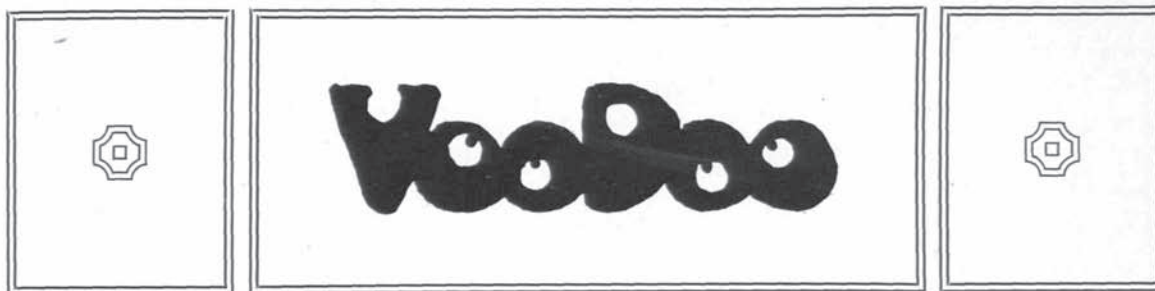


WOODOO

VOLUME 98
ISSUE 1





INTRODUCING PHOSPHORUS.

Phosphorus, the Office Cat, first made his appearance on the afternoon of March 20. He was seen walking up the Walker steps about 2:55. At 3:01 the inmates of the VOO DOO office were sitting in conference (definition of conference from Webster: cigarettes and profanity) when they were aroused by a gentle tapping on the door. After the newest competitor had been forcibly restrained from rendering his favorite pome, *i. e.*, "The Raven," the second newest competitor opened the door and in walked our future boss. With stately mien and dignified swoop of plumage, *i. e.*, tail, Phosphorus entered and, after having gazed critically at the tout ensemble, sat down in the Corrected which the second newest but one competitor are pleased. At any rate, we were

As has been noted, our to have acquired a name. To was thrust upon him, as it were, following manner: the third with Phosphorus, thought it an be properly baptized into the the Publicity Manager strolled any letters from Wellesley, he tor with three doctors working ing cheerful, but rather bedrag-copy basket. During the course competitor, being Course V when he damn thing like Phosphorus." After we and were down at Charlie's trying to for-had lost a free verse foundry, the Circulation Manager mentioned the deceased one's last remarks. So we agreed, as usual, not to respect the competitors' wishes and named our hardy mascot "Phosphorus."



Copy basket and emitted a loud noise tor said was what cats do when they adopted.

latest acquisition seems already be sure, this is a misnomer. It the next day in somewhat the newest competitor, being alone excellent idea that Phosphorus mystic circle with a bath. When in an hour later to see if he had found the third newest competi-over him and Phosphorus, look-gled, purring contentedly in the of his delirium, the third newest wasn't VOO DOO, shouted, "Not a had attended his funeral several days later, get the sad occasion and the fact that we

It would seem that this were a fitting place to inject a few explanatory remarks concerning Phosphorus, his lineage, his character, his preferences, etc. Needless to say, he is a cat of high degree. In fact, we are informed by no less a person than the worthy Phosphorus himself that his ancestors came over on the Mayflower and have resided since in the neighborhood of, if not actually on, Beacon Hill. At times Phosphorus walks with a slight limp which he incurred as the result of an encounter with an old shoe thrown by a former mayor of the city. This untoward accident occurred, owing to the mayor's inability to appreciate the honor done him one evening when Phosphorus serenaded him with an epic poem reciting the deed and virtues of his family. Naturally, all this information has been gathered from fragmentary remarks and hints which Phosphorus has left fall from time to time. For, like all genii (plural of genius), he is modest and retiring and all facts of his early history must be drawn out with great labor.

After he had become accustomed to our new typewriter and our sumptuous suite of offices, it was discovered that Phosphorus would occasionally sit down at the machine and, if the fourth newest competitor would insert a sheet of yellow paper, pound out a few remarks. These will be published from time to time as the Editor-in-Chief sees fit.

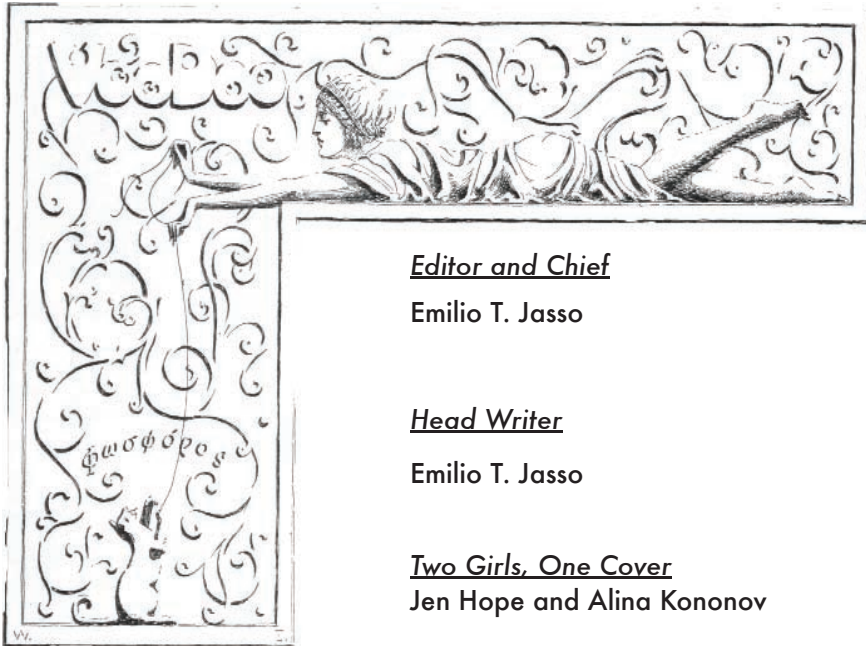
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*You can be a part of it
or it can be a part of you:
Join Voo Doo.*



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Volume 98, Number 1

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

EDITORIAL

Hiya pals,

It's me again. I'm sure you're a bit surprised to see me. "Gee, Jasso, we figured you were dead for sure! Didn't you at least graduate?"

Indeed I did, but I am back because I'm apparently needed more than ever. I am not sure why Voo Doo had close to a hundred people sign up this year claiming interest in one of the greatest college humor magazines ever written just to completely ignore everyone involved when we started hosting office hours and holding meetings.

Back in my day at MIT, if you said you were interested in something, it was because you actually were, not because you were a try-hard who wanted to make a good impression on people and wanted upperclassmen to think you were cool.

Is that it? Are these millenials so engrossed in looking cool and being accepted that they are willing to outright lie about what their personal tastes are? That they are willing to feign interest in something for attention?

Have any of them even had a real orgasm?

Whatever. I'm burned out. I've had a very bad year and here we are. Voo Doo skipped the entirety of the 2011-2012 school year (restarting in the beginning of the 2012-2013 year) due to...what? I don't know. All I know is I was gone and nothing happened. We've rallied round the troops and the dedicated bunch that make issues have been pounding at their keyboards and sketching on their paper to make this one happen.

I hope that Voo Doo will continue to happen. I hope to find a young student who has a yearning for humor, a desire

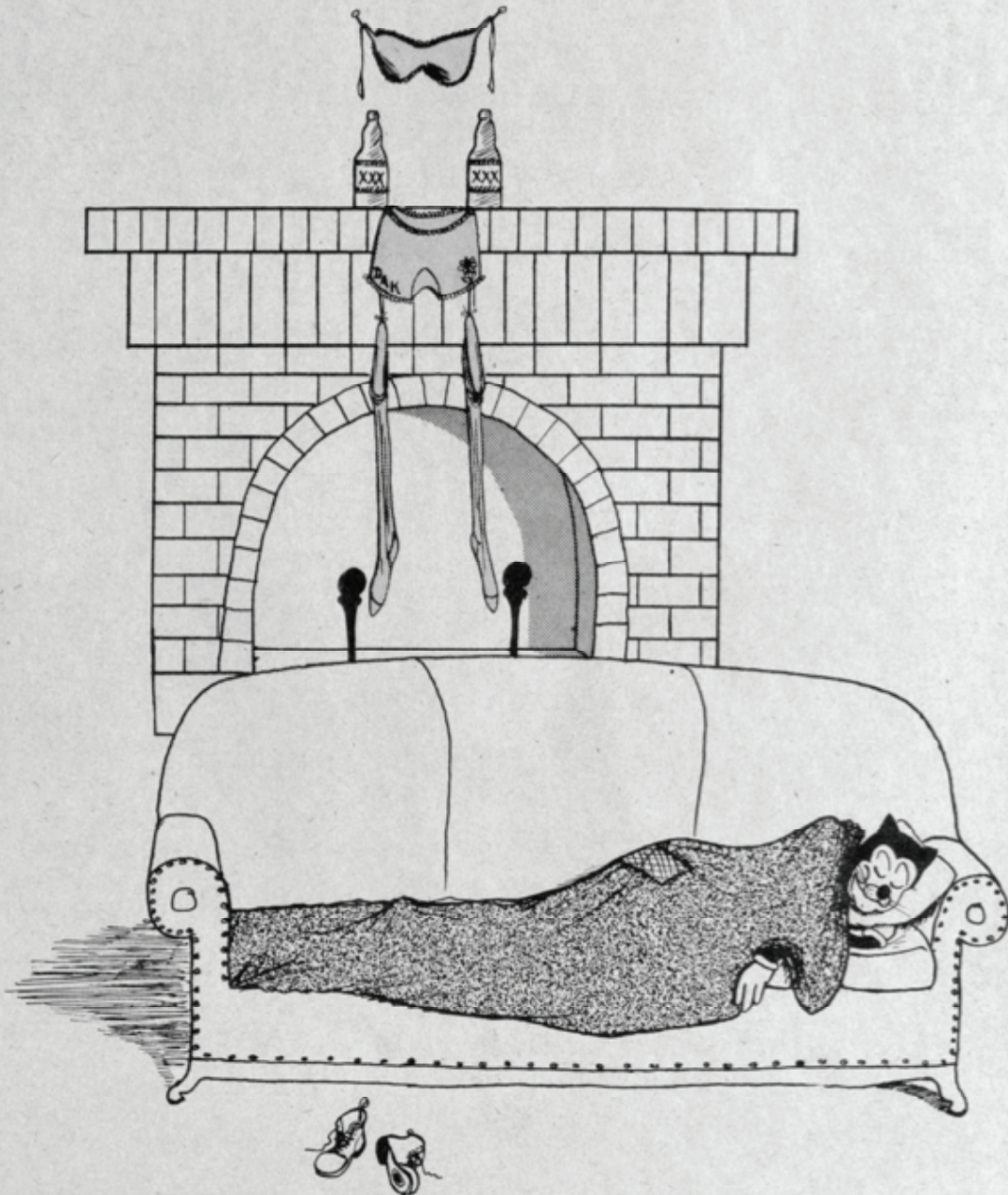
to continue a nearly century old tradition, and the skill to do both while succeeding at MIT. Hell, I didn't even do the last part and I kept this old rag going.

On a lighter note, now that I'm not on the brink of death as an MIT slave, I'll be devoting myself full-time to being a merchandise person for Voo Doo, so keep your eyes out for all kinds of awesome swag! T-shirts, coffee mugs, you name it! If we can sell it, we'll try our hardest. I can see it now: "Voo Doo: The Breakfast Cereal", "Voo Doo: The underwear", "Voo Doo: The At-Home Abortion Kit". I'm sure they'll be great hits around campus.

Truly, and not-at-all-reluctantly yours,



'Twas the Night Before Issue



Dear Phos...

I'm a sophomore member of the greatest group of sisters on campus (GIRJEEK LIFE FTW!!!!!!11!!) and I just moved into one of those "eccentric" dorms. I REALLY want them to know how cool and fun I am (just like all my sisters do lol) and let me run events like muffin-baking parties, group cry-alongs, and Ryan Gosling movie nights (omg he is like SOOO HOT!) The problem is that they seem to not want me to help out. They tell me I'm not experienced enough! (I totally have experience - I was voted Most Experienced Girl in high school!) What can I do to be more accepted?

XOXOXO 3

-- Wanting to Help

Dear Wanting to Help,

What's the point of joining a living group targeted at co-dependent attention whores if instead of living there you're going to go and bother other folks? Sounds like you need to make up your mind.

Hi guys! I'm hoping you'll be able to start sending me issues of your magazine. On lonely nights, sometimes it's all I have to keep me company. I'm a fan primarily because you look at both sides of issues, not just the dirty hippy side. I enjoy reading of the escapades of Aborted Nazi Fetus (a true Aryan hero) and Crack Rabbit (it's nice to see a successful entrepreneur as a role model for kids). I've written you in the past and unfortunately haven't received a reply. Did those dirty Democrat socialists remove the pictures I drew? They're probably scared. I loved that girl. In a way, it's sad she started going bad so soon. She was delicious. Anyway, please write me back!

-- Wrongfully Imprisoned

Dear Wrongfully Imprisoned,

We've forwarded your submissions to The Tech. We think they're more your style.

I picked up your magazine (volume 97, issue 1) and I was disgusted from cover to cover. I can't believe that your magazine is still in business! You should be shut down and punished to the fullest extent of the law. It's as if you specifically try to be offensive to anyone and everyone at MIT. I was disgusted completely by your comic and will never read it ever again!

-- Anonymous Administrator

Dear Anonymous Administrator,

Thank you for the letter! If you were disgusted cover to cover, then we've been more successful turning you into a reader than with those mouth breathers on the other side of Mass Ave. We look forward to more of your letters!

Have something to say to Phos?

Email : voodoo@mit.edu

or send mail to:

Voo Doo Magazine

Walker Memorial Room 50-309

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

77 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02142



Poetic Justice

Ode to Satan's Balls

Satan's balls hang pendulous and low
They crush those who would stand below.
Their odor cuts down armies beyond
A cloud of Chlorine and Zyklon.
The thickness of his throbbing girth
Could eclipse the roundness of the earth.
The hair upon the wrinkled folds
Has trapped sweet maidens in its hold.
When they release their demonic seed
Mountains rise, and oceans recede.
Truly, the legacy of the Fall
Lies in the might of Satan's balls.

Ghost Upon A Host

Check my tweet upon thy cell
And, while hoping all is well,
Let me be the first to tell.
Sure, I guess you must be right
To like me better out of sight
But my feelings still are heard
By the affluent or nerd
Through the wonders that are set
With this modern internet.
All that we blog or post
Is just our ghost upon a host.

I Hate to Leave old MIT

I hate to leave old MIT
She's a mistress harsh but warm
I've let her beat the shit from me
Make me wish I wasn't born,
But all the same, I had my fun
I loved and lost and snapped
And I can't complain too much, son
Since I never did get CAP'd
I spent my time with dick in hand
And bottle in the other
Before the Deans I'd like to stand
And say "regards to all your mothers"
Eventually, I'll leave this hell
As we all must know
And though it seems an easy sell,
It's still so hard to go

Two Slits Diverged in a Yellow Plate

Two slits diverged in a yellow plate,
And sorry momentum spurred me through,
I could not stop and choose my fate,
But loped on with unwavering gate
And which I took, I never knew.

Observers always heave a sigh
Confronted by the evidence.
Two slits diverged in a plate, and I -
I took them both as easy as pi,
And that has made the interference.

Jokes from the Past

1918:

He-- Why do you fasten Fido to your wrist?
 She-- Because he's a watchdog.

1919:

Astronomy Prof.-- I spend a large part of the evening gazing at heavenly bodies.
 Art School Student-- So do I.

1921:

GENTLEMAN (at the door): -- "Is May in?"
 MAID (haughtily): -- "May who?"
 GENTLEMAN (peevd): -- "Mayonnaise!"
 MAID (shutting the door): -- "Mayonnaise is dressing!"
 (Business of falling down steps.)

1960:

A farmer once called his cow Zephyr;
 She seemed such an amiable hephyr;
 When the farmer drew near,
 She kicked off his ear,
 Which made him considerably dephyr.

1962:

Knock, knock.
 Who's there?
 Nixon.
 Nixon who?
 See, you've forgotten him already.
 Who's laughing now?

1946:

Chaplain - "I will allow you 5 minutes of grace before your execution."
 Condemned - "Well, that's not long, but bring her in."

1952:

"Grandpappy, you're getting pretty old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poor house?"
 "You're dadburn right, sonny. I'm a-rarin'. Let's get a-goin'."
 "I can't understand why you're so anxious to go to the poor house."
 "Poor house? POOR house! Ye gads. I thought you said - Aw skip it. Just let me dream."

1943:

Her father was just a failure, but oh, boy, what a bust!

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 To Voo Doo



A Very DSL Christmas

It had been a long day and I was ready to head home and take a nap in my good ol’ reliable bed at the Senior Haus. The frosty air chilled me as I walked the snow-covered handicap ramp leading to the front entrance.

A man stopped me as I neared the top. “Excuse me,” he said. I looked up, recognizing his jacket as a facilities uniform. “Do you live here?”

“Yeah.” I stood in the snow, still very thin on the group, but reaching to the sides of my shoes.

“I’m here from facilities,” he said (consistent with his garb), “Can you tell me where I should put the hobos?”

I thought for a minute. I didn’t remember Senior Haus ordering any hobos recently. In fact, thinking back, I couldn’t remember having seen a single email about it. Nothing sent to officers or desk, no notices from the housemasters or GRTs... No, we certainly hadn’t ordered any hobos. Come to think of it, we wouldn’t, we didn’t want any.

“I think you have the wrong building.” I began to walk again.

“No, no,” he reassured me. “E2, Senior House. This is the right building.”

The right building? If this was the right building, someone must have ordered them for us, because we certainly hadn’t done so. In fact, I was pretty sure no one really wanted any. My face must have betrayed my perplexity, because he continued to explain.

“They’re going to all the dorms, not just your dorm. DSL ordered them. They’re part of the DSL Christmas outreach program.”

My confusion vanished. It all began to make

sense. The surveys about student well-being, the private committee meetings (the minutes of which had never been released).

“We have a van waiting by the courtyard to deliver them,” the man continued, checking his clipboard. “We need someone to tell us where to put them. I’ll tell my man to look for you. Thanks.”

Without any more words, he left, presumably to take care of something important.

With a sigh, I passed through the airlock and lobby and into the courtyard. I was immediately greeted by a dashing fellow in a yellow tie and suit.

“Hello!” His greeting was cheery enough.

“Hi,” I said as I stepped down the steps into the courtyard.

“Thanks for meeting me here,” he said. “We really had no idea where to put them. I mean, we figured the courtyard might be a good place -- central, exposed, fun -- but we weren’t really sure where in the courtyard...”

“Well,” I said, “How about over there, in that corner, by the grill?”

“Hmm...” the man made an expression befitting of a dog attempting to lick its own ear. “No,” he concluded. “No. There’s not enough space. They’ll need lots of space in order to perform. DSL has given them a lot to do! Some of them will be dressed up as Christmas elves and will be doing acrobatics. Some of them are dressed like reindeer and will be giving sleigh rides! Others are only wearing Christmas lights and spinning in circles, which might make them too dizzy to stay in one spot!”

“Okay,” I said, looking around. “How about... by the swing set, behind the jungle gym?”

**SUBMIT TO
VOO DOO!**



“No, no,” said the man immediately. “No one will have access to them there! How will people sit on Santa’s lap? How will they open the presents from the giant present sac they’re carrying on their backs? That simply won’t do if people are to enjoy them!” He made that face again, which made me deeply believe that some part of his face itched in a very special way. “I know!” he shouted. “We’ll put them between the two!” He pointed at the space between the grill and the jungle gym, right in the center of the courtyard.

“Okay,” I said, but it wasn’t. It was clear he hadn’t really wanted my opinion at all. I knew he wanted to keep his job, which is why he was listening to the irrational requests coming from on high, and I know that DSL probably thought their idea was amazing, but I couldn’t help thinking something was broken... communication, transparency, something. We didn’t really need Christmas entertainment (I certainly don’t anyway), and it didn’t really understand why the performers had to be hobos and not real performers; however I suppose they pushed hard because coming up with a program like this makes DSL look really good.

It’s no wonder I was very surprised when I woke up and realized it had only been a dream.

PHOS-IN-FEATHERS ISSUE



In 1943, Voo Doo was as sensitive to the sensibilities of human morality as we are now - or at least as much as hipsters are. Maybe Phos was a hipster before it was cool?

Open Letter to MIT Administrators

As the year comes to a close, and many students have gone far far away from the Institvte, so far, in fact, that their already tiny voices seem like even more unimportant whispers than they normally do, some of the UA has met to discuss and evaluate the previous year. During this meeting, the UA has decided to revitalize its staff by introducing a new position, or rather a slew of new positions, that will take effect some time this summer at the UA's discretion: the UA would like to introduce to you the Administrative Life Area Director (ALAD), a position introduced to help you, the administrator, with your private personal life and to give you the support you must need.

The UA's been trying, since when we were founded, to figure out just exactly how the fuck the administration works, and why there are so many goddamn administrators, many of whom appear to do nothing or to redundantly do the same jobs as other administrators who are also doing nothing. After reviewing tens of hundreds of surveys related mostly to other topics and making lots of uneducated guesses, we have decide that the new solution is to expand the UA into a realm where it really can make a difference: the administration.

Each administrator will be assigned his or her individual ALAD. The ALAD will have broad oversight of the day-to-day management of each administrator's personal house operations, including: management of friends and family; holding your hands while crossing the street; granting permission for and accompanying all trips to the lavatory; managing bank accounts; chewing the

administrator's food and/or providing extra saliva during mastication.

In order to best accomplish our lofty, broad, and clearly important goals, your ALAD will live alongside you in your own personal home and will sleep in your own bed, either with your or with your spouse, at the ALAD's preference. Additionally, your ALAD may take your spouse out on dates to fancy restaurants (paying with your credit card of course), and may, at any time, request that you or your children film the hot and humiliating sex that is sure to follow.

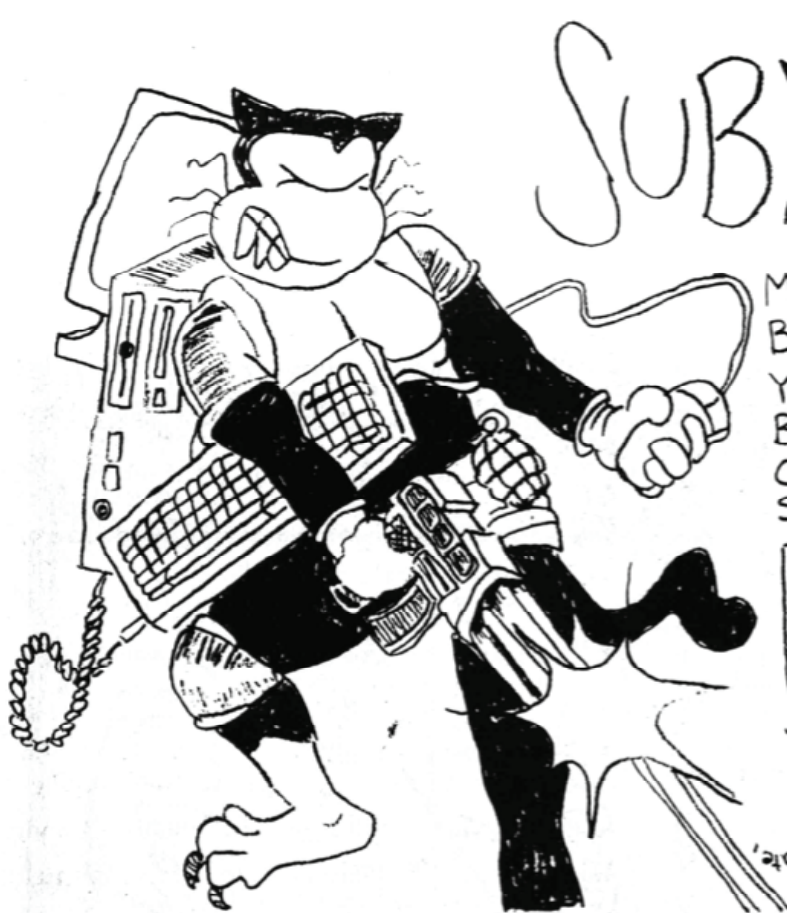
Your work promoting greater interaction with yourselves and students and helping our ALADs invade your home is vital to MIT. We anticipate that these changes will have wide benefits for the entire system, including relieving the administrative burden assumed by you, the administrators, freeing you as much as possible to focus on whatever you actually do that we don't really know about in hopes that maybe we'll find why you're redundant. We expect the ALADs to assist you in everything you do so that they can, with time, take your job and identity from you (including your family, possessions, and social security information).

We understand that you may have lots of questions, and may even be wondering how we have the authority to do this, but rest assured, we'll be available to ignore all your questions and lie to you. We know what you want to hear, and we've practiced saying it thousands of times and have form letters responding to most of the questions you might ask, linked on



our website. For now, we wanted to alert you to this change and offer our gratitude in advance for your absolute submission in making this transition for Administrative Life.

Sincerely,
The UA



SUBMIT!

MAKE NEW FRIENDS, GET BETTER GRADES, AND KEEP YOUR HAMSTER FROM BEING BLOWN AWAY... ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS IF YOU SEND US YOUR SUBMISSIONS!

INTERDEPARTMENTAL
Voo Doo
Walker RM 50-309
MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

SEND TEXT SUBMISSIONS TO:
voodoo@mit.edu

* if you submit, we'll blow away your roommate's hamster... or your roommate, if you ask really nicely...

A Letter From The Future

The year was 2021, the ten-year anniversary of my graduation from MIT. It had been a long road, and I hadn't set foot on campus for close to five years, not even for Steer Roast. A couple years prior, in about 2017, I had ceased to receive invitations to Steer Roast. Although I thought this was odd, I figured it was probably because I had been too busy sharpening my nose on the grind stone to reply and everyone had assumed I had died again. At any rate, I had decided that this year, I was going to go to Steer Roast. I booked my flight into Boston the Thursday before the first weekend in May and after arriving that morning, I checked into my hotel (near MIT campus - I was making mad bank) and walked over to Senior House.

The building looked as normal as ever as I approached along Amherst Street. The large columns out front were just as large and column-y as I had remembered. The steps were a little worse for the wear - stained an odd color of yellow and with chips taken out of the edges. I also noted as I ascended them that they reeked as though an army of bums had had a piss-fueled water war and then died. And pissed themselves as they rotted.

I entered the foyer and knocked on the inner door. I heard the lock click and I opened it up. I didn't enter right away but instead stood in the open doorway, my eyes trying to comprehend what I saw.

The walls had been covered with a purple-based paisley wallpaper. The lobby furniture, once a symbol of the Haus, had been replaced with some Apple-inspired curvy blobs of glass, steel, and white plastic. The carpets had been changed, too, to something that I'm sure correlated with the wallpaper, but since I'm color blind, I can't really tell you what color it was. I was frozen in place. I didn't even notice the deskworker until she spoke to me.

"Like, hi! Welcome to Senior Haus, Lawl. Are you here to visit someone or, like, are you here for the weekly group cry?"

I looked her up and down. She was a short blonde girl, tanned to Jersey levels, with dark brown roots showing for about a half inch. She had tits

smaller than mine, and fake nails that looked like they cost as much as my boots did. She wore a pink sorority sweatshirt, a bluejean skirt, tights, and Uggs. She smacked gum as she stood behind desk.

"Uh, yeah, hi," I said, checking to make sure I was actually in Senior House, "I'm an alum and I'm just, uh, visiting for Steer Roast." It was only then that I noticed how empty the house seemed, especially for the weekend of Roast. And how quiet.

The girl cocked her head and smacked her gum. "Steer what? OH! Do you mean that like, big party thing that all those weird people used to throw?"

Something in my chest tightened like a Shrinky-Dink in the oven. A soft whimper escaped my throat. I peeked past her into the courtyard. There was no pit set up, there were no people - it seemed empty. I glanced past her and behind desk. There were no longer any Sport Death t-shirts on the whiteboard. Instead, there was a t-shirt with a strange symbol. In bright yellow.

"Yeah, I guess Steer Roast was..., what are those shirts and where are the Sport Death ones?" I gestured toward the shirt on the wall.

The girl turned and glanced at the wall. "That's the Greek-slash-Independent unity shirt. They've been the standard Senior House shirt for like, as long as I can remember. They're like really cool! Wanna buy one? All proceeds go, like, directly to the IFC, so, like, the administration can't steal our money."

I narrowed my eyes at her. "You've never heard of Sport Death? Only life can kill you? No? Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail: Seventy-Two?"

She giggled. "That sounds like, super goth and weird. Boy, Senior House used to be really weird back in the day."

I took a deep breath. The air smelled like carpet cleaner and lab-grade lysol. Pristine. Sanitary. Sterile. I rested against desk, next to a pile of menus from an Indian restaurant. "Listen," I said to the girl, "is the president around? The housemasters?"

She cocked her head the other way. "What are housemasters?"

I could feel my anger rising. I was in a strange,

perverted *Twilight Zone* episode. I was expecting Rod Serling to step from the shadows at any minute, cigarette in hand, to tell the viewers what they had learned from my absurd misfortune. I took another deep breath.

“Is there anyone in the house who has been here longer than you? You know, like, a couple years longer at the least?”

She looked off into the distance, thought hard. I could hear the rusty gears turning inside that tiny orange head of hers. “Well, I think, like, the Friendly Area Governor has been here like, forever. I could like, call him.”

“Could you?” I asked.

The girl nodded and walked over to the phone beside the desk computer. At least there was still a phone and a computer. She picked up the receiver, referenced a sheet taped to the table next to the phone, and dialed. I glanced around Desk. The movies were gone, the TV was gone, hell, even the clock was gone. It was washed clean, neat and pristine. There was no clutter, nothing. There weren't even packages in the back. After about 45 seconds, the girl hung up the phone and called to me “He'll be down in a bit. You can have a seat to wait if you'd like.”

I said my thanks and had a seat. At least I didn't have to sign some completely stupid guest log. The chair I sat in warped under my weight (though it didn't seem like it would have taken much to bend it). It was uncomfortable and awkward, and forced my body into an upright posture that was strange for my back, and probably made me seem like I had a solid titanium rod for a spine. I shifted side-to-side for a bit as I tried to find a position that was comfortable. I was actually glad when the Friendly Area Governor showed up. He turned the corner from DoomCon and walked up to me, hand extended.

He was a red-haired fellow with a goatee and one small gold earring. He wore slacks and a dress shirt, no tie, and with dress shoes that hadn't seen a shine since they were bought. He looked like every male RLA I ever remembered. He shook my hand limply and introduced himself.

“Hi there,” he said in a gruff voice, “I'm Richard, the Area Governor for the first floor.”

“Hi, Richard,” I said, “I'm an alum, and I was hoping I could talk to someone who could help me understand what's happened to Senior House. Are you something like a GRT?”

Richard smiled. “I can tell you haven't been around for a while. Let's walk and talk. I'll get you up-to-date.” We started walking towards DoomCon. “Oh,” he added, “I'm also very little like a GRT. A few years back, MIT decided that the GRT system was a big waste of money. Myself and the other FAGs are working in our capacity as a kind of... well...it's kind of a way for us to get ahead in the industry, you know?”

We walked into DoomCon. The paisley wallpaper stopped abruptly at the door to the Holman staircase. In DoomCon, the walls were devoid of murals and instead were 100% Institute white. I looked at Richard. “I'm sorry, I don't think I understand what you mean. How is your system any cheaper than the GRT system?”

He smiled. “We pay for the honor of being Sub-Assistant-Interpersonal Deans.”

I stopped in the middle of the hallway.

“You mean to tell me that YOU pay THE INSTITUTE in order to work for The Institute?”

Richard nodded, shoved his hands into his pockets. “For someone who only has an associates degree from a community college, it's really an honor. You have to understand that. It's difficult to be in our industry and have to compete with people who went to better schools. Working at MIT gives us something we can put on a resume that looks really, really good. Come on, let me show you the rest of the dorm.”

We were close to the Nichols staircase. As we ascended, I pointed to what I remembered as the door to the housemaster's suite. “Let me guess, the housemaster system was also too expensive to continue? What do they do with the suite now?”

Richard nodded silently. “Now the suite is rented out to visiting CEOs and big donors to the Institute. It's cheaper than any of the other hotels in the area, and we still turn a profit.”

We rose to the second floor and continued our tour. The murals were gone from the stairwell and the 2nd HNC as well. “And what happened to the murals?”

“Well,” Richard explained as we walked, “when Senior House started becoming a much more accepting and all-enclusive dorm, we realized that the murals we had were offensive to some of our residents. For instance, you might remember the tremendously blasphemous mural of Jesus on the 4th floor.”

“That wasn’t Jesus. Didn’t you ever read the Roast Document that talked about all the murals?”

“Well, it could have been construed as Jesus. It was offensive to Christians. It had to be removed.”

“And what about the murals of, say, the squid? Or the mushrooms? The Dream of the Fisherman’s Wife?”

“They were symbolic of sexually-charged ideas or illicit substances. They also had to be removed.”

The carpets were a strange color - and I could tell it even better because all the lights were on, and it even seemed like more had been added. The hallways were disturbingly bright. It was now that I noticed there was a small notepad outside each door with a grid of hours on it.

“What’s with the ledgers outside the doors?”

“Oh, that’s how we ensure that all students meet their curfews.”

“Their what?”

“Their curfews,” Richard said nonchalantly. “You see, these kids-”

“Students. They’re mostly over 18.”

“Right. These, uh, students, they don’t really know what’s good for them. Do you realize how little MIT students used to sleep? Once we implemented a mandatory lights-out and a mandatory curfew, amount of sleep started pushing 7 hours a night. That’s deeply impressive! The plan is a total success!”

I shook my head and looked down the hallway. I saw a door open a crack. A student poked his or her head into the space and looked at us. When they realized I was looking at them, they became startled and closed the door quickly.

“What about the Red Stripe mural? That one’s gone, too. Is the Absinthe mural also gone?” We were

walking through 2nd WAR, which was not much more active than I had remembered, but eerie nonetheless.

“Well, all alcohol related murals needed to be removed in order to prevent offending students who might have religions that forbid drinking alcohol. Likewise, the coffee-based murals needed to be removed. At the end of the day, we realized that there wouldn’t really be any way to have a mural that was guaranteed not to offend anyone, so we did away with the ability for students to paint murals. Honestly, in a way, Senior House is better for it. I mean,” he gestured at the bare whitewashed walls of the hallway as we approached the Ware staircase, “look how clean and neat and organized the house looks! It looks professional! This is what students want! It’s so neat and ordered! This is what students like to live in - they want their homes to be orderly and neat and inviting, not hostile and dirty and abstract. They want homes that don’t make them think or make them form opinions. We are proud that Senior House, the oldest dorm, has followed in the footsteps of the newest dorms and has agreed that the dorm should be a blank canvas at all times so that students aren’t offended and so that all different types of folks can live together peacefully and without anyone feeling too out-of-place.”

We were now walking through 3rd WAR. I noticed there was no furniture whatsoever in the lounges and hallways.

“Where do the students sit? Or do work?”

“Every student is assigned a chair and a desk that they keep in their room. Room inspections are done weekly to ensure that the student is maintaining a space that is conducive to proper productivity as outlined in the MIT Student Handbook that they receive during Orientation. If students desire to work elsewhere, they are free to do so during the hours of 7am and 7pm. To leave the dorm after 7pm requires written permission from their FAG.”

I glanced out into the courtyard as we crossed through Runkle. The Tree had been stripped clean of its branches up to the very top. In a strike of awful horror I realized: there was no tire.

“Richard,” I said, trying to hide my anger, “Where’s the tire?”

“The what? Oh, right. The tire swing was dangerous. One of the children-”

“Students.”

“Right, students. One of the students got a really bad scrape on his hand that almost bled. We decided it would be in the best interest of the residents of the house if it was removed. We discussed replacing it with something safer, like a beanbag chair on the first floor, but decided that a beanbag chair might pose a choking hazard if someone opened it up and tried to inhale the pellets.”

“Why would anyone do that? Ever?”

“Well, it’s a concern at any rate.”

We kept our walk going, passing through the 3rd HNC, and then rising up to 4th HNC. Everything looked the same - not only were there no murals, but all the doors had the exact same bare wood look. There was no scribbling, no signs, no paper posted (aside from the check in/check out ledgers) and absolutely no way to differentiate one room from the next other than the number on the wall plaque above the ledger. I decided I had had enough of this cat and mouse crap, so I cut right to the chase.

“And what about Steer Roast? When did that end?”

“About the time that we realized that Steer Roast wasn’t conducive to an all-inclusive environment here at Senior House. It was an ostracizing event.”

“In what way? Steer Roast was an event for alumni and by students. Its whole point was to showcase the family-like atmosphere of Senior House and to celebrate our culture.”

“That was the problem. You said it yourself. Steer Roast was being used to celebrate a culture that was no longer the culture of Senior House. Senior House has abandoned all that fake “alternative” nonsense that used to permeate the house. It’s simply not conducive to a healthy learning environment. No, there is no more Steer Roast because the residents of the house don’t want it. However, if you’re looking for a super fun event, feel free to come to the yearly Greek Griller that we’ll host during Fraternity and Sorority rush. Do you realize now that Senior House is 87% affiliated, overall GPAs have risen by almost a

full grade point? It’s amazing. The Greek system has done so much to improve the lives of these students.”

“I’m sure.”

“In fact, it was primarily due to help from the IFC that we were able to find an even to replace Steer Roast. The Greek Griller, of course. They almost decided to host it yearly in Maseeh, but we convinced them otherwise once our percentage of affiliates was higher than theirs.”

We were entering 4th WAR, a place I had many fond memories of. This time, though, it looked no different. We walked into the lounge to see a student sitting in a corner reading a physics book. The student saw myself and Richard and was immediately flushed of all color.

“I’m so sorry, Mr Richard,” he said, rising and clutching his book to his chest. “I know I didn’t submit a request to be able to study in public. I’m sorry. It’s just...it’s just...”

Richard rose to his full 5 feet six inches and placed his fists on his hips. “Well, number four-zero-six, what is it? You’d better have a good excuse if you don’t want me to send you to the Committee on Academic Delinquency.”

The student blushed. “It’s just that I farted really badly and since the windows don’t open anymore I couldn’t get the smell out. So I was studying here.”

Richard shook his head. “If you had been eating all of your meals at Maseeh Dining like you should be, your flatulence levels should be irrelevant. Have you been eating non-Institute-approved food? Well?”

The student looked at his feet, clad in a busted pair of cheap slippers. “Yes, Mr. Richard, Sir. My mom visited and we went to a restaurant in Cambridge.”

Richard looked furious. “YOUR MOTHER VISITED? Did you even fill out a parental visitation request form?” Richard collected himself. I sensed he had forgotten I was there until just then. He cleared his throat. “Go to your room. We’ll discuss this later.” Number four-zero-six moved quickly into a room. Richard turned to me. “You see,” he said as the red started to run out of his cheeks, “we have an order. We have procedure. Once, Senior House was a place without a constitution, without written laws. That has changed in order to protect the kids.”

"You mean students."

Richard gritted his teeth. "Yes. Students. To help the students."

I nodded. The man was a tiny little ball of hate. His left eye started to twitch, making his one tiny gold earring shake and jitterbug on his earlobe.

"And calling them by their room numbers?"

Richard nodded slowly, turning away from me to keep walking through to the stairwell. "We find it's better if the students are aware that they are not particularly important individually. Also, us FAGs have a lot of places to be, a lot of people to talk to. You can't expect us to remember everyone's name."

"Isn't remembering a number just as difficult if not more so?"

Richard stopped in the middle of the hallway next to the staircase. He turned to me abruptly and lowered his brow in anger.

"You know, mister, I don't like the way you're speaking to me. This is the way this is - this is the way it's been for years. It works. We have no complaints, we have no suicides, and the average GPA is higher. This is the best place to go to school in the entire world. You keep asking questions about things that used to be - things that were inefficient, offensive, and dirty. Your ideas are archaic and medieval. You are just like these kids-

"Students."

"STOP IT!" He was shaking with anger. His face was reddish-pink, like undercooked pork. "You are just like these idiots here! You don't know what's good for you! How do you even function in the world without an administrator telling you what to do? How do you not just stop sleeping and eating and kill yourself? How is that possible with how dense you are and how "alternative" you pretend to be?" He emphasized the quotes with his hands.

I shook my head and sighed.

"I don't know," I said. We stood there awkwardly for a bit until I gestured over my shoulder towards Runkle. "I'm gonna drop by Towers for a bit, alright?"

"I'm afraid you'll find that a bit...difficult," he said, a small half-grin forming between the pubes

on his face. I could smell the sulfurous smell of his evil. Or maybe it was four-zero-six's room.

"What do you mean? What have you done to Towers?" The hairs on the back of my neck stood up.

"I guess you'll just have to see for yourself," he said, before laughing into the vilest, most cackling laugh I've ever heard. It sent more chills down my spine. I turned and ran towards the Towers door. I flung it open and instead of hearing the bubbling of fish tanks in the darkness of the bottom of the stairwell, I instead heard giggling and high-pitched laughter. The stairwell was Institute white, and new lights had been installed. I lept up the stairs two at a time. When I reached the top landing, I collapsed to my knees.

The lounge had been opened up. The bulkhead that once held DuckyBear and the fishtank was gone. There were no fishtanks. The floor: Pepto-Bismol-colored shag carpeting, the wallpaper: the same. The floor was covered with bright patterned beanbags upon which sat a collection of sorority girls painting their nails and gossiping. At least half of them had iPhones cradled between their heads and their shoulders. The air was filled with some pre-pubescent pop artist's wailings. A voice called out to me from the kitchen.

"Oh. My. God. What are YOU doing in here?"

I turned my head. It was the girl from desk.

"Like, didn't you see the sign on the door? This is, like, off-limits to non-sisters!"

I began to hyperventilate. I rose to my feet and dropped down the staircase, rolling down the second flight. I opened the door into the whitewashed Runkle lounge and slunk down the stairs. In the lobby, a guy wearing frat letters and a backwards baseball cap asked me if I wanted some crack. I pushed past him and ran into the courtyard. I dropped to my knees and wept for what seemed like hours before making my slow and lonesome way back to my hotel. I then wrote this and sold all of my belongings in order to bribe a military acquaintance of mine to let me use their time travel device to ship this to Voo Doo in the past.

Please, I beg of you, please pay heed to my story. Sure, in my timeline it's too late, but not for yours. You can still fix this - you can still make things work. You can save yourselves and the legacy and tradition that is Senior House.

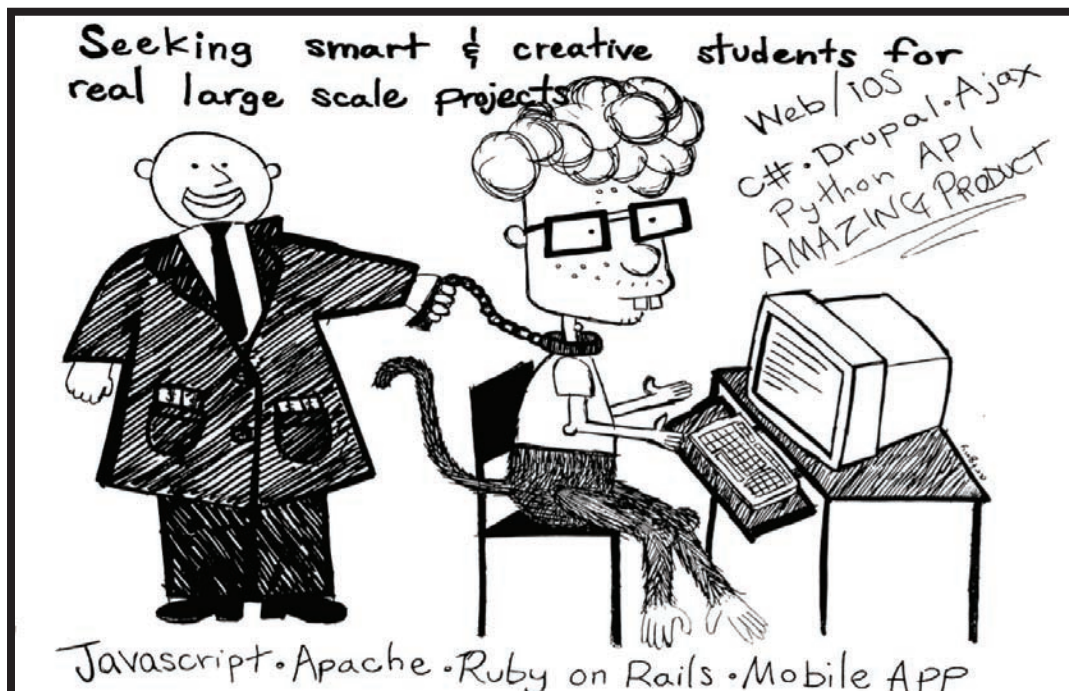
You might or might not be receiving correspondence from me in the future. I met with some contacts, some old doctors and some friends of the house and we are going to stage a coup. Either that, or we are going to liquidate the rest of our belongings and buy the house outright to try and return it to its previous glory. Perhaps MIT in my time has merely ceased to bring students in who will hold opinions without shame. Perhaps there are no students who believe in opinions anymore. Perhaps everyone in my time wants to be a sheep. Perhaps they are happy being walked on and spit upon and made a mockery of by the rest of the academic world for being push-overs with no intestinal fortitude and no honor.

Perhaps. Perhaps that is the case. I hope that for your universe it is not. I hope that in your universe, you will be able to find enough students who care about autonomy and respect themselves enough to fight the man and resist full assimilation. I hope.

Be a cool
cat.



Submit to Voo Doo
Walker Memorial
50-309
voodoo@mit.edu



Jokes Involving Crosses

Kudos to Blake Brasher as the only person who rose to the bait and provided an answer (everyone else: where's your sporting instinct?) to the question I proposed previously.

His answer to "why the mit student crossed the road":

"Because they thought it was a vector".

It is a very good answer. It fulfills a sub-class of the "crossed the road" in an unexpected form.

I like it. Grammar causes a question as to evaluating pronouns, but read it as "they" = "MIT student" (they being gender neutral singular as well as plural) and "it" as "the road" and the answer implies the follow up question:

"What did the mit student cross the road with?"

Alternatively I would like to make the assumption that they were both vectors in the question. Draw a vector representing the road in the i direction (or x if you like cartesian coordinates better), a vector representing the student in the k (z) direction (assumption is the student is awake to do this, and not bobsledding) and doin' the cross product, we get a vector in the $-j$ ($-y$) direction, which is towards the side of the road. Translating it back into joke language, the "-" represents not the same side, or rather the other side.

Other observations from describing it this way:

If the student is taller, (magnitude of his vector) he will cross proportionately faster.

Likewise if the traffic is faster (or the road is longer, not sure what magnitude would represent that; in my argument magnitude = traffic is the 0 case. No traffic implies the road is meaningless to cross) and if we change our assumption about the bobsledding-ness of the student, if he's goin' in the j direction, crossing will have a vertical component, so he'll bounce.

And I hope the extra stuff gets me extra credit, so I don't have to work as hard on my jokes later on. Alas, Voo Doo is a stern taskmistress, and won't let me off so easy.

But are there really no answers to: "How is voodoo like a dead baby?"

Really?

Should I give folk one more chance on that?

No! No extra-credit for me, even though I did extra work, with a bibliography referencing previous work on the subject (Blake's).

I'm going to tell you the answer. And if anyone is complaining that I'm revealing a trade secret, ya should have thought of that before now, and done responded to my pathetic yearning for a good joke. You're like a mother who hears it's baby wailing and wailing, starving to death, and won't even take up the infant, bare her supple shapely breast, and raise the poor child's lips to the luscious teet. Don't tell me you're not lactating. That's no excuse. Everyone has a sense of humor!

That precious baby is now dead because you didn't do anything. And ya know what? He's going to write for Voo Doo. And no one will laugh reading Voo Doo because they realize that yes, Voo Doo is made of dead babies. And it doesn't help that we use only the finest, carefully selected, hand picked dead babies (aka Aborted Nazi Fetus, the genetically superior dead baby). A dead baby is still a dead baby in his/her soul, even if he/she has grown up to be an active millennial in today's MIT community.

So yeah, it was a trick question. It was a gimme on a test. Any answer is a right answer, because Voo Doo is dead babies. And you got it wrong in the only way possible: by not answering.

What are you all learning from that firehose anyway?

-Rob

(Severely depressed in a Rob-like way, though strangely cheered by the incurable hope of someone out there who is not like you, who would feed me with the sweet milk of human humor, and oh! That glorious breast! Oh, that sweet, sweet sucking!)



Hey look! Another piece of blasphemy! I bet you weren't expecting that! Blasphemy? In Voo Doo? This MUST be a first! We're all such good religious folk!

Alright, I'm all out of sarcasm. Sorry, everyone. I guess the rest of this issue will be pretty dull now.

A Complete Lie: Of Lust, Hate, and Gravy

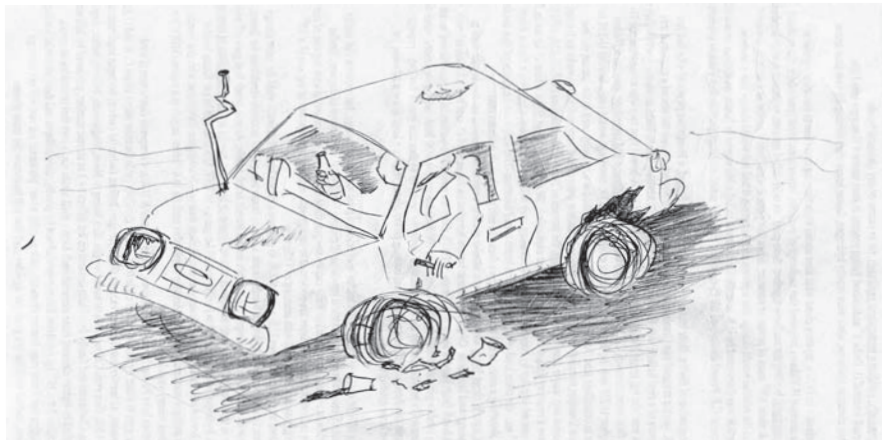
It was probably on a Wednesday night that I first decided to hold a stake-out. The target? A pudgy, out-of-touch dean with a small penis and a Napoleon complex, or at least that's what the dossier said. He had just recently pushed a mandate that forced students into cohabitation with a dozen or so newly hired administrators who had no idea what their job was supposed to be, or had even been on campus prior to their first day. My employers called it "horseshit". These administrators were hated before the day they arrived - their existence had been leaked by someone on the inside. Everyone thought they blew goats, and the only people hated even more than them were those who had hired them. The general consensus was that these folks also blew goats.

I sipped my coffee as I watched the dean's house. A small pile of cigarette butts had collected outside the driver side door of my black '72 Cadillac. Well, it wasn't really a Cadillac, it was a Ford Pinto. And I'm not sure of the year. But at least it was black. Well, it was black at some point in its existence - now it was mostly primer grey. Anyway, I sipped my coffee and I pulled another Winston from the pack and lit it. I gazed through the scum covered windows of the dean's house and into his living room. He was sitting in a leather armchair in yellowed briefs while watching some child beauty pageant show on TV. He appeared to be masturbating with the hand that wasn't holding his crack pipe. I took a deep drag. This had been a long night. I hadn't actually seen him do anything else for the past few hours - I guess there was a marathon

of this show in celebration of the fourth of July.

It was kind of fascinating, actually, observing this fellow in his natural environment. The tacky wallpaper, the disorganized, neglected IKEA bookshelf behind him, the poster of Miley Cyrus, it spoke of a man with no class and no taste but for watching little girls in littler clothes. I was disgusted, but since I had already been paid half of my fee and was really banking on the other half to cover my gin debts, I sucked on my cancer stick, sipped my coffee, and pretended I was watching a BBC nature documentary. I could hear the accented man in my head: "We see here a perfect example of the American Deanus Ignoramus. Like most of its species, it is reclusive and out-of-touch with the majority of the creatures it interacts with, preferring instead to spend its time hatching schemes to pad its resume with the hopes of eventually being hired to run a small college in a predominantly Republican town where free speech and dissenting opinions are believed to be dangerous tools of the Communist."

I was getting bored. I wasn't even sure what I was supposed to be looking for. So what, this ball of dough was into little kids - I hadn't seen him do anything illegal yet, just gross. I was hired just to observe, which is, by far, the most boring job any private dick could have. I was almost out of coffee, and was about to drive down to the corner store to get some more when I saw a couple of headlights turn into the street behind me. They belonged to a car which slowed to a stop in front of the dean's house.



The driver must not have seen between the moldy drapes, because he still got out and walked up to the door with a plastic bag. He looked like a delivery boy - what kind I didn't know yet - but he rang the doorbell and stood patiently as I watched the dean fumble to shut off the TV and toss a moth-eaten robe over himself. He exited his living room, disappearing from view, and a short while later the front door opened. He spoke briefly with the guy there, took the bag, and handed him what was probably cash. The delivery man walked back to his car, got in, and left the way he had come. The dean disappeared inside the house for a minute or so before reappearing in the living room with a large towel and a plate. Now my interest was piqued. I shifted in my seat with excitement.

The dean laid the towel on the floor. He placed the plate next to it - it was difficult for me to see because the windows weren't full floor to ceiling. He then removed his robe and sat down on the towel. He fumbled out of my view and lifted a fried chicken leg to his mouth. My own mouth began to water as I hadn't eaten anything in a long time and fried chicken sounded really good. I watched him eat the chicken lustily, attacking the bone like a fox chewing off its own leg to escape a trap. Spittle and chicken grease were flying everywhere; bits of meat and skin were dropping on his hairy chest. I lost my appetite and my stomach started to turn. I lit another cigarette to make it feel better. When the meat was gone from that bone, he dropped it - presumably on the plate, and fumbled around a bit more out of my view. He then lifted up a large pint (or maybe more) of something. He removed the plastic lid and set it aside. He then raised the styrofoam container to his face and began to drink. He drank so lustily that gravy spilled out of the corners of his flabby mouth and poured all over his already glistening body, the gravy intertwining with his gray hairs and his thick coating of natural oils that would make a pika resident proud. He stopped drinking at some point, and allowed the gravy to pour all over his body - his bald head, his chest and almost non-existent neck.

The cigarette I was smoking didn't make me feel better anymore, so I tossed it outside with the others. I was actually beginning to feel ill.

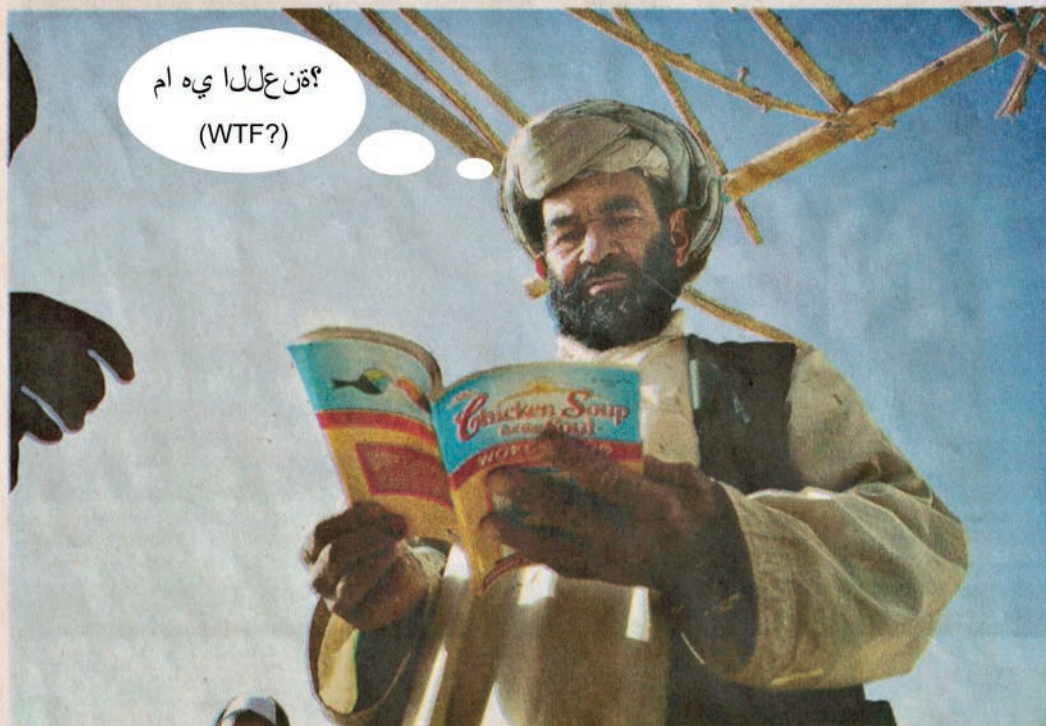
Eventually, the pint emptied. He sat, enjoying the feeling for a while, I guess, and then brought another piece of chicken up to his mouth. He rubbed it all over himself, allowing it to soak the gravy, and then he devoured it with the same gusto as the previous piece. I couldn't stand it anymore. I opened my door and puked my guts out onto the smoldering pile of cigarette butts and fingernail clippings that had piled up outside my door. I closed the door, feeling disgusted, and drove off into the night.

I'll never know why the MIT students who hired me wanted me to watch this dean, but I'll never forgive them. No one should have to see that - no one should have to undergo that kind of punishment and degradation. I showered for an hour and a half that night, scrubbing with an SOS pad. I wrote a complete report and handed it to my employers the next day. They seemed pleased, but not at all surprised. I'm not sure what kind of sick fuckers they get to work and study at MIT, but I'll be damned if I ever take another job with you goat blowers ever again.

The author wishes to remain anonymous in order to preserve the integrity of his or her private investigation business.



HUMANITARIAN HANDOUTS



A resident of Afghanistan's Ghazni province looks over a book given to him by members of Bravo Company, 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry, 101st Airborne Division during a "humanitarian assistance" patrol Thursday. U.S. forces are scheduled to begin withdrawing in July, despite uneven signs of progress in the war. *Michael Kamber, The New York Times*



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!

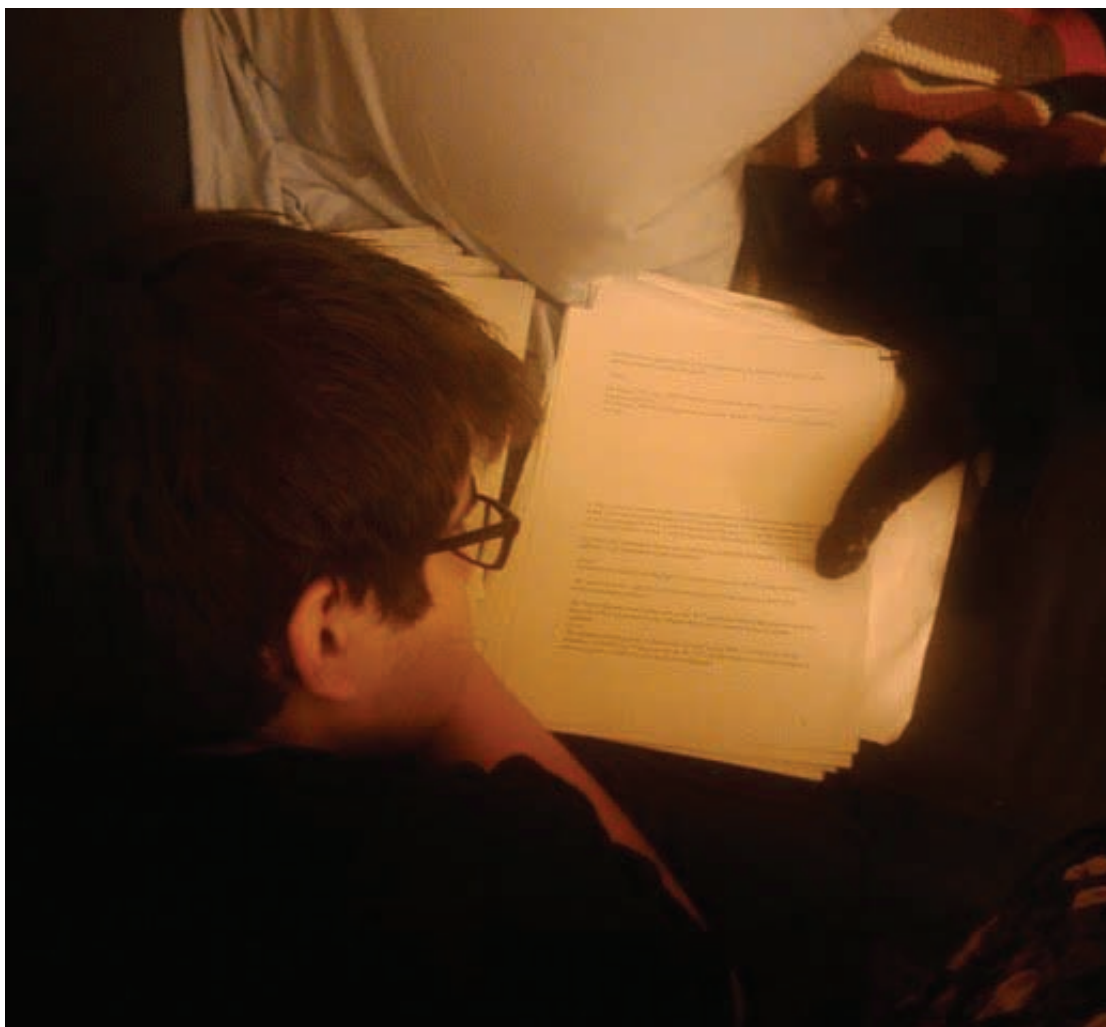
Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship
Will fully support one student for one year

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, pouring over submissions

Pope observes war anniversary



“The Wehrmacht fell upon the helpless Poles like an angel of death! We... er, they were unstoppable!” *Alessandra Tarantino, The Associated Press*



“Evolution”

Voo Doo Staffer Application Quiz

Here is a list of puzzles that all potential Voo Doo staffers must complete before consideration for a position. At least, that's what they told me. For extra fun, write down your answers and send them to: Voo Doo, Walker Memorial Room 50-309, MIT, 77 Mass Ave, Cambridge, MA 02142.

1) Okay, so you're going to class, giving a presentation on logic puzzles, and you've got a bag of grain, some geese, some dogs, and a vampire back at your apartment, and you've only got one bullet (lucky for you its silver) a you can only bring one at a time, but just as you open the door to leave, you run into your neighbor, who is also in your class and knows if there's a quiz after your presentation, but you know you have to make multiple trips and can therefore only ask her one question. Depending on the time of month she either tells the truth or lies, and you've been holed up in your room since the beginning of term working on your logic puzzle.

How do you get to class with all your stuff, and determine if there's a test after your presentation?

2) Your presentation was a miserable failure and you're now a vampire, as is everyone else in the class, and so the quiz has been cancelled, and the TA has left very quickly, leaving behind a 3 cases of beer, with a note that some of them are spiked with holy water, and that the course secretary has a balance, and for a beer, will put stuff on and take it off.

(Note that there is no drinking age limit enforced on vampires as they are the undead.)

How do you distribute the beverages to maximize both safety and drunkenness while making sure the secretary is least likely to be caught drunk on the job, but most likely to show you their genitalia?

3) My, that was quite a party last night! You don't even remember the presentation, let alone what happened to the blood-smeared TA. You just wake up with the biggest hang over in a small dark musky wooden box wanting to visit student services and drop the logic puzzle class. In your pockets are a yoyo, a cotton swab, a How-to-GAMIT, and a copy Voo Doo. Fortunately you can see in the (happily) not very sparkily darkness.

What do you do now?

Answers will be judged on timeliness, humor content, and clarity of explanation.

Winners might get to create their own puzzles. Whiners might get to create their own problems.

From the logic puzzles, we move onto the team building exercise/puzzles:

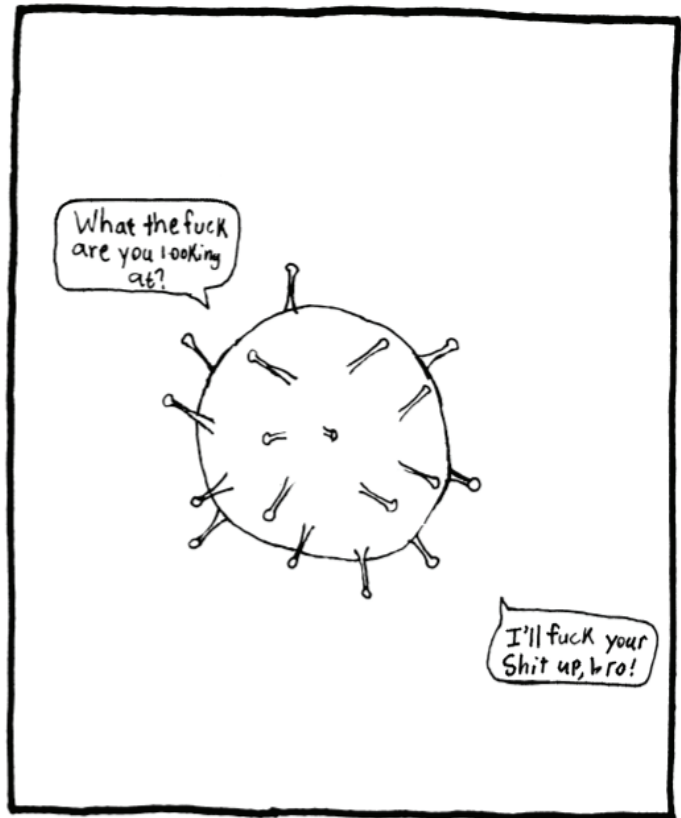
1) You and your lunchmates get some tasty bites from the Student Center at noon, and you head back to hand in a problem set (old school physical paper, in math department office) by 1pm, but notice that Mass Ave has once again turned into a river of poisonous peanut butter. Between the 5 of you (pretend you have four friends), you have 100 feet of rope (capable of carrying at least 20 stone), a 3 meter spool of copper wire (insulated), a typical 12 volt car battery, skis, an axe, a spatula, and a frying pan.

How do all of you (in different math classes, but all requiring the problem set to be handed in at the same time and same place) hand in your problem sets?

3) Only now a herd of carnivorous wildebeasts come to drink from the river of peanut butter, and they're particularly alert whenever the walk sign beeps, so you can't move or make noise in case they notice you and devour you all up. How do you bypass the wildebeasts without having the power to fly and/or burst, dripping in digestive juices, from their stomachs MIB-style?

4) This turns out to be so much fun, you want others to appreciate all this maniacal problem solving. You now also have to form a student group (submit a constitution, elect officers, attend ASA meetings and all that jazz) on your way to deliver the P-Sets. How do you get it done without alerting the DSL to your plan to haze all incoming freshman into having sex with a goat?

Being all MIT millennial types, you are used to being told you did well regardless of your actual level of success, and therefore have succeeded admirably. Good job.



MIT Researchers Discover A Particularly Aggressive New Strain of Virus

Totally Asinine!

By Someone who really needs attention

MY FAVORITE WAY TO DEAL WITH STRESS

Time spent making fun of "Totally Random"

plateau occurs because after enough of these shitty comics, I'll fucking kill myself

Please Try This At Home

This is the transcript of a cassette tape found deep within the dark recesses of 50-309.

"Flight recorder initiated! Ahoy, there, space adventurers, space cadets, and space wasters!

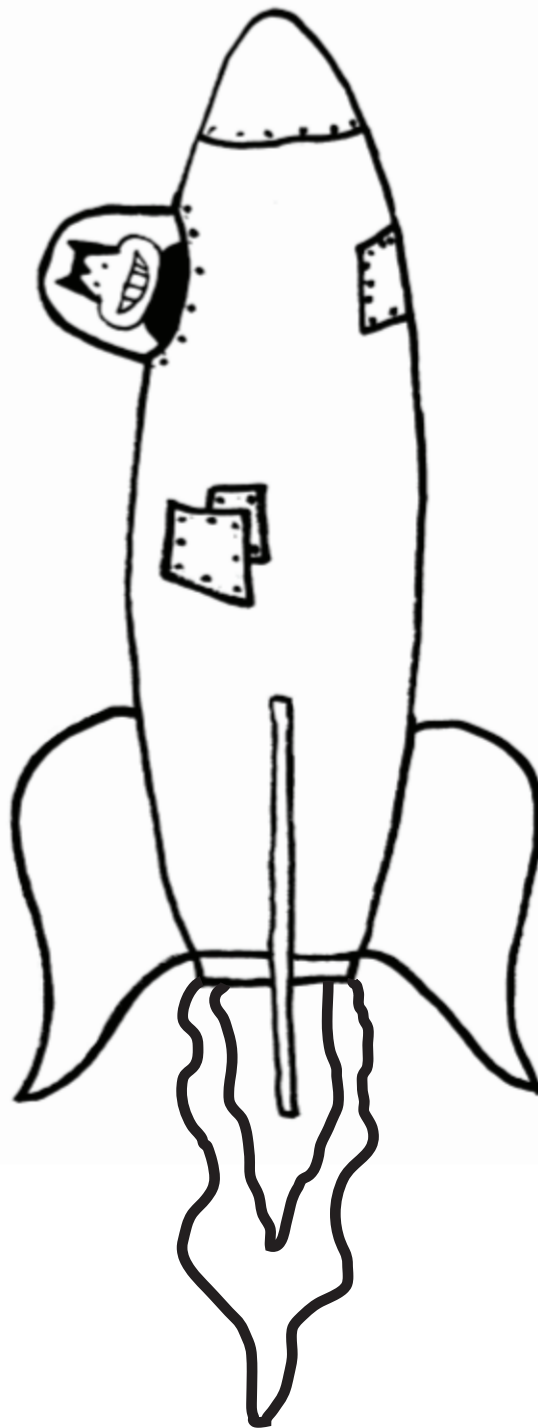
Here we are, blasting off in our rocket ship of fun, made in the backyard out of an old fridge box, engineered to perfection with packing tape, string, sharpies, and FRIENDSHIP! Oh, and this big old fuel tank Cindy found.

Are you ready, cosmonauts? <cheering> Who knows what fearsome alien creatures we'll discover?! They might be peaceful and share with us the recipes of their native chocolate chip cookies! Or they might be hostile, in which case we'll have to fend them off with our Paper-Towel-Tube-2000 blasters! They might even have big green tits, like that lady on Star Trek the other night! Treehouse mission control--do you read me? Treehouse, do you read me? <Distant voice> Okay, then, let's GOOOO!

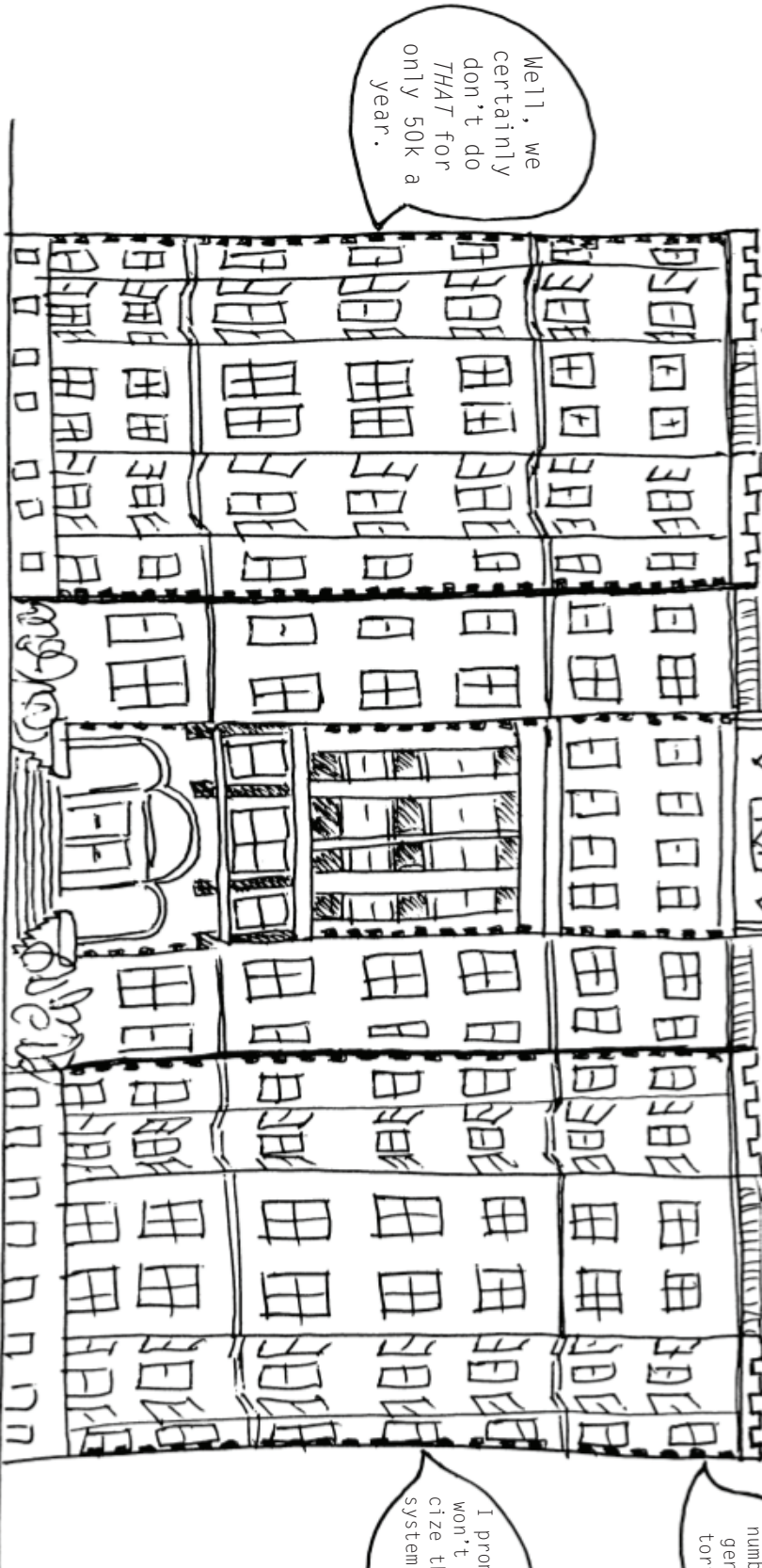
Astronaut Cindy, take the controls! Treehouse, all systems are go! Ground Crew Jimmy, ignite the rocket boosters! <Distant voice> What? You flick the little wheel, Jimmy, haven't you ever used a lighter before? Come on, just flick--

Wow, I didn't think it would actually light on fire... Cindy, where again did you say this tank came--" <Massive explosion>. <Announcer's voice>

"And that was the video that won the America's Funniest Home Videos "Beat the Heat Summer Fun!" contest of 1997. The prize money went towards a very handsome set of miniature headstones."



Madame Maseeh's House of Discipline

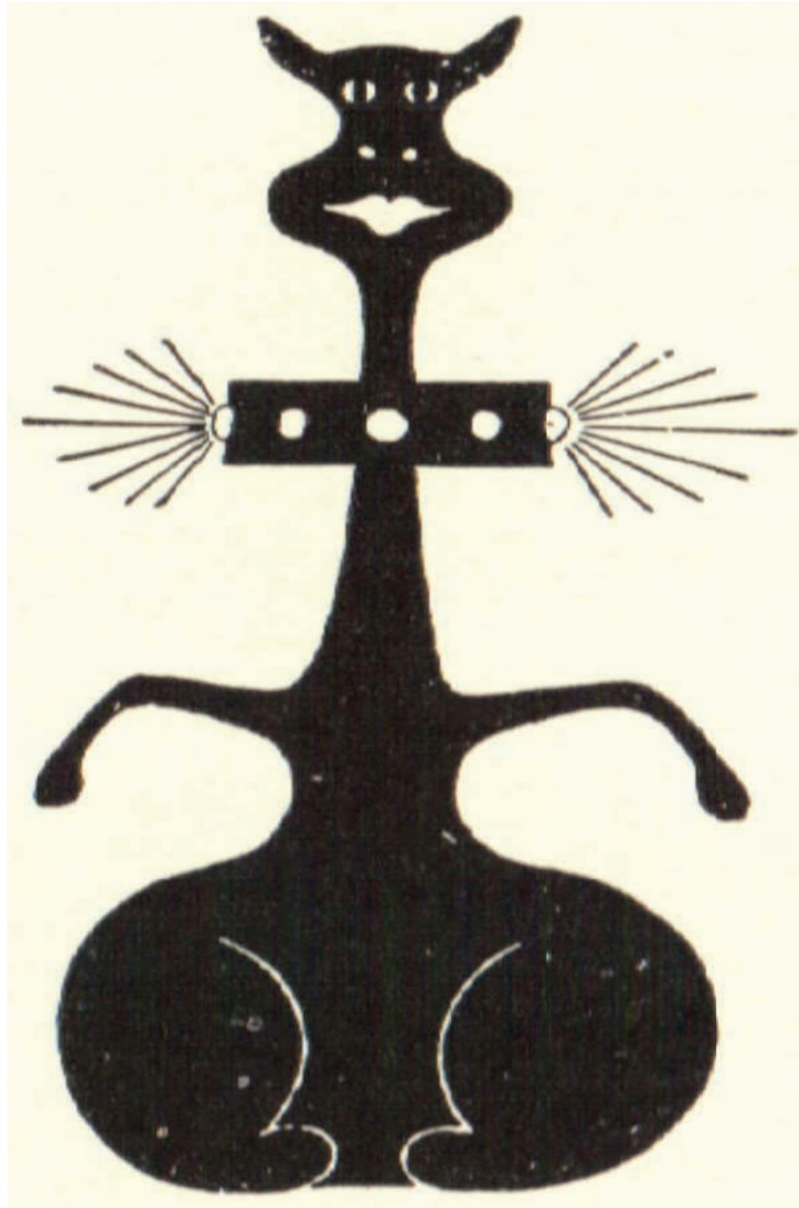


Thank you
housemaster,
may I have
another?

Well, we
certainly
don't do
THAT for
only 50K a
year.

Which course
number is
genital
torture?

I promise I
won't criti-
cize the RLAD
system again!



Voo Doo Alumnus?
Join
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woop-garoo [at] mit [dot] edu