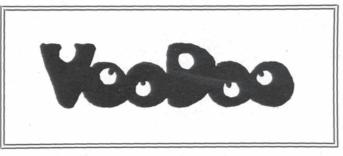


Dregs of a Century



Wie weit er seine Stimme schickt / Nichts Lebendes wird hier erblickt.







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 competiare 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 bedragcopy 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-

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 competiover him and Phosphorus, lookgled, 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 lost a free verse foundry, the Circulation Manager mentioned the deceased one's last remarks. So agreed, as usual, not to respect the competitors' wishes and named our hardy mascot "Phosphorus."

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.

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America's fourth oldest college humor magazine! New England's first forum for technological humor! M.I.T.'s third oldest student activity! Ames Street's second-largest publication! Room 50-309's most prestigious tenant! Owner of telephone number 1-617-253-4575's most efficient answering machine!

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Join Voo Doo.



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Joking Lady

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

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

EDITORIAL

Greetings fellow collaborators,

Welcome to what may be my final issue as Editor in Chief/President of Voo Doo! It's been a long, hard road and I'm very sad to see it end. To be honest, if I could just sit in 50-309 and work on Voo Doo for the rest of my life, I would. I know that there are probably alumni that feel the same way, and maybe they'll call me up and we can talk and joke and laugh about the way things used to be.

Ah, but of course I digress. The point of the editorial is to let you know how dark our times are, and how we're fighting the good fight, correct? Well, times are dark. Let me tell you how dark.

To begin with, we're losing our space. That's right. After 90 something years of being in 50-309 and turning out the best humor MIT has to offer, we are being tossed out like a bag of moldy tangerines. And why? Because the MIT administration has seen fit to take Walker Memorial away from students, bulldoze the inside of the building (just like Senior House in the 90's) and convert it into offices and practice space for course 21 M (Music and theater arts).

"What will happen to Voo Doo?" "What will happen to Student Cable?" "What will happen to the Muddy Charles?" "What will happen to WMBR?"

These are all questions we asked. The short answer was "We don't know, but you can't stay here."

The Muddy might be able to stay. They've launched some campaigns to try to get the Institute to acknowledge that Walker Memorial is necessary to their existence. However, they will still have to be shut down for the 5 or 6 years it will take to renovate the building. WMBR might be able to stay, just because of how expensive it will be for MIT to pay for them to get a new tower somewhere else in Cambridge.

Voo Doo? Student Cable? Apparently being one of the oldest student groups on campus isn't enough. We've been told in so many words that it didn't matter how

old we were, or how many alumni or current members we had, that our space was expendable. We asked where we were supposed to go, what space was left on campus where we could put our studio, our archives, our work. The response was that no one knew for sure; they hadn't thought that far in advance. They only knew that we had to leave.

So, with my passing comes the passing of a 90 something year institution. Voo Doo will no longer be Walker Memorial, MIT Room 50-309. In fact, Voo Doo may not have a space anymore. I plan on doing all I can to stick around, to make sure that whoever takes over doesn't let Voo Doo fall prey to the administration's trick of "take more than four years to do something and no one will remember the way it was".

If you're an alumni and you're reading this, I beg of you: please write to someone. Please help out Voo Doo, help to make sure it doesn't disappear like so many other things that we all used to love.





ENNUI...



Dear Phos...

(1946)

Gentlemen:

Who the hell writes the letters to the editor? I wouldn't be caught dead writing to your filthy magazine. Either a bunch of stupid morons read your magazine or else your illiterate writers dream up those fugitives from the dead letter office. Which is it?

Not so very truly yours,

— JOE ZILCH

This appears to be a splendid selfanalysis of Mr. Zilch. We have a position open on our literary staff for him. — Ed. (1997)

To the staff of Voodoo magazine:

I would like express my deep outrage at the title of your magazine. It is racist! Why don't you just call your magazine 'Christianity'? Yes! Yes! Voodooan zombies! Zombies! Racist!

-Wierdo woman who yelled at Lex in the Infinite Corridor

Okay. We are 'Voo Doo: the only intentionally humorous magazine on campus', not 'voodoo: the Haitian religion.' Voo Doo is a slang word from the twenties: to quote the definition that has been on our Staff Page for several years, "Voo Doo (voo'doo) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; an ideal name for a humor magazine". As a historical exercise, why don't you dress up like a flapper and say it a few times?

(1993)



I wish to object to your never-ending stream of references in your publication to jumping off of the Green Building.

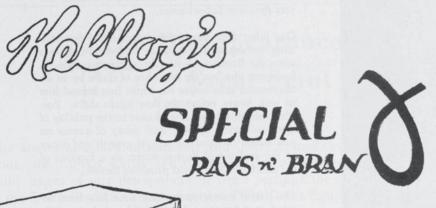
I, myself, have been on the roof of the Green Building many times and have never once

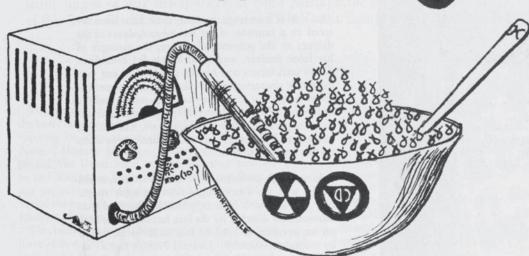
He must have been dictating.





NEW FRONTIERS IN FOOD TECHNOLOGY ...





Start your morning off with a BANG. It's Morning Special Gamma - new-from our Cattle Reek,

Michigan, laboratories. The SNAP; CRACKLE, and

POR of the Geiger counter tells you that these

tiny is have been IRRADIATED for HIGHER ENERGY!

Available NOW at your fiendly neighborhood.

Cyclotron.

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 (peeved): --"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?

1952:

Father to Sonny: "I'm going to tell you a story." Four-year-old: "Okay, but keep it clean. The old lady may be listening."

1952:

"Grandpappy, you're getting pretty old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poor house?"

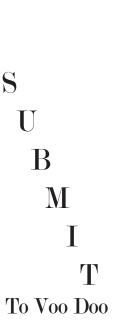
"You're dadburn right, sonny. I'm a-rarin'. Let's get a-goin'."

"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!

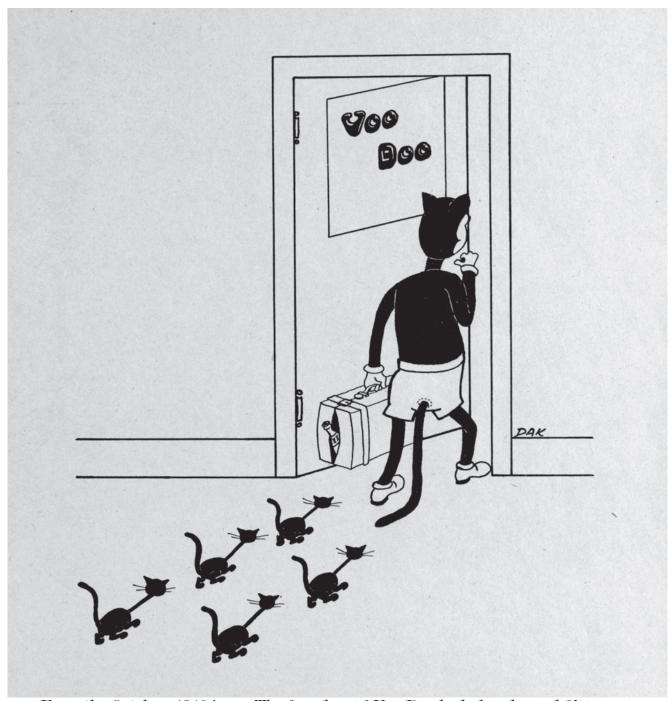






From the very first issue of Voo Doo, April 1919. Oh, how times have changed...

Some Reasons For Not Spending A Quiet Evening By The Fire.



From the October, 1946 issue. The founders of Voo Doo had already aged 27 years. And now, 65 years after publication, this is still how we enter the office.



RITICISE! Crab! Knock! The world is full of people who make a practice of doing those three things and sometimes it seems as though Technology received more than its just share of them. . . "This professor's a grouch . . . what's the use in going out for that, it's all graft . . . aw, who reads the Tech . . . yes, it was pretty good, but . . ." That is perhaps a bit exaggerated, but it is the kind of conversation which may be heard whenever Technology undergraduates gather. These sentiments are not, as a rule, their true feelings and opinions, but merely small talk for the occasion. That this is so, is well evinced by

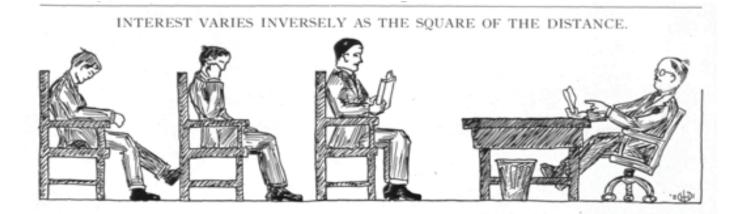
the fact that the enrollment this year is larger than ever. But conversations similar to the above make a bad impression on an outsider. And the fact still remains that this spirit of petty faultfinding and complaining is present. It is not our purpose to try to explain it, but merely to try to do away with it.

Honest criticism is a good thing, but this continual crabbing is a rotten thing. It is not deep-rooted, it is not a matter of life and death. But it is a strong surface current and dangerous to play with. Criticism, to be worthwhile, must be constructive, and this is destructive. It is in a class with the principles of the anarchists, the I. W. W.'s, the Bolsheviki. Its tendency is to undermine and decay. It is slow poison for college spirit. And college spirit is sadly lacking at Technology. Furthermore, it is a noticeable thing that those who employ it most are the ones who are not engaged in activities and who are making no effort to better the very things they criticise. They are bad, but worse yet is the man who has the talent and ability and, either from laziness or indifference, makes no effort to aid the object of his criticism.

Constructive criticism is needed. If you must criticise, make it do some good. Instead of merely objecting, suggest something. If it is an improvement, it will be used. If it isn't, try again. Your interest will be appreciated. Nothing is more discouraging for a man than to see others loaf around and hear them make disparaging remarks about his work. On the other hand, nothing is more encouraging than to have some one show a real interest and try to help in every way possible. The same thing applies in your studies. It applies in athletics. It applies everywhere. Give it a chance.

To repeat,—this habit is not the outgrowth of the true feelings of the majority of the men at the Institute. It has grown up, somehow, and has become quite popular with a certain type. We realize that a real interest often lies behind a remark which is apparently a knock. But show your interest in some other fashion. The humor at the Institute (present company included) is not so good that it can always be recognized at first sight. Take out your humor in some other way. Send it to us. We can stand it. But once and for all—DON'T CRAB.

A plea for submissions from the very first Voo Doo. It's nice to know that after 92 years, the Editor's opinions are about the same.



Since 1919

Voo Doo News "You Heard It First From Us"

New Vest Decree: All Incoming Freshmen To Be Bleached, Neutered And Lobotomized in 2002

'Only Way To Ensure Homogeneity' Says President

CAMBRIDGE - In a special address to the MIT community Monday, President Vest announced the next step in his sweeping reforms to the MIT housing and admissions systems. Speaking from a raised platform in Kresge auditorium bedecked with red MIT banners. Vest stated that just one year after his move to house all incoming freshmen on campus, the next crop of MIT admissions would also be bleached, neutered and lobotomized upon admission.

"Housing freshmen on campus was the right move, but it did not go far enough," the President declared. "There still existed a danger that students might cluster within the dormitory system and develop unacceptable notions like community and individual culture. I initially thought that shuffling everyone around at the end of the year and kicking the undesirables out of the housing system entirely might solve the problem, but I realised that the students still had an entire year left to their own devices, and all kinds of negative alliances might form in that time. This new requirement will ensure that the MIT experience becomes what I and the media have in

This Issue:

Pedestrian Stubs Toe On Sidewalk In Front of MIT Fraternity: BLB Evicts All MIT Fraternity Members and Their Mothers, Globe Calls for Public Castration Satan, MIT Form S-Campus Alliance Apple Unveils New Chewable iMac Next House Resident Gets Laid

mind. It is the only way to ensure homogeneity on campus, and thus it is truly the final solution."

Full-body bleaching an MIT invention

Under the terms of the edict, the now-superfluous R/O week will be renamed B/N/L week. Incoming freshmen will be assigned to their dorm rooms, which are now to be known as Iso-Cubes, and will immediately report to MIT Medical for bleaching, neutering and lobotomizing. They will then return to their cubes for recuperation under the care of the dormitory Resident Big Brother (RBB). "The revolutionary full-body bleaching process, which was developed right here at MIT, removes all traces of individual pigmentation, whether natural or artificial," asserted MIT Medical head of behavioural neurosurgery Dr Klaus Farben. "As for the surgery, by the end of the week the sutures can be removed, and the students will be ready to start facing the many academic challenges which await them."

In his address, Vest listed a number of other advantages of his scheme. "We are expecting significant increase in donations to MIT proper from alumni who graduate from classes enjoying this system," he said. "Make no mistake, there will be no doubt in these freshmen's minds who is responsible for what they find themselves a part of."

In addition, President Vest noted that the removal of unwanted diversity on campus would allow student groups to be trimmed to a level that the administration sees as more sensible, such as zero, freeing up funds

and resources to support more Deans. Proudly citing the spectacular increase in size of the Deans' office over the last five years, from just 65 people in 1995 to its current level of over 500, Vest exclaimed, "At last we have a shot at what we've always wanted, which is for Deans to outnumber students. The time of each student having its own personal Dean to keep it in line is finally at hand."

Administration gives news positive reception

Reaction from within the MIT administration has been ecstatic. "The Deans have the most important job in the whole wide world," said Dean of Increasing Dean Profile On Campus, Carole Orme-Johnson. "We are completely responsible for student life. Why, I bet ten years ago students didn't have any lives at all. They probably just wandered around in some zombie-like state.

You can't expect kids to enjoy themselves unless they've got someone to tell them what to do."

"MIT can never have enough deans," echoed Dean of Excessive Forms That Have To Be Filled Out Whenever You Want To Do Anything Fun, Katie O'Dair. "Just look at all this paper that needs to be shuffled."

Elsewhere on campus, reactions have been mixed. "It sounds a bit over the top at first," said Next House sophomore Harold Fisher. "But I guess since I'm already here it won't really affect me, so it's fine by me. I haven't used my genitals since I've been here anyway, so I can't imagine it'll make a big difference to the average MIT freshman."

As might be expected, more vocal opposition has come from the east side of campus. "This decision is totally outrageous!" growled senior Gloria Rutan, a resident of the notorious den of drugs and illicit sodomy known as First East. "Students get the shaft again. I would

totally do something about this if I wasn't so hosed."

"Vest needs a good fisting," she added.

Other opinions were more pragmatic. "The decision's already been made, so there's no point complaining about it now," said Eric Sweeney, a spokesman for *The Tech*. "We just have to move forward with the new program. We at *The Tech* don't care much what happens anyway, as long as we can be smug about it. Say, did you hear that one of us ran for an election?"

"There still existed a danger that students might cluster within the dormitory system and develop unacceptable notions like community and individual culture."

— MIT President Vest

Student input requested

Despite the fixed nature of the decision, which President Vest described as "set in stone under an iron boot", some details are yet to be worked out. An administration-sponsored committee, the Identity Removal Steering Committee (ISRC), has

been set up to plan the exact mechanism with which to implement Vest's vision for the future. "We did our best under the constraints of the model," said ISRC chairman Benedict Andrews. "Obviously we couldn't change the decision that's already been made, so we concerned ourselves with practical details such as the specific gonad destruction procedure. We eventually settled on blunt trauma with a ball-peen hammer, as that offered the most efficient combination of reduced surgical instrument costs and MIT Medical staff satisfaction."

Although the ISRC's report has been finished, student input is still being sought in the form of a castration counterproposal. Several groups have already expressed interest, and some have in fact begun work on the 700-page-minimum MIT governing committee report submission requirement. Proposals are due by January 31, 2000, at which point, in keeping with MIT tradition, they will all be ignored in favour of the most painful available option.

"I Love the Smell of Christmas in The Morning" Voo Doo, Fall 2005



Engineers Drinking Song



(Lady Godiva)

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide The most observant man of all, an engineer of course. Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are we are the Engineers
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come along with us
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a
damn for us!

She said, "I ve come a long, long way, and I will go as far With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar The man who took her from her steed and lead her to a beer Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer

Godiva was a lady well-endowed there is no doubt She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about The first man who did make her was a Engineer, of course, But on just one beer an artsie queer had made Godiva's horse

Ace towing roams the Cambridge streets each day and every night Towing cars and stowing cars to hide them out of sight They tried to tow Godiva's horse; the Engineers said, "Hey!" Then towed away their towing truck, and now the Ace must pay!

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down below. So one of them could grab a hold and give the old heave-ho The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out the worst, For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel first

Caesar set out for Egypt at the age of fifty-three
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young and free
And every night when Julius said good-night at three o'clock
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out that way But the Engineers had beat them, by a night and half a day, And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you could still hear them say:

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun They went down to the taverns where the flery liquors run But all they found were empties for the Engineers had come And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum

An artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can
Said the artsman, "Match me drink for drink, let's see if you're a
man."

They drank three drinks, the artsman fell, his face was turning green

But the Engineer drank on and said, "It's only gasoline!"

An Engineer once stumbled through the halls of Building 10. That night he'd drunken rum enough to drown a dozen men In fact, the only things there were that kept him on his course Were the boundary conditions and the Coriolis force

A graduate in Chemistry went out to take a stroll Along the Charles river bank, where all the compounds roll That day he felt dejected at the bursting of his dream For he couldn't seem to find a trace of water in the stream

An MIT computer man got drunk one fateful night He opened up the console and smashed everything in sight When they finally subdued him, the judge he stood before, Said, "Lock him up for twenty years, he's rotten to the core!" Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch uopn her she was naked as a bone
On seeing that she had no clothes, and Engineer discoursed
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete, and should be reinforced!"

I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were full of fire Her physical endowments would have made your hands perspire To my surprise she told me that she had never been kissed Her boyfriend was a tired Engineering scientist

A Physics man from MIT went out and drank his fill
And then went to a strip joint 'cause he had some time to kill
The motions that he witnessed there excited all his nerves
And he filled eleven napkins with equations of the curves

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park
The Engineer was working on some research after dark
His scientific method was a marvel to observe
While his right hand held the figures, his left hand traced the
curves

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the land

If we should find a Harvard man within our sacred walls, We'll take him to the Physics lab and amputate his balls And if he hollers "Uncle!", I'll tell you what we'll do We'll stuff his ass with broken glass, and seal it up with glue

And should there be a Harvard man a-strolling our Great Court We'll fetch a pail of river gunk and make him drink a quart The water of the River Charles can fix his every flaw And the Engineers all drink it' cause it makes us what we are

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up And any Harvard Son of a Bitch who thinks he's in our class Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass

I am a whore from Radcliffe and I'll fuck for fifty cents I lay my ass upon the grass, my skirt upon the fence I'll let you rub my belly, or on Sunday fuck for free But get off of me, you Son of a Bitch, if you're from MIT!

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell He looked the devil in the eye, and said "You're looking well" The devil looked right back at him, and said "Why visit me -You've been through Hell already; you went to MIT!"

That engineer from MIT, he tried to enter heaven Saint Peter told the engineer, "Get back to building 7!" The engineer said he was damned if he was going home, So he climbed atop the roof, and dropped through heaven's dome...

My father peddles opium, my mother's on the dole My sister used to walk the streets but now she's on parole My uncle plays with little girls; my aunt, she raped a steer But they don't even speak to me, 'cause I'm an Engineer

My father was a miner from the northern Malamute My mother is a mistress in a house of ill-repute The last time that I spoke to them, these words rang in my ears "Go to MIT, you Son of a Bitch, and join the Engineers!"

TOOL AND DIE MAGAZINE

MUSIC

"The Sounds of Science"

Hello darkness my old friend
I'm staying up all night again
Because a problem set that was assigned
Left its formulas within my mind
And the problems that were planted in my brain,
still remain
Within the sound of science

For many years I've walked alone
Infinite corridors of stone
'Neath the specter of an endless class
I tooled forever and I tried to pass
While my ears were filled with lectures on laser light,
and eight-bit bytes
And all the sounds of science

And in the lecture halls I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People writing while they were sleeping
People hearing without listening
People taking notes that no one ever shared,
for no one cared
About the sounds of science

"Tools!" said I, "You do not know,
Science like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might free you!
Transfer out of MIT, you!
But my words like dropping spheroids fell
Overwhelmed by the sounds of science

And one student sat and stayed
Over his problem sets he'd slaved
And I asked him why he kept writing
For that GPA he kept fighting
And the nerd said "The secrets to profits are written
on these blackboard walls, and lecture halls..."
He whispered in the sounds of science



"Recursive Subroutine"

In the town I went to school
There lived a man from MIT
And he told us of his life
In the land of subroutines
So we wrote some program code
In Pascal, or Lisp, or Scheme
And we saved upon the disk
Our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

All our pointers are declared Many arguments are also there And the code begins to run...

We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

As we compile from memory Every line we write is error-free Comment lines are in-between In our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines...

Winter 1989

"The Morning After" Voo Doo, Spring 1998

"Young & Modem"

by Voo Doo Fashion Editors Brandy Evans & Vanessa Hernandez

Trend-O-Rama

What's in & out for the spring term.

IN: Eyeshadow on the bottom lid

Everyone else looking more hosed than you? Don't want to be labelled an underacheiver? Sweep a little blue or purple shadow under your eyes for an instant worn-out, overworked look.

OUT: Partied out

No matter what you were up til 5:30 AM doing, during daylight hours show your support for the new alcohol policies! Last term's hung over look is totally gone, so down some coffeee, take a cold shower, and face the world sober! Sure you're being hypocritical, but hey, that's the world of fashion.

IN: Kiss that iron goodbye

So you only spent two hours on that ten-page HASS-D paper that you know will get an A. You don't want to invoke jealousy in your classmates, do you? Even if you're perfectly well-rested, pull a wrinkled shirt from the bottom of your laundry, pull back your hair while it's still wet, and trudge off to class like the rest of us sleep-deprived zombies.

OUT: Altavista, Yahoo

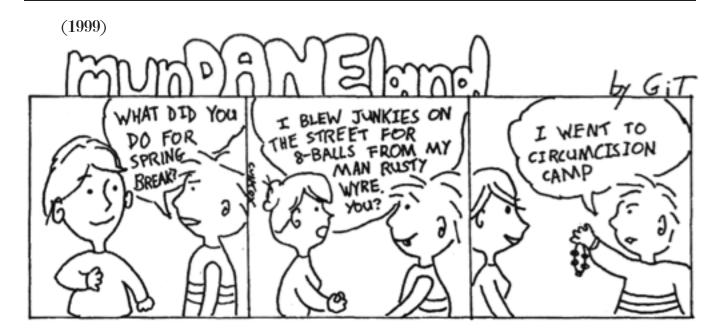
No more searching the web on Friday nights to find the best porn. If you're still ogling images not on EECS's Top 10 Quality Porn Sites list, you must be totally out of the loop.

IN: It's party time

You've all heard it... Wellesly to bed, Harvard to wed, MIT just to talk to. It's time to change those stereotypes! Pull out your miniskirts and baby tees and show that Tech chicks can groove just like Wellesly whores... er, girls.

OUT: Harvard

So what else is new?

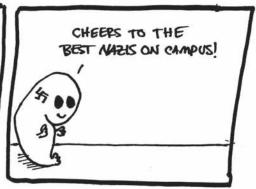


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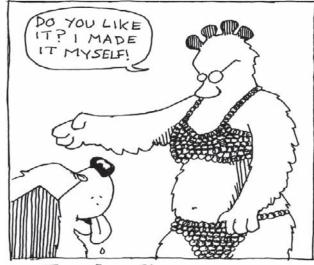






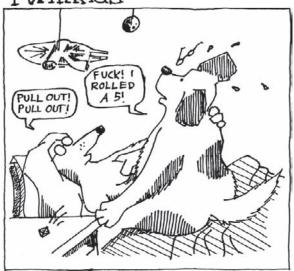


Twinkies



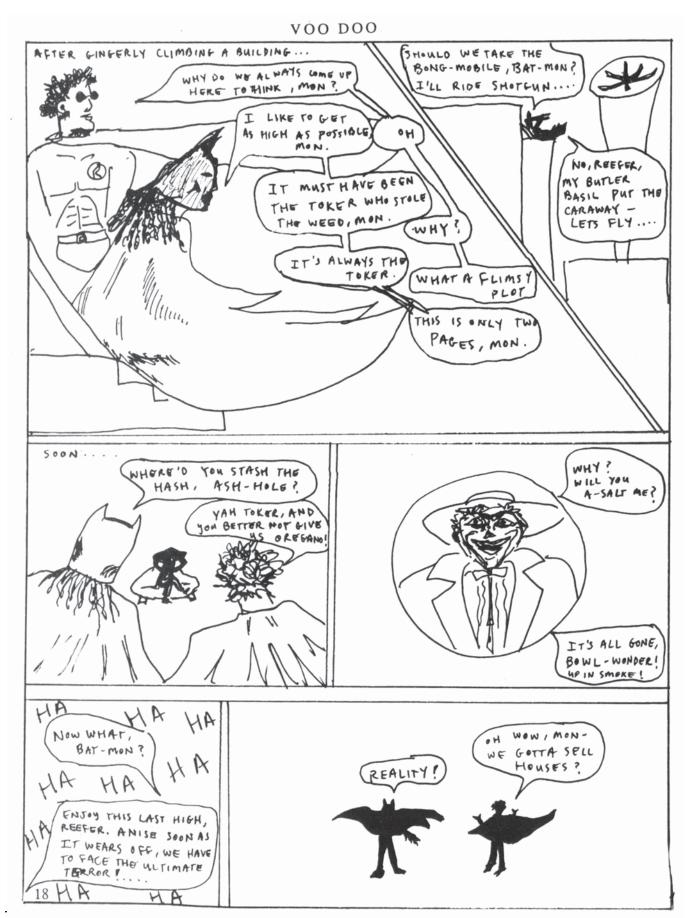
Iwinkia lingeria

Twinkies



Twinkie Contraception





Looney-Spheres

by Jim Bredt





Warfield by Jim Bredt



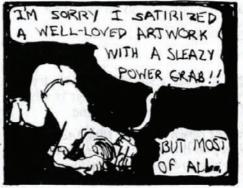




Apology for Warfield

by Jim Bredt







From 1991 and one of our most respected and esteemed alumni. THANKS, JIM!

	COURSE V: STANDARD THESIS
	by Charles Deber, B.S. (Chem)
	THE SYNTHESIS AND REACTIONS OFACID
	WITH SODIUMNITRATE
	THESIS
	for the Degree of Bachelor of Science (Chemistry)
	by
	June 19
Dedication: To my	
	2. Father
	3. Mother and Father
	4. Mistress
	4. Mistress 5 without whose help this could never have been written.
	4. Mistress 5 without whose help this could never have been written. The author wishes to thank Dr, his wonderful thesis advisor, who
	4. Mistress 5 without whose help this could never have been written.
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COURSE V: STANDARD THESIS

has ever run this re	action because
	() everyone else has forgotten how he did it
	() the explosion destroyed his lab notebook () this reaction is pretty dull, anyway
	() supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid causes sterility
In this thesis	s, we will study both of these reactions in an attempt to determine which one is
better and whether	either one may be used to prepare
worse wild wild will	() aphrodisiacs
	() synthetic lollipops
	() instant water just add hot coffee () sober prunes from stewed prunes.
	() bosol planto itom otened planto.
	Discussion and Results
des me services de la company	simple Avogadro's
	both reactions proceed through a simple ridiculous mechanism in which a much larger
number of carbon a	toms come flying through space with the speed of a rifle bullet locomotive absurd
we were able to form	mulate the following intriguing formula:
	() PTI nRV
	() As you increase the concentration of reactant A in the system, the amount of
	A present in the system increases.
	() 2 moles of urea taken internally = di-urea. () Vanadium plus Deuterium plus 4 Oxygen = VOODOO.
year in a transfer of the	
These results have	caused us to define the "mole" as
	() a small rodent that lives in the fields. () a brown mark usually found on your chin.
	() a brown mark usually found on a small rodent.
We therefore conclu	de that
We therefore concre	() chemistry is very interesting.
	() there are more germs in the Charles River than there are atoms in the uni-
	verse. () if you heat ethyl alcohol before drinking it, you will obtain hot ethyl alcohol.
	() don't fool around with that supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid it's wicked
	stuff:
	Experimental
Into a socoo li	ter Erlenlater flask was poured $\frac{1}{2}$ milliliters of liquid iron, followed by the addition
of two pounds of free	shly chopped NaOH liver. The entire mess is tied to the end of a long rubber hose, and
whirled around over	your head as fast as you can for 12 hours. Using caution, one milligram of super-
calafajalisaspialado	cious acid is added (while holding your breath) until
	() a bell rings () a mushroom cloud lights up the lab
	() your mother calls you for dinner
King and American	() Course 5.02 is cancelled.
We recommend how	ever, that you do not hold your breath until course 5.02 is cancelled, since
We recommend, now	() a chemist who is blue in the face is of no use at all
	() breathing Cambridge air is not that desirable, but it's better than nothing at
	all. () it will probably be replaced by a course which is much worse.
	1일 [12] 보고 보고 1일
	Winter 1989

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!

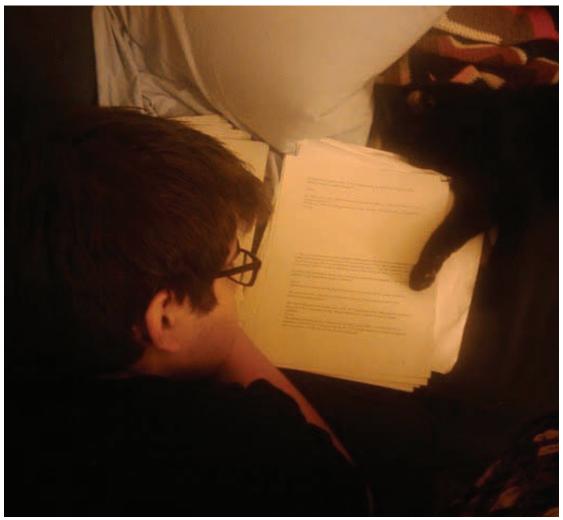
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Our Editor and Cat, Frijolito, circa 2010, pouring over submissions

The Unreleased Works of Harold Edgerton

by Echo Love

"Where's the wench?" the old man asked me.

"Uh, she's at a meeting right now," I answered, just as I'd done so many times that summer, "can I take a message?"

"She's with one of those NEA posers, isn't she?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Are they in that office back there?"

"No sir, they went to lunch."

"Okay, I'll wait right here," he said, sitting down next to a couple of would-be sculptors and a pseudo-painter in the waiting area. "That is, if you don't mind."

"Uh, no, not at all."
"Good."

...

It was my worst MIT summer job ever. At least at Pritchett I could be rude and make chicken puck, pickle and mustard frappes. Of course, the cockroaches were disgusting and the never-ending stream of Grateful Dead tapes drove me insane, but overall it was better than this desk job. The official title was Student Assistant to the Public Relations Department of the List Visual Arts Gallery, and as it turned out, the List Visual Arts Gallery consisted of nothing but a public relations department. The job was sitting at a desk in a windowless office of a horrendous I.M. Pei-designed abomination of a building, and running interference for the director, who was constantly beset by remarkably incompetent fifthrate self-proclaimed artists. Most of my days were spent telling bearded, black-clad, art school dropouts that the director was at a meeting of some sort and agreeing that their collection of candy wrapper bras was a searing indictment of the shallowness of the paternalistic American capitalist system. Occasionally, I was given some minor clerical task, such as typing gallery labels for some pretentious creep who had managed to get a grant for his hackneyed artistic concept.

The old man in the office that day was a different story altogether. He was Harold "Doc" Edgerton, inventor of the strobe light, Institute Professor, co-founder of the EG&G corporation, famed photographer and certified living legend. Although I regularly treated visitors with polite condescension then returned to my typing or to whatever sleazy fantasy novel I was reading, with Doc it was different. I could do nothing but stare at him and wonder. Doc was an artist of enough merit to get one of his photographs (the milkdrop as I recall) permanently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art. What he was doing at the List, amidst the local arts pond scum, was beyond comprehension.

It took twenty minutes for Miss Elizabeth Rogers, director of PR, to come back from lunch. From the redness of her cheeks and the smell on her breath I deducted she had been hitting the *Chateau Bimbeaux* at the Boston Sail Loft again, an undeniable sign that the NEA had been paying for lunch. Elizabeth was, as Doc put it, a bitch, and especially after a few glasses of *Bimbeaux*. She had rather repellent notions about art. Her theories can best be summed up as "art is too complicated for the mob of unwashed brutes to understand, so they should let me spend their money on what I think is art." Apparently, art was broiled salmon and white wine.

Doc stood up when she entered the room, cut in front of the three professional losers, and followed her into her office. After closing the door he berated her for fifteen minutes straight. From what I could make out, Doc had a radical exhibit proposal that Elizabeth was avoiding. Elizabeth replied with nothing but vague promises until Doc grew so angry that he stormed off. After Doc left, Elizabeth summoned me to her office. "Echo, darling," she said, "first of all, get rid of the java jockeys in the reception area, they're starting to collect dust."

I went back outside, gave five cheap excuses and four vague promises, and cleared the room. Once I did so, Elizabeth called me again.

"Echo sweetheart," she began, "you are not to say a word about this little encounter with Mr. Edgerton to anyone, anywhere, ever. Doc is quite advanced in years, and frankly, he doesn't have all his faculties anymore. But he's still an MIT role model, and we are to do everything in our power to keep that reputation intact. Understand'?"

"Oh sure, I won't say a word," I said.

"You better not dear, you better not."

The incident had been odd, but I forgot it in a few days. Doc didn't return until two weeks later. I gave him the usual smoke-screen, except this time, Elizabeth really was in her office. "Sweetie," he said to me gently, "I may look like a pathetic old fart to you, but I can smell overpriced white wine from a mile away. I know she's in her office, and I'm going in. Excuse me."

He pounded on her locked door a few times and when she refused to answer he took out a couple of wires and picked the lock. She sat at her desk with an amusing look of astonishment for the duration of Doc's tirade. "Listen you incompetent yellow-bellied bitch! I'm sick and tired of every pimple-assed New York art-fag getting all the credit for crap that I came up with years and years ago and never received credit for. This Mapplethump asshole, this Serrado pinhead, I did it first, they ripped-off my stuff, and I get no credit. I'm the ONLY REV-OLUTIONARY PHOTOGRAPHER IN AMERICAN HISTORY! EVERYTHING COMES FROM ME! I'M THE ROSETTA STONE! THE BIBLE! THE BIG BANG! I DID IT ALL! I DID IT FIRST! I DID IT BEST! AND I CAN PROVE IT! IN TEN GODDAMN PHOTOS! You can stop me for now, but I promise you, people will know someday. These works will be seen, with or without your help. The only reason I want to do it in your pansy-ass little gallery is so every PATHETIC WANKER WHO THINKS HE'S AN ARTIST CAN SEE THAT A REAL ARTIST HAS TO BE A GREAT SCIENTIST FIRST!"

As Doc left, he threw an envelope on Elizabeth desk, Once he was gone Elizabeth called me into her office. "Echo dear," she said, "I must repeat once again that everything you hear from Doc cannot leave this room."

"Of course, Miss Rogers."

"I don't think you quite grasp the gravity of the situation Miss Love. If you even mention this to that stoner boyfriend of yours you're both out of this institution. If you're lucky, that will be the biggest problem you'll have."

"What?"

"Think, darling, for once in your life. Do you really think there are as many suicides on campus as the Tech tells you?" With that she motioned me to leave.

Stunned, I went back to my desk. A few minutes later I heard Elizabeth shriek in horror. My intuition told me I didn't want to know why. I heard her pick up the phone and call. She spent the rest of the afternoon on the phone. When I left at five she was still on the line.

The next morning Elizabeth dropped Doc's envelope on my desk.

"These are Doc's photos. You are to type up labels for them. Nobody is to know of the existence of these photos. Do you understand?"

I nodded, then made a mistake.

"Does this mean we are putting up Doc's exhibit?" I asked.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? OF COURSE NOT! You'll be doing this to pacify the old bastard until he forgets about this whole sordid scheme. He's a sick, old, decrepit man, he doesn't know what he's doing. Now, I'll be in my office, and I don't want to see a single human being today."

I opened the envelope. First I read Doc's handwritten specs and titles then I opened a smaller envelope containing 5x7 preliminary prints.

All my life I had been interested in photography. I took a few visual arts classes; I volunteered for Technique: I subscribed to American Photography. I always had the feeling that there was nothing I had seen that I couldn't do myself, given enough money or time. Doc's regular photographs were easy enough to replicate. However, the ten photographs that I held in my hand that morning showed a sense of depravity, nihilism, technical expertise and pure undiluted artistry that would be impossible for any so-called artist to replicate. It was a case of a great genius looking into the abyss, finding the abyss looking back, and loving the experience. My reaction was a combination of awe and fear. That the man that produced such uncompromising art, a man that felt himself above all that humanity found sacred, had been in my presence, had even spoken to me, was more than I could bear. The man was a monster and a genius, and you could not separate one from the other. That very day I sold my Nikon and my lenses for beer money and I have never taken a photo since.

The ten prints were so shocking, that even though I wasn't allowed to keep written proof of their existence, I remember them, or more to the point, I am haunted by them to this day. These are the titles and descriptions:

1 - BULLET THROUGH KENNEDYS 63/68 - These two side-by-side exposures showed two human models made up to resemble John and Robert Kennedy being shot in the head. The bullet wounds are far too realistic (there are visible bits of bone in the spray of blood) to have been made without

shooting live human models. The title refers to the illusion of a single bullet piercing both of the heads.

- 2 WHEN THE BULLET HITS THE BONE This shows an extreme close-up of a bullet penetrating a human kneecap. Unlike his regular photos, for which he used a .22 caliber rifle, Prof. Edgerton gleefully tells us that he used a .44 Magnum at close range. The explosion of red and white on a blue background gives the photo a nauseating patriotic feel.
- 3 KICKING BUTT Another close-up, this one of a military boot penetrating the orifice mentioned on the title. Again, Edgerton uses human models. The photo lacks any of the kinky eroticism of Mapplethorpe's work. It is a piece of unrestrained aesthetic violence and nothing else.
- 4 OBLIGATORY CUM SHOT A medium shot with multiple exposures, the trajectory of the ejaculation is traced vividly on a red background. The photo creates an uncomfortable clash between the scientific and the erotic.
- 5 KNIFE THROUGH ARM This one is a sickening close-up of a kitchen knife perforating a human forearm between the radius and ulna. The tension of the well-developed arm muscles gives the work an aura of unexpected beauty.
- 6 PISSING ON CHRIST This multiple-exposure shot shows a bearded gentleman with rather large equipment urinating on a crucifix. Edgerton achieves the maximum blasphemous effect by setting it in an actual cathedral. From the fluorescent green color of the urine, it is apparent that the model drank from Edgerton's famous "piddler," a device used to demonstrate the properties of a falling stream of water.
- 7 PROJECTILE VOMITING The title is self-explanatory. Doc mentions on the notes that the subject drank a half-gallon of the cheapest Gallo white wine, with a bowl of Ramen for texture, and a glass of Hawaiian Punch for color. The vomit greatly resembles a Jackson Pollock painting.
- 8 LET THEM EAT CAKE This re-creation of Marie Antoinette's beheading was done in a multiple exposure medium shot. The facial expression of the

falling head is different in each of the four exposures.

9 - BRUCE LEE - Taken in 1969, this multiple exposure shows the martial arts expert inserting his hand through a model's abdomen, pushing his arm in up to his elbow, removing an organ and placing it in front of the model's face. On closer inspection it is clear that the organ is a heart and that the model stands at the same spot throughout the action without changing expression. From the exposure specs indicated by Doc the action took place in less than .04 seconds. This piece would be of purely scientific value except for the breathtaking color and composition of the shot.

10 - BLOW - The man shown snorting is alleged to be John Belushi. The shot would be uninteresting, there were many such photos taken in the 1970's, except for two details. First, you can see the powder going up the clear straw, though the use of multiple exposures. Second, the cocaine is piled up on the head wound of the JFK model.

• • •

Doc came to the office again a day later. He was visibly weaker than he had been the first time I had seen him that summer. He was much more pleasant that time. I handed him the typed labels, he thanked me and left. I never saw him again. He died the following winter. A heart attack did him in. I never heard anybody mention the photos, so I never did.

The summer ran its course. I wasn't invited back to work during the term, so I went back to flipping burgers. But my life was not the same. I dumped my boyfriend, stopped drinking, stopped socializing. I stayed in my room and stared at the walls.

Somehow I managed to finish out my program and get a degree. After graduation, I moved as far away as physically possible.

I'm sure nobody will believe my story. In the end, it really doesn't matter. It is the truth and it is horrible.



"Steer Roast Detox" Voo Doo, Spring 1999

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☐ draw illustrations. ☐ do darkroom	n work.			
□ write stories. □ clean the of				
□ write columns. □ help with pl				
□ help with production. □ write letters				
help with distribution. send hate mail to the Editor.				
☐ infiltrate other campus publications and bring them to their knees. ☐ get the Editor in a head lock and slap the production staff silly.				
For the next issue, I will submit				
 some cartoons or humorous drawings. 	a side-splitting opinion column.			
□ a two page cartoon.	□ a 500 word humorous story.			
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something totally indescribable, yet hilarious.				
Depoisonous snakes, letter bombs, razor bl	ades.			
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