's been years since anyone has even thought to look his way, but now I have almost everything I need to prove his existence. I plan to take the evidence to the hall chairs tomorrow so that we can arrange for facilities to exorcise the room. I can't wait to see the look on the ghost's face as he's sucked haplessly into the next life. Victory is assured.

April 24, 2019

Oh, a striking blow has befallen me! Oh, how could God be so cruel?! Upon checking the camera's memory card today, I found that the ghost had been captured on film three times. When the first photograph opened on my computer screen, I jumped so high I almost fell out of my chair. The ghost had been up close to the camera. I mean, he was really getting in close for a good look. The camera was stuck on a close up of the ghost's face, giving me quite a good view up his nostrils. Damn! I thought. He knows about the trap. Little did I know, the ghost had been two steps ahead the whole time.

The next photograph, to my horror, showed the ghost gesturing towards the open door of his room, and walking through the doorway—oh, it's too horrible to even think! I couldn't get myself to accept it just then, but that photograph only showed her from the back. I could still convince myself that it wasn't her.

But then the I opened the third photograph! Oh it was her! Karen from my math class. How did he know I had a crush on her? The ghost had gotten personal. He was trying to lead poor Karen into purgatory before I had even gotten a chance to express my feelings about her. But then I thought, Wait, what's the ghost even doing with Karen in the first place? And then I remembered the labored moans that were faintly audible through my wall last night. I looked closely at the ghost's cocky, arrogant face in the third photograph where he stood in the doorway. His eyes were locked onto the camera. I don't know how much more of this I can take.

April 25, 2019

Another crushing blow! After yesterday's realization, I attempted to raise my spirits by revealing the ghost's true nature to the hall chairs, thus instigating the much needed exorcism. To my utter dismay, the hall chairs completely rejected all of my carefully compiled evidence, calling me a "crack pot" and even going so far as to accuse my Ebay vendor of selling cameras that are defective. Typical skeptic. You tell them you caught a ghost on film, and then they tell you your camera is defective and makes everybody look like a ghost on film. I know what a ghost looks like! What I saw and what I caught on film was a ghost!

Anyways, they refused to fill out the work request, and so now, no one will be coming to rid Room 237 of its ghostly presence. So, I guess that means I'll have to do it myself! I'll infiltrate Room 237 and perform an exorcism ritual that I read about on Wikihow. In case I don't make it back alive, I ask that whoever finds this tells Karen that, even after everything, I still love her.

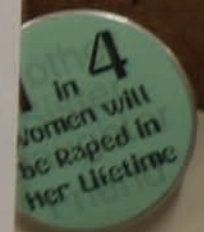
April 26, 2019

Oh, the cruel irony! Oh, that devilishly attractive ghost bastard! How could he have seen right through every ploy? I regret ever deciding to enter Room 237 on my own. I should have known it was a mistake from the beginning.

The lock on the door wasn't hard to overcome when just about every other resident around here has an illegally copied master key, but I wasn't sure how I could prepare myself for what I would see on the inside of the room. I had imagined it would be covered in cobwebs with some sort of chandelier made from severed heads—you know something freaky and haunted. But the whole room was that would have indicated human habitation, but the bed was made with gray sheets and a dark blue comforter that was bunched at the foot of the bed. The whole place gave me the creeps. If only I could have known what was to come, I would have left at that moment, but I was still hot with anger and jealousy. I performed step one of the exorcism by holding out an oak rosarie in my hand. Then I began screaming, which was step two.

"Ghost! I mean you no harm, but if you're in here, you need to get the fuck out! I mean it, Ghost! This isn't your place!"

I kept repeating that for what felt like forever. It just felt so good to let my screams ring through the hall. When I finally piped down to light some sage branches, which was step three, I heard some noises coming through the wall. In fact, they weren't just noises, they were moans. No, how can this be? Not again! I thought. Then I realized, the noises are coming from next door—my room! Chills ran up my spine and I dashed out the door and jerked my door knob. It was locked! I tried the master key, but furniture had been moved in front of the door. Damn! I started banging my fists on my door, demanding and screaming for this nonsense to stop and to be let into my own room, but it was to no avail. The ghost had my room now. I had lost.



OFFICE OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES
1502 A Parish
SF, CA 94122
Advis, Chris
P.S. Feldman
rocks!

Cambridge
77

East Lansing
You Don't
Dear Mr.

In the year 2020, student-admin relations at MIT reached an all time high. As yields slumped from nearly 80% in the late 20'teens to 10% during the end of Supreme Chancellor Barnhart's reign, only the best students from around the world could and would attend MIT. Meanwhile, student reports continued to flood in from every section of the institute. Rumors spread across the 'Tute that the administration does not read any reports from student committees. Supreme Chancellor Barnhart assuaged such rumors by stating that not only does the administration read every single report, but they go out of their way to collect all of the reports for one day out of the year and use them as kindling to burn a gigantic effigy of Tim the Beaver as a means of appeasing the Great Bucktoothed One. This campus-wide holiday is forever known as...

BURNING BEAVER

WRITER
JACOB MISKE
ARTIST
HECTOR IGLESIAS

Students for the Reduction of Forcing Feedings at Dining Mandatory Dorms (SRFF)

To whom it may concern,
The SRFF group would like to note that MIT Dining Union has been quite aggressive in recent months. With the increase to minimum meal plan numbers to 600 per semester, students are being forced to consume approximately 6 meals a day in the name of "healthy choices" and "good diet". The average student weight at MIT has jumped in recent years.

Undergrads United for Student Cultural Groups

The chair of the faculty's response that student culture is "an artifact of the past" is deeply troubling. A recent visiting committee noted: "...soon all students will be of one, homogenous culture; there is no reason for differences between dorms, as differences bring struggle." This shows a disconnect between the lives of undergrad dorms, such as those in New House, and the MIT administration.

Weather At MIT Warmer Than EVER!

The newly appointed EAPS head previously worked for BP. This does not fall in line with MIT's goal for a "Better World!" The Carbon Neutral group at MIT noted our average temperatures are soaring. We need leadership in our departments which understand the dangers of climate change.

Robot Students Taking Place of Human Students

The recently redacted COUHES (Committee On Use of Human Experimental Subjects) report about the introduction of AI driven robotic students needs to be released to the general public. These robot students are taking the positions of human students. We must not allow these machines to replace students as desk workers need meaning in their lives.

Housing Crisis in Cambridge Resolved!

This report from MIT Housing would like all members of the MIT community to join us in celebration next Wednesday morning over the recent accomplishment. Housing in Cambridge has been maintained at an average of \$1000/person/month! For two whole years! This is a massive benefit to all. We haven't raised rents! Ain't you lucky. We would like to thank the MIT Corporation for the large hand-outs to local real estate development.

MIT Revisiting Secret Partnership with PRNK

After recent pushback due to whistleblowers, the Physics department is revisiting a partnership with the People's Republic of North Korea. The involved faculty members were allegedly supplying plutonium to their colleagues for some 'optics research' for medical reasons. These claims are being challenged in Boston courts this coming week.

* The original artwork was burned, so this is what we came up with on such short notice. Note that the artist invoked an evocative minimalistic style to capture the sense of loss in each of our hearts. We also burned through 10 different packs of colored charcoal pencils as the artist kept eating them.

** If you think you can do better than this, consider joining the Woop Garoo staff by going to our weekly meetings on Thursdays at 6pm in 50-309. You can join our old mailing list, voodoo@mit.edu, and you can send any submissions to phos@mit.edu.



Oh, hey look! Two more pages! I wonder how that got in here? Oh well. Let's just toss the scraps in here, not like anyone will know the difference.

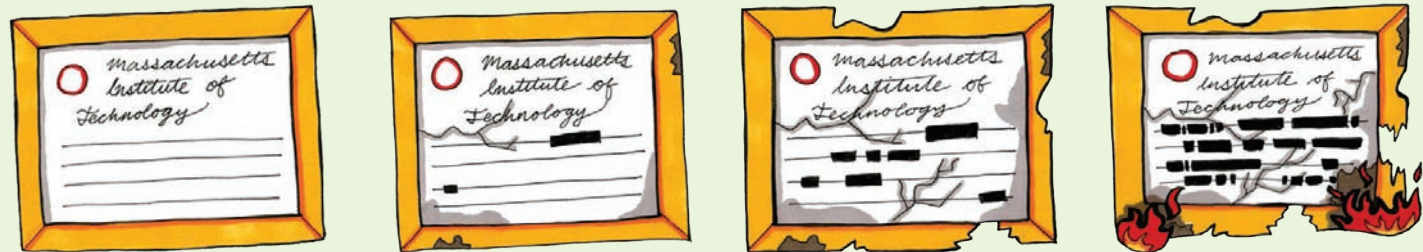
INCINSEQUENTIAL ART



WRITER **BEN SHEFFER** ARTIST **HECTOR IGLESIAS**

WHAT'S EATING THE MIT MISSION STATEMENT?

If there's one thing MIT Presidents like to do, it's that they like to hide behind the MIT mission statement, and they also like to cozy up with the bigwigs. Wait, no that's two things. For some odd reason, the mission statement has been deteriorating for a while now, and more and more redactions to the statement have been popping up to the point that the only thing left now is "to," "serve," "Institute."



GRAY

VEST

HOCKFIELD

REIF

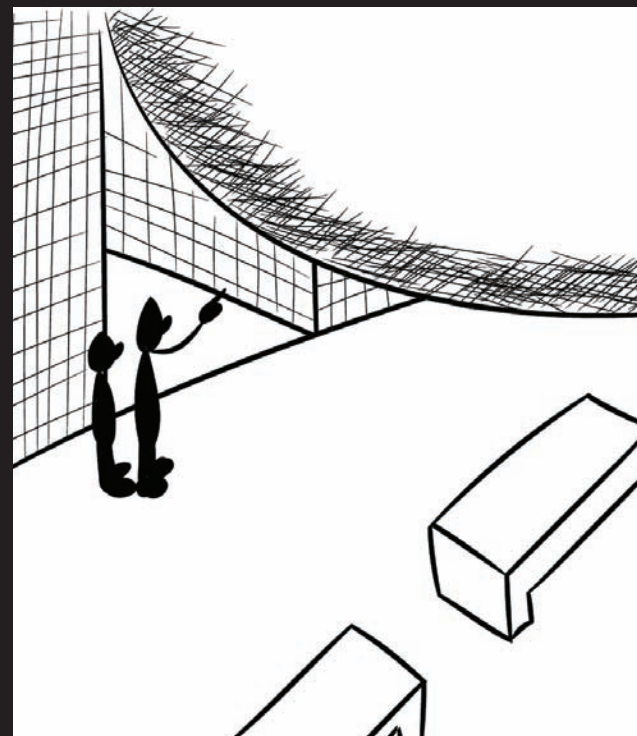
WRITER **HECTOR IGLESIAS** ARTIST **EMILY LEVENSON**

DIVORCE	DIVORCE	DIVORCE	DIVORCE	DIVORCE
\$200	\$200	\$200	\$200	\$200
\$400	\$400	\$400	\$400	\$400
\$600	\$600	\$600	\$600	\$600
\$800	\$800	\$800	\$800	\$800
\$1000	\$1000	\$1000	\$1000	\$1000



I was thinking of taking divorce for \$1000, but, knowing my luck, I'd better just go with divorce for \$200.

WRITER & ARTIST **HECTOR IGLESIAS**



But what MIT doesn't want you to see is the unsightly lower half of Lobby Ten's Big Sphere. You'd be shocked how many people never even mention it!

WRITER **BEN SHEFFER**
ARTIST **HECTOR IGLESIAS**

WHAT DID MIT STUDENTS 100 YEARS AGO THINK WOULD HAPPEN TODAY?

Miniature Gliding Vehicle



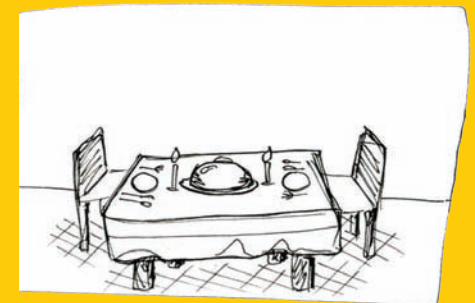
Resurrection Through Moving Pictures



Lightly Suspended Gramophone Capsules



Reasonable Dining Plan Options



WRITER **NOAH MCDANIEL** ARTIST **EMILY LEVENSON**

Woop
Garoo

Issue 01,
Vol. 01

