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The MIT Journal of Humor

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# THE WEEKLY VOO DOO

## BATNERD VS. COURSE VI

PAGE Y: MIT'S FAVORITE RASCAL SUES LEEB OVER 56-YEAR M.ENG.

## PRIMEVAL "TECH MAN" UNEARTHED

PAGE X: FOUND UNDER 26-100 WITH SLIDE RULE STILL IN HAND!

## HOMESCHOOL HOTTIES

PAGE Z: IT'S ALL YOU NEVER WANTED TO SEE AND MORE!

## MEN CATCH PREGNANT TOO!

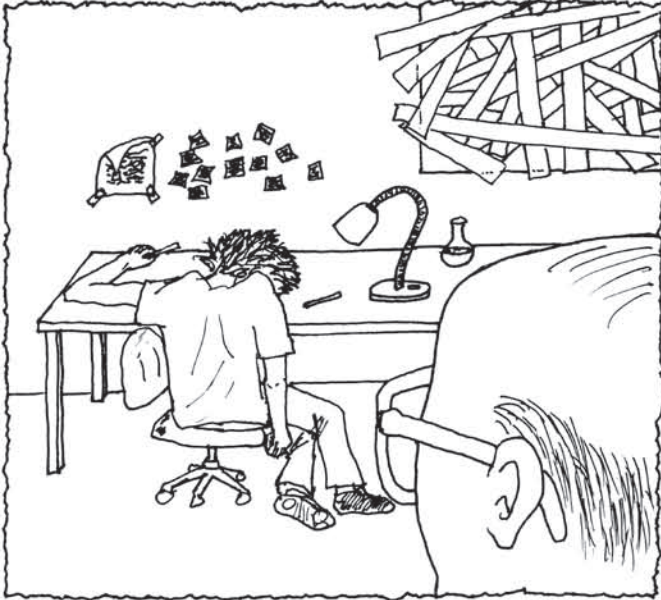
PAGE EPSILON: READ ABOUT THE LATEST FINDINGS FROM MIT MEDICAL.

# CRYSTAL

JUST SAY NO

JUST SAY NO

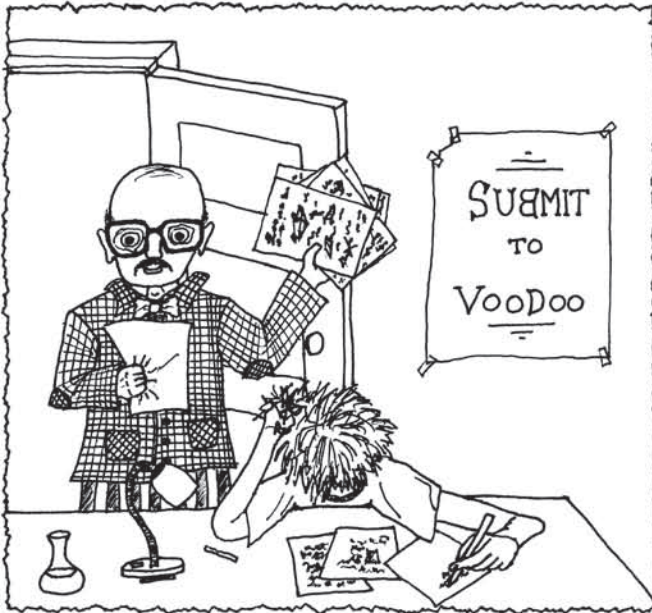
# MATH



Son? What are you doing?  
Are you...



Dad?! I uh..., what's up dude?



Who taught you how to do  
this stuff?



From you, dad. I learned it  
from watching you!

# *In Get Thee Behind Me Voo Doo:*



**Letters From The Ex-Editor — page 6**

*If 10,000 monkeys sat at 10,000 typewriters then . . . then maybe we'd have a proper letters section.*

**The Daily Voo Doo — page 8**

*Krueger settlement reversed. Entire campus drinks itself to death in celebration.*

**Advanced Studies in Creationism — page 10**

*It's official: God received a 780 math score on his SAT.*

**Poser Girl — pages 12, 23, 31**

*She's happy to see you again, too. We promise.*



**Chuck Norris: A Man who Went East and West at the Same Time — page 14**

*Chuck Norris, Man of Action battles JoeG, Man of Action. Find out who wins! But first, a smoke break.*

**Men of the East Side Calendar — page 16**

*Who says MIT men are unattractive? They do have mass, don't they?*

**Administrative Fairy Tales — page 20**

*Maybe if our parents had read us these, we wouldn't have asked Hockfield about her teeth.*



**News from the White House — page 22**

*So I've got bad news and bad news. Which do you want to hear first?*

**We-buntu, Linux for Space Aliens — page 24**

*In Soviet Russia, the system operates YOU!*

**Of Fetuses and Foreign Policy — page 27**

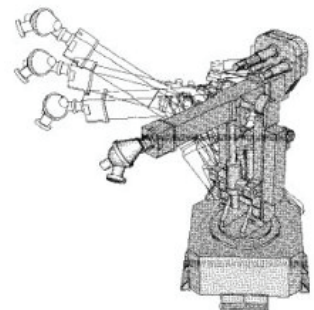
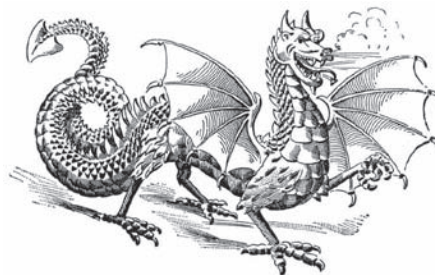
*The wars of the future will not be fought in space, but in the hearts and minds of unborn children.*

**Overheard in the Infinite — 28**

*What do MIT students talk about when there's someone eavesdropping? Sex! Disgusting donkey sex!*

**A Dog's Guide to Fly — page 30**

*Next week: "A Dog's Guide to Going to Iraq". Don't miss it!*



## From the Publisher



### The Decider

Mateusz Malinowski

### I Can't Quit You

Mark Feldmeier

### Rhymes with Shmurple

Clara Rhee

### Pedagogue

Jesse Austin-Breneman

### Dances with Mice

Amanda Wozniak

### Venison Bystander

Analucia Berry

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

This is the fingerprint. The fingerprint really isn't all that interesting. You probably don't want to read the fingerprint. Actually, I know you don't want to read the fingerprint. You won't like the fingerprint. Please don't read the fingerprint. There is nothing to see here. Move along. The fingerprint is a waste of your time. You will not like the fingerprint. As a matter of fact, you will find the fingerprint downright disgusting. Do something else, rather than read the fingerprint. Soft kittens rolling together on a lush carpet of tender emotions, purring in idyllic ecstasy, their voices only heard by tender hearts filled with visions of gentle tongue caresses to the most intimate spaces of our selves. Phos now owns your soul. The fingerprint does nothing for you. The fingerprint leaves you feeling empty. There is no point in reading the fingerprint. The fingerprint merely wastes your time. You really shouldn't read the fingerprint. You are better than those sorts of people that read the fingerprint. The fingerprint is just a series of really small and insignificant words. You won't even stoop to admitting that the fingerprint exists. This is the fingerprint.

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

This is usually the space where the editor tells a gripping tale of how the staff couldn't finish the issue, but then a fat Japanese man in a tutu came crashing through a window, and—to cut a long story short—that's how you came to hold this rag in your hands. Everyone laughs, and that's that. This time around, however, it's serious.

If you look at the contributors list on the page opposite, you'll know what I mean. That's right: the majority of the work was done by crusty alums. I'm not complaining about the lack of hot freshmen on the staff, but rather I am concerned about a rising tide of apathy.

Of course *Voo Doo* is a fishing trip to nowhere, a glorified waste of time. It's easy to think that current students have more pressing tasks at hand than making cock jokes in print form. That isn't the case, unfortunately; the apathy pervades everything.

Take Ashdown. While the discussions continue, the battle has already been lost: the new dorm will cost more, look ugly, and be located way the fuck on the wrong side of the tracks. What happened?

Or take politics. The Bush administration is on a rampage, torturing detainees abroad, while leaving entire cities to drown here at home. Oh, and let us not forget the war in Iraq.

That shit has already cost \$250 billion, which means that on average, you're paying \$853 for the privilege of sticking that stupid yellow ribbon to the back of your SUV. Why is there no student resistance?

This apathy—it's behind everything, and it is reinforced by an MIT administration that forbids risk-taking, thereby stifling our creativity and emasculating an entire generation of probable world leaders. Am I paranoid? Yes! Am I right? Yes!

Whenever people ask me what I'm gonna do when I grow up, I usually tell them that I'm already done growing. That only leads to awkward silences, which are aggravated when I try to show them my chest hair. Now I know: I'm going to start my own university, the Voo Doo Zero-Liability University (VDU).

While it may at first sound fantastic, new universities are founded all the time. Just think about it, all the universities that exist today must have been founded sometime. Wild, huh? Unless you're a creationist, in which case you believe someone shat them out fully-formed at the beginning of time, which is not only disgusting, but also incorrect.

But what's so special about yet another college? Isn't Harvard already a model of what a real university looks like? Not really; from what I hear, students there may know how to dress properly, but they're douches all the same.

VDU's mission would be to nourish maturity and motivation in its students by providing them with roles of leadership and responsibility. But how will it insulate itself from the legal risks associated with active, independent students? Easy, it just won't admit any . . . for a year. All applicants will have to spend a year after high school living away from home, so they can ripen before they

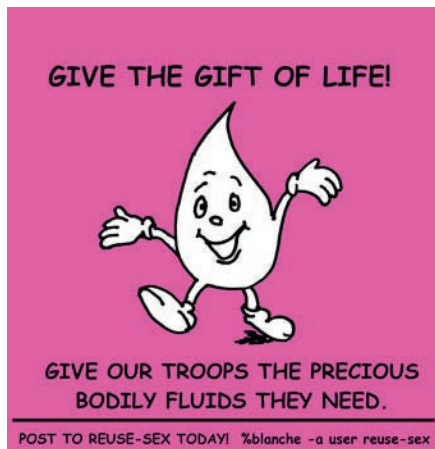
are picked. A year alone will wean students off the parental teat and give them (and their parents) a chance to defrosh. It will also weed out all the stupid ones. Want to drink yourself to death? Not on my dime, fucker!

Besides developing a familiarity with the world, a year spent engaged in a meaningful project will inspire students to chart their own course through their studies, rather than checking requirements off the list. Remember the man who spent a year biking from Alaska to Argentina while eating garbage? Just imagine an entire campus like that. Worse comes to worst, we'd at least see some good party tricks.

VDU would help students build upon the skills they learned during their wanderings (such as how to properly wipe their own ass—only use the left hand!) by providing more chances to take charge. Students would live in co-ops, take project-based classes, and be given plenty of resources to create.

That sounds costly, but I'd more than make up for it by expelling all the bureaucrats currently tasked with feeding, housing, and making sure the freshmen don't drink themselves to death. Want a safe ride across the river? Buy a bus pass! Don't like the dining halls? Don't form a committee, but cook for yourself! And fuck that Playstation.

Where can you sign up? I'm having a little trouble getting all this past the Higher Learning Commission at the moment—but don't fret, because there are plenty of things to be done here at MIT. Get involved in student groups (i.e. Voo Doo), invest in your community, and give the administration hell! Maybe then, I'll see you at VDU.



# LETTERS FROM THE EX-EDITOR

To: voodoo@MIT.EDU

This (former student of mine) would be the same "Fillip" who was featured in 'Letters to Phosphorous' in on pages 6 and 7 of "Mandate from Heaven" Voo Doo.

I told you fuckers that some of those letters were actually from my students! But did anyone believe me? Now that I'm no longer a TA (and therefore not punishable, if still culpable), here you go.

Not sanitized for your pleasure.

--WOZ

----- Forwarded Message

Date: Wed, 22 Mar 2006 22:05:06 -0500

From: "Fillip" <XXXX@MIT.EDU>

To: Amanda V Wozniak <awozniak@mit.edu>

Subject: Re: [Sponge-talk] More East Side Calendars

Hey Amanda,

I've read all your e-mails, and they don't make me feel like dropping you a "STOPIT" line. But sincerely, this last e-mail of yours makes me want to cry and weep and pray over you. This might not make sense to you, but I just thought I'd let you know. God loves you, and did not create you to promote sin. I also randomly ran into a copy of the Voodoo magazine and read through it, and saw that you were one of the officers, and felt the same.

God bless you,

"Fillip".

----- End of Forwarded Message

Dear Woz,

I thought we discussed last time what to do when a man wants to "cry and weep" over you! First off, cry-and-weepers are even worse than bedwetters

*because not only are you sleeping in a puddle every night, but then they go and use any damn thing they find as their hanky. Tablecloths — no problem. Panties — kinky! But walls, dogs, and keyboards? Gross!*

*Then again, there is nothing like melodrama to add significance to the commonplace. Jesus wept, and now we've got no meat on Friday. Similarly, all you need to do is call his name — it's like a little prayer, and then he's down on his knees, and he will take you there.*

Dear "Fillip",

*It can be difficult to make some people see the light of God — the Crusaders, for example, had to rape their way half way around the Mediterranean before anyone would listen — TEN TIMES — so don't despair. I know my words are little consolation, so I've scattered short prayers throughout these pages to give you strength as you navigate through this morally challenging issue.*

—Phos

ok so i have a comic idea but it would take me a year to draw it right

zombie grrl

basically its the story of two brothers one of whom toils in the basement trying to build a humanoid girlfriend and the other who uses the more standard approach of going to parties and dating

panel one brother one approaches brother two who is hunched over a work bench with single light bulb hanging above it

brother one asks brother two what he is doing brother two tries to hide his work and replies nothing

panel two brother one walks around the other side of the table and we see that there is a pile of junk on the

table assembled vaguely into the shape of a human and by junk i really mean refuse a garbage bag full of garbage for the torso a milk jug for a head a broken wooden spoon for a hand a broom stick for a leg that sort of thing and its held together with twine and duct tape no actual engineering involved here there is also a shop vac running into the back of the head there is no text for this panel just a guilty look on brother twos face and a look of horror on brother ones face

panel three same scene as before

brother two sheepishly explains that he is reanimating this corpse he found so he can have a zombie grrl who will love him for the rest of his life

actually lets make this panel two so we still havent seen the corpse yet but have brother one walking around the table so the jig is up and he has to explain same look of horror on brother ones face but we are still looking over brother twos shoulder so we cant see the corpse

panel four brother one walks out in disgust calling brother two a freak and stating that he is going to a party to get some real pussy brother two looks lonely as he leaves and asks if he wants to stick around while he reanimates her he is holding the plug for the shop vac while he says this

panel five zombie grrl is plugged in and it arches up a bit as if it might have come alive but its really just the vacuum cleaner making it jerk brother two says society will never accept our love zombie grrl brother two is looking lovingly at zombie grrl

panel six a blank panel or two indicating that time is passing and

that brother two  
has gone to bed  
whilst brother  
one was out  
partying im  
not sure the  
best way to  
convey this

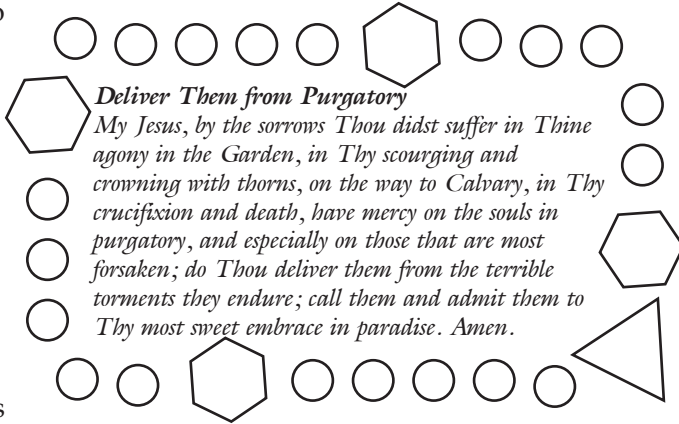
panel seven  
brother one  
is seen on the  
table on his  
knees with his  
groin straddling  
the milk jug head of

zombie grll his pants are around  
his ankles he is holding a beer  
bottle and is really drunk zombie  
grll is plugged in and he is pulling  
her into him he is saying some  
stupid frat boy shit like whooo  
whooo zombie grll

im not sure how to do the time  
passing the best perhaps if all  
the panels were shot from the same  
perspective of the room and there  
was a door in the background you  
could have brother two leave the  
room and shut off the light on the  
way out followed by a blank  
panel and then show brother one  
coming back into the room and turn-  
ing the light on so it would be a  
three panel transition

my vt220 is having serious character  
recognition problems

hope alls well with you



**Deliver Them from Purgatory**

*My Jesus, by the sorrows Thou didst suffer in Thine agony in the Garden, in Thy scourging and crowning with thorns, on the way to Calvary, in Thy crucifixion and death, have mercy on the souls in purgatory, and especially on those that are most forsaken; do Thou deliver them from the terrible torments they endure; call them and admit them to Thy most sweet embrace in paradise. Amen.*

Dear Readers,

*I thought I'd give you a sneak peak into the inner workings of Voo Doo with this sample submission. The process begins each and every morning when the shit wagon pulls up next to Walker, delivering the freshest nuggets for our consumption. And there they stay, in the basement, because all you bastards are too goddamn lazy to carry them up three flights of stairs to the office. What the hell is wrong with you people? I'm gonna go crazy if you leave me up here one more day with Mark and Woz and a bad signal from WMBR.*

*So you wanted to publish a humor magazine, did you? You thought you'd be funny? Well first learn how to spell, then draw, then try being funny! And*

*quick, or else the next issue will be made up of used toilet paper scraps that I'm saving up. Starting now.*

-Phos

PHOS! I NEED YOUR HELP! While visiting a friend from a neighboring university, I ran myself into serious trouble! No, not a crack addiction, but a rather serious foe pah [sic]. While talking to this (female) friend and a group of others (also female), I could not resist the urge to strut my stuff, as it were. I got busy bragging about how MIT lets us do practically whatever we want as long as it isn't suicide or sleep, and began to lament the change of rules that the Institute went through after a certain incident a few years back. I mentioned the young man involved in this incident in a negative light (I believe the exact wording was "So this fucking idiot drinks himself to death..."), when the most attractive of the bevy spoke up to inform me that Mr. Krueger had been an acquaintance and friend of hers. Now, I don't give a fuck if I hurt her feelings or not, but how do I repair the situation and get into all of their pants at once.

HELP!

-Some Dumb Freshman

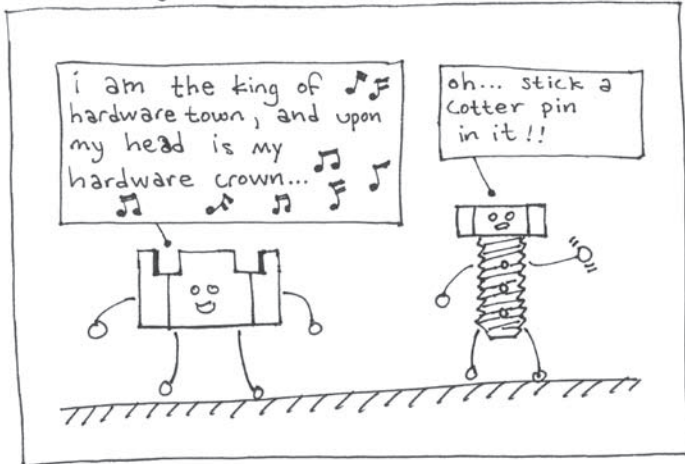
Dear Freshman,

*This reminds me of a day, several years ago, when I was running laps at track practice. A friend who hadn't been to practice for a week ran up beside me. I had a crush on her, so was delighted at her company and then some, but then she told me about the car accident, the death of her friend, and how she spent her week—unable to eat or sleep. Now we weren't running very fast, but she was so worn out that she was panting, and as we picked up the pace, her breathing grew louder and louder and . . . I'm not sure where I was going with this story. Uh, if you're having trouble interacting with people, I would advise against leaving your room. Good luck with that.*

-Phos



Sometimes you feel like a nut... Sometimes you don't.



# THE DAILY

WE CAN STILL PRETEND WE'RE A MONTHLY



# VOO DOO

MAGAZINE, CAN'T WE? CAN'T WE!?

## Parents Agree Krueger Death Likely an Accident, Apologize to MIT

By Phosphorus T. Cat  
NEWS EDITOR

In an unprecedented move, MIT and the parents of Scott S. Krueger '01 announced yesterday that they have reversed a September 2000 settlement for \$6 million in the wrongful death lawsuit filed against Institute administrators.

The reversal comes on the heels of the unexpected agreement between MIT and the Shin family that Elizabeth H. Shin's death was a tragic accident and not a suicide. After hearing of the agreement, the Kruegers contacted MIT with hopes of coming to a similar conclusion in their son's case.

"It's been a painful experience for both us of, but after re-examining the circumstances of our son's death we've come to the conclusion that neither MIT nor Phi Gamma Delta are at fault for the tragedy," the spokesman for the Kruegers relayed to our editorial staff in an email.

"We also listened to our hearts," the spokesman added, most likely quoting the Kruegers.

### Frat may have discouraged drinking

It is not immediately clear what specific circumstances the Kruegers reviewed before issuing their statement, but Voo Doo has been examining the case for some time. There are a few facts the staff has discovered that may have influenced the unprecedented action. One particularly important point in the case against MIT has now since proven to be false. Fiji, as the now disbanded Phi Gamma Delta was known on campus, did not have

the reputation for alcohol that was once reported in the press, including the campus tabloid "The Tech."

An MIT employee, who has asked to remain anonymous, says the general consensus among administration officials has always been that Krueger's death was a terrible accident and not something that could have been prevented.

It had been widely reported that the freshmen pledges, including Krueger, had watched the quintessential debauchorous fraternity film *Animal House* the day



Do you suffer from recurring

*tragicly accidental*

thoughts or feelings?

Call MIT Legal today: x3-4481

### OTHER NEWS

#### US Still in Iraq

Catholics Surprised Government Hasn't Pulled Out in Time

#### Administration:

"What Are Graduate Students?"

#### Zoz Set to Graduate

What the Fuck?!



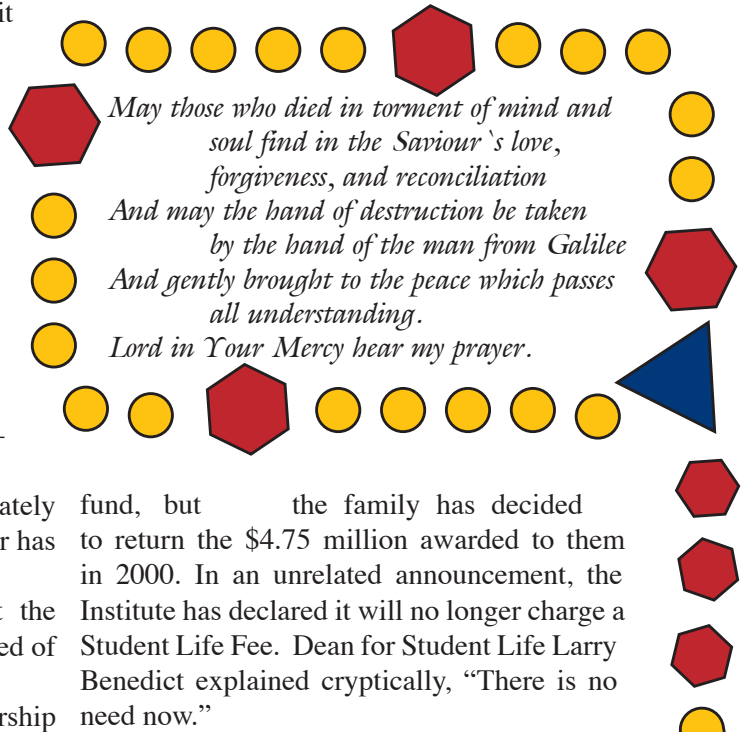
of Krueger’s alleged alcohol overdose. Instead, it appears the pledge watched a college hygiene film titled *Animal Louse*, in which protagonists learn the dangers of pediculosis. Krueger’s “older brother” in the fraternity, his mentor of sorts, then gave the freshman what was believed to be a fresh batch of apple cider, that had unfortunately fermented.

Krueger expressed his appreciation for the beverage and drank the entire container. The house then began a spirited game of charades. The night turned sour when a combination of Krueger’s drunkenness and an unfortunate choice of gesture—“comatose man”—resulted in his hospitalization.

“I was blinded by my anger at fate and had unfortunately misdirected it towards the university,” Mrs. Krueger has stated.

MIT administrators expressed satisfaction that the case has been resolved and that they had been cleared of wrongdoing.

There are no plans to repeal the Krueger scholarship



*May those who died in torment of mind and soul find in the Saviour’s love, forgiveness, and reconciliation*

*And may the hand of destruction be taken by the hand of the man from Galilee*

*And gently brought to the peace which passes all understanding.*

*Lord in Your Mercy hear my prayer.*

fund, but the family has decided to return the \$4.75 million awarded to them in 2000. In an unrelated announcement, the Institute has declared it will no longer charge a Student Life Fee. Dean for Student Life Larry Benedict explained cryptically, “There is no need now.”

## Students Re-design Stata

By Gary Frehnk

*WORTHLESS HACK*

Drawing inspiration from the Frank Gehry-designed Stata Center (photo right), participants in the Voo Doo Comedy Cracktacular, held at East Campus on Saturday, April 8, designed and built their own visions of a futuristic home for MIT’s Computer Science and Artificial Intelligence Laboratory. The winning entries utilized space-age super-absorbent materials, as well as shit we found at the Salvation Army (photos below). Will these designs prove emblematic of MIT in the coming millennium? Only time will tell—all we know is they sure as hell didn’t cost \$300 million.



**Building 32 as it currently stands at the corner of Vassar and Main Streets.**



# ADVANCED STUDIES IN CREATIONISM

BY ED TASCA

To understand and appreciate the scientific principles underlying Creationism, it's important to understand the advanced math behind it. For some this can be far too challenging, and as a result, they turn to simplified theories of creation such as evolutionary theory, which cannot be backed up by advanced math or any math for that matter, and for the most part, rests on a foundation of nothing more than blind faith. And everyone knows that faith is one thing, and science something else entirely.

It's time to look at the science and math behind Creationism. Let's start at the beginning, where, interestingly enough, math itself first started. As everyone knows, everything starts with somebody starting it. Nothing starts by itself, unless you have misread the instructions and assembled it improperly. So there must be a first cause or as they say in science circles: *Point A*. You can't get any more scientific than *Point A*. It's mentioned in every physics book I ever read.

Our *Point A* is an Intelligent Designer, given that It started out where every good story starts, with a funny first man and woman we can root for—Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve learned quickly the splendid value of math—from the animals of course—particu-

larly how to *multiply*. In fact, they performed this seminal math function with great obsessiveness for many years, until Eve started getting bedtime headaches.

After this *multiplication* phase, Adam and Eve looked around for grandparents to leave all these children with, creating math's first *subtraction* problem. They discovered that they never had mothers and fathers, and this caused a great deal of stress on the both of them, particularly when Adam's night out with the wolverines coincided with Eve's Tree of Knowledge studies and there was no one to watch the kids. When eldest son Cain provided his math solution for *subtraction*, Adam and Eve banned Cain from further math studies and from family reunions.

Eve sought inspiration for these math problems at the only place she could, her beloved Tree of Knowledge. There they discovered a new math problem: *division*. Adam had accused Eve of taking up with another garden creature, and the once-happy couple split up, with Adam feeling deeply wronged, no thanks to his rib surgery from which he still hadn't recovered; and with Eve stuck with some forty or more children. Cain continued to *subtract* other siblings, except for a sister he married, followed

up quickly by other sisters he married, and so on, calling this novel marital situation, *addition*, further complicating Creationist math. When Cain's mischievous *addition* problems continued, *multiplication* and *subtraction* reached scandalous proportions, and more *division* could not be helped. Finally, Cain's wives took their babies and left Cain with nothing. Cain was never heard from again, inventing another new math concept his wives called *zero*.

Compare the logic of this advanced math to the math the evolutionists have handed down to us: after a billion trillion random mutations, fish become iguana and iguana walk on land and become mammals, and mammals start to walk upright, but right back into the ocean to become dolphins and whales, presumably because they couldn't get the sand out of their hair. I don't know about you, but I need some science with my theories. The mammals going back into the water story has been a lovely fairy tale, but I'm afraid this is not science. The truth is that the earth is only about 5,000 years old, maybe 6,000 if you use the old Julian calendar. And somewhere in Iraq are the remnants of the Garden of Eden. That's why the U.S. military was sent there, not for oil, but to find and

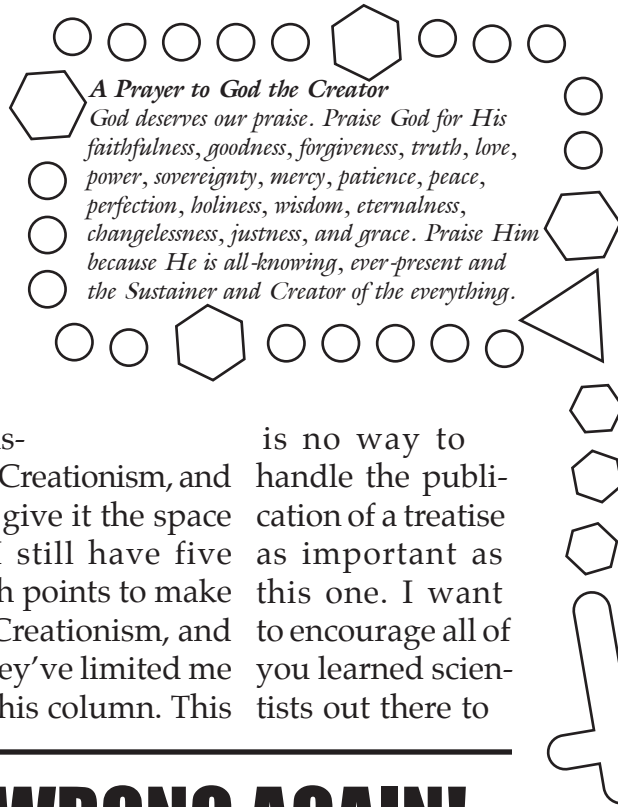
confiscate the Tree of Knowledge. (The present administration decided it needed one.)

Now, I think it's pretty clear that the Intelligent Designer isn't designing any more, so this is all we're going to get. So don't be waiting around for the next century or the next millennium for evolution to give you bigger brains or stronger muscles or even a cuter smile. It just won't happen. This is it! Just ask the monkeys! They'll tell you. They're perfectly happy just as they are, living in trees and bathing only for parties. They'll also tell you to stop saying that we're related to

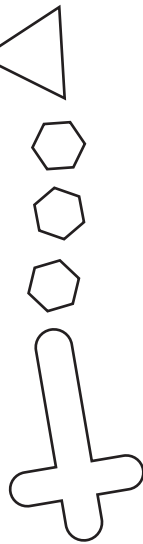
them. They hate that more than we do.

So, why doesn't the real science of Creationism get into the media? Because the media has a nasty bias around Creationism, and they refuse to give it the space it deserves. I still have five other key math points to make in support of Creationism, and look at this; they've limited me to the end of this column. This

is no way to handle the publication of a treatise as important as this one. I want to encourage all of you learned scientists out there to



**A Prayer to God the Creator**  
 God deserves our praise. Praise God for His faithfulness, goodness, forgiveness, truth, love, power, sovereignty, mercy, patience, peace, perfection, holiness, wisdom, eternalness, changelessness, justness, and grace. Praise Him because He is all-knowing, ever-present and the Sustainer and Creator of the everything.



WO! IT'S TIME TO SPEC SOME COMPONENTS!

## WRONG AGAIN! IT'S TIME TO WRITE FOR VOO DOO

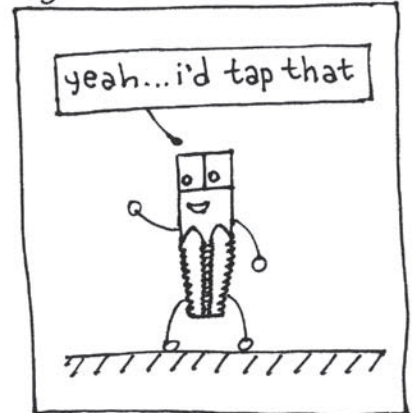
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Kink in Hardware town



Voyeurism in Hardware town



# Poster Girl

EPISODE 2 'HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAY'

I HAVEN'T STEPPED OUT OF MY ROOM IN FOUR DAYS.



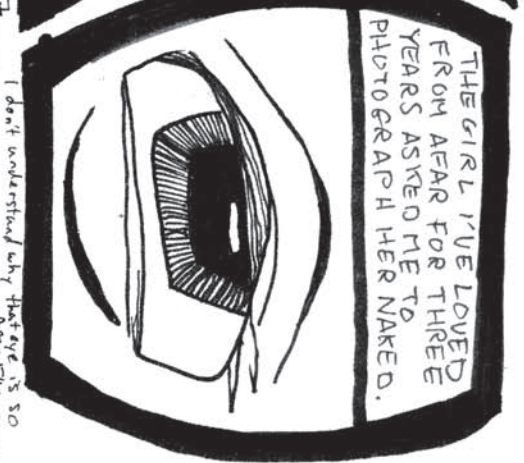
I'VE BEEN DREAMING THAT THE GUY WHO SAT NEXT TO ME AT THAT PARTY WAS MY PERFECT NO-SEX, ROMANCE-ONLY PARTNER.



MY TOES ARE NUMB AND MY FINGERS ARE BURNING.



THE GIRL I'VE LOVED FROM AEAR FOR THREE YEARS ASKED ME TO PHOTOGRAPH HER NAKED.



TAR AND BILE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR DOMINANCE IN MY THROAT.



MERRY CHRISTMAS.

OH, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



I hate this panel. Die panel die.

Here's a next panel! Find all the little details in this panel that got obscured by that damn carpet!

I don't understand why that eye is so AaaaAaaa-y...

Graduate Students

*Mus studiosi*



**CARE SHEET**

Developed with and approved by a Qualified Veterinarian

Graduate students come from a variety of academic backgrounds with an assortment of markings and are social, alert, adaptable, and extremely active scholars that have become a popular companion researcher for many professors.



Is a graduate student the right companion researcher for you?

| Yes                      | No                       |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Check "Yes" or "No" after reading the following statements:

1. I have an appropriate location and space for a student.
2. I know that male and female students should not be housed together unless I can commit to the care of their offspring.
3. I will provide daily, supervised time for this student outside of working him or her like a Mississippi plantation midget in the pursuit of my own tenure.
4. I can commit to providing a minimal stipend for this student to buy nutritious lawn clippings.
5. A mature person (or post-doc) will give responsible primary care to this companion researcher.

If you answered "Yes" to these statements, a graduate student may be the right choice for you! Continue reading about how to care for a student and consult with an MIT associate to learn more. MIT is committed to responsible graduate student care (to the limit of funding availability).

Average Size ~ 60 inches long Academic Life Span Up to 6 years with proper care

**Diet** High-quality student food (i.e. ramen blocks) containing a minimum of 15% protein and 8% fat, and a maximum of 10% fiber; complement with swill, gruel, or slop  
 Small amounts of fruits and vegetables, such as pears, grapes, strawberries, dates, raisins, sprouts, and carrots; Mountain Dew Code Red also counts  
 Treats should not exceed 10% of total food intake  
 Do not feed chocolate, alcohol or crystal methamphetamine; these are dangerous  
 Clean, fresh, de-chlorinated, filtered water changed daily (i.e. the tap)

**Feeding** Students don't care for refinements, so don't hesitate to feed them with a shovel or trowel  
 Quantity over quality; if you coat the pizza boxes with enough grease, they'll even eat those!  
 Food not eaten within 24 hours should generally be discarded, though you may be surprised how greedy students will be for dry crusts after a couple of all-nighters

**Housing** Students acclimate well to average household temperatures; be cautious of extreme temperature change; and remember—they should never see sunlight  
 Habitat should be glass, plastic or metal, escape-proof with solid bottom; an I. M. Pei or Frank Gehry building with a lid makes a good sized home; it is best to provide the largest habitat possible, but don't hesitate to cram 4 to an office  
 2 inches of bedding should be placed in the habitat; proper bedding includes shredded and pelleted product; their rejected journal articles should work well and will also increase morale  
 Graduate students from different departments should not be housed together

- Recommended Supplies**
- Appropriate sized cage
  - Bedding
  - High-quality ramen food
  - Useless research problems
  - Ceramic food bowl
  - Water bottle
  - Vitamins
  - Toy house
  - Plastic tubes
  - Chew and treat sticks
  - Salt lick
  - Internet connection

# CHUCK NORRIS: A MAN WHO WENT EAST AND WEST AT THE SAME TIME

Lately, Chuck Norris has become something of a cultural phenomenon. We at Voodoo, always sensitive to the latest trends, sent our entertainment editor to prepare a guide for those of you unaware of the life and times of the last great American iconoclast.

Chuck Norris is an American Legend: an actor, a philanthropist, and world record holder for most children kicked in the face in a 24 hour period. It is one’s patriotic duty to spend at least one Saturday afternoon watching USA reruns of *Delta Force 3: The Ecuadorian Connection*—no life would be complete without it.

Witnessing Norris kick Mexican stunt men dressed up as Arabian terrorists all named Abdul is a transcendental experience. His Uzi indiscriminate, his foot rampant, Norris is a future first-ballot White-Guy Martial Artist Hall-of-Famer. A David Carradine without the squinting, he is a Hero in every sense of the word.

As a primer, we present a list of his seminal works, but remember that the best ones are often overlooked, so also check out *Slaughter in San Francisco*. If you can’t find it at Hollywood Video, it might be under the title *Chuck Norris vs. The Karate Cop* (no joke). Happy watchings.

## Notable Accomplishments

- Nth Degree Black Belt in Tang Soo Do and Tae Kwon Do
- Taught Steve McQueen and the Osmonds; kicked Donny in the face, twice.
- Retired in 1974 when he was 34
- Wrote the books *The Secret of Inner Strength*, and the mathematics textbook *The Secret Power—Zen Solutions to Real Problems*
- Founded Kickstart—urban children’s program where needy kids get kicked in the face

## Movies

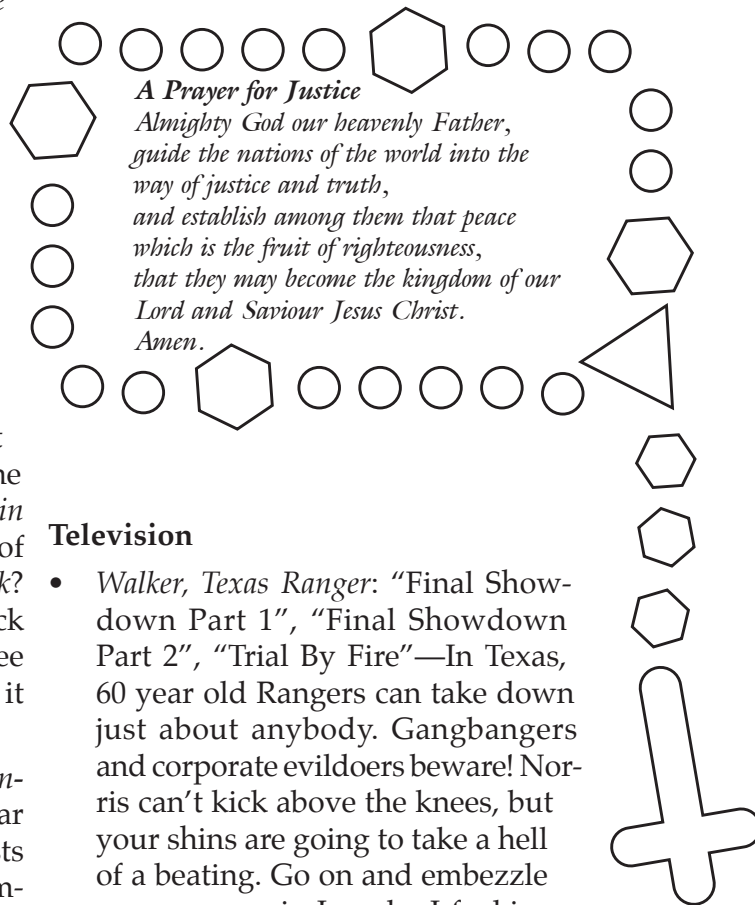
- *Bound By Honor*—his homage to the BDSM community. Knocked out 5 people with a ball gag.
- *The Student Teachers*—also ran under the name *College Coeds*. If you are lucky enough to get your hands on an original print of this film, look carefully around minute 54, where Norris burned in the film by flashing his hairy chest while screaming “Spring Break 1973 whooooo!”
- *Breaker! Breaker!*—Resetting electrical switches one roundhouse kick at a time.
- *Good Guys Wear Black*—bad guys wear blood.
- *Silent Rage*—Norris’s debut passive-aggressive epic about seething anger no one could hear. This was, conveniently enough, a silent film. Norris did away with subtitles by letting his foot do the talking. The trilogy continued with *Code of Silence*, in which Norris hands out non-disclosure agreements to everyone, punishable by a kick to the face. The culmination: *Bells of Innocence*, which ring so true, you can’t even hear them!



**CHUCK GUEVARA:  
¡HASTA LA VIOLENCIA SIEMPRE!**

- *A Force of One*—Norris re-enacts US Army commercials, one scene at a time.
- *Forced Vengeance*—Chuck Norris doesn't want to get revenge, but they force him. What was Bob Minor thinking, making Chuck Norris fight him? Real smart, Bob, use your Hong Kong mob connections to make the fucking undefeated middleweight karate champion kick your ass! What genius—I guess that's why they made you head of the mob.
- *Missing in Action* and *Missing in Action 2: The Beginning*—First off, the titles mislead the viewer into believing these films contain action. But no: no action. It must be missing . . . in action. Second—and notice how my sentence prefixed by “second” actually comes second—*Missing in Action 2* is called “The Beginning”. Chuck Norris, it's either a prequel or it's a sequel; it can't fucking be both. Even George Lucas got that shit right, damn! The capstone of the *Missing in Action* trilogy, *Braddock: Missing in Action III*, is even more confusing. I must have lost continuity somewhere along the line because I was expecting a title like *Missing in Action III: Before the Beginning*. Is the title of this series *Missing in Action*, or is it *Braddock*? Maybe it's *Braddock in Action 2*? Who the fuck knows. All I know is that the next time I see a movie with the word “action” in the title, it better have some fucking action.
- *Delta Force* and *Delta Force 2: The Colombian Connection*—In this series, Norris and his all-star team of martial arts and weapons specialists fight Palestinian terrorists and then Colombian drug runners. He was fighting America's wars before we even knew we were fighting them! He kicks ass on drugs and terror in a series that left an indelible footprint on all of America's abstract enemies. Watch out science, you're next!
- *Wind in the Wire*—This title makes no fucking sense but is probably the most descriptive of Chuck Norris titles. The movie is a movie about a movie. Now this type of Woody Allen ploy usually leads either to utter crap or a philosophically relevant sex scene with a 17-year-

old. This one, however, details the filming of a comedic musical set in the Old West starring Burt Reynolds and Chuck Norris. Somewhere along the line the mob gets involved, and the “real” and movie worlds collide. Hilarity ensues. I found Burt and Chuck's duet following a bar fight to be particularly touching. You'll laugh, you'll cry, but mostly you'll cry . . . tears of pain.



*A Prayer for Justice*

*Almighty God our heavenly Father,  
guide the nations of the world into the  
way of justice and truth,  
and establish among them that peace  
which is the fruit of righteousness,  
that they may become the kingdom of our  
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.  
Amen.*

**Television**

- *Walker, Texas Ranger: “Final Showdown Part 1”, “Final Showdown Part 2”, “Trial By Fire”*—In Texas, 60 year old Rangers can take down just about anybody. Gangbangers and corporate evildoers beware! Norris can't kick above the knees, but your shins are going to take a hell of a beating. Go on and embezzle some money in Laredo. I fucking dare you! But for all the smack down Norris hands out on *Walker Texas Ranger*, here's what I can't figure out: “The Final Showdown”. It's not the last episode—“Trial By Fire” came out after it. Um, Chuck, if you have to have another showdown, your first showdown can't be the final showdown. It's the penultimate showdown, maybe even the first showdown of many showdowns. Personally, I can't wait for *Final Showdown: The Beginning* due out this summer. I hear a child in a wheelchair gets kicked in the face.



MODELS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) XXXMAL AND HIS HANCOCK COURSE VI-1 (B.S.) 2004 (M.ENG) REALSOONNOW 13#4200, EAST CAMPUS PHOTOS BY VERY BERRY

Hair is red, rain ahead? Hopefully not, as a roll of toilet paper provides scant protection from the elements. After six years, Xxxmal is still at the Institute, rustling up undergrads and their toilet paper. What does the future hold? He won't say, but whatever he does, he will be sure to lend credence to the saying "A good wino gets better with age".

# MAY 2006

M T W R F SA SU

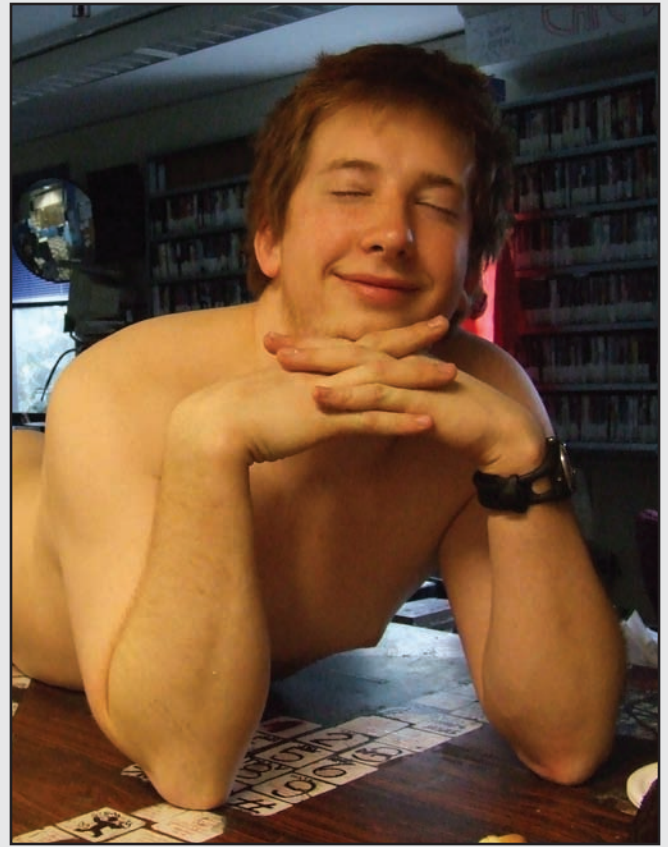
|   |   |  |   |                                  |   |                                      |
|---|---|--|---|----------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1<br>take shower<br>MAY DAY   | 2   | 3  | 4<br>DROP DATE<br>(OH SHIT, THAT WAS LAST WEEK! YOU'RE FUCKED!)                     | 5<br>brush teeth<br>NO PANTS DAY | 6<br>43 <sup>rd</sup> ANNUAL STEER ROAST  | 7                                    |
| 8<br>brush teeth  | 9   | 10   | 11<br>wipe ass<br>apologize for being an ass  | 12<br>READING PERIOD BEGINS      | 13<br>ΣΤΑ PARTY<br>(HAVE SEX YOU WON'T REMEMBER, AND HOPEFULLY YOUR PARTNER WON'T EITHER) | 14                                   |
| 15  | 16<br>get patch kit for blow-up doll  | 17   | 18<br>LAST DAY OF CLASSES<br>LAST CHANCE TO FELLATE YOUR PROF BEFORE FINALS         | 19                               | 20<br>liquor supplies soberingly low!   | 21<br>SWAPFEST                       |
| 22<br>FINAL EXAMS (TIME FOR ADMINISTRATORS TO MAKE SWEEPING CHANGES TO YOUR WAY OF LIFE, WHILE YOU'RE TOO HOUSED TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT) | 23  | 24   | 25  | 26                               | 27<br>annual herpes test  | 28<br>dump boyfriend (don't forget!) |
| 29<br>MEMORIAL DAY (FEDERAL HOLIDAY)  | 30<br>SUMMER VACATION BEGINS<br>dead week!<br>REMOVE NOOSE AND REPLACE WITH NECKTIE | 31<br>SUMMER/FALL PRE-REG DEADLINE<br>masturbate |  |                                  |       |                                      |

DEAR READER:  
You may have heard the expression "The odds are good, but the goods are odd." Well, on the East Side of campus, the goods are odder still. To help you navigate this lurid carnival of man-flesh, we are providing you with this MEN OF THE EAST SIDE CALENDAR. These trembling pages are but an excerpt of the full truth, which is too perverse and disturbing to be published in its entirety within the pages of this magazine. Translation: you'll have to wait till fall to get more ass. Or hell, just show up at Steer Roast and get the real thing!





MODEL: CONOR LINGUS COURSE 1 (B.S.) 2006 PTZ, EAST CAMPUS



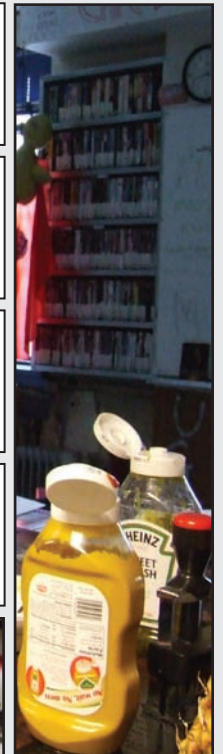
PHOTOS BY LARRY MERRY

What do you expect to get when you come up to EAsT campUS desk? Serviced and a smile—and Conor Lingus provides both. A passionate inebriate, he has recently turned his efforts toward homebrewing and recommends the PRISON BREWMASTER'S HANDBOOK as one of his all-time favorite reads.

# JUNE 2006

M T W R F SA SU

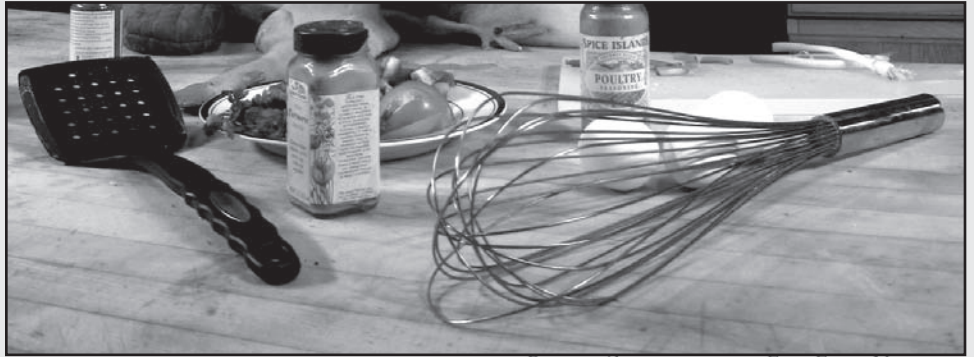
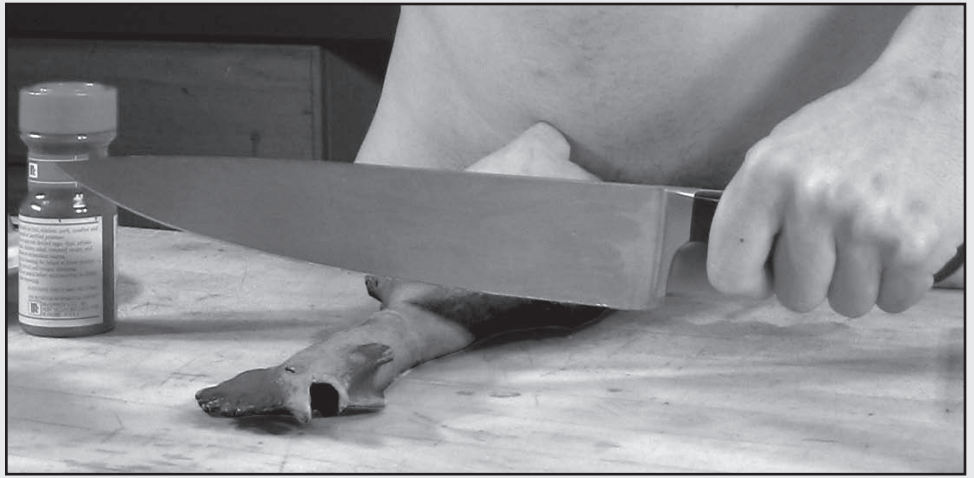
|  |                   |  |                                    |  |  |
|--|-------------------|--|------------------------------------|--|--|
| 1  | 2                 | 3  | 4                                  |  |  |
| <i>masturbate</i>                              | <i>masturbate</i> | <i>masturbate</i>                                      |                                    | SHAVUOT  |  |
| 5 WEEK TWO OF SUMMER VACATION                  | 6                 | 7  | 8                                  | 9 COMMENCEMENT   | 10                                     |
| REALIZE LONG-DISTANCE RELATIONSHIPS DON'T WORK |                   |  |                                    | ENJOY ALL THE MONEY THE INSTITUTE SPENDS TO IMPRESS PEOPLE ONLY HERE FOR A DAY | 11                                     |
|  |                   |  |                                    |  | <i>put on panties labeled "Sunday"</i> |
| 12 SUMMER SESSION BEGINS                       | 13                | 14   | 15                                 | 16   | 17                                     |
|  |                   | <i>try not to get caught downloading porn at work!</i> |                                    |  |  |
|  |                   |  |                                    |  | 18 SWAPFEST                            |
|  |                   |  |                                    |  | FATHER'S DAY                           |
| 19   | 20                | 21   | 22                                 | 23   | 24                                     |
|  |                   | SUMMER SOLSTICE  | <i>righty tighty, lefty loosey</i> |  |  |
| 26   | 27                | 28   | 29                                 | 30   |  |
|  |                   | <i>send birthday card to illegitimate son</i>          |                                    |  |  |







MODEL: NICK A. LICK COURSE VI-2 (B.S.) 2007



THE KITCHEN, EAST CAMPUS

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE FREE FOOD NETWORK

An ardent cock cook, Mr. Lick never wastes an opportunity to interest others in his "mandatory meal plan". Here, he is pictured skinning his rooster in preparation for his stellar chicken primavera. Mr. Lick uses only the freshest ingredients and the most tender meats, inviting you to do the same.

# AUGUST 2006

M T W R F SA SU

|                           |   |   |  |               |   |                          |
|---------------------------|---|---|--|---------------|---|--------------------------|
|                           | 1 ONLY 5 WEEKS<br>TILL CLASSES BEGIN<br>AGAIN, YOU FUCKING<br>MASOCHIST                                     | 2   | 3  | 4             | 5   | 6                        |
| 7                         | 8 oh boy, it's hot  | 9   | 10   | 11 ROAD TRIP! | 12 life will make sense for a<br>brief moment (hopefully) | 13                       |
| 14 get back to<br>cubicle | 15  | 16  | 17 what did I do<br>last night?<br>and why does it<br>hurt to urinate? | 18            | 19 cow tipping<br>with Joe-Bob                            | 20 SWAPFEST              |
| 21                        | 22 SUMMER SESSION<br>ENDS<br>GO BACK TO CAMPUS:<br>REALIZE YOUR DORMI-<br>TORY WAS RAZED IN<br>YOUR ABSENCE | 23  | 24   | 25            | 26  | 27 ORIENTATION<br>BEGINS |
| 28                        | 29  | 30 (IN-HOUSE RUSH<br>RUSH WEEK<br>(JUST KIDDING! YOU DON'T GET TO HAVE ONE, YOU FUCKING MILLENNIAL) | 31 MOVING DAY  |               |   |                          |

In bowl, combine wine, tomato paste, sugar, salt and basil; set aside. In large skillet cook broccoli and mushrooms in oil, about 2 minutes, until crisp. Remove. Add chicken and garlic. Cook until chicken is done. Stir in tomato mixture, vegetables, tomato and olives to skillet. Cook 2 minutes until mixture is heated through. Toss over linguine. Top with parsley and parmesan cheese.



Voo Doo Book Club Presents:

# Administrative Fairy Tales

## *The Little Boy that Cried "Ashdown"*

As with all fairy tales, there is a good lesson to be learned from this yarn. It's a story of an administration that repeatedly said it was going to convert the only graduate dormitory with a sense of community into undergraduate residences. Time and again the administration threatened, but each time the dorm was not converted. Then one day, finally, the administration cried "Ashdown", and actually did kick all the grad students out, and no one did anything about it. So remember, it's easy to lull a group of people into complacency and acceptance with a continual

barrage of irrational policies. Now let's invade Iran!

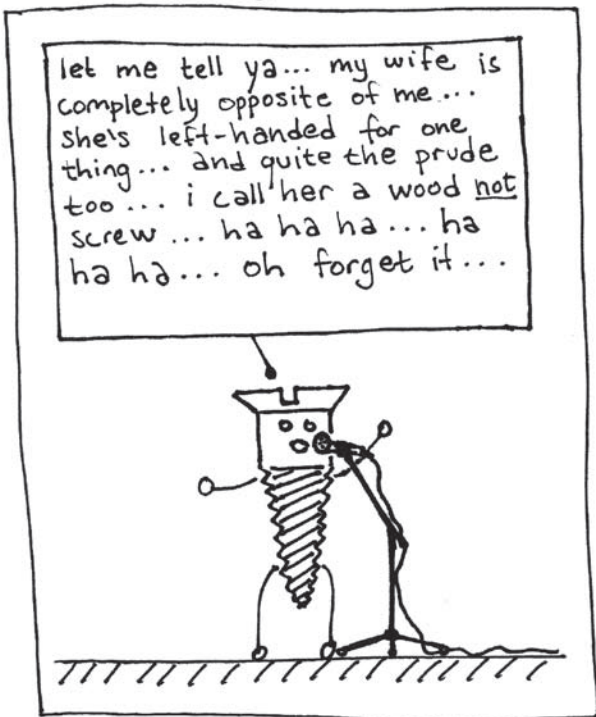
**Jack and the Corporate Ladder**  
An eye-opening adventure of a young man named Jack, who gets sold a diploma full of magic beans, and heads out into the world to sow his intellectual seeds. In no time, a mighty corporate ladder springs forth, and Jack climbs and climbs and climbs. When he finally gets to the top, all his hard effort is rewarded by the giant corporation's attempts to strangle his last vestiges of creativity and curiosity. So Jack goes back down the ladder and chops it down, leaving him free to wander the earth, homeless, unemployed, and wondering why

he wasted his money on those seeds in the first place. It just goes to show you that P.T. Barnum was right when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute".

## *The Three Little Millennials*

This delightful tale left me squealing like a piggie, too. The big bad wolf comes and takes away each unique housing environment, one at a time, pitting them against each other for survival. After enough time, there is no longer any choice or diversity, and all the little millennials are huddled together under one roof, praying the wolf won't come and take that away, too. But remember, the wolf only does it because he cares.

stand-up Comedy in Hardware town



THE FAMILY CIRCUIT



Come on Billy—propagate!

And now, time for "Comics so Bad We Had to Label Them" . . .

Tales from Frat Rush...

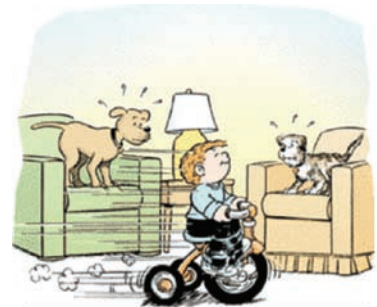


# V D O O L Y M P I C S L O O O O S E R S

You bastards have no right to complain that Voo Doo isn't funny. For a week in March, we invited everyone to contribute with a campus-wide humor contest. Needless to say, our hard work went ignored, and the few submissions we did get came from a couple of shells that only want to get into our pants. In other words, fuck you all.

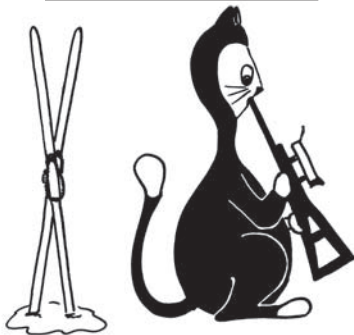
Hopefully, you'll send something in next term (email voodoo@mit.edu with your submissions), but until that time, here they are: the losers of the Voo Doo Olympics.

You bastards have no right to complain that Voo Doo isn't funny. For a week in March, we invited everyone to contribute with a campus-wide humor contest. Needless to say, our hard work went ignored, and the few submissions we did get came from a couple of shells that only want to get into our pants. In other words, fuck you all.



I invite the pain. I invite the pain.

"This clarinet tastes funny."



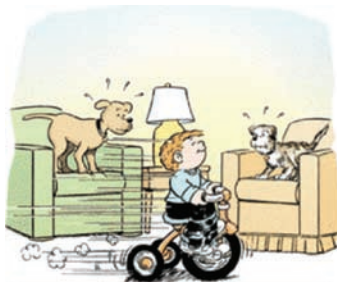
## THE FAMILY



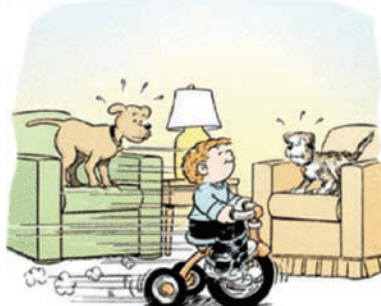
Oh my god, another brother?



By Bill Kean



Mind controlling the hu-mans is easier than I thought!



Thank god they aborted him. The bike is mine!



Jeff and the Kean

# NEWS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

## THE TRAGICOMIC

## THE SIMPLY TRAGIC

"A long-running effort by the Bush administration to send home many of the terror suspects held at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, has been stymied in part because of concern among United States officials that the prisoners may not be treated humanely by their own governments, officials said." (New York Times, 30 April 2006).

Vice President Dick Cheney shot a man in the face, then went back into hiding from the press and the rest of the world. Why wasn't there an episode of Cops about this one? I would have paid anything to see Cheney running down a highway without a shirt on.

President Bush's first nominee to the Supreme Court was Harriet Miers, his personal lawyer. She had no judicial experience, but she was the chairman of the search committee tasked with choosing the nominee, so that must have helped. Didn't Cheney get his job the exact same way in 2000? In other news, Exxon-Mobil executives sat in on sessions of Cheney's Energy Task Force, while the wolf guarded the sheep.

In July 2005, the brutal Karimov regime of Uzbekistan (notorious for shooting 500 protesters in a demonstration and *boiling* political dissidents to death) rewarded the Bush Administration for four years of support by expelling the U.S. from its airbase in the country. Curiously, similar reversals occurred after the U.S. provided chemical weapons to Saddam Hussein and money to Osama Bin Laden during the Afghan war.

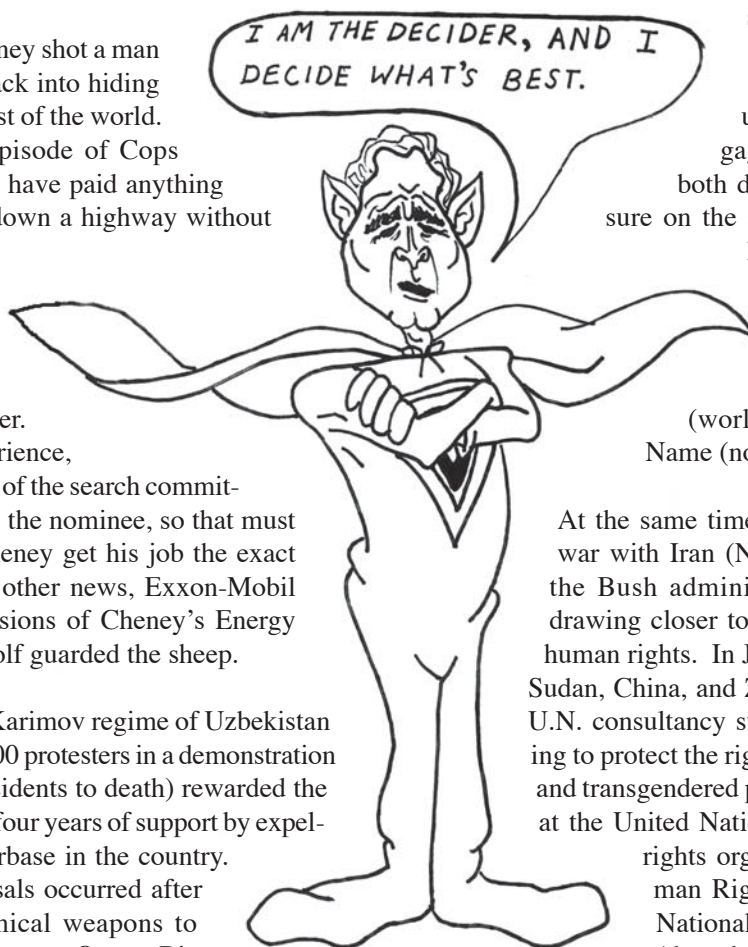
Continued instability in the Middle East and high demand in India and China are keeping gasoline prices high and Hummer owners squealing. Proposed solutions include, as always, drilling in Alaska, though Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist has suggested sending \$100 checks directly to taxpayers. Even Rush Limbaugh said he felt like a cheap whore. Alternative energy research continues to lack funding, no thanks to the Bush administration's refusal to charge oil companies royalties for their leases in the Gulf of Mexico, which were waived 10 years ago to promote exploration.

The invasion of Iraq has unearthed no weapons of mass destruction or connections to al-Qaeda. Instead it has led to the deaths of over 2400 American soldiers and at least 34,711 Iraqi civilians (Iraq Body Count Project). It has destabilized the entire region, while fueling the hatred of our

enemies and spreading disrespect among our allies around the world. Worst of all, the Bush Administration has used the cover of war to engage in the torture of detainees, both directly and by proxy. Pressure on the administration is mounting;

look up the following groups for more information: Bush Crimes Commission ([bushcommission.org](http://bushcommission.org)), World Can't Wait ([worldcantwait.org](http://worldcantwait.org)), Not in Our Name ([notinourname.net](http://notinourname.net)).

At the same time as it is planning a nuclear war with Iran (New Yorker, 17 April 2006), the Bush administration might actually be drawing closer to the country on the issue of human rights. In January, the U.S. joined Iran, Sudan, China, and Zimbabwe in voting to deny U.N. consultancy status to organizations working to protect the rights of lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered people, denying them a voice at the United Nations, the world's key human rights organization. Contact the Human Rights Watch ([hrw.org](http://hrw.org)) or The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force ([thetaskforce.org](http://thetaskforce.org)).



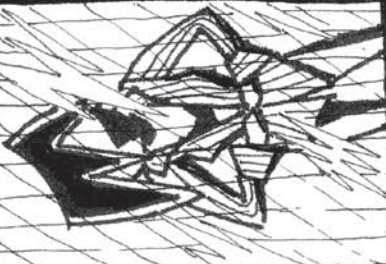
I bet that by now you're wondering why I have to be such a downer, and why you should care if a suspected terrorist gets tortured, or an innocent Iraqi is killed. You're an engineer or scientist, after all, not a diplomat. But what will you do when the product of your life's work, an AIDS vaccine, is blocked by the religious right? When a relative is arrested and held without trial for a year? For two? Or when your vote no longer counts and going to a demonstration will end in unemployment or jail? The excesses and outright crimes of the Bush administration affect us all, and the time for action is running out.

POSTER 216

EPISODE 3 'THE UNBEARABLE MEANING OF PEOPLE'

Model: Bob & Alice 11

I HATE PARTIES.



I ONLY GET TALKED TO BECAUSE MY HAIR IS "cute" OR I CAN PRETEND TO LAUGH EASILY OR MY BOOBIES ARE PERKY OR ENOUGH OF THE RIGHT PEOPLE REMEMBER MY NAME OR I GET DRUNK AT THE DROP OF A HAT.

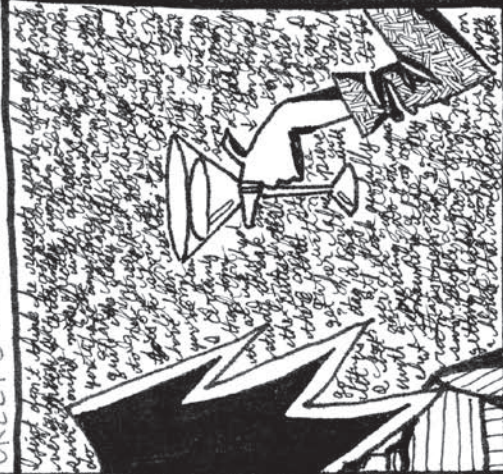


I HATE THAT HORRIBLY BORING PEOPLE TURN INTO LONG-WINDED JERKS AND THEY TALK TO ME.



I HATE HOW NICE THEY FORCE ME TO BE.

AND I HATE THAT CLEVER STYLISH PEOPLE TURN INTO SELF-ABSORBED LECHY CREEPS AND THEY TALK TO ME.



I HATE THE LIES THEY EXTRACT FROM ME.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE, SOCIALIZING WITH PEOPLE I DON'T LIKE, DON'T WANT TO SLEEP WITH, AND DON'T WANT TO BE RECOGNIZED BY?



MAYBE I HAVE A BAD ATTITUDE.



there's no room for the margins! agh!

# we-buntu: linux for space aliens

Who-buntu? We-buntu! Introducing the most frustrating and obscure Linux distribution yet! Pull out 50% more hair than with other operating systems! You'll never be the same again! Just put in the first (of 300) floppies, and it'll have you cursing and kicking your monitor in no time! It's not just bad, it's worse!

Standard features include

- \* OpenOffice2.0 Reproductivity Suite
- \* Furryfox Web browser loads only pr0n and Slashdot
- \* Dumps core more often than you do
- \* All images come out as ASCII art

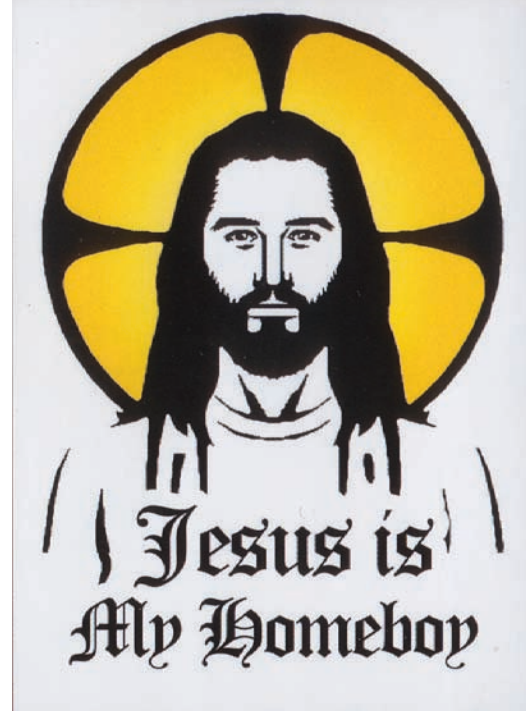
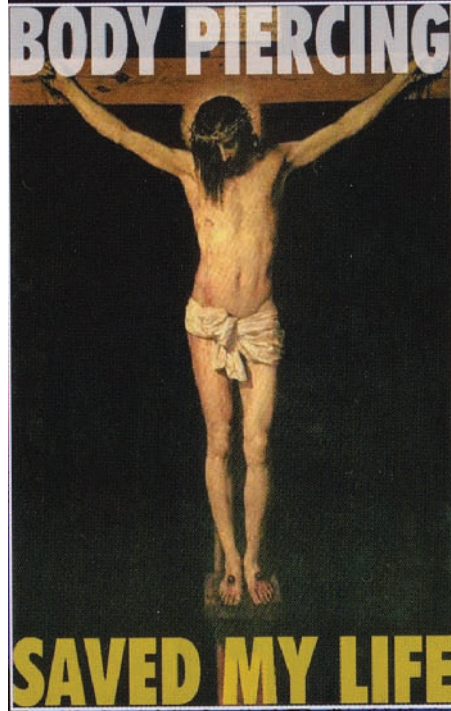


The screenshot shows a desktop environment with a dark blue background featuring a grid of ASCII art characters. Several windows are open:

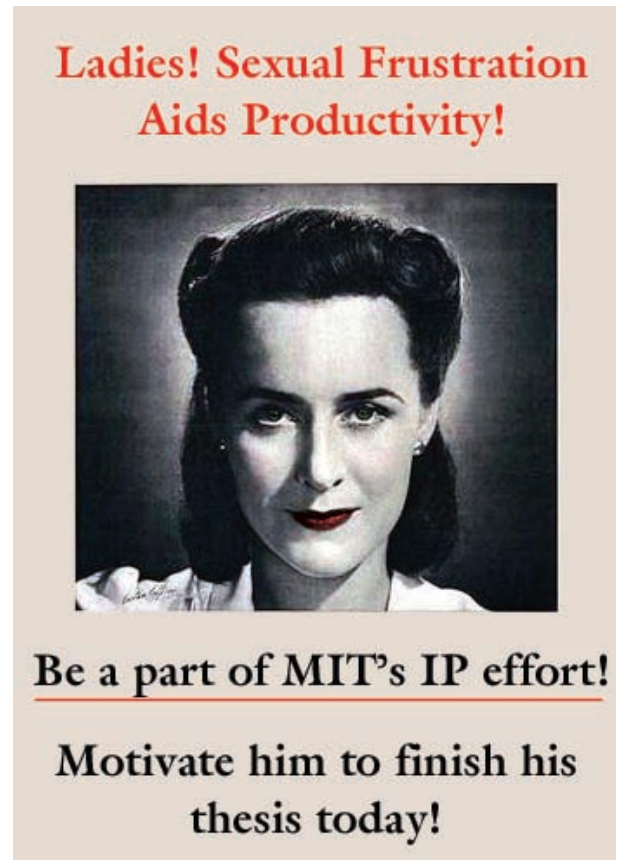
- Terminal:** Displays network statistics for UDP and TCP. UDP statistics include udpInDatagrams (821588), udpOutDatagrams (828480), tcpRtoAlgorithm (4), tcpRtoMax (60000), tcpActiveOpens (16950), tcpAttemptFails (62), tcpCurrEstab (18), tcpOutDataSegs (255239), tcpRetransSegs (782), tcpOutAck (173928), tcpOutRst (0), tcpOutWinProbe (191), tcpOutRsts (787), tcpInSegs (269197), tcpInAckSegs (169490), tcpInDupAck (19046), tcpInInorderSegs (249426), tcpInInorderSegs (2967), tcpInDupSegs (308), tcpInPartDupSegs (0), tcpInPartWinSegs (3).
- OpenOffice.org Impress:** Shows a slide with a stick figure and a lightbulb icon.
- Mozilla Firefox:** Displays the Slashdot website with the headline "Hardware: Environmentalists Coming Around to Nuclear Power?".
- Taskbar:** Shows icons for Mail, WWW, Prompt, Emacs, Logout, and system tray with the date "Mon Apr 17, 19:48" and open applications like "We-buntu" and "Untitled1 - OpenOffice.org Imp".

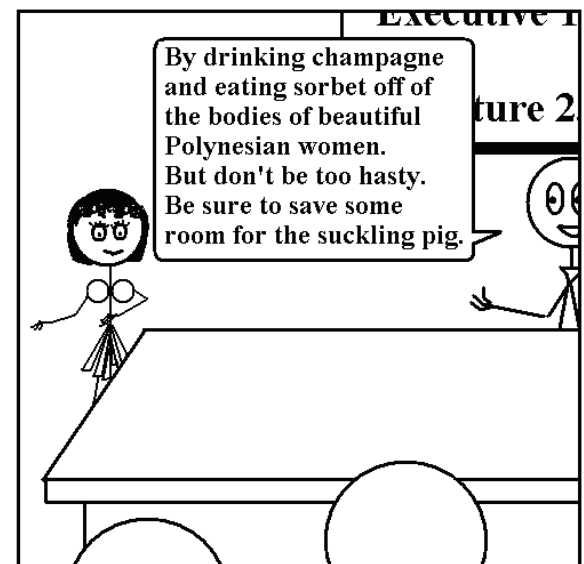
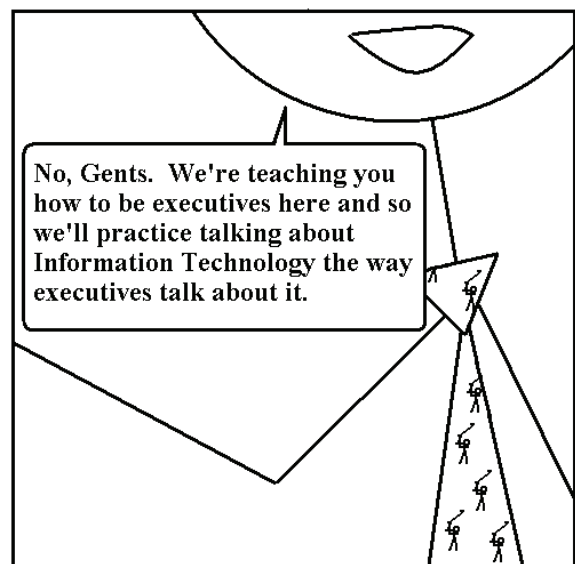
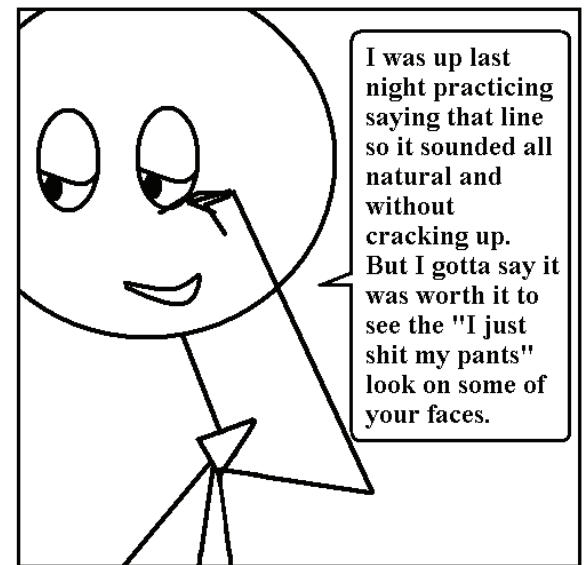
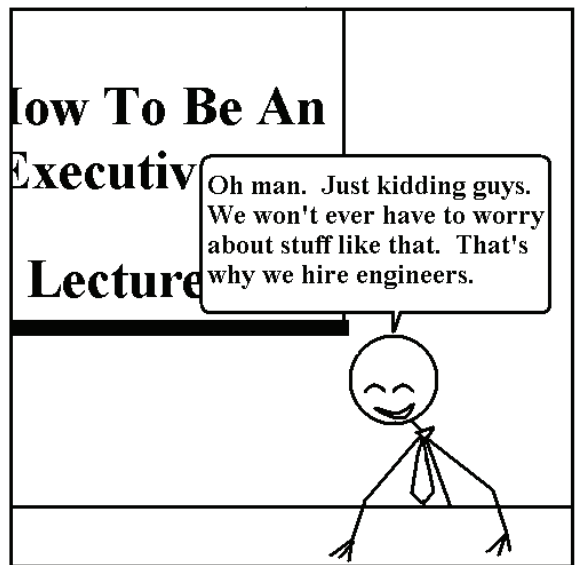
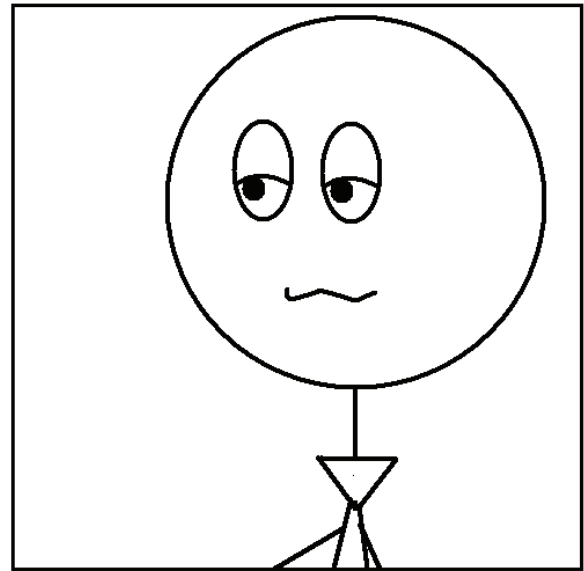
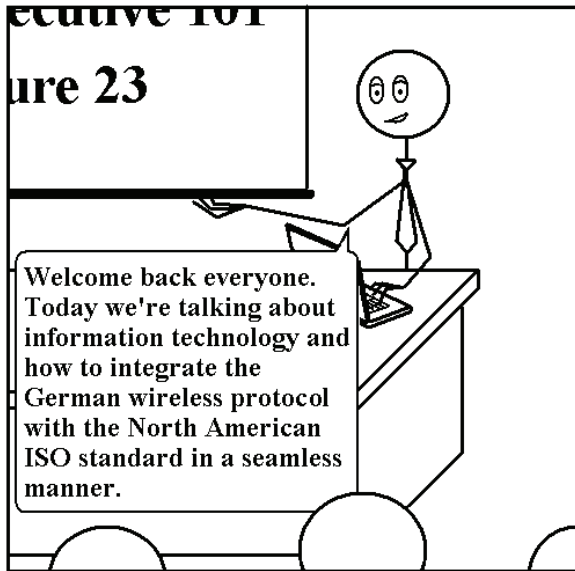


Can you guess which of the following patch designs we made up, and which are out-and-out blasphemies?



ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS FROM HELL, INSTALLMENT 48:





# Of Fetuses and Foreign Policy

Abortion, war—yes or no? For too long, Americans have failed to choose sides inconsistently on these issues. But undeniably, they’re the *same thing!* There are ample arguments for the yes and no sides; by the end of this you’ll know both, maybe even in the Biblical sense.

Just as it takes an act of Congress to declare war, it takes an act of sexual congress to begin pregnancy. But in both cases, the devious find their own ways to do it, whether with executive orders, artificial insemination, or executive-ordered insemination.

The possibility of aborting a war or a fetus makes us more likely to agree to licentious invasions or preemptive sex, based on very shaky moral ground. See how we’ve gotten ourselves entangled in foreign affairs: now we can’t pull out, because it would leave both sides in pain. If we “cut and run,” we’ll leave a bigger mess than we found.

But you don’t have to ask an expectant mother to realize that when your defenses are penetrated by suicide bombers, the results are, frankly, explosive. Things just grow uncontrollably into an unwanted insurgency, which feeds like a parasite off the mother through the umbilical cord of shady charitable donations. When the Department of Defense’s budget reports show red and its tampons do not, you know something very nasty has happened, and is now taking on a life of its own.

I know some of you would love nothing more than to spread democracy to your partner, but remember that Sociopolitically Transmitted Diseases (STDs) go both ways. Sectarianism, partisanship, syphilis—whatever you want to call it. Every time we

get too entangled in foreign affairs, we suffer the consequences of one of these embarrassing conditions which we should’ve been warned about in sect-ed class.

It doesn’t take a genius to understand where all the free reconstruction money is going. People talk about using “protection” in the Middle East, when in fact it is nothing more than a euphemism for birth control. After all, a common scare for a couple of years has been the insurgency, a movement that’s cause for great fear, not joy. Broken condoms aren’t going to do a thing to prevent civil disorder, just as local police forces are too impotent to stop insemination.

As Americans, we are expected to inevitably engage in promiscuous wars because we are incapable of exercising self-control. Knowing the dangers of a promiscuous lifestyle and foreign policy, we should seek to keep ourselves and those we love far from it.

On the other hand, unwanted dictatorships and fetuses contribute nothing to our self-interest. If carried to term, we’ll have belligerent babies who threaten our way of life and whiny tyrants who demand their every needs be met, bursting into such hysterics that we have no choice but to appease them. Sure, life without either might tend toward instability, but that’s the price of freedom of choice.

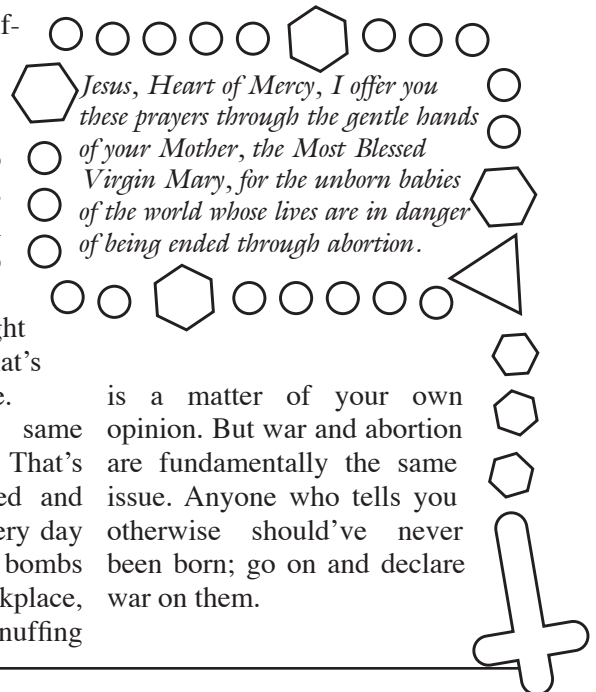
Is every life worth the same amount? Well, obviously not. That’s why we have highly trained and licensed individuals, who every day must face the fear of getting bombs and death threats at their workplace, who do the dirty work of snuffing

out the lives we don’t like. Abortion doctors and soldiers exist for a reason—killing with coat hangers is too messy to appeal to everyone.

Furthermore, the policies espoused by pro-life groups don’t reflect supposed beliefs that any war constitutes murder. They are about punishing women for going to war. Why would rape and incest be treated any differently from regular invasions of countries? Because the woman is not to blame in the cases of rape and incest. How about banning partial-war abortion, also known as not allowing anyone to doubt our “staying power”? No lives will be saved by forbidding a premature exit, but women will have to switch to other, more dangerous procedures to continue fighting. After all, though we might not have found any coat hangers of mass destruction in Iraq, we’ve got more than our fair share at home.

Whether you see it as a woman’s right to choose to go to war, or you believe that all invasions are murder,

is a matter of your own opinion. But war and abortion are fundamentally the same issue. Anyone who tells you otherwise should’ve never been born; go on and declare war on them.



Voo Doo Domestic Spying Program

Since President Bush can violate the Constitution and eavesdrop on American citizens without a warrant, we decided to do the same. For one week, Voo Doo put up a message board in the Infinite to record your dumbest and most intimate conversations. The stunning conclusion of this experiment: maybe some of you shitheads did get into MIT by mistake!



*"I'm gonna make you shit today."*

"I lost my American Flag"

"well then YOU sleep with him"

*"More than 6 hours of sleep is against the rules."*

**"It was a tragedy for them, because they died"**

*"pie are round!  
cornbread are square!"*

"Have you ever googled 'mrhands.mpg?'"  
"No."  
"You should."

Guy 1: "OMG this morning I woke up and I was soaking wet."  
Guy 2: "WTF?"  
Guy 1: "I slept at my girlfriends last night and dude, she drooled all over me and I couldn't fall back asleep."

*"Sodomy! Like, in a butt."*

"So, how long have you been playing DDR?"  
"Are you from Ohio or something?"

*"It tasted like dirty cat milk"*

"Wait, is he the guy that dressed up like a burrito?"

↳ That was me! I was burrito guy!

*"So—if cookies are better than potatoes, how does that change the fact that potatoes aren't kosher?"*

↳ gross!

"Whats your election motto going to be? You really need one."  
"I'm thinking about going with the 'Vote for me, your mom did' approach."

*"Rub my toaster. Thanks."*

"It's not her fault. She grew up in a communist country"

*"Walter Lewin high... that would be out of control!"*

*"Hey, does anyone know where the second floor is?"*

"You slept with him how many times!! That's insane!"

"No, the dragon's penis would be over here."

**"...so I turn around to give this guy his side-view mirror back, and he just drives off..."**

# Hey Kids-It's Voo Doo Pun Pages!

**Q:** what kind of fruit do trees miss the most?

**A:** pineapples

**Q:** what did the stimulus do to the neuron after it got married?

**A:** carried it over the threshold.

**Q:** why do brain cells grown in a dish attend the ballet and opera?

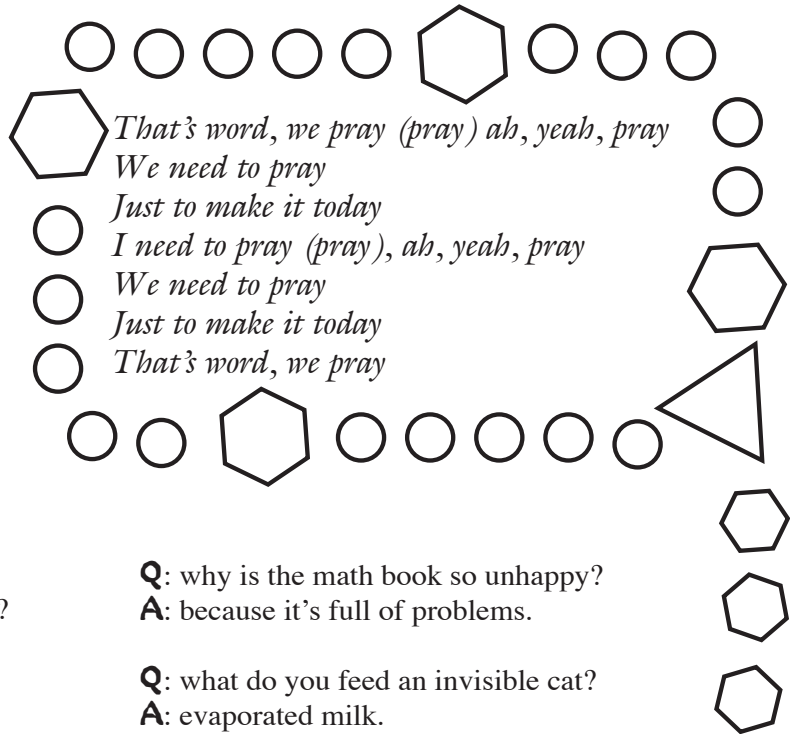
**A:** because they are very cultured.

**Q:** what did the digital clock say to his mom?

**A:** "can you give me a hand?"

**Q:** who did einstein bring to the party?

**A:** his relatives.



**Q:** why did gary go out with a prune?

**A:** couldn't find a date

**Q:** did adam and eve ever have a date?

**A:** no, just an apple.

**Q:** what washes up on very small beaches?

**A:** microwaves.

**Q:** why do elephants drink?

**A:** to forget.

**Q:** what is small, red, and whispers?

**A:** a hoarse radish

**Q:** why did mozart sell his chickens?

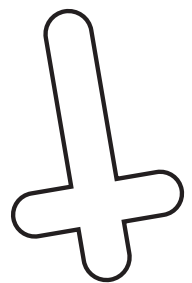
**A:** because they wouldn't stop saying, "bach, bach"

**Q:** watt is the unit of power?

**A:** ...

**Q:** does light have mass?

**A:** of course not. it's not even catholic.




**Share Your Values  
With Your Neighbors**

**Be a Constant Function**

Brought to you by the Department of Mathematics

# A Dog's Guide to FLY

by: Shing Yang  
Illustrated by: Yang Yang



1. ARE YOU A DOG?

YES

2. ARE YOU BORED?

How'd you guess? You must be Mr. Cleo



3. Well ARE YOU?



Well not no more!

Well if you are, This book will Tell you how to FLY!!!

I Already know how to.



1. First You Gotta Get Wings

CHECK

2. Hey! Pay Attention!

hmm... wings, wings

3. Once you got WINGS...


check



Find a cliff!

Done and Done

GRAND CANYON



AND JUMP !!!!!

BONZAI !!!!!

and attach a rope...

@ # \$ % & ? !!!



Enjoy Your Precious Few Moments of Flight Before...



Death...



And/or life as a handicap and...



back to being bored.

Maybe next time I'll try swimming.....

The End



this was a Spotco @ presentation

I'll Sue you.







# 2007 Telephone and Internet Pricing Plan

## Information Services & Technology



We here at MIT IS&T look forward to coming up with solutions to your information needs for years to come. Please use this organizational chart to estimate your monthly payment and send to MIT IS&T Payment Office, c/o Voodoo 50-309