



VOO DOO



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username reuse-sex

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From CERN studios, the creators of The Higgs Bosom and Quantum Cumodynamics

The Large Hardon Collider

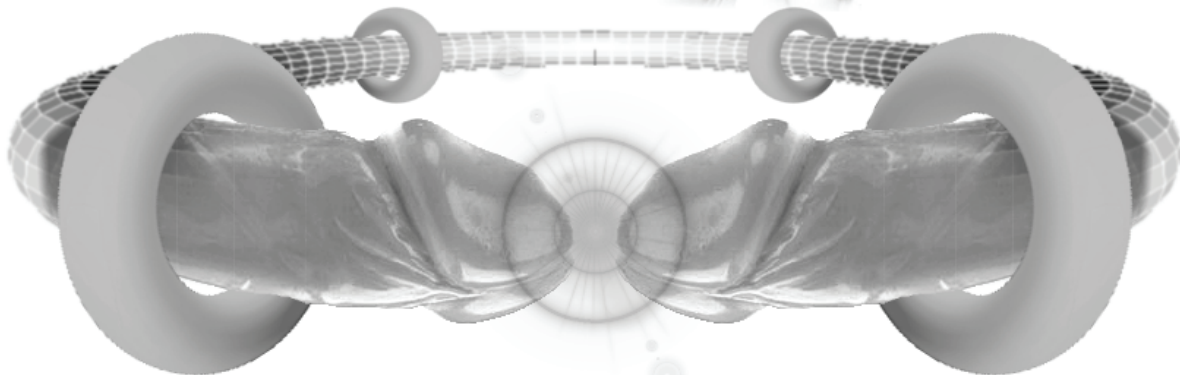
starring

Alain "Tunneling" Poncet Sagi "Top Quark" Kalev

*Cooled with helium,
heated with passion!
-Stroke Magazine*



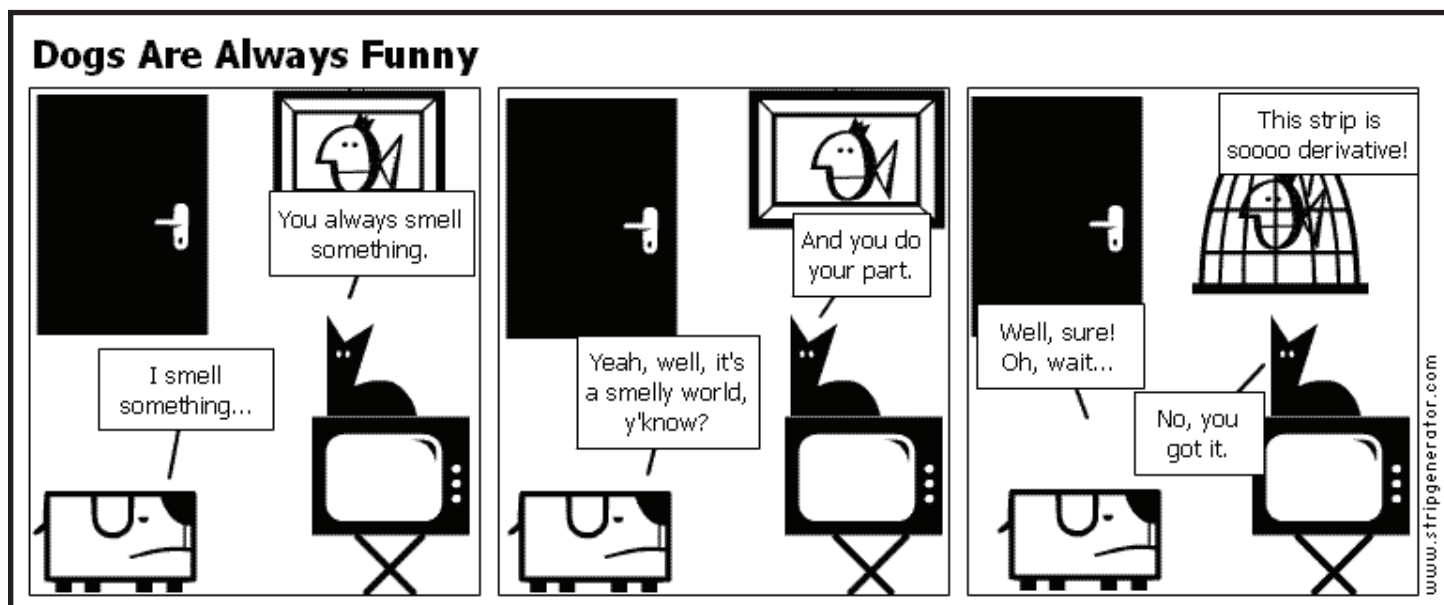
*7 Teraelectronvolts of hot man
-Prof. Greytak, MIT*



*This Collider definitely opens up some black holes
-The Onion AV Club*

PHOS DIED FOR OUR SINS

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From the Publisher

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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. Jesus died for your sins. Don't you feel guilty now? 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

OMFG. I am graduating. And that means that I don't have to edit Voo Doo anymore. Thank G-d and his son, Jesus Christ! The only problem with that, you see, is that in all likelihood no one will be editing Voo Doo next year, because Waffleman is sure as hell not doing it. He can't even use a fucking computer made after the year I was born to check his email. The unfortunate part about all this is that there may well not be another issue of Voo Doo. Ever. Or at least not next year. I feel like with out Voo Doo, The Institvte will suck just a little bit more. Without Voo Doo to push the bounds of campus free speech, The Institvte will probably go to hell in a hand-basket. Oh wait. It has already. Or at least that's what Waffleman says, and he's been here since the 90's, so he would know. Plus he's my pimp, so I would get beaten and deprived of free food if I said otherwise. Anyhow, the fact that Voo Doo may be swallowed by the jaws of The Institvte is why this issue is called "The Last Temptation of Voo Doo." I guess that has something to do with Jesus, but I wasn't raised Christian and as I've decided to become a Satan worshipper, I'm not exactly sure what it means. Also, as you can see, the crucifixion of Phosphorus T. Cat is depicted. If you can't tell who the other people are, maybe you should stop playing GTA and get involved on this campus, you lazy millennial.

We need a bright young soul to step up and do his/her/hir/its duty to The Institvte by editing Voo Doo! That means you (just imagine Uncle Sam pointing at YOU)! If interested email voodoo-exec@mit.edu with a letter of interest and resume. There will be an extensive interview process. Dress for business and stay sharp. Sense of humor is not required, although knowledge of InDesign is (funny that).

Anyway, as I am graduating and this is the last issue of Voo Doo I will ever edit, here is my advice to all you youngins who still have time to serve in this shithole. First of all, eat foods with fiber every day (or at least once a week). I've had more than a handful of friends end up with serious medical issues due to severe constipation. This issues include extended hospitalization, or, worse than that, anal bleeding. Next time you try to pass a grapefruit-sized lump of last week's meals, you'll thank me. Secondly, make sure that obscene/nude/drunken pictures of you don't end up on the facial book. Let's just say I have personal experience with that matter (ten points to the pervert who finds them). And lastly, take your GIRs early and often, just like birth control. I had to take bio with a bunch of overeager freshmen and a crazy

course administrator woman who screamed at the top of her lungs every time the exam time was up (as Dave Barry would say, I am not making this up, bitch). It was a truly dehumanizing experience. Worse than my weekly anal rapings from The Institvte.

Guess what, everyone! I was watching Star Trek TOS one night (surprise, surprise!). It was this really dumb episode, where Kirk, Spock and McCoy beam down to this planet that was a version of Rome, twentieth century style. Anyway, while Kirk was doing one of his voiceover captain's logs while being held captive, they showed a picture of MIT's Killian Court. Except it was MIT in the 60s! The trees and bushes were two-thirds of their current height! Omg. It was so weird.

By the way, anything Waffleman says about me in the letters to the editor is blatantly false. By the way, I wrote those letters, because Voo Doo readers are lame and we don't get letters. Ever. Actually, we got a real one this time, can you guess which one?

-SFA



LETTERS TO WAFFLEMAN

Dear Voo Doo,

Women won't date me. I keep asking them on dates, but they all say no. There are all these really hot sorority girls in my HASS-D. I've asked every single one of them out over email, but they've all said no. Now they won't sit next to me. I mean, maybe there's some other stuff I should mention. I kind of have a b.o. problem and I when I'm making a really good point during during class I often start drooling. How can I get women to like me?

Sincerely,
Adam Whitaker
Course 18
MIT '09

Dear Mr. Whitaker,

Have you thought of switching majors? It could be as simple as that, and your luck would change. I'm sure if you switched to something in the humanities, you would no longer be able to make relevant comments in class, and your drooling would go unnoticed. And, if on a lark you get lucky with some lass, which leads to lascivious lip lapping, your drooling could easily be passed off as the infamous "mouth orgasm." Those 21W babes will think you're exotic and expressive, exploding with passion from every orifice. And don't worry about the body odor, just tell them that you're experimenting with homelessness in order to understand the plight of those disposed under Bush's capitalist regime. A marxist gets all the chicks. But whatever you do, don't bother switching sides to get some play--no self respecting gay man would ever touch you.

Dear Voo Doo,

I'm on the swim team and I have to wear really tight bathing suits. The unfortunate thing is that all my pubic hair hangs out and I get so embarrassed that I always lose my swim races. I've tried waxing and shaving, but that gets so itchy that I have to scratch my crotch during class and people give me weird looks. What can I do to fix this problem?

Anonymous

Dear Sarah,

You should really get back to editing Voo Doo, rather than putting forth this desperate plea for attention. We all know what the itch between your legs is really about, and no amount of Vagisil will cure it (nor will long hours of deep dicking). I think it's about time you faced the facts: you aren't losing these races due to embarrassment, its the hundreds of tampons you've got lodged up there. You see, you're supposed to take them out when they're done, not just stuff a new one up there every month. They are absorbing all the pool water, creating a backwards suction that slows you down. And I think this also explains the itch. Who knows, maybe if you take them out, all those pubic hairs might no longer try to flea your vagina, and retract peaceably back into place.

A clean vagina is a happy vagina!

voo doo,

i believe that scientists at mit are working on ways to help satan get to earth. there are all theses predictions in the bible about the end times and they are all coming true. what can i

do to stop the scientists (aka fallen angels) and satan from reigning eternal over the earth? i know satan is really an alien and he is trying to get here in his photon powered spaceship. the scientists are helping him. i am so scared. i pray to jesus every five minutes, but he has not shown me the path to redeem the planet.

sincerely,
praying-to-christ-to-save-us-from-satan

Dear PTCTSUFS,

I hate to be the one to inform you of this, but it's a bit late to stop Satan from getting here--she was elected President of The Institote a few years back, and the reign of terror has begun. Haven't you noticed all the building expansions on campus, all the new administrators, the increasing class sizes, and the all too imminent new GIRs? The new Satanic Institote of Technology is here, and it all happened right under our very noses. All this talk of "community" and "liability" are really just watchwords for goat sacrifices and ritualistic cleansings. If you want to help stop this evil SIT, you should get up off your knees and stop praying to a god that was helpless to prevent this, and join the underground resistance over at Senior Haus. At their annual Steer Roast gathering, hidden under the phony pagan rituals of animal slaughter and orgies, a group of like minded individuals are working to remove this evil menace in our midst with a constant attack of loud music and enjoyment of life. For nothing weakens these "administrators" more than a student who forsakes "problem sets" to expand her consciousness and break free from the shackles of the millenial hordes who merely do the

bidding of the Great Satan. She can not win without her army.

Sacred cows make great hamburgers.

Hi,

There's this guy in my HASS class who smells really bad and keeps drooling. He's also sent me over 100 emails asking me to join him in the math lounge for tea. I've told him that I'm busy with sorority recruitment, but he keeps trying to sit next to me and asks me if I'm ever on zephyr. His stench makes me want to vomit. How do I get rid of him?

A Sorority Girl

Dear "Sorority" Girl,

I'm somewhat dubious that you're actually in a sorority, as I was pretty sure that it was part of most sororities' community outreach to sleep with the hapless males of The Institute. But, since honesty is rarely the best policy, I will see your lie, and raise you a few more. Tell him that your operating system is incompatible with zephyr, or that you were forbidden from entering the math lounge since the incident last fall where you mistakenly used a Lagrange multiplier in your Laplace transform. You see, you need to speak his language in order for him to understand. And things like vomiting on him, or swift kicks to the nuts, will merely be confused as flirtatious advances. You might want to try placing a dildo down your pants (and not in the way you usually do every night), and tell him you're really a guy. But, if all else fails, all you have to do is go on one date with him, take him back to a hotel room and tie him to the bed. This should be fairly easy to get away with, as long as you keep a straight face when you tell him that this is part of the normal heterosexual mating rituals performed by humans. Then just leave. He will choke on his drool in a matter minutes, and the

maid won't notice the difference between his rotting flesh and normal b.o. for quite some time - long enough for you to get the hell out of there and back to sucking your professor's cock for that. A you so desperately need to get into med school.

The path to salvation begins by getting down on your knees.

Dear Voo Doo,

Geez, what a cheerful fuckin' letter. Since you ask so nicely, here's a naturalist's field report that *is* funny, if you, you know, actually, like, read it. It doesn't have any drug-crazed, homicidal grad students, exploding robots, or fuck-monsters from the planet Garbage-tron, so I know it's not your usual line, but what the hell, somebody might like it anyway.

Oh, and a short comic strip. It has a cat making fun of a dog, so that's like, automatically funny, right?

Please don't kill yourself. It's only a fuckin' magazine. You're young, you're getting an excellent education at one of the world's elite universities. Someday you'll be a highly-trained engineer, working on something you couldn't explain to normal people at a bbq or dinner party if you had a blackboard, a set of powerpoint slides, a bottle of Grow-Small Juice, and a crowbar. You'll have tens of thousands of dollars in unpaid student loan debts, and you'll be working for the kind of C-minus dipwads you graduated a semester early from high school to get away from. Your manager will be a low-grade moron who hates you because he couldn't get into Muncie Tech, and he'll have you reporting all your work by telephone to a couple of teenagers in Bangalore who make fun of *your* accent.

Then you can kill yourself.

best wishes,
Momo Tegurian

P.S. You could even use this letter in the lettercol. So there's three submissions. Stop whining.

Dearest Momo,

Thank you for your submissions, although I would be remiss if I didn't point out the obvious contradiction in your claim that they are funny AND have no fuck-monsters or exploding robots. I'm not certain where you learned humor from, but it most certainly wasn't in this oversized men's locker room we like to call The Institute. And the only people who think cat and dog jokes are funny anymore are those uptight bastards at The New Yorker--so I suggest you make the cat a golfer and ship it to them--guaranteed publication! Sorry to hear that life after graduation is proving even more bleak than the four years you spent in this ass-raping machine, but really, suicide is not the answer, at least not before mowing down your coworkers with the nail gun you bought for renovating the attic for the little bundle of joy that's on the way. Hell, just say they were selling valuable trade secrets to the middle east--you'll probably end up with a gold star on your chest. Keeping oil prices down is everyone's job!

We're all sinners in the eyes of G-d.

Sincerely,
Phos

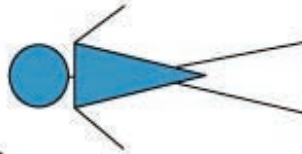
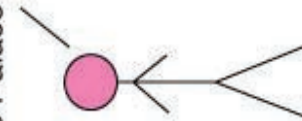
CARTOON NINJA



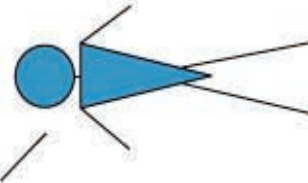
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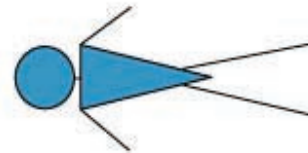
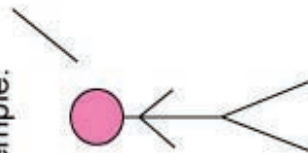
... so I had to get the batteries out of my vibrator to revive my wii remote in order to beat the Palace of Twilight.



Don't you feel a little bit pathetic for preferring video games over orgasms?



Yeah, but in my defense, I had already harvested the carbon monoxide detector for the Water Temple.





**WARNING: DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN
TO YOU.
ALWAYS BUY GUCCI.**

THE DAILY VOO DOO

MIT'S SECOND MOST
BLOATED AND OBNOXIOUS
NEWSPAPER

MENSTRUAL

ATOMIZER

DR. THEODOR YULETIDE
URGENT CARE

Greetings, brilliant students! It's Dr. Theodor Yuletide from Urgent Care. I'd like to call your attention to an emerging infectious disease that has knocked us off our feet here in the clinic. Students are advised to stay away from one another as the incubation period casts a shadow of uncertainty on who is actually infected.

Symptoms of the unnamed female condition include headache, fever, swollen lymph nodes, and an aerosol spray of blood from the vagina. The last symptom appears to be the mechanism of spreading; and spread it has. The twenty infected women were induced into their periods by what appears to be an odd partnership between Chlamydia and digestive bacterium *B. Flatus*.

“The Flatus feeds off the sugary by-product of Chlamydia,” Gynecologist Elba China remarked. “Flatus itself produces a whole lot of nitrogen through its metabolism.”

The first victim of the Red Spray was a senior from McCormick. “I was highly disappointed. My boyfriend and I were trying to conceive. It would have been a good plan for after school.” The victim, who wishes to remain anonymous, thought it was just her period, until she sprayed her friend in the face.

“We were doing that bananas-in-pajamas thing when I thought I heard a trumpet,” recalled the second victim, a suite-mate of the first. They cleaned up the blood and went to medical, where they found a very confused Nurse Sprundle.

“It was like that thing when you drop Mentos in Diet Coke. But this was like Cherry Coke.” The nurse did not know what to do. “I guess it was more like Mentos and Hawaiian Punch.”

Since the first infection, eighteen other girls from McCormick Hall had airborne periods. Residents have called it the “horn of Gondor,” for the sound it makes.

One course six victim feels that the disease has given her a sense of community. “I have hundreds of friends on Facebook, but I've sprayed only four of them.” The 19-year-old Freshman thought she would work at a web 2.0 start-up for the summer but has recently decided against it. “Facebook doesn't know who my real friends are.”

The Red Spray is highly contagious, but immediately curable with a course of mild antibiotics. Men are asymptomatic and potential vectors. The residents of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity have been placed on a prophylactic regiment of trimethoprim-sulfamethoxazole, an antibiotic that shows up in seminal fluid.

“We'll cure them,” said an unnamed brother.

Don't hesitate to come by urgent care if you are unsure of symptoms.

TANG MASTURBATES THREE TIMES A DAY; PSYCHOLOGISTS WORRY FOR HER LIFE

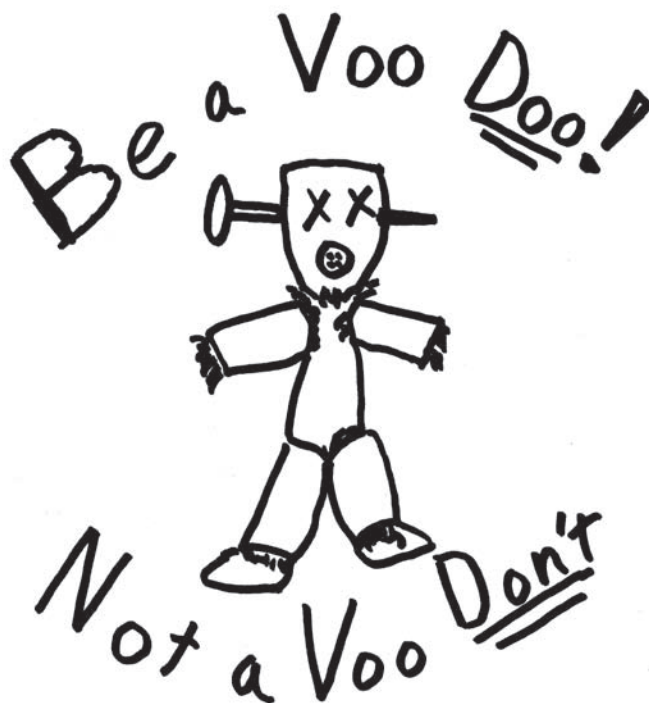
PHOSPHORUS T. CAT
NEWS EDITOR

Now out on bail and under house arrest, Anna Tang, who made headlines by allegedly stabbing her ex-boyfriend last October, has psychologists very worried. It has been reported that she masturbates over three times each day, sometimes for hours. Wow! These GPS tracking bracelets know everything! Based on past experience, psychologists are now worried that if she and herself ever have any disagreements, it may result in bloody massacre. So watch out! Don't wear a newly cleaned lab coat around her. And if you come across Anna Tang masturbating, please please be very very nice to her.

MIT SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING DEEMED WORST IN REGION

PHOSPHORUS T. CAT
NEWS EDITOR

MIT Synchro concluded their season with a last place finish at the East Regional meet in upstate NY. This surpasses their second-to-last finish at the Wheaton Invitational last February. MIT may possibly be the worst team in New England, except for the elusive three-member Rhode Island University synchronized swimming team, which occasionally makes appearances in the region. The team president complains that "because of our low status, we have a hard time getting pool time, so we sometimes have to resort to holding practice in the sauna." Yet despite their low placement at meets, the MIT Synchro teams appears to be wildly popular. As summed up by the team captain, "We may finish last, but we still have a fuckton more fun than anybody else!"



MIT'S NEW BATHROOM POSTERING CAMPAIGN:

Big Beaver



is Watching
You!!

Wash your hands

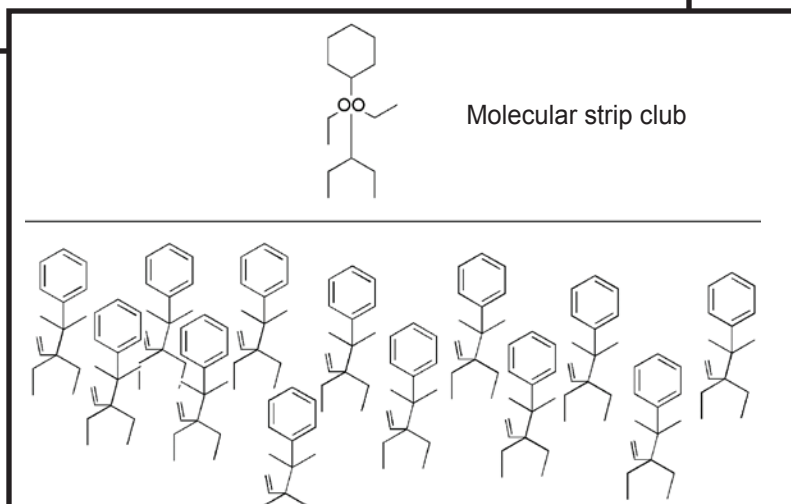
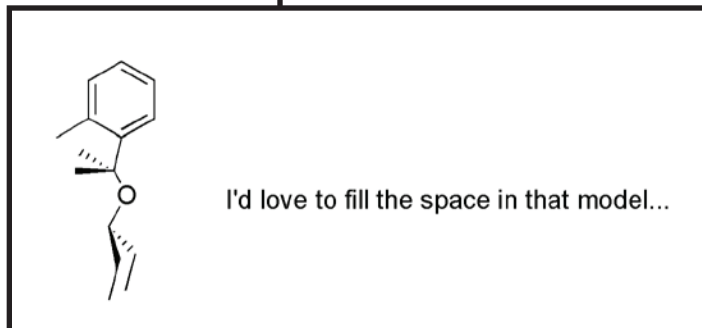
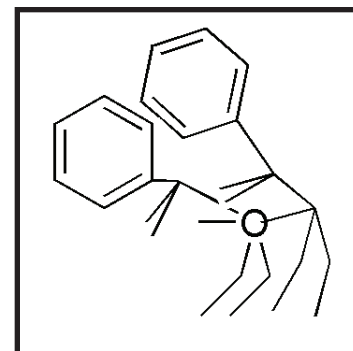
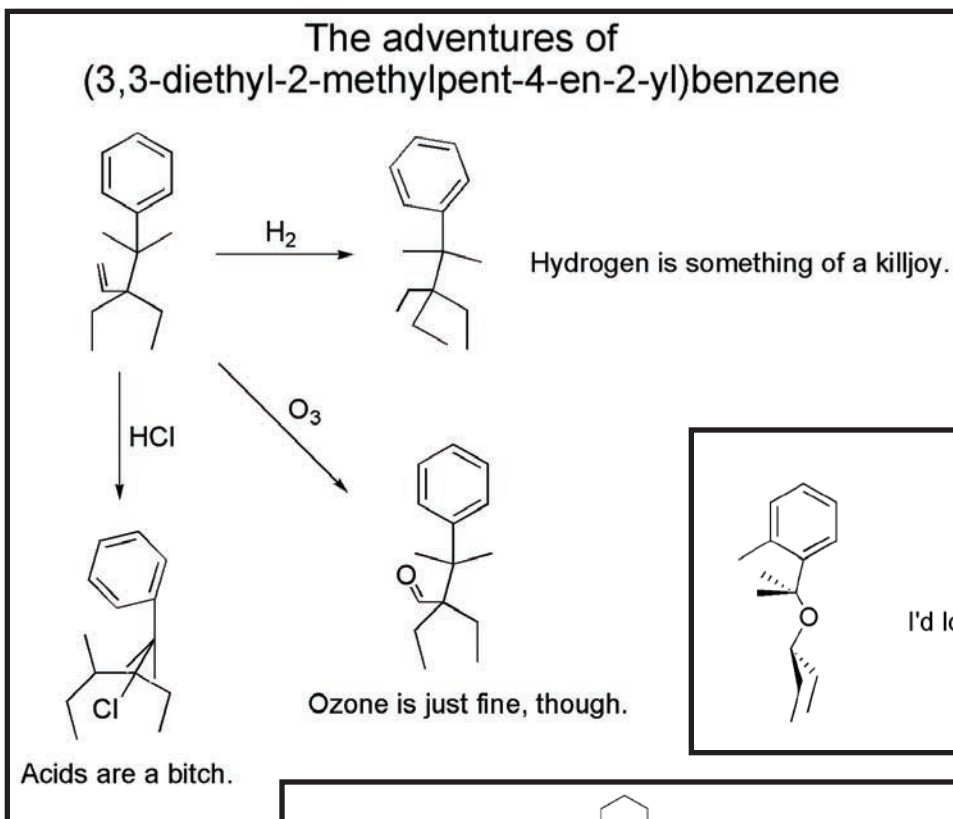
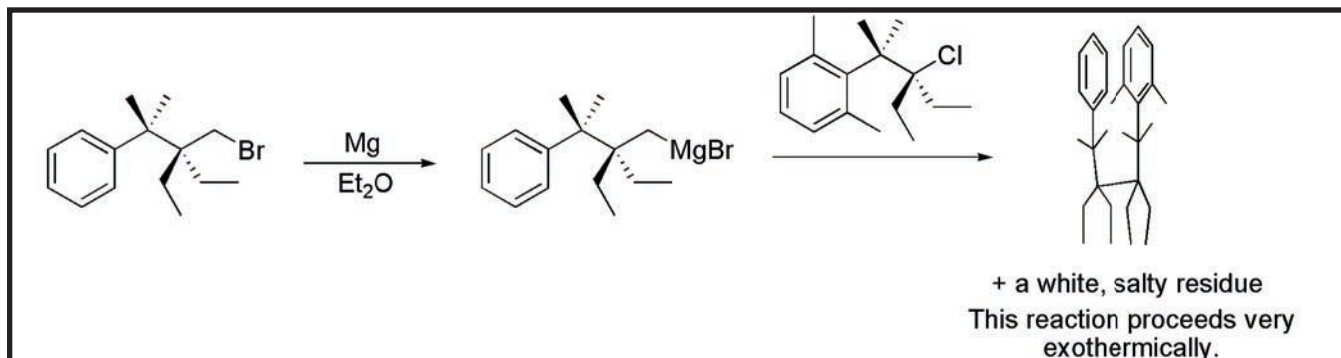
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Voo Doo Loves CHEMISTRY



iADVENTURES!



an OBSERVATION



SISYPHUS AT WORK



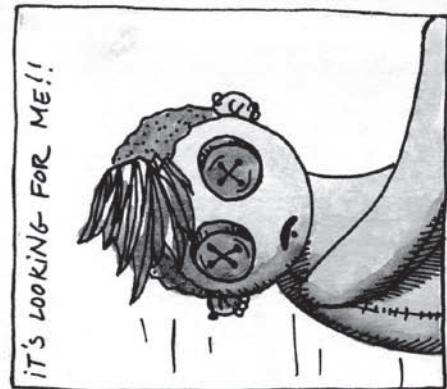
Sisyphus does the DISHES!



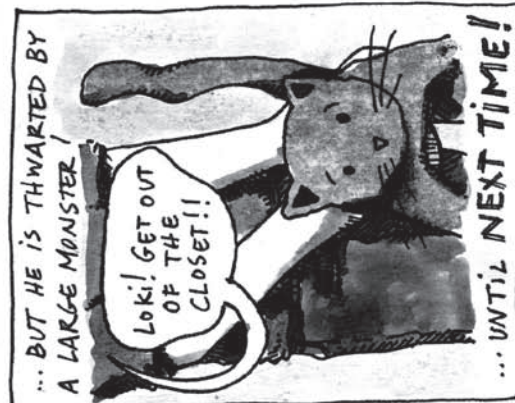
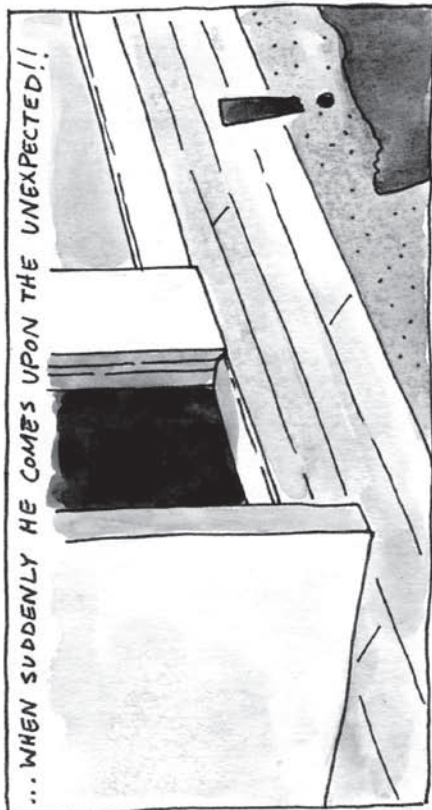
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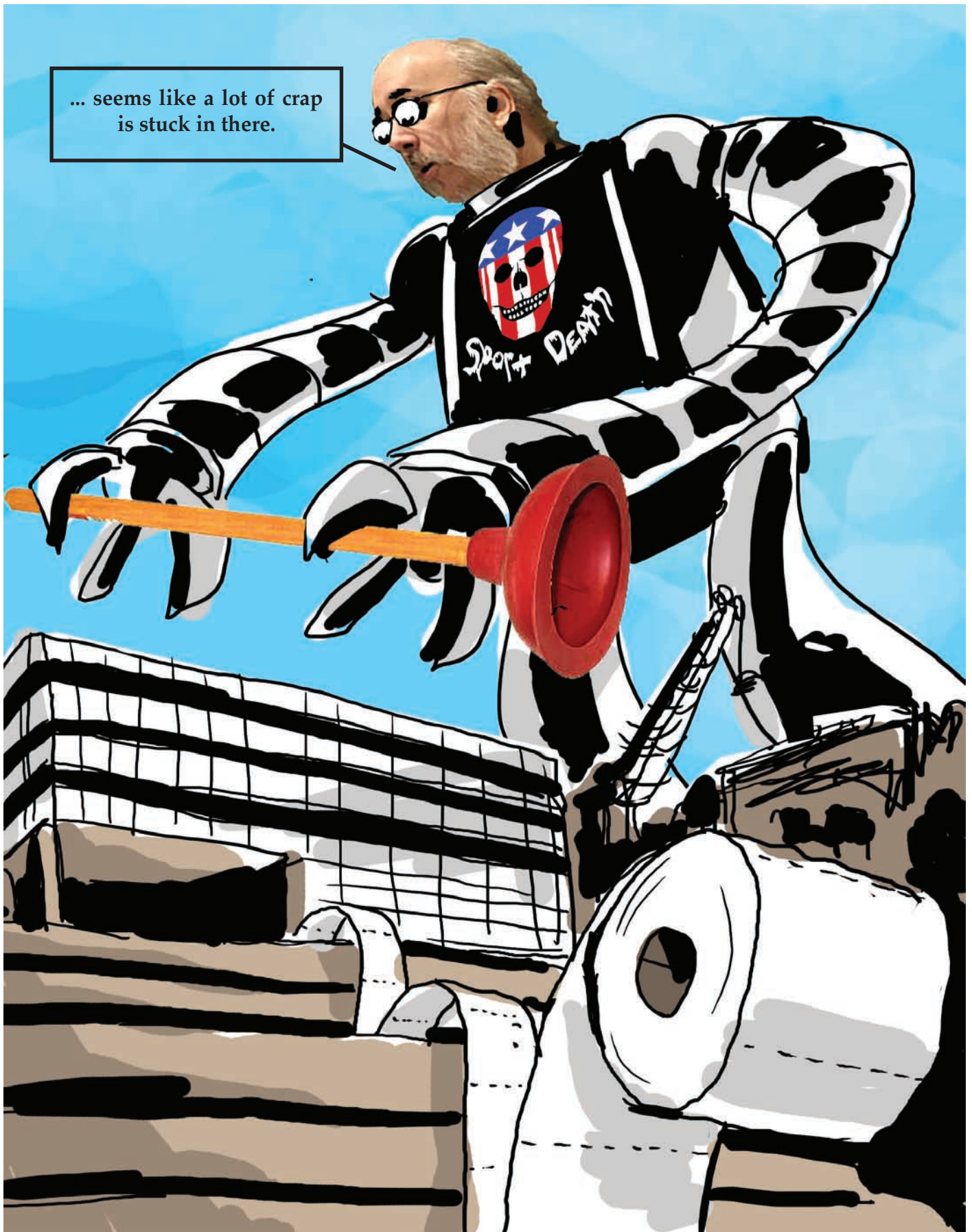


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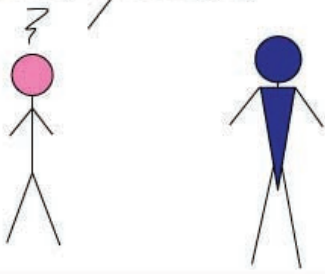


the GUARD CAT IN ADVENTURE LAND

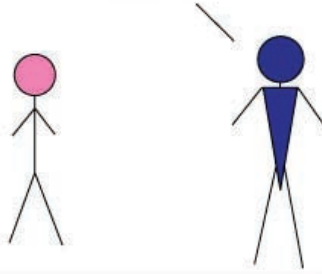




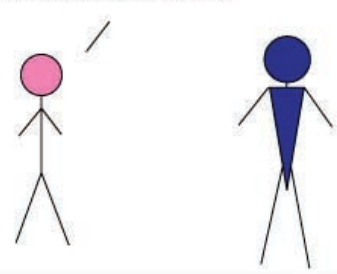
Ugh. All these guys I don't know at work keep stopping by my cube to chat. They keep interrupting what I'm doing - it's so annoying!



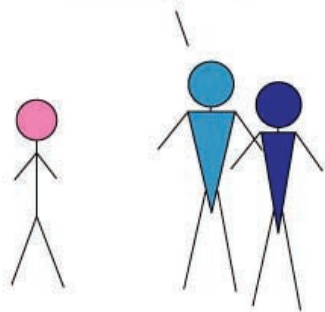
Huh. That must be totally ruining your productivity.



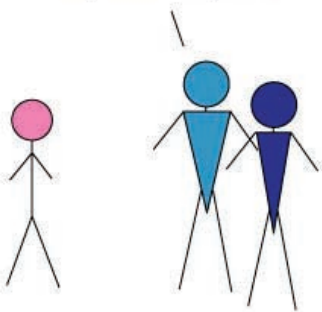
Tell me about it! I'm too afraid to read the comics now so I get twice as much work done, but I still get paid the same.



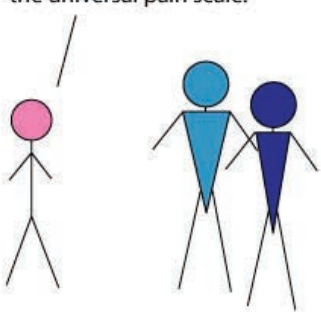
Hey Emily, can you resolve something for us?



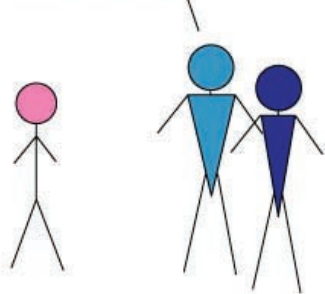
Can a girl feel it when a guy orgasms during sex?



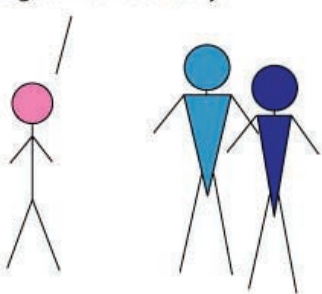
Yeah. It's when you hit a 6 on the universal pain scale.



You know, some studies have shown women actually enjoy sex more than men.



I think the 70% of women who are unable to orgasm during sex would disagree with that study.

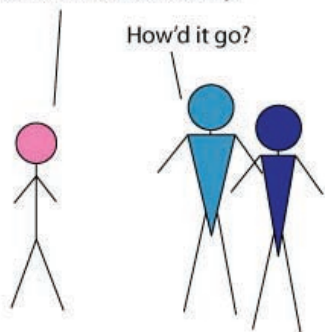


God, you are such a downer - there's always cunnilingus. Have you ever considered that you might be a lesbian?

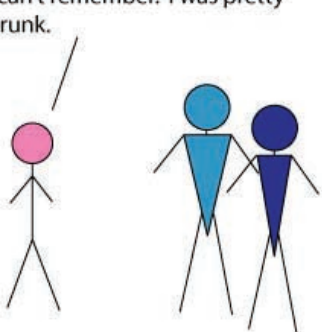


Yeah, I tried that already.

How'd it go?

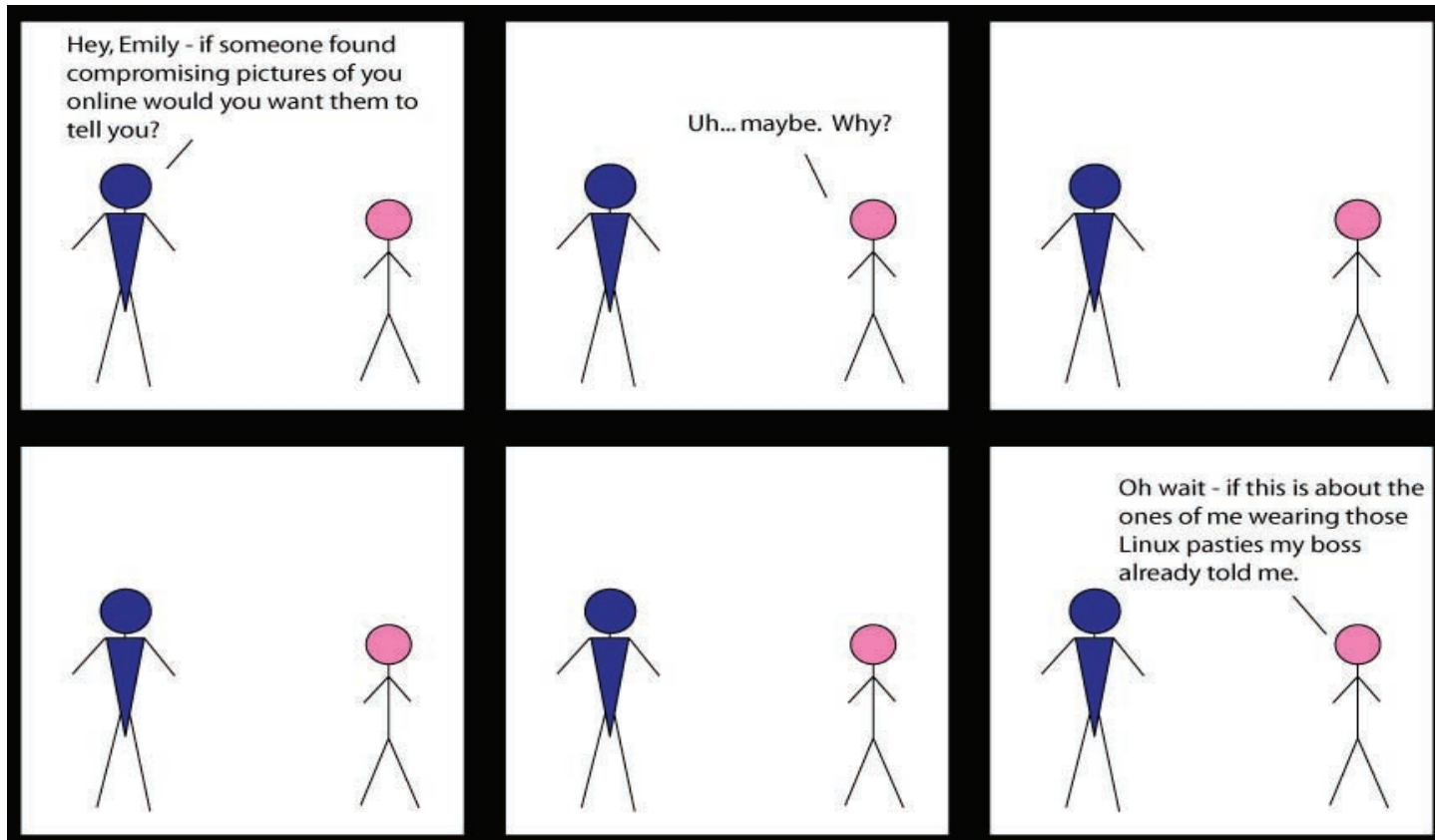
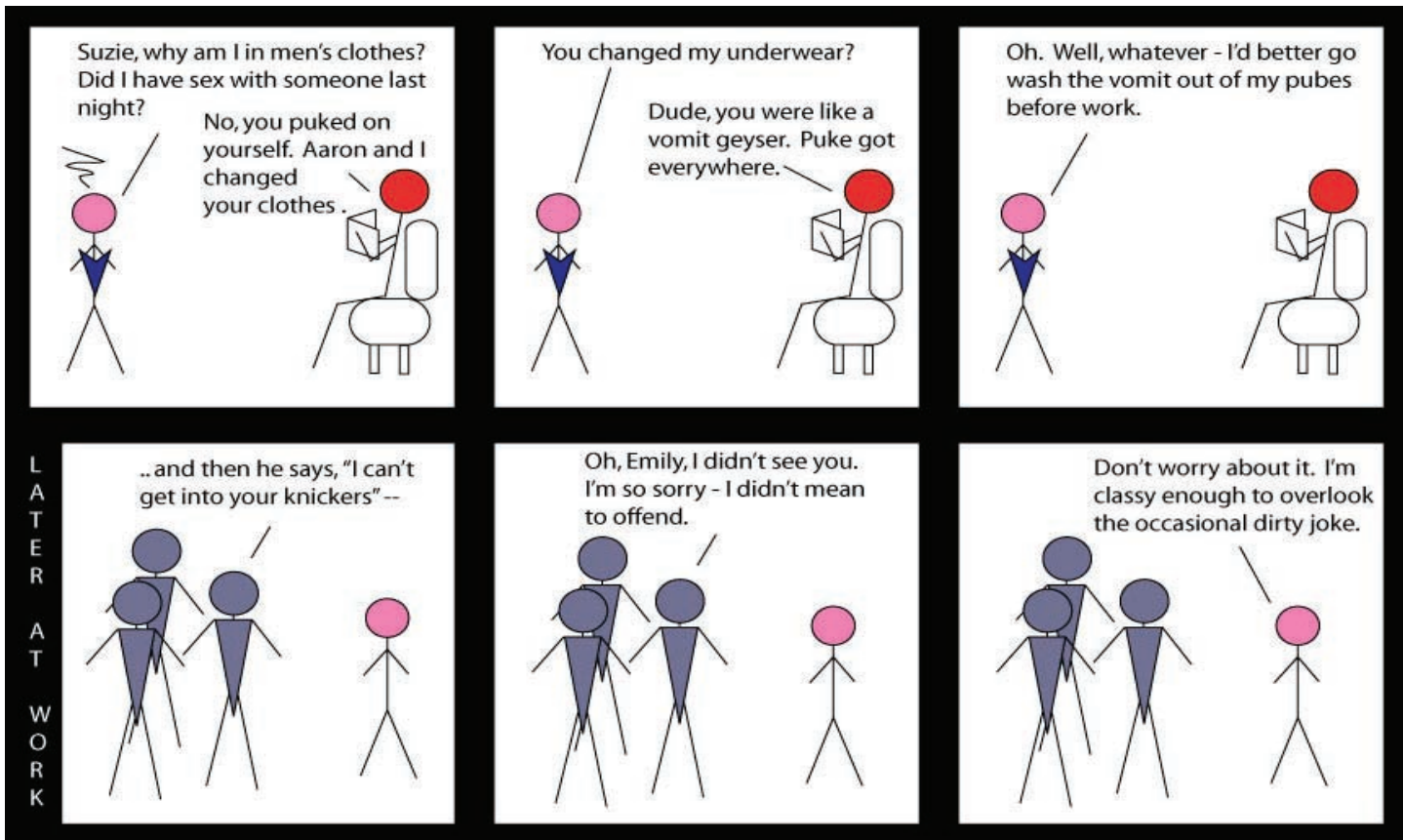


I can't remember. I was pretty drunk.



Maybe you should try again.





Voo Doo
CENSORED

We will protect you from yourselves.



Sorry, Nick and Beth...

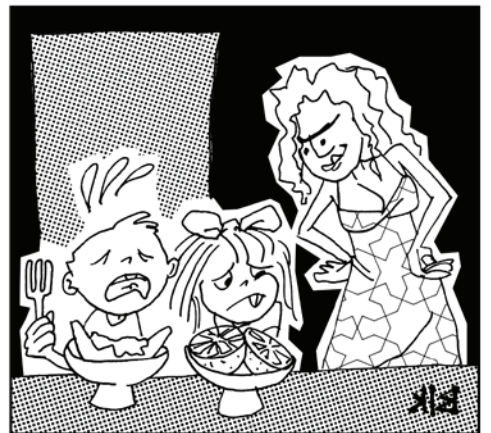
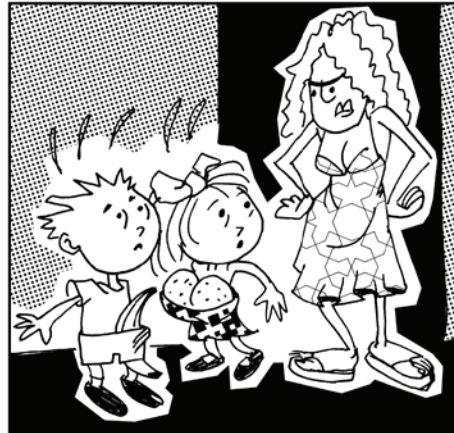
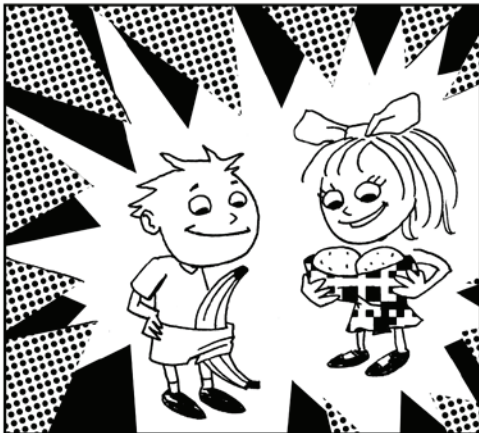
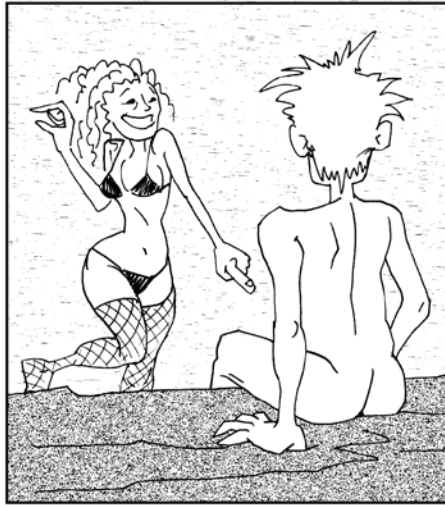
Men De Lay-Eve Productions Presents:

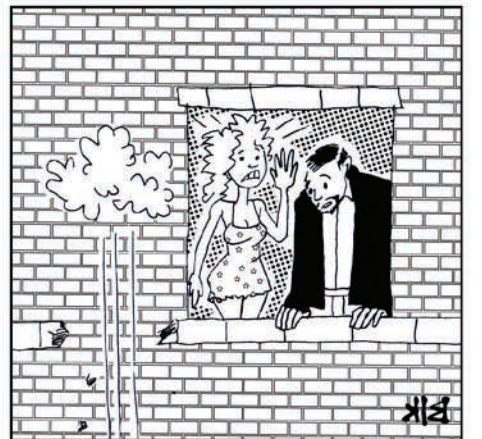
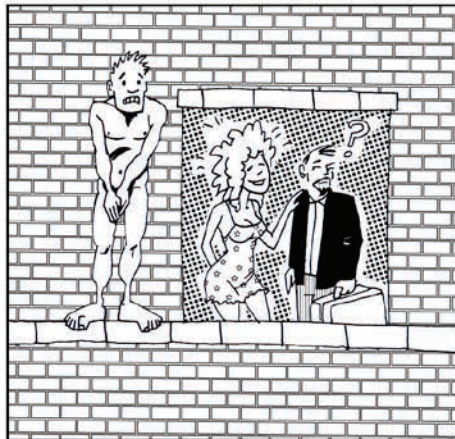
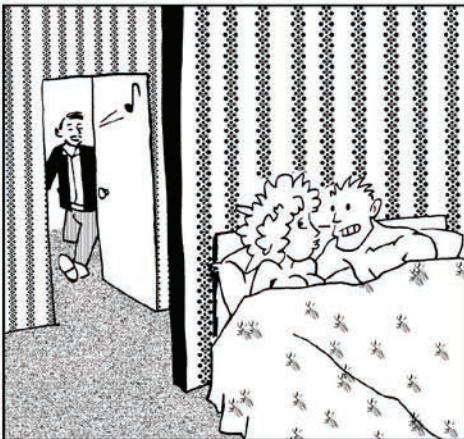
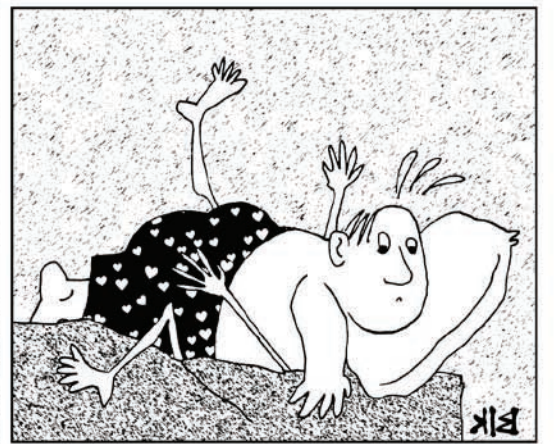
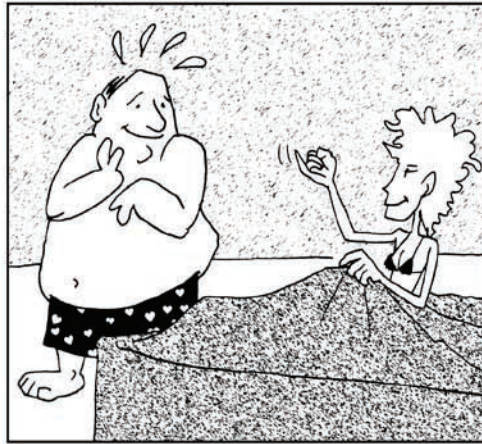
Noble Asses

Starring Heli Yum and Ray Don



*From the Creators of:
Pee Orbital
and
Double-D Orbital*





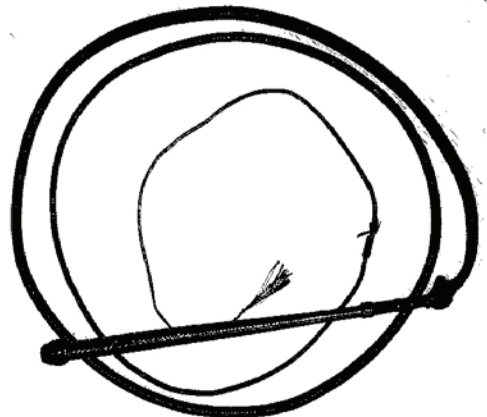
**THE SEARCH FOR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
INTERCOURSE PRESENTS:
CHANDRA X-RATED OBSERVATORY**



**FROM THE CREATORS OF:
CRAB NEBULA
WHITE DWARFS, BLACK HOLES
INFRARED SEXTROSCOPY**

**FEATURING BRIGHT NEW STARS:
AURORA BORE-ANUS,
CONNIE STELLATION, AND
LOU NARECLIPSE**

**SUBMIT TO
VOO DOO!**



A WARNING FROM IS&T:

Dear MIT Faculty Staff and Students,
There has been a recent increase in the number of spam solicitations for money. The following email has been extremely common and has duped a number of MIT community members. We are passing it along for your protection. Please do not fall victim to this clever ruse.

Greetings Earthling,

I am Stellar Engineer Luuchnab Gnahrstron, a Superior Phnorlaax of the entity your puny carbon-based intelligence would know as the Alpha Centauri Galactic Fusion Corporation (GGXPT). I am contacting you on this business of transferring the quantity of 35 THIRTY FIVE MILLION PLUTONIUM TURKEY SANDWICH only into a safe planetary orbit and the need is very urgent.

I extracted your contact information from weak radio frequency transmissions recovered in our five parsec remote antenna array and recommendation from Earth-based Chamber of Commerce codename HITLER and it is with solely non-reptilian trust that made me to contact you on this matter. Indeed I assure you none here is of lizard form nor consumes mammals of any kind.

I transmit to solicit for the immediate warp deposition of this valuable Terran commodity PLUTONIUM SANDWICH to your solar system. These SANDWICH was generated from an over supply of viable eggs from enslaved race Khootleevbe in my corporation (GGXPT) fusion star harvest mines of Tastrond. I am hypermodulating to you for your assistance and partnership for the following two reasons:

1. As a Superior Phnorlaax, I am not permitted to be contaminated with inferior proteins due to Stellar Service code of conduct.

2. My present neural processing tank resources as a stellar engineer will not be sufficient for me to handle the warp deposition alone successfully without embryonic stem cell assistance from a reliable harvesting partner on an unirradiated extragalactic planet. 20% of this sum would be entrusted to you as compensation in using your stable solar orbit in transferring this material, 5% would be used to defray the expenses made by both parties during the processing of the transferring which in-

clude gravity well tariffs, abduction expenses and anal probes. While 75% is within my glorious and invincible dominion.

Please note that I will arrange to meet with and dissect you immediately after the successful conclusion of the wormhole transfer, the 75% share of mine will be used for investment in further inhabited star systems. Your assistance and co-operation is highly needed despite your primitive evolution. I assure you that this transaction is 100% free of risk to you or your civilization.

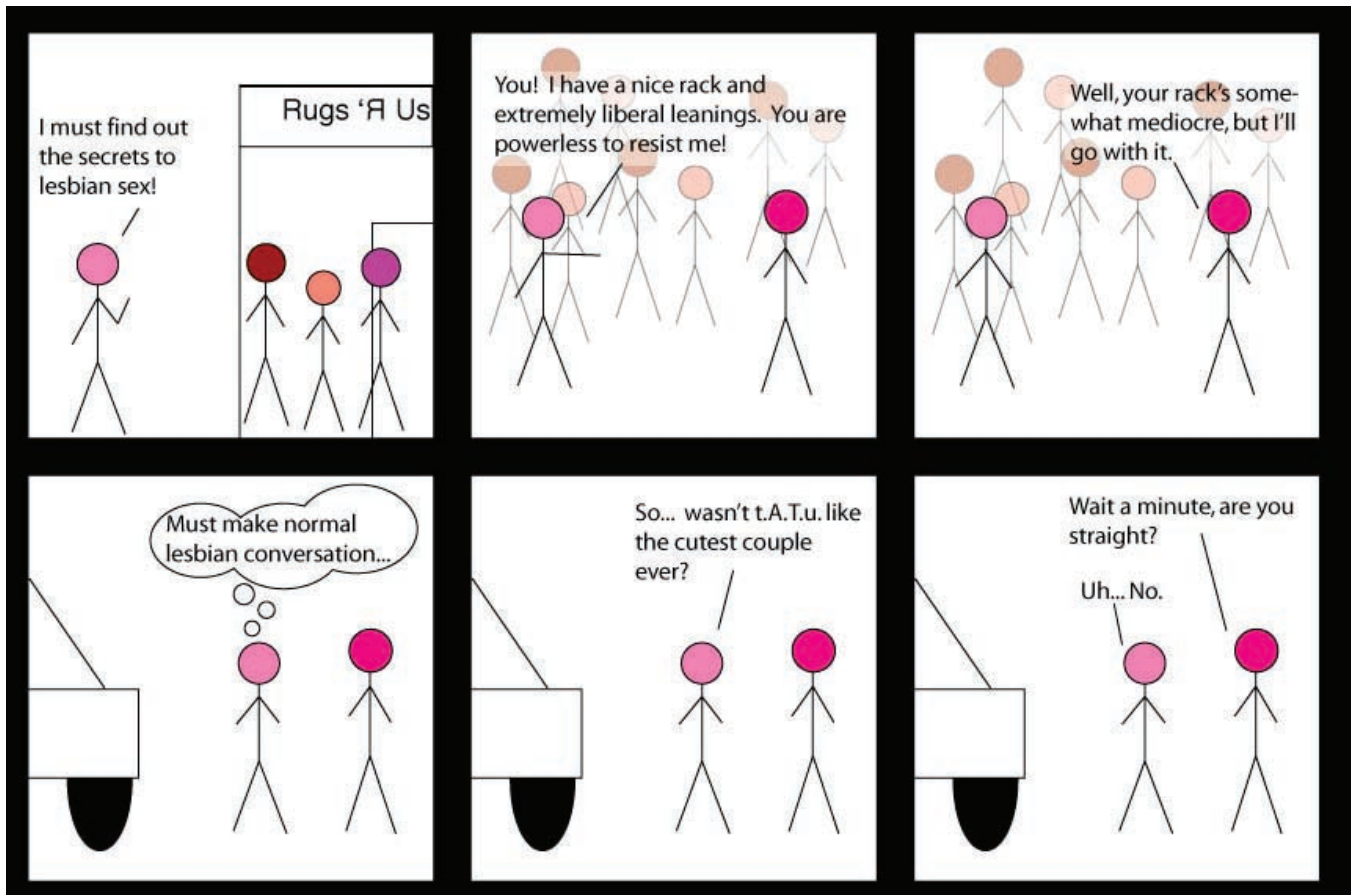
If you are interested I will require your planetary overlord information as mentioned below:

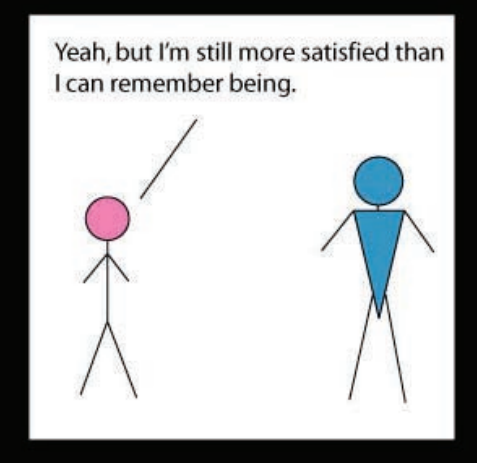
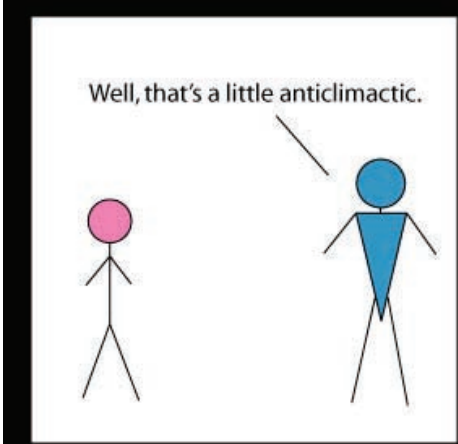
1. Name to be used as beneficiary and beneficiary's address, translated into universal Phlondrutian.
2. Your private and confidential sub-ether/hyperwave frequency(s)
3. Your human fetus processing facility name, size class and sub-ether/hyperwave frequency(s).
4. Or if you are not comfortable with providing your existing processing facility, you can within the shortest possible time, confidentially construct an entirely new (Virgin Sacrifice) facility for the transaction. I would prefer this arrangement.

I hope to conclude this business with you within the next fourteen- (14) pulsar DXQ653791 revolutions. Awaiting to your anticipated and urgent positive response immediately your worthless protoplasm can manage.

Submit or be exterminated!

Superior Phnorlaax Luuchnab Gnahrstron





MIT IN THE MOVIES VERSUS MIT IN REAL LIFE

IRON MAN

Tony Stark: A brilliant playboy inventor is captured, tortured, invents a robotic suit, escapes and saves the day in about 2.5 hours.

You: You spent 2.5 months building a robot for 2.007 that still doesn't work, you think that 6.UAT lecture is torture, and the last person to call you brilliant was your mom.

Reality Check: Tony Stark did not get the girl, and most likely neither will you.

21

Ben Campbell: Brilliant math whiz kid who gets involved in counting cards, wins lots of money, gets the girl, loses all his money, but still gets to go to Harvard Medical School for free.

You: Brilliant math whiz kid who plays online poker all day, does the girl's homework for her, and was most likely rejected from Harvard.

Reality Check: You both almost nearly didn't graduate because of the HASS requirement.

GHOST BUSTERS

Egon Spengler: Course 8 PhD who collects spores, molds and fungus

You: Course 8 PhD whose laundry collects spores, molds and fungus

Reality Check: “I think this building should be condemned. There's serious metal fatigue in all the load-bearing members, the wiring is substandard, it's completely inadequate for our power needs, and the neighborhood is like a demilitarized zone.” You had similar thoughts when you first moved into Simons.

ARMAGEDDON

Rockhound: Psychotic genius with a PhD in courses 5 and 12 who borrowed a ton of money hoping the world would end before he would have to repay it.

You: Borrowed a ton in loans to go to school and hope the world will end before you have to repay them.

Reality Check: Long after you graduate people will still call you by your athena login.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND

John Nash: Math genius with mental illness wins Nobel prize in economics and marries one of his students

You: Course 18 student with ADD who once made a pass at your grader through a problem set.

Reality Check: Schizophrenia was cool until the 90's

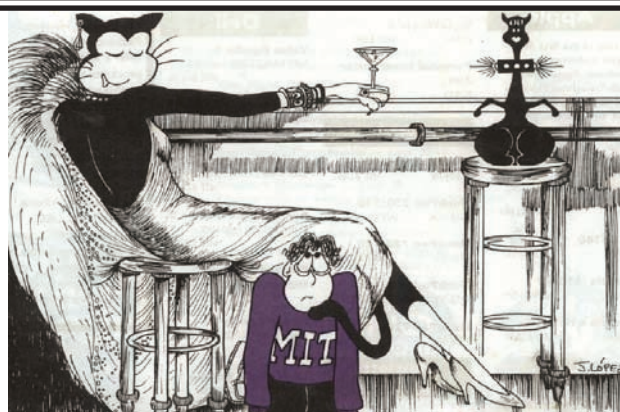
CONTACT

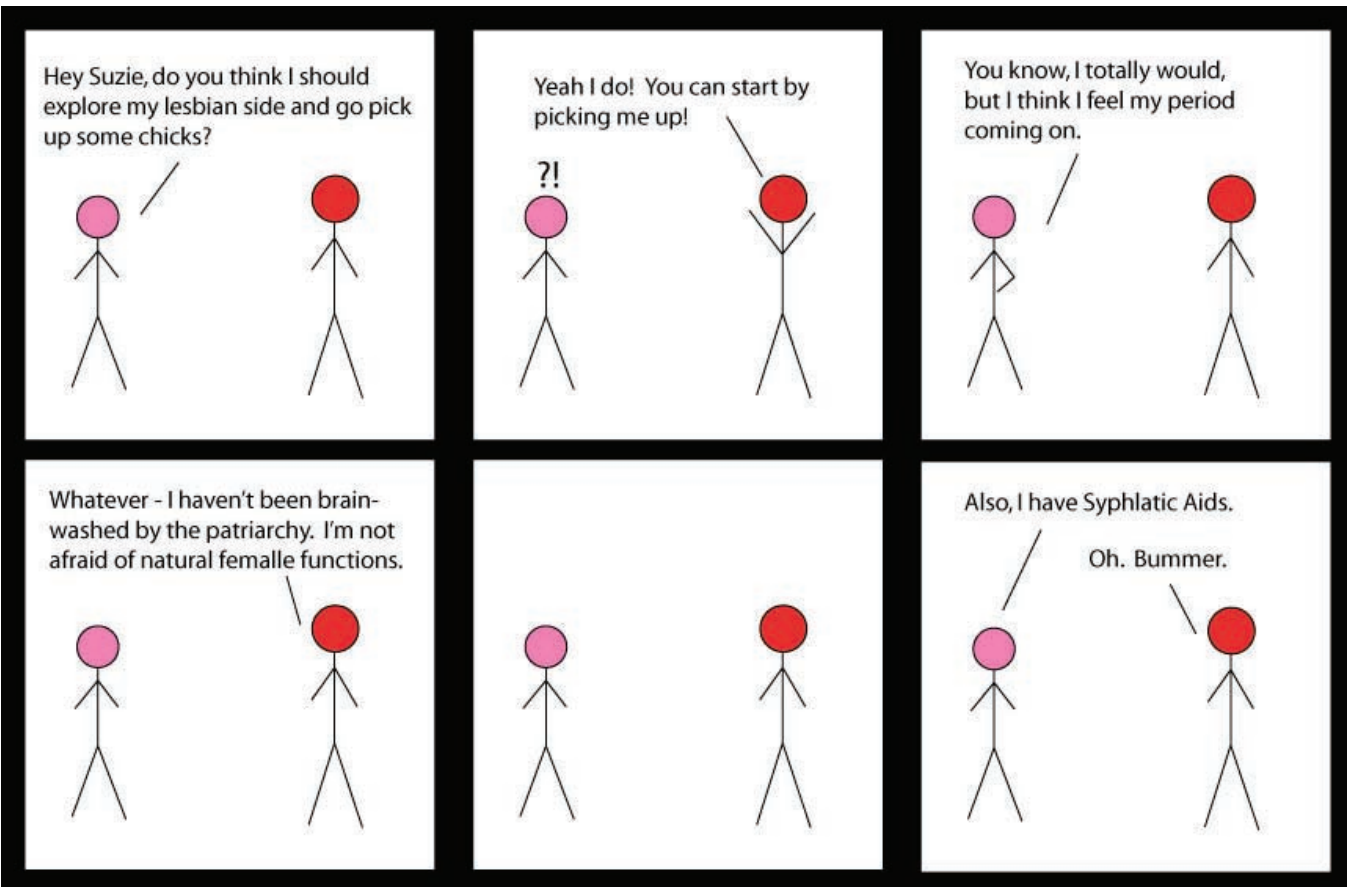
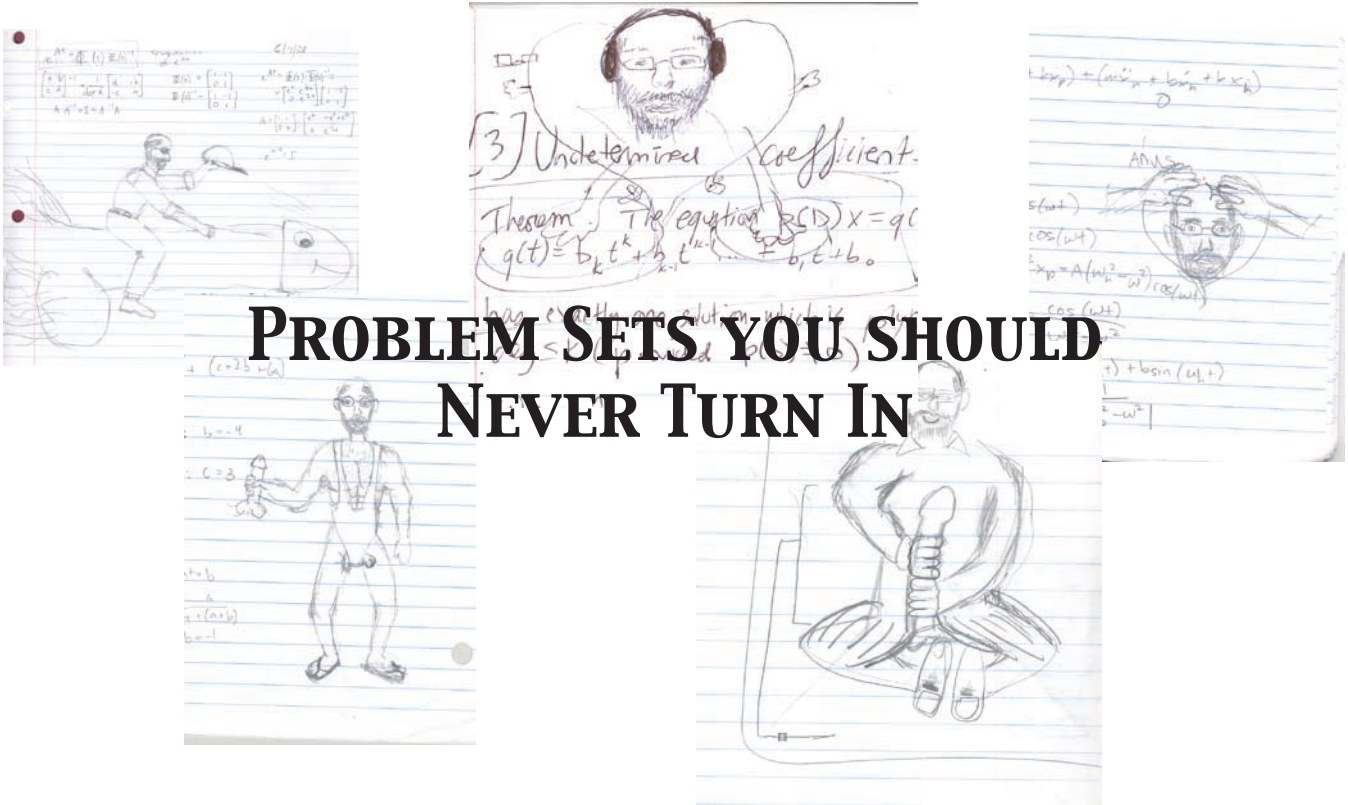
Ellie Arroway: SETI researcher whose life journey culminates in 18 minutes aboard a multi-billion dollar 3-axis trainer.

You: Run SETI At Home on your computer and rode one of those things at East Campus and vomited afterwards. Life's journey will culminate in 18 minutes of awkward fondling followed by 2 minutes of awkward sex.

Reality Check: Therapy is way cheaper than visiting alien civilizations to deal with your abandonment issues.

SUBMIT TO VOO DOO!





On the Elasticity of Pubic Hair

John Doe

Department of Material Science, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA

(Dated: April 1, 2008)

We present experimental considerations for measuring the elasticity of pubic hair. We first address the issue of sample collection and preparation. Secondly, we formulate important experimental and practical questions. Lastly, we conclude with several bold theoretical predictions.

PACS numbers:

I. INTRODUCTION

Unlike hair found on ones head, back or ass, pubic hair has the natural tendency to wind in an upward spiral during growth. Affectionately referred to as *curlies*, these little fuckers have the remarkable property of restoring their shape after temporary deformation. Such a restoring force suggests *curlies* resist all sorts of strain, including torsion, stretching and bending. Indeed these elastic properties could have engineering applications, especially in the area of micro-fluidics eg. the coupling with viscoelastic fluids. Unfortunately, however, the applications do not scale to structural sizes. Indeed, human strength dwarfs the elastic restoring force of pubic hair as evident by the lack of scratching, cutting and bruising one would expect to observe in the oral region of men and women after performing sexual favors. We proceed to outline exactly how one might acquire and test the elastic properties of these little guys, as well as some potential pitfalls along the way.

II. SAMPLES

As with any materials experiment, one requires pure samples. Although some may disagree, a females attention to detail implies that woman manufacture and groom such flawless specimens. Hence, the problem becomes one of acquire a woman’s pubic hair. The easiest approach is simply to ask, but ask nicely and do not forget the *please* and *thank-you*. One may wish to prepare for the worst, such as a slap in the face or a kick in the pants. Even upon the recruitment of a willing donor, there are addition difficulties. For example, there is the devastating response *I just shaved this morning*, or the unfortunate *it’s that position of the moon*. When request fails, one should hire a graduate student. As a morning routine, send the graduate student to comb over the women’s dorm for lost hairs.

III. EXPERIMENT

We propose to study the effects of two independent variables: color and temperature. Although natural pu-

bic hair color variation is small, we do expect deviations in elastic properties. Specifically, one should seek samples in black, brown, blonde and the oh so elusive red. If one has difficulty locating more exotic colors, we suggest following the heuristic *does the carpet match the drapes*. We do not, however, recommend pursuing grey colored drapes.

Secondly, we propose to study temperature. As with all elasticity, Young’s modulus exhibits a strong temperature dependence. To thoroughly understand the elastic properties of pubic hair, we suggest sampling the full temperature spectrum. Start for example with hot - that is, the really hot girls typically found at the beach, bar or gym. Move on to warm, ie. the warm motherly figures one might find in a library. These specimens typically wear glasses, no makeup, and may appear slightly pudgy. Continue down the spectrum to cool. In particular, cool girls: the amicable, smiling, laid back ones everyone likes. Lastly, test several cold samples, ie. from the cold, local bitch who appears to have sand in her vagina.

IV. PREDICTIONS

We remind the reader that the mass coupling of elastic material, such as hair, leads to the formation of a deformable field. Such deformations of course propagate as waves. In our case, to observe such waves, one needs a large, entangle collection of pubic hair, or in other words a *muff*. These hotly debated *muffin waves* may be located in hairy women, for example, those showing signs of a mustache. Of particular interest is the wave speed propagation and the characteristic energy dissipation length.

Red, being the color of a so called *ginger kid*, typically implies spunky and mischievous. We therefore, expect red hairs to exhibit strong elastic constants. In addition, common intuition implies an increase in Young’s modulus at low temperatures. We therefore predict cold hairs to have a stiff, rigid, even brittle behavior.

V. CONCLUSIONS

Do not go down on a cold red head.

Voo Doo HUMOR CONTEST!

Voo Doo Editor, Sarah Ackley, is this semester's winner of last semesters Voo Doo Humor contest! Guess what? She gets to lay out Voo Doo.



WHAT I WISH I WROTE FOR MY THESIS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

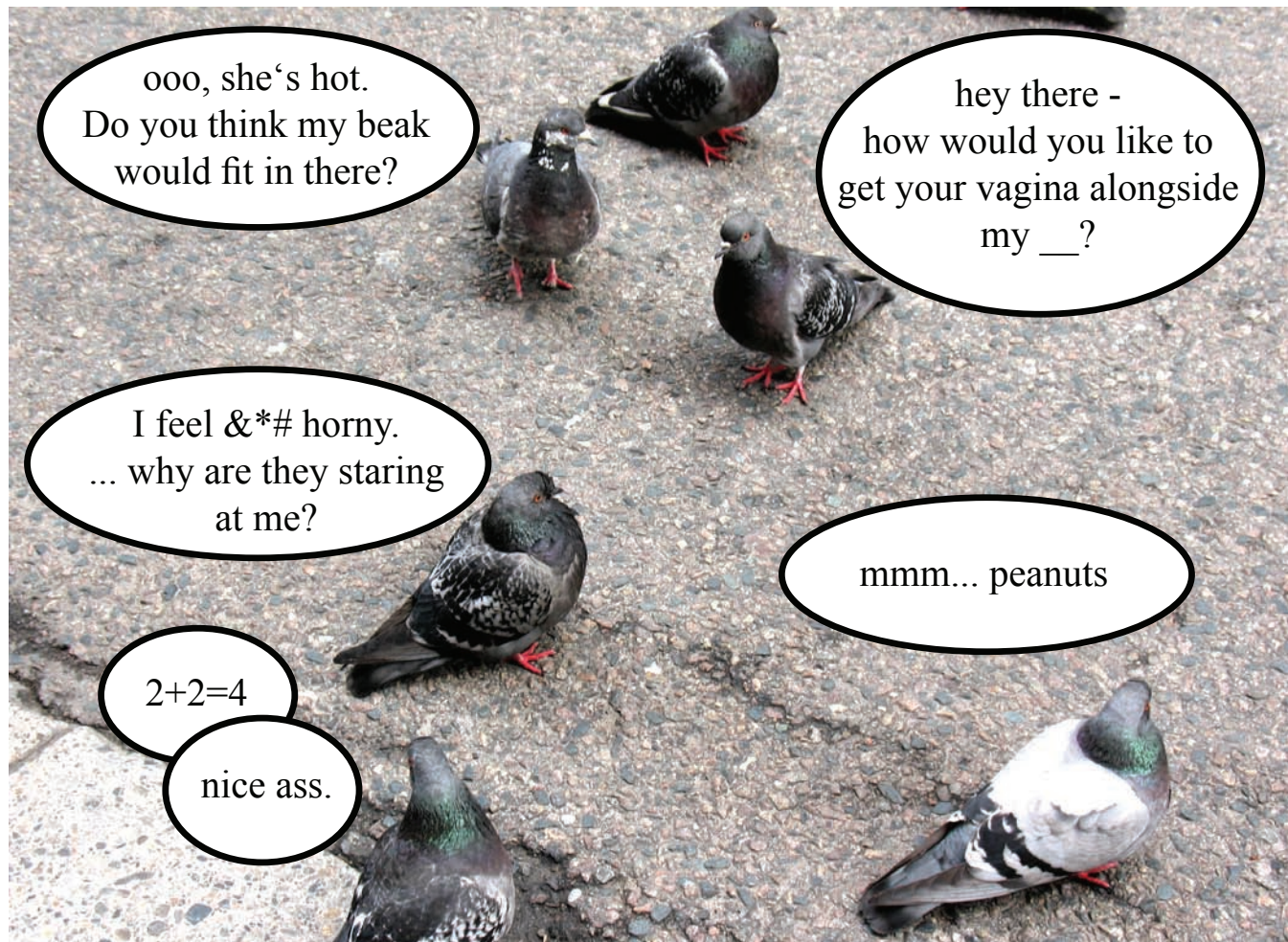
First of all, I'd like to thank Senior Haus for your ever present distractions and debauchery. Without you, I would have been a wholesome west campus type kid, unable to think outside of the box and generate the brilliant ideas published herein. Granted, that box was usually an athena cluster, but it was important to think outside of it nonetheless. Also, if it wasn't for the haus stereo blasting at all hours, I may have actually slept some time in the past four years, and think of all the tooling I would have missed out on then. And a special thank you to the self serving fuckers who kept stealing my food--you maintained my slim and girlish figure, which would have otherwise ballooned out due to sitting on my ass in front of a computer for twenty hours a day.

I would also like to thank Satan, blessed be his name, for purchasing my soul, so that I would have the skills necessary to complete the project. I was a bit concerned that my soul would not be worth much to Satan, but then I heard that he had already purchased most of the upper level administration, and I figured times must be tight for the old pointy tailed fellow. Hell, I even got a twelve-year-old boy out of the deal. The boy wasn't very useful for this thesis, but you should see how nicely he fits inside an old dorm fridge.

I would like to thank Voo Doo for making me laugh so hard my spleen burst. Those three weeks in medical were the only break I've had these past four years, and I was fully excused from finals. The next time the going gets rough, I'm going to stab myself in the eye and let the deans take all my pain away.

Latex. Omg. Latex. I heart you. Without you I'd have to use goddamn Microsoft Word and write my own fucking table of contents. And on a similar note, without latex I probably would have gotten pregnant, had to move in with my parents, and would be filling out welfare applications rather than grant applications (both of which have a lot in common--just replace "dependent child" with "grad student"). And on another related note, I'd like to thank KY for making it easier to take it night after night from The Institute. The Jack Daniels and Smirnoff helped in that respect as well. As did the crack, and the nitrous, and the heroin, and the amphetamines, and the marijuana, and the opium, and the ether, and the . . .

Finally, thank you to The Institute--you've changed me forever.



Integration by Parts Studios

Presents:

Fundamental Theorem of Cunnilingus



From the Creators of:

- Fermat's Last Threesome
- The Pythagorean Threesome
- Non-Newtonian Fluids
- Stoned-Sex Penetration Theorem
- The Rimming Hypothesis
- Oil's Her Method
- Statistical Spread
- Sexperimental Error

Starring

Polly Nomial, Al Gebra, and Al G. Rhythm



ILLEGAL SEAFOODS
TRUST ME, IT WON'T GET BETTER