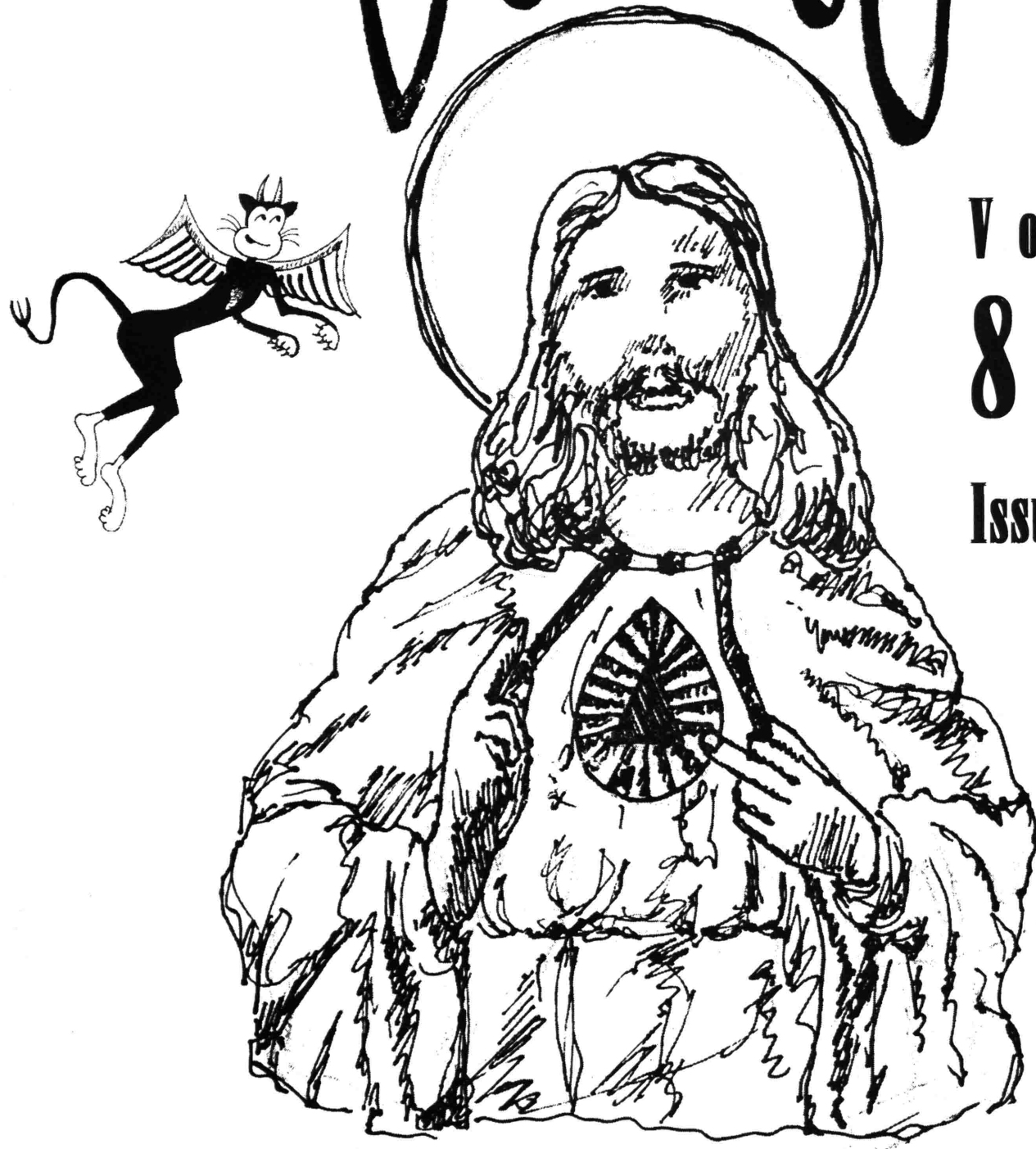


noël in hell V O O D O O

Volume

8 1

Issue # 1



MIT's Only Intentionally Humorous Publication

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der Übermensch

Geeta Dayal

Doctor Rock

Andrew Brooks

Puppet Dictator

Matt Malchano

Publisher

Phosphorus

Treasurer in Exile

Blake Brasher

Magic Wonder Cow

Anand Sarwate

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

Factsheet 5 Blurbo-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 IgNobel 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://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

Editor's Note

So, it's time for another issue of Voo Doo. If you don't know of us yet, you do now. We were the people that put out that fake Hitchhiker's Guide to Orientation that you might have seen during Rush. We also did that (in)famous 24-hour telethon that you might have seen on MIT cable last year.

If you think we aren't funny, well, go read The Tech. We're not supposed to be funny. We're "college humor," dammit. And if you guys don't write anything for the next issue, I'll be forced to fill a bunch of pages with meaningless, angst-ridden, beer-driven rants that make no sense, much like this one, plus a bunch of articles shamelessly reprinted from back issues of Counterpoint, because, hell, they're funnier than we are, but the sad part is, they're not trying. So, submit something. Drop your books, pick up a pen, and **START WRITING** for Voo Doo. Now. We know where you live, what you eat, and about that time with the monkey and the Cuisinart. You may not submit to Voo Doo. You may feel guilty about it later, but the feeling will pass. Until one night, when you're safely sleeping, when the **BLACK CHOPPERS WILL COME**.

Uh...yeah. I should get some sleep, or something.

And come to the Voo Doo party on Friday, January 7th! The administration gave us \$8,000 to throw a party. Why? I'm not sure. The party will feature acts like Wesley Willis and the Children in Heat, catering by Deli Haus, fog machines, and other stuff we can squander...er, I mean spend money on. Be there.

MIT contains an endless supply of things to make fun of. Help us keep humor alive on this*&*#(&@%* campus. If you want to join us, send mail to voodoo@mit.edu. Keep on fighting the good fight!

Geeta

der Ubermensch, Voo Doo
Fall 1999

SEE
"in person"
GEETA DAYAL

Children in Heat - a band

Phos - Cat of the year



WESLEY WILLIS
MIT's First
MOD WEDDING HAPPENING
FREAK OUT
9:00 PM - 2:00 AM
MORSS HALL, WALKER MEMORIAL
FRIDAY, JANUARY 7

Letters to the Editor

Dear Phos,

My name is <deleted>. I contacted you earlier in the year regarding publication in your journal and received a very rude reply. I have just seen the latest issue of your journal in which you published both my letter and your own response and I have this to say: You people are undoubtedly the most crude, vulgar and repulsive humans I have ever had the misfortune to contact. Not only was your magazine offensive and not in the least humorous, it was full of typographical errors! Additionally, the drawings were crude and unartistic. Frankly, I no longer WANT to have my work published in such an unprofessional journal.

I noticed that you published one of my poems on page 22. While I have to admit that the work in this section was of a much higher quality than that of the rest of the magazine, I still regret that I have been associated with your journal. (Also, you neglected to attribute the poem to me—I expect to see a correction in the next issue.)

Fortunately, I will be having no further contact with you people since I will be attending Wellesley in the fall. However, when I'm a Nobel Laureate and you're still a small-time two-dollar journal holding stupid telethons to raise money, you'll wish you had been a little nicer.

Yours Truly,
<deleted>

Below is a poem which I wrote during the past week. I hope you will note the juxtaposition of candidness and sarcasm.

<poem deleted>

Dear Sir or Madam,

We sincerely apologize for the story / comic / graphic novella / photograph / telethon skit / member of our staff which you find offensive. Please be assured that in future issues / telethons / staff outings we will avoid including such a story / comic / graphic novella / photograph / telethon skit / member of our staff as the one you found to be offensive.

God bless,

Phos

Dear Phos,

I am deeply concerned about them. They infiltrate our lives and are even indoctrinating our children! I know their practices are just "not right," and I know that you all know it too, that in your hearts and the back of your head it just doesn't settle. We must stop them — today, right now. Our only workable solution is to stop the flow of information. We must ban them. Otherwise they will become more and more infiltrated into our lives, and I, for one, can't have that.

Gabe

Gabe,

We couldn't agree more. For years, the magazine "Counterpoint" has been a scourge of humanity. We must eliminate this menace together, before it is too late.

Phos

Dear Geeta,
You're in trouble.
Sincerely,
The Deans

Again?
Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I can't believe you aired five hours of lesbian fisting with goats on a pirate broadcast television signal. My daughter happened to come across your illegal signal after I brought her home from Sunday school and now all day at day care she goes around asking other girls to stick their hands up her butt. And they won't let us into the petting zoo after the stunt she pulled the last time we were there. They say the poor goat may never recover. I am holding you personally responsible and you may expect to find a subpoena in your mailbox very soon.

Sincerely,
The Deans

Dear Sir or Madam,

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With love,
Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

You offended me by saying mean things about computer programmers. I'm a computer programmer and I do in fact take regular showers.

Dear Sir or Madam,

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We feel for your tragedy,
Phos

Dear Phos,
Howdy!

A limerick:

There is a president named Chuck,
Whom everyone says does suck.
He changed freshman housing,
Which has caused much arousing,
Since everyone is yelling, "What the fuck?"

A song: (to the tune of BINGO)

There was a farmer had a toy and DILDO was its name-o:
D-I-L-D-O, D-I-L-D-O, D-I-L-D-O and DILDO was its name-o!
etc.

Hope you enjoy them! Laterz.

Always—
Seth

Dear Seth,

Come clean. That farmer's toy was you, wasn't it?
Sincerely,
Phos



Since 1919

Voo Doo News

*"You Heard It
First From Us"*

New Vest Decree: All Incoming Freshmen To Be Bleached, Neutered And Lobotomized in 2002 **'Only Way To Ensure Homogeneity' Says President**

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

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

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

Full-body bleaching an MIT invention

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

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

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

This Issue:

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

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

Administration gives news positive reception

Reaction from within the MIT administration has been ecstatic. "The Deans have the most important job in the whole wide world," said Dean of Increasing Dean Profile On Campus, Carole Orme-Johnson. "We are completely responsible for student life. Why, I bet ten years ago students didn't have any lives at all. They probably just wandered around in some zombie-like state. You can't expect kids to enjoy themselves unless they've got someone to tell them what to do."

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

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

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

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

"Vest needs a good fisting," she added.

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

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

— MIT President Vest

Student input requested

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

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

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

Tenspotting

Choose hell. Choose toxic chemicals. Choose bad classes, worse professors, and satanic books. Choose no respect. Choose hatred for ChemE's trying to write programs. Choose ABACUSS and ASPEN. Choose pizza deliveries to the PC cluster in the 66 basement at 5am for you and your 30 closest tooling buddies. Choose to scream when the PC eats your 55-page progress report 15 minutes before it's due. Choose 10.001 and wonder why you weren't course 6. Choose 10.302 and wonder why you bother at all for a stupid MIT coffee cup that you can accurately describe the heat transfer for that says "I SURVIVED 10.302!". Choose ICE and all-nighters and critical caffeine intake and wonder why the hell you're wasting your time with this engineering shit when all you want to do is go to med school. Choose hating premeds if you really are fucked up enough to want to do this for the rest of your fucking life. Choose hating everyone who isn't in this and everyone who is and becoming bitter at the Institvte that has sucked away every last ounce of joy you got from looking forward to being a chemical fucking engineer. Choose to piss on 66, the geekiest building on this fucking campus because it's a 30-60-90 right triangle, on your way out of Killian on that blessed Graduation Day.

Choose your future.

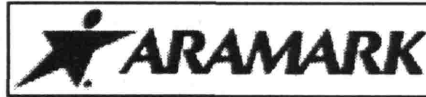
MIT Dining To Serve Babies

New Dining Option Offered In Lobdell

CAMBRIDGE - MIT Dining issued a statement last week outlining a bold new initiative to serve babies in Lobdell. The document was well supported with a dazzling array of statistics, and even cited a seminal work on alternative dining by Jonathan Swift. "This will revolutionize the way students, staff, and faculty see dining services at MIT," the report claimed.

Spurred on by the success of such ventures as Pan Geos, the new specialized food station will be called "The Nursery", and will have a trained chef preparing customer's food as they watch. "We want people to be able to customize their meal to their tastes," remarked Phil Johnston, an Aramark representative. "Now me, I prefer to have my meat rare, and at The Nursery, I can have it my way." Johnston noted that patrons will not be able to choose their baby. "We're not serving lobster here, you know," he chuckled.

At present the new dining option is only available in Lobdell. Dining Services officials were quick to declare that the station was "only a pilot," but *Voo Doo* was able to find an employee who claimed that all of the infrastructure and paperwork was



PRESENTS



THE NURSERY

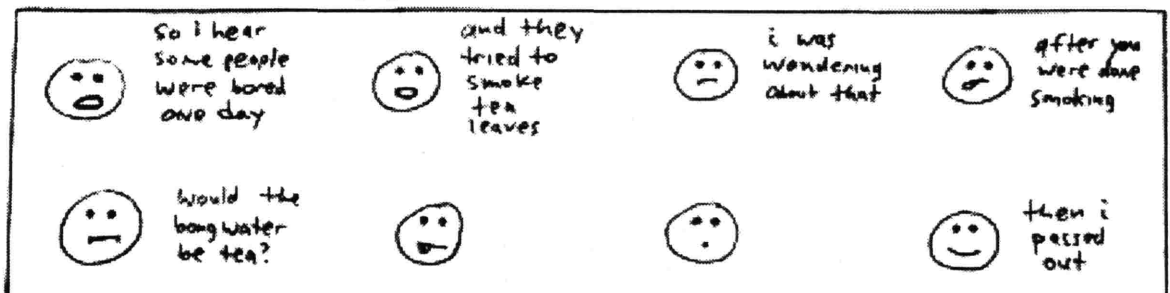
A sign for The Nursery, which will include a build-it-yourself taco bar.

clear for expansion into Walker and possibly Next House.

The announcement came as a surprise to many. "Serving babies? Damn, the freshmen get younger every day," a clueless graduate student said. "I'm surprised they can make the meals so affordable," said one junior. "Back home, babies cost upwards of one-hundred dollars each on the black market."

Even though the station has only been active for two days, long lines are already becoming the norm. "This is better than Goosebeary's, that's for sure," claimed an unwashed computer-science major. "I work so hard I

ache all over after the day is done," complained Carlos Rodriguez, one of the trained chefs. "But it's sure nice to have people appreciate the food you make." A survey of diners indicated overwhelming approval for the new food. "Now that's some juicy baby!" raved one comment card. "Here at MIT, we are constantly looking to our future," the statement concluded, "and our future is in our children."



PERSPECTIVE

The Lighter Side

Diary of a one-night Wellesley chick.

By J. ARTHUR RANDOM

A funny Voo Doo article? In my mind the two words Funny and Voo Doo had never been put together in the same phrase since I came to MIT. Yet in the span of five years, I made the phrase into a reality.

It first started out as a joke among some of my friends, that I dip into the morbid recesses of Wellesley culture in between running to the Student Center and working on lab reports. I felt I had heard so many theories about what Wellesley chicks are like and seen so many stereotypical depictions, but I really didn't know much about the culture. I therefore decided to do something about it, to immerse myself in the Wellesley chick scene—somehow.

The Mission Begins

My friend Jack and I put some effort into researching where the Wellesley chicks usually hung out. After asking around a bit in Central Square, we learned of a place called Abercrombie & Fitch in Harvard. This was a Wellesley chick mecca of sorts, we were told, where a lot of Wellesley chicks in the area would chill listening to bands and also would buy their clothing and makeup. We realized we could get there by the T.

The Search for the Style

The clothing was not too difficult to get a hold of, since we decided to wear as short a skirt as possible. I managed to find a shirt at Hubba Hubba that was white with a really low neckline that would let me show off plenty of cleavage. I also found a ridiculously short vinyl skirt that matched a pair of chunky heels that I owned. I wore tights and a skirt because my image of Wellesley chicks is slutty, that they often prefer short skirts and dresses. I also decided to buy a red feather boa in order to maintain that feminine image. Moving on to makeup. To find cosmetics to make you look cheap, where else does one go but CVS? We hiked down the street. The first item on our list was blush to capture that telltale Wellesley cheeriness, but not finding

any red cosmetic powder, we decided to use sidewalk chalk instead. Next we had to get red lipstick and nail polish to match. We returned to Jack's room to put our ensembles together.

The Details of Dressing Wellesley

Jack's roommates were instrumental in bringing our looks to fruition:

8:04PM One of his roommates worked on our faces with glittery eyeshadow; Jack ended up with a thick band of eyeshadow above his eyes, much like the people in a Britney Spears video. **8:06PM** I drew on my face little hearts according to Jack's suggestion, although they looked more like blobs than hearts when I was done. **8:11PM** Then blush was carefully applied to our faces, with much falling onto the floor (Luckily we had thought to put copies of Counterpoint down). **8:32PM** We catch one break: Both of us already had blonde hair and so no dying was involved. **8:57PM** Pictures that our fathers would drool over were taken of us by his roommates before going to the Fuck Truck.

Abercrombie & Fitch! We Arrive

We walked the block to Abercrombie & Fitch and entered the den of iniquity! We saw to our dismay that the Wellesley chick mecca was a soft-core-porn-disguised-as-advertising and overpriced-clothing shop. The counter housed knit shirts of all sizes and preppy, painful-to-look-at shapes. There was also a special on khakis, the kind of pants that REALLY hurt a person. At that present moment, there were two speakers flinging some kind of boy-band music at our unwitting ears. Thus, we felt that it was in our best interest to capitalize ANOTHER word and run away as soon as possible. The purpose here is to ridicule another culture and not have the reporter endanger himself, right?

The Real Deal about Wellesley Chicks

The Wellesley chick culture in America

is believed to have started in the 1870's as a subgenre of women's instruction. The first use of the term Wellesley chick in its present meaning was on an MIT Student Cable Group (SCG) TV program. James Tetazoo, resident of Third East, described Wellesley chicks as easy compared with the female mainstream. The movement first became established in Vassar, a college in Poughkeepsie, New York, in the early 1860's. Spreading to New England, it first became popular in Cambridge. Wellesley chick influence can be found in the *Forces of Nature* horror movie (1999). Other Wellesley chick movies include *Good Will Hunting* and *She's Gotta Have It*. Popular music bands include The Spice Girls, Backstreet Boys, Boyzone, and others.

Although we are able to pick up on many external Wellesley chick characteristics, there are many characteristics that we in the mainstream do not learn about. For instance, Wellesley chicks tend to be non-violent, pacifistic, passive, and tolerant. Many in the media have mistakenly associated Wellesley chicks with extreme drinking and sexual behavior. They may seem cheery and outspoken when in public; yet they are sullen and withdrawn in the company of other Wellesley chicks like themselves. Wellesley chick music often deals with thought-provoking topics, concentrating on societal evils, like image and beauty.

What I Learned

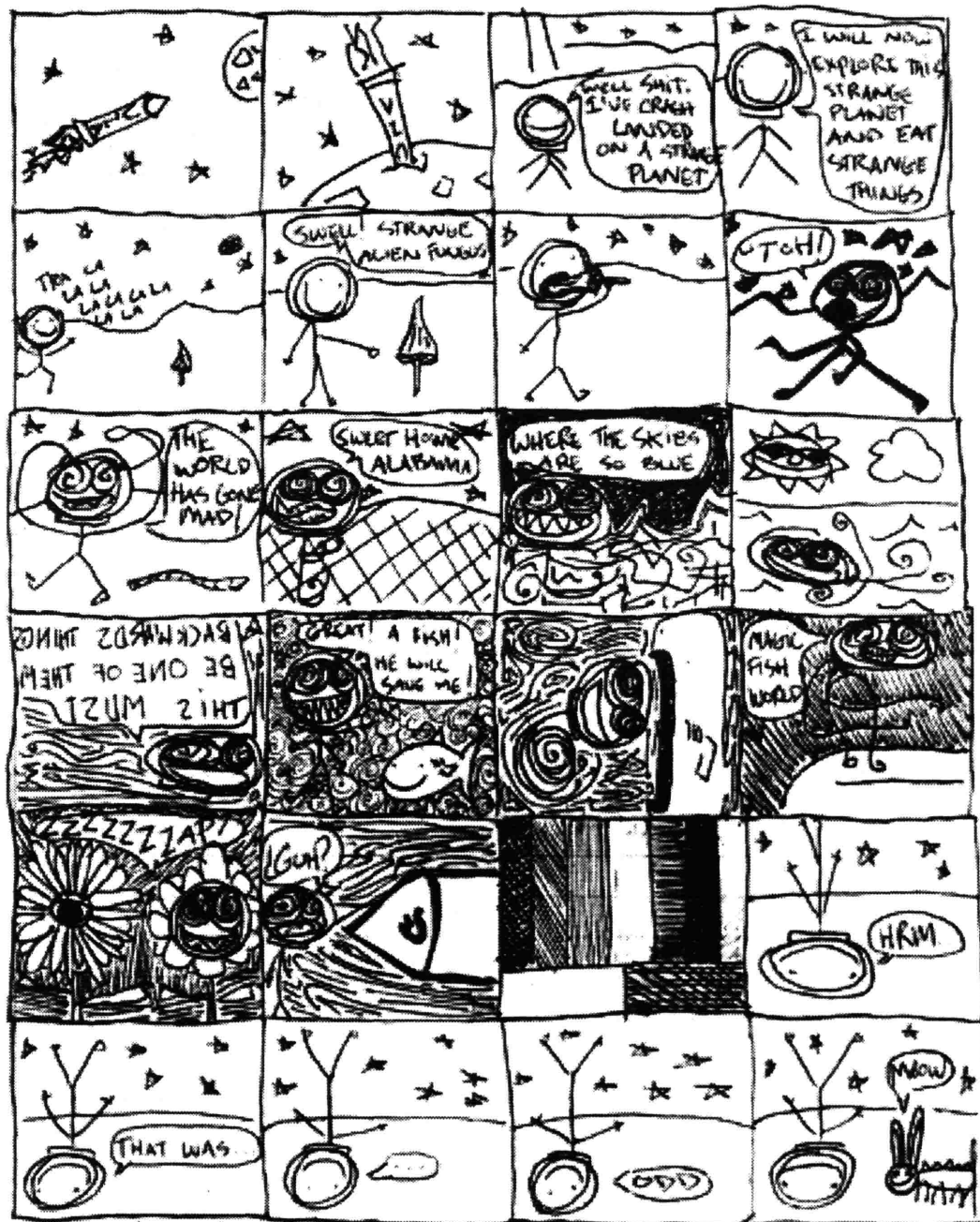
Walking in someone else's shoes is always an enlightening experience, though not always a comfortable one. Although I may not agree with aspects of the Wellesley chick culture, I feel better knowing that there are aspects and characteristics I can identify with. If nothing else, the Wellesley chicks can certainly understand the joy one has in having a red feather boa of his very own.


J. Arthur Random (jarandom@mit.edu) lives in Random Hall.

EPISODE 7:

~~THE FAULT~~

ASTRONAUT ADVENTURES



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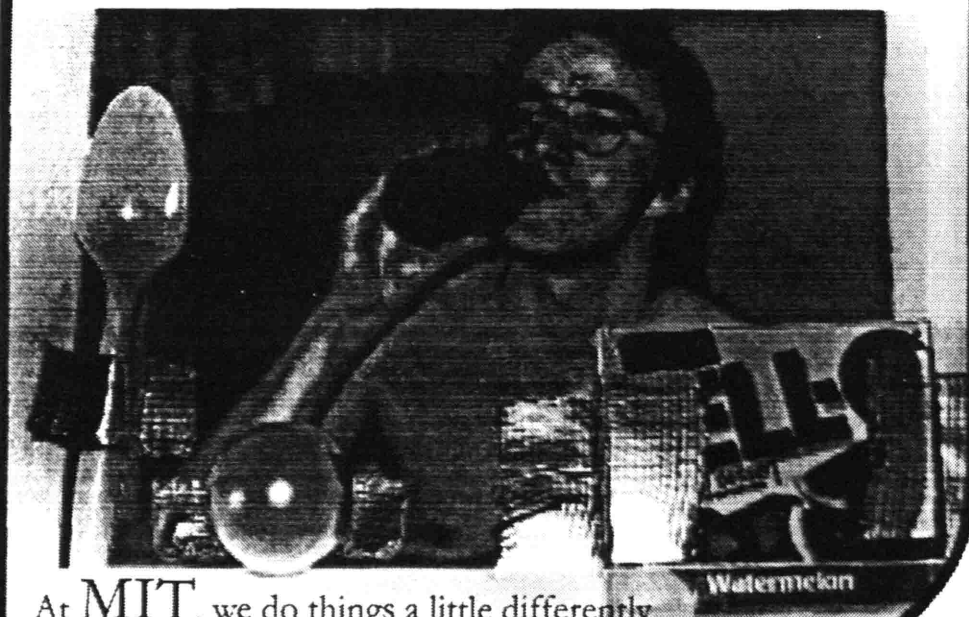
www.madetisha.com/orange

MIT Medical Advisory - Vitamin G



Recently, an alarming development has surfaced on the MIT campus. Many, if not most, of the students that come to MIT medical have been diagnosed, in addition to their original complaints, with severe Vitamin G deficiency. In a modern Western nation like ours, vitamin deficiency (malnutrition) should be a thing of the past, but in the hard-paced academic environment that we have at MIT students are often not able to ensure that they consume a balanced diet. High-profile food groups such as fat, sugar, salt, grease and rodent hair are amply supplied by the campus dining facilities, but as one of the lesser-known essential nutrition elements, Vitamin G is often one that ends up being neglected.

Fortunately, students do not need to radically alter their dietary habits in order to get enough Vitamin G. Vitamin G supplements are readily available. Marketed in a black canister under the brand name 'Guinness', a stock of these over-the-counter supplements should be in every student's refrigerated medicine cabinet to ensure that the peak of health can be maintained at all times despite the taxing demands of study and fighting the administration. A dose of just 12 cans of draught Guinness can provide a student's body with enough much-needed Vitamin G for an entire evening.



At MIT, we do things a little differently



Are you at risk? Symptoms of Vitamin G deficiency:

- Dry mouth
- Decreased sense of well-being and own personal charm
- Feeling of being neither 10 feet tall nor bulletproof
- Difficulty sleeping all day
- Infrequent, more concentrated urination
- Companions' appearance uglier
- World seems more "real", less tolerable
- Increased "uptightness", desire to live on West Campus and/or write for Counterpoint
- Stupid shit less amusing
- Vomiting in roommate's pot plant not as attractive an idea as it should be

If you think you are suffering any of the above problems, you might not be getting enough Vitamin G. You should start administering yourself Vitamin G supplements immediately, or come to see us at MIT Medical, where the latest advancements in medical nutrition science such as the Vitamin-G-bong and a range of Vitamin G dosage games are fully covered by your Student Health Plan.

WWW web.mit.edu/voodoo/www
EMAIL vitamining@voodoo.mit.edu
PHONE by MIT Medical @ 50-309
PHONE MIT Medical Advisory @ 617/ 253-4575

Media Lab Announces New 'Pokémon Research Group'

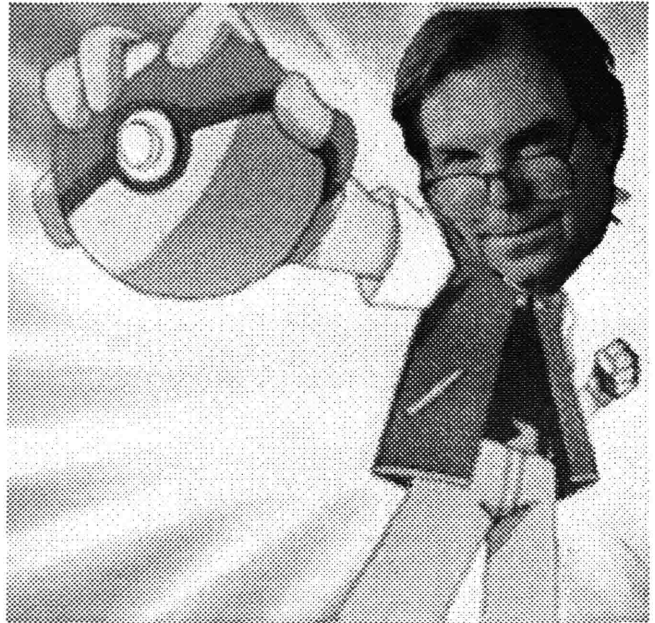
CAMBRIDGE – At a press conference yesterday, the director of MIT's Media Laboratory, Nicholas Negroponte, announced the inception of his newest pet project, the "Pokémon Research Group".

"Pokémon are an important part of today's society, and the Media Lab is proud to be the frontrunner that will bring this new technology to the masses," Negroponte stated. "They are truly Toys That Think, as well as talk to a limited degree. They can also be ordered to commit acts of violence."

Negroponte admitted that Pokémon technology is in its infancy. While the portable Pokéball (for capturing and storing Pokémon) is "a long ways off," he is enthusiastic about the road ahead. The initial members of the Pokémon Research Group have already built a functional Pokémon Storage Facility, he said, which is housed next to the MIT Nuclear Reactor, due to its high power consumption.

The theory of the Pokémon Storage Facility (shown below) is very similar to the methods used to contain matter in a plasma state. There are protons, and high-energy magnetic fields, and lots of other bullshit like that. "And before we get any bitching and moaning from the citizens of Cambridge," he added, "let me state up front that we won't be storing any Mewtwo or Exeggutor, so you're not going to have high-powered psychotic Pokémon breaking out and rampaging through Central Square. We're going to stick with Pokémon that are less of a threat at first, like Snorlax and Oddish. Whee! Oddish is so kawaii ^_^^"

Negroponte giggled for a few moments and consulted his



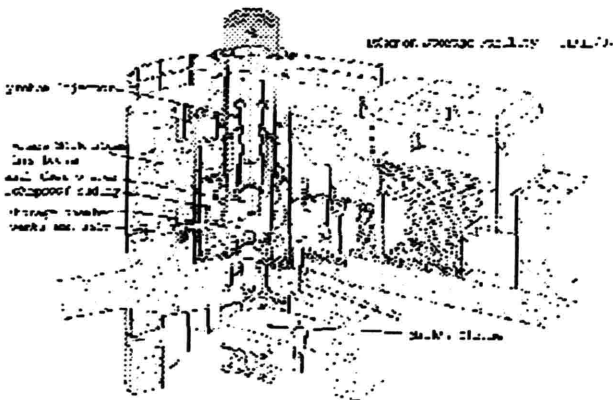
trading cards before regaining his composure to answer questions from the press corps.

In response to a question regarding the quality of whatever Nick had been recently smoking, and a quick followup about whether this shit was for real, Negroponte gritted his teeth. "Pokémon is not just a game, it's a way of life. Visionaries have always been downplayed, but we have a chance to do something concrete here. Without the environment of the Media Lab to properly nurture new technologies, we would never have seen such innovations as the Walking Coffeemaker, the Speaking Garbage Disposal, or the Groping Toaster."

"Additionally, we will have our first Pokémon by the first quarter 2000," Negroponte added, glaring reproachingly at the reporter. "I hired a bunch of Sig Eps to accompany me to Viridian City, the forests of which contain many bug-type and grass-type Pokémon."

The conference then degenerated into laughs and derisive questioning. After a few minutes, Negroponte collapsed into a heap, a broken, little man.

"Gotta catch 'em all," sobbed Negroponte into his clenched fists. "Gotta catch 'em all."



A structural diagram of the current Pokémon storage facility

New Projects from MIT's Media Lab

The Media Lab Exploitation of the Future Group presents their latest innovation, sure to change the face of Corporate America forever...

Undergraduate UROPs That Tool™ (patent pending)

Imagine a future where the tedious tasks of research, innovation, and envisioning tomorrow have been eliminated. Where time is finally available for the truly brilliant to work on conceptualizing the Toaster of Tomorrow™, getting rich, or sucking up to Negroponte! Never again waste time working out the tedious details of exactly how the Thing-That-Thinks actually thinks, thanks to Undergraduate UROPs That Tool™ (UUTT).

The UROP has the intelligence and undying work ethic of an MIT student, along with no desire for any recognition at all. Furthermore, thanks to modern optimizations, they have an operating cost of merely \$7.50 an hour! These incredible tools can be used to replace tasks too tedious for most humans.

Grad Student: *"Go build the Shoe-That-Thinks™. It should do something smart."*

UROP: *"As you wish..."*

Grad Student: *"And it needs to be done by Friday. We have to demo it to our corporate sponsors."*

UROP: *"Jawohl, mein Fuhrer!"*

Imagine a corporate future where all the boring tasks of programming, design, testing, and actual work have disappeared, where all you need to do is think up some noun and a prepositional phrase. Leaving you, our corporate sponsor, time to finally get rich, hang out with your favorite hookers, and

just talk on your cell phone to other corporations. All thanks to the Media Lab's ongoing research into Exploitation of the Future™.

Media Lab that Thinks™

Tired of wasting important corporate dollars on inventions such as the Book-That-Loves™, Interactive Screwdriver™, or the Computer-That-Fucks™? Angered that the groups you sponsor have tried patenting the Alphabet, Food, the Computer, Patents, and a bunch of other stuff with your money? Hate having pretentious graduate students tell you that anthropomorphizing your home will be the wave of the future? Tired of watching other corporate dumbasses be wowed by high school physics and 300 lines of Java written in the two hours before the catered lunch?

Then you need the Media Lab's new Media-Lab-That-Thinks™!

Stylishly designed to fit into any bathroom or kitchen. Filled with professors working on cutting edge research into "Advanced VLSI Design For Recognition of Women" and the "Psilocybin-Interactive Cinema Project." Headed by the man who wrote "Yet Another Flaky Diatribe on The Future." Funded by Microsoft™. With the new Media Lab, be one step ahead of other corporation still wasting their money on that old Media Lab thing.

"The new Media Lab's Media-Lab-That-Thinks™ has put me on the research fast track. Where other companies are still funding the Kitchen-of-Tomorrow™, I'm now funding the Kitchen-Of-The-Day-After-Tomorrow™. Maybe now I'll get laid."

— Media-Lab-That-Thinks Corporate Sponsor.

Inflatable Chicks That Think™

The Media Lab Rubber Computing Group™ presents a fully inflatable, life-sized doll... that actually Thinks!™ For all you nerdy guys out there who are clueless about a woman's body, fear not! InflatableChick™ comes with GPS sensors, so you know where on her body you are. Additionally, InflatableChick™ serves latte, cappuccino, and espresso drinks. Patented Red LED Technology™ tells you when she gets excited.

"Inflatable Chick that Thinks™ is better than my wife, who's frigid and dumb! Now I can finally use technology for what it's supposed to be for: getting off." — Media Lab Corporate Sponsor

Beer that Thinks™

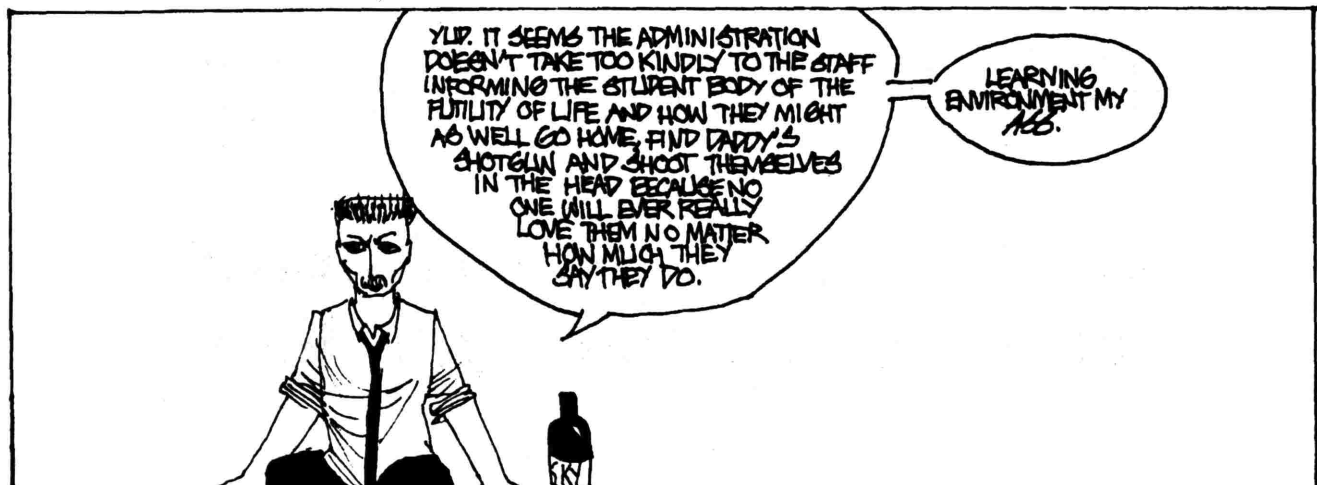
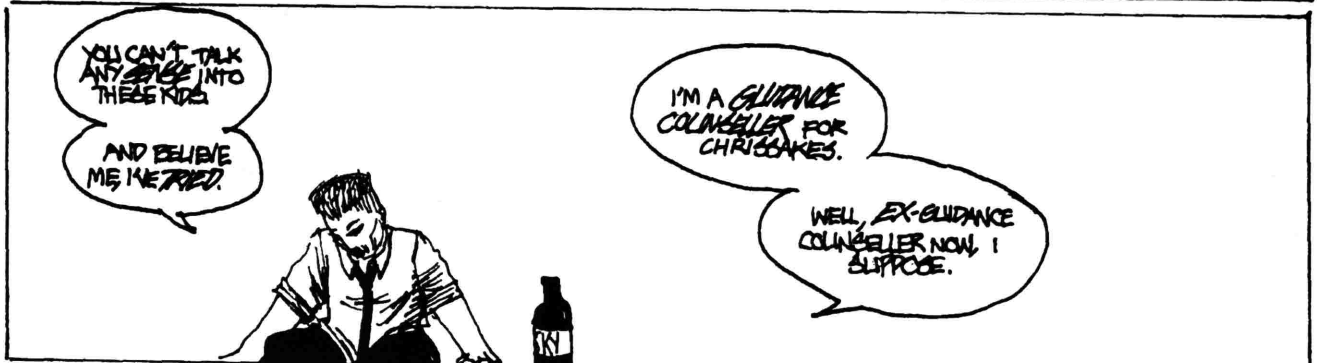
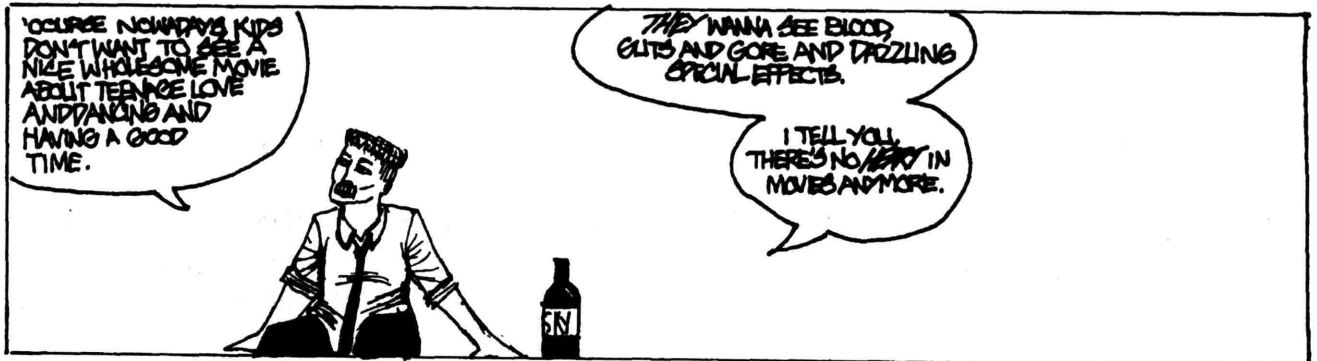
The Media Lab's Chug2K™ group presents the latest in mind-altering technology for the wired connoisseur: Beer that Thinks™. From serving itself to Simmons chicks, to dragging them to the Med Center and running away, to not showing up at Boston Licensing Board hearings, Beer that Thinks™ does all the Thinking™ so that you don't have to! Beer that Thinks™ comes with a Radio-Controlled Rohypnol™ capsule in every bubble, so that you can make sure you only knock out the cute ones. Compatible with all components of the Breakfast that Thinks™ except the Coffee Mug that Thinks™.

**You are not a beautiful
or unique snowflake**

**YOU ARE
NOT SPECIAL**

**You should not be allowed
to choose where you live**

 mitchelco.mit.edu



Ask Phos

Dear Phos,

I am at my wits' end. My popularity on campus is at an all-time low. People loved me when I first arrived, but now it seems they just want to get rid of me. Even the Campus Police don't like me anymore. I have been the subject of snide remarks in the Tech, and recently there have been murmurings of a campus movement to publically fist me! What can I do to restore my public image before things get out of hand?

Anxious Administrator



before things get out of hand?

Anxious Former East Campus Resident

Dear Peeto,

All your problems stem from the negative attitude of certain campus authority figures. And it's a well-known fact that the primary cause of negative attitudes in our society is jealousy. These people are angry because they have not yet received any of your special brand of loving. Just work some of that mojo on them and all will be golden.

Phos

Dear Chuck Vest,

I think we both know what is at the heart of your problems. Your only hope is to invoke the Y2K bug, and only start eliminating freshmen choice once 1901 rolls around again. And carry a tube of lubricant with you at all times, just in case.

Phos

Dear Phos,

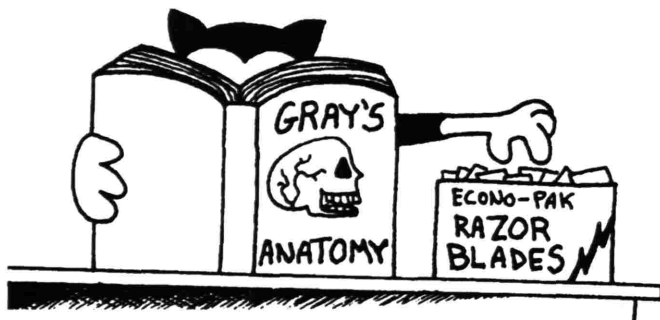
I am starting to think that I have a serious problem with my B&D fetish. For a while now I have enjoyed being handcuffed to a pole and beaten by large men in octagonal hats while I scream "Read me my rights! Yeah!" But no matter how much I'm punished, I still feel like I've been a naughty, naughty girl and deserve more. Do I need some other sort of corrective action?

Bad In Blue

Dear Anne Glavin,

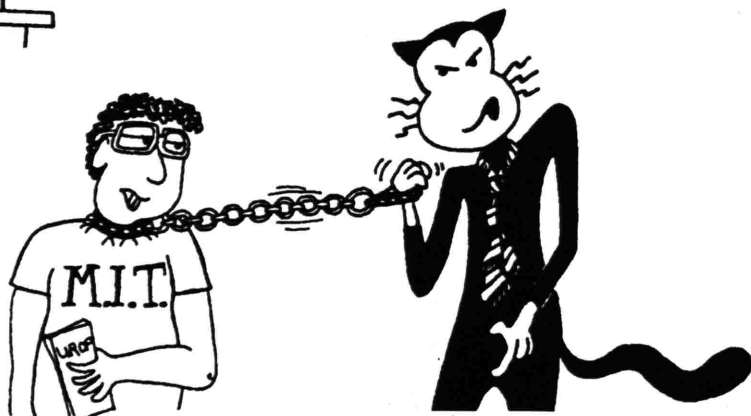
Sounds like you've been a bad girl indeed. Methinks someone's been slipping rohypnol into your donuts again.

Phos



Dear Phos,

I am at my wits' end. My popularity on campus is at an all-time low. People loved me when I first arrived, but now it seems they just want to get rid of me. Even the Campus Police don't like me anymore. I have been the subject of snide remarks in the Tech, and recently there have been murmurings of a campus movement to publically fist me! What can I do to restore my public image





FRESH SAMANTHA VS. THE JOLLY ROGER

1999 BLAKE BRASHER





NOT ALL FRESHMEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

Do you have that special drive to excel at a competitive college? Would you like a head start to give yourself some lebensraum from the outset? Do you find *Mein Kampf* more uplifting than *Atlas Shrugged*? Have you often thought that the way for society to progress is for it to be taken control of by a strong, supreme führer? It is with committed, patriotic freshmen like you in mind that the Massachusetts Fatherland of Technology administration is proud to announce

THE FRESHMAN NAZI PROGRAM

"Success at MIT doesn't come naturally. It takes a triumph of the will."

Rosalind Williams, Reichsführer of Students and Undergraduate Education

Mission:

The mission of the Freshman Nazi Program, in its first year of existence, is to bring freshmen together in a regimented environment, to promote productivity, the volk, fascism, and of course der Übermensch.

Those freshmen considered worthy will find this program strenuous but rewarding. There is a road to freedom; its milestones are obedience, endeavour, honesty, order, cleanliness, sobriety, truthfulness, sacrifice and love of our Fatherland of Technology. In addition to the clarity of vision, self-control and personal strength with which this program will imbue them, these lucky freshmen will receive many more benefits, such as:

- Attractive brown uniforms
- Immediate commission in the Athena Gestapo
- Participation in a wide range of recreational pogroms
- Effective, dependable support in student politics
- The opportunity to form early bonds with higher ranking oberclassmen
- Experience in organizing major ground invasions

How to apply:

Simply fill out the following application form and send it, together with a photograph, fingerprints and hair sample to:

Freshman Nazi Program
70 Amherst Street
Cambridge MA 02142

We hope to welcome you into our ranks. Heil Vest!

FRESHMAN NAZI PROGRAM APPLICATION

Name: _____

E-mail address: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Describe yourself in three words.

Briefly describe your National Socialist experience.

If you could wake up having enslaved any race, which would it be and why?

If you could script the plot for the Krystallrush, what would it be?

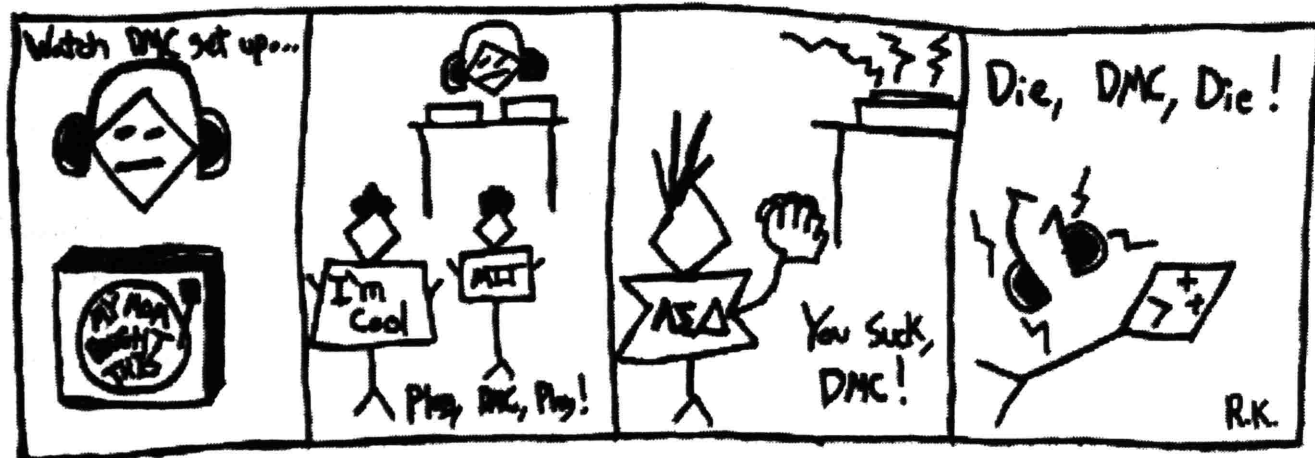
From the following, please rank the top 2 disciplines you would like to focus on while at FNP:
Strategic conquest, propaganda, electoral manipulation, eugenics, weapons research, patriotic music

*"A violently active, intrepid, brutal youth - that is what I am after ... I will have no intellectual training.
Knowledge is ruin for my young men."*

Adolf Hitler

Things Not To Do As A TA

1. Staple a drop form to a student's test.
2. Eat a vat of baked beans approximately an hour and a half before a block of 4 hours of tutorials in a 6'x8' tutorial room.
3. Place a tantalizing bottle of Jack on your desk for an entire tutorial and fail to drink any of it, forcing the frat boys to stay awake from sheer longing.
4. When a student falls asleep, put a paper bag over his head.
5. Bring a big 6-sided die to class. Whenever a student asks a question, roll the die, take a bong hit, and then answer the question.
6. Continually sip from a glass of warm, fresh urine.
7. Force students to sit naked on blocks of ice for duration of tutorial.
8. Sodomy.
9. When a student asks a question, burst out laughing at them.
10. Bring your thesis with you, and look through it for "the answers."
11. If a student corrects a mistake you've made on the board, start to cry and wail, "if you think you're so smart, why don't you be the TA!", drop chalk on the student's desk and storm out of room.
12. Announce a new policy: If one person fails the test, everyone fails the test.
13. Write a list of the five people with the lowest grades on the chalkboard.
14. Bring a keg to tutorial. Drink each time someone asks a stupid question.
15. If the keg goes empty, end the tutorial early.
16. Whenever a freshman asks you a question say, "Why the fuck should you care? You're on Pass/Fail!"
17. Do all of your arithmetic in base 14.
18. Tell your entire 8.01 recitation that Force equals mass squared times acceleration, and that you are possessed by Sir Issac Newton himself, who is trying after all of these years to correct his misinterpreted law of nature. Then say "You're all a bunch of bloody wankers!" in an English accent when they don't believe you.
19. Ask students pointed questions. If they get them wrong, tell them they have dishonored their tutorial and demand that they commit ritual hara-kiri in front of the class. Offer to be their second.



The Checkup

A couple of weeks ago, I had my annual check-up. Big deal. Breathe deeply, Turn-your-head-and-cough, and a score of questions about a sex life that I don't actually have. (Remember this bit of self-deprecating information, as it will be important later.)

I had made an appointment to get my lab work done the week beforehand, so that all the results of my blood/urine tests would be in by the time I met with my doctor. Hurrah for practicality.

All in all, my check-up went fine: my blood pressure and cholesterol levels were low, my heart and lungs sounded good, my blood checked out, my reflexes were great, but...

There was something wrong with my urine.

Specifically, there was protein in my urine — not much, but some. My doctor told me that this was "probably" nothing, but that she would give me a weeks worth of antibiotics anyways. If my piss was still meaty after that, I'd have to make an appointment with a nephrologist.

Dang.

Nine times out of ten, a death from "old age" is actually a death from kidney failure. Shit. So I was thinking to myself, what the hell's wrong with my kidneys? I hadn't been experiencing any pain while urinating, my kidneys weren't sore, I hadn't been taken any Ibuprofen - what the hell was wrong?

Then it hit me:

I had masturbated the morning of the lab tests.

Sure enough, I had jerked off within forty-five minutes of when that test tube was filled with my pee. I had done it in the shower that morning. I was at a loss — my mind was racing. Semen would be high in protein, wouldn't it? What if that urine sample had been adulterated? Could this be the reason that they think my kidneys are screwy?

At this point, of course, I was too embarrassed to ask my doctor, so I decided to go ahead with the weeks worth of medication. What damage could a low dosage of antibiotics do to me?

Plenty.

The antibiotic I was given was sulfa-based. I had never taken

a sulfa-based antibiotic before. I will never take a sulfa-based antibiotic again. As it turns out, I am allergic to sulfa.

Double Dang.

It started with a headache...

Then insomnia...

By the last dose I had begun to develop an *extremely* uncomfortable rash on my back, and this rash eventually spread to my entire torso, upper arms, and partly down into my groin. It is impossible to communicate how much this sucked. I couldn't sleep. I could barely even sit still for more than a few minutes.

I was being punished from on high for playing with myself.

I called my doctor, and I was told that I should indulge in as much Benadryl as was humanly possible. I did. I bought a box of pills and two different types of lotion. Everything was going to be okay.

No. No, it wasn't.

You see, normally Benadryl makes one drowsy, as with most anti-histamines.

"Normally."

Despite not having slept for more than one hour in the last forty eight, I could not fall asleep that night... or the next... or the one after that. I was a zombie. The regular application of anti-histamine lotion had turned my skin into a gelatinous goo, and it still itched like hell. My joints ached. I couldn't focus on anything for more than a few minutes. When I finally *did* sleep, I slept through most of the Fourth of July.

All this because I had woken up with an erection! I didn't even *want* to masturbate - it was an act of necessity! I had barely even enjoyed it!

Once fully recovered, I underwent another urine test. I felt confident that I could predict the results.

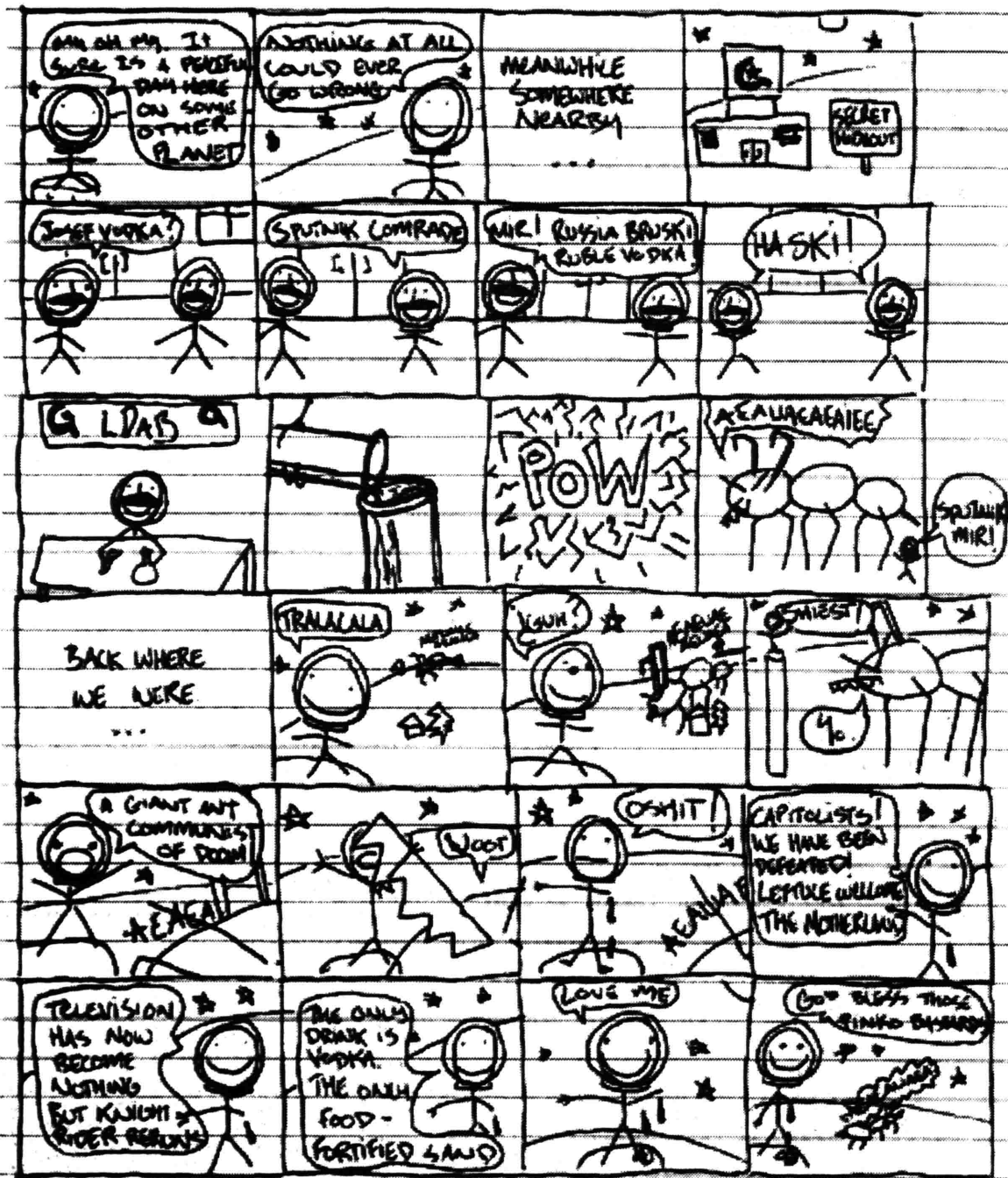
As it turns out, there was still protein in my urine.

Balls.

That night I jacked off with relish.

Astronaut Adventures

EPISODE 5:
THE M-PURE
STRYKERZ BAG



Are you worth more than \$10 million? Do you like alcohol?
Do you like getting drunk? Do you say stupid things when
you're drunk, like "I want to spend my life savings on a
new building for the computer science department?"

Are you susceptible to begging?

We cordially invite you to

D.T.Y.D.

Drink 'Til You Donate!

Get trashed with me, Becky, the alumni association, and our
lawyers. Sure to be a night full of wild fun and philanthropy!

B.Y.O. \$\$\$\$

MIT MBLA



contact:

finboard@mit.edu

dissatisfied with life?

at the end of your rope?

***would be at the end of your rope,
only someone stole the rope?***

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heard in lobby 10, spring '98***
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Spiritual teacher **Andrew Cohen**

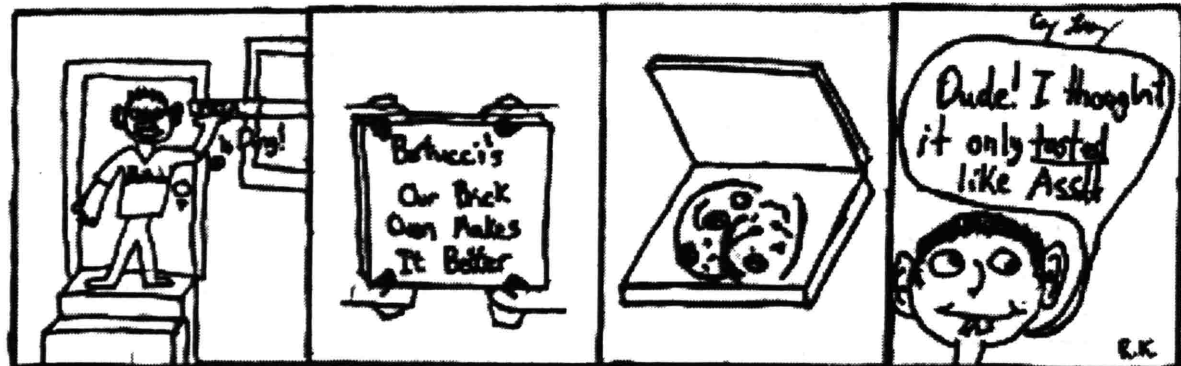
is crushing your head, crushing your head.

"I'm crushing your head, crush, crush, crushing your head.

You don't know it, but I'm crushing your head. Ha ha! You! I'm crushing your head! Ha! Crush!

Crush! I'm Crushing your head!"

Andrew Cohen has been crushing your head since 1986. He has been crushing your head, crushing your head. Crush. Your head is crushed.



Ask Fifth East

Hey 5E, where can I find people who want to go hacking?

5E: So, do you use Linux or NetBSD?

I'd like to find some people to hang out with that aren't conservative and nerdy like my New House friends. Where should I go?

5E: 'Cause, like, NetBSD is way better you know.

What exactly is a twinkie?

5E: Oh wait. You're one of those Course 4 commie-pinko long-haired Mac users aren't you! I bet you're gay too!

This girl I really like overheard me telling someone how much I want to fuck her like an animal. What should I do?

5E: There are zephyr classes for people like you.

My girlfriend left me for a Wellesley chick. What should I do?

5E: You don't use Windoze, do you? I'd hate to have to hit you with my PVC-and-duct-tape boffer sword.

It burns when I pee. What is wrong with me?

5E: How often do you run "purge"? You have to do that, you know, or shit will build up and cause problems. You

can even put that in your .login so that it will run automatically.

My boyfriend and I want to have sex, but he doesn't want to use a condom. What should I say to him to change his mind?

5E: You better use ssh or the Athena police will send you nasty email.

I'm having trouble getting along with my roommate. She's always playing loud music when I'm trying to study. She is perpetually having sex, too. I've walked in on her about 35 times this term. What should I do to make our living arrangement more bearable?

5E: So, like, notably you are going to need to install more memory if you want to run the latest version of AfterStep, or your machine will totally not deal.

I think I'm having social development issues. I seem to have a hard time meeting people at places other than tunnels and rooftops. I spend 20 hours a day logged in, and my skin itches when I wear any color other than black. Is there something wrong with me?

5E: Want to come out to Walden Pond with me?

SAMMY & JOHN

by BLAKE BRASHER



Choose nerds. Choose SIPB. Choose bad LSC movies, shitty Networks food, and smelly Athena clusters. Choose Counterpoint. Choose The Tech. Choose twinkies. Choose anal nerds. Choose nerdy debates about whose operating system is better. Choose Zsex. Choose the Assassins Guild. Choose pocket protectors. Choose networked laundry machines. Choose the Extropians. Choose mind-numbing, spirit-crushing problem sets. Choose The Integration Bee. Choose really anal nerds. Choose Moxy fucking Fruvous. Choose cuddle orgies. Choose barefoot twinkies running around with their fucking radios. Choose MagLites. Choose Linux-Athena. Choose crusty alums. Choose the MIT cheer. Choose incredibly anal nerds. Choose PalmPilots. Choose numbered majors. Choose THA. Choose long hair. Don't choose showers. Choose thinking you're tough because you carry a pocket knife. Choose constantly whining about how hosed you are. Choose Domecoming. Choose dry parties. Choose harassment suits. Choose a bunch of smartasses at Voo Doo who keep recycling the same three fucking jokes that were never funny to begin with.

Geekspottting

Choose your future.

Choose MIT.

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS:



NOW!!
RIBBED FOR
HER PLEASURE!!

Cory Long



Did you explain something today?

Maybe you'd like teaching. Athena is now hiring students as minicourse instructors.

\$\$\$\$ Learn to Teach, \$\$\$\$
\$\$\$ and Earn A Few Bucks, too. \$\$\$

"In the next decade, 74.9% of all technical jobs will require teaching skills"

Interested? Write to <training@mit.edu>

(See the inside front cover of this issue for less information, but in a larger format.)

1. 1998 Year-End Report: U.S. Dept. of Bogus Statistics

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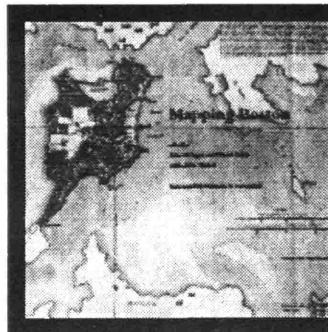
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Here's what our staff had to say about a few of their favorites:



Mapping Boston

Alex Krieger & David Cobb

"An excellent gift for anyone interested in Boston history, or maps and geography in general."

\$50.00 hardcover
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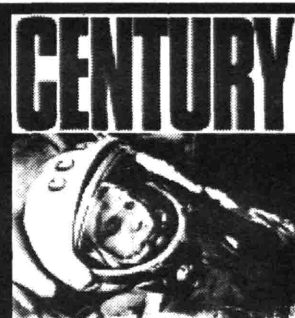


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Troy Hurtubise & Peter Lynch

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Century

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