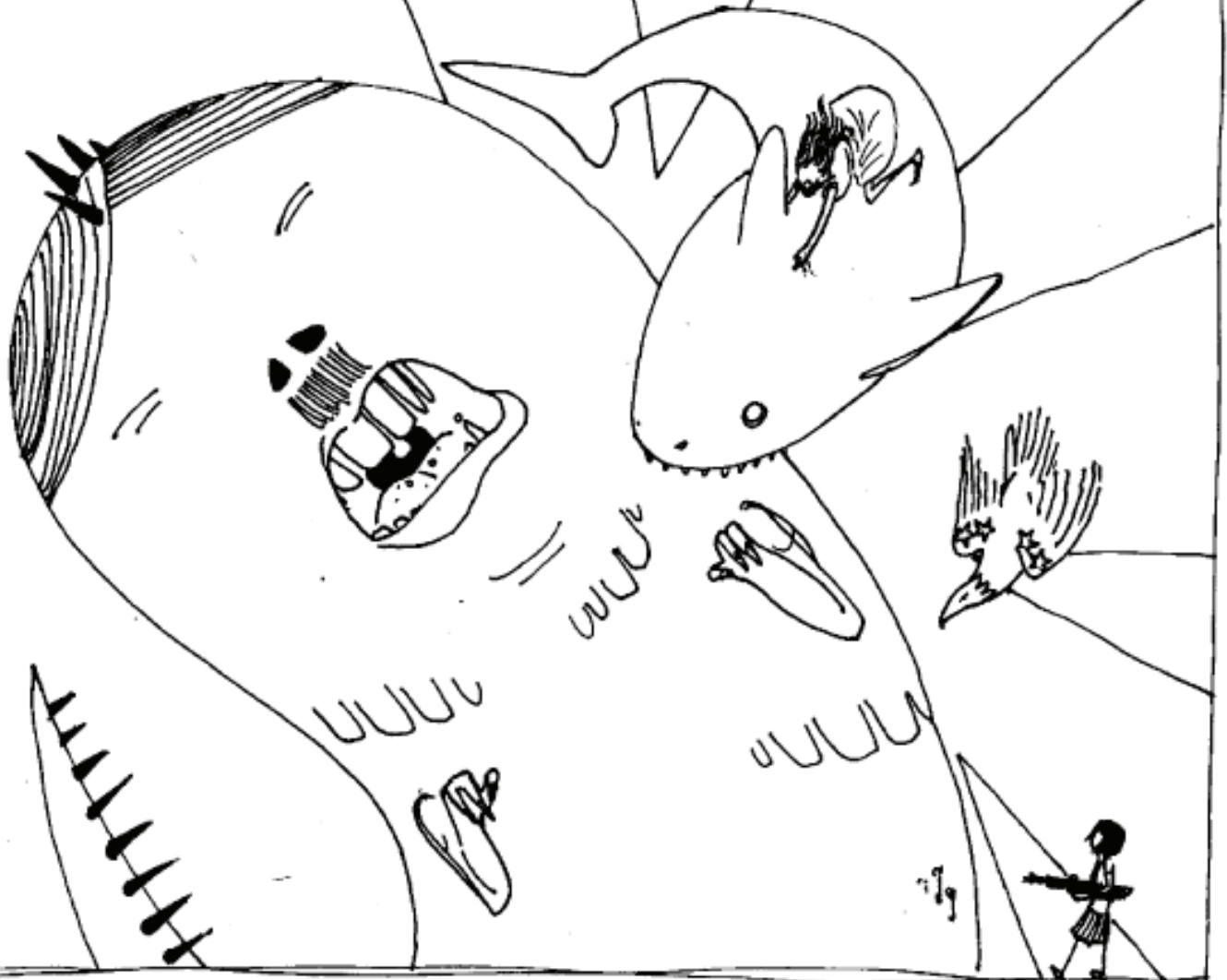


V

O

O

Volume  
96,  
Issue #2  
\$2



O

O

O

# THE BOY WHO CRIED RAPE

THERE ONCE WAS A BOY NAMED Miguel Café. HE WAS A DICK.



ONCE, HIS GYM TEACHER TOLD HIM TO DO 20 PUSH UPS.

Miguel didn't want to.



COACH WENT TO JAIL.

ONCE, A PRIEST TOLD HIM LYING WAS WRONG, AND THAT HE SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH.



Miguel Didn't WANT to say SORRY. PLUS, NOW People felt bad for him.



# RAPE!



Due to the current Political climate, the priest was sent to a different Parish.

Not as bad as jail, but you get the idea.

THEN, A CREEPY RUSSIAN GUY Jerked him off. Miguel felt ashamed and Sad.

# RAPE!



BUT no one believed Miguel was special enough to be raped 365 times, so they didn't believe Him.

HE WAS ASS-RAPE<sup>ED</sup> EVERY DAY FROM THEN ON.



Don't Cry Rape\* Unless You Wanna Be Ass-Raped For Eternity Like Miguel Café.

\*(Don't Cry Rape when you weren't Raped)

NOTHING ON TV...

# WHITE MAN



'CEPT SKINEMAX.

# Now That There Is A **HITLER MONSTER:**

contributors and publisher's notes	4
editorial	5
dear phos	7
cat and mouse	8
how the dining plan came to be	10
the MIT sex chart	14
kimchi with kim	18
lol poland	22



# From the Publisher

Publisher

Phosphorous

Editor and Chief

Emilio T. Jasso

Comrades

Leslie Dewan  
Rob Morrison  
Alison Malouf  
Marcella Vokey  
Emily Rosser  
Benjamin Filippenko  
Anonymous  
Sarina Canelake  
Dr. Andrew Brooks  
Nick Wang  
Dr. Mark Feldmeier  
Frijolito Jasso  
TOONHOLE.COM

Apprentice Who Never  
Showed Up

Carlos Emilio Salinas

The Boner Harsher

Rob Morrison

Art Director

Alison Malouf

Cause for Concern

The Pumpkin In My Room  
Since Before Halloween

Volume 96, Number 2

Voo Doo Magazine  
MIT Room 50-309  
77 Massachusetts Ave.  
Cambridge, MA 02139

voodoo@mit.edu

**Voo Doo, MIT Journal of Humor**, (ISSN 1066-2499) is published by Phosphorus Publishing twice a year assuming apathy does not consume us all. All material ©2010 Voo Doo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, six issue mail subscription \$10. Submissions accepted from any past-or-present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes and production deadlines. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidence. Voo Doo is not printed on recycled paper due to concerns about the environmental impact of the "de-inking" process, but is printed with soy-based inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu. Special thanks to the UA FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Turley.

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

webpage: <http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>

# EDITORIAL

Greetings fellow collaborators,

Welcome to my second issue of Voo Doo, that wonderful and thought-provoking thing-a-ma-jig that we call a magazine. Since I'll (probably) only be editing three Voo Doos total (probably not), I'm guessing I'll be judged on a best 2 out of 3. Since we didn't get too much feedback on my first issue, I'm hoping this one and the next are knock-your-socks-off funny. We'll see.

Picture this. You are a college student at a massively popular college, a university that focuses on the technical sciences and engineering: mechanical engineering, chemical engineering, electronic engineering, physics, chemistry, biology, computer science, etc. etc. You chose this school because all the recruiters, all the hype told you that it was a place where you could go to find yourself, to test your limits, to discover what you could do under pressure, find out how resourceful and brilliant you are.

Now imagine you are at this school and they begin to try to hand-hold you. "No, kid," they tell you, "you can't try that. That's dangerous. That's never been tried before, you shouldn't do that."

You are appalled, shocked, bewildered. Why are they trying to tell you what you can and cannot do based on what they decide is appropriate? You try something else.

"No," they tell you, "you shouldn't dress that way/talk that way/build that thing because it's unbecoming of a student at this school."

"Here," they say, handing you a big book of rules and regulations, "take this. It will help you become a better student, just like all the other colleges. Don't you want to be on par with kids at Harvard and Yale and Boston College and and Leslie University and Jim-Bob's Mail-Order Vocational School?"

What would you do? Would you revolt? Would you say "hey, man, don't mess with me. I know what I'm doing. I'm an adult, I can handle myself"? Would you?

Honestly, I'm not sure you would.

Here at Voo Doo, we have been spending a lot of our time face-palming at things the administration here at MIT has been doing. From trying to shove things down our throats like an excited Priest to his Altar Boy, to them quietly trying to do away with things that we hold near and dear to our core as MIT Engineers, the administration has been trying to convert us, make us become someone else, something we are not.

I know we complain about this every chance we can get. In fact, I know that I complained about this exact thing in my last editorial. But still, the point must be made whenever it can be.

Administrators have told me, myself, that everything causes a stink at the beginning, but all you have to do is wait four years for there to be a turnover of students, and then no one cares anymore. People forget, they say.

I say: don't forget. Write it down, keep a historical record that you go over with your frosh, with your transfers. I loathe to imagine that one day, MIT students are going to be happy with living in white-walled environments that are designed more for holding conference guests and visitors than the students that break their backs toiling and slaving away here year round. I loathe to imagine a day when MIT students are not free to choose what they want to eat, to save money any way they can, to grow and become adults. I loathe to see the day when MIT students aren't the resourceful geniuses of yesteryear, but are instead robots, tools of the administration, mere zoo animals, something to be fed and watered and kept in our glass-walled rooms to be gawked at by Asian tourists and foreign dignitaries.

The fact of the matter is that we are supposed to be some of the brightest and most intelligent people in the world. We are supposed to be the leaders of tomorrow. If we are leaders, why should we sit back and let these people who have no idea what it is to be an MIT student push us around? We know more than they do, we are, in a lot of ways, more mature than they are (ignore Voo Doo for this point), and we shouldn't have to take it anymore.

Row, Row, Fight The Powah!

## MIT TO LAUNCH REAL-TIME STUDENT TRACKING MAP

In light of the success and popularity of integrating Charlie Cards into new student ID cards, the MIT card office, in conjunction with the office of the Dean of Student Life, will begin placing tracking chips into the cards beginning with the incoming class of 2015.

"We want to provide the latest cutting edge service to our students," said a spokesperson for the card office, "It will be safe and, even more so, fun!"

The card office says that each chip will be able to be tracked by the MIT wireless network. A map of campus will be available online and will show real-time tracking of all students, identified by their names, majors, and year. The card office is currently working to see if tracking can be done off of MIT campus, hoping to implement it on other campuses (like Harvard) within a year of its MIT release.

"We hope that this will allow students to more easily interact with their classmates, will prevent students from using the old "I couldn't find him/her" excuse, and will also make the institute safer, since we'll be able to help anyone who may be placing themselves in an unsafe position, say, on an unauthorized roof, or in a steam tunnel."

The map will be visible by anyone with a fast enough internet connection. When questioned about the ethics of making student information so visible, the response was that MIT needed to show the world that it was on the cutting edge of technology, and that it will be good for MIT's PR to show how active its students are.

It was also suggested that the system will come in handy in two year's time when MIT will implement a mandatory attendance policy with respect to classes.

"In two years, it will be required that all students attend at least 90% of their classes in order to even pass. As long as they attend that many classes, they will be able to be graded as usual. Otherwise, they must take the class over again."

We then asked what would happen if a student showed up to class but forgot their ID.

"Tough", they told us.

This is the next step in MIT's "De-MIT-ification" program. The administration states that all students should look forward to it as a step in the right direction, closer in similarity to Ivy league schools.



Holy shit, do you see how tiny those little bastards are? Those are the RFID chips they're putting in your cards. They could just sprinkle them onto your Institute Approved Cupcakes that you get with your Institute-issued dinner and they could track you. Damn. Tiny.



# Dear Phos...

*I'm currently living in Senior House and everyone keeps talking about something called "grease". They say I can't move out of the ghetto until I get some. Do they sell it at the Coop? What about La Verdes?*

*--Frosh*

Dear Moron,

Unfortunately, you'll have to get your grease at the Auto Parts shop across from Target. You see, at MIT, "Elbow Grease" is a commodity, particularly for chronic masturbators. It's right next to the headlight fluid.

###

*I'm a pre-frosh, thinking about coming to MIT, but I'm scared of leaving home. My parents have always done everything for me, and I want to make sure I'm going to a school that will protect me from the big, scary world, and will give me everything I need, and not let me know anything that may upset my mood or make me think.*

*--Pansy*

Dear Future McCormick Resident,

You're coming to the right place!

###

*Hello! I am a freshman, aspiring to be a blogger, or maybe a journalist (lol big difference, right) and I was wondering if you would publish some of my blog posts. usually, I write about my day, or my (gasp!) sex life (lol) but sometimes I just talk about how juicy and smelly my period is. It really depends on whether or not I'm having a really heavy flow month. Oh, also, I'd like to*

*maybe work with other people like myself who like to write about the same things.*

*--Aspiring Blogger*

Dear Annoying Girl I Hate,

The Tech would love to have you join their team!

###

*I'm furious at what you've done with my beloved Voo Doo! When I ran Voo Doo, it was full of tasteful jokes and parody. It was sarcasm topped with a copius helping of intelligence! You've turned it into a disgusting romp through your own perverse psyche, a rag that publishes only Nazi jokes and dead baby jokes. You make me sick. When I ran it, Voo Doo was good!*

*--Ex-Voo Doo Editor*

Dear Older-Than-Dirt,

Voo Doo was never good. And you forgot our hit comic, "Aborted Nazi Fetus", combining the best of our Nazi jokes with the best of our dead baby jokes!

###

*I'm wondering how one becomes a writer or artist for Voo Doo. Do you have an application online? Can I UROP with you?*

*--Eager Beaver*

Dear EB,

If you turn to pages 27 and 28 of this issue, you'll see our art and writing tests! Fill them out and send them to us!

Signed,  
Phosphorus T. Cat



## Cat and Mouse, A True Story

Like most college students, I tried to stave off the loneliness of college life by getting myself a cat. Of course, I was lucky enough to live in Senior House, where such things were allowed, so after going through all the proper channels, I soon found myself with a scrawny little half-rat thing that vaguely resembled a cat.

My father named him Frijolito, but that's not really the point of the story. The point of this story comes far, far after the time that I initially got him, like, a year or something after.

Anyway, I was in the process of moving into an apartment that had a bathtub, and a fully tile-lined bathroom. I saw this feature for what it was: the chance to train my cat to be a killer.

He was, like I mentioned, a scrawny little thing when I got him, wiry and vicious. However, a year of living in carpeted, fed-twice-a-day luxury (a luxury I had not even had up to this point) he had become soft, weak, fat and lazy. It was like he had just received tenure.

I decided to change this. I went with my girlfriend to a nearby pet store and purchased a single white mouse.

I grew up on a ranch, a ranch in Texas. Now, in Texas, if it's wild, it'll either bite, sting, pinch, or poison you with few exceptions. Mice are not one of those. I'd trapped mice in the past, and I knew you always had to wear gloves when handling them because they'd gnaw off your fingers like a desperate meth addict. This mouse from the pet store, however, was a trusting thing. We held it, it ran across our hands, sat on our shoulders, would curl up in a little ball in your palm and smell you. It was like a newly adopted child except it didn't smell like excrement and it was actually cute. We played with it for quite some time, petting it, trying to feed it peanut butter on grapes, etc.

Then we set about killing it.

We placed the mouse in the bathtub and then dropped the cat in after her (they only sold female mice, so it had to be a "she").

The cat at first was more interested in trying to jump out of the tub. You see, we had given him a bath the day prior, which involved holding him down under the water while we rubbed him down with soap. Now, he was wide-eyed in terror, thinking we were going to do that again.

After he realized there was no water, he became curious. Why did we have him in there? Was there food? Was there a toy? He looked around, trying to see what was up with this place. He must have picked up the mouse's smell before he saw her, because he froze, stared off into space and sniffed. He ended up following his nose to the mouse, which had its natural instincts take over, and was frozen in place, heart pounding away in its chest. The cat leaned in, sniffed it, observed it, and then jumped from the tub.

We cursed the cat for being worthless and then put him back in. He sniffed the mouse again, backed away, and jumped out.

We decided maybe the bathtub was the wrong place to do this. We put them both outside the tub on the tile to see what would happen. After all, we could clean the guts off the tile just as easily as in the tub.

The mouse immediately ran into a corner. The movement must have interested the cat, because he stopped licking his partial genitalia and stared at it. He crept towards the mouse. The mouse ran to another corner. The chase was on.

Or so we thought.

Now, usually, when we play with the cat, he'll claw you and bite you and generally act like he's trying to flay the flesh from your kind and caring hands. With the mouse, he would only barely tap it to make it run away, and never with claws. He would not pounce, he would not bite. He would only tap. After a while,



we started getting bored. Why weren't his instincts kicking in? Why wasn't he tearing it limb from limb, letting the blood flow down his kitty chin, letting the rage and fury boil up and cloud his vision, raging like a little kitty-Hulk?

"You know what he would eat?" My girlfriend asked me as we sat on the bathtub's edge.

"What," I responded.

"Roast beef."

I stared at her blankly. She left quietly and came back with a small piece of roast beef. She picked up the mouse (who immediately calmed down) and wrapped the roast beef around it. The mouse let out a surprised squeak.

The cat, who does indeed love roast beef, immediately perked up. I'm sure he was wondering why the mouse was getting roast beef and he wasn't.

My girlfriend put a hair tie around the mouse, effectively holding the roast beef in place like a hipster girl's oversized belt. She then placed the mouse on the ground in front of the cat.

I don't know if you've ever seen a mouse wrapped in roast beef, dear reader, but it is a funny sight to say the least.

The mouse was spread-eagle on its stomach, unable to lift its own weight and the weight of the roast beef (or maybe just unable to bend its legs, we'll never know). It lay prostrate for a while while the cat stood over it, confused but hungry.

The cat bent over, took a deep and audible sniff, and then ran his tongue, slowly, seductively, down the length of roast beef. The mouse freaked out and starting making odd swimming motions with its paws, trying to GTFO and fast. Unfortunately, since there was so much roast beef, it couldn't really move well, so it ended up just kinda shaking and progressing maybe a centimeter or so. The cat started eating the roast beef.

But he never, EVER touched the mouse. That cat must have mouth skills like no one has ever seen before, because he managed to get every scrap of roast beef off that mouse without so much as wetting her fur.

After that, we decided that enough was enough. The cat was relatively worthless. In my mind he went from being an awesome miniature panther

to being an overstuffed pillow that ate and crapped and sometimes woke me up at five a.m. by kneading my pillow, only to stare me in the face and then run away.

The mouse got her freedom. There's a dumpster behind the apartment that is home to street mice, mice that have lived a tough life. We placed her out there.

I wonder what will happen to her, the beautiful little creature that graced our home for a short period of time. By now, she's probably all institutionalized, knocked up, a smoker, covered with tattoos and addicted to black tar heroin.

But, I suppose that's life. One minute, you're the playtoy of a couple of bored college students and their cat, and the next minute you're pregnant with six, shooting up and wondering what happened to your life.




---

## SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

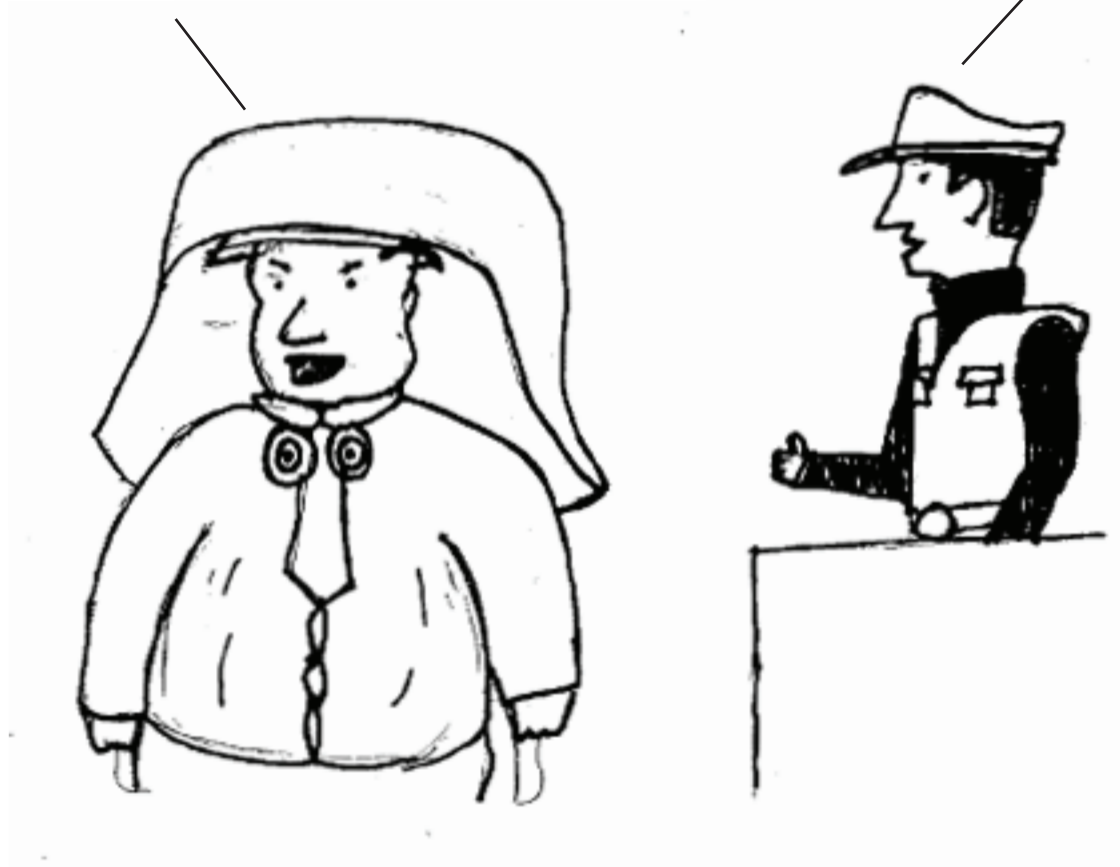
### Walker Memorial Rm. 50-309

# How the Dining Plan Came to Be (Starring Dark Colombo and Colonel HDAG)

Dumb ideas are too slow at destroying MIT culture. We have to go right to...  
Ludicrous Ideas!

Ludicrous Ideas?! But, sir, we've never gone that  
stupid before! I don't know if students can take it.

What's the matter, HDAG? Chicken?



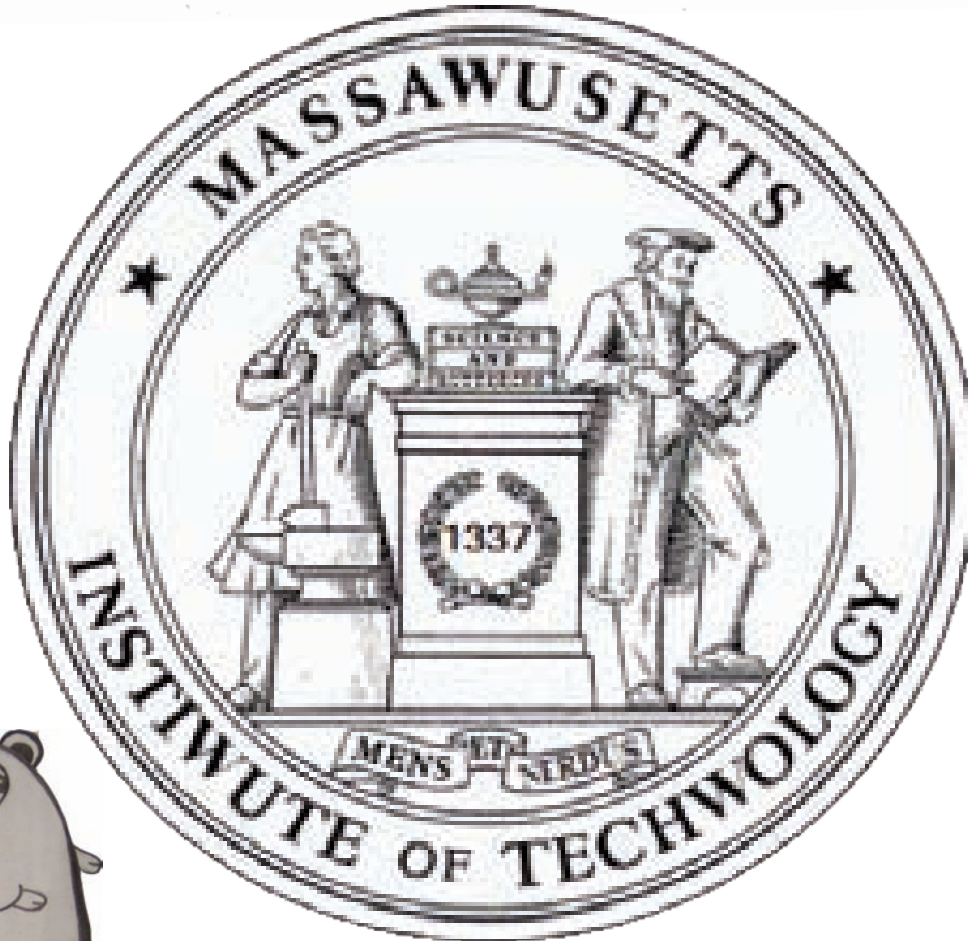
# PHAT CATS

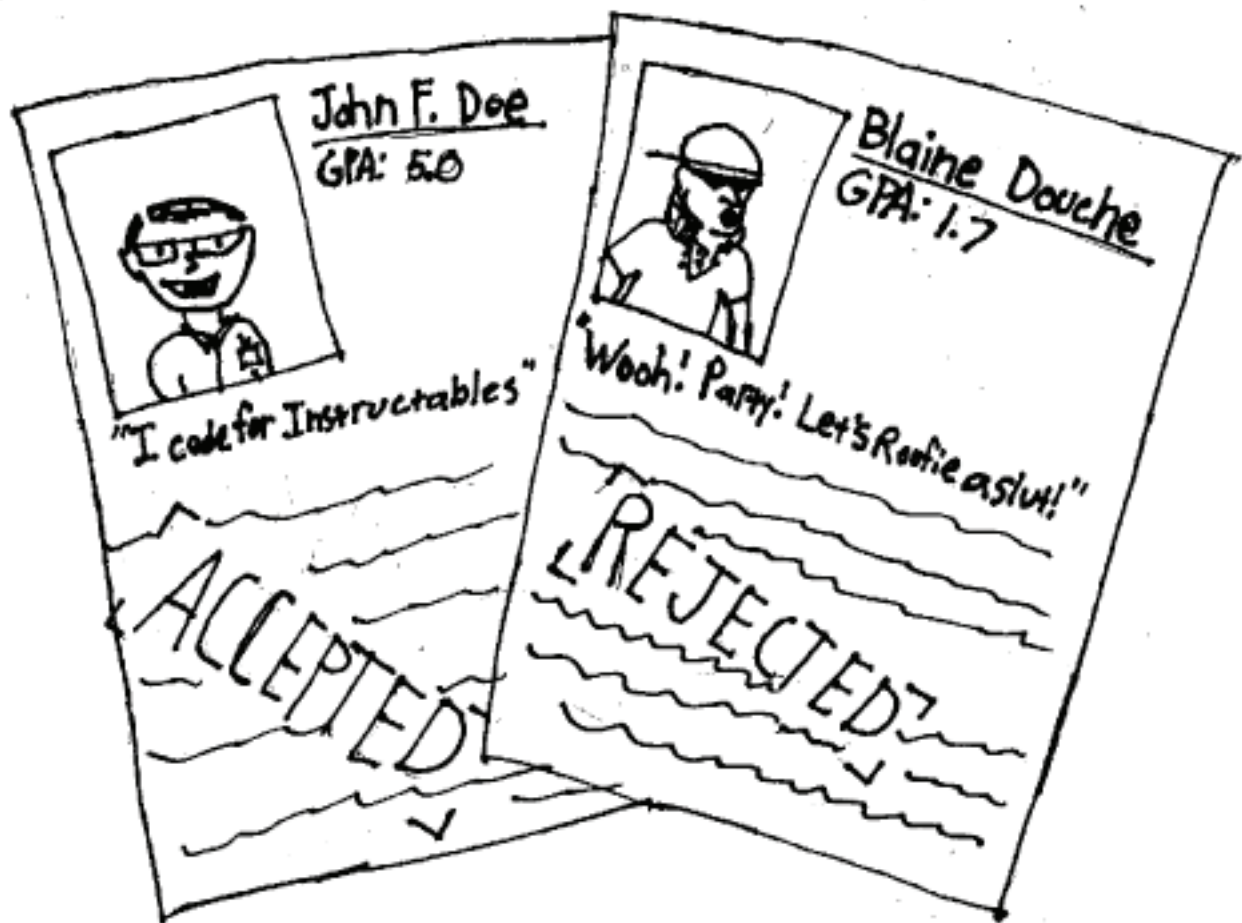
Did you ever think that maybe Dean Colombo wants the dining plan only for the all-you-can-eat aspect?

YEP.



It's Not  
Funny.  
It May Be  
True.





# The 'Tute's Old Admission Policy



# New Admission Policy



MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE  
of TECHNOLOGY



President: Susan Hockfield,  
Professor of Neuroscience, Order of Failed Leadership, and Chief Elf

Dear Mr. Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. MIT is a magical place where you will grow capable of things you may have thought were not humanly possible. You will learn to speak in numbers and have visions of problem sets in your sleep. Of course your studies will be challenging, so don't let eating, sleeping or bathing get in your way. Mostly we hope you will find a family here at MIT, because once you leave nobody will be friends with you.

Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment. Term begins before you begin having regrets, and we await your acceptance no later than before you've had a real childhood.

Sincerely,  
Stuart Schmill,  
Dean of Admissions

-----  
UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

1. Two t-shirts referencing either the Internet, math, MIT, or Thundercats (other nerdy references may also be acceptable but approval is at the ----'s discretion)
2. One pair of pants (slightly above the ankles for men)
3. One hoodie which will insufficiently serve as a coat during the frequent rain and hail storms.

Underwear is optional

COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

1. Love, Lust, and Faking It: The Naked Truth About Sex, Lies, and True Romance by Jenny McCarthy
2. How to Get Around MIT by People who Don't Want You to Kill Yourself
3. Where's Waldo by Martin Handford

OTHER EQUIPMENT

1. A calculator
2. A syringe capable of injecting Red Bull directly into human veins
3. A back-up plan

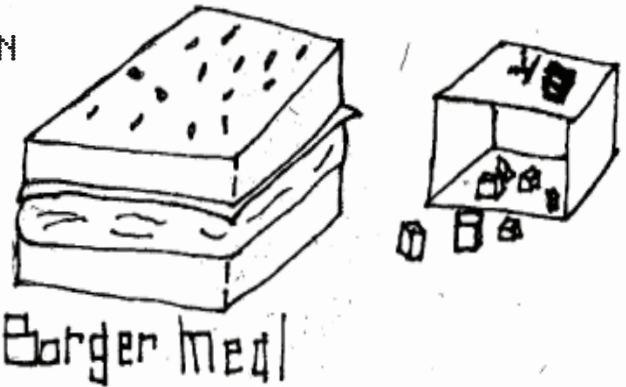
Students may also bring a cockroach, rat, or Wellesley girl. Due to complaints of too many ugly pussies, cats are no longer allowed.

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT SURVIVAL OF FIRST YEARS IS NOT GUARANTEED

As Part of  
the new  
Dining Plan...

Efficient  
Kitchen

YOU WILL ASSIMILATE  
THE ONLY PLAN IS ALWAYS THE BEST PLAN  
WE KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU



RESISTANCE IS FUTILE



# PHAT CATS



Our special thanks to Zoz for testing out the above comic.

Pic related. It's Zoz, during the pat-down.

Thanks!



# Submit To Voo Doo Room 50309

## Kimchi with Kim

### An Intimate Pre-Naptime Snack with North Korea's Leader, Kim Jong-Il

Following Tea with Mussolini, Nachos with Noriega, and Brick-Oven Pizza with Hitler, I was pleased to include Kim Jong-Il in The Tech's fourth installation of its Dining with Dictators series. After 48 hours in a North Korean prison, some of which were spent with the Supreme Leader himself, I left Pyongyang eager to relay what I experienced.

On first impressions, Dictator Kim reminded me of a miniature Lady Gaga, sitting atop a booster seat with his political activism and ambiguous sexuality – even a shared taste in gaudy eye-ware. "Gaga and I picked these sunglasses out together," Kim bragged about an overnight with the notorious pop star. "She resented being kidnapped at first, but then we painted each other's toenails and watched Katherine Heigl movies.

Still, there's more to Kim than fashion sense. The accessorized despot is also a genius and inventor. When asked what inspired him to create the Internet, Kim said "God does not need inspiration. That is like asking why people breathe when the answer is simple: I made it so. Of course, I do not have to breathe. That way I can fly to the moon without a special suit like Superman's. Take that, America!" Kim went on to challenge Superman to a round of golf. He said, "Let the Last Son of Krypton try beating a hole-in-zero."

Digressing for a bit with talk of kryptonite golf clubs and bubblegum ice cream, eventually Kim returned to the subject of inventions. He is currently developing a new type of weapon that will change warfare altogether. According to Kim, this project can be summarized in three words: Nuclear Ostrichment Program (NOP). Years ago North Korea developed an ostrich farm for additional revenue. Eventually left with a surplus of ostriches, Kim thought of strapping nuclear weapons to their backs and setting them loose. "We have already tested several ostrich bombs,

one with positive results," said Kim. "So far, they consistently run away and blow up. Now the project is focused on programming guidance systems. This is encouraging and means we are on schedule." Kim plans to market this new weapon in time for Christmas 2011.

While projecting the next year of his NOP, Kim also looks ahead with no plans to initiate democracy nor any plans for arousal. Kim said, "I never had an erection and do not think I ever will. President Obama told me erections are awesome, but Secretary Clinton says they are the devil." I inquired whether the Supreme Leader was afraid he would not be successful, to which Kim replied "I am not scared of an erection, but they are definitely messy. I will only have an erection when James Bond drives his Aston Martin over, sits me on his lap, and tells me to."

As my time with Kim Jong-Il was about to end, I could not help but ask what would happen with future relations between North and South Korea. The man behind so many threats of merciless military attacks had only one thing to say. "Despite the weapon of mass destruction that I may or may not deploy, nothing will stop Justin Bieber from performing his concert, this April, on the family compound."

As a bag was placed over my head so that I could be sent back home, Kim Jong-Il pointed out the quality of the Korean satin used in its lining. And I must say, it was quite soft.



Kim Jong Il



Kim Jong Ok

Here is the picture to accompany the previous story.

Keep in mind that North Korea is BEST Korea, and we at Voo Doo would do nothing to offend our "North Korean Allies" (lol Palin).



## Frat Rush 2010: A Van To Remember

As the first week of the fall term draws near, MIT students across campus loosen up – and bend over. Freshmen wander, wander, and wander, searching for that which will ultimately fail to fulfill their wildest dreams. Meanwhile, upperclassmen are ready and waiting to tempt these untainted souls with empty promises of presents and wonder. The one joy we have is watching freshmen revel in independence for this joyous week while wondering all the while how these driveling sacks of innocence will react to MIT’s Wang Of Science. As freshmen stand, mouths agape in awe, we upperclassmen keep the lube to ourselves, readying our entryways for The Wang (Note: this is not selfish. Pass/No Wang is all the lube you need, for now.)

On the other hand, freshmen walk around campus ass intact. This is how we know who they are. With their heads held high, they pervade an unrivaled confidence, a readiness for all that has given them rim jobs in the past, an ignorance of that which will inevitably breach the event horizon of their Black Holes.

This is how “they” know who frosh are, too. Fraternity “brothers(?)” will ask frosh on dates, offer them candy, and invite them into white kidnap cars spread across campus. I urge you, freshmen, get in these vans! These vans will take you to houses full of men offering you Sprite and Coke and Wangs Of Slap-Ass all week. There will be copious amounts of women waiting for you, luring you with nothing that makes any sense without Sprite++ and MIT goggles. (Note: There will also be –things- from a university across the river posing as women, with Pink Holes wide, ready, waiting, stretched, enormous, wet, dripping, wanting, indiscriminate, used, sagging, easy.) This can be your world.

You will inevitably meet the Fraternity Brothers. These Douche bags of legend have tempted you since you watched John Belushi down a bottle of Jack Daniels. You have dreamed of meeting copious amounts of Pink Holed trash since you first watched a coke-whore-posing-as-business-woman get filled on the internet while your mom was checking the mail when you were twelve years old (true story, my sticky keyboard has inspired me ever since).

This is where they live together, breathe together, laugh together, and kidnap pale, untouched little boys like you with cute white vans full of candy, promises, and huge Douche bags spraying all over your pretty face.

Inspirational quote from Fraternity Rush 20XX: “Come play with me in my van!”

Go play, freshman. Play hard. Play really, really hard this week. Because once you pledge, you’ll have to ask me for my lube, and I won’t give it to you. And once the MIT Wang of Science finds you (coming soon to your Black Hole in February 2011), the double-stuff will fill your mind with stuffy fluff and candy and Vans to Remember to turn the next tasty, pale tidbits of fresh, confident meat into Wangs Of Slap-Ass Fraternity Love.



**SUBMIT TO  
VOO DOO!**



# Sorostitutes: A Guide

As with any other college, MIT is seeping with beings that pulse forth from the dark underbelly of campus life. Creatures that exist for the sole purpose of sucking the life from others, for exploiting the weaknesses of their friends and enemies alike. I am speaking, of course, of the Sorority girl, or, in Latin, "Sorostitus Whorostitus". They are a species that must be avoided at all costs, regardless of what it may entail. To the untrained eye, they are almost identical to some human females, a similarity that has led many men and women to smash into the proverbial rocks, tricked to their deaths by the sirens.

However, with some training, one can and will be able to tell the difference between a normal human female and a Sorostitus Whorostitus. Your typical Sorostitus Whorostitus, at any given point in time, will be:

- \* Talking loudly on her cell phone to either her boyfriend or a fellow sorostitute
- \* Wearing either a frat mixer shirt, a sorority shirt, or designer clothing
- \* Drunk
- \* Wearing massive amounts of makeup and eyeliner.
- \* A bleach blond with at least 2 inches of dark roots growing out
- \* Fake tan baked to approximately Garfield's complexion.
- \* Wearing more makeup than a clown and enough hairspray to deplete the ozone.
- \* Incessantly using the phrase, "I know, right?"
- \* Carrying a massive diaper bag, which contains the essential strawberry vodka, at least 154 condoms, and at least 68 Grey's Anatomy's quotes.
- \* Hanging out with guys wearing corona T-shirts, khaki cargo shorts and flip-flops

If you keep these checkpoints in mind, you, too, may be able to tell the difference.

However, merely being able to tell the difference does not mean the fight is over. You may know someone, right now, who is at risk of devolving into a sorostitute. You must prevent them from converting. Here is a list of prerequisites to being a sorostitute that you should consider warning signs:

- \* Pay for your friends. Sorostitutes refer to this as sister hood.
- \* Drink lots of cheap alcohol.
- \* Dress like a slut.
- \* Master the dark art known as Facebook.
- \* Sleep with frat boys, including the gay ones.
- \* Drive your daddy's Lexus.
- \* Swallow
- \* Solve all of your problems by either sex, oral sex, or anal sex

If you, or someone you know, exhibits any of the signs of being a sorostitute, you must GET HELP NOW.

Help can be received in the form of a bitchslap, a real job, being cut off from mommy and daddy's money, and, of course, getting pregnant (though this is not always a cure, and sometimes can backfire into pushing the almost-decided victim into the ways of the sorostitute).

You can also contact Voo Doo at Walker Memorial, Room 50-309. We're here to help.

---

## Voo Doo's Funny Kid's Jokes!

What do you call the gulliblest of gullible primates?  
A champ chimp chump!

And perhaps you can name a clean, if somewhat irritated, father of fathers?  
A groomed grumpy grandpa!

And you gotta know what you call a Brazilian dance you do when wearing a large gloomy hat?  
A somber sombrero samba!

Think you can write better?

THEN DO IT!

**WRITE FOR VOO DOO**  
**Walker Memorial,**  
**MIT Room**  
**50-309**

## Poland: Trying To Fit In Since 1569

Crushed under the unrelenting but sinisterly egalitarian heel of communism, the Poles were uniquely positioned to evaluate the message of American cinema with all its subtle ramifications that screamed ballistically over the heads of the viewers in its home country. (Or, as the Poles themselves described it, "Amerykanski filmi z fuk!") However, without access to the original propaganda, Polish efforts at recreating movie advertising provided an unparalleled window into American pop culture from the point of view of completely ignorant, borderline deranged observers - much as we have become used to from contemporary domestic sociopolitical pundits in our own country! In the spirit of Solidarnosc, Voo Doo is proud to present these Polish impressions of our popular cultural cinema heritage!

### "Kabaret"



he Nazis have a lot to answer for, but even Leni Riefenstahl was apparently kept in the dark concerning the secret project to breed an unholy quadruped consisting of a screeching banshee head with four stockinged swastika-shaped legs. Too bad, because Triumph Of The Will could only have been further improved with a horde of these terrifying creations blitzkrieging down the streets of Nuremberg, occasionally stopping to serenade a beer hall. Some James Bond villain should be firing thousands of these at New York City - if only to show Al Qaeda that proscriptions against anthropomorphic designs have no place in 21st century terror. Rated <N> for Nazilicious.

### "Short Circuit"



A grim, sickening post-apocalyptic future in which the last surviving robots struggle against their unrelentingly reproducing hairless ape enslavers. It's like Warsaw Rising meets The Terminator in reverse - faced with impending annihilation, the plucky silicon resistance sends Robotron 005 back in time to destroy the last human family. Or maybe the number doesn't refer to the electronic protagonist at all - it's 5 degrees, the optimum spacing for the ultimate robo-shocker. The "short circuit": one in the cock-socket and one in the back-pocket! Rated <P> for Proctobotics.

SVBMIT TO VOO DOO

ROOM 50-309  
AT THE MASSACHVSETTS  
INSTITVTE OF  
TECHNOLOGY

## “The Witches of Eastwick”



A tale of honor and “hairy-bush-ido” takes shape in this epic lesbian samurai movie directed by Akira Kurosawa’s bull dyke landscape gardener. Rendered masterless by the death of her feudal lord, and equipped with a ten-inch thumb thanks to a childhood overdose of Vitamin Wonka, lead protagonist Witch Eastwick travels to pre-revolutionary Haiti to bust wide open the sordid trade in well-hung Caribbean “big bamboo”. Using her prodigious digital endowment to simulate the “Ron Jeremy Grip”, our heroine successfully fends off an onslaught of voodoo acupuncturists to save a cruise ship full of fat English spinsters from the error of their black pudding seeking ways. Rated <CBT> for Cock & Ball Torture.

## “SpaceBalls”



Prepare to enter a new dimension of fear as a demented wedding clown seeks revenge on the avant-garde plastic surgeon who grafted a cocker spaniel to the hapless jester’s head. The smug LA medical douchenozzle thought he’d win the acclaim of his golf-handicap-obsessed peers when he stitched up the clown-

hound hybrid, but instead found himself transported to a cosmic horror space filled only with razor-sharp astro-confetti and mouth-seeking cyber canine cocks. Dogs rape head and mouth into stellar infinity as we are forcefully reminded of our infinitesimal place in the universe. Rated <R> for Robotussin.

## “Krokodyl Dundee”



The perils of dropping acid at a country club rave are brought into striking, terrifying relief in this cautionary tale about over-privileged white bread psychedelic experimentation. It’s “fear and loathing in Lacoste” as protagonist Dundee caresses his invisible ball right up until the rainbow crocodiles attack and the screaming negro bartender erupts out of his chest hair. Just wait until the Jews try and join the club in the horrific, colorful finale. Best appreciated with diffraction glasses and at least one unblocked nostril. Rated <H> for Honky (or Honker).

## “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home”

Just when you thought it was safe to come down from your hallucinogenic mushroom-enhanced viewing of “Bilbo Baggins”, Leonard Nimoy returns to kick you square in the cunt with a psychedelic Escher widget uncomfortably reminiscent of your very own chocolate starfish crossed with that of a sexually mature male baboon. There’s no escape from this warped spatial dimension as the pointy-eared poindexter pursues you through multihued geometric impossibilities where William Shatner lurks around every non-Euclidean corner to rape your fractally puckered asshole. This “4D” film experience comes with a box of amyls and a one month supply of adult diapers, pre-printed with amusing mathematical puzzles and jokes. Euler? But I just met ‘er! Rated <PIHKAL> for Fire Toilet Clown Snow Jeep Wobbles.



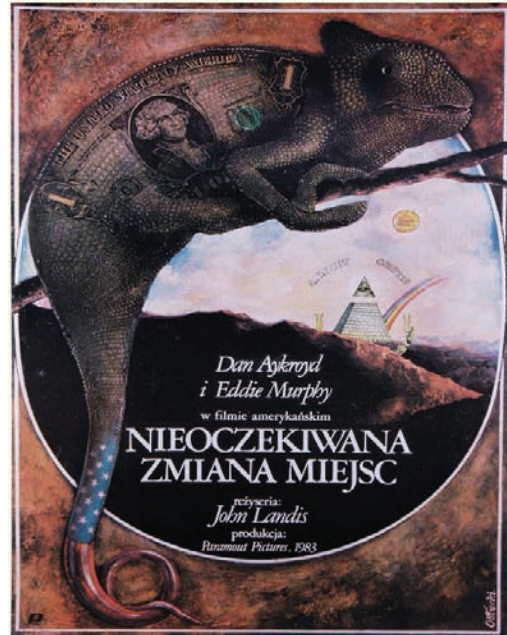
(Star Trek IV poster)

"Empire of the Sun"



The Japanese flag is watching you. Even though it's already received a bukkake money shot in the eye, it's still watching you. You'll have to ejaculate plenty more than that to resist the sun empire. All your ballpaste are belong to us, mother-fucker. Be afraid. And stop thinking Asians are sexy, loser. Notice the cruel red orb has round eyes, in a cutting satire of Asian plastic surgery obsessions! As you watch this Warhol-esque 15-hour marathon of unidentifiable men jerking off onto a mouthless red face, you'll be able to think of little else, and you'll never touch a yellow sister again (as if they ever let you in the first place). Rated <C> for Cumbath.

"Trading Places"



You might be a financial wizard, with a sack of loot – all I see is a slimy lizard, in an expensive suit. As wrote Motorhead, so goes this fish-out-of-water comedy in which an LSD-addled Swiss Illuminatus swaps social status with an invading alien reptile. There's plenty of "swallowing flies" jokes as the scaly interstellar visitor puts its prehensile tongue to good use on Wall Street, while the former Gnome of Zurich shows how little upbringing matters by spending the entire film snorting ecstasy and watching screen savers. Can the Earth be saved by the concentration of toxic cocaine now contaminating every American banknote, and if so, will it be George Washington or Ben Franklin that saves the day? Only the lizard "nose"! Rated <X> for high-grade X.





# James "Big Jimmy" E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund

Preference Given To East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$122,409.32 from 272 donors  
Scholarships are being awarded!

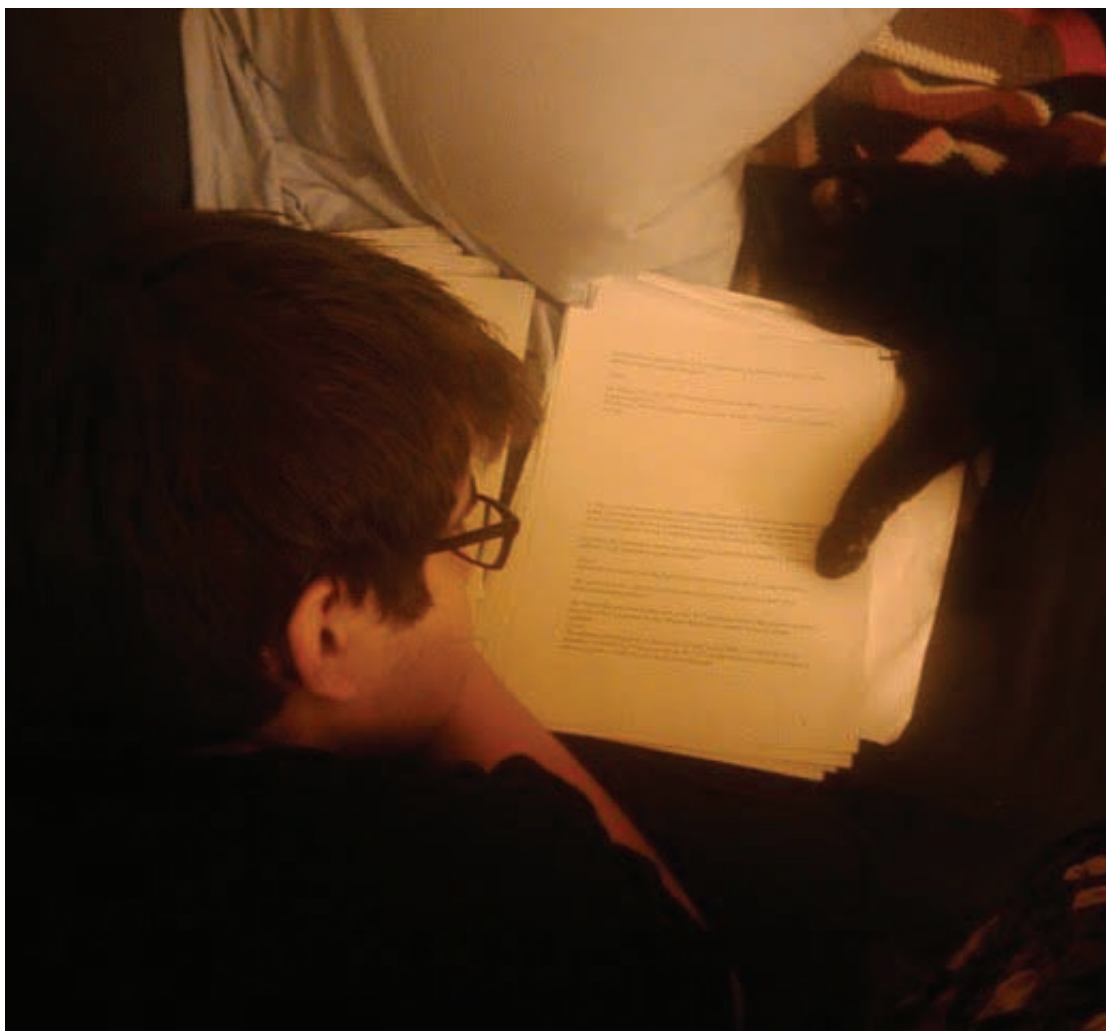
Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship  
Will fully support one student for one year

Help us continue his legacy of helping the students for whom he cared  
so much. Donation forms and instructions at desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office

# SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

and this too could be joyous you



*Our Editor and Cat, Frijolito, circa 2010*

**Wanna Be A VooDoo Artist?  
Then Take The  
VooDoo Art Test!**

**DRAW THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD!**

THEN SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO:

VooDoo  
MIT ROOM 50-309  
77 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02139

# Wanna Be A VooDoo Writer? Then Take The VooDoo Humor Test!

In the space provided, tell us how goth you are. Try not to use the words "soul" or "dark". Good luck!

Then, submit your work to:  
VooDoo  
MIT Room 50-309  
77 Massachusetts Avenue  
Cambridge, MA 02139

# The Man-Hattan Project, or How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love Course Eight

Richard Feynman walked down Trinity Drive, along the barracks-laboratories that constituted Los Alamos National Lab. He had just arrived here a week ago, and the scene was already starting to drive him crazy. The militant high security was enough to drive anyone to paranoia, and while his undergraduate career at MIT had prepared him for the intense environment of wartime defense research, it had not prepared him for the lack of women. This was the problem with living in a town populated entirely by scientists and engineers. Back at MIT and at Princeton, it was easy to find girls, and thanks to his stunning good looks, all he needed to say to satisfy his needs was say, "Nice Shoes, want to fuck?"

And so Feynman walked down Trinity Drive, remembering the soft warmth of a woman's touch, and the sweet taste of a woman's kiss. But no, this was not the time for such thoughts. Feynman was on his way to an important meeting with Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the Manhattan Project. They were to meet behind closed doors to discuss the overall design for the bomb.

Feynman arrived at Oppenheimer's office. "Well, Richard, I'm glad we finally have this opportunity to meet in private." Oppenheimer closed and locked the door.

"Yes, Dr. Oppenheimer," Feynman was starstruck to be in the presence of such a handsome genius. "There are a lot of things I wanted to talk to you about."

"Indeed. I've drafted a schematic for the bomb. As you know, the plan is to amass sufficiently distilled uranium 235."

"Yes sir," Feynman was eager to tell Oppenheimer about some of the work he's done, "I wanted to show you my chain reaction. I think you'll agree that my Q-value is quite large."

Oppenheimer took his suit jacket off to counter the hot summer air. "Excellent, a large Q-value was just what I was hoping for. I've spoken to our colleagues at Oakridge, and they mentioned they suspect that the most promising parent isotope that we can get our uranium from is plutonium 239. Uranium 235 has a half life of about 700 million years, so we should have a sufficiently long time before it fissions into thorium 231."

"Exactly." Feynman felt his pride begin to swell with the knowledge that the great Robert Oppenheimer approved of his work. "So in order to get the bomb to explode, we need to have it exist in critical mass. When the uranium decays, its products will collide with other uranium nuclei. While each individual decay is an entirely random process, these collisions can induce more decays. This is the chain reaction. Once we get enough uranium, we can reach the critical mass, and the chain reaction will grow so big it will explode." Feynman followed Oppenheimer's example and similarly removed his jacket.

"Yes, Richard. When dealing with radioactivity, things can get quite," he paused, "hot." Oppenheimer's eyes flicked down to Feynman's crotch and went back up to stare at his younger

colleagues' eyes. "The problem is that we don't want things to get off too early. We need some mechanism to keep the bomb from going critical until we are ready for it to blow." Oppenheimer moved his seat closer to Feynman's. "This is why I would like to run my gun mechanism by you." Oppenheimer whipped out his paper and pencil and placed them on the table in front of Feynman. He then proceeded to draw a long, thin figure diving into an accepting hole. "The idea," Oppenheimer explained, "is that the...bullet and the hole can both be just over half the critical mass. When we are ready to detonate, we simply slide the bullet into the hole, and both will be satisfied. They will go critical and then," Oppenheimer paused again, breathing heavily, "explode."

"Oh Dr. Oppenheimer," Feynman began.

"Please, Richard, call me Oppie."

Feynman smiled. "Oppie, that's a brilliant plan I—"

Oppenheimer traces his finger along the tip of the bullet and looked back down at Feynman's crotch.

"Oh Richard, you appear to have a hadron."

Feynman blushed and quickly tried to readjust his posture to one more subtle. "I...I'm sorry, sir, it's, ah, it's just that my mind was starting to wander and I was thinking a lot about bosons."

"Richard, Richard," Oppenheimer began, "it doesn't matter what your spin is or what your quark composition is. You've certainly got a color charge, and I have just the strong force for you."

Oppenheimer leaned in close; Feynman could feel his superior's breath on his lips and bent in to match him. Their lips touched and they kissed briefly before Oppenheimer pulled back slightly, lingering just enough for Feynman to know the collision was inelastic.

"Oppie," Feynman breathed, "I couldn't help but notice your wonderful form factor. When I first came out here, I never in all my wildest dreams would have realized we'd have this opportunity to cross sections."

"You've got quite the magic nucleus, Feynman, and I have a few Casimir tricks I'd like to show you." Oppenheimer removed Feynman's belt and unzipped his pants. Oppenheimer fastened Feynman's belt around Feynman's hands, constraining them behind the chair.

"Oh, factorize me, Oppie," Feynman moaned, "then go on and renormalize all of my higher order loops."

"Don't worry, Dick, I know just how to handle your infinities." Oppenheimer pulled some rope out from his desk drawer and proceeded to tie Feynman up so that he could not make large movements. "Oppie, you astound me. I normally don't enjoy this sort of things, but your bindings are loose enough that my limbs feel unbound when close together and infinitely bound as I move them apart. It only feels like bondage when I

try to escape; otherwise I feel asymptotically free."

Oppenheimer pressed his finger against Feynman's mouth to silence him and then slowly removed his partner's boxers. Oppenheimer paused in amazement at the large dimensionality of Feynman's column vector, and then dove down as things began getting tensor.

Feynman began screaming in ecstasy. He had never been with someone as skilled as Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer quickened his pace, excited to a higher energy level by Feynman's reaction. This was just how Oppenheimer liked it: as loud as reasonably achievable.

The bullet entered the hole, and Feynman went critical.

The explosion was all that either of them had hoped for. Feynman put his clothing back on and kissed Oppenheimer on the lips one more time before heading home to contemplate the aftermath of this new bomb. He couldn't wait till the next time he could get such hot radioaction.

Fin



Richard Feynman. One sexy bastard. Fo' real.

Also, thanks go to Chris Allison and the rest of the people at TOONHOLE.COM for their submissions. Check it out. ->

Some Popular Books By Richard Feynman (Thanks, Google!)

- \* Surely You Have Fruit Loops, Mr. Feynman!
- \* What Do You Care About Fruit Loops?
- \* The Fruit Loop within.
- \* Six Easy Fruit Loops.
- \* Six Not-So-Easy Fruit Loops.
- \* The Fruit Loop Lectures on Physics.
- \* The Da Vinci Cereal Code.
- \* Fruit Loops in his Bi-plane.



lol polio

## Dear Santa...

Here at Voo Doo, we often come across things in the mail around campus. We also often find things in the mail around campus. Here's a little something a Voo Doo staffer happened to find:

Dear Santa,

Thank you so much for my presents last year. I started to doubt you. But then Chancellor Clay stepped down, and I knew you hadn't forgotten me after all. Don't worry about the platypus I wanted; I watched Planet Earth the other day and it turns out they are totally vicious. So right now I am officially announcing my new campaign to build anti-platypus defenses around all of campus.

As promised, my wish list is shorter this year. Hopefully you won't give me the same excuse you did with those tickets I wanted. Even though you said the elves are not equipped to make front row seats at a Jay-Z concert, you're Santa and I expect more. Also keep in mind that this year, each of my presents is something other people will want, too. I am selflessly not asking for Season 4 of 30 Rock just so that you can help other people, instead. And just so we're clear, that definitely puts me on the nice list.

First on my list is no more stabbings. Where do you think we are? Yale? Thanks to the mishap at Anna's Taqueria, I can't get my all-time favorite carnitas supreme burrito anymore. Every time I walk by that place, this ghost comes over and asks me if I'll be paying with Tech Cash. It creeps me out. Seriously if a ghost is going to haunt anywhere, can't it be Subway? You must then understand how much it would suck if someone got stabbed at the Cambridge Grill - where else am I going to get my pancakes in the morning?

I also want you to give the entire Blue Ribbon Dining Committee food poisoning, the vomiting and diarrhea kind of food poisoning that will get them out of my hair for a few days. I must have been smoking that weed my cousin got when I came up with the idea for that committee. And Santa, if you're feeling really generous, it would be even better if they got sick from dining food. Then maybe they'd all find better things to do than toilet paper my office.

And lastly, I want a pink pony named cupcake. It would be my very best friend, and every day at noon I would ride it down the infinite, screaming at freshmen. I understand pink ponies are quite rare, so I would also settle for a blue one named sparkle.

I would be the happiest girl in the whole world if you gave me these things, and it's not even like I'm asking for something difficult like world peace. Also, I have remembered not to leave you those nut, dairy, seafood cookies anymore. I did not realize you were allergic, but seriously if you're going to eat stranger's cookies all night you should at least carry an EpiPen.

Love,

Susy Hockfield

---

MERRY FUCKING  
CHRISTMAS  
FROM VOO DOO

---

---

PHOSPHOROUS



the  
OFFICE  
CAT

More Awesome Than Your  
Mascot Since  
March 20, 1919

✓ VooDoo  
Room 50-309