



Voo Doo Inc.

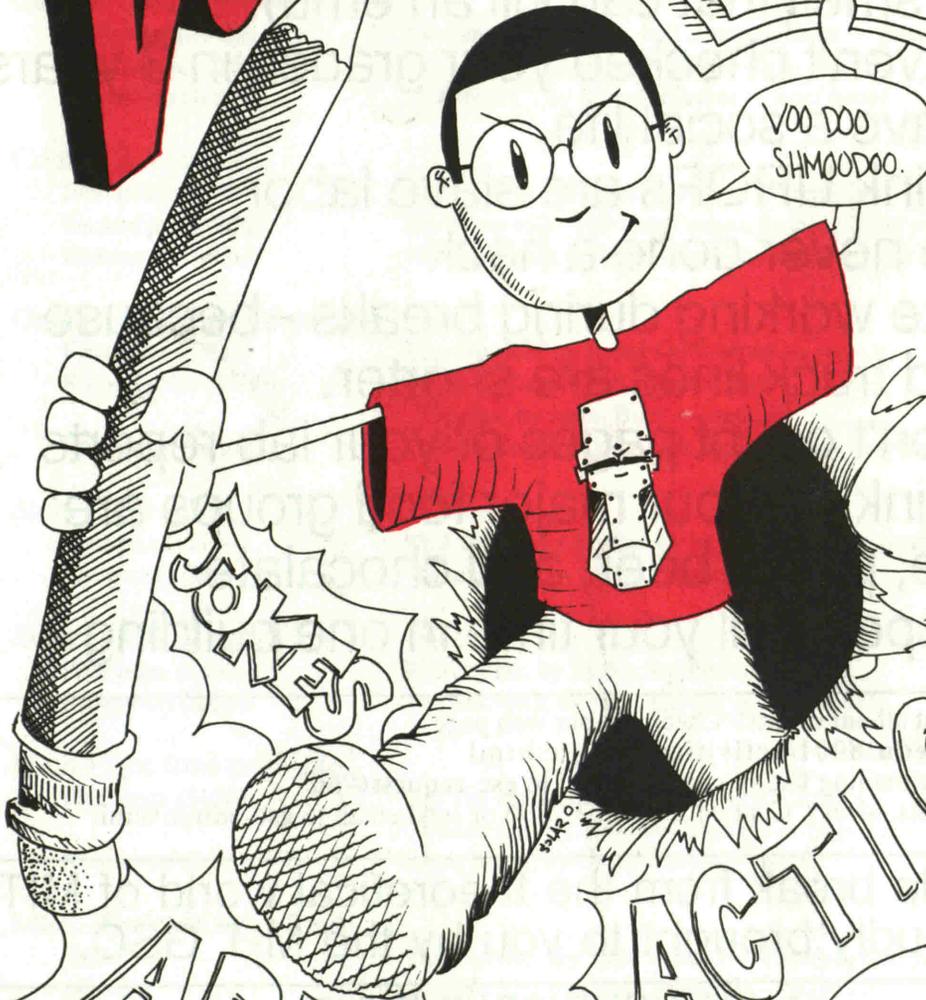
Vol. 77 Issue 3

Price

\$2

SOLAR'S MAG

VOODOO



VOO DOO
SHMOODOO.

FUNNY
STUFF
SUBMISSIONS
&
PIECES
&
ADS
TOO!

JOKE'S

ART

ACTION

THE
BEST
CONTEST
WINNERS
ARE
HERE!
!!!

Graduate Student Council

It has come to our attention that many students out there do not know the difference between undergrad and grad students, so we've devised this little test - answer yes or no to each.

1. You don't have to pay to come here
2. You shower often
(i.e. no smell that can kill an emu).
3. You haven't checked your grades in 3 years
4. You have a social life
5. You think UROPs are slave labor
6. You've never done a hack
7. You like working during breaks - because the food truck lines are shorter.
8. You don't count pages of your lab reports
9. You think the four major food groups are caffeine, pizza, beer, and chocolate
10. You spend all your time in one building

Stay informed about all our events! Check out our web page

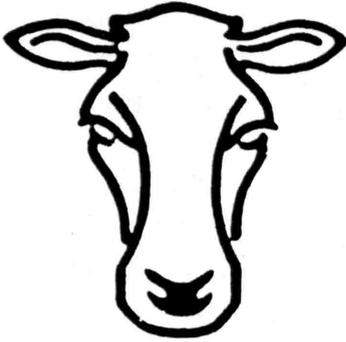
<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/gsc/gsc.html>

Add yourself to our mailing list by sending email to gsc-request@mit

Questions, comments, ideas? Give us a call at 3-2195 or send email to gsc-admin@mit

This little break from the theoretical world of MIT
proudly brought to you by the MIT GSC.

Key - if you answered no to any questions, you
are a undergrad, sorry



In "Mad Cow" Voo Doo



Letters to Voo Doo — page 5

Just a small fraction of the mail we've been receiving.

Reengineering Update — page 28

Send your ideas to voodoo@mit.edu.

And now, the long awaited results of the...

Voo Doo Humor Contest

Cartoon (single panel)

First prize (\$100):

Second prize (\$50):

Runner-up (Jello):

Wearable Computing, by Cameron Abnet — page 15

Poor Alfred, by Raluca Barbulescu — page 29

"E before I", by Shihab Elborai — next issue!

Comic (3-5 panel)

First prize (\$100):

Second prize (\$50):

Runner-up (Jello):

"1.00 TA" & "Mugger", by Solar Olugebefola — page 16

Jim's Journals: The Lost Entries, by Bing Shen — page 30

Not Too Creative, by Matthew Barnhart — page 30

Graphic Novella (3-8 pages)

First prize (\$200):

Second prize (\$100):

Runner-up (Jello):

The Mischief by James Gouldstone — page 6

Cmdr. Coriander and Cilantro Boy:

Origins, by Jason Bucy — page 20

Captain Coconut, by Aalok Bipin Shah — next issue!

Story (750 words)

First prize (\$100):

Runner-up (Jello):

How to Write a Bestseller, by Tibor Beke — page 18

"Course 23", by David Friedman — page 26

Story (>1500 words)

First prize (\$100):

Runner-up (Jello):

The Locker, by Taylor Roberts — page 10

The Souvenir, by Hani Sallum — next issue!

Short Piece (one page gag)

First prize (\$100):

Runner-up (Jello):

Top Ten Reasons Noam Chomsky Is Really

Pissed Off, by Thomas Colthurst — page 17

Fresh Bread, by Chris Wanjek — page 27

Misc. (Cayman slush fund)

(\$33.3):

(\$33.3):

(\$33.3):

The Souvenir, by Hani Sallum — I already told you, next issue!

"Course 23", by David Friedman — page 26

Fresh Bread, by Chris Wanjek — page 27

FROM THE PUBLISHER



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Volume 77, Number 3

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

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, Voo Doo got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNoble Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price:\$2.00 Subs:\$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>
<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/chm.html>

THE JUDGES



Hoyt Bleakley
Voo Doo Economist



Kent Lundberg
Former Editor,
Now Hapless Grad Student



Jeremy Grainger
MIT Press



Jay Keyser
MIT Professor of Humor



Ted Johnson
Campus Activities Complex



Kathy Thurston-Lighty
MIT Museum



Senator Ted Kennedy
(D-MA)
(Judge Emeritus)

Next Submission Deadline : September 16, 1996.



Letters to Voo Doo

Dear Phos,

This is addressed to Kent Lundberg and/or Hoyt Bleakley, individually or collectively, and to the extent to which either of them is not, in fact, a mere manifestation of the collective unconscious or a mass hallucination.

In response to "The Class Clown Admonition," which I just recently happened to read while leafing through VooDoo in a fit of existential ennui:

1) While I appreciate the fact that you were making a point that people in the MIT community need to take a more participatory attitude toward the campus humor magazine, contributing their thoughts rather than engaging in Chorus 127 of "It Sucks" in D-minor, and that they needn't think their contribution would have to be Letterman-worthy in order to appear, I still object to the phrase, "after all, it can't be as bad as 'The Cybernetic Kid.'"

2) Admittedly, this is because I WROTE The Cybernetic Kid.

3) OK, and I did the initial layout design for the panels, as well.

4) Nevertheless, given that this comment, which seemingly nominates CyberKid for the position of bottom-of-the-food-chain, lowest-common-denominator, absolute zero, and general avatar of absolute unworthiness, overlooks such other potential candidates for the position as, for God's sake, "Waif Girl and Nipple Woman," which appears no more than 5 pages away from your comment, I cannot help but take exception to the seeming arbitrariness and capriciousness (fuck, total hypocrisy) of your actions. So far as I know, there hasn't even been a reader poll or plebiscite on the question of "which of our features is the most lacking in humorous or entertainment content"

5) If "bad" is taken to mean bad in the evaluatory sense, in which one measures a work by such quality metrics of art such as narrative cohesion, plot, dialogue, style, consistency in application of genre conventions, I would argue that CyberKid, contra Lundberg/Bleakley, compares favorably with most of the graphic stories you publish. If "bad" is taken to mean bad in the normative sense, perhaps you have more of a point, given the extensive use of utterly gratuitous violence and mayhem in the

story, trivialized for the sake of entertainment and presented as though intended to provoke laughter rather than horror. However, given the absolute lack of moral conscience demonstrated by the magazine and its staff (in fact, make that "gleefully flaunted") permit me to register skepticism at the notion that this retrospective revulsion at CyberKid is prompted by some born-again moralistic impulse. Big words, coming from the people who are still dunking Richard Nixon's severed head in liquid nitro.

6) And besides, dammit, I still say it was funny; and I should know, since I wrote it. QED.

Sincerely yours,

P. R. Goldstone

More on page 28...

A Brief Editorial

Well, faithful readers, as Editor of Voo Doo and a graduating senior, I have a few things I feel compelled to say:

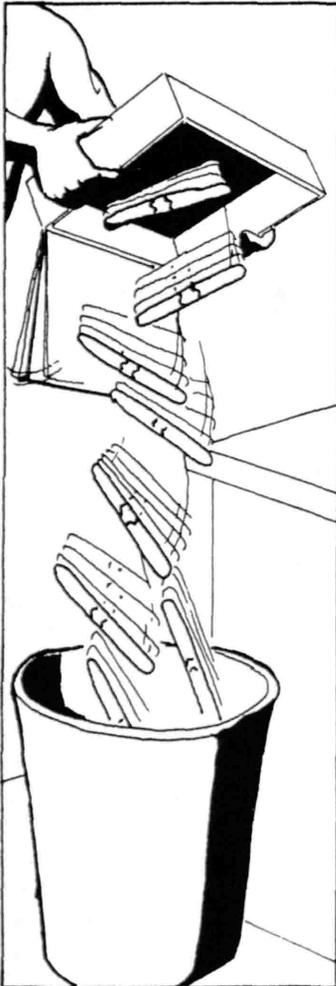
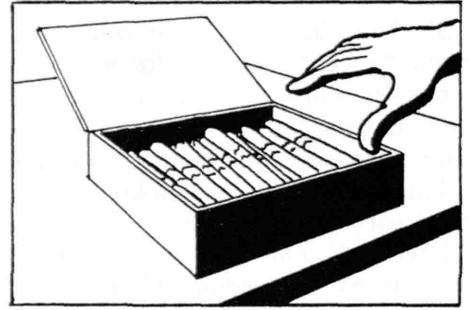
Vive the Coffeehaus! Vive Señor Haus! Vive Steer Roast! Vive all those things that were cooler when I was a frosh, and Down with the UA! Down with Counterpoint (which is conveniently the same thing as the UA now)! Up with Balkan Subversive and Revolutionary Books, and special thanks to Anders Hove, it's author, for his support.

Thanks to everyone who submitted to the Humour Contest, and congratulations to the winners. No, I had nothing to do with the judging. Look for more runners-up in our next issue!

Thanks are due to Solar Olugebefola for coming to the office at a moment's notice and working on the cover. Whatta cool guy, not given to pompous self-promotion, or anything like that. A real saint.

More thanks to all my friends, especially Hani Sallum, who got me mixed up in Voo Doo in the first place. Keep fighting the good fight.

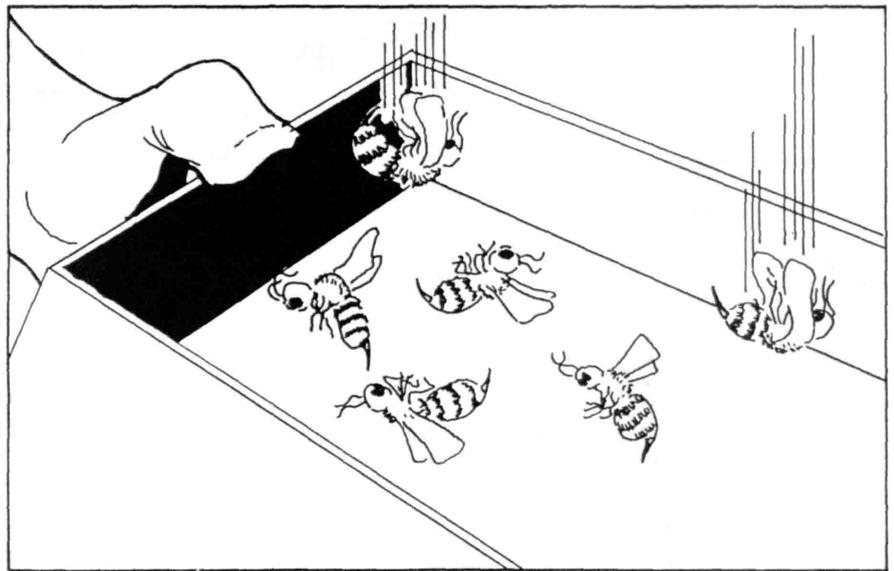
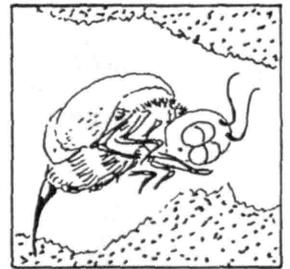
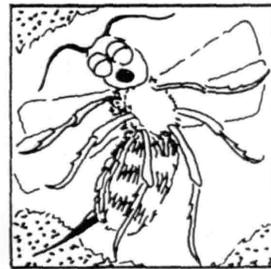
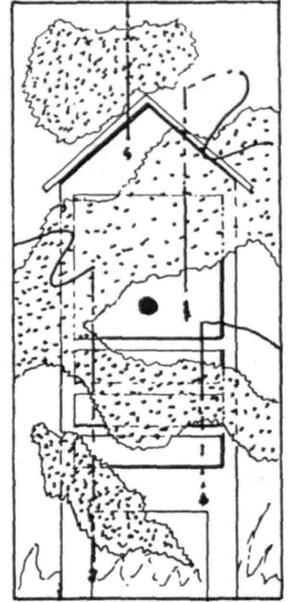
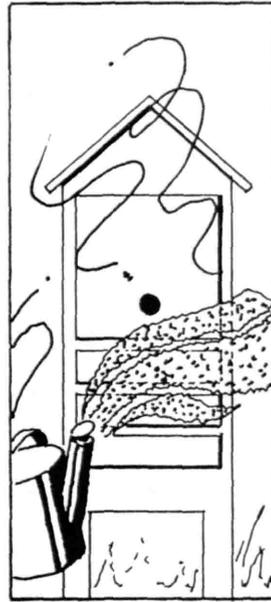
Jason Bucy, Editor-in-Chief

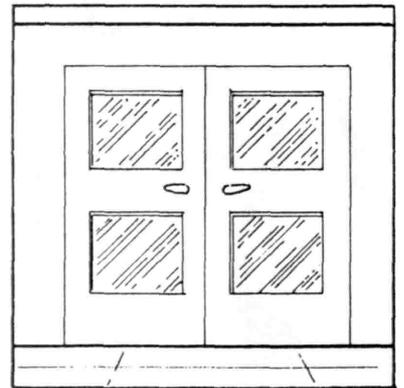
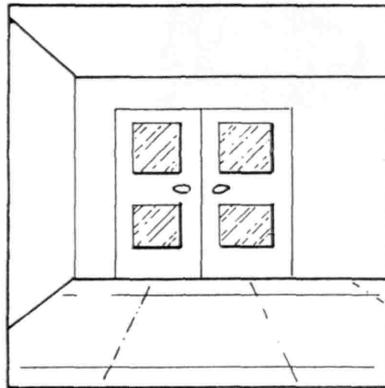
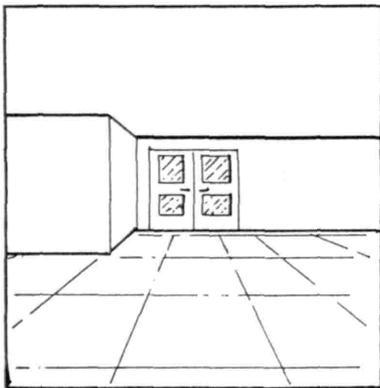
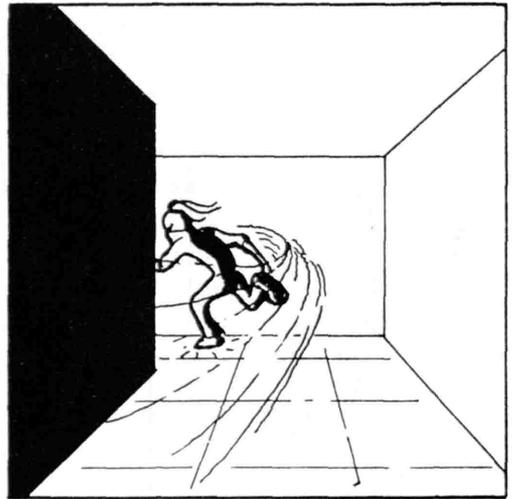
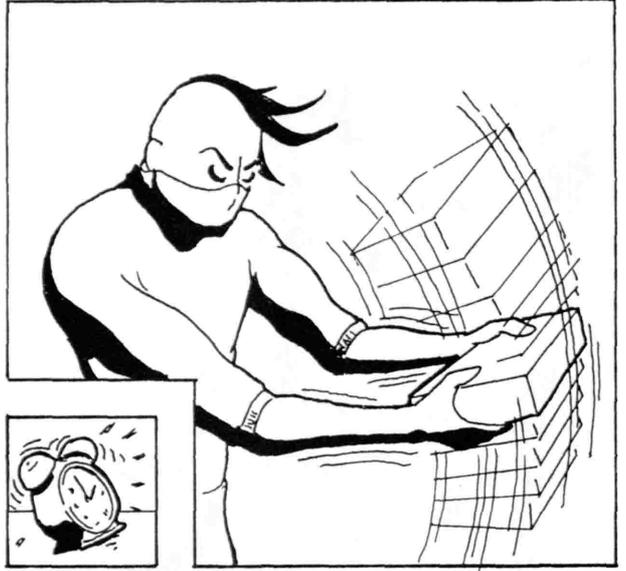
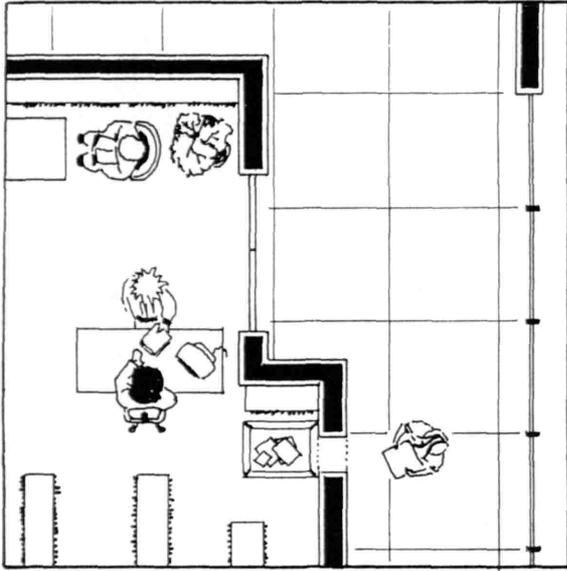


THE MISCHIEF

BY JAMES GOULDSTONE









NEXT TIME:

MR CELERYHEAD

GETS REVENGE.



The Locker

by Taylor Roberts

Larry raised his arms, letting the water rinse the soap from his armpits. It was Friday night at around 8 p.m. The gym teacher had got permission from the school to have a late-night practice for the basketball team, before they were to leave on the 10 p.m. bus for Seattle to play a high school team there the next day. Larry knew he wasn't the star of the team, but he stuck with it, hoping against hope that perhaps someday he would shoot the winning basket in the last second of the game and his teammates would carry him around the gym on their shoulders, the cheerleaders squealing his name.

Larry rinsed the last of the shampoo from his hair and was about to turn off the shower when suddenly five or six of his classmates stormed into the shower, grabbed Larry, and carried him out into the hall. Larry struggled as hard as he could and started yelling, but somebody put a chokehold on him, and someone else wrapped a hand around Larry's mouth. Larry couldn't breathe.

"Put him in this locker!" said someone who had run ahead of the crowd of naked boys. He held open the locker door. It was one of the spare lockers, and so the upper shelf had been removed. Larry tried to thrash back and forth, but he couldn't fight against six people holding all of his limbs and strangling him. Still, Larry gave them as hard a time as he could, and so they were unable to force him into the locker face-first.

"Turn him around!" someone shouted. "Put him in backwards!"

The group moved as one, and the boys holding his upper body directed him into the locker. Only Larry's feet protruded now. With his spine crushed against the interior of the locker and his legs being held in the air, Larry couldn't push his way back out. They started forcing his feet into the locker while punching his chest. Larry was getting too tired to fight back, and he was terrified that the locker door might be slammed on his toes. It seemed easier to pull his feet into the locker and perhaps try to burst free when the door closed. Larry startled the boys by stepping into the locker himself. When the door slammed shut, Larry tried desperately to push out, but it was futile, since he had no leverage

in the tiny locker. He couldn't even raise his arms in time to do anything. He pushed his shoulder against the door, but it didn't budge. It might as well have weighed a ton. He heard the lock click, and the boys let out a loud whoop of triumph, which quickly faded as they headed down the hall back to the gym.

Larry resigned himself to the situation. He tried to stay calm. It was important, since he realized the boys would be back in a few minutes to let him out, and they'd have a laugh if Larry emerged visibly shaken from the experience. Larry decided not to give them the satisfaction. Maybe he wasn't a great basketball player, but he considered himself more intellectual than his peers, and this was surely his weapon of advantage. He knew it would do no good to yell hysterically. The best thing to do would be to relax and think calmly about something rational. Indeed, the time to think might well be used to advantage. Anyway, he'd just had a shower and was very clean, and could just hop into his warm clothes when he was released.

As his breathing slowed, Larry smelled perfume. The locker in which he was trapped was directly to the left of the locker belonging to the prettiest girl in the ninth grade, Susan Polchenski. The smell of the perfume reminded Larry of Susan, and so he purposefully decided to think about Susan, as this would help him to stay calm. He remembered the gym class earlier in the year when they learned some kind of folk dancing. It was corny as hell, and the only reason the boys didn't complain, of course, was because they got to dance with the girls. Larry remembered dancing around in a circle, mimicking the steps of the couple ahead of him, but being constantly aware of Susan's location in the girl's circle, anxiously hoping that the song would not end before the circle had rotated far enough that he and Susan would be partners, if only for a few seconds.

He remembered how he would try to appear nonchalant when the partners changed and he and Susan were together at last. With his left hand in hers, and his right arm around Susan's slim waist, Larry felt like he was at the center of the universe. He tried to seem detached, yet all the while was worried about his appearance and the tension of

performing for two audiences: the boys, for whom he wanted to look cool, and Susan, for whom he wanted to seem interested. It was an impossible balancing act, and Larry wondered if Susan could tell that he adored her. She would smile at him, but that didn't mean much, since she was so friendly and smiled at everyone.

One time the song happened to end as he and Susan were partners, and so they were together for several minutes as the gym teacher explained the steps of the next dance. At various times they were holding hands, and once Larry had his arm around Susan's waist for several minutes, with nothing between them except her soft-looking breasts. Trapped now in the locker, Susan's perfume wafting up to his nose, it was almost as if he were standing next to her again in gym class. Larry imagined Susan in the girl's shower, the hot water running down her breasts, dripping from her nipples.

Suddenly Larry felt something cold on the tip of his penis, and he discovered that he had a large erection, and that it was pressing hard against the locker door. He felt his face turning red and he tried to get hold of himself, since he didn't want the guys to open the locker and find him fully erect. They might infer what he'd been thinking, being next to Susan's locker, and the embarrassment would be too much for Larry.

He remembered an episode of "Batman" in which Batman had been tightly confined in a situation not unlike Larry's. Batman had kept his sanity by reciting the multiplication tables backwards (or so he reported casually after being released). Larry tried this. Twelve times twelve is 144, Larry thought. Unfortunately, he wasn't too sure, since he was never very good at math, and anyway it was hard to concentrate in such a vulnerable position.

After what seemed like ten minutes, the sound of chanting approached, and as the group of students passed the locker he could hear the gym teacher laughing along.

"Who's gonna kick their asses?" the coach yelled.

"We are!" everyone grunted. "Vancouver!"

Larry composed himself, expecting the door to open at any moment. The gym teacher would be surprised to see Larry emerge, and he'd order Larry to run back to the locker room to get his clothes, or else they'd miss their bus to Seattle. Instead, Larry heard the hydraulic closers on the exit doors pump open and shut as everyone piled outside. Finally there was near-quiet and then the clicking of the

locks. He heard the exterior doors being rattled, as if someone outside was checking that they were indeed locked.

Then there was silence.

Larry imagined the whole team crouched outside his locker. They were trying to fool him, he thought. They were trying to make him believe that they'd really left the building. They were waiting for him to start yelling frantically. Larry hadn't endured the tight space of the locker that long for nothing. He was determined to show them that he was remaining cool. He waited, listening for noise outside the locker, like someone giggling.

He waited for what seemed like five minutes, and Larry was quite impressed by their resolve. Since he was getting tired and cold, Larry finally decided to give in. He wanted to stretch and scratch himself, which was impossible inside the locker. Larry said in a voice that he hoped sounded calm:

"Come on guys! We're gonna be late for the bus."

There was no response. He had expected somebody out there to crack up, and a shout to go up. Larry wondered if his voice had been loud enough for them to hear it, since he might have lost perspective of his sense of hearing in the silent locker. Larry said much louder:

"Can you open up? I'm gonna need a few minutes to get dressed, and we have to get moving."

No answer.

"Come on!" Larry added, noticing the mounting desperation in his voice. "Please?"

With some effort, Larry managed to turn sideways and he tried pushing against the door with his shoulder. He pushed harder and harder, but there was no way he could get any leverage to exert even the slightest force on the door. It seemed instead that the door was exerting pressure on him, and his shoulder hurt like hell. Larry realized that the janitor was gone until Monday, and that his family didn't expect him home for the weekend, since they knew he was going to Seattle. The pieces of the puzzle matched, but it was too bizarre for Larry to believe. Could it be possible that his classmates had wanted to lock him up for an entire weekend?

"Oh God, I'm sorry," Larry shouted sincerely, as if to apologize for his lousy performance on the basketball team. Still there was no response. "Please open up! I just wanna go home!" His voice was choked with emotion and muffled by the mucous that was filling his mouth. Larry knew that any sane human, upon hearing such dismal cries, would

have let him out --- even his cruel classmates.

He shrieked in a high voice that sounded to him like that of a hysterical woman. Louder and louder he screamed, again and again, but no one answered. Maybe they had abandoned him intentionally, or maybe they'd simply forgotten about him, and would remember him when they boarded the bus. But then, maybe the boys had told the coach that Larry had been sick and went home, and the coach believed it, never suspected anything as horrendous as this. Larry knew that the coach, as an adult, would have let him out of the locker if he'd known he was in there. But then again, would he? Maybe the coach had felt inferior himself when he was in high school, and Larry reminded the coach of some jerk who'd insulted him twenty years ago.

Larry wished he had his glasses. They wouldn't do him any good, of course, since there wasn't even a crack of light in the locker, but wearing his glasses would've made him feel less naked and defenseless. Now, everything was simply black, with nothing but the sound of his own breathing and the smell of the perfume from Susan's locker. Larry sniffed again for the perfume, trying to recall the memory of Susan's angelic face. Larry could no longer smell the perfume, but instead all he could smell was his own sweat.

He was shivering from the cold, since he'd been put into the locker while dripping wet, and he'd been drying while standing inside. Larry wanted to urinate. Obviously, he'd have to hold it. He thought again of the multiplication tables, but it seemed absurd. Numbers seemed meaningless. Did it matter, for example, whether or not twelve times twelve equalled 144 or some other number? For that matter, was it even meaningful to differentiate between such simple numbers as one and two, in the quiet black of a locker? Did numbers have even a tiny bit of relevance when standing naked in the dark, not even wearing a wristwatch?

He wondered what was in Susan's locker. Perhaps inches from him were some of her gym clothes, or panties or a bra. He found it hard to become excited about the possibility, being suddenly more concerned with his fate.

Larry thought about his family. His mother had told Larry that she wanted him to phone her when he arrived safely in Seattle, but Larry had said that he didn't want to phone, since he didn't want to look like a wimp in front of the other guys. "Nobody's going to call their mother," he had whined. Finally, Larry had successfully negotiated that he wouldn't

phone home. This meant that his family was now watching TV, perhaps eating microwave popcorn, never suspecting that Larry was only a block or two away and that he needed their help. Larry's stomach growled. Maybe his brother has ordered pizza with pepperoni and extra cheese, and they were all eating it now, thinking how lucky Larry was to be going on a trip to Seattle.

Larry thought about things like this for what seemed like a long time, and tears ran down his face until he couldn't cry anymore. His legs hurt from standing so long, and he was tired, cold and hungry, and his bladder was bursting. He needed to go to the washroom badly. He tried to think rationally about the consequences of urinating in the locker. Perhaps there were some cracks at the bottom of the locker through which his urine could run. He tried to look down, but he couldn't bend his head very far in the tightness of the locker and still look past his own body to the bottom. Larry speculated that his urine would run out of the locker, perhaps go underneath the locker or out into the hall, and that it would dry up by the time he was released. Maybe when the team reached Seattle in a few hours, someone from his team would phone the Vancouver police to come and cut the lock and let him out.

The pressure to urinate was too much for Larry, and so he decided to overlook etiquette. Surely it wouldn't seem too bad when he was rescued. Certainly someone who'd been confined for hours with hardly enough space to turn around could be expected to urinate, couldn't he? Larry turned toward the locker door, the side farthest from Susan's locker, took his penis in hand (which was hard to do since he didn't have enough space to bend his elbow properly), and let loose a deluge of urine that sprayed off the door. Larry could feel it splashing against his hand and legs, and he hoped that most of it would flow outside the locker. Soon, Larry felt the warm liquid around his toes. It felt nice, since his feet were like icicles.

Having relieved himself provided not only physical release for Larry, but psychological release, too, since he knew that no matter how long he was locked up, he would now be able to urinate whenever he pleased. They could take away his freedom to move, but urination was a small pleasure he could retain, and having done it once meant that the shame associated with it was now irrelevant.

Larry closed his eyes. Everything looked the same as when his eyes were open, though he noticed more acutely the stench of his urine. He opened his

eyes and still nothing changed. He was genuinely tired. He hadn't imagined how exhausting it could be, just standing.

He leaned back two or three degrees, which was all the space that was available, and shut his eyes again and tried to withdraw and sleep. It seemed absurd to try to withdraw when he was already physically withdrawn, but Larry understood that he was removed only from the rest of the world, not from himself. This was perhaps the most terrifying aspect of his imprisonment: that he was forced upon himself, made ever-conscious of his body and thoughts. Larry hoped to sleep. With his eyes shut, he pretended that he was simply in his bed, and that if he opened his eyes, he'd see the light from the street lamp outside his bedroom window. At home, that light had always bothered him, shining through the whole night, but Larry wished he could have it now.

After hours --- though perhaps only minutes --- of such thoughts, Larry drifted off to sleep, his knees pressed relentlessly against the locker door.

Larry woke, thinking he was late for school, and turned his head to look at the clock-radio. His face hit something, and Larry thought he must have fallen out of bed. He tried to get up, then remembered where he was. He wondered how long he'd been asleep. There were painful cramps in his legs, and he had to unload his bowels. Maybe he'd been asleep for two days, and would soon be rescued. Larry hoped so. But then, perhaps he'd only nodded off for ten seconds, and the pressure of the locker walls against his slouched body had prevented him from falling completely asleep.

Larry's stomach growled. His mouth was parched. He thought longingly of the drinking fountain that was only a few steps away.

"Hello?" he croaked, his vocal cords raw from screaming the night before. Or was it only an hour ago that he'd been confined? Larry remembered how he had considered the irrelevance of numbers, and now he thought the same of time. Time was inexorably passing, both within and without the locker, but as a measure of such abstract entities and minutes and hours, time was of negligible value. Instead, time inside the locker was best marked by Larry's periodic urination.

Larry farted, being careful not to do so too forcefully, since he was holding back a load of shit in his bowels. The smell reached Larry's nostrils,

and he hoped these smells weren't invading Susan's locker, since he certainly didn't want to offend her. If the smells did go in, Larry hoped that Susan would understand that he'd had no choice but to release his fluids and gases. What other activities could he pursue? Indeed, it pleased Larry to be able to piss and fart, since it meant that time had passed --- a time significant enough for his body to have developed a need to undertake these functions. And the more time that passed, of course, the sooner that Larry would be free.

Larry's head was itchy, but it was difficult to scratch. He tried rubbing it against the wall of the locker, but it only made it worse. After a few minutes of painful contortion, he managed to bring his arm up far enough to be able to scratch it. It was an immense relief. But he still had to go to the bathroom. Larry tried desperately to take his mind off the diarrhea that was threatening to burst forth, and so he recalled fondly his last moment of freedom in the shower. He longed to be back there, the hot water purifying him. These were his final thoughts as he fell thankfully back to sleep.

Larry woke to the smell of shit, and his anus felt funny. He thought he must have farted. He hoped he had farted. Moving a hand near his rectum, he felt something wet. He brought his fingers up to his nose and smelled them. He discovered with shock that he must have emptied his bowels while sleeping. At least when he was awake he'd been able to concentrate on holding back. Larry worried now that his shit would seep into Susan's locker. He turned his head toward her locker and sniffed for her perfume, but he still couldn't smell it. Perhaps he was turned the wrong way? He thought he was facing the door of the locker, but he couldn't be sure, since he'd passed out several times, and might have been turning around without realizing it.

The soles of his feet were itchy. He tried to bend and stretch his arms down to scratch them, but it was impossible, since his shoulders, head, and knees kept bumping into the walls. He moved his feet around. The floor was wet and sticky. As he moved his feet, he could faintly hear the splashing of liquid. It was comforting to Larry --- a new sound. He'd grown so accustomed to the sound of his own breathing that he could no longer hear it. Hearing the splashing reminded Larry that he was quite thirsty. He tried to take his mind off it.

"Hey, Robin!" Larry shouted. "What's nine

times twelve?" No answer. "I need to know, little buddy. It's the only way I can survive this shit-hole." Larry tried to laugh. It hurt him to talk, since his mouth was so dry, and he'd screamed so hard the first night --- assuming that the first night had indeed passed. He wished it had. It felt like a week had passed.

Larry wondered what would happen if there was a fire in the school. He'd be roasted alive. The horrible thing would be the anticipation, since he'd hear the fire alarm clanging furiously while waiting for the flames to envelop him. The smoke would creep into the locker first, if he was lucky, and he'd suffocate. Maybe when the investigators discovered his body, the lock would've melted, and they wouldn't know that Larry had been confined there against his will. "Poor Larry Bootzin," they'd say. "He tried to escape the fire by hiding in the locker. He should've run outside. Anyway, what was he doing in the school after hours without supervision?"

Larry started to breathe heavier, and so he tried to stop worrying about a possible fire. His forehead was itchy. He managed to move his hand up to scratch it, but he remembered too late that he still had shit on his hand. It was probably on his forehead now, too. He tried wiping it off with his other hand. Larry wished he had a mirror to check on his appearance. The smell of shit was now more intense. Eventually he adapted to it, though. He squished the stuff from the locker floor between his toes, since it was something to do, and warmed his feet a little.

He thought of his teammates in Seattle, who were no doubt having a good time, perhaps having sneaked some beer into their hotel rooms. Larry started crying again. He cursed his family for not demanding that he phone home when he reached Seattle. He'd wanted to look cool in front of the guys, but what good was it? They still would have thought he was a creep. Larry felt like an abandoned baby, dumped in a garbage can by his mother. At least his family thought enough of Larry not to stuff him in a locker.

Larry lamented his decision not to yell when the coach and the rest of the team had filed past his locker. He should've yelled and cried his head off then, rather than waiting fifteen minutes after everyone was gone. He had foolishly wanted to pretend that somehow he was in control of the situation. But Larry knew now that whenever he was rescued --- if indeed he would be rescued --- he would be held responsible for his predicament. "Poor Larry!"

everyone would say, but Larry knew that they'd be laughing secretly and thinking that it served him right. They would suspect that someone would have to be an enormous jerk for his friends to want to treat him so badly.

Larry started sobbing uncontrollably, tears dripping off his chin. He wished he'd never been born, and tried to stop thinking about anything, since everything that occurred to him was ultimately distressing. He tried reciting nonsense syllables like "ba ba ba ba ba," but it hurt his throat, so instead he tried doing it in his head. But when he did that, his thoughts drifted again toward life outside the locker, to Big Macs that could ease his stomach pain, and to cans of Pepsi that could quench his thirst.

He was lucky enough to fall asleep several times, each time waking up to discover that his nightmare still hadn't ended.

Larry woke. A buzzer was ringing loudly. The locker next door --- Susan's locker --- was being opened. Larry's knees and lower spine ached from pressing against the locker. There were voices in the hall. Girls talking.

"Oooh --- your locker smells like a toilet."

"I know." It was Susan's voice. "I think somebody peed against the lockers."

Larry wasn't sure if they were talking about him, since by that time he no longer smelled anything unusual in the locker. He had become so accustomed to urinating whenever the need arose, and so at that moment he discharged another gush of urine. He wondered if he was dead. He remained quiet.

"Oh my God," came the first girl's voice. "There's pee coming out of the locker."

There was knocking on the door. Susan's voice sounded terrified.

"Is somebody in there?"

Larry said weakly, "No."

There were some shrieks, and the noise from outside became louder. After a few minutes, the noise was so loud that it sounded like a crowd had gathered. Larry wished they would quiet down, since the sudden clamor was giving him a headache. "Don't worry," everyone was saying. "Who are you?"

Finally there was another knock on the door.

"Hello?" A man's voice. "We're going to let you out. This is the fire department."

Larry wished he was dead. He certainly felt dead, except that he was itchy all over, especially his feet. He hoped that when the locker opened, his corpse would topple out and his spirit would ascend above the horde. He heard the blaring of a walkie-talkie.

"Thirty-two nineteen twenty-four. Code B."

A loud crack split Larry's ears and light flooded into the locker. Squinting, Larry stepped toward the light and the people, and the mob stepped back as one. Without his glasses, everything was a blur.

"It's Larry Bootzin!" someone shouted.

The rush of fresh air was intoxicating. Larry was dizzy, and his legs felt like toothpicks. He wasn't used to having to balance himself. There was a flash of light and Larry fell face-first to the floor. The crowd gasped, no doubt revolted at the sight of shit on Larry's feet, hands, and face.

Larry felt like a baby being lifted by his mother. He opened his eyes for a moment, then closed them again, since the light was so bright. He was in the arms of a firefighter, being whisked down the hall. Larry wished he was back in the solitude of the locker.

"It's okay, son," the firefighter said. "We'll take care of you. You're okay."

Larry also heard the voice of Mr. Jones, the principal, following behind.

"You can have the day off, Larry," he said. "Don't worry about that. I can fill out the sign-out sheet for you, and we'll settle the paperwork tomorrow. You just relax. We're all looking forward to seeing you back."

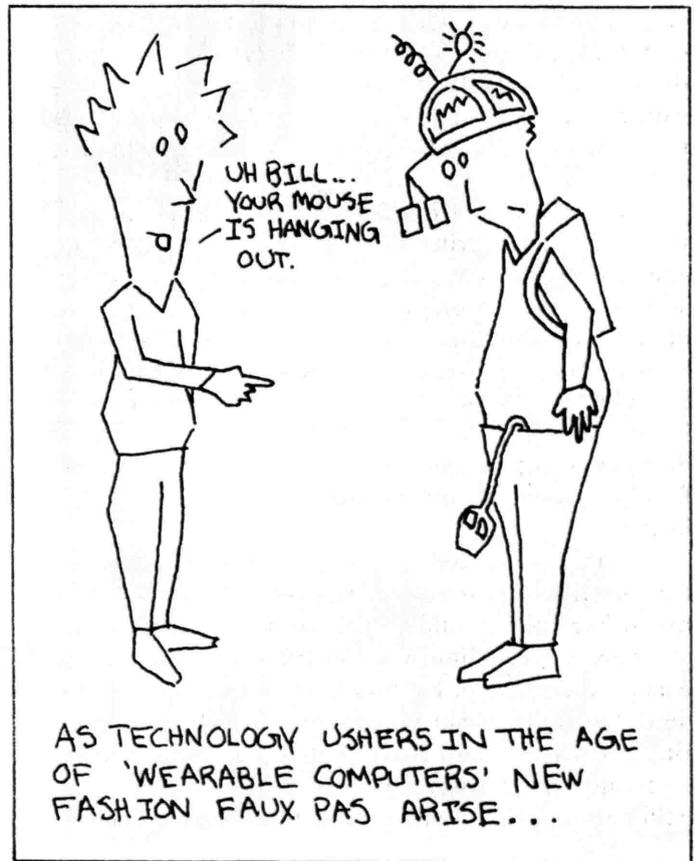
It was Tuesday morning, the day after Larry had been rescued. He was in the kitchen watching Geraldo, eating a Twinkie. His mother came in with the newspaper.

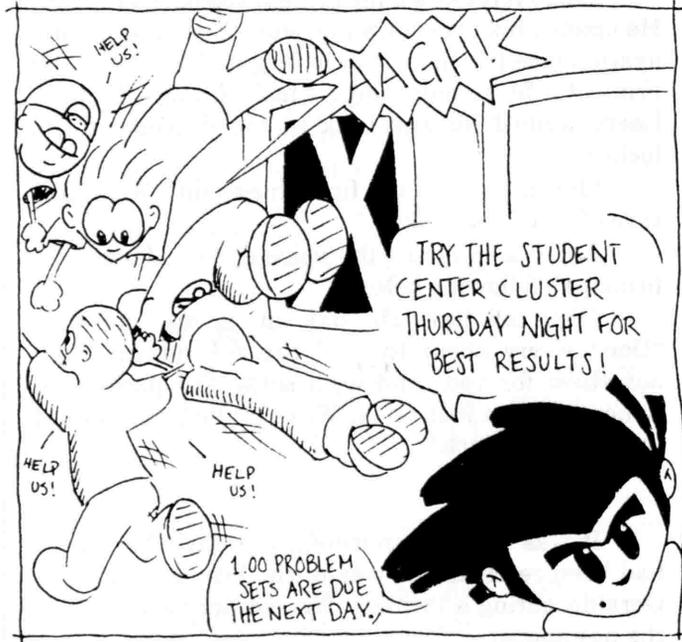
"You made the front page," she said, handing him the morning edition. They both marvelled over the headline: **BOY, 15, TRAPPED IN SCHOOL LOCKER OVER WEEKEND.** Below it was a large photo of Larry. He looked like a zombie amid a crowd of students and a firefighter holding a pair of bolt-cutters. The caption read: **"FREEDOM: Larry Bootzin, center, emerges naked from school locker in which he was confined for more than two days."** Inside was a large story detailing what Larry and his family already knew: that Larry had endured only a few bruises from trying to escape; that doctors said he had suffered merely from exhaustion and dehydration, and would recuperate quickly; that

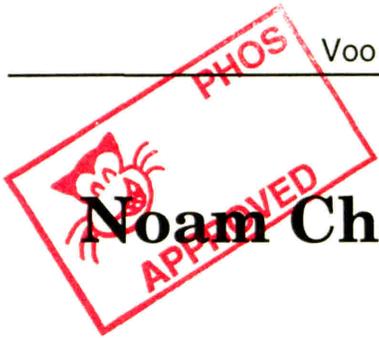
students at the school had speculated that Larry had been victimized because he was the worst player on the basketball team; that police were not likely to charge the perpetrators, since it was only a "juvenile prank --- though admittedly one with consequences that might have become far more serious."

Another photo on page two bore the caption: **"NOT A NICE PLACE TO VISIT: Interior of locker, flooded with excrement, moments after being forced open by Vancouver Fire Department. Janitors spent the day disinfecting the locker room."** Larry was interested to see this photo, since he himself hadn't seen where he'd been confined. He later learned that the school yearbook photographer had been present with her camera, and had managed to sell these photos to the city newspaper for fifty dollars. The newspaper also promised her a lucrative job upon graduation.

Other children had newspaper clippings from when they had won the amateur ballet contest or scored the most points on the pee-wee hockey team. This newspaper story would be Larry's legacy to Vancouver. He wondered what Susan Polchenski would think of it. Would she see beyond the nauseating surface and realize that Larry was as human as anyone else?







Top Ten Reasons Noam Chomsky Is Really Pissed Off

by Thomas Colthurst

10. Ever since he gained weight over the holiday season, he hasn't been able to get back into Chomsky Normal Form.
9. Whenever he walks into a bar in Boston, everyone shouts out "Noam!"
8. His doctor accidently removed his East Timor.
7. People at cocktail parties who think linguistics is the study of pasta.
6. For every letter he writes to his senator protesting U.S. support of the Indonesian dictatorship, his senator writes back, "In Your Nesia!"

5. Because of journalistic complicity with the power elite, the Boston Globe won't run his personal ads.
4. Even though infants posses inate grammatical structures of mammoth complexity, they still can't pronounce his last name correctly.
3. No nobel prize in linguistics means his MIT parking space sucks.
2. Undergraduates who still think "Generative Grammer? I don't even know her!" is funny.
1. Archrival E.O. Wilson's bumpersticker: "Chom This."

Hey Juves!
Come to a big, wacky,
Voo Doo meeting,
for all new and
current staffers!

SEE! the office...

WAIL! with delight...

SHMOOZE! with your betters...

&

GET PSYCHED! to work on
MIT's very own
Journal of Humor!
Walker 309, riverside
Monday, May13, 6pm

Stop by our table at the Activities Midway during Rush.



How to Write a Bestseller

by Tibor Beke

First of all, let us clear up a misunderstanding. The definition of bestseller used to be that it's a book you can buy even in supermarkets. It's shelved somewhere near the check-out line. (Not as near as Weekly World News is, of course.) Well, forget that. A bestseller these days is a fairly good book that's made into a hip movie and reissued with NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE printed all over it. The only two exceptions to this rule seem to be the Bible and Willie Shakespeare. No edition of the Gospels had "This is the book on which Zefirelli based his film" as a running header, and no edition of Othello proclaimed "Now a screenplay by Kenneth Branagh." Everything else, from Jane Austin to Tom Clancy, falls into the opposite category.

Getting into the details, a bestseller takes two elements: a title, and the appropriate amount of sex. Tackling the former is much easier; it only takes a short C program or (if you're technophobic) a few dice throws.

A Typical Bad Idea for a Bestseller Title: "A Man Condemned To Death Escapes." That was a title actually used by Robert Bresson. Correspondingly, much of the civilized world does not know who Robert Bresson was.

Some More Bad Ideas: "Policeman Chases Arch-criminal to the Top of Tall Building, Gets Strangled but Eventually Prevails and Throws His Opponent Off Into Spectacular 300-foot Fall" or "Spaceship Gets Infected by Hideous Shape-changing Extraterrestrial Monster Which is Finally Destroyed, But an Egg Stays Behind to Leave Room for a Sequel."

Instead...

(1) Stare at the following sets.

Set A: (Innocent, Guilty, Ancient, Impossible, Proud, Vain, Dangerous).

Set B: (Viable, Lost, Embracing, Faithful, Compulsive, Deceptive, Indecent).

Set C: (Treasure, Innocence, Guilt, Action, Emerald, Diamond, Proposal).

(2) Choose an adjective from Set A.

(3) Choose an adjective from Set B.

(4) Choose a noun from Set C.

(5) Permute the three until it has a nice ring. Leave one (or two) out if necessary; feel free to change an

adjective to an adverb, or an adverb to a noun.

(6) If, besides having a nice ring, the result also has a vague smell of sense, then you've got it, else, go back to (2).

Words to Avoid in the Title of Your Next Bestseller: "Menopause," "Premature," "Semi-coagulated," "Residue Calculus of Meromorphic Functions," and "Waterworld."

"Fear" and "Loathing" are also to be avoided like the plague -- Kierkegaard used them. Of course, no one who goes to the movies cares about Kierkegaard, but still.

On to the next topic. It's an unwritten law that if two beautiful people appear in a movie, their world-lines will intersect on a bed. Don't fail this expectation of the viewers', or they will become depressed and moody, and won't bring dates to the show, and you will have less revenue. It's slightly disillusioning that the race of Homo Sapiens Sapiens (yes!), at the pinnacle of its cognitive evolution, having mastered space, time and tax laws, is mostly still motivated by sex. Coming to think of it, that's false. There's also food. Sex and food mix very well, but a movie based on both will either turn out to be about cannibalism, or be really goofy, which is the next genre. Back to artistic and spiritual motivation, now.

The average US male, aged 16-36, is able to idolize one and the same female for up to 18 consecutive months. ("Idolize," please remember, has a very specific meaning here: willing to spend money on, i.e. become your revenue basis.) Correspondingly, studio executives will bring up a fresh female face every so often. Male characters have a longer shelf-life, up to eighteen years on occasion. Pair up a male actor 5 years past the average visual half-life, and a female 5 months past her expected on-screen half-life. That'll please both genders.

There's an element to a bestseller that is, strictly speaking, optional. That's the plot. If you are dumb or lazy, you might simply take a current event, alter the names of the characters and the sequence of happenings a little, and make it a screenplay. But in that case you should really, really put the "Any

resemblance to..." thing up after the titles.

If you're unwilling to do that, you still have to give your audience a chance to reconstruct the story from partial clues. Remember, at the crucial moment your revenue basis may just be checking his fly, waiting for the world-lines to converge, looking for popcorn between the seat cushions, smooching, goofing off. Most probably, he has been. That's good, because then he doesn't realize the reason he can't follow the plot is there is none. You constantly and gently have to remind him (her) what kind of a movie (it, let's say) is watching. Don't you hate those lectures when you miss a definition at the very beginning, and you spend the rest of the period wildly guessing what a Schwarzian Derivative was meant to be? Well, that's what redundancy was invented for!

Beginning in the 1900's and ending about thirty-five minutes ago, an immense amount of psychoanalytic, anthropological, structuralist, sociological and feminist research (at the classical, modern and postmodern level) went into classifying the female archetypes. I'm glad to report that that scholarly undertaking has now been completed. The types of female characters are: Snow White, Cinderella and the Wicked Queen.

Snow White is young, sweet and innocent. Please note that, even if you have any inclination to do so, Snow White under NO CIRCUMSTANCES may be permanently harmed or damaged, let alone killed. That will make the viewers leave the cinema all uneasy and confused, thinking the age of Unreason, the age of Iron has come. For the same reason, not even the vaguest hints of Snow White's being a sexual object should be given. Men's dirty imagination will do that job. The submissive version of Snow White, called Sleeping Beauty, features much less prominently these days.

Cinderella is your basic workhorse of an archetype. She rises above adverse circumstances via ingenuity, will, the man (men) who love her, or a combination thereof. Cinderella definitely is a proper woman, and she may even kiss. She's an omnibus character. She might marry and raise kids. In Soviet propaganda movies, she sat on a tractor, ploughed the fields, and turned the barren taiga into a paradise. Cosmonaut and policewoman are also good choices. A number of streetwalkers who populate bestsellers, remember, are *only* Cinderellas.

The Wicked Queen is a complex character. For some reason, she tends to show up in movies made by European directors, by Americans pretending to

be Europeans, or at least by people who think they can spell *noir*. The Wicked Queen is mysterious and powerful, and not at all implicit about her sexual prowess (that may include crossing and uncrossing her legs). Attempts to transform the Wicked Queen into a Cinderella or (God forbid!) Snow White typish character have generally been unsuccessful -- it takes away just the thrill. That leaves one, however, with a gaping open question. What happens to the Wicked Queen in the end? Having a house fall on her from the sky is not a bad start (she's one of the few heroine types who *can* perish) but it can't happen all the time, unfortunately. If the Wicked Queen prevails, then... (see above). So the Wicked Queen withdraws. She wanes and grows old, only to come back rejuvenated eighteen months later under a different face.

The diligent reader should now start enumerating male archetypes -- a noble task that will start, now doubt, with that living proof that Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon genes did intermix in Central Europe, to wit, Arnie Schwarzenegger. Better yet, let's invent the game of gagwatch, modelled on birdwatch and/or babewatch, in which players compete to identify stereotypical characters (evil techno-geek wizard; good techno-geek wizard; furry, fuzzy, huggable animals; not so furry and not so fuzzy, but very anthropomorphic animals; burnt-out old cops; young green cops; etc.) inhabiting the screen, as well as their social, flight and mating tendencies. Do not feel reluctant to recycle these motives. Chances are the person you swiped them from already recycled them. In fact, according to an independent credit reporting agency, the number of new thoughts produced in the vicinity of Hollywood in the era between Hitchcock and Quentin Tarantino borders on five.

Supposing that, with the help of your trusty C++, you do output a viable plotline from pre-manufactured elements (an approach greatly encouraged by Claude Levi-Strauss), what then? Of course, you mail it to a studio executive (as opposed to a publishing house editor). Yours will be one of 1,812 screenplay proposals received that day. Proposals undergo selective, scientific decimation: that includes creative airplane folding, serving as dartboards, and being fed to teething puppies. Then, rights to the CEO's favorite niece's favorite bathroom reading will be purchased. Well, let's face it. There is a chance that you won't ever make it to be a bestselling writer (even if you deserve to, by some miracle).

Despair not. You cannot be such a loser as not to have one future open for you. Write how-to books.

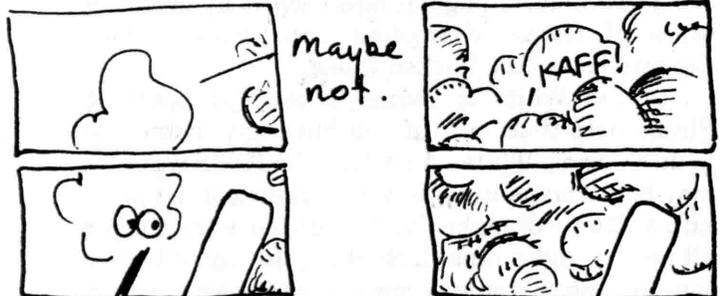
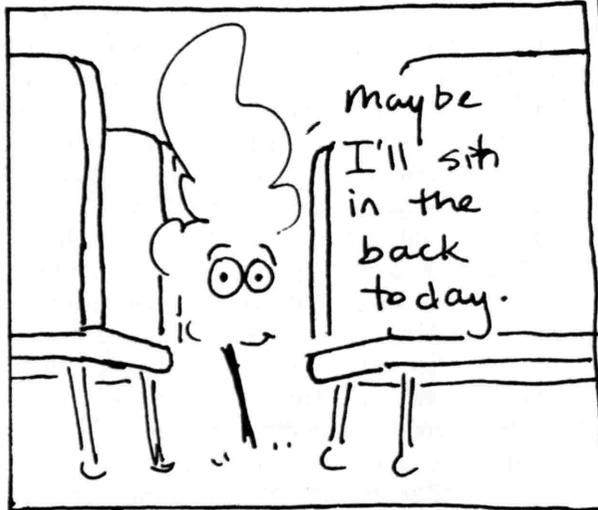
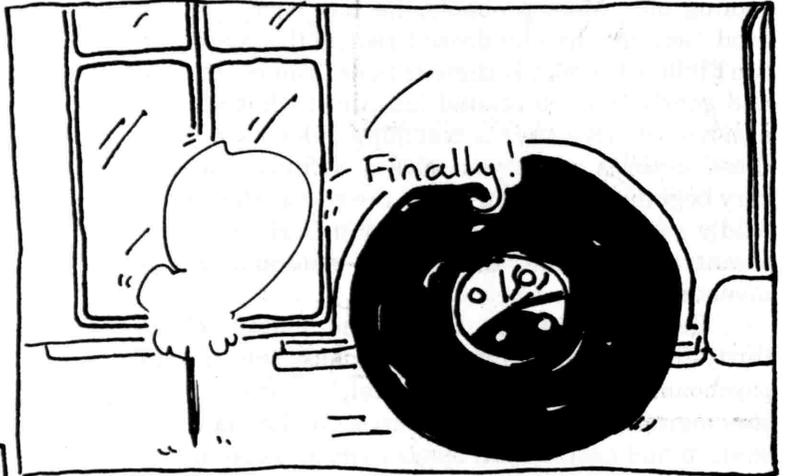
At long last:

COMMANDER CORIANDER & CILANTRO BOY

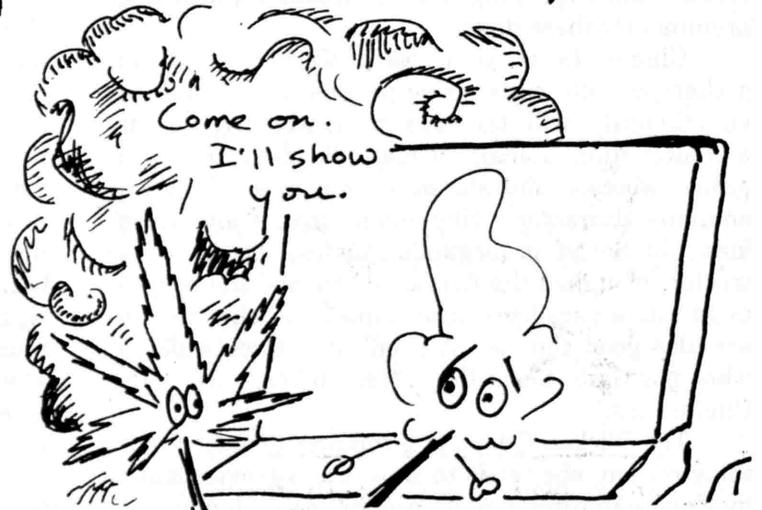
ORIGINS

by Jason Bucy

March 22, 1990



THE WESTERN CITY SCHOOL



Later, in physics class...



Any questions?
Not even from you,
Lance?



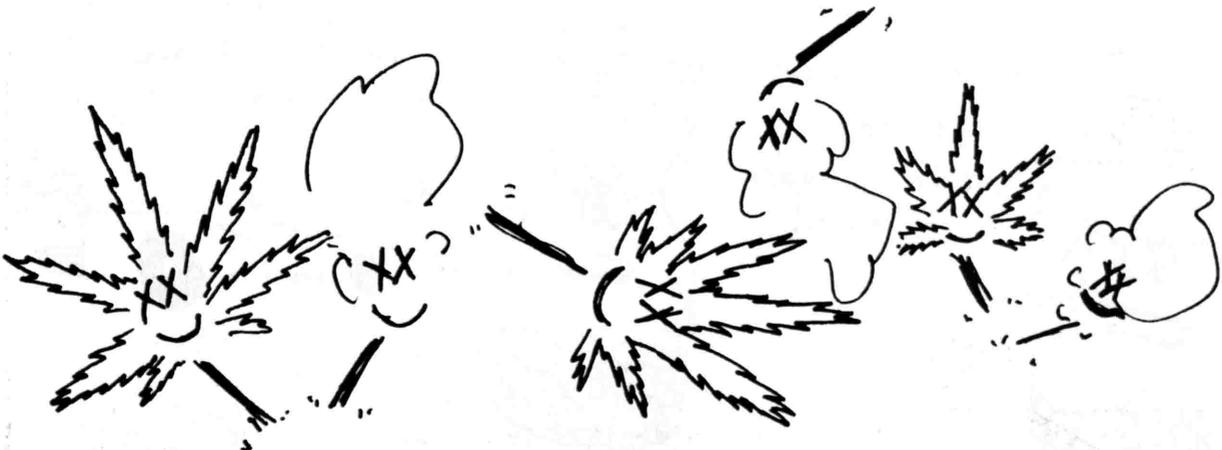
The ordinarily inquisitive
Lance Cilantro has no questions
today.



As he wanders through
the halls of his
high school, he
has a
new
infatuation



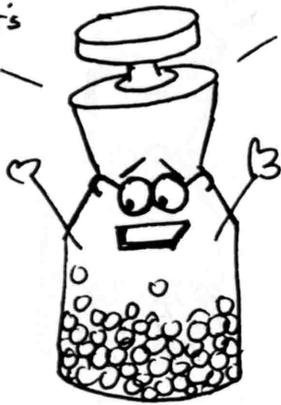
No longer can mere physics hold his interest.



2) Lance and Mary begin to drift through school and life in a drug stupor.

This does not escape the notice of Professor Coriander.

Lance, what's going on?



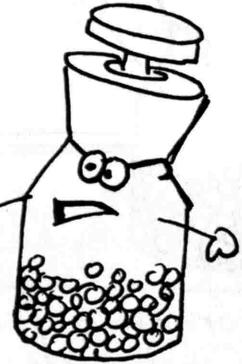
You used to be my brightest physics student!

Hey! / hegggo!

Well, Mr. Cilantro, I would let you become just another druggie!



snag!

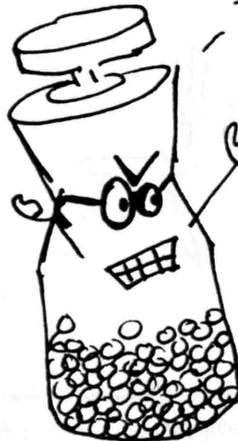


Come with me!

AA!



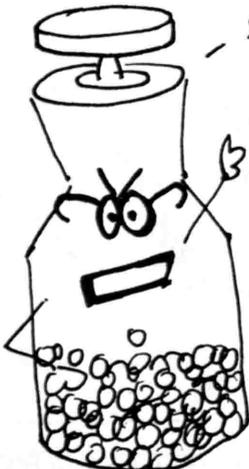
SECRET LAB



They said I was mad! But I can show you why? physics is more important than drugs or loose women!



Physics can earn you those loose women!



- with inventions like this!



A new love affair then grew.

An affair between an aromatic leaf and a bone-crushing, metal missile.



A test ride in the Coriander mobile was all it took.



A spice-powered hot rod.



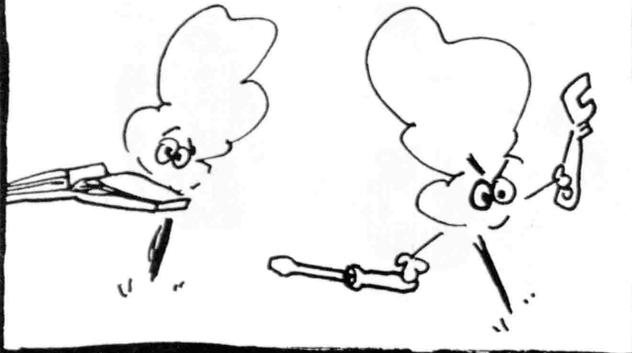
Lance Cilantro was being shown a world of adventure and peril.

A world without Mary.

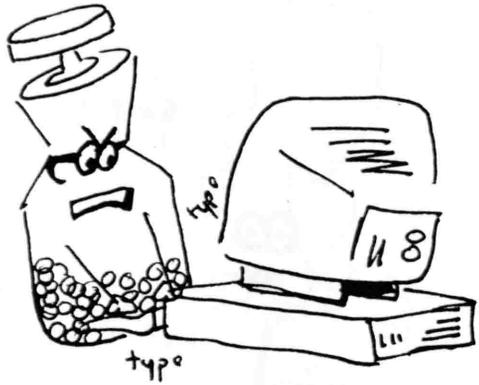
But a world with cold steel and raw sexual power.



Over the next few weeks, Lance studied and worked on the amazing Coriandermobile.



Professor Coriander worked on grant applications at night.



Mary was forgotten.

Lance?



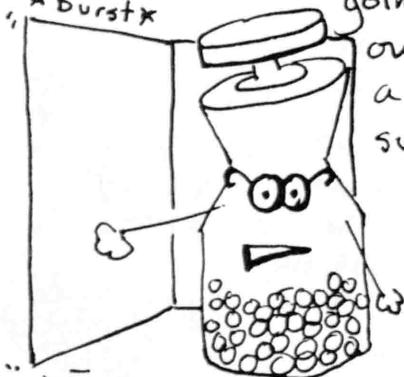
She dropped out.

But one day, while testing a new samosa recipe, Lance would again find his life in turmoil.



They rejected my grant applications. I'm going to flip out and become a crime-fighting superhero.

burst



Wait, lemme guess.

You want me to blow off any post-graduation plans and become your sidekick.





Basically.

Fuck graduation.
I'm with you.



Thus, after eating the Samosas, they became Commander Coriander, and his trusty sidekick, Cilantro Boy.



A defender of spices and...
Sauce...

and a boy genius with a haunted past.

A child of the Gulf War.

A rebel without a wardrobe.



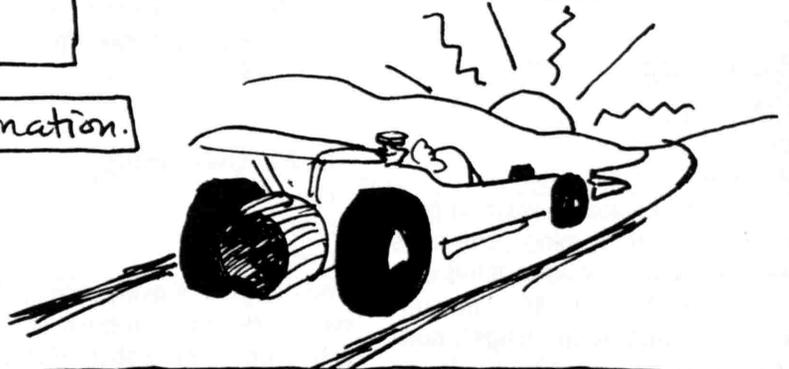
Their adventures would become an experiment in self-invention and whiskey consumption.

A tournament of fear.

A hip-hop fascination.

A stud, a princess.

The end.



Next episode: Back to the plot! -J.

6)

Voo Doo Magazine, The 1996 Humor Prizes Issue

Are you a freshman feeling the "It's time to choose your major" crunch? Are you an upperclassman unhappy with the choice you made? Are you an Alum who regrets going course 18? Are you a course 6 who knows less about computers than the people at the financial aid office? If you answered yes to any of these questions, read on.

MIT, in conjunction with *Voo Doo* magazine, proudly presents the introduction of a new, much needed major. What follows is an excerpt from next year's course bulletin. Don't forget to fill out your change of major form, as we present:

Course 23 Puntology

23.01 Introduction to Punting

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: -

Units: 0-0-0

An introduction to various punting techniques and methods. When to punt. What to punt. How to punt. What to wear when you punt. Brief introduction. Introduction to briefs.

23.02 Introduction to Multipunting

U(1,IAP,2)

prereq: 23.01

Units: 0-0-0

Extends methods taught in 23.01 to multipunting. Punting 2 things at the same time. Using induction to punt N things at the same time. Parallel punting.

23.100 Nerding

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.01

Units: 0-0-0

One of the most valuable ways to punt at MIT. By doing nerdy things, one does not feel the usual guilt associated with punting. The "I'm at MIT. I'm supposed to be doing nerdy things." controversy. Fact or Fiction?. Exploring the ultimate culmination of nerdy punting: THE SIPB.

23.101 Hacking

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.100

Units: 0-0-0

Hacking is the most respected way to punt at MIT. How to spend a lot of time hacking. Getting lost hacking. Getting locked in a room hacking. Getting locked up in jail hacking.

23.110 Computerized Punting

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.100

Units: 0-0-0

If one wants to waste a lot of time while still keeping up the appearance of doing something, athena is your answer. Peruse the games locker. Check out netnews. Surf the web. (Although no longer as interesting with the new telecommunications bill). Zephyr a friend. Zephyr a complete stranger. The possibilities are limitless.

23.112 Making a Homepage

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.110

Units: 0-0-0

"Hmmm. I have a lot of work to do, so I will create a document with much information that nobody cares about, a picture of myself that looks like I just ran into a glass door, and a bunch of underlined things that people can click on, and hope that somebody will one day look at it, which they won't, because nobody really cares whether my favorite color is pine green or forest green, or about my opinion about anything and everything. And I think I will make a flashy thing too. Gee Whiz. Netscape is so cool."

23.200 Overpunting

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.01

Units: 0-0-0

The dangers of overpunting. Getting a bad grade on a problem set. Getting a bad grade on a test. Getting a bad grade in a class.

23.201 Excessive Overpunting

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23-200

Units: 0-0-0

Failing a test. Failing a class. Failing many classes. Failing out of school. Becoming a begger in central square. Becoming a member of sipb.

23.301 Introduction to Sleeping

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.01

Units: 0-0-0

"Sleeping is the ultimate from of punting" -anonymous. How one can use the sleep method of punting to punt at any time of day. Learn to fall asleep in your bed, at your desk, at athena, in killian court on a sunny day, in kresge oval during a blizzard. For the less courageous: The nap punt.

23.201 Oversleeping

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.200

Units: 0-0-0

The perils of oversleeping. We will discuss the philosophical view that the only way to actually use sleep as punting is indeed by oversleeping.

23.301 Convincing Others to Punt

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.01

Units: 0-0-0

"I don't want to be the only one doing work. Let's hang out. Lets shmooze. How about some potato chips? wanna catch a movie?.."

23.302 Advanced Convincing

U(1,IAP,2,S)

prereq: 23.301

Units: 0-0-0

"You like your problem set better than me!"; "Tell you what. Don't do that problem set. Copy mine later... What do you mean I didn't do it?.. Of course I did it... Almost.Somewhat. Maybe."

23.401 Legal Punting Methods

U(1,IAP,2,S)
prereq: 23.01
Units: 0-0-0

Explores some ways to punt such that you will not be held liable by your family, friends, or teachers.

23.410 Going Course 21

U(1,IAP,2)
prereq: 23.400
Units: 0-0-0

The best legal method of punting. No problem sets. No labs. Be like Harvard people. Have tea parties!

23.411 Going Course 7

U(1,IAP,2,S)
prereq: 23.400
Units: 0-0-0

Just like going course 21, except taking it one step further.

23.501 Punting Folklore

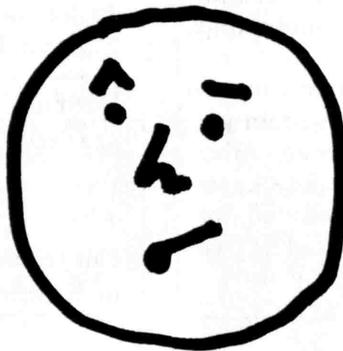
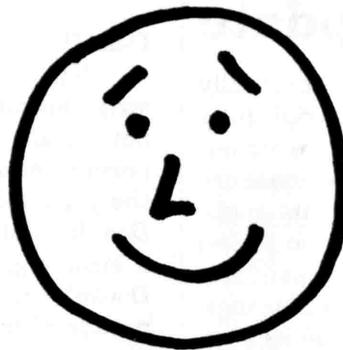
U(1,IAP,2,S)
prereq: -
Units: 0-0-0

Hear stories about famous punters. The guy who showed up to graduation with his hair wet. The guy who slept through his sophomore year. The guy who is writing this sad attempt at humor at 5 in the morning when he has a problem set due in a few hours. Other stories.

23.999 Punting Thesis

U(1,IAP,2,S)
prereq: permission of instructor
Units: 0-0-0

Designed for those seniors who have taken (and subsequently failed or dropped) the requires amount of course 23 classes. These are due the morning of graduation. If it is handed in earlier, you must leave the department.



AHH...



Phlegmi-Formall
Don't miss it!
Saturday, August 31st
Tau Epsilon Phi

FRESH BREAD

A bright kitchen with baking utensils. A camera pans the freshness. An older man speaks in a kindly and remembering voice.

I remember, when I was growing up, my mother would get up early on Saturday mornings to make fresh bread. She would use fresh flour and yeast — and then add some sugar and palm oil. Of course, she would have me run down to the market and buy some calcium propionate as a dough conditioner. In the meantime, she would add some sodium lactylate and monoglycerides as preservatives.

I'd get back from the market, and she'd let me add the monocalcium phosphate after the dough-like substance settled during baking. Then I'd sprinkle in some ethoxylated glyceride as a filler. Mom would fill the room with polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons to give that illusion of the smell of fresh bread.

Yeah, those were the days!

But now you can enjoy that same chemically-treated, carcinogenic, factory-style taste any day of the week at ValueMart. Here at the ValueMart Bakery, we are dedicated to synthesizing soft, chewy bread that will stay fresh for weeks. And now that we put that sign up, most of our employees wash their hands after they leave the restroom.

So stop by ValueMart's bakery while you're shopping in the store. Although our dough is pre-made and frozen at a central factory, we heat it up here after it defrosts and fool people into thinking that it's truly fresh. After all, isn't that one step better than Wonder Bread.

Sure, it's hard to find fresh bread nowadays, seeing how corporate chain stores are slowly putting small, family-run bakeries out of business. That's why you can trust the people at ValueMart.

ValueMart Bakery — what other choice do you have?

FADE TO ANNOUNCER

Re-engineering Update

As there are more than two offices that actually deal with students, the administration has rightfully recognized that there must be waste and excess bureaucracy. Moreover, knowledge and experience are spread through out these offices, so students might have to (gasp!) talk to more than one person to find out something important. Here is Admin's really terrific idea: make one office that knows about things, so students *don't* have to (gasp!) get opinions from several sources before making important decisions.

We'd take that centralization of knowledge one step farther. Our idea: hire *one* omniscient person. She could answer everybody's questions, and we could "incentivize the departure" of all that existing bureaucratic dead-wood. Hey, hang on, this woman could teach all the classes, too, and we could dump those pesky "academicians".

Another idea in this vein: only admit omniscient students. That way, the new omni-brain gal wouldn't have to teach those classes after all. After all, who needs to go to class if you already know everything? And research, too, could be punted, for the same reason. Finally the Institute would be free to focus on its "core mission".

Dear Phos,

This is my submission in the one panel comic strip category. Is it my fault I can't draw? I think not. I am an unfortunate victim of society. My parents never bought me crayons. If I do not win the prize for one panel comic strip, I will sue *Voo Doo*. It would clearly be a violation of my rights and a clear sign of anti-people-who-can't-draw-edness. Doesn't America have enough biases already? As a matter of fact, I believe it to be your duty to put in a quota system. At least one comic strip must be badly drawn; at least half of the stories must be unfunny; and all the graphic novellas must be dumb and pointless. Wait a sec. Come to think of it, you already have this policy. Sorry. I salute your open-mindedness. However, I will still sue if this strip does not win. Now laugh.

David Friedman '96 (R-ID)

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Our generous commissions will have you living the high life in no time flat. Email voodoo@mit.edu.

MIT Writing Requirement

Freshmen:

- If you have not already completed Phase One, you have until Monday, November 4, 1996 to submit an expository paper of at least 1250 words written for an MIT subject. Drop by 20B-140 for a cover sheet, get it signed by your instructor, and bring the paper and signed cover sheet to 20B-140. Because instructors need time to review papers and are sometimes hard to find, have your instructor sign the cover sheet this term and submit the paper to the Writing Requirement Office before you leave for the summer.

- You can also complete Phase One by taking one of the following approved writing subjects: 21W 730, 21W 731, 21W 732, or 21F 222.

Sophomores and Juniors:

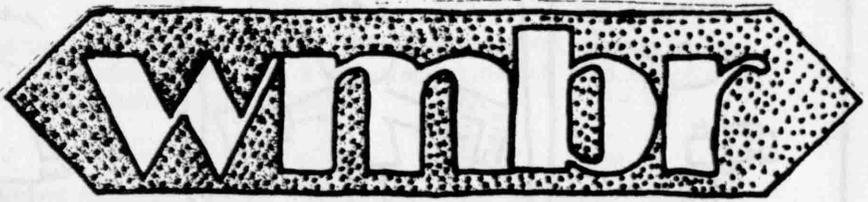
- Have you completed Phase Two? You must complete it by Registration Day of your final term at the Institute. Contact your departmental writing coordinator for details. A full list of coordinators is posted in the Infinite Corridor or is available in 20B-140. Don't put it off!



R.G.B.

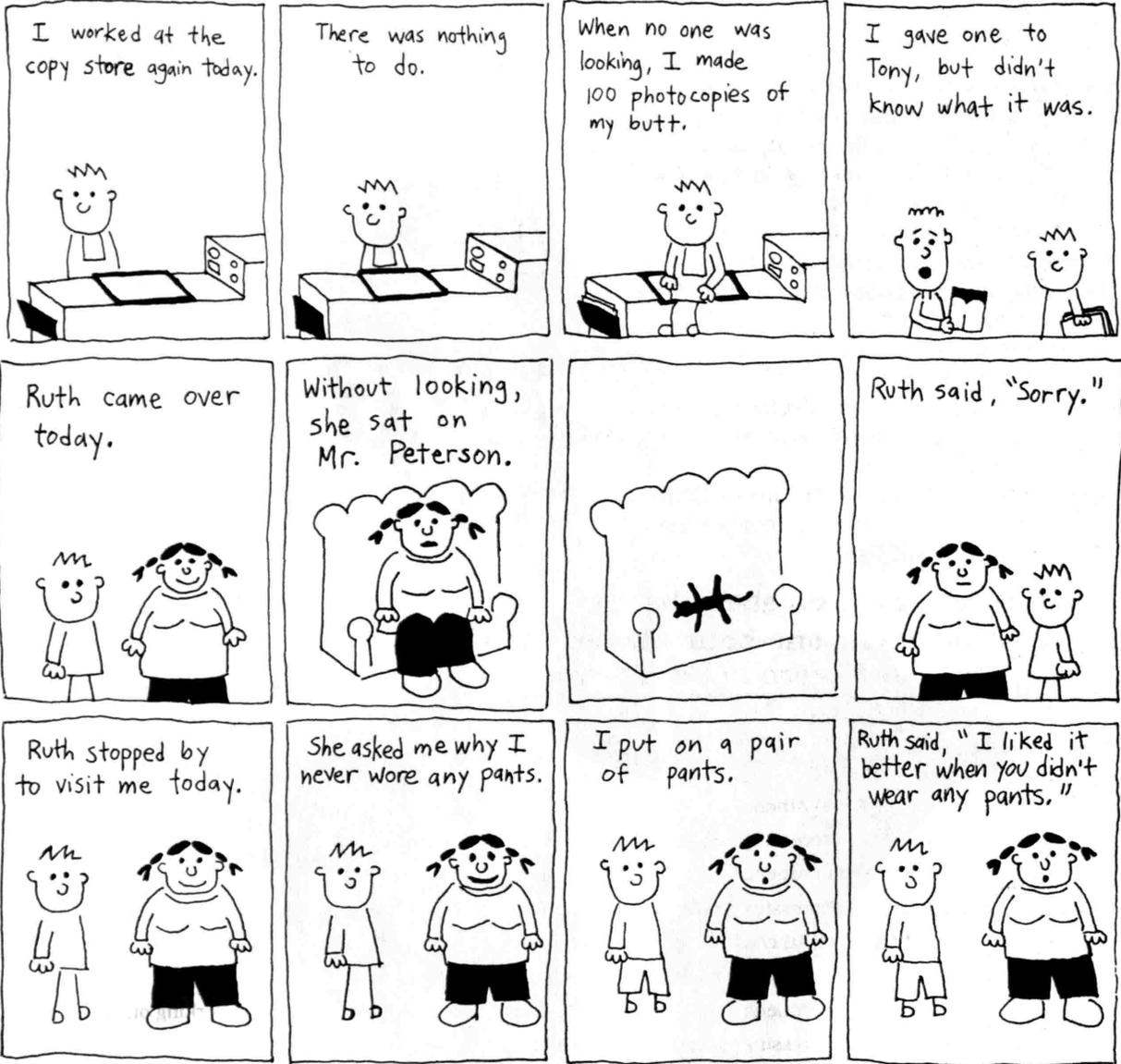
Poor little Alfred never knew what hit him.
Nor did anyone else for that matter...

No Commercials...



88.1 fm

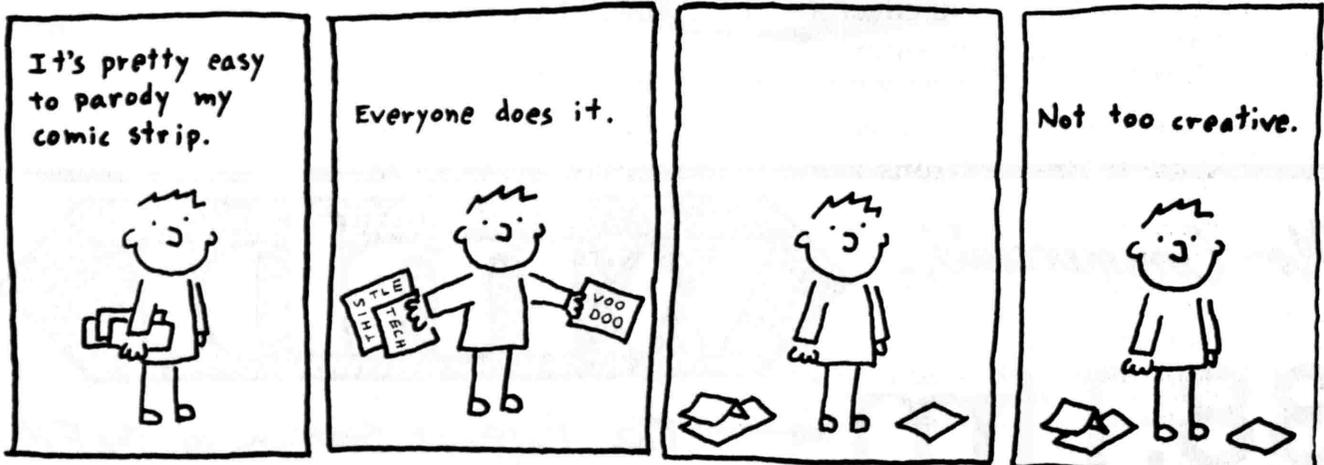
← The Leftest Station on the FM.



Bing Shen

My Journal

by Me



W/APOLOGIES TO JIM, BARNHART



Athena Minicourses

R/O Week 1996

New Students! Stop! Read This!

Thank you. We have to tell you about *free computing* at MIT:

- There are hundreds of computers all over campus.
- You *can* use them. You're *supposed* to use them. You're going to *need* to use them.
- This is *not* a special computer club for someone else -- it's for YOU.
- The system is named Athena®.

Okay, got it?

Here's what to do about it:

Come to our **one-hour classes** (4 different topics, on 4 days, as shown) and Learn to Use Athena:

	Monday 26 Aug	Tuesday 27 Aug	Wednesday 28 Aug	Thursday 29 Aug
9:00am	Intro to Athena	Intro to Athena	Working on Athena	Working on Athena
10:00am	Basic Word Processing	Basic Word Processing	Advanced W.P.: EZ	Advanced W.P.: EZ
11:00am	Intro to Athena	Intro to Athena	Working on Athena	Working on Athena
12 noon	Basic Word Processing	Basic Word Processing	Advanced W.P.: EZ	Advanced W.P.: EZ
1:00pm	Intro to Athena	Intro to Athena	Working on Athena	Working on Athena
2:00pm	Basic Word Processing	Basic Word Processing	Advanced W.P.: EZ	Advanced W.P.: EZ
3:00pm	Intro to Athena	Intro to Athena	Working on Athena	Working on Athena
4:00pm	Basic Word Processing	Basic Word Processing	Advanced W.P.: EZ	Advanced W.P.: EZ
5:00pm	Intro to Athena	Intro to Athena	NO CLASS	NO CLASS

These courses will cover all you need to start using Athena.

- Classes taught in Room 26-100.
- These minicourses are one hour each, and begin hourly, as shown.

HOW TO REGISTER FOR A MINICOURSE: You can't! No Pre-registration or Reservations are Needed... Just show up for the class.

Technical note for experienced computer users: Athena® computers are UNIX workstations running the X Window System®, networked together in a client/server model. This is not a Mac®. This is not a PC®. This is not your father's Oldsmobile®.

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Cambridge, Mass. - They're back. The detested little green creatures, alien beings no more than four feet tall, have once again targeted The MIT Press in their scheme to take over the world. Unlike their attack of two years ago, this time their strategy is more sinister. MIT Press staff, who in 1994 were impressed into service by the aliens as robot slaves, are not even needed. This time the aliens are morphing into the actual books that The MIT Press has put on sale. Wrapped in the guise of irresistible Press titles, the despicable alien pests will try first to seduce you intellectually, subliminally, and then, once your books are read and are sitting on your library shelves - BOOM! - you're outta here.

The Press recommends that you take the added precaution of sealing your books in a plastic bag for a week after receiving them. It is believed that doing so will neutralize the protoplasmic morphing essence lying dormant in every title.

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