

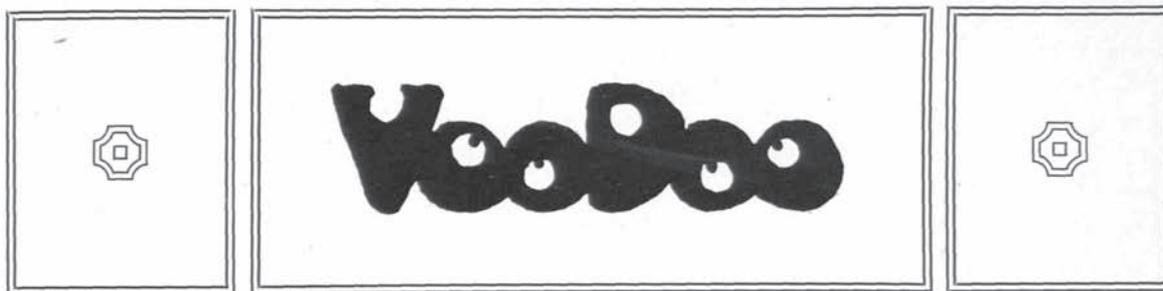
VOO DOO

[DEAN APPROVED]



VOLUME 99

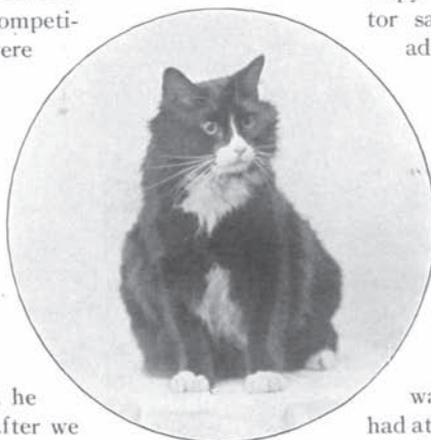
ISSUE 1



INTRODUCING PHOSPHORUS.

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

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



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

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

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

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

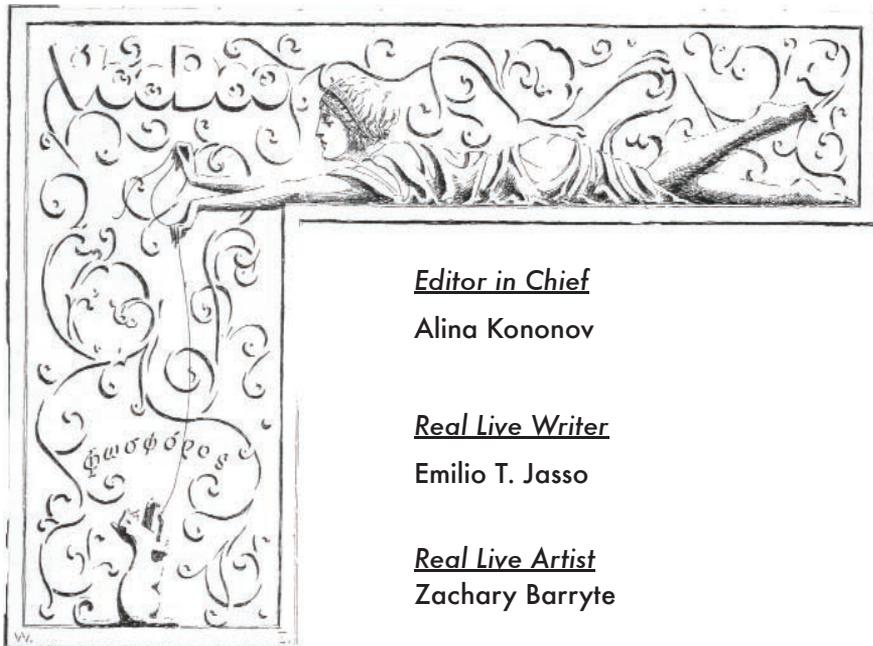
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America's fourth oldest college humor magazine! New England's first forum for technological humor! M.I.T.'s third oldest student activity! Ames Street's second-largest publication! Room 50-309's most prestigious tenant! Owner of telephone number 1-617-253-4575's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

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or it can be a part of you:
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Volume 99, Number 1

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Voo Doo, MIT Journal of Humor, (ISSN 1066-2499) is published by Phosphorus Publishing twice a year assuming apathy does not consume us all. All material ©2013 Voo Doo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, six issue mail subscription \$10. Submissions accepted from any past-or-present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes and production deadlines. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidence. Voo Doo is not printed on recycled paper due to concerns about the environmental impact of the "de-inking" process, but is printed with soy-based inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu. Special thanks to the UA FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Turley.

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

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

EDITORIAL

Hello there!

If you are reading this, then several things are true:

1. Voo Doo outsmarted the Tech yet again and successfully dodged financial censorship.
2. I have not yet died from lead poisoning by drinking from a glass that has been collecting chips of ceiling paint for Phos knows how long.
3. Our office has not yet been set ablaze by angry victims who were tied down and had their eyes forced open as someone held offensive excerpts from Voo Doo before their faces.

I am delighted that all three of these things are true and that I am able to deliver you another dose of hilarity! I feel honored and excited to join the ranks of dozens of venerable and despicable Voo Doo Editors.

I must warn you that just as do many of its predecessors, this issue devotes considerable attention to criticism of the The Big Scary Man. It has come to my attention that nowadays, many people take offense to criticism of any kind, even if it is not directed at their person. If you fall into this category, I urge you to stop reading right now.

Let me reiterate: by continuing to read this, you are putting yourself at risk of exposure to unsolicited criticism.

IANAL and I don't do anal, but I'm pretty sure that if you keep reading of your own

volition, then we cannot be held responsible for any offense you choose to take.

Seriously, if you're sensitive, sheltered, or whatever you pussies call yourselves these days, then your best recourse is to destroy this copy thoroughly, mercilessly and in the most violent fashion imaginable. That way, you'll eliminate any possibility of your fragile little mind being shattered by our explicitness.

Be sure to tell phos@mit.edu how you did it. We'd love to feature your story in our next issue.

Was that enough disclaimers to dissuade all of the sensitive pussies? Tune in next time to find out. Better yet, join our staff for some sneak peeks.

Seriously, stop reading already.

Alina



ARE YOU PATIENT AND SUBMISSIVE?

DO YOU ENJOY BEING LIED
TO OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

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

JOIN AN INSTITUTE COMMITTEE!



RESIDENTIAL HATE & DYING

Dear Phos...

From the latest issue, it appears that the Institute has turned into a nanny state. Whatever happened to "Technology is a place for ment to work and not for boys to play"? Of course, I saw this coming, as for the past few decades the Institute writes to the alumni proudly about the diversity numbers, so obviously excellence is a secondary criterion for admission. But after all, you are within the confines of the People's Republic of Massachusetts.

-- Older than the Oldest of Cruft '64

Dear Older than the Oldest of Cruft,

Nanny state indeed. Forget intelligence and even diversity – nowadays, admission priority is granted to the most obedient and submissive of students. When the administration tells them to bend over, they ask "how far, sir?" When the administration answers "ninety degrees", they ask "within what precision, sir?" By the time the student bends over by 90 plus or minus 0.5 degrees, the administrator already has a perfectly square sheet of toilet paper ready to go. He gingerly wipes flakes of moist feces from the student's ass, and the student says "thank you, kind sir, may I have another?"

Normally reading Voo Doo raises my psychiatric bills, but I must say your 5+ page article entitled "A Letter From the Future" made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Finally, someone understands the grand ideals we strive for on behalf of our beloved institute! It is important that every mindless moneybag we admit here has nothing to distract him/her from the ever important task of fulfilling our full potential as an institution that will always lead the way in accepting standard industry practices! May we perhaps have permission to adopt the FAG acronym for our own purposes? Sorry, did I pose that as a question... I meant to say thank you for the implicit permission by virtue of your being an MIT publication.

-- Anonymous Administrator

"one community, together in service, free from the shackles of individuality!"

Dear Anonymous Administrator,

Go fuck yourself with a rake. I mean... Thank you for writing to us, kind sir! Please disregard the above gibberish – my cat stepped on the keyboard. We're glad you appreciate our work. We look forward to hearing from you again soon!

Have something to
say to Phos?
Use this
business card!

Phosphorus
Office Cat

phos@mit.edu
617-324-1205

Walker Memorial Room 50-309
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02142

Bexley Votes to Rejoin Dormcon to Avoid Being Associated With Maseeh

Following Maseeh's Executive Committee's vote to secede from the Dormitory Council (Dormcon), Bexley Hall held a meeting earlier today for a dormwide vote to rejoin the Dormitory Council. In a 116-0 vote, Bexley voted to rejoin Dormcon and begin paying the \$5/resident/semester tax.

In an email to the dorm after the vote, Romney's Anal Virginitis (Bexley's President) wrote, "This decision was a long time coming. We really tried not to care about...what's it called? Dormcomm? Fuck it, we still don't care. Back in the day, it was cool not to be in Dormcomm. But now with Maseeh quitting, we're afraid it makes us look like we're antisocial preteen fuckwads, too."

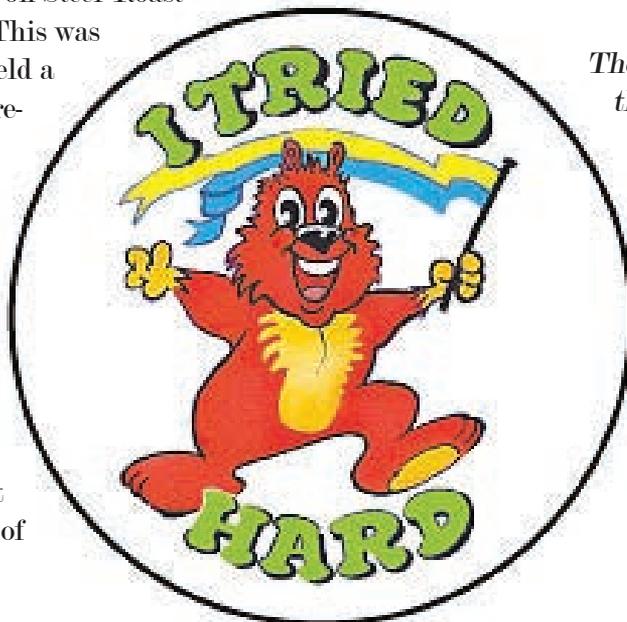
Bexley had previously seceded years ago but only stopped paying taxes in 2008, as no Bexley resident seemed to have been sober enough to notice their money was still being spent on Steer Roast and Random Hall's CPW. This was the first time Bexley had held a dorm meeting since their previous secession from Dormcon.

Indeed, this decision was a long time coming. The Tech previously reported that Bexley was quite disappointed to have not been funding past Dormcon retreats and had no idea what to do with their abundance of house funds.

"I hope Bexley will reconsider this decision in the future, but I guess we won't decline the extra \$500", said this year's Dormcon president. "At least we won't have to deal with the Maseeh president bitching and threatening to secede all the time. I mean, shit or get off the pot."

Maseeh's executive committee voted to leave Dormcon earlier this year, stating that they felt the tax wasn't worth it for their residents, who never leave Maseeh for interdorm events funded by Dormcon. The Maseeh president commented, "Bexley is rejoining Dormcon? Whoop-de-doo. Maybe they have extra money to throw around, but the two Maseeh residents I spoke to this year said they needed all of the extra cash they can get to pay for our dining plan. But fundamentally, it's worrying that all of these dorms are trying to live beyond their means by accepting outside funds. Who do they think they are, urban blacks?"

When asked for his opinion, Dean for Student Life Chris Colombo replied, "What's Bexley? I thought that building was just the Maseeh annex. Well, fuck. Did I at least assign them an RLAD?"



The Try-Hard award is awarded to those institutions or individuals on the MIT campus who try really, really hard to be considered "cool" or "edgy". This year's award goes to Maseeh Hall for trying really, really hard to be super cool and "alternative", despite having no culture and no brains. Congratulations Maseeh.



How MIT Taught Me to Poop

As MIT students, we're always busy learning. We fill our time doing long, hard psets, shoving knowledge into our brains over and over again until we collapse, resting our throbbing brains. Sometimes the knowledge teases us, dangling enlightenment in front of our noses till we beg and grovel for more. Sometimes the knowledge comes in one quick Eureka moment, filling our minds with fleeting satisfaction, but always leaving us craving for more.

However, just as important as academic knowledge are the practical lessons we gain from our time here at the Institute. We learn how to quickly write reports the night before they're due, an important skill for your future career. Our long hours teach us how to use substances to substitute for a good night's sleep. Being in an environment where our opinions are routinely disregarded by those in charge is good preparation for being a modern world citizen. As for me, I think the most important thing I've learned from being at MIT is the ability to poop in public.

I wasn't always able to use the public facilities to their fullest advantage. Sure, I could always urinate in public, but when I tried to poop, my anus would go on full lockdown, tighter than a virgin bedbug. This was terribly annoying, especially that time when I was at a Cross Country meet and the "saddlebags were loaded", so to speak. I sat on that toilet for half an hour, straining against my own muscles, but not a single pea was dropped.

When I ran that 800 meter relay, I could feel the compacted crap bouncing around in my bowels.

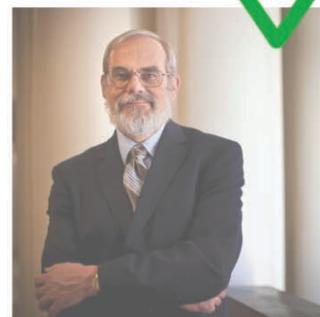
Before I left for college, I was always able to hold it until I went home, but when I came to campus, there was no escape. Those two side-by-side porcelain thrones in Random tormented me. The empty chair was haunted by all the ghosts of people who died on the toilet. Ghost Elvis was especially disconcerting. I held it in until one day, my sphincter could hold out no more, and the brown mass flowed out of me like a particularly smelly python.

After my orifice had been forcibly loosened, I found I could poop whenever and wherever I wanted. The communal toilets held no horror for me now. Emboldened, I started dropping deuces all over the school. I became familiar with which toilets clogged easily, which never had toilet paper, and which had secret entrances to wall shafts.

One night, I was wandering the halls of Senior House when a turd party started stirring in my waste chute. Seeing no one around, I dropped my pants and had at it. It was so free! So liberating! There was even carpet to clean myself on.

Now I realize the truth. We have been fed a system of regimented and isolated defecation, until many of us can't even fart without shame. It is time to bring poop back to the people! We will fertilize the earth with our nutritious droppings and make the green grass grow.

PLACES TO POOP ON CAMPUS:

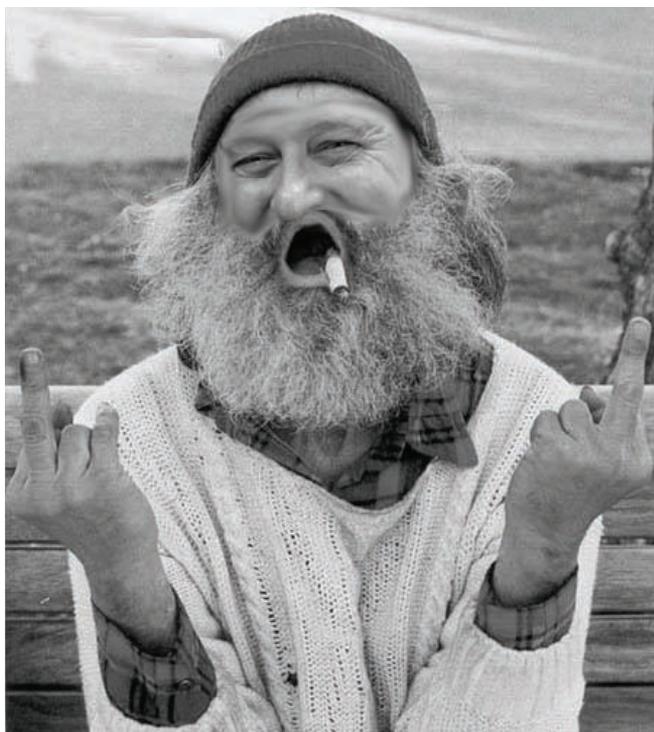


The MIT Administrator’s Manual for Handling Students

Thank you for picking up your very own copy of The MIT Administrator’s Manual for Handling Students! The purpose of this guide is to help you better understand your students, since, as part of your job requires, you may need to interface with them occasionally.

The golden rule in student handling is that you always know what’s best. Students come in many different varieties: tall, short, fat, thin, some of them are even Hispanic. Regardless, these methods apply to all students, regardless of these differences. It is not uncommon for students to protest, claiming that they really do know what’s best for themselves. Do they, though? If they did, they wouldn’t need you, now would they?

Your role is vital. You are the Students’ role model, the adult in their lives. Many of them will some day develop into adults, so it is very important that they learn from you how to behave in public. College is a developmental time for Students, and many of them struggle to find an adult to look up to. You are that adult.



Should you ever doubt your qualifications, remind yourself that you are the one with the degree in Student Management, and are therefore the best representative for students.

When in doubt, here are few quick-and-simple tips to keep you on track and to remember in your interactions with Students:

- Teamwork makes the dreamwork
- Sunshine makes the fun shine
- Cuddles and Hugsies make the Grumpies go away
- A smile is a thousand words
- Don’t fart in public

Always keep your career in mind. There have been an alarming number of recent, even experienced administrators here who for some inexplicable reason have put a student’s well-being before their careers. Sure, one child is important, but think how much more important the Institution is. That’s how important your career is to us. Remember, a well padded resumé is a healthy resumé!

**FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE
RULES, AND THIS TOO
COULD BE JOYOUS
YOU!**



News From Down the Street

HarvardX Launched

The Harvard Division of Continuing Education recently announced their intentions to launch the HarvardX program, which would allow non-Harvard affiliates to purchase a degree without having to deal with an application or classes. "We want to let more people enjoy the benefits of a Harvard degree," stated Gim E. Urmony, spokesperson for the new program, "and they shouldn't be hindered by our 6% admissions rate or the terrible New England weather to get it." Rumor has it that Justin Bieber, U2, and Taylor Swift will be among the first to purchase their HarvardX degrees.

Harvard students are split in their opinions about the new degree program. "I'm really glad that we're creating an open, welcoming environment for anyone and everyone who can pay the price of higher education," says Fami L. Imoni, '13. "I think it's important to be more open-minded about people's mental abilities and welcome the resources they do have to contribute to society."

But others, like S. Marta Sshole, disagree. "Buying a degree is a serious decision, that takes a lot of thought and planning. My father spent several days meditating with his private lama before donating imperial shittons of money to build a new building on campus and thus secure my place at this university. We've worked so much harder than these thoughtless celebrities who are going to run rampant all over this sacred institution of learning!"

Harvard Bridge to be Extended

On Wednesday April 18th, the Cambridge City Council (CCC) voted to approve a plan proposed by the Harvard University Planning Office (HUPO) to extend the Harvard Bridge. The Bridge currently stretches across the Charles River between Beacon Street and Memorial Drive. According to Harriet Snatch, the director of the HUPO, the new bridge will connect Newbury Street directly to Harvard Yard.

During the public comment session immediately following the CCC's vote, some Cambridge residents voiced concerns regarding the homes, stores, and empty lots currently occupying the real estate where the bridge will be built.

Snatch argued that the new bridge will benefit the community tremendously. "So many Asian tourists get lost on their way to Harvard because the Harvard Bridge doesn't actually lead to Harvard," said Snatch. "Once the bridge is extended, they can just follow the Crimson Brick Road without asking anyone for directions." Snatch eliminated any remaining concerns by promising generous compensation for anyone inconvenienced by the construction.

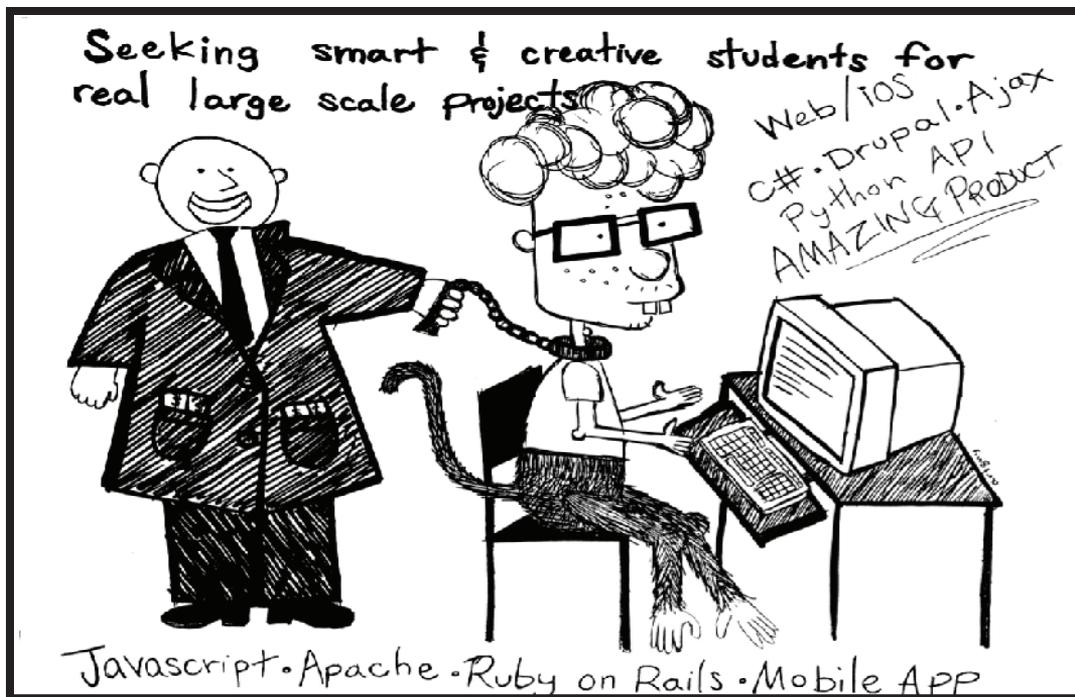
The UPO already hired an architect to lead the project. Glinda North's initial design consisted entirely of red brick, matching the university's existing infrastructure. However, due to the recent skyrocketing brick prices, North is considering using 24 karat gold instead. To further welcome visitors to the University, North plans to embellish the gate at the end of the bridge with emeralds.

Food Shortage Hits Cambridge

In the wake of recent storms on the east coast, supplies of lobster have been down for the past few weeks. Harvard dining responded by increasing the amount of steak provided to students to make up for the lack of lobster, but a recent outbreak of mad cow has hit the steak supply as well.

Worried students have been buying out and hoarding food from local high end restaurants, concerned about how these shortages would affect the school dining halls.

"They've told us they'd find some other substitute, but I'm really worried about what they'll feed us," said a concerned sophomore. "I've heard talk of roast duck, shrimp cocktails, and truffles, which sounds okay for a few days, but I don't think it's sustainable. The change in diet would affect my studies."



Perhaps with that same worry in mind, dining facilities are debating whether to shut down if the shortages continue past a week, forcing students to fend for themselves.

“Our cooks don’t even know how to deal with some of the other food that the administration has suggested,” said Gaston Lefou, head chef. “Our chefs are highly trained specialists from France, Spain, Italy... They’re taught only to deal with the highest quality ingredients, and the administration has been suggesting chicken steaks and tofu lobsters as possible substitutions! It’s an outrage!”

Harvard has been looking into seeing how other universities are dealing with the shortage but so far has deemed alternate solutions, such as MIT’s subsidy of Anna’s chicken tacos, as “unhealthy and demoralizing.”

Harvard and MIT Merge

Drew G. Faust, President of Harvard University, announced this morning that Harvard and MIT have successfully agreed upon a merger between the two prestigious institutions, effective in fall 2014.

“It’s not the first time a merger has been suggested,” Faust commented in a speech to the faculty, “In 1904, there was an attempted merger that failed, due to resistance on MIT’s part. However, MIT has finally agreed that it would be beneficial for both universities if Harvard were to merge with MIT to become the new MIT Department of Humanities.”

Student reactions varied. Harvard student, Ima S. Nob ‘13, currently concentrating in Obscure Languages of the Indigenous Tribes of the Antarctic Circle, said, “I really think the quality of our Harvard education will improve.” But other Harvard students express doubt. “I’ve heard that MIT professors actually give C’s and D’s and even fails!” said Amy Chua, ‘15, concentrating in Education.

MIT students, in contrast, seemed ambivalent. “Wait, you mean Harvard wasn’t already our Department of Humanities?” asked a confused James E. Tetazoo, ‘15, majoring in Course 19.

Semi-Article Found

Last night, Harvard's very own Sevy Wordsmith, of the Harvard Department of Linguistics, published his report, verifying the existence of the long-sought part of speech, the "semi-article." The semi-article, said to be the last piece of the puzzle that is the Unifying Theory of Speech and Linguistics, was discovered during a collision of two ordinary articles, "the" and "an" and confirms the theory.

"It was just remarkable," recounts Wordsmith. "To think that after all these years, we can finally say definitively, yes, there is a Unifying Theory of Speech."

The Unifying Theory of Speech, first proposed by Theoretical Linguist, Irving Q. Tep at the Conference for Theoretical Speech and Language, 1922, states that there exists a basic unit of speech and language, below the level of paragraphs, below words even, that Theoretical Linguists call "characters." Characters are symbols, which may be written on parchment with the aid of a pen, pencil, or other appropriate writing implement. According to Theoretical Linguists, when combined, characters may have emergent properties, generating all the words we have discovered. Further, they argue that these basic building blocks can be rearranged, with proper emphasis and spacing, to generate new words, never before heard.

When Tep proposed this at the conference, the crowd was shocked. Words had only recently been discovered, and the Linguistic community was not ready to accept that there could exist a smaller building block. Tep, convinced that he was right, confined himself to his chambers, spending all of his waking hours writing, speaking, and thinking. Eventually he passed away in 1927. In this time, Tep's provocation had sparked interest in the Linguistic community, eventually amassing enough interested followers to pursue his unfinished research in a field soon to be called Character Theory.

As Character Theorists grew in number and funding became available for research, Character Theorists

successfully demonstrated Character Theory's ability to "predict" the already well established Law of Paragraphs, and though this was not necessarily a new discovery, it at least proved the consistency of Character Theory with the most recent Theories of Linguistics. Character Theory continued to grow, and in 1970, Linguist J. Arthur Random predicted the new part of speech, which he called the "semi-article." He theorized that this new part of speech could be discovered by driving words at approximately 90% valley-girl speed into a collision, though he was unable to carry out a successful test.

For years Linguists tried and failed, but yesterday, Wordsmith made history. "I feel incredibly humbled to have been allowed to play such a crucial role in speech and language research," says Wordsmith. "I feel so honored to have been lucky enough to help the field in this way."

BE A COOL CAT.



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

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Voo Doo Doll of the Month



We found this sexy lady snooping around campus during CPW. We managed to catch her sexy attention long enough for this exclusive interview.

Name	Frankenstein
Eye Color	Green
Hair Color	White
Height	5.5"
Waist	2.5"
Hips	2.6"
Tits	4AAA

Phos : Hey, Foxy. What's your phone number?

Franky : 617-324-1205. Call me!

Phos : So, hot stuff, what do you plan on majoring in?

Franky : Something that a woman of my intellect will find challenging. Probably Course 9. Either that, or I'll cop-out and become a Sloanie. All those frat boys aren't going to blow themselves.

Phos : So you're into frat boys? Would you say it's a fetish, or a preference?

Franky : Probably just a preference. They're so easy! All I have to do is pretend to be drunk and mention something about how I probably won't remember anything in the morning and they come to me like flies to shit.

Phos : I see. Have you thought about where you want to live as an undergraduate?

Franky: I was thinking about Bexley, because that's a place where I could both be naked and also surrounded by frat boys, but since it's being shut down, I guess I'll probably have to live in Maseeh. I mean, they're practically the same anyway. One just looks more like a Marriot than a crack house.

Phos : Crack *home*.

Franky : Exactly. What did I say?

Phos : Nevermind. Anyway, do you have any advice for sexy young women who want to become a Voo Doo Doll of the Month?

Franky : Of course! Remember, girls, ply the editor with booze and sex. Bestiality videos also help.

Phos : Hey now! Voo Doo would like to state that it does not accept bribes in exchange for publication. We have slightly higher standards than The Tech.

Franky : What? In that case, I want my anal virginity and handle of Bombay Sapphire back.

Phos : We'll talk about that later. Now let's shift gears. What about your childhood? Did you always want to be a model?

Franky : Oh, yes. I knew it would be a long, hard, dick-filled road, but in the end, all that time spent on my knees would be worth it.

Phos : And were your parents always supportive?

Franky : Mostly. My mom even bought me my first bottle of lube. As I grew older and they were able to better exploit, I mean, uh, encourage me, they warmed up to it a lot more.

Phos : That's understandable. Given that you only modeled and didn't actually do any "real" science or engineering before applying to college, how do you think that your modeling background has prepared you for the stresses and indignities of being an MIT undergraduate?

Franky : I'm ready and willing to lie, cheat and steal to get to the top; I'll sell my body to people who I believe have some kind of special authority; I refuse to take advice; I don't believe in asking for help; I do believe I am entitled to be gifted everything I want by the nature of being me; and I am so narcissistic that I take every piece of criticism as a direct attack against myself and generally go into a panic attack and break down into tears for an hour or so.

Phos : You'll fit right in with the rest of the millennials!



Phos : And now getting to the nitty-gritty. You have done a large amount of nude photo shoots (the photos in this issue are just a small portion of your expansive and luscious repertoire) but have you ever done any pornography, whether soft- or hard-core?

Franky : Well, there was that one video I made when I was a cheerleader in high school, but I can't remember the names of any of the people I had sex with, so no, I haven't.

Phos : Would you consider doing porn in the future?

Franky : Maybe, although I don't like the way I look on film.

Phos : What's wrong with how you look on film?

Franky : You know what they say: the camera adds ten milligrams. Also, the lights tend to make my hair look so pale, and they never capture the pure expressive beauty of my eyes.

Phos : I always thought the ReichsChancellor Grim-man looked odd in his photos.

Franky : Who's he? Do you think he and I would get along?

Phos : Oh, he's nobody, but yeah, you'll probably have a lot in common.

Franky : Hooray! I like making new friends.

Phos : It looks like it's getting close to drunk-o'clock here in Voo Doo, so we're going to have to end the interview. Do you have any final words for our readers?

Franky : How many of them are there?

Phos : Literally tens of...readers. Figuratively, though, uh, millions.

Franky : Wow, that's a lot! I guess I'd like to say thanks for looking at my sexy body, and if you're in a frat and don't have any STDs, give me a call. I promise I've got more personality than the BU sororistutes you've been hanging out with!

Teamwork Makes the Dreamwork: A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, in the magical kingdom of MIT, there lived a colony of magical mystical peoples called Students. The students were a hardy lot, and loved to spend their time frolicking in the classrooms, or sitting in their rooms, or masturbating quietly in the Athena clusters.

But all was not well with the students, for they were sad and tormented, because, although they enjoyed frolicking, and sitting, and masturbating, or any combinations of those things, they didn't know how to work together.

The Queen of the Students, a wizened old lass of a long four years, wrinkles spewing from her wrinkles, and bags under the bags under her eyes, trekked down to the Altar of Wisdom, W59, and prayed:

"Oh high, mighty, wise, and smart deities of MIT! I, though old, experienced, and well versed in the matters of this Fucking Place, am unable to solve what I see as a plague that scourges the people of this land! My people are sad and misguided. They go to class, and earn grades, but they don't work together. They are solitary, and in need of leadership. They want to be people, but they are not. They think they know what is best for themselves, but they do not. Oh MIT gods! Send me forth a natural Student Leader!"

The gods on high stroked their beards. The women too.

"Hmm..." droned the high elder MIT god. "These poor, simple Students need our assistance! They require our aid! We must help them!"

"Yes of course," agreed his mistress.

"Certainly," said one of the lesser gods, taking the high elder god's cock out of his mouth.

"So it shall be done!" boomed the high elder god.

He pulled up his godly trousers, smacked his lips and blew a gigantic kiss down, down to the pitiful earth below. The kiss turned into a giant pink butterfly, and sprouted extra wings. The wings grew wings. Bat wings, bird wings. So many fucking wings. Then, before it had time to grow more wings, it landed, Ker-plop, at the feet of the King of the Students.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed, as she fell backwards from the explosion. She struggled to her feet and grasped her head to get a handle on the headache now welling up. Her vision went black for a few moments, because she'd gotten up too fast, and that thing happens where your blood doesn't get to your head fast enough, so you have to stand for, like, half a minute or whatever until it does. When her vision returned, she saw before her quite a curious man indeed.

"Hello, dear Student!" said the curious man. He was squat and fat, and wore a big green hat with a floral pattern. His trousers swelled above his round cuddly-looking belly. He had a sleek black mustache, which he stroked with his gloved hands. "My name is Vladimir Gooberboop, but you can just call me Gooberboop!"

"Are you the answer to my wish??" asked the King in disbelief. The creature before her looked stupid and unqualified, not like what she or her people deserved from the gods.

"What's the matter?" asked Gooberboop, taking off his hat to scratch a patch of green hair.

Not wanting to be rude, the King took a moment, cleared her throat, and thought. "Well, it's just," she said, "that you don't seem anything like me or my people. I don't know how you can possibly help us."

"Nonsense!" said Gooberboop. "I'm a magical whatsit! What's a whatsit, you ask? Well, never fear! I can do many things! Like manage your

houses or pee on the street, I can walk your dogs, and fill bowls with candy. I'm just like a regular bum, you see, but better."

"Well," admitted the King. "My people do like candy."

"What you need," said Gooberboop, with a wink of his misty grey eyes, "is unity. Your people are divided. I think a little teamwork can help that!" He took a sticky wand from inside his trousers and waved it vigorously in the air, like a right old newspaper, shook by an old man on a porch. The wand made a groaning sound, and it squished out a trickle of juice, which splashed on the King's forehead.

"What have you done to me, you beast!?" exclaimed the King.

"I've just bestowed upon you the magical power of teamwork. Like I always say, 'Teamwork makes the dream work!'" He smiled a big stupid smile and gave a laugh that was even more big and stupid. "I've just fixed your problems! Don't you feel... better?"

"Why yes I do!" exclaimed the King. "Gooberboop, you old chap, I declare you must go and fix the rest of my citizens. Make them all perfect with your teamwork!"

And so that's what he did. Gooberboop went around and infected all of the Students with the spirit of teamwork. And that's how the MIT administration saved all the MIT students from their selfish, stupid selves, because, otherwise, they wouldn't know how to take care of themselves and would have been sad and stupid.

The end.



2015 Brass Rat

This year's Ring Committee was so clever, that they fooled the 2015s with not one, but TWO fake brass rat designs! The real design was revealed just before Ring Premiere at an exclusive press conference with Voo Doo.

BEZEL

The 2015s youthful spirit is represented in the luxurious Justin Bieber style haircut adorning the head of the beaver. Originally, the Ring Committee had intended double symbolism, taking advantage of the fact that "beaver" in German is "Biber." Unfortunately, an egregious spelling mistake foiled the sophomores' efforts once again.

The beaver is holding not one bottle of liquor, but two as a salute to the class' fraternity and sorority members. It also serves as a tribute to the popular drinking game "Edward Handle-hands."

In the backdrop, both Boston and Cambridge are featured. No bridge connects the two, symbolizing the isolation so many students feel.

On the bottom right corner of the bezel, one can see a school of magikarps. This feature alludes to the fact that 2015s are the only generation of MIT students ever to associate with the Pokemon franchise.



Instead of “Massachussets Institvte of Technology,” building 10 is engraved with the URL to MIT’s home page. The substitution celebrates the advent of MITX.

Open doors in buildings 1 and 2 on either side of Killian Court represent Susan Hockfield not letting the door hit her in the ass on her way out.

SEAL SHANK

Instead of the traditional, imposing “MIT”, the ring reads “MITX” to stay consistent with the bezel’s symbolism.

The people in the MIT seal are wearing nappies and sucking on pacifiers to symbolize the new RLAD program.

The lamp atop the podium is replaced with a hoo-kah, while the books are replaced with a stack of porn magazines.

A tombstone underneath the seal reads “jhwak” (sic.) to commemorate The Tech firing their only journalist who could write.

CLASS SHANK

Instead of 2015, the ring reads “NEVER” in big, bold letters to remind the wee sophomores that graduation is so far away that it may as well never happen.

A pressure cooker sits on top of the big dome, while the once stately columns appear as rubble on the stairs leading to lobby 10. This serves as a reminder of the Boston marathon bombings and how directly they affected every member of the class of 2015.

Instead of Athena proudly displaying the right hand rule, a spectacularly busty Eric Grimson shows the 2015s the double finger, symbolizing the respect with which he treats the undergraduate community. He is also not wearing pants, representing the professionalism he lacks.

SKYLINES

The traditional Cambridge and Boston skylines are

replaced with Wall Street and Silicon Valley, respectively, because that’s where most students aspire to work, regardless of major.

The tall, glass buildings of Wall Street are partially obscured by money growing trees. Prostitutes holding baggies of cocaine flank either side of the majestic view, representative of the parties deans are able to throw with the bonuses they receive.

The other side of the ring is dominated by several corporate buildings, including Amazon, Google, Oracle, and Apple. The design is etched into a silicon inlay. If you’re retarded, the silicon inlay is representative of Silicon Valley.

INNER SURFACE

The traditional “hacker’s map” on the underside of the bezel was deemed archaic and non-compliant with MIT’s new Harvard-esque image, and has been replaced with the logos of all the biotech companies that will be purchasing the East side of the MIT campus.

Each recipient’s name is replaced with “MIT Slave [student ID number]”. The letters are raised, mirrored, and covered with a special dye that transfers onto the wearer’s skin over time, leaving a tattoo-like imprint on the student’s finger. This will assist MIT in identifying bodies found in the Charles River.

Embedded inside of each ring is a unique RFID tag that allows students to buzz into restricted access spaces, just like the student IDs that have been deemed obsolete and will be discontinued next year.

Also embedded is a GPS chip that allows owners to recover lost rings. The chip is also used to track students’ locations, but don’t worry – the data is stored in a central system that only DSL staff can access.

Instead of Balfour, the rings will be produced by Herff-Jones. They will cost \$10,000 each, and since every student is required to purchase one, the cost has been automatically charged to each 2015’s student account.

Poetic Justice

Ode to Satan's Balls

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



Ghost Upon A Host

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

I Hate to Leave old MIT

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

Two Slits Diverged in a Yellow Plate

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

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

Snippets of Wisdom

In the flotsam and jetsam of the English language on the shores of publishing through the years, you can occasionally come across something really cool and have no idea how it got there. The pioneers of this salvage operation, when asked where they got it, didn't want to describe the grammatical chaos they had to wade through to extract their treasure, so they would say they got it from "a nouny mess".

~*~*~*~

Are people who warn you about colored snow being racist? Are folk who tell you not to stick your fingers in outlets being sexist? And what about fat people who form human pyramids with many others? Are they big-gymnasts?

~*~*~*~

A fellow was explaining to me physics nomenclature for derivatives.

- 0th is position.
- 1st is velocity.
- 2nd is acceleration.
- 3rd is jerk.
- 4th is snap. (unofficial)
- 5th is crackle.
- 6th is pop. (as per the tasty breakfast cereal propaganda campaign)

My witty rejoinder that he seemed to appreciate:
 How do you get rid of a jerk?
 You differentiate him.
 Oh, snap!

~*~*~*~

The sly vegetarian hunter found he had a circus job when he finally figured out how to trap peas. Aye, he was a daring young man.

Slick Dan grew up on the street, and could get anything from anybody. He heard Shakespeare wrote the best plays so he figured he'd get something from him. You can judge for yourself what he got. No, he didn't get anything from him, but after reading them up, down, sideways, and everywhich way, you won't find anybody that understands shakespeare better.

For understanding, one needs con text.

~*~*~*~

Simple James never picked up after himself once someone described him as a "litter all" person.

He also was surprised at the lack of an infinity sign in writing that was "figure eight"-ive.

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V O O D O O

The committee is now charged with selecting a finalist out of these four candidate pieces. “We received binders full of submissions from many world-renowned artists. It took a tremendous amount of work to narrow the initial pool of six photographs down to these four exceptional candidates,” stated RLAD #1. “As the selection process progresses, we will continue to collect input from students and other major stakeholders,” added RLAD #2. We didn’t bother to solicit commentary from the Maseeh representative, Noname Whogivesashit.

The Voo Doo staff will be keeping a close watch on this story. As a proper news media, we strive to minimize real reporting and maximize overdramatic gossip. Tell phos@mit.edu which candidate photograph should be chosen! Your response could be included in the next issue.



Action Figure Action

\$150,000, 36 x 42 in

This wonderful photograph transcends common misconceptions of sexuality by depicting two sexless and genderless action figures engaging in an act of pure love, untainted by lust. The artist, castrated in a brutal accident at the ripe age of five, has devoted his life to advocating for eunuchs worldwide. Through his work, he hopes to spread the word about the benefits of freeing oneself from genitalia’s bondage. One percent of his proceeds are donated to castration facilities in Africa.

Gypsy Mushrooms

\$200,000, 40 x 60 in

This detailed shot reconstructs a typical scene from the ancient gypsy civilization known as the Second Heralds of the New Christ. Psychoactive fungi served as a symbol of freedom and independence for these eccentric people. The wilted rose, ugly necklace, and unidentified shell-shaped object are sacrificial offerings to the mushroom deities. Anthropologists postulate that the culture was centered around copious use of hallucinogens, though the only existing evidence consists of fragments of cave paintings.



MIT 2031

To those poor souls in the past whom it may concern:

I write you this message from the future, transmitting it to you at great personal cost and risk from the oppressive hellscape we now know as MIT 2031. It's a cruel irony that if not for MIT selling building 32 to Cyberdyne Systems, I would not have access to the experimental time transmission technology I'm going to use to send you this message, but this minuscule ray of hope is irrelevant compared to the vicious mailed fist we at MIT now labor under. After all, who knows what kind of other terrifying robotic creatures they might be working on in this half-collapsed-looking shitpile? I just met one of them and that's why you'll have to excuse the blood on this text-slug.

But let me get back to the beginning. It all started with MIT 2030. The MIT Executive Vice President described that as "a living framework that guides our planning activities, with a focus on fulfilling the MIT mission and keeping the innovation engine running well into the 21st century." Sounds legit, right? Until you think about it... a living framework over a 21st century engine -- that's the fuckin' TERMINATOR!

Judgment Day for this particular unstoppable cyborg of ruin came when the MIT Investment Management Company -- MITIMCo, our own version of Skynet -- was put in charge at the beginning of 2030 and became self-aware shortly thereafter. Their mission was to monetize and corporatize every last scrap of the Institute, and that's what they did, with a ruthless efficiency that would put the Germans to shame. It did, in fact, put the Germans to a great deal of shame when MITIMCo turned Walker Memorial into an export scheisse porn studio that flooded and clobbered their domestic market, but that came later and is but a minor detail in the ensuing litany of horror.

It should have been obvious, but the first thing they started doing was selling off all the buildings. Biotech got the East side -- they already owned most of it anyway. They instituted toll gates like the ones in the Z Center. You had to give three blood and DNA samples, piss into four cups and shit into a vacuum cleaner in order to walk from the Med Center to Building 56. Chugging two beers in the morning before class to ensure a full bladder didn't seem so bad at first, but it should have been a warning sign for what was coming next.

Then main campus went to The Mouse. That's right, those Disney fuckers. Suddenly your whole day was spent dodging creepy costumed animals exhorting you to ride "Course 16 Mountain" from the top of the Dome down to "20,000 Leagues Under The Charles". You had to buy a set of mouse ears to wear during lecture to receive the noise cancellation signal for the constant refrain of "It's A Small World" permeating the room that would otherwise drown out the professor. And you couldn't even get back to Senior Haus without shelling out seventy bucks for two twenty dollar beers and a thirty dollar laxative taco to get you back through those biotech checkpoints. Not that this wasn't better and cheaper than the mandatory Delta Airlines meal plan on West Campus, but we were seriously worried about where things were going.

Not as worried as the grad students, though. Once they sold the grad dorms to Sheldon Adelson to turn into casinos in the middle of Spring term, those poor sods were out on the street. Now they live in homeless shelters across the river and survive on East Campus rats. The one good thing about all the biotech waste at EC is those rats are now the size of turkeys -- a good one can feed six or seven grad students. The same is probably true of the rabbits, if you could safely catch one. I heard they stopped trying after one chemistry lab had all its PhD students bunny-fucked to death at once up against the Big Sail. I don't know which made me sicker -- imagining it, or seeing the



An investment to last a thousand years? In the shocking future of MIT 2031, the new Grimson Administrative Building dominates the campus.

“What’s up, Doc?” T-shirts the Department of Student Life Souvenir Store was selling afterwards.

The faculty had the students’ back for once though, and they went on strike towards the end of the Spring semester. That was their undoing; those naïve chalkboard warriors hadn’t been watching closely enough for far too long and they couldn’t see how deep the rot had gone. The management didn’t even blink; they knew how to play the government contracting game better than the grant-writing profs, and they turned straight around and outsourced teaching to the TSA. Lectures were replaced with “enhanced patdowns”, and for finals you’d queue up and write the answers all over yourself with metallic ink before passing through a body scanner to get them checked. All paid for by the US taxpayer, and the stupid things didn’t even work -- nine times out of

ten you’d have to go for a “secondary screening oral exam” and you’d be coughing up blood for a week.

Sodexo Steer Roast was a minor highlight of this end of term nightmare, at least. We had to attend a bunch of mandatory meetings telling us how lucky we were to have this event catered for us, and then we got to sit in the courtyard eating imitation beef sandwiches brought over from the Baker dining hall while the deans searched our rooms. Afterwards they played a game of body cavity hide-and-seek on a few freshmen as a skit to entertain us, and executed an alum who tried to climb inside the razor wire and scream something about how it was different back in the day. I didn’t really feel like it was necessary to shoot him in the mouth to keep us safe, but I thanked our RLAD for clipping him anyway because everyone else did. It’s not good to stand out here anymore.

We didn’t think things could get much worse after the Spring. Oh how wrong we were. The never-ending quest for growth meant that no matter how profitable the Institute had gotten, MITIMCo needed more. They had to maintain those performance driven bonuses. We should have seen the writing on the wall when the Media Lab partnered with the CSAIL Center for Big Data to implement the One Mainframe Per Child program. They’d drop a bunch of these whopping IBM number crunchers into remote villages just to see what the kids would do with them. Within a month they’d figured out how to map all the other tribes to a DNA database and implement a highly efficient extermination program -- fully outsourced and globalized, of course, so MITIMCo bid on the disposal contract. Cogen got converted into a steam and power generating crematorium -- and we had to stoke the ovens for PE credit.

Other secret plans were getting hatched over the summer -- they always do that, so the students aren’t around to work on strong defensive countermeasures, but this time it went deep into realms of terror we couldn’t possibly have imagined. MITIMCo went to the wealthy, shadowy societies of the occult. I couldn’t be more serious -- the same lords of

dark mysticism that have run Harvard for years now owned a big chunk of MIT. Bought and sold. Within weeks of cutting the ribbon on the Institute for Satanic Nanotechnologies, a new apocalypse was upon us. Forget self-replicating grey goo, we were swallowed in blackness as the entire Eastern seaboard was flooded with self-sacrificing nano-goats. Now you can't go outside without wading through knee deep horn-soot and nearly hacking up both lungs. We haven't seen the sun since Fall Add Date.

The lack of sunlight and the new focus on explicit devilry did strange things to Residential Life. Not that they weren't already strange -- who tries to get a job running someone else's home? -- but they became positively unhinged. Their very flesh seemed to putrefy in the darkness as they binged on deathly fluids in their offices. Our horror-drenched existence had reached its nadir; it was the advent of the Dark RLADs. Somewhere in the bowels of that dismal ResLife office they came to a gruesome conclusion: all Residential Life policy violations are committed by the living, so they made life itself against residential policy. And the Dark RLADs were tasked

with enforcing the rules. We had no warning time; now that they already lived amongst us, their reign of killing came from within. Poisoned with toxic "mocktails", suffocated with ResLife bags, bludgeoned to death with reports in triplicate -- one by one they hunted us down. Just like fratboys used to hunt down sorority coeds back when the Greek system was still allowed: with a mixture of clumsy savagery, in-group circle jerks and incapacitating drugs. It worked. They got us.

Almost all of us. I may be the last one. I write this to you in a hidden cranny in Building 36 with an unchecked Sophocles that one of the last Coffeehouse hackers managed to whisper to me about as his chain gang passed me on Vassar Street last year. I lost my left hand to a patrol robot getting in here. Now I've just got to keep my ash-filled lungs working long enough to get it to the Cyberdyne portal next door. Time's running out so I need to end this message here. I was about to write "Save me." But that's wrong... it's too late for me. Not for you, whoever might be reading this. You've got till MIT 2030. Save yourselves... from hell!





EVERY WEB-COMIC EVER



HI, & WELCOME TO EVERY WEBCOMIC EVER. I'M EVERY. YOU KNOW I'M THE MAIN CHARACTER BECAUSE MY NAME IS SOME MORONIC PUN ON THE INSIPID TITLE. WHILE YOU'RE HERE, ENJOY THE CLEAN B+W COLOR PALETTE & MINIMALISTIC STYLE THAT WOULD BE REFRESHING... IF A THOUSAND OTHER ARTISTS HADN'T ALREADY BEATEN THE STYLE INTO A MONOCHROMATIC PULP. OH, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN LAID IN, LIKE, THREE YEARS. THIS IS A MAJOR PLOT POINT.



I WORK IN SOME CRAPPY [PET/COFFEE/BOOK/GROCERY] PLACE OF BUSINESS THAT MY SENSITIVELY INTELLECTUAL LIBERAL ARTS DEGREE RIDICULOUSLY OVER-QUALIFIES ME FOR. I HAVE A BOSS WHO IS ALWAYS IRRATIONAL & OFFENSIVE.

YOU DON'T WORK HARD ENOUGH BECAUSE YOU HAVE A VAGINA!

ALWAYS.



THIS IS MY BEST FRIEND. HER NAME PROBABLY BEGINS WITH A "J." IN EVERY WAY I AM DULL, INTROVERTED & ASEXUAL, SHE IS BOISTROUS, OUTGOING, & CLINICALLY INSANE. HER ZANY IDEAS MAKE UP ABOUT 92% OF OUR STORY. LINE. DID I MENTION HOW MUCH I LOVE BOOZE? (HINT: A LOT.)



"I A CROCHET SAWYRREL HATS!"



I LIVE IN SOME APARTMENT I CAN'T AFFORD WITH SOME QUIRKY TYPE OF PET I GOT IN-EXPLICABLY STUCK WITH THE PET IS NEELESSLY CARTOONISH AND PROBABLY HAS SOME WIERD SUPERNATURAL POWER/ BIRTH DEFECT.



JOIN ME FOR SPORATIC UPDATES ON RANDOM-ASS DAYS OF THE WEEK, WHERE OUR INTREPID AUTHOR WILL FURTHER OUR MURDIOCRE PLOT. OR, YOU KNOW, UNABASHEDLY TREAT US TO GEMS FROM HER ART SCHOOL APP PORTFOLIO.



Voo Doo Staffer Application Quiz

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

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

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

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

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

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

3) My, that was quite a party last night! You don't even remember the presentation, let alone what happened to the blood-smeared TA. You just wake up with the biggest hangover in a small dark musty

wooden box wanting to visit student services and drop the logic puzzle class. In your pockets are a yo-yo, a cotton swab, a How-to-GAMIT, and a copy of Voo Doo. Fortunately you can see in the (happily) not very sparkly darkness.

What do you do now?

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

Winners might get to create their own puzzles.

Whiners might get to create their own problems.

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

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

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

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

4) This turns out to be so much fun, you want others to appreciate all this maniacal problem solving.

You now also have to form a student group (submit a constitution, elect officers, attend ASA meetings and all that jazz) on your way to deliver the P-Sets. How do you get it done without alerting the DSL to your plan to haze all incoming freshman into having sex with a goat?

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

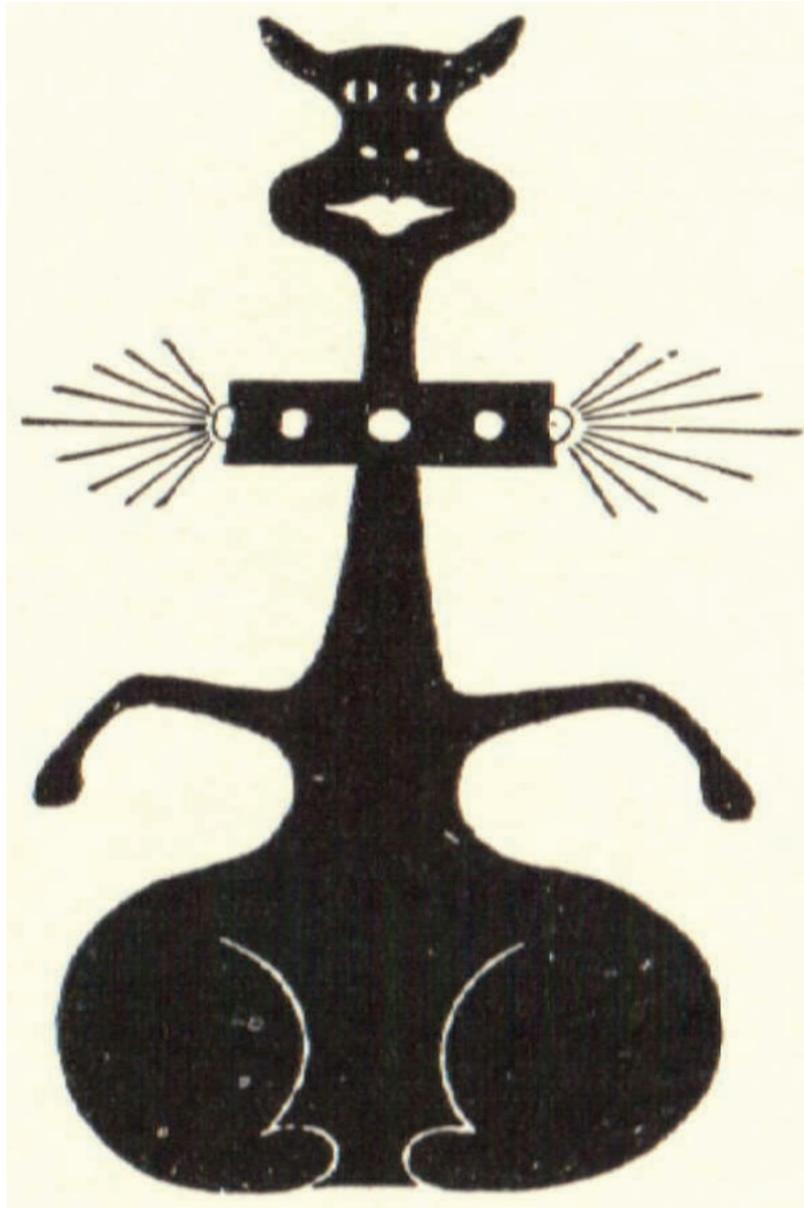
SEND YOUR APPLICATIONS TO
PHOS@MIT.EDU!



SUPPER
MAN



SUPER
MAN



**Voo Doo Alumnus?
Join
Woop Garoo
the Voo Doo Alumni Association!
woop-garoo [at] mit [dot] edu**