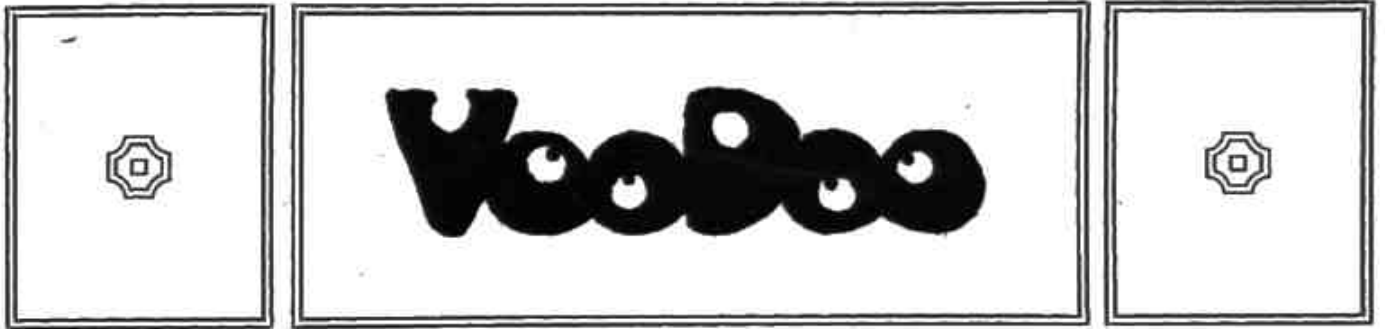


VOLUME
99

ISSUE
2

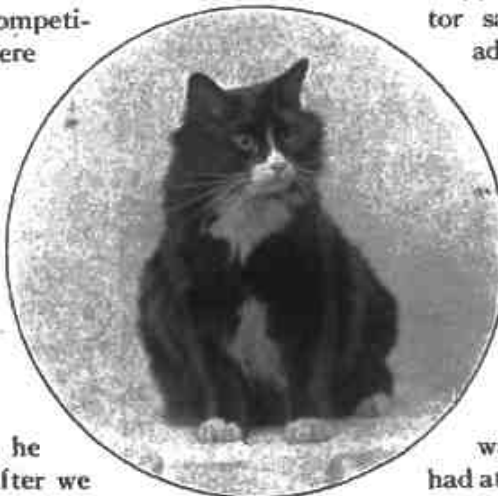
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INTRODUCING PHOSPHORUS.

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 Copy basket and emitted a loud noise which the second newest but one competitor said was what cats do when they adopted.

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."



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 had the deceased one's last remarks. So 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 for 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.



Editor in Chief

Alina Kononov

Real Live Writer

Emilio Jasso

Real Live Artist

Zachary Barryte

Joking Lady

Rob Morrison

Voice of Reason

Zoz Brooks

Publisher

Phosphorus

Comrades

Anonymous

Anonymous

Anonymous

artqny

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Oops, I forgot!



Be a cool cat.


Submit to

Voo Doo!

TIM THE
BEAVER
SAYS:

GOT SOMETHING TO
SAY TO PHOS?

WRITE TO
PHOS@MIT.EDU!



WITCHES AND BOWS
ARE ALL MY BEAVAS
KNOW!

DEAR PHOS...

Dear Phos,

How long have you been around the institute? I never seem to see you at other campus wide spirit building events. Do you know if other student groups have mascots?

I just feel so lonely...

Tim

Dear Tim,

I've been prancing around the darkest corners of the 'tute since 1919. I'm just a tad bit younger than you. You never see me because, well, I fucking hate campus spirit. If you had seen what I've seen and lived through what I've lived through, you too would be a cynical old fart. You must be really friendly with one of the chemistry labs here to get your hands on enough botox to keep those century old cheeks so springy.

As for other student group mascots... I can't think of any that are still alive. Try OkCupid -- I hear that's what these kids are using to find companions these days. Let me know if you find any hot felines looking for a cool cat.

Phos

Dear Phos,

You're just jealous. My cheeks are springy naturally. Yours would be too if you even tried to smile. A strict 168 hour weekly regimen of smiling, and my cheek muscles are as tough as my incisors.

You wouldn't have to be a cynical old fart, if you would just understand how much our beloved administration is doing for us. They take such wonderful care of me, and are always so friendly. How

can anybody dislike campus spirit? Isn't it what makes life worth living, tuition worth paying, and keeps us out of McLean?

How about you and I make a play date for REX? Not only can we have fun with impressionable freshmen, but we can also show them what a positive, supporting learning environment this place is, preparing them to be supported throughout their lives!

Oh, and if the Technique Gorilla asks about me, tell him I'm still visiting relatives in British Columbia.

Tim

Dear Tim,

As publisher of MIT's only intentionally humorous publication, I smile plenty. But unlike yours, my smiles are genuine. I show the pathetic remains of my crumbling teeth only when the cleverest of knee-slappers deserve it, while your lips are permanently sewn taught.

You might ask, "Who placed those stitches? Who would be so cruel as to deprive me of the authenticity of my facial expressions?" Well, it was the same administration you so adore. In their effort to "take care of you", they crippled and disfigured you. The proud engineer you once were has been transformed into a hairy, flat-chested, and socially awkward cheerleader.

Alright, I'll agree to a "play date", but only if you wear a paper bag over your head. Those glassy eyes would bore a hole through any chap's skull. Also, don't bring freshmen -- in all my 94 years, I've never broken the November rule and I'm not about to start now.

Phos





1. Denial

Dude, I think it smells like mouse shit.

Nah, that's just last week's pizza.

2. Anger

Dude, I'm pretty sure it smells like ass in here.

Stop farting, you immature slob!!! This is an office, not a bathroom!

3. Bribing

You really don't smell anything out of the ordinary?

I'll give you five million dollars and seventy two virgins if you don't tell anyone I slaughtered a hooker in here.

4. Suppression

Hmm, I do like virgins...

No! That would be wrong!

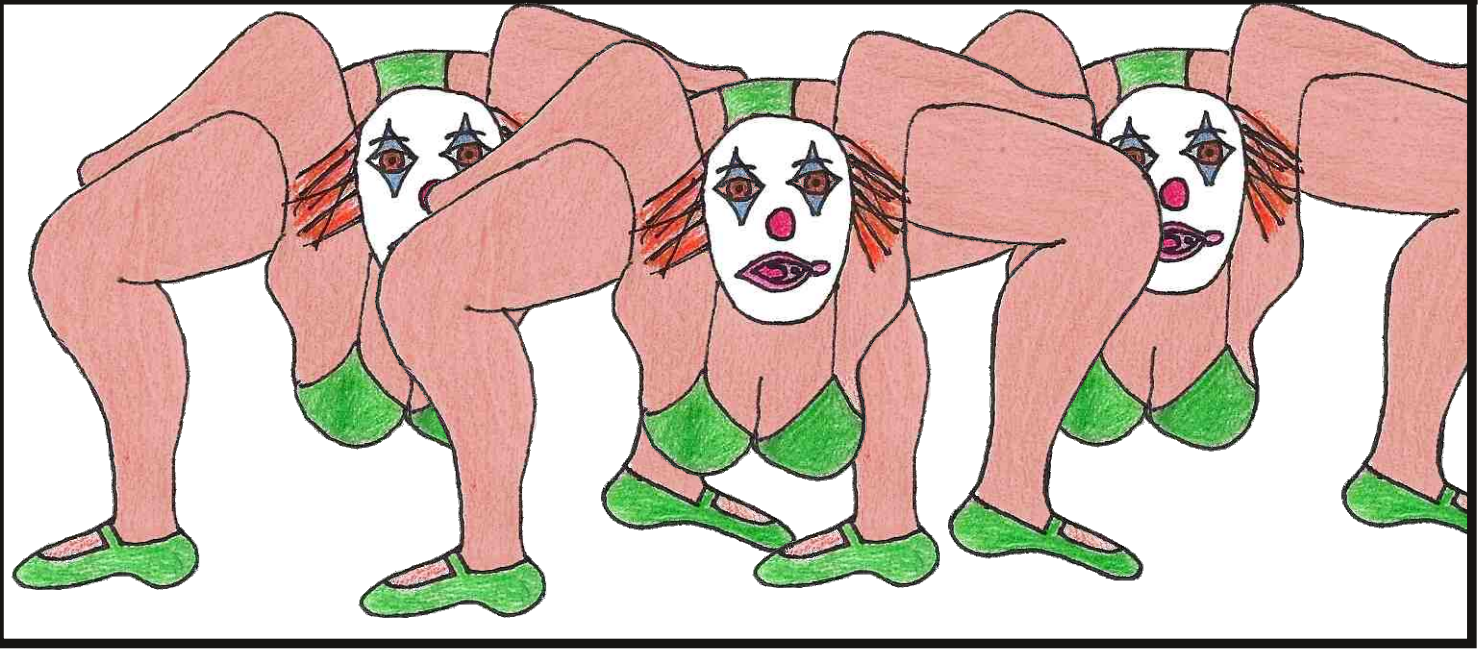
5. Acceptance

Wait, do the virgins all fit in that suitcase?

Yeah, they're cuntortionist clown virgins.

It's a deal!

Hey, is that a dead mouse?



Exploit tragedy with capitalism:

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Shirts!



Џøяřõġăĕă făÿx Ĭăś

Have you ever seen a store or restaurant with strange letters in its name and thought "Gee, I wonder what interesting and obviously foreign country this store or restaurant hails from"? Well, you're an idiot. The majority of these brands are synthetically foreign, their names designed solely to prey on the "ignorant American" who believes there is an inherent premium associated with a foreign brand.

Let's consider some examples:

If you've ever dined in the CambridgeSide Galleria, you may have noticed the sickly sweet monstrosity that calls itself "freshëns". If you are naïve, you may have assumed that strange e with the dots was a peculiarity of the French language. After all, crêpe is a French dish and a French word, even correctly spelled with a circumflex neatly resting atop the e like a delicate beret.

However, French, along with some other languages, uses those two dots to denote that a pair of consecutive vowels should be pronounced separately and not as a diphthong (as in naïve). In case you're as dim-witted as the founders of freshëns, the name doesn't contain two consecutive vowels — the word is not only meaningless, but it can't even be pronounced in French.

Where might that annoying pair of dots come from, then? The e-umlaut is used as a full-fledged letter in Kashubian (a language closely related to Polish), Ladin (a group of dialects spoken in a mountain range of

North Italy), and a host of other small languages with fewer speakers than daily patrons of freshëns. Since none of them are supported by Google Translate, I have no way of confirming that "freshëns" isn't some profound and meaningful word in one of these obscure tongues. Maybe an avid reader could contact Harvard's foreign language department. Until then, we can safely assume that no entrepreneur would name his/her company in a language potential customers have never even heard of.



In a last attempt to justify the unjustifiable, we must remember that the latin e-umlaut "ë" closely resembles the Cyrillic letter "ё" (pronounced "yo"). However, the two characters are not to be confused — if you look closely enough, you'll start to imagine a difference. Besides, I refuse to believe that anyone would be dim-witted enough to combine letters of different scripts in one name.

We are left to conclude that the otherwise superfluous umlaut (similar to a diaeresis or trema) is meant to induce diarrhea and trauma in freshëns' customers.

Next on my list of corporations to discredit is Häagen-Dazs. This company's name was conceived by Reuben Mattus, a Polish Jew living in New York City. It was supposed to sound Danish in recognition of Denmark's heroic rescue of its Jewish population during World War II. According to Mattus' daughter, he "sat at the kitchen table for hours saying nonsensical words until he came up with a combination he liked."

He should have done some research first — nothing about "Häagen-Dazs" is even remotely Danish. The language does not use umlauts at all, so the "ä" isn't even a valid character. Furthermore, the letter "z" is only used in foreign loan words, never in indigenous words. The only nation whose language uses "zs" as a digraph is Hungary, which not only aligned with the Axis and deported over 400,000 Jews to Auschwitz, but worse yet, also doesn't use the a-umlaut. The name doesn't fit in ANY language.

Mattus did not hesitate to admit that his linguistic blunder was nothing but a devious marketing ploy: "I put together a totally fictitious Danish name and had it registered. Häagen-Dazs doesn't mean anything. [But] it would attract attention, especially with the umlaut." I guess you can't blame the guy for being an honest, capitalism-loving American.

You can blame Mattus for trying to trademark Scandinavia, though. In 1980, a competitor named Frusen Glädjé joined the ice cream market. Although this new company operated entirely within the United States and was founded by a guy called Richard Smith (seriously, the only name more American is his brother's "John Smith"), its name is close to legitimate. Without that last accent, it means "Frozen Joy" in Swedish. Of course, Häagen-Dazs immediately sued Frusen Glädjé for copying its Scandinavian market

ing strategies. The court justly told Häagen-Dazs to fuck off.

Finally, it's time for every child's favorite: ToysЯus. This name caused me, a young Russian immigrant, lots of confusion when growing up. I could never understand why they put a big letter "Я" in the middle. Are they marketing to Russian children? "Я" means "I" — does it mean all the toys are rightfully MINE?



Häagen-Dazs®

Recently, someone explained to me that the "backwards R" is supposed to be reminiscent of a child's sloppy writing. My confusion was replaced with fury. Are they implying that the Cyrillic alphabet looks like a retarded child's crooked scribbles? I find that incredibly offensive! I demand that they rename their company immediately! You don't see Russian stores called "ИгрушкИ" ("toys" with the first and last letters backwards).

The moral of the story is that Americans are capitalist pigs who purposefully fool the populace in order to milk out every last drop of money. This article would have been longer, but during research for it, the author fell into the mescaline-drenched rabbit hole that is linguistics and lost their mind among the multi-faceted gems of pronunciation and horseshit.





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MIT Begins to Phase Out Students

Earlier this month, MIT began a plan to phase out its undergraduate student body. The plan, which had not been disclosed to students until last week, was developed and designed by the Division of Student Life in a committee led by Dean Colombo, sub-assistant-to-the-second-chairpersoned by Dean Humphreys, and otherwise consisting of various administrators from stakeholder offices.

The plan itself is very straightforward. It details the removal of all undergraduate students by the 2017 school year and their replacement by paid contractors.

"After dsl made a list of enough things we considered hazardous to the student experience, we spent lideraly minutes trying to figure out the best coarse of action," wrote Dean Humphreys in an email. "In the end, we decided that the changes we had in mind was to radical for the small-minded type of foke who attend mit, we decided it could be better if the students were more open 2 change, more willing 2 be molded into our idear of the purfect student. [sic]"

The list of objects and situations considered "hazardous to the student experience" (which is over 2,000 entries long and banned from complete reproduction in a news source) includes dangers such as lighter fluid, charcoal, hand sanitizer of large enough alcohol content, paintings, photographs of non-human or non-clothed objects, and the books *Fahrenheit 451* and *1984*.

"The problem with these kids is that they think we're picking on them. That's not true," contributed Dean Colombo over the phone. "We're not picking on them. We're trying to improve the undergraduate experience. MIT students

don't realize how good they've had it. For almost a century, from the inception of this Institute to the early 2000s, the administration didn't care about students. It turned its back while students did dangerous things that poisoned their bodies and minds. It allowed them to live in dangerous settings, wear dangerous clothing, and think dangerous thoughts. Then things changed, and from then on it has been my privilege as the head of DSL to ensure that we protect and coddle students as much as possible."

Dean Humphreys answered the obvious question with: "We will find hour new undergraduates though a placement agency. This is the same agency that provided us with desk workeRs to take over the dangerous, previously students-held posit ions and helped us locate the rlads. It will be far safer for the childs that would otherwise have becum mit students to stay @ home and help mommy or daddy clean the haus — provided they only use non-toxic, all natuwal and owganic cleaners and mommy or daddy doesn't let them near da stove, micwowave, windows, ow any shawp corners. [sic]"

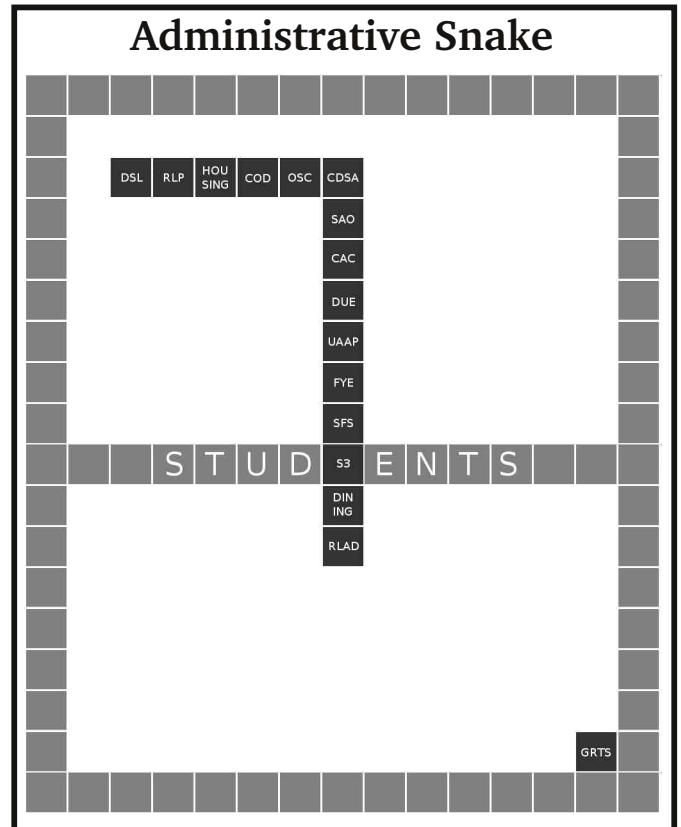
It appears that the process is already in full swing, as the first step was the installation of two-way monitors in the lobbies of some dorms. Dean Colombo stated: "We know that our new Hired Students, or HiStuds, would be unfamiliar with the way our established dormitory system worked, and that the Babies (which is what we are calling those being phased-out) would probably have difficulty with the change. The monitor system will not only broadcast a constant stream of reassuring vocal messages to calm the Babies, but will also provide date/time and mail information to assist the HiStuds, who will not be familiar

with mailboxes. Most of the HiStuds will be coming from prisons and will be used to having mail delivered right to their cells. The monitors will also have a camera mounted on them so we in the Head Office can check in at any time and ensure that the HiStuds are doing their jobs and that no alumni or friends are trespassing on the premises."

The next step, according to Dean Humphreys, is to replace the long-established system of "Babies" holding positions and jobs around the dormitories with HiStuds. He says they'll start with the desk workers. "Theirs no point in babies working desk anymore. They haz friends, they haz family, they Я fallible. HiStuds Я not becuz we will pay them more & there4 they will preform there dutees more profetionally. In addition, they will not live inthe buildings, so they will haz no uncomfy sentimental attach ment to the locassion, other HiStuds, babies or alumni, & there4 will bee more profetional in there preformance. [sic]"

He continued to state that the next positions the policy looks to hand over to the HiStuds are dormitory governments, including UA representatives, and finally GRTs. "We understand that grts != under-gradu8s. I mean, even where not that dumm. However the grt posission as it exists curently qon't have any point with the presents of rlads and HiStuds in every building. There4, we will ex-change the gradu8 stewdents with HiStuds as 2tors. The posission will bee re-named hrt or histud resident 2tor. The hrt will have a simillare job describtion to wut we have bin trying too push upon the curent grt: a pare of is & eers to rapport misconduct too the rlads or dierectly too the headoffice. [sic]"

When asked exactly what brought this about, Dean Colombo said, "For years, I have been trying to make the buildings cleaner and happier places. Babies don't know what's good for



them. They don't understand that listening to the rock and roll music or the punks rocks music can rot their brains and make them Satan worshippers. They don't understand putting the detestable filth they call 'art' or 'murals' on their walls is a disgusting act that degrades and belittles real artists — you know, people who make millions on each piece sold. These Babies don't understand that just because they pay thousands of dollars to attend the Institute and contribute to scientific advances in almost every field, it doesn't mean they deserve any kind of special say in what happens to them while they're here. It is our JOB as administrators to tell students what's best for them, and they simply don't want to listen. They are too self-centered and narcissistic to admit that they're not mature enough to make their own life decisions yet. I mean, most of them are barely eighteen!"

In addition to replacing the undergraduate population with HiStuds, Dean Humphreys stated that there will also be changes that will

directly apply to Babies prior to their departure.

"In order to insure that the babies don't em-bare-ass the institvte with they're ignorans and offensively, a knew apeerence standard will apely 2 all under-gradu8 stewdents. Aspart of the standard, stewdents will bee 4biden form altaring there apeerence in a way that cloud harm the institvte's imaj. [sic]"

An excerpt of the "Appearance Standard" that was released for publication is appended at the end of this article.

When asked what defined "offensive" to the DSL and Housing staff, Dean Humphreys stated, "I don't think ill evar bee able 2 put it in righting wear it can bee under stood buy so-called 'other people', butt i now it when i c it, & sofar, every so-called 'μral' on campUS is guildy of beeing offensively. They must bee re-

moved. [sic]"

In concluding this interview, we asked Dean Humphreys about the fate of students who would not have graduated by the given completion date of the plan, when all undergraduates would be replaced.

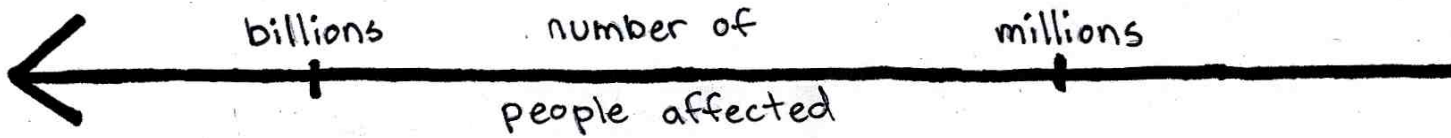
"Oh, wheel k33p admiting babies az normal. We qouldnt want this plan 2 re-lect pourly on the institvte. Wen the day cums that we mustard shift all the babies out becuz its the 1st dayy of work 4 the HiStuds, wheel juss tell them th@ mourning. I dowt any1 will raze a big fuss. We done did all most exactly th@ when wee de-cided two shutt down bexexley, and lock, not a signle reel pro test xor issev have bin razed. We kan gets aways w/ doing what evar doing we wants becuz the babies dont have de guts 2 do any thing boat it. Sent from iDevice. [sic]"

BANNED BY THE APPEARANCE STANDARD

- CULTURAL T-SHIRTS: "SPORT DEATH", "KROTUS", "BTB", ETC. SUGGEST THAT DIFFERENT BUILDINGS HAVE CULTURE AND INDIVIDUALITY, WHICH COULD REFLECT POORLY ON THE INSTITUTE.
- PIERCINGS ANYWHERE BUT FEMALE EAR LOBES: THESE MIGHT SUGGEST THAT MEMBERS OF THE MIT COMMUNITY ARE PROMISCUOUS OR NOT HETEROSEXUAL. ALSO SUGGESTS INDIVIDUALITY.
- DYED HAIR: FLAMBOYANT AND SUGGEST THAT MIT AFFILIATES ARE MUTINEERS WHO REFUSE TO FOLLOW THE RULES AND IS OFFENSIVE. ALSO MAY SUGGEST INDIVIDUALITY.
- HAIR STYLES OTHER THAN BOWL CUTS OR BUZZ CUTS: SEE "DYED HAIR".
- CLOTHING WITH ANY KIND OF TEARS OR HOLES: SUGGESTS THAT MIT AFFILIATES ARE POOR AND THEREFORE UNDESIRABLE. ARE DEEPLY OFFENSIVE. ALSO SUGGESTS INDIVIDUALITY.
- JEANS OF ANY COLOR: JEANS ARE A SYMBOL OF THE WORKING MAN AND THEREFORE A SYMBOL OF UNDESIRABLES. DEEPLY OFFENSIVE.
- CLOTHING OF MIXED FABRICS: SUGGEST THAT MIT AFFILIATES ARE GUILTY OF COMMITTING AN ABOMINATION. DEEPLY OFFENSIVE.
- CLOTHING ADVERTISING OR PARODYING ADVERTISEMENT OF DRUGS OR ALCOHOL: DEEPLY OFFENSIVE AND SUGGESTS THAT MIT AFFILIATES ARE PAID SPOKESPERSONS FOR SAID DRUG OR ALCOHOL.
- CLOTHING PARODYING THE INSTITUTE OR THE ADMINISTRATION OR THEIR ACTIONS — SEE "DYED HAIR".



American Privacy



The NSA

- records where you call, when you call, and how long the call lasts.
- reads your emails and chats
- looks at your photos; watches your videos
- monitors your online activity

Internet Corporations

- hand over your information to the government
- analyze your communications and search history in order to optimize advertisements

PERPETUAL
MEDIA
COVERAGE

INTERNET
RAGE

PUBLIC
STATEMENTS

CONGRESSIONAL
HEARINGS



Breachers

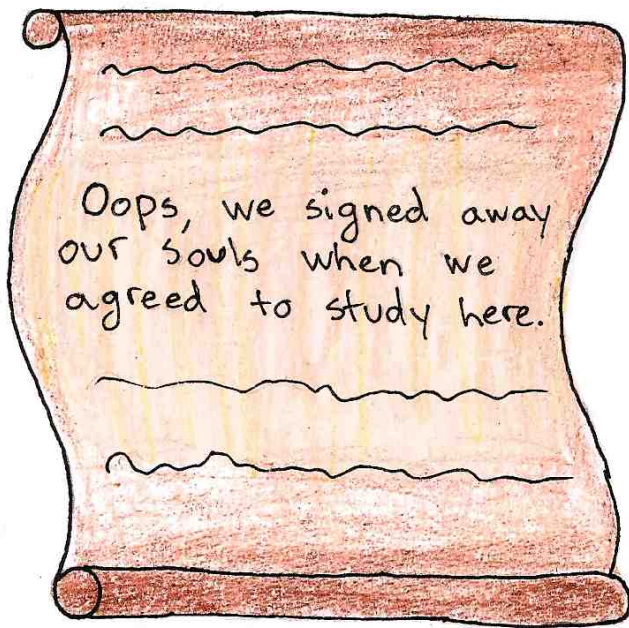


thousands

one

MIT Housing

- records who visits you and when they visit you
- logs your package information
- spies on its employees' email, files, and web activity
- logs your desk item (e.g. keys, DVDs, sex toys) check-out activity

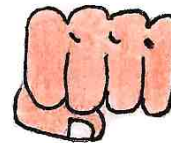


My Little Sister

- reads over my shoulder all the god damn time
- watches me change
- tells my parents absolutely everything



GET THE
FUCK OUT
OF MY
ROOM!!!



BEFORE I
KILL YOU!!
@#%* &!

ARE YOU PATIENT AND SUBMISSIVE?

DO YOU ENJOY BEING LIED
TO OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

ARE YOU SEXUALLY ATTRACTED
TO SMUG, GRAY-HAIRED
WHITE MEN?

JOIN AN INSTITUTE COMMITTEE!



RESIDENTIAL HATE & DYING

Standards Standards

Recently, the Beloved and All-Knowing Division of Student Life began a long and tedious process to review dorm policies and establish various sets of standards. Everything started last year, when several homicides in Baker resulted in the formulation of "minimum operating standards for dorm security". Since then, the administration has mandated dozens of standards, ranging from "minimum standards for sleep duration and quality" to "minimum standards for size and density of fecal matter". The latter is even posted on bathroom doors for improved digestion.

Shype Ooper '15 is one of many students who supports the changes. "Whenever I sit down to go potty, long leather straps extend from the wall to restrain me until I've met the minimum standards. I have to keep contracting my anal sphincter until I produce a turd large and dense enough to satisfy the deans. Then I'm rewarded with a tiny trickle of water to cleanse my buttocks, like a gentle pat on the back for a job well done. The experience is overall quite pleasurable."

Some students, like Ailoh Vapoop '16, weren't won over immediately. "At first, I was skeptical of all the regulations. No matter what I was doing, I felt like I was being graded against some abstract rubric composed by people who don't understand the first thing about me. In time, I realized that the admins are just looking out for us. Without their friendly oversight, there's no way I could maintain a healthy digestive tract."

However, a group of radical student activists has identified a major flaw in the complex system of standards. "How do we know that any of the established standards are good enough?", asks Negnan See '14, "We need a set

of 'minimum standards for institute standards!'"

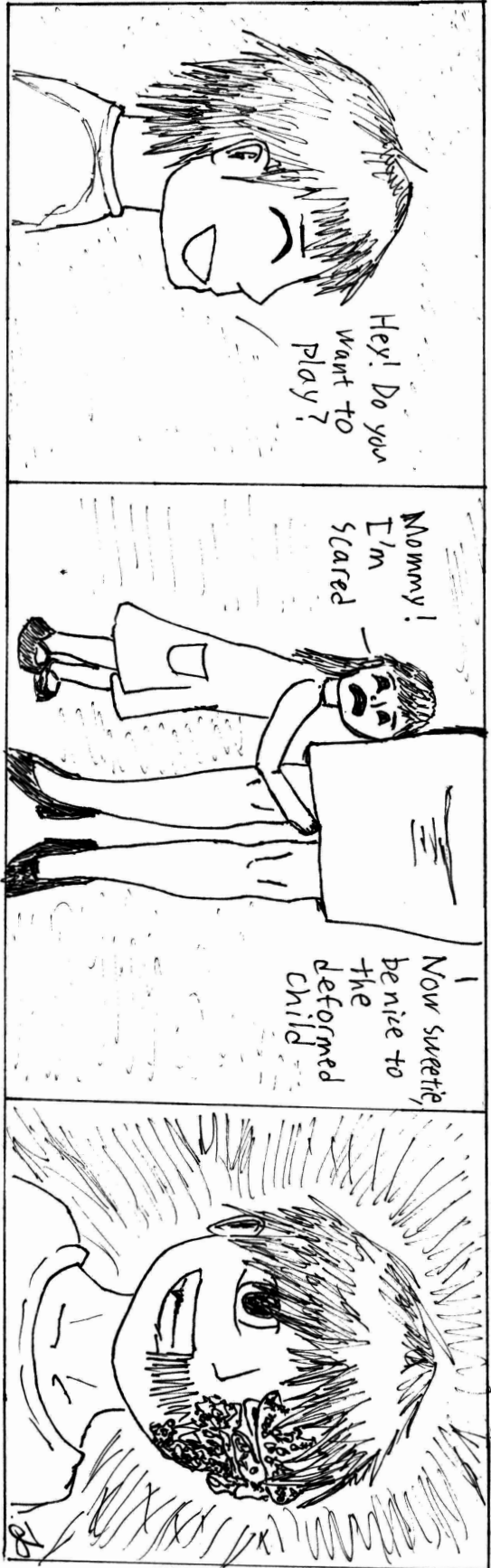
And so, a task force was set in motion, headed by the UA, to develop a Committee on Standards, which will consist of all the major stakeholders: undergraduates, graduates, faculty members, administrators, staff, custodians, employees of Anna's Taqueria, COOP members, former COOP members, members of the Harvard COOP, organ donors in the greater Boston area, and cats who were presidents of the parking lot formerly known as Bexley.

The Committee on Standards will be selected by members of the UA Committee on Creation of Committees, an application review by the Committee on Review of Applications Submitted to the UA, and a meeting of the Co-Committee on Joining Committees to Make Decisions with Multiple Committees. The process should last no more than 14 months and the UA expects real change to come out of all of their hard work. In particular, they hope to produce a document that will eventually sit on the desk of an newly hired administrator until the administrator believes that he or she has already read it.

"It may be disheartening to think that all our work will take so long and could even produce no change whatsoever," says Anonymous, "but everything we do is just one small step towards making a bigger change. It's important to go through the proper channels, and it's very generous of the administrators for agreeing to let us write something."

If you'd like to join a Committee and have your voice heard, please email ua-committee-formation-of-committees@mit.edu.

SUPER-DEFORMED 1



221NAH 10AY : 5 SEMIROTED - 929U2



The Evolution of the Masshole

For anyone who has never been to Massachusetts before (I'm looking at you, "minority" students) one of the first things they are made aware of - either by helpful folk or through a near-death experience - is the existence of the "Masshole". The Masshole is an interesting creature. It is the operator of an automobile who behaves on the road as if either they are the only person driving on it, or that the road and their automobile were built explicitly for them, granting them some kind of special privileges to do whatever they want. The Masshole believes that not only are they above the law, but also that they are above such petty things as common courtesy, common sense, and common common common common common chameleons. (If you don't get that joke, ask your parents.)

I was made aware of the presence of the Masshole when I first came on campus many years ago. I was walking through Central Square with some friends of mine when we came to a cross walk. We were young, dumb pre-frosh at the time, and hadn't had the chance to observe local customs when it came to things such as crossing the street. We waited for the "Walk" signal and then started across. Cross-traffic had a red light, but that didn't stop a man from screeching to a halt just a couple feet from us and screaming "GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE ROAD, YOU ASSHOLES!" Once we were out of his way, he ran the red light and continued on into oblivion. This was my first experience with a Masshole, but oh, lawdy, you'd better believe it wasn't my last. Nearly every time I drive or bike around the greater Boston area, I am unfortunate enough to encounter more of this not-so-rare breed. I have been cut-off, I have had people run red lights three or four

seconds after my light goes green. I have had people honk at me for stopping at a stop light. I have had people yell at me for biking in the bike lane. I have been on my bicycle, in the bike lane, in broad daylight, and been blamed for an accident after I am hit by a car going the wrong way.

One might wonder as I did: "where do these people get licenses? Isn't Tax-achusetts as paranoid at handing out licenses to operate multi-thousand-pound gasoline-laden death machines as they are about giving licenses to let people buy mace?" The answers are 1) They get the licenses by paying enough money to be issued them, and 2) No. In as much as I've seen, it's harder to get a license to let you carry a can of pepper spray in your purse when you're walking home at night than it is to get a license to drive a car. Maybe I'm wrong, but for the sake of argument, I'm not and my word is the gospel truth, except more-so.

I have realized, however, that in addition to the fact that any half-retarded escaped chimpanzee with decent eyesight can get a driver's license, there are environmental factors at play that contribute to the evolution of a driver from a driver to a Masshole. First and foremost are pedestrians.

That's right, I said it: people without cars contribute to the existence of Massholes. I say this based on my own experience. Here's a cool experiment you can try on your own! Find a crosswalk in the greater Boston area. When you've found one, check to see how many pedestrians block the flow of traffic because they decide that waiting for a walk signal is for chumps. Now note how many people take

a ridiculously long period of time to cross the street when cars are trying to turn, further blocking traffic.

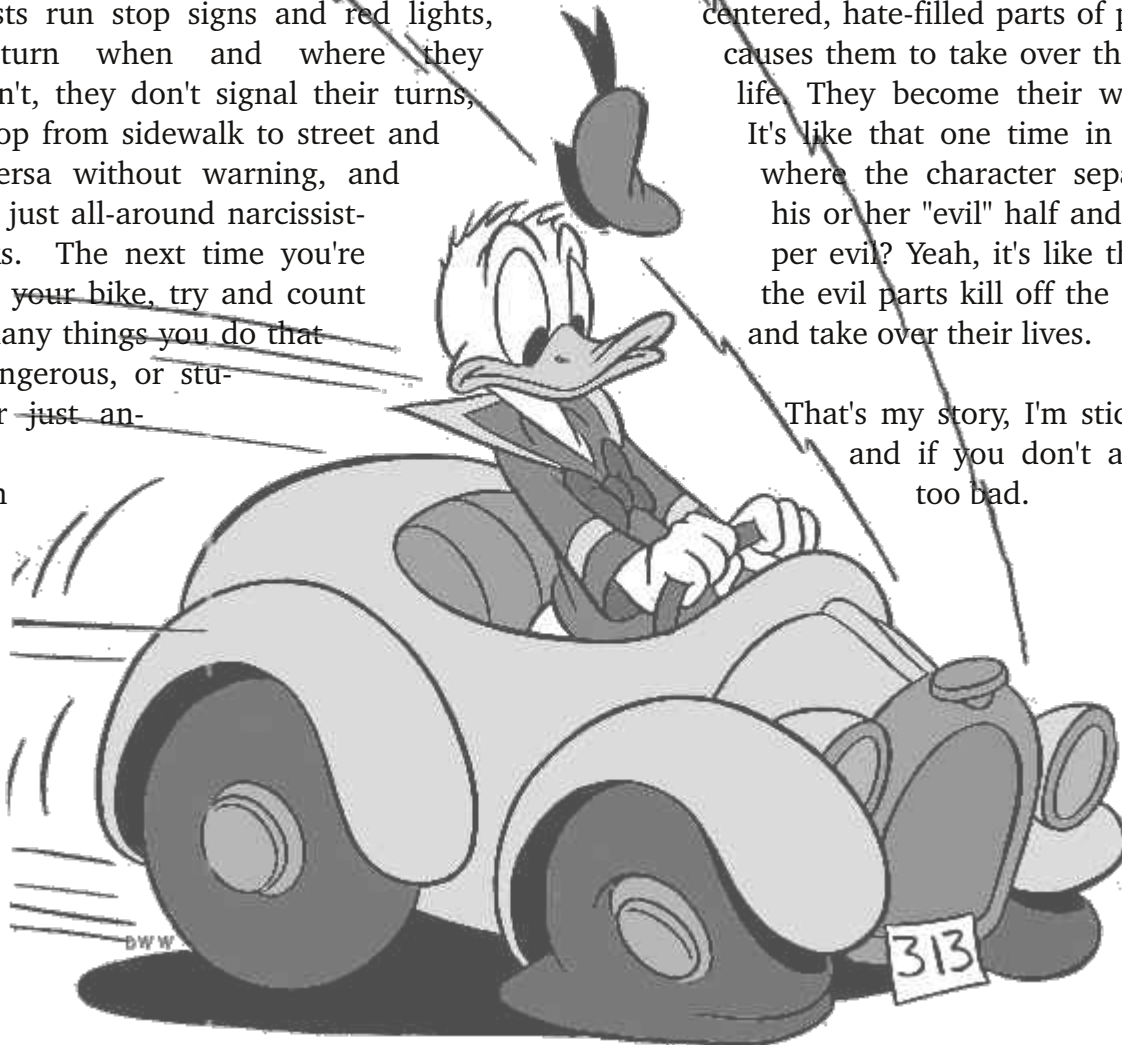
Perhaps after you have seen it for yourself, you can agree with me (which you should, because as we discussed, I'm right).

Secondly and next-most, I blame bicyclists. Now, I am a bicyclist, and a damn-good one if I say so myself. I signal all my turns appropriately, I wear a helmet unless I've been depressed, and I hardly ever run over little kids on accident. That being said, I have seen as many bicyclists that have absolutely no regard for the rules of the road (written or otherwise) as I have seen Massholes. These bicyclists run stop signs and red lights, they turn when and where they shouldn't, they don't signal their turns, they hop from sidewalk to street and vice versa without warning, and they're just all-around narcissistic dicks. The next time you're out on your bike, try and count how many things you do that are dangerous, or stupid, or just annoying enough

to piss off drivers around you.

Lastly, I'd have to say that I believe a major contributing factor to the presence of Massholes is the culture around the greater Boston area. If you get a bunch of college-educated "intellectuals" and you throw them all together in a place with bad weather, middling food, disgusting coffee, absurd taxes, stupid laws, and a metric ass-load of hipsters what do you think you'll get? If your guess was a healthy mind-expanding environment that brings out the best in people and encourages them to work together for the greater good, congratulations: you're an idiot! The truth is that this particular mix, this particular solution precipitates out the most self-centered, hate-filled parts of people and causes them to take over that person's life. They become their worst parts. It's like that one time in that show where the character separated out his or her "evil" half and it was super evil? Yeah, it's like that, except the evil parts kill off the good parts and take over their lives.

That's my story, I'm sticking to it, and if you don't agree, then too bad.



Why The Four-Door Jeep is a Traitorous Nazi-Mobile

Back in 1940 when the United States Army asked 135 American automobile companies to design a four-wheeled reconnaissance car, they never expected that the only response would come from a small, bankrupt company with no engineering staff and whose only claim to fame was designing cars for Donald Duck. Furthermore, they never expected that this sad-sack band of misfits would be able to develop a car that would blow their minds clean out of their balding heads.

The Bantam Reconnaissance Car (BRC) was small, lightweight, fulfilled all of the the Army's crazily specific requirements, and outperformed anything that anyone had seen before. It seemed like a dream.

After the Army - like the true capitalists they are - gave away the blueprints to other car



The original Bantam Reconnaissance Car, prototyped in 1941 for the American army.

manufacturers in order to get a better deal on a "different" prototype, they chose to use the Willys-Overland company's "Quad" prototype. The rest is Jeep history.

The Jeep was designed to be a quintessentially American vehicle. It was rugged, crafted from stamped and welded American steel, running on combat rims with tires molded from fresh-from-the-slave-farms American rubber and burning that delicious lifeblood of America, gasoline. It could be said that the Jeep was a good metaphor for the people of the time in which it was created: it was lightweight, rough-and-tumble, and could perform almost any task and surmount almost any obstacle put before it. It was Spartan and simple and had no extra pansy nonsense even resembling "luxuries".



The 1943 Willys-Overland Jeep, used in WWII by the Allies. Look similar?



A 2006 Jeep Wrangler, true to its original Nazi-killing form.

Hell, it didn't even have doors. The Jeeps used during WWII had canvas straps that snapped across the door openings. You know, for safety. Also, the gas tank was located directly underneath the driver's seat, a practice that continued until about the 1970s.

And if the companies owning the Jeep design weren't going to change the location of the gas tank to a less kill-everyone-in-the-event-of-an-accident location, you can bet your red, white, and blue ass that they weren't going to change much else about the perfect American off-road vehicle, either. Of course at some point laws required the introduction of such hippie bullshit as roll cages, seat belts, and eventually, airbags, but the basic shape and ideology behind the vehicle that helped everyone kick Hitler's ass remained. Don't fix the Nazi-killer if it ain't broke, amirite?

Yeah, that's what YOU think, you non-commie American. It's red-blooded patriotic folk such as ourselves that hate Nazis and applaud American engineering. However, in 2007 after the folding of the

Jeep label into Chrysler, LLC, (A company that was owned by Diamler-Benz, obviously a dirty German company) Jeep introduced the most heinous and disgusting product in its history: the JK, a four-door Jeep Wrangler.

Time for a history lesson, shit-for-brains. "Wrangler" is the model name given to the automobile manufactured by Jeep that most closely resembles that aged and honored war horse that served from WWII until Vietnam (in various shapes and sizes). Just before the American entrance into WWII to win the war single-handed by dropping kittens on Dresden (or something - I think I saw a Mel Gibson movie about it) the Germans had talked with Ferdinand Porsche about designing a vehicle that would help them to kill Jews faster. They designed an automobile called the Kübelwagen and had it manufactured by Volkswagen, built off a Volkswagen Beetle chassis. You may remember that the Volkswagen Beetle is often called "Hitler's Car" and was his pet-project when he wasn't committing mass genocide.



A 2008 Jeep "Nazi", threatening to take over everything our nation ever stood for.

The Americans and the British captured several of these Kübelwagens in North Africa and described them as being the German version of the Jeep, except shitty. The primary difference was that the German car had four "doors" and could more comfortably seat four soldiers. Of course, this wasn't an issue for the Americans and British, as American manufacturing capacities at the time (you know, before Detroit was bankrupt and American auto manufacturers sold out to European companies and their own government) were superb. Americans and Brits rarely filled Jeeps to the max, and often just drove around with 2-3 soldiers in each. It's rumored that Germans who saw American motor pools believed each dog-face was issued a Jeep with his dog tags.

Snap back to the present, princess. Notice any similarities between the Jeep JK and the Kübelwagen? I mean, it's not like the newly German-owned company that made the car that helped defeat Nazi Germany would exact some kind of sick, twisted revenge on its image by manufacturing and selling a bastardized hybrid between it and its Jew-killing arch nemesis and marketing it under its own name, right? Well, look at the pictures first, and then tell me whether you still trust the Germans. Did you ever? If so, then you need to get your head examined. They caused TWO WORLD WARS and you still think they're above petty bullshit? Also, "JK"? Could they be any more obvious about calling it the "Jeep Kübelwagen"?

Really, look at the four-door jeep. It shouldn't even be called a jeep anymore. It's not small, it's not lightweight, it's not utilitarian, it's not even pretty. It looks like it was made out of



A restored Kübelwagen, riding on the wheels of bigotry with a full tank of hate.

building bricks (and not even real Legos, more like those shitty ones your grandma got for you at the dollar store because she realized your birthday was the next week and she didn't have any money except the leftovers from her Social Security checks after loading up on Prozac and cheap wine). Like a sentient, mutated Prypiat-forged Jeep/Jew-hating monster, the Jeep JK lumbers around town probably leaking prejudice from its obviously hate-fueled engine.

When I see one of these monstrosities, I can't help but shed a tear for American engineering, for pride in American ethics and work, for the death of the freedom-loving, Nazi-hating dream. Today it's Nazi cars under the banner of one of the most historically American car names, so what will it be tomorrow? Catching a flight to the Big Apple on Bin Laden Airways? I was born and will always remain a true America-loving American, and as such, I hope that those of you fellow America-loving Americans will avoid the 4-door Jeep like the Nazi plague it is.



Thank You, MIT

To the MIT community,

Of the many places I've lived, never have I felt more welcome than on the campus of MIT, and so I am writing to thank you for your hospitality. Thank you.

I will not soon forget the first time I set foot on campus. It was a dark, misty September night. I was small then, small and frail, and the dew felt cold on my face and whiskers. I had just travelled many nights and was weary, and sought refuge in the Infinite Corridor. There I warmed myself.

As I continued down the hall, I spied some students, papers in hand, dragging their feet down the hallway. They looked so sad. So depraved. I could feel their depression dripping in the air around me, and feeling this made me feel warm inside. That's when I knew that MIT would be my home.

I quickly messaged my children and their families. "Come quickly!" I said, "For I have found refuge. We shall have our new home at MIT!" I described the feeling of warmth, and they were delighted. They came at once, and, bless my soul, they were older than I remembered. Not only did they bring their children, but also their children's children.

We set up our first temple on the east side of campus, under two large shrines, running parallel,

separated by a field. "This shall be where we begin our kingdom!" I announced. And so it was.

From there, we quickly expanded westward. We conquered the land and made flourish our new nation.

Life was good and has continued to be so.

All through our time here, whenever life was rough, we would always rejoice at seeing the depraved students, bags under their eyes so deep you could loot a bank with them. They kept us thriving, and they are what make MIT truly feel like home. It's the people. The sad, sad people.

Once more, I wish to thank you for doing everything you have to make these students the way they are, for transforming these once-happy individuals into the shrivelled hulls they are now.

Thank you,
The Rat King

PS. We hope you don't mind -- we've been breeding with the rabbits.



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

Preference Given To East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$193,000 from over 300 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 Senior House desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office, Mary Kate Thompson, Mark Feldmeier, or Zoz Brooks.

REX DAILY CONFUSION

SUNDAY 8/25

10am Play Time @ Simmons: Blow bubbles and color with sidewalk chalk.

11am sUpEr PhUn tImeS @ EAst cAmpuSS: Roller coasters, monster trucks, feral cats

12pm Skyzone @ MacGregor: Practice jumping! it's a useful skill at MIT.

1pm Origami @ Next House: Fold colorful paper into delicate cranes and stuff.

2pm Anime @ Random: Rewatch your favorite Naruto, Bleach, Death Note, and Gundam episodes while lying in a pile of sexually frustrated yiffers.

3pm What's REX? @ Exley: HOLY SHIT we actually need to attract frosh this year!! How do we anti-anti-rush?

4pm Games @ La Casa: Te gusta root beer floats? Nos vemos at the pong table.

5pm Be Average @ Burton Conner: Eat vanilla ice cream on white bread with scrambled eggs while listening to top 40

6pm Socializing @ Maseeh: We're sorry you can't move out. We welcome you anyway.

7pm Spa Night @ McCormick: Let's paint our nails and talk about cute boys, omg! Birkhas required. :)

8pm Become a Teen Mother @ Senior Haus: Don't worry, sugar tits, you can borrow a towel.

9pm Get Babied @ Simmons: Our wonderful RLAD will tuck you in for night. Better get used to it early.

10pm Stress Reduction Party @ Baker: Pick up some free stress balls and massage chairs. You definitely need them while your overbearing parents are still here and campus is still dry.

MONDAY 8/26

10am Begging @ Exley: We lost our home and all of our belongings. Could you spare us some freshmen? Please?

11am Easter Egg Hunt @ Simmons: Search for rubber duckies to play with in your almost private shower.

12pm Clubbing Babies @ Senior Haus: Beat them till their bodies fall apart, then gorge on their tender guts.

1pm Survivor Brunch @ McCormick: Meet exemplary women from Courses 1, 7, 9, 12, 21, and 24. Learn about the majors that are acceptable for females at MIT.

2pm Meet Your Hallmates @ MacGregor: They suck, but don't worry -- you'll never talk to them again.

3pm Construction @ EAst cAmpuSS: Help rebuild Bexley!

4pm Spray Painting @ Exley: Thanks, EC! Help us make our new home more homey.

5pm DIY PB&J @ Simmons: It'll be the first and last time you're allowed to make your own food.

6pm Play Ruff @ Random: Fight with boffing swords on our roof deck. Don't worry, they're as soft as a flacid possum penis.

7pm Flied Lice @ Next House: With wings on the side.

8pm Tea Time @ Maseeh: We're still sorry. Come enjoy tea and crumpets in our state of the art dining hall. You'll have to pay to get in — your parents gave you money, right?

10pm Occupation @ New House: Getting cramped in your temp room? Join Deutscheshaus in grabbing some Lebensram from French House, Belgian House, Polish House, and Dutch House. Party may expand to English House and Russian House; details TBA.

TUESDAY 8/27

10am Dye Your Pubic Hair @ EAsT cAmpuSS: This way you can still get a summer internship.
11am Antiquing @ Maseeh: Learn about our 1% for the arts program! We'll voyage to the Stata loading dock, from which many of Maseeh's most expensive pieces of art originate.
12pm Dress Up @ Random: Always secretly wished you were a squirrel, fox, cat, or stallion? We have ears and dildos of all shapes and sizes.
1pm Knife Play 101 for Virgins @ Senior Haus: Learn to sodomize yourself with a machete.
2pm Sponge Baths @ Simmons: Sponges are supposed to made of metal and concrete, right?
3pm Je Ne Sais Quoi @ La Maison Francaise
4pm Suspicious Packages @ Burton Third: We bombed Cambridge first!
5pm Geography Class @ Next: You must like maps if you're able to find your way over here.
6pm Mandatory Window Cleaning @ Simmons: Only 2,467,123.5 left to go!
7pm One Night Stand @ Baker: Come to the most social dorm on campus for a spectacular view of the Boston skyline from the roof of an architectural masterpiece. Maybe an upperclassman can give you a ride in his rented Ferrari.
10pm East Side Party @ EAsT cAmpuSS: Dubstep, seizure inducing LEDs, and unattractive shemales. What more can you ask for?

WEDNESDAY 8/28

All Day @ Everywhere: Who gives a shit? The adjustment lottery (or "FYRE" or whatever the ad-mins are calling it these days) closed already.



THE COMPUTERIZATION OF IT

WHAT WAS SAID

after today, the recipe for success changes... what I want to do is give you a little cheat sheet.. I started my company in a Chili's when I was 21... the most important order of business was to Photoshop a logo and print out some business cards... The next order of business was to hand them out at conferences and tell girls "why yes, I do have a company."
... I wasn't planning to get my MBA on the roof of Phi Theta... suddenly I was a machine... That little voice in my head was telling me where to go... we were all coding in our boxers... Where were my helicopter rides?... that number has two commas in it!... You only have to be right once.



WHAT WAS HEARD

Shout out to all the frat bros in the house! You're not worth anything unless you start a company and earn millions of dollars. Look at me - I'm so cool and rich and fratty! Hey grandma, how are you doing out there? Hey look, is that a tennis ball? Everyone should live fast and die rich. If Billy Gates and Stevie Jobs could do it, so can you. Have I mentioned my fraternity? I'm sorry this speech kinda sucks, guys. This stupid voice in my head is telling me what to say.

Freshman Scavenger Hunt

Now that you're trapped admitted to MIT, spend some time getting to know your new prison school with this fun scavenger hunt. Please complete and submit to the admission office. Failure to complete all items may result in a visit to the Committee On Discipline.

Take photos of the following:

- A rat on campus. Bonus points if it's crossing the infinite corridor. Double bonus points if it's mating with a rabbit.
- Yourself peeing into a p-set box. If you are a female, castrated male, or other penis deficient creature, then urinary extenders can be obtained at Medical. Just keep asking.
- A selfie on top of the Great Dome. Wave hi to all the students studying in Barker!
- A non-euclidian space inside the Stata Center. Protip: any picture counts.
- 10 works of "modern art" on campus. If you don't know what it is, it's probably "art".
- UFO (unidentifiable food object) from a dining hall.
- Exposed asbestos. Try lifting the carpet in your dorm room.
- Tim the Beaver frowning.
- Your highschool sweetheart's face as you break up with him/her.
- Yourself breaking the November Rule with a senior. Quick – before he dumps you!

Collect:

- A sample of genetic material from the nearest administrator. The correct procedure involves bending over while simultaneously signing over your first born child and 4 years worth of sleep.
- All the grass from a one square foot area. The resulting barren patch of earth is a good preview of what the entire lawn will look like in one month's time.
- A brick from the facade of Bexley. Hurry – supplies are limited!

- An issue of VooDoo, to be used as bathroom reading material.
- An issue of the Tech, to be used as rectum cleaning material.

Get to know the dorms! Can you find:

- A Simmons cell room with more people than windows.
- A non-athlete in Baker.
- A men's restroom in McCormick.
- A real German or Frenchman in New House.
- The remains of a primal feast on cows in Senior Haus. Keep digging in the courtyard; you'll find it eventually.
- A bathroom in Random with just one toilet.
- A resident of Bexley.
- A wall that hasn't been drilled into Swiss cheese in East Campus.
- A culture in Masseh. No, yogurt doesn't count.
- An open window in MacGregor. They have to prevent suicides somehow...
- Next House.

Consume the following:

- Take-out from Pu Pu Hot Pot. Don't laugh and don't get sick.
- Cold Bertucci's pizza for five meals in a row. Better get used to it if you want to avoid the dining halls.
- 12 cups of coffee, 5 bags of Lays, 2 boxes of Chips Ahoy, and a half pound of swedish fish all in one night. Good practice for junior year.
- Nothing for the duration of 24 hours. Gotta drop those "freshman 15" somehow!

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