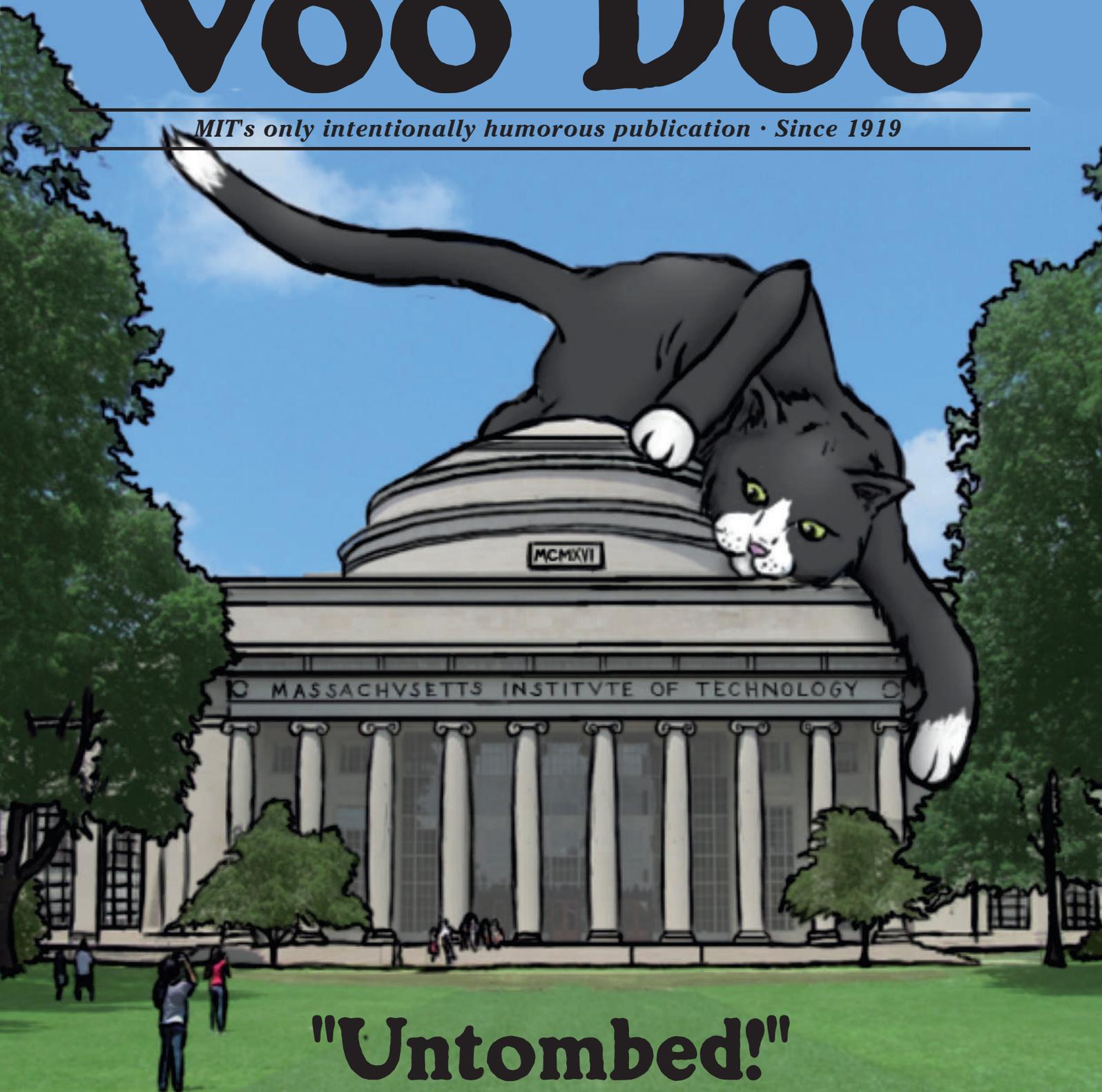
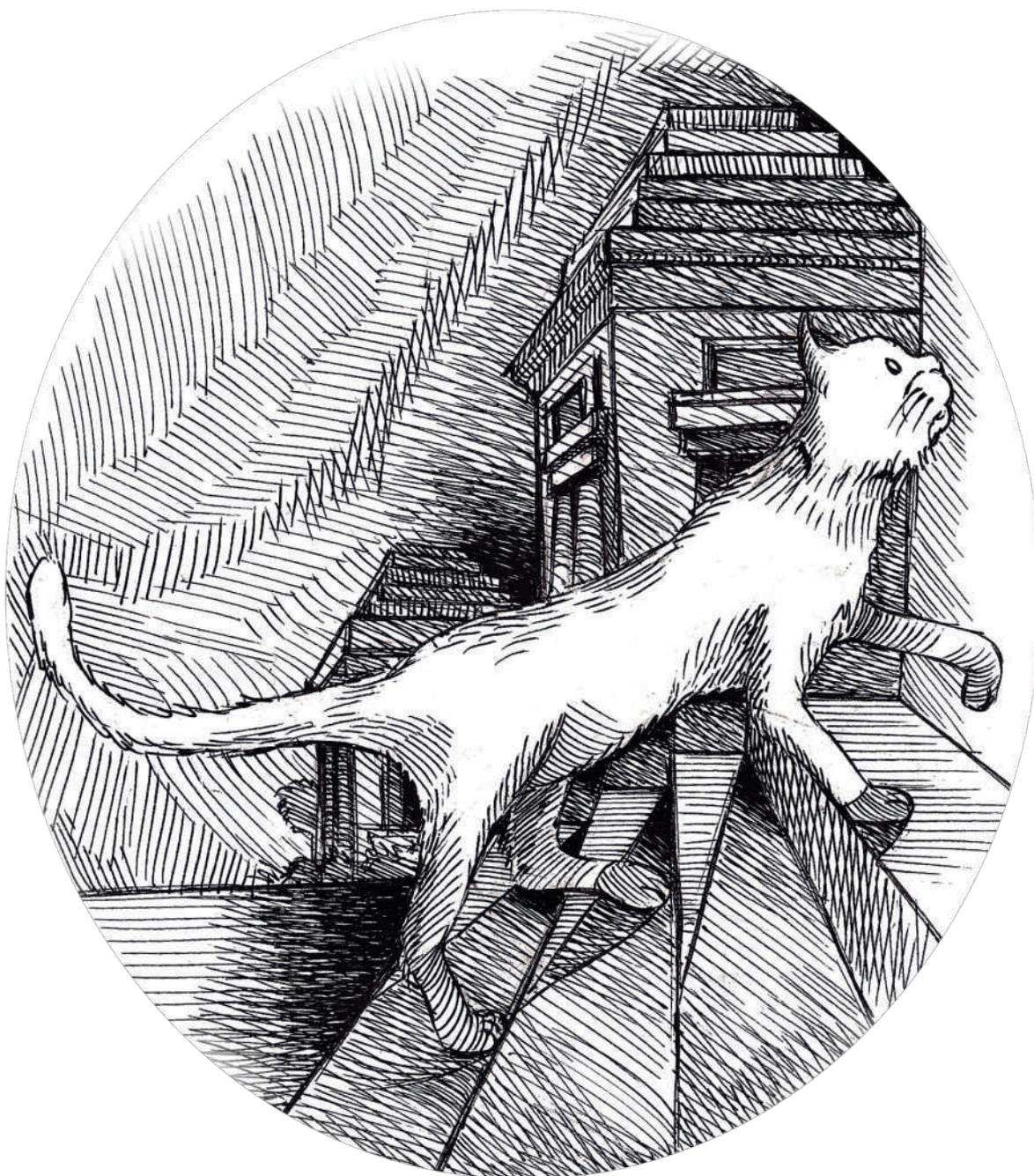


Voo Doo

MIT's only intentionally humorous publication · Since 1919



"Untombed!"



March 20th, 1919
(about 2:55)

Doo Voo Un- tombbed !



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Volume 100, Issue 2

Voo Doo Magazine
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77 Massachusetts Ave
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Voo Doo, MIT Humor Magazine (ISSN 1066-2499), is published by Phosphorus Publishing twice a year assuming apathy does not consume us all. All material ©2014 Voo Doo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, two issue mail subscription \$3. Submissions accepted from any past or present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes and deadlines.

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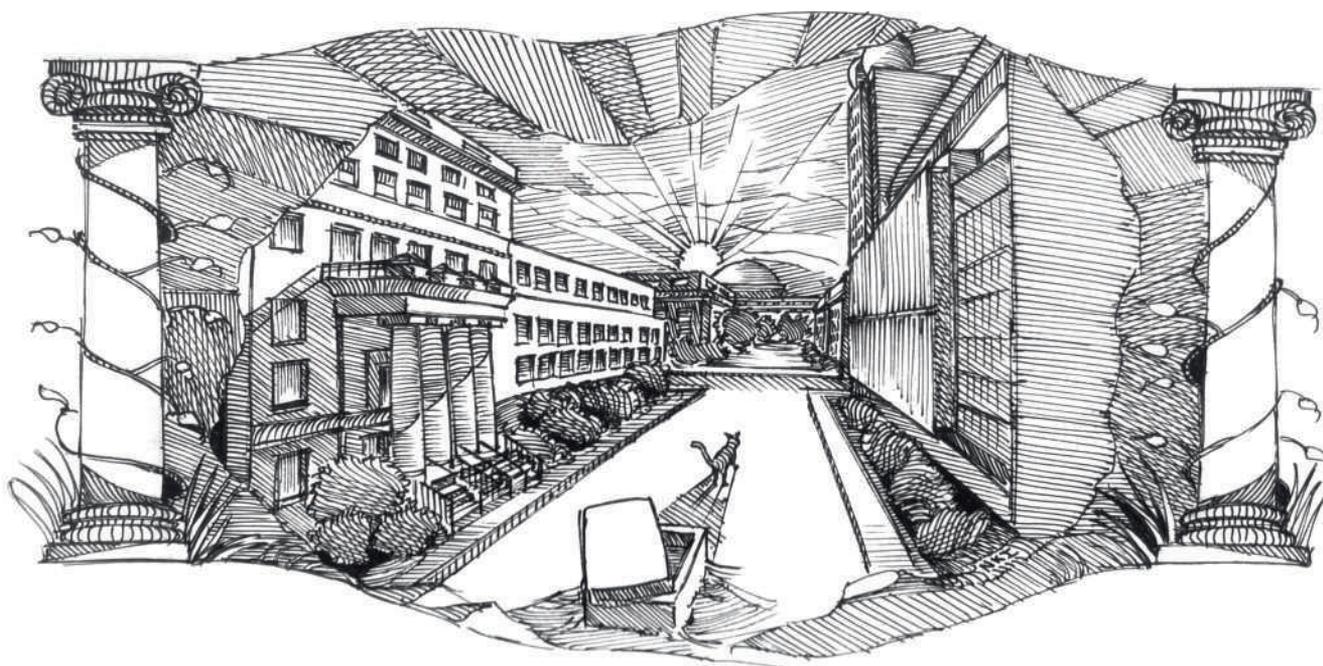
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Letter from the Editor

Dear readers of *Voo Doo*,

I want to welcome all of you to the second issue of volume 100 of *Voo Doo*! In the 95 years since *Voo Doo*'s founding, we've had incredible highs and even some lows. As your new Editor-in-Chief, I write to you on a high note. Our last Editor-in-Chief went out with a bang, and has moved on to greener pastures—and I mean that literally. Like, I think there are lots of farms where she is. But in any case, I take the helm with both a lot to live up to and a great deal of excitement at what lies in store for our magazine. There are lots of new faces around our venerable old office these days, and that makes me happy. If you like what you read in here, and even (or especially) if you think you can do better, then get involved! We hold weekly office hours that are open to, and accept submissions from, the entire community. We're always eager for the best you've got.

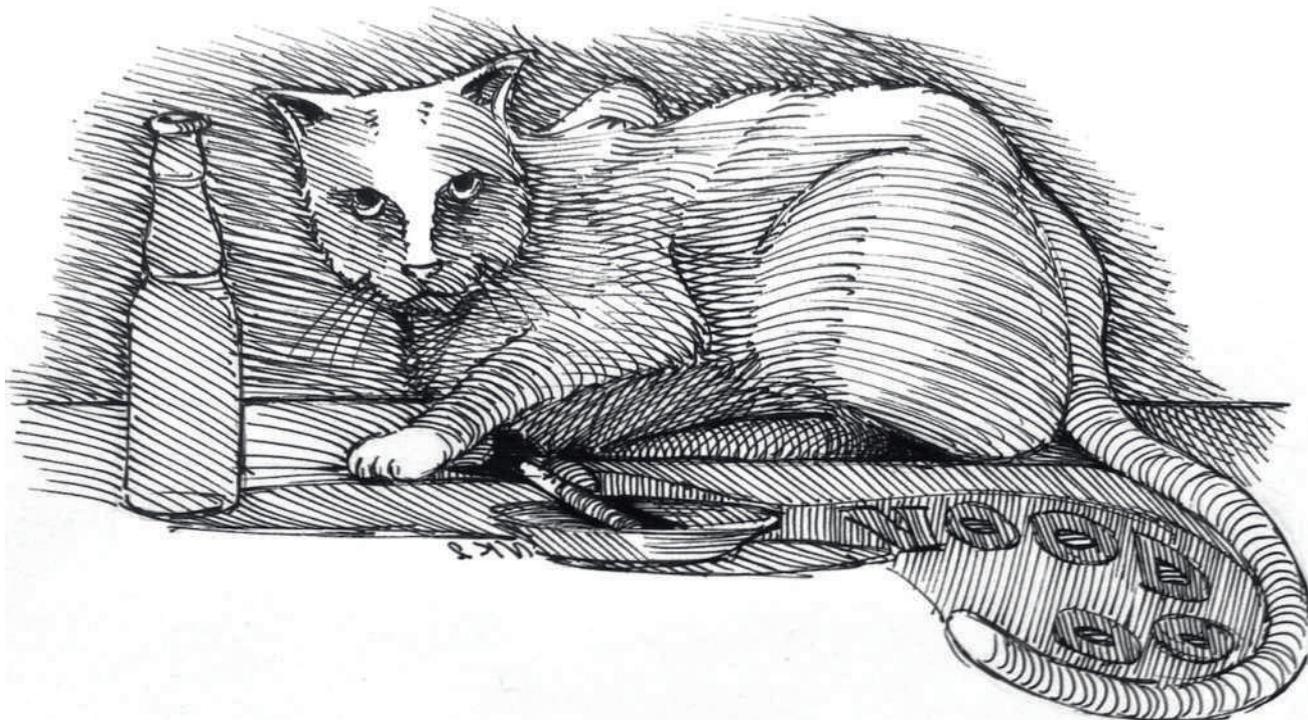
Now when I say I want to welcome all of you, I do mean all of you: longtime readers and new; students who live east of Massachusetts Avenue and those who live west of it; MIT community members, and even those from outside of it who have taken the time to read what we have to offer. *Voo Doo* is an important part of MIT's fabric, its his-

tory, and its community. As a unique creative outlet, we're occasionally a flash point for exceptional clarity and incisive thought—only occasionally, though: we're mainly about dick jokes. If you're interested in learning more about *Voo Doo* and its history, I recommend reading the brief history outlined in our previous issue, and also looking through our archives online (web.mit.edu/voodoo/www/archive). They're incredibly beautiful and a wonderful look into the Institute of years past. What distinguishes *Voo Doo* first and foremost, however, is that we are MIT's only intentionally humorous publication. And I hope that regardless of whoever you are and whatever corner of the campus or globe you might be huddled up in while you read this, that you enjoy what's on the following pages.



Niraj

PS. Just because I'm acting all warm and fuzzy doesn't mean I still don't hate you all.



Mr. Frezza as a Model of the Value of Our Education

Earlier this term, much of the Internet was treated to a rather delightful article by a certain Bill Frezza, who, as it turns out, is an alumnus of our beloved Institute. The piece, which was titled "Drunk Female Guests are the Greatest Threat to Fraternities," had, much like the recent lifting of the Boston party moratorium, a long and fruitful life of approximately two seconds. In the time it took for Forbes to yank the article down, it generated its fair share of controversy—but enough of that. Let us probe the line of Mr. Frezza's reasoning for nobody's sake but our own. After all, he holds two degrees from the Institute we now attend. By examining his logic, we might shed light on the value of our own education. With Mr. Frezza as an example, we may catch a glimpse of the power of rational thinking as imparted by the elusive and legendary "MIT degree."

Let us start with empiricism. Many things have been tested empirically here at the 'Tute. In Mr. Frezza's case, enlightenment seemed to have, in many cases, walked into fraternity parties on the wobbly legs of female guests-cum-"ticking time bombs." After using their womanly charms to disarm the poor young men working desk, whose MIT minds—the brightest of our generation—were unable to withstand the onslaught of what I can only imagine to be some very convincing googly eyes, these inebriated explosives ticked away happily until suddenly, as Mr. Frezza's use of diction would imply, they ruptured, disgorged, and violently decompressed in a coordinated cacophony of retching.

But for me, the phrase "empirically tested" is associated strongly with the word "skylight." And although that might be strange, it's certainly not as strange as our own case of the Special Skylight Snowflake, whose gentle wafting down the four-story stairwell of a Boston fraternity last year prompted the beginning of the almost year-long ban. But I'm sure there

are details of that story to which I'm not privy. I'm sure that there was some Delilah upon which blame could be dealt, who goaded—nay, forced—our ill-advised male protagonist to bounce up and down on decades-old Plexiglas until it succumbed with a defeated sigh.

And similarly, I have tremendous confidence that other reasons can be found for the suspension last April of another fraternity on our campus for "inappropriate behavior during unsanctioned events over IAP." To put it plainly, I believe that if we dig to the bottom of this—the rotten, unwholesome truth—we will find that it is all due to drunken women. What we have to blame are not the immature antics of prurient frat boys, nor a culture that views sexual relations as power relations of dominance and submission, nor even houses that play upon the fears of homoeroticism in order to haze incoming classes. No, the biggest threats to our fraternities are, indeed, women.

And so it goes. Although it might not constitute a preponderance of evidence, what I have given above are only short chapters in the lengthy annals of incidents that have occurred at fraternities—the majority of which seem superficially to have been caused by males but all of which are likely to have feminine origins. Mr. Frezza, with exemplary deductive reasoning (1. Drunk women cause problems for fraternities. 2. It's easier for women to get drunk. 3. Ergo, drunk women are the bane of fraternities) came to the same conclusion. Having analyzed such compelling arguments, I can only say that I am astounded at their insight, and look forward to the same wisdom that continuing my education here will bring. Bravo, Mr. Frezza—I follow in your footsteps.



Hack, Pun, Tool

Q. Why didn't the joke arrive on time?

A. No one came and got it.

~*~

I didn't think the joke could find its way out of the labyrinth. Needless to say I was a-mazed!

~*~

Did you hear the one about an indiscrete congressman? It was a real feel-a-bust-er.

~*~

On the same note, I went skinny dipping once...but I didn't inhale.

~*~

I know everyone learns multiplication tables, but for me, pluses and minuses are add-equate.

~*~

My favorite litter bug is a-litteration. Nothing like leaving like letters lying all about!

~*~

Did you know Australia is a continent? Yup, they used to think it a mere island, but it's not. It's the epitome of ex-isle.

~*~

I can't trust my fool amongst strangers, so I keep him on a fooleash.

~*~

Q. What is the intersection of grammar and pyromania?

A. A modi-fire.

~*~

If I ever go into public relations, I'll do it for a Greek company: there the PR department is abbreviated pi ro.

Q. What do you call a thriller about a cute baby?

A. *Natal Attraction*

~*~

How do you tell a joke?

By the cut of its jibe?

With a good stop watch?

By the wit of its soul?

In about 23 characters?

Its impractical nature?

With my sense of humor?

I don't know. Ask mom!

~*~

So where'd you learn how to eat with utensils? Me, well I'm a graduate of Fork University. Good ol' Fork U!

**GOT SOMETHING TO
SAY TO PHOS?**



**WRITE TO
PHOS@MIT.EDU!**



Dear Phos...

Dearest Phosocles,

On November 21st, I had the incredible fortune to witness the greatest mind of 2014 preach love and understanding in MIT's Stata Center. Lil B's RARE BASED LIVING lecture provided intellectual enlightenment and euphoric ascension from this menial, decrepit existence. When presented with a chance to ask this visionary a question about life, the Universe, and inner strength, I proudly proclaimed "Lil B, please spit into my anus." If you could ask the greatest human that's ever existed since Jesus anything, what would it be?

Butt Sanchez

Dear Butt,

If I met Lil B, I suppose I'd ask Him (or "It"—since Lil B's some kind of preternatural entity, after all, right?) the following: "Two scoops please," "You know I like my kitty litter a little mushy, so do your thing. You know what I'm talking about," and "Why the Battle of the Ardennes?" And I know, in my heart of hearts, what His answer would be: "BECAUSE WE ARE ALL FROM AFRICA." And then perhaps He might do some spins on His head, draw a Satan star in the air with His finger, and proclaim the sub-supremacy of The BasedGod. And who am I to argue? "BasedGod" sounds like "SpaceGod" which reminds me of "Space Jam." And you know what? That movie was amazing. Quod erat demonstrandum. Quod. Erat. Demonstrandum.

By the way, speaking of Africa, did you know they worshipped cats in Ancient Egypt? They called them "mau"s. Maus! Can you believe that? Anyway, I forgot what we were talking about, but I'm sure it was all very interesting.

Oracularly yours and in Mau,

phos
Phos

Dear Phos,

Have you ever noticed that Isis has two I's? Two I's, II, 11, Course 11, Urban Planning. Coincidence? Or aliens...?

Giorgio R. Mani

Dear Mr. Mani or Non-Gender-Binary-Conforming Individual,

To be sure, "urban planning" and Course 11 have always aroused my suspicions, and the terroristic proclivities of DÜSP are something I've been thinking a lot about lately, Giorgio. I mean, have you noticed that "II" also looks alarmingly like the Twin Towers? I know, right? I just peed a little thinking about it.

I have a question for you, Mr. Mani. Have you ever made love to a woman (or man, if it so suits you)? Truly made love? I met an amazing woman named Dominique last night. And as we made love to the sounds of Cole Porter, I asked myself: "Is pie more beautiful by day or by night?" That's true love right there. And don't you ever forget it.

But my point is, the long hair, unkempt beard, and incoherent ramblings of the hipster (Hipstericus pretentiosis somervillensis) are indistinguishable from that of the terrorist. That thought is truly frightening to me, my friend, and it should be to you. Be vigilant, Mr. Mani. Be vigilant.

Never forgetting,

phos
Phos

hei phos,

hei sontine u jus have to let the gible let u in thei huear
ok <3

SONTINE

bort sanchis

dare bort,

i kno sontine the gible trye douin evartin an i tank becose of al thei ebol i get rarbel an i ju hope u wal be barve an kep al the boye an garl in sudane an dominicane an be helthe jus far mei.

pls dont smoking

forz
forz <3

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE MIT ALERT TEXT-MESSAGE SYSTEM

>HEY GUYS THERE'S AN EMERGENCY
 Oh no! What's going on?
 >HUH?
 The emergency, what's the emergency?
 >HAHA WHAT EMERGENCY?
 You _just said_ there was an emergency.
 >LOL NO I DIDN'T
 I swear to god you did.
 >OK FINE THERE'S AN EMERGENCY
 ...What kind of emergency?
 >I DUNNO. A CHEMICAL SPILL?
 What do I do?
 >STAY AWAY FROM IT DUH
 Where is it?
 >IDK LOL
 Seriously, can you tell me where it is? Please?
 >OK FINE.
 Well?
 >HUH?
 Where is it?
 >UH BUILDING 18 I THINK.
 DON'T GO THERE
 Will you tell me when it's safe again?
 >NO
 What?
 >HAHA
 Seriously, is it safe?
 Hello?
 Hello?
 God dammit, MIT Alert, you suck.

So, what spilled?
 >I DUNNO SOMETHING BAD
 What was it? Is the building shut down?
 >MAYBE LOL
 Can you ask somebody what it was?
 >WHY?
 I think that this is relevant information.

>UH STARTS WITH AN H I THINK
 The chemical?
 >YEAH, H-SOMETHING
 Hydrazine? Hydrochloric acid?
 >NO NONE OF THOSE
 >UH
 >HEXANE
 >YEAH, IT WAS HEXANE
 Is that dangerous?
 >HAHA NOT REALLY
 God dammit, MIT Alert.

>HEY GUYS.
 What now?
 >I HAVE A QUESTION.
 Okay?
 >WHAT'S IT CALLED WHEN THERE'S A LOT OF SMOKE
 >AND IT'S REALLY HOT
 >AND THERE'S LIKE ORANGEY-YELLOW STUFF
 >ALL OVER THE PLACE?
 Um, a fire?
 >OKAY THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT
 Why do you ask?
 >NO REASON

>OH MAN LISTEN
 I'm in the middle of a p-set, MIT Alert.
 >NO FOR REAL THIS TIME
 >THERE'S A GUY
 A guy?
 >YEAH WITH A GUN I THINK
 Oh my God! There's a shooter?
 >WELL
 >MAYBE. HE'S AT VERDES
 Somebody's robbing Verdes?
 >NAH HE'S GETTING A BAGEL
 What?!
 >IDK MAN HE'S DRESSED ALL WEIRD AND STUFF
 >BLUE UNIFORM
 >AND A HAT
 >HE'S GOT A RADIO
 >HAHA HE'S GOT HANDCUFFS

THAT'S KINKY
 Does he have a patch on his shoulder that says "Police"?
 >HAHA YEAH. WHAT'S WITH THAT?
 MIT Alert, that's just a cop getting lunch.
 >A WHAT?
 ...A police officer.
 >HEY MAN I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH

>HEY GUYS
 Ugh. What?
 >THEY'RE SELLING CUPCAKES IN LOBBY 10
 Huh?
 >CUPCAKES. THEY'RE DELISH
 You don't have a mouth, MIT Alert.
 >WELL
 >THEY LOOK GOOD
 Cupcakes aren't an emergency.
 >OH RIGHT STATA'S ON FIRE
 What?!
 >YEAH LIKE ALL OF IT LOL

The ground begins to shake
 Oh no! Earthquake!
 >HI
 Not now, MIT Alert.
 >NO REALLY THERE'S A THING
 I know! There's an earthquake.
 >HUH?
 Earthquake!
 >OH WOW THAT SUCKS LOL
 You seriously didn't notice?
 >IDK MAN. LISTEN, THOUGH
 I don't have time for this, MIT Alert! The building is literally collapsing!
 >NO SERIOUSLY MAN LISTEN
 What?!
 >THERE WAS A CHEMICAL SPILL
 Oh my God, shut up.
 >IT'S IN BUILDING 18
 >I ASKED THIS TIME
 I hate you.

Improving the MIT Alert System

The MIT administration and Campus Police have combined their efforts to improve the campus-wide emergency alert system. Criticized for being far too vague, the mass email that was sent out in response to the chemical spill in Building 18 earlier this term seemed only to increase fear and confusion across campus.

One student explained, "Without specifying the danger or its location, many people feared the worst." Other members of the MIT community agree that a better emergency alert system is needed to prevent the notification from causing more panic than the emergency itself. "Such confusion cannot be tolerated," asserted a source on the task force that has been assigned to improve the alert system. This task force, consisting of several members of the MIT administration, has been working tirelessly since the first influx of complaints following the email.

The current idea to rectify the situation is simple: instead of allowing each person to fabricate their own horrifying meaning to the alert email, the administration will select the scariest possible scenario so that everyone can be afraid of the same thing. When asked why the target of the policy was to eliminate confusion rather than the resulting fear, our source proceeded to strip naked, defecate on his desk, and squawk in a yet-

unidentified language. As it stands, the emergency email that will be sent out reads: "Terrorists infected with ebola are attacking campus. They are everywhere." Further studies are being scheduled to determine whether there is another subject that is more universally terrifying, but control group reactions have confirmed that this initial selection is highly effective.

Under direct orders from the administration, the confused but obedient MIT Police Department has agreed to augment the expected terror by firing weapons into the air and detonating explosives around campus. "We hope that a cacophony only heard in an active war zone will act as both an alarm that will alert students of the emergency," said our source, wallowing in his own shit, "as well as paralyze them with fear." He went on to explain how the sounds of combat would increase the plausibility of a widespread terrorist attack. Our brave reporter attempted to ask about the expected property damage from these theatrics, but was forced to leave the office to avoid drowning in the total shit show. From this information, we can only hope that nothing, anywhere, ever goes wrong on campus.



Baloneytime



Voo Doo Focus Feature: Sexual Assault and Gender Attitudes on Campus

Editor's note: This past term, MIT tackled the difficult issue of sexual assault on college campuses in part by conducting a student survey to help better understand the student body's views on the subject. Below, you will find a letter from the MIT Department of Student Life sent to students in order to prevent, in their view, sexual assault.



RESIDENTIAL HATE & DYING

Dear MIT students,

As you may know, an increasing source of liability for universities at present is campus sexual assault. Naturally, we are putting our usual best efforts into reducing our exposure to the problem of negative public relations consequences of this behavior, and have hired numerous additional staff members and Title IX officials that we can point to when necessary, but this has not reduced our risk to zero. In an effort to quantify our exposure to this liability, our

legal team recently recommended that we commission a survey of the MIT campus in order to better characterize the nature of sexual transgressions at MIT. The results of this survey are in, and this has allowed your friendly Institute Monitoring Residential Life Youth Sexual Activity Directors (IM-RLYSADs) to come up with a handy guide for avoiding sexual assault and all the problems it causes for your university administration. Remember, until we implement the crotch security enhancements coming in 2015 (Allied Barton-staffed chastity belts connected to the MIT Card), the responsibility not to get raped is yours!

See opposite page for the sexual assault prevention guide sent out by the DSL

A More Optimistic Anti-Sexual Assault Campaign

Frustrated that many anti-sexual assault campaigns seem to cast fraternities in a bad light, MIT fraternities have begun their own campaign to throw some perspective on the situation. The "At Least We're Not as Bad as UVA" campaign, currently being supported by every MIT fraternity as well as the FSILG office, aims to recognize the fact that while sexual assault remains a major social issue on campus, things could be a lot worse. Citing a recent *Rolling Stone* article detailing the horrific rush traditions of a University of Virginia fraternity, the MIT Greek community is looking for a little credit for managing to abstain from such atrocities. The MIT sexual assault prevention committee had only this to comment: "We are proud that our fraternities are able to maintain

the smallest amount of humanity. We ask the following: if gang rape is a part of a fraternity's rush, please don't let the media find out. That would make us look really bad."



Voo Doo Focus Feature: Sexual Assault and Gender Attitudes on Campus

Doubleplus Unrape Guide

1. Try as hard as you can not to be female.

Our survey results show clearly that a statistically significant indication of risk of sexual assault is being female. Do your best not to be female until we have the funding to enhance the MIT Medical student plan's transgender support options with a mandatory FTM reassignment process, currently scheduled for the incoming class of 2025.

2. Do not show more than a square foot of skin.

According to one theory we read on the Internet, rapists are like mosquitos and are attracted to exposed flesh. If you live in a dormitory, your RLAD has been equipped with a skin area measuring tool and will be contacting you to schedule your compulsory examination.

3. Do not attempt to look attractive.

None of the respondents to our survey indicated that they were wearing monks' robes, nuns' habits, clean room bunny suits, or sumo wrestler costumes, so to protect themselves students should endeavor to wear the most unattractive clothing possible. In addition, MIT Dining meal plans have been designed with unsightly weight gain in mind, so students should take advantage of these mandatory all-you-can-eat plans.

4. Avoid situations with alcohol.

Alcoholic drinks were developed in order to make unattractive people seem sexually appealing. For example, our research results indicate that Dean Colombo is married and alcohol is believed to have played a role. You will be safer if alcohol is avoided, but if you must drink, MIT's alcohol policies are clearly written to encourage only drinking in your room alone.

5. Avoid situations with other people.

None of our survey respondents indicated that they had sexually assaulted themselves. Associating with other people is a statistically significant predictor of sexual assault, so regardless of your living group, try and stay in your room even if you are not drinking.

6. Do not interact with strangers.

Strangers equal dangers! Be especially careful not to let people you do not know and did not choose to live with into your homes, as you never know what such people are capable of. The only exceptions to this rule are RLADs and Allied Barton workers. It is mandatory to accept these individuals into your homes and allow them to decide what is best for you.

7. Do not interact with people you know.

Survey results indicate that most sexual assaults are committed by individuals who are known to the victim, so be careful not to interact with other students who you may think you know. DSL is working to eliminate this liability source with the IndividuDorm program, which will house each student separately along with between 70 and 400 RLADs each depending on building capacity, once sufficient funding becomes available.

8. Do not know people.

Of course, the safest way to avoid sexual situations is not to know people at all. The Department of Student Life is recommending that all classes move to an anonymous online model to prevent dangerous acquaintances from forming. Residential programming enhancements will consist of a transition to one-on-one "RLAD parties" to provide a safe social outlet for students.

9. Do not go outside after dark.

Students are not able to study in the dark, so there is no point to going outside in darkness, or even being awake during those hazardous nighttime hours. If you have trouble sleeping through the entire hours of darkness due to your MIT Medical-sourced Adderall prescription, see MIT Medical for a sedative prescription (this will be unnecessary once planned enhancements to MIT Dining will see these added to your evening meal automatically).

10. Be unhappy.

Most respondents to our survey were not happy, so the mission of the Department of Student Life is to help you to be unhappy without the complications and institutional liability of sexual assault. Cut out the middleman and just commit to an unhappy life right away! Remember, a safe student is an unhappy student, and nobody knows how to keep you safe like we and our overpaid consultants do!



"Basically
whatever we could
fit on this page"

Doo Doo News in Brief

Vol. C NO. 2

Cambridge, Massachusetts

\$2.00

House Passes Bill Banning Scientists from Advising Government Agencies

-Washington, D.C.

The Republican-led House of Representatives has passed a bill by a 239-181 margin banning scientists from advising a broad range of US Government regulatory agencies. If it becomes law, H.R. 1861 will prevent or severely restrict university-affiliated scientists from serving on advisory boards for US government agencies such as the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), and the National Science Foundation (NSF). The bill, which was sponsored by congressmen Jimson Hisbar (R-UT) and Jisbitt Horfine (R-KY), will also require advisory panels to comprise a mandated number of industry specialists and non-academic "subject matter experts."

According to Jean-Luc DeSnarge, an analyst at the conservative Cato Consortium think-tank, the purpose of the bill is to make government advisory panels more "fair and balanced," and free from the "rabid liberal agenda that's put the US Government and science as a whole in a chokehold over the last several decades."

"Basically, what we want to ensure is that the top minds are advising the government, and that they're doing so without any type of political bias—which we know is rampant in liberal academia," says DeSnarge.

"This means that we want objective minds lending us their expert advice on shaping public policy. Whether they be big-oil-supported researchers, industry-paid experts, lobbyists, skeezers, scallywags, skanks, skazzers, hoes, player haters, rapists, clowns, priests, or mimes, the key is that we engage a broad range of people that are thankfully free of the Naderite, liberal academic agenda that's been poisoning agencies like the EPA over the last few decades."

When asked to give examples of the types of advisors and "subject matter experts" H.R. 1861 would mandate, Harbonius Pinkenstein, Congressional aide to Rep. Hisbar, said, "For example, we could have researchers from Exxon advise on safe, environmentally-friendly drilling practices. These guys know a lot more than some guy cooped up in an office somewhere. As for subject matter experts, imagine the perspective a circus clown could provide on, say, a nuclear energy panel. It's outsiders like these that need to have a greater say."

Naturally, Democrats and other left-of-center groups as well as universities nationwide are up in arms over the legislation, and Democratic congressional leaders vow to fight the bill as it makes its way to the Senate.

"I'm really frightened at these recent anti-science trends in politics," says MIT professor of atmospheric science Maurice Lesterberg. "Silencing academics is a very slippery slope and one that makes no conceptual sense. We aren't really here to scare people. We want to help build a better future for us all." Lesterberg then frowned dramatically while a single tear symbolically streaked down his salt-and-pepper beard and onto his designer sport coat.

Democratic lawmakers, however, were more to the point. "This is patently ludicrous legislation aimed at silencing academics and politicizing science," says Senator Quincy Disbun (D-MA). "They're saying someone like my mother-in-law could be a panelist. Why would I listen to my mother-in-law when it comes to making space or climate policy decisions? Baking chocolate chip cookies, yes. My mother-in-law makes fucking amazing chocolate chip cookies. But she doesn't know squat about climate change."

Jewish Mathematicians Speak Out Against Antisymmetry

-Ithaca, New York

The Association of Jewish American Mathematicians released a press statement Friday admonishing the mathematical community at large for the use of antisymmetric functions and operators, and denouncing antisymmetry in general.

According to Association Vice President and Cornell mathematics professor Dr. Israel Ben David, "The notion of antisymmetry is one that is deeply ingrained in our mathematical minds, and it's one that needs to be done away with. Need I tell you what terrors the Levi-Civita symbol is capable of? Or of the numbers of nameless men, women, and children that lost their lives on account of the evil found in an antisymmetric tensor?"

Added Ben David: "Even anticommutative operators make me sick."

Ben David has outlined a program to eliminate all mention of antisymmetry in public high school mathematics texts, and will file a petition to the Association of American Public Universities asking that texts containing topics relating to antisymmetry be available only to students requesting the specific title for non-mathematics use.

"My goal is to eradicate all traces of antisymmetry in public mathematics curricula," says Ben David. "And I'll burn every goddamn book that mentions it if I have to."

Leaked Emails Indicate Administration Is Behind Drunken Students Falling Out of Windows

Earlier this year, a party ban ensued after a reportedly intoxicated woman fell out a third story window at the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, later leading to the fraternity being disbanded. Since a similar incident occurred several years earlier, MIT Campus Police were allotted \$5000 this past October to conduct a one month, in-depth investigation. Though the investigation was not particularly fruitful, a series of particularly disturbing emails was found in the inbox of MIT President L. Rafael Reif. They tell the following story.

After illegally reading through students' emails, the Administration saw one thing in common: over 90% of all students reported being continually "hosed," a term that apparently is commonly used by students as a synonym for words like "turnt," "crunk," and "rekt." Concerned with whether or not this was normal, the Institute's administrators reached out to Harvard administrators, who sent out a survey to their students. They concluded that most Harvard students did not understand the meaning of the word "hosed." Though they initially assumed the students were too stupid to understand what "hosed" meant, upon further inspection they concluded that Harvard students were simply too responsible to get "hosed" as often as MIT students.

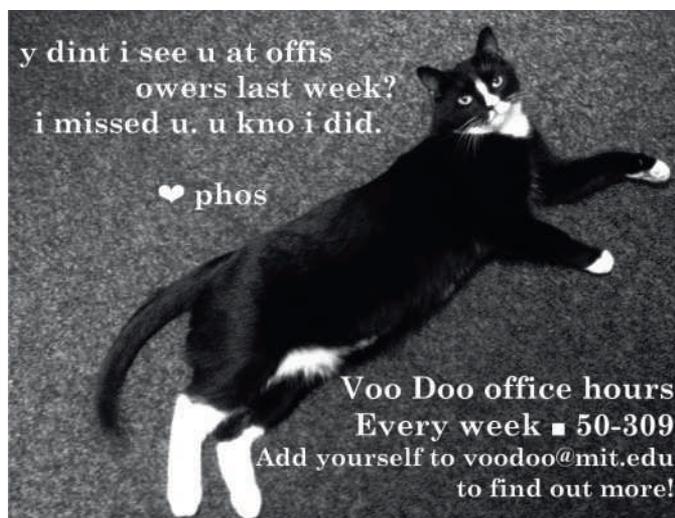
The only reasonable solution seemed to be to enforce a party ban, but conflict arose when many

argued that such action was unfounded and unreasonable. Nevertheless, MIT administrators insisted it was necessary because students were having too much "fun." The first of the email threads discussed creating a cause for the party ban, such as a large fire or a publicized drug overdose or a student falling out of a window. The last of these emerged as the most viable option, potentially resulting in the least damaging lawsuit. "But the students won't throw themselves out of windows!" one frustrated dean proclaimed. It was around this point that it became clear that the only effective course of action was to get students drunk and push them out of the windows: "af we make them drinkin an push thim out of wandows itll look like accident!!!1! lol babiez." reads an email from one high-placed administrator.

As if the concept wasn't bad enough, the plot thickened when administrators went on to procure students from other schools, as indicated by an email with the subject line "We can't use MIT students. People would see right through that (eom)." A video excerpt of auditions was further leaked, but mysteriously disappeared as the investigation unfolded and the depth of the conspiracy became clear. Reportedly, roughly 6 theater arts majors from nearly 7 Boston area schools showed up. The auditions consisted primarily of various drinking games. Furthermore, given the limited career opportunities available for theater arts majors, MIT administrators guaranteed RLAD positions to these actors upon graduation.

As the investigation continues, Campus Police hope to answer other pressing questions such as: *How much were the students paid to get drunk and jump out the windows?, Is this even legal? and Does this have anything to do with ebola?*

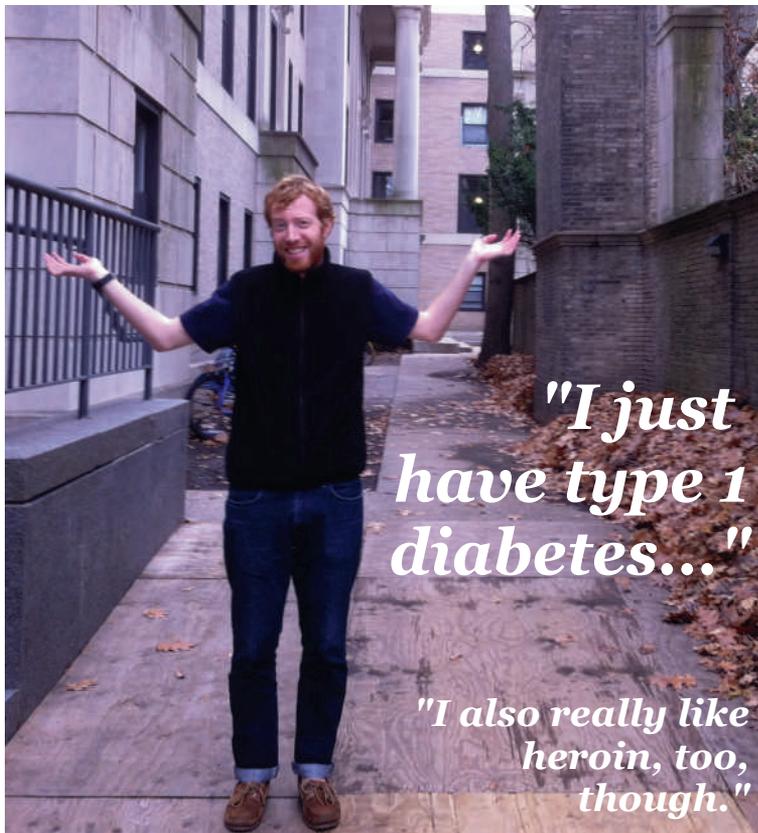
Incidentally, during the month of October, Dunkin' Donuts experienced a 50% increase in pumpkin spice donut sales, leading to an extra \$5000 in sales.



MIT Police Crimelog

Date & Time Reported	Incident Type	Date & Time Occurred	Address	Comments	Disposition
2014-09-05 13:44:20.0	HARASSMENT	2014-09-01 23:05:00.0	W4/McCormick Hall	Female reports that she gave her phone number to a male, who is now texting her.	OPEN
2014-09-14 19:47:55.0	DOMESTIC VIOLENCE	2014-09-14 19:47:00.0	540 Memorial Drive/Westgate	Report of yelling between husband and wife, units respond to discover the couple was exercising. No further issues.	CLOSED
2014-09-28 12:14:21.0	SUSPICIOUS	2014-09-28 12:14:00.0	W4/McCormick Hall	Report of suspicious male in McCormick. He was actually looking for his brother in another dorm.	CLOSED
2014-10-12 01:04:22.0	DISTURBANCE	2014-10-11 23:55:22.0	E64/East Campus	Report of a man yelling and running towards people. Person was found passed out.	CLOSED
2014-10-14				No reports of residential fires.	CLOSED
2014-10-19 09:28:40.0	SUSPICIOUS	2014-10-19 09:28:40.0	Building 54	Penis drawing reported in campus bathroom.	OPEN
2014-10-28 04:48:14.0	SUSPICIOUS	2014-10-28 04:30:00.0	Building 32/Stata Center	Homeless man reported sleeping on bench in Stata Center. Man is determined to be a confused graduate student.	CLOSED
2014-11-05 18:50:13.0	FRAUD	2014-11-05 18:45:00.0	Building 3	Report of false advertising in bathroom stall. Recipient of phone call was not looking for a good time.	CLOSED
2014-11-05 19:00:00.0	DISTURBANCE	2014-11-05 18:45:00.0	E1/Gray House	MIT President reports receiving call asking if he was looking for a good time.	CLOSED
2014-11-18 11:29:00.0	SUSPICIOUS/ DRUG USE	2014-11-18 11:29:00.0	E2/Senior House	Report of person using a needle in back of building. Person was found to be insulin dependent.	CLOSED

Many of these are taken directly from the actual MIT Police Crimelog. Which ones are real? You be the judge!



Submit to Voo Doo
for your own good



I PAW YOU MIT



HOME POST YOUR SIGHTING

1 to 15, of 7375 posts

[Page 1] Next>>

From Phos: On I Paw You

POSTED ON DECEMBER 13, 2014, 3:16 PM, M SPOTTING M (OTHER). 1 COMMENT.

Please remember that things you say and do online can reveal just how sad you are in real life. If you're looking for real missed connections, you're better off trying Craigslist—that's where the real goblins are. And if you're trolling, well troll on.

We do take reasonable steps to anonymize data and preserve user privacy, but **you take full responsibility for anything you post on this site.**

tl;dr? you should probably just grow a pair

Lunch at the Stud

POSTED ON NOVEMBER 17, 2014, 8:19 AM, F SPOTTING M (STUDENT CENTER). 2 COMMENTS.

I saw you seductively licking the hoummus off if your chicken shawarma wrap. We should go to the airport sometime.

Cock-roach

POSTED ON NOVEMBER 15, 2014, 5:14 PM, M SPOTTING M (7TH FLOOR, WOODDALE LOUNGE). 1 COMMENT.

I saw you, lying there with a cockroach running up your polystyrene, Chinese-manufactured, neon pink fishnet hosier... I wish my tongue was that cockroach. I really want a burrito from Beantown (and a Mexican coke). (P.S. not cocaine)

3.09-fun ;)

POSTED ON NOVEMBER 16, 2014, 11:36 PM, M SPOTTING F (3.091 ASSESSMENT ROOM). 0 COMMENTS.

I saw you. I know you only fuck your postdocs. But I'd love to get physical with your solid. Oh baby, I'd ask you foe an xtension ;)

Green Room

POSTED ON NOVEMBER 17, 2014, 5:15 PM, M SPOTTING F (INFINITE, 5TH FLOOR BAKER SHOWER). 1 COMMENT.

I saw you sitting in the green room working on 18.022. I saw you get frustrated and put your green folder into your red backpack. I saw you walking in the infinite alternating between your left foot and right foot as you glided down the hall. I saw you waiting to cross Mass Ave. I saw you walking down dorm row. I saw you walking into Baker. I saw you get in the elevator going to the 5th floor. I saw you on the 5th floor of Baker walking into room 566. I saw you walk into the shower at 7:00...It's so cute how you shower every night at 7pm <3. I saw you walk back to your room. Then I decided to go back to Simmons. YOU ARE SO PRETTY. PLEASE DATE ME.

In my mind

POSTED ON NOVEMBER 14, 2014, 12:12 AM, F SPOTTING M (CLASS/LAB/ACADEMIC). 0 COMMENTS.

I saw you seeing me seeing you as I saw you. But can we really, fully see each other?

Missed Connections

This is a place where your complete inability to assert yourself in a social setting manifests itself as a pathetic "missed connection" with that cute Asian you saw in the Infinite.

Please direct feedback to ipawyou@mit.edu.

Recently Discussed

- Aesthetically-pleasing people (274)
- whil ur slippin(10)
- Chancellor's bathroom (345)
- Kappa Kappa Kappa mixer (20)
- macdunnalds (2)
- Toothless pika girl (30)
- bae plz (1)
- Profs with dicks (455)
- <3 y dont u figure mai hart out (1)
- Lack of confidence (1736)
- More

Voo Doo Exclusive: East Campus Being Completely Overrun by A-Holes

Interview with East Campus House Manager Reveals Excessive Numbers of Accidental Holes ("A-Holes") in Dormitory

In recent months, rumors have circulated around MIT that the East Campus dormitory has been overcome with an infestation of holes. In order to better understand the nature of these holes in East Campus, *Voo Doo* investigative reporters met with East Campus House Manager Joji Guramu to probe this tender area.

"Well, basically, we have a huge number of these holes around East Campus," says Guramu. "The main type of hole is an 'accidental hole,' what we're calling 'a-holes.' And let me tell you something: I've just about had it up to here with all these a-holes in East Campus!"

According to Guramu, a-holes vary in size, but are capable of accommodating anywhere from single fingers up to entire fists. Allegedly, it is also possible to squeeze a head (or more in the cases of smaller residents) through certain a-holes, where one might catch an eyeful of interior plumbing. While penetrating this sensitive subject, *Voo Doo* reporters even caught wind of some students hiding drug paraphernalia in their cavernous a-holes.

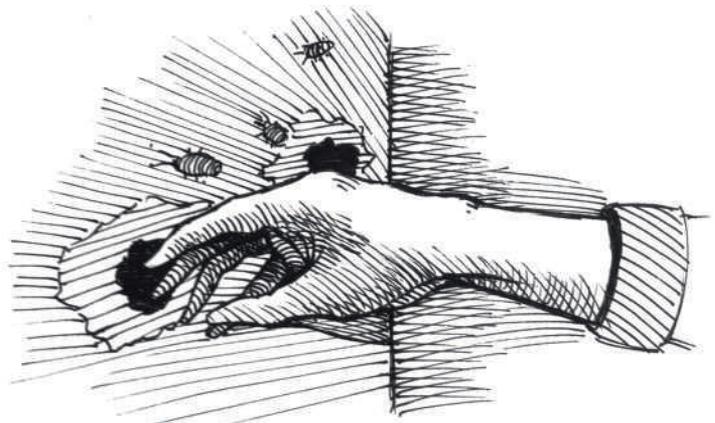
When asked how East Campus and Facilities are working together to fill in all these a-holes, Guramu was to the point.

"Let my guys handle your a-holes. I know there's been a tendency for residents to cover their own a-holes, but know this: I'm coming for that a-hole. I need to fill every

crack with this thick white caulk. If that means tearing you a new one, well, that's just what I'll have to do."

A subcategory of a-holes known as "party holes" (or "p-holes") has also been reported, but is still being investigated. When questioned about this development and the tendency for this class of holes to accumulate adult refreshments and abdominal revisitations, Guramu reports, "Fuck, that's it. I draw the line at mopping up your guys' leaky p-holes."

If impropriety regarding this or other housing matters is noted, East Campus residents are urged to fill out a violations card ("v-card"), and give their v-card to Joji. Having the impression that underclassmen are more likely to be transparent on these matters, Guramu states that he "hope[s] to see a whole stack of freshman v-cards on [his] desk by the end of December."



A finger gently probing one of East Campus's many a-holes. The holes shown are finger-size a-holes. Larger a-holes can accommodate a fist. Note the prevalence of a-holes, as well as the roaches residing in and around these a-holes.

MIT Corporation Announces Former Bexley Hall Land to be Used for Extension to Chapel

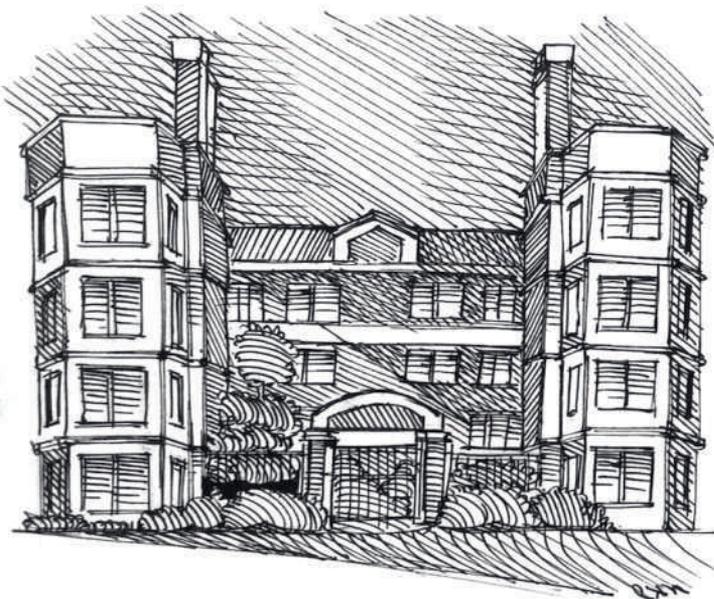
After the recent closure of Bexley Hall, the MIT Corporation has decided that instead of funding the restoration of the dorm, it would be more beneficial to the MIT community to renovate and expand the MIT non-denominational chapel.

"I think it's great that we can have a larger space to conduct our religious services," says Prudence Amishbeard '16 of McCormick Hall. "MIT is sorely in need of more religious facilities, and this extension to the chapel, with its imported Greek marble baptismal pools and rich mahogany confessionals, will be a fantastic step towards that."

Such renovations are expected to be completed within the next couple of decades, taking priority over the rest of campus construction.

When asked to lend his opinion, an unnamed construction worker opined, "Who the fuck cares about Building 12? Careers Labs? I never got a fucking college degree and I have a career! Or even 66? Chemical Engineering? What the fuck is that? Why don't they just call it 'meth and moonshine lab the major'?"

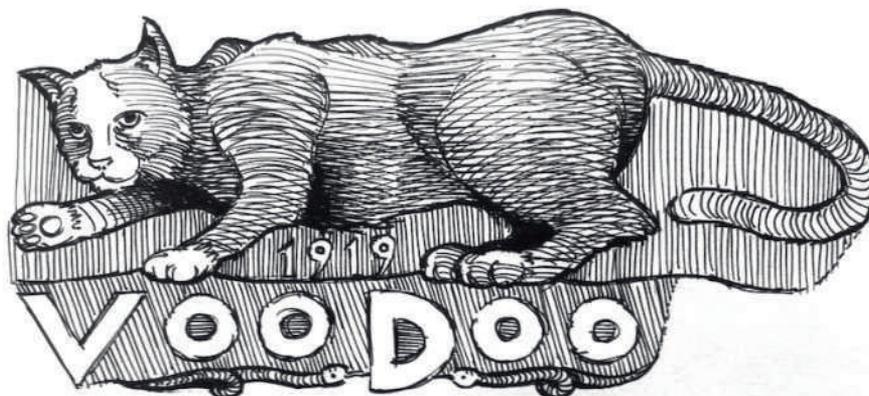
"Fuck all of you!" he added. "Fuck every single one of you and your mothers."



Bexley Hall as it appeared before its planned demolition. The land on which Bexley stands will be used to build an extension to the MIT Chapel.

Past residents of Bexley, however, are quite upset at this sudden change of plans to desecrate what was once their home. Lucy Maryjane '15, a former Bexley resident who is currently living in Walker Memorial, voiced her concern in an exclusive interview with *Voo Doo*. "Like, that's not fucking cool, man, what if, like, I went into their homes and drank blood and ate people in them?"

See Chapel Extension on page 30



regular bar reviews: american #fresh taproom

Never before has a bar inspired me to drink so much for all the wrong reasons.

Setting: A run-down Cambridge household with an overgrown lawn and too many cats. Enter into a dilapidated living room with couches foaming at the mouth with stuffing and torn at the seams. "Let's go to a cute, new hipster bar that just opened!" says Ms. Regular, cheerful and happy despite clothing suggesting none of the above but rather a far more sexual purpose. "Let's go snort cocaine and hooker spit," says Mr. Regular, similarly dressed and covered in a slight layer of an unidentifiable greasy substance.

Well, guess who won?

"Getting inside of the flaps was a warm, moist reminder of bad days at the horse races and a demented, Dali-esque version of my own birth."

The Regulars' destination is Assembly "Square" (rectangle? rhombus? pentagon?), which sits on a god-forsaken, union-forsaken, yuppie-forsaken plot of landfill extending into the Mystic River, the latter so-named for its ability to inspire tall tales on the mystical drownings conducted by one Whitey Bulger. But no one cares about that because it's 2014 and it's open season for gentrification for all land between the Charles and the Mystic. Out with your leaky run-

down 150 year old grad student dog-houses, in with the high-rise, more efficient, real people storage units! Do away with local colors and characters, bring in the cold-stamped Stepford Sons and Daughters of the New Suburban Revolution!

American Fresh Taproom (abbreviated AFT for my convenience) lies within the Assembly Square shopping center, which marks a new festering growth upon the decaying carcass of American manufacturing and blue-collar jobs—a cheap, low-quality, made-in-China phallus for pent-

up purchasing desires. Settled into a series of shipping containers amidst the scenery of this great consumerist wasteland, AFT provides a fresh, unique outdoor dining and drinking experience unlike any other in Boston.

Or at least it would if it weren't winter and fucking cold.

Instead, ATP is covered up in a sheer, white, fabric tent, an awkward virgin among the capitalist orgy of Assembly Square that is

so afraid of its first experience that it doesn't even have a sign out front to show you where to enter. Yet all it longs for is to blow its yeast-infested, foamy load all over these consumerist whores! After fondling around the outside for a while, we decided to just shove ourselves in through the first hole we saw (a technique known in wisened circles as "Double-Blind Reverse Delivery").

Getting inside of the flaps was a warm, moist reminder of bad days at the horse races and a demented, Dali-esque version of my own birth. My nostalgic memories even brought along the Abercrombie-wearing plastic people who populated those! Wait, those are real.

It took a good minute for us to realize what special kind of hell we had just walked into with ABP. Never before have I been confronted with a bar so self-obsessed that it had its own gift shop. Cheap string lights straight from a college dorm threw the rift between "us" and "them" into sharp relief as we made our way to a crumb-covered table in the back of the tent, where we belonged. The North Face-clad crowds made way for our grungy no-brand dead animal skins, and the cringing fear from various

Continued on the next page

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eyes gave off a musky human smell, the palpable scent of those who shun avant-garde sex positions. Everyone here reeks of absolutely nothing; it's that cloying blandness of blank young faces who grew up suckling on words like "investments" and "potential," who can talk to you for hours and say absolutely nothing, and who actually buy the margaritaville shirts. The jolly bouncer said she liked Ms. Regular's jacket because it looked "tough."

Even the bathroom served as a microcosm of the ABC, hidden away behind tent flaps like the dwarf in a lady's skirts at a 21st century baroque freak show. The bathroom doors lock behind you, perfect for keeping the next occupant out, preventing them from experiencing the Lovecraftian horror-product of your loins.

After I emerged, I approached a man who sat at a register behind a counter wearing an ABT uniform and asked him for a sandwich, a soup, a sampler, and a hundred beers. He sort of shrugged at me and stared with malicious intent until someone with a manager's cap approached and asked me what I wanted. We settled for all of the above, except two beers instead of the hundred, as I had run out of money. Seriously, I've lost less dosh from soft-touched robberies by methamphetamine-moving man-tarts than I spent on this misanthropic microcosm of meager middle manager modus

vivendi. Moreover, picking a beer to drink was like playing battleship with a hipster whose ships are so obscure they don't even use English letters. Half of their drink menu was sold out by the third night open, and while some pink-collared business majors would call this a glaring sign of success, I only see it as a weakness of a dying antelope falling behind the pack.

"This is a place built on compromise and excuses."

The food was about as disappointing as Obama's presidency. Despite raving reviews online, the charcuterie resembled not the images in the menu, but the physical pages of the menu itself. The sandwich was a Sev-Lev special, and the creamy content of the soup congealed over any kick the spice and ale could have provided.

The beer was good. Wait, what? You wanted me to talk about drinking in this review?

In an effort to appeal to the vanilla folk, there were koozies on sale, which you could slip on over your plastic cups of beer and pretend that you had ever been to a tailgate. AMC is the purgatory for those kids whose parents won't take off the training wheels. It's the fully-padded playground to contain those sad, uninspired children who were stupid enough to eat Buckyballs, and who have now grown up to be overly-cautious adults that

wear Eau de Normale and only use their sex organs to make the requisite 2.5 children.

This is a place built on compromise and excuses. "We would have liked to open in July, but...we would have liked to serve you the beer you wanted but...we would have served you quality local foods and ingredients at reasonable prices but....".

After the hype dies down in a few weeks, I see this place closing for the season; it just doesn't make financial sense to pay for terrible heaters mixed with a leaky tent in the cold of Boston winter, no matter how much you're overcharging for food and drink.

American Fresh Taproom: Never before has a bar been such a microcosm and prime example of suburban compromise. It's trading your 240Z for a minivan, marrying your 4/10 regular bang buddy because the prom-queen runner up turned you down, chopping off your dick in favor of raising your cuckold children and deserting your bro-tier flatmates for screaming babies and dogs with rabies.



THE ADVENTURES OF JOJI



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

Preference Given to East Campus and Senior House Residents



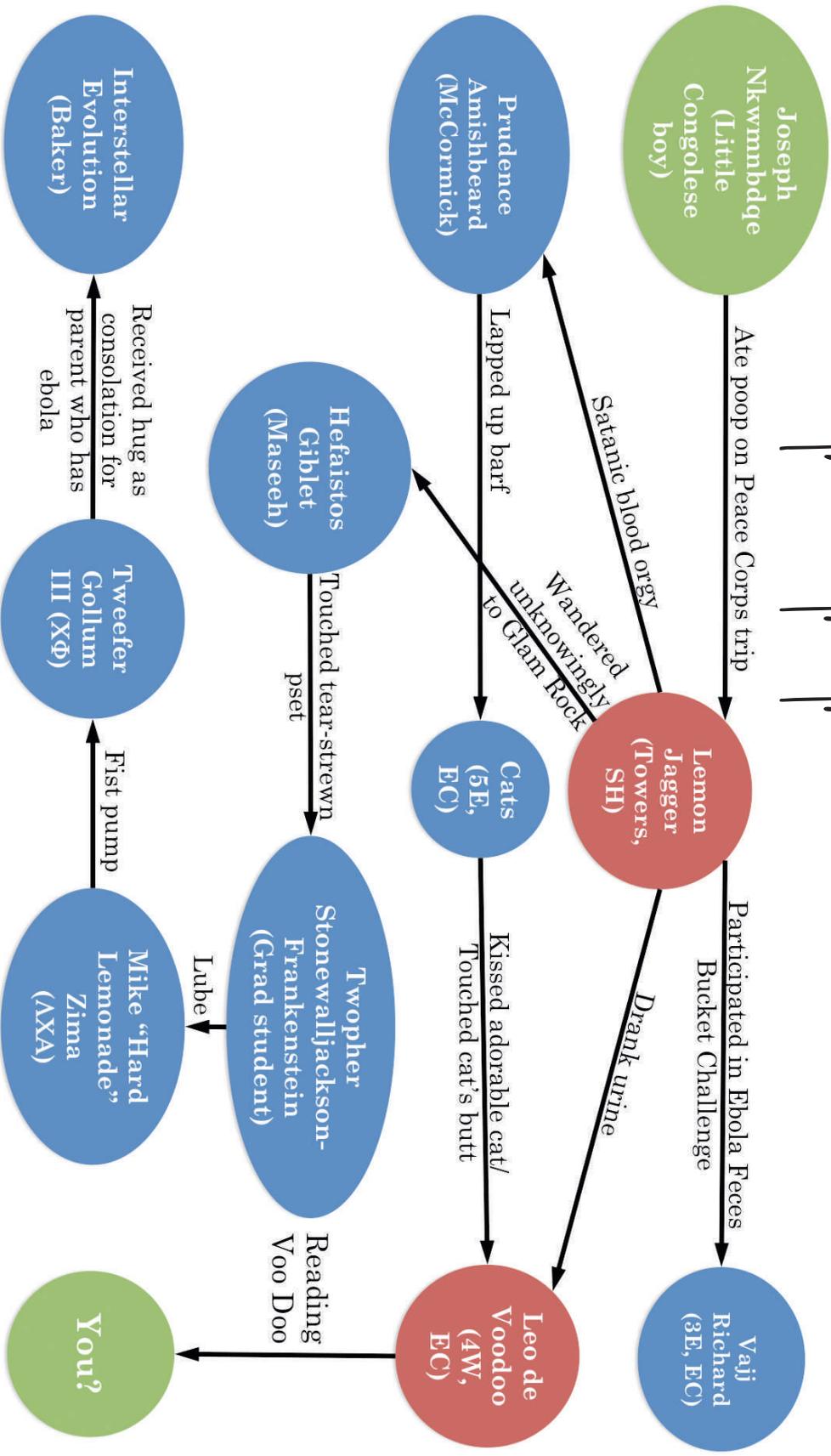
Current Status: \$193,000 from over 300 donors
Scholarships are being awarded!

Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship
Will fully support one student for one year

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

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

EBOLA AT MIT



Have you gotten ebola yet? If you haven't, you don't know what you're missing out on. Do your part to help spread ebola awareness by taking part in the Ebola Feces Bucket Challenge! Check out our Facebook page and remember: the best way to spread ebola awareness is to spread ebola!

Coffeeine Coffings

One of the cruelest ironies to crop up in my own life is that those who are so often tasked with making coffee in the morning are asked to do so having consumed far too little of the caffeine that all parties involved so desperately need. One might expect the development of some muscle memory, given enough time and practice. One might stop to think that what I'm describing really isn't the most demanding task and that I'm a bit of a whiny twit for bringing it up. One might also have failed to recognize the technolattéigical singularity that we are so rapidly approaching: the weird, steampunky coffee machines today are in no way your father's 8-cup, shiny metal percolator.

As Wale put it, "Verse two gon be fuckin' with verse one": I have decided to keep my personal caffeine system simple with a classic, curly-corded percolator that I found in my parents' basement. As far as I can tell, I seem to be the only person left on the planet with such humble early-morning rituals. The past few institutions that I've tricked into regularly paying me have all had some perverse contraption in their break rooms. The more innocent ones were all Keurig systems, those oddly perfect symbols of the American chase for Identity with, perhaps, rather ironically Germanic names. I hate them. I hate the K-cup system, and I strongly dislike the folks that so strongly subscribe to it (just in case of a potential pointer mismatch on them*). They are a waste of plastic, inefficiently produce inferior coffee and are a sly way for employers to skimp on actual recurrent consumables expenditures while still being able to mark up a fancy new gizmo on their funds requisition forms. "But we're already wasting so much money on the department's quarterly coffee expenses—" BULLSHIT. All of the K-cups, under the ruse of mochanimba-freetrade-chino flavors so wondrously conjured just for you—you wonderful, groggy snowflake—all come at the employees' dollar. It is,

of course, entirely unnecessary for any company to provide stimulants to their employee populations. But this kind of back-handed nonsense is the anti-thesis of the ludicrous wonkery (Wonka-ry?) that one sees on a campus visit to Google and is in and of itself just as ludicrous. (This, by the by, has little to do with the main story, but when steam builds up, things boil. Blegh.)

Anyways, my most recent coffee problems have stemmed from my slow crusade of the many food-stuffs resources here at this grand old [insert commonwealth here] Institvtte of Technology. On the floor directly above my own is a nice little break room with a nice little placard next to the door that says "[research center] Postdoc Lounge." There are two things wrong with this name. The first is that, at least in my mind, the signifier "lounge" conjures up something much more luxurious than the space under discussion (thanks for all of your input, btw—couldn't have done all of this without you). The second problem is more circumstantial: I find myself making use of this space rather often, perhaps more frequently than some others, though I possess nowhere near the list of qualifications necessary for a job even remotely similar to "Postdoctoral Researcher." If they are somehow implying that the space is reserved for that landed, lettered, and underfunded elite, then they really should have put a better passcode on the door lock. But I digress; the real point of interest in both this aforementioned "don't do real work" space and this part of my blabbering is the cappuccino machine in the back corner. As you approach this fully-automated monstrosity, Apollo's trailer shines right over the [generic Frank Gehry thing] and beams directly into your eyes, as if to declare the oppression to come from that

Continued on the next page

*As for you, the dagger-tongued break-room coffee master of the 6th floor in Building 46—you know who you are.

Continued from the previous page

which you so foolishly pursue. The machine employs a deceptively simple LED visage, whose siren song of "COFFEE READY" devilishly pulls you in to your own doom. Something is always wrong with this thing. I've felt my way around most of its vague and unhelpful exception throws (e.g., "PRESS CLEAN": WHERE IS THE CLEAN BUTTON?), but one really threw me for a loop last week. I went through the usual troubleshooting procedures (coffeemaker(water,energy,beans)-> coffee, so make sure that all arguments return (bool) True[1]) but found little assistance from the familiar screen. The inscrutable message "empty grounds" was laid out before me, an awful tease.

"What could that mean?" my slow morning brain asked itself. The machine took whole beans as the coffee source input, so saying that the grounds were empty seemed to be a little daft. Of course, this was not the correct interpretation of that message, but I really couldn't be fucked with it at the moment and made an executive decision to have some tea and let someone else figure it all out. I returned, under the assumption that someone would have erstwhile stumbled upon and subsequently solved this puzzle, to find that I had guessed incorrectly. The same message glared right

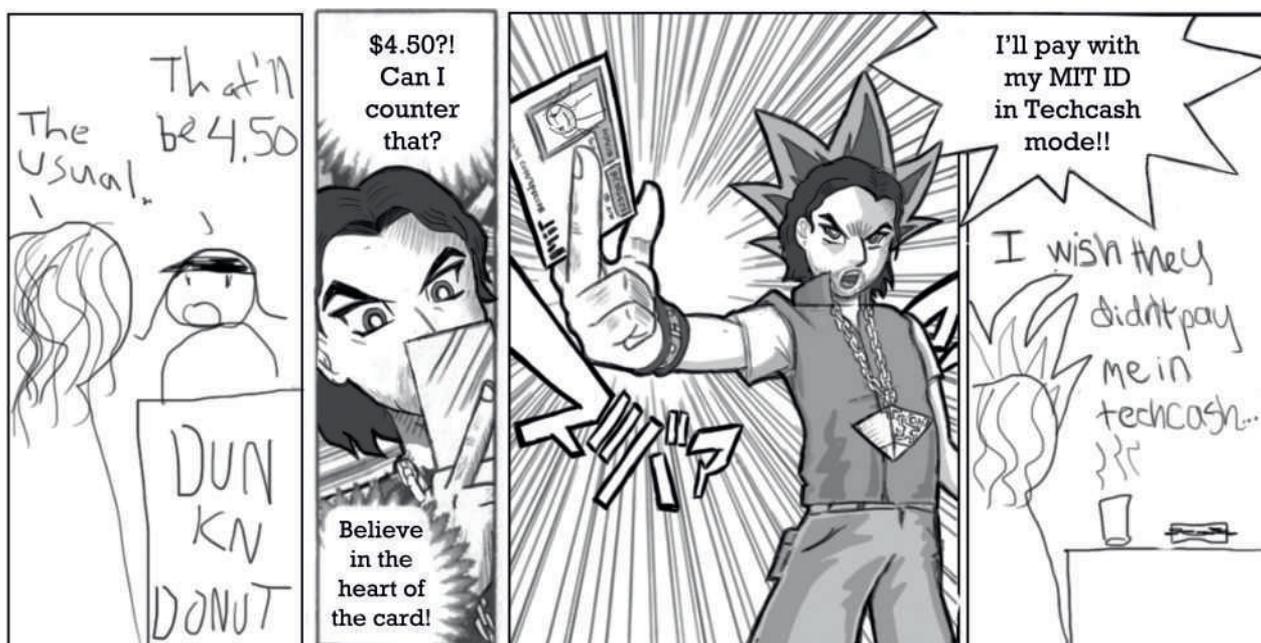
at me as I shuffled towards the Gordian knot of the morning.

Of course, for every knot there is an Alexander. I'm not sure what his real name is, and that's probably for the best. Humanizing this fellow would take some of the venom out of this. He walks right in, chest-first and coffee cup in hand, and steps right up to the plate. "I tried to get it going, but didn—," I start, only to be cut off by him: "Oh, no problem." Of course, *of course* the message meant that the grounds in the waste bin that sits hidden within the machine (and hidden rather well, I might add) needed to be emptied. Of-fucking-course there was such an obvious solution! And, oh, believe you me when you read that this fellow was well within his right to say, "Don't worry about it. I've figured out everything there is to know about this thing. I guess that no one else in this building ever thinks to try things."

Gasp—I know.

And *OF COURSE* I decided that the best comeback possible was to manifest itself as an anonymous vent in an otherwise funny paper. Moral of the story is, just pay the sassy cashiers at [hipster den] for coffee or prepare for failure.

THE CONTINUED ADVENTURES OF JOJI

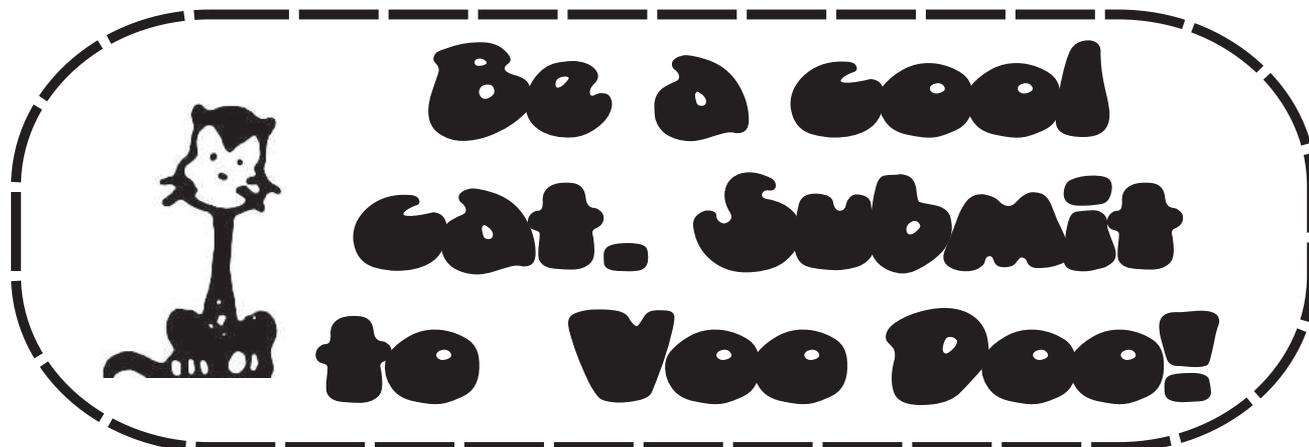


An Announcement from the Registrar's Office

Dear MIT students,

The Registrar's Office is pleased to announce that starting next Spring Term, the Department of Humanities, Arts, & Social Sciences will be adding a number of new course offerings to undergraduates. These new courses can be used to satisfy the Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences (HASS) Requirement, and are particularly exciting because they have been tailored and designed to meet the special needs of MIT students. We encourage you to read more about these courses in the Course Catalog and to contact the Office of the HASS Requirement if you have any questions.

- 21.M001. Mumbling**
- 21.M002. Smelling: Radiate and Receive**
- 21.F211. Introduction to Baffling Laymen**
- 21.F213. Introduction to Confusing Professionals** (prereq: Introduction to Baffling Laymen)
- 21.F215. Introduction to Being Irascible**
- 21.A197. Introduction to Feeling Inferior**
- 21.A198. Introduction to Feeling Superior** (credit cannot also be received for Introduction to Feeling Inferior)
- 21.A199. Introduction to Having Lots of Work**
- 21.A200. Introduction to Not Being Able to Handle Lots of Work** (prereq: Introduction to Having Lots of Work)
- 21.A201. Introduction to Having Mental Breakdowns from Not Being Able to Handle Lots of Work** (prereq: Introduction to Not Being Able to Handle Lots of Work)
- 21.L050. Advanced Mental Breakdowns** (prereq: Introduction to Having Mental Breakdowns from Not Being Able to Handle Lots of Work)
- 21.L051. How to be a Graduate Student** (prereq: Advanced Mental Breakdowns)
- 21.L664. How to Get Drunk, Have Bad Sex, and Only Make Awkward Eye Contact Afterwards with Any Other Person on Campus**



regular bar reviews: the silhouette lounge

The Full-Color Shadow of Boston

Walking into the Silhouette Lounge is like being grabbed by the riptides of nostalgia at childhood's beach, a warm cozy walk through the smoky and smelly past on the crest of a wave of memory. The air is warm with the scent of popcorn, the lights are warm and old yellow, and neon glows with a pre-eco-friendly warmth in the windows. Mirrors on the wall give the impression of a larger venue, but only help to add to the feeling of a fun-house maze that we all innately know how to solve through exploration. Cozy but not cramped, character without the clutter. A "Happy New Year 2014" sign hangs up all year round, warm incandescents banish all dark corners of this strange memory. Much like my second wife (and certain punishment boxes), it's much bigger on the inside. There's half-burnt out strings of Christmas lights trimming the ceiling and a Keurig next to the popcorn machine. The former is just a friendly reminder you're in the 21st century and sober, the popcorn evidence of a long night of endless bro tricks of "Hey man, watch this." This takes me back to being a kid and hanging out with my cool crazy uncle. You know, before he went to prison for child molestation.

From the moment you walk in, the bar itself asks oppressively, "What the fuck do you want to

drink?" And in exchange for a meager sum, you'll get a watery Narragansett approaching homeopathic territory, a whiskey sour with a cherry that bleeds a steady red stream in a yellow pool, and complimentary pop-

cially awkward (but not so awkward that we can't relate), the not-quite underdogs who will always win out against the meat-heads and end up with the cute girl in the last 15 minutes. Everyone's white except for the

"From the moment you walk in, the bar itself asks oppressively, "What the fuck do you want to drink?"

corn and darts. It's as packed as a cattle car this fine Saturday night, but I'd expect nothing less from an Allston bar. There are pitchers in excess. I'm the only who could bear the social stigma of drinking something other than beer, and Mr. Regular is the only one not guzzling from a pitcher. Darts are too crowded to be safely enjoyed and our recently vacated seats at the bar are taken before our ass-heat has left the worn wood.

Serving us drinks are a mother-daughter dynamic duo, indicating some sort of secret society, like a nostalgic warrior family clan. They enforce the peace over a sharp demilitarized zone between the Allston yuppies and the townies who are already too drunk to get to Whitey's. One in five people here is a protagonist of a college humor or coming-of-age movie: close-cropped hair, cherubic faces, borderline so-

requisite tokens scattered here and there. The frat boys grown old, the frat boys who've been rejected, the girls who got kicked out of their sorority for forgetting to wear the right color. But they're not the types to care. These people are all the main characters of their stories. Mr. Regular and I sit as token anti-heroes, but it's all just a convoluted game that makes less sense the harder you think about it.

A blonde half-bombshell with split ends is sucking faces with a twinkish power bottom and—oh god—the dude's making eye contact with me from the mirror behind them. It's like they're trying to lose purity points. As I looked away, I caught a glance of my face in the mirror, and for the brief moment of eye contact, saw myself as one of the many protagonists, returning time and time

Continued on the next page

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again for a warm seat at the bar, for the immediate comfort of a plastic basket of slightly-burned popcorn and a big glass of watery PBR. I needed another PBR to get that image out of my mind.

The music sounds like the opener for a Metallica concert, and if it weren't for the old New Year's sign, I'd think I was still in the nineties. All the music here is hardcore dad-rock, the songs that all modern techno-pop remixes sample from, and it's enough to make me want to bust out my cargo shorts, sandals and socks, and polo, and slap on the visor from a beach I once visited and had too many Landsharks and Margaritas at. On the back

of the door of the women's room is a graffito: "PUNX NOT DAD [sic]." Fitting. This is where every gal goes to feel nostalgic about their fathers.

There are broken slats on the bathroom doors. The men's room is about the size of a McCormick triple, with the same shape and proportions and genital-correct furniture. The urinal is jammed right next to the sink, and it's easy to mistake the two due to proximity. The flush stick points straight out instead of to the side so you can hold up your inadequate pissing pecker while the stiff shining shaft stares down at you with smug steel superiority.

The Silhouette Lounge is where you go to spend the post-credits scene of your life. It's the time-

less slow dance of a day winding down, the familiar feeling of shedding baggage and disappointment for a smile and a greeting and a clap on the back when you sit down. Even with the inwards-facing Bruins/Sam Adams neon sign in the window, and the unmistakable Allston miasma that surrounds some of the patrons, this bar could be anywhere and anywhen. And that's a good thing. It's a world that floats parallel to our own, unhindered and open to wanderers.

The Silhouette Lounge: The official bar of every sunset you were too busy to watch, and every sunrise you were too tired to appreciate.



Chapel Extension, continued from page 19

Added Maryjane: "Worms. Worms."

To appease the displaced Bexley residents, who are colloquially known as "Bexiles," the MIT Corporation has decided to preserve their so-called "Epicenter of Holiness," a section of the dorm where one word adorns an entire section of the wall: "FUCK."

"I don't know what it means, but I'm glad that Bexley can have a piece of their home in our new non-denominational religious space," says Amishbeard in response to the proposed FUCK preservation. "I've never experienced FUCK myself, but I'm looking forward to it!"

The conservation of a section of Bexley, however, will do little to pacify the now-homeless Bexiles. Some have conceded defeat and moved to Mexico, while others have decided to



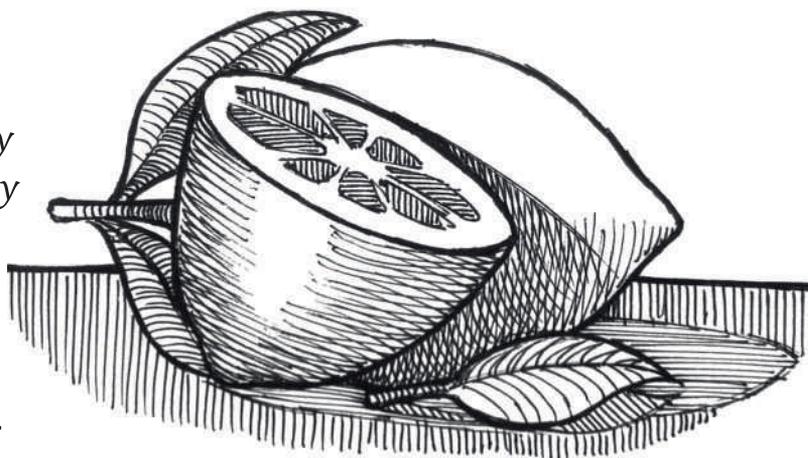
Planned extension to the MIT Chapel. The extension will stand on land formerly occupied by Bexley Hall.

form colonies in the outside world, in hopes that one day their numbers would grow strong enough to wage war on the chapel and take back what is rightfully theirs.

Lemontation

An Ode to the Lemon

*Throughout the ages of time
With juices under your peel
You and your brother lime
Have succored us, so we feel
Your shape so round and curvy
Has kept us from getting scurvy
Your bitter sweet flavor
Is something to crave for
Your shape so spheroid
Keeps athletes employed
The thought I mean to sound:
Is it's nice that you're around*



Top 10 Ways to Get Cancer at MIT

1. Live in East Campus. Asbestos is fun!
 2. Go hacking. Fiberglass and asbestos are fun!
 3. Thirsty Thursdays.
 4. Work in a chemistry lab.
 5. Live only off of free food.
 6. No sleep. Only Red Bull, Monster, and Rockstar.
 7. Sedentary lifestyle, because you have psets to do.
 8. Construction. Dust, fiberglass, and asbestos are fun!
 9. Sleep in Killian, get dusted with pesticides.
 10. Read Voo Doo.
-

Top 10 Uses for Euthanized Lab Mice

1. Scatter them around the streets of Cambridge. Ride the Minuteman screaming "The plague is coming! The plague is coming!"
 2. Buy a pint of ice cream and bury one under a scoop or two. That'll show the asshole who's been eating your ice cream all summer.
 3. Ingest them. Wait until you get sick, then visit S³. Voila! An excuse to skip your upcoming test.
 4. Seal them in a box and let them decompose for a few months. Mail to Dean Colombo.
 5. Freeze in liquid nitrogen. Hide behind a bush and throw at passersby.
 6. Flush scores of them down a toilet along with some used condoms. Call a plumber and tell him, "Well, the toilet worked fine a few days ago."
 7. Create a new MIT tradition, Mouse Roast: "Only Undercooked Mouse Meat Can Kill You."
 8. Tie a few dozen to balloons, and let the balloons go. Who knows where they'll end up?
 9. Drain all their blood, remove their organs, and scatter them around a Texas farm. It was either a Grey or a Chupacabra.
 10. Recycle their skin and fur to make eco-friendly, sustainable issues of Voo Doo.
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The MIT Administration is a lot like an octopus.