

# Loop Garoo



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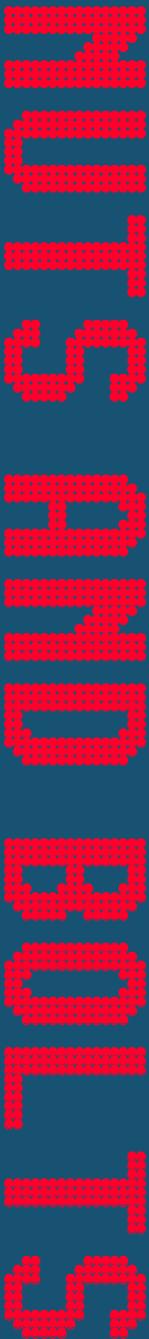
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# FROM THE CATHOUSE



Hey there, true believ—oh sorry, wrong person. Let's try this again: 'Sup, you dirty-rotten-no-good-sonsabitches. It's time for another installment of "How The Hell Did It Come To This?" As you all know, the year started off with a literal bang: an Iranian general was assassinated by the U.S., the Goodwin Procter report was released, and a quantum mechanic was forced on administrative leave; but hey, it's not his fault he was stuck in a superposition of two states—having good intentions and being a useful idiot to a sexual predator. It sure seems like MIT is doing the same old same old in this new decade. Yep, it's good to be back.

Recently, I've heard word that alums of this magazine have become afflicted with an incurable disease known as D.E.A.T.H. (Desperately Escaping A Tech-Fuck Haven). Given that this will be my last semester at the "Tute, I fear that I will soon succumb to this disease, however slowly. But laughter is the best medicine, as They always say, so here I am frantically searching for new jokes and ideas like an opioid addict looking for their next hit.

Lately, though, it feels like the invisible hand scribbling away the narrative of my life has suddenly developed carpal tunnel syndrome. They're probably too stingy to buy a metaphysical wrist brace because I have no clue what my future entails. I doubt Zoltar can help in this department, no matter how cheap his fortunes are. It probably has to do with the absurd number of colleges I applied to for graduate school (those black holes aren't going to discover themselves); though, I suspect that it has more to do with the mass hysteria that disrupts my Twitter timeline every day.

Of course, I am talking about the Democratic presidential race. Notwithstanding the terrible SNL sketches that will flood the airwaves (or Internet tubes) in the next couple of months, humor during an election cycle tends to flourish. Although it has been difficult during this current administration, writing satire is surprisingly easy when it comes to normal, run-of-the-mill liberals.

Watching the American democratic process unfold allows for many humorous ideas to be generated. Sometimes it can also be surprisingly informative. For example, the Iowa caucus, that bastion of Democratic politics, happened earlier this month, and during the five-day period in which results were being vetted and re-vetted, many Americans discovered that Iowa

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was a state. Personally, I had long held the suspicion that Iowa was a fabrication of our reality and only materializes every four years, but as it turns out, the state actually exists during its off-season! Additionally, I recently learned that Michael Bloomberg is one of two candidates who isn't taking any donations from billionaires. This gives me high, high hopes for the future of our democracy.

As every respected publication has done in the past few months, Woop Garoo will endorse a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, so look out for the announcement in this issue.

Ah, looks like the Cat just came back from his hourly smoking break. Phos, have anything to say to the reader?

*Do you know what the College of Computing does? Can you name all the parties involved with Epstein's steady stream of donations to the Media Lab? Have you read the Goodwin Procter report? Of course you can more or less talk about these things at length. Everyone here seems capable of talking up a storm, but do you even know what you're talking about? Do you know what MIT's ties to Saudi Arabia are? By now, you're swamped with quizzes, psets, midterms, mid-midterms. You don't have time to look up all this information. Let other capable people handle that. But who are those people? Why, us! We all vote. How will you vote? Are you following the presidential race? Do you have a candidate in mind? Do you know the policies of every candidate? Have you kept up with the rise of fascism in this country? Do you know what happened in Charlottesville? Portland? Can you recount every mass shooting in the past year? Do you—*

Ok, ok, Phos, that's enough. I think they get it; no need to bring them down any further. The Cat looks ready to continue his interrogation, but I've already sprinted away from him. I highly doubt he'll find me in this asbestos-filled corner of Walker into which I managed to bust my way.

It's easy to get bogged down by the political smorgasbord known as the 2020 presidential race. It's even easier to be overwhelmed by the numerous tragedies happening in the background. We're constantly being swept away by large societal forces to which we are usually oblivious, and in our moments of powerlessness, we turn to politics in a desperate attempt to regain some semblance of control over our lives.

Nevertheless, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't excited. Hell, I haven't kept up with any sports in years, but I've caught myself talking about the presidential race as if I were discussing the athletic capabilities of each candidate. But then I don't have to worry about Biden, the man who threatens every skeptical voter to a push-up contest.

With all this serious talk of politics, I feel it is appropriate to remind you, our faithful reader, that this isn't a thoughtful publication, or a scientific one, or a scholarly one, or a literary one. But if that's the case, then what the hell even is this publication?

I suppose this warrants an explanation. There appeared in the last, which was also the first, issue of THE WOOP GAROO an editorial which set out to explain why it was deemed advisable to transform

a century-old Technology publication into what you see before you today. The editorial went further and explained the history behind the publication, but it did not mention the purpose of this magazine, and for this reason, I reached into the furthest depths of my mind an amateur lobotomy would allow. After racking my brain for one full summer, I believe I found it: I think the purpose of Woop Garoo is to slay Work, that dreadful devil. Work at the Institute continues to place heavy Burdens on the individual, but what exactly are these Burdens? Because you are an MIT student, people have certain expectations of you: You are on the cutting edge of your field. You can solve any problem. You can help save the world. Sometimes that's fine; it has its perks every now and then. But it can also make you feel like an impostor. Considering that the world expects so much of you, it is impossible for you to obtain in four years' time anything more than bare facts that can aid you in uplifting humanity. Yeah. That Burden.

At least here, there are expectations for students to work long hours studying and conducting various projects, but these expectations are built into the culture on campus and are very hard to resist. "Tech," in the MIT sense and in the industry sense, tries to use up as much of our time as possible and this only happens because we've embraced this notion of being an "MIT student." Throughout their time here, people spend their four years at MIT being swallowed up by their own Work. Some accidentally fall into it, claiming, "Oh well, I guess that's the way the "Tute goes." Others jump right into the beast's mouth headfirst, but not before applying spices and condiments to their person. Essentially, everyone here is at risk of burnout.

Without humor in one's scientific life, one will remain devoid of all that makes pouring random chemicals in a beaker fun in the first place. That's where Woop Garoo comes in. We humbly accept the task of supplying this scientific community with a little humor (God knows you need it). We hope to use these pages with whatever dignity an MIT student is capable of having. Unless we succeed, then we have failed and failed miserably.

We always need submissions and dominations, so if this sort of stuff interests you, feel free to let us know at [woopgaroo-exec@mit.edu](mailto:woopgaroo-exec@mit.edu) or come to our weekly meetings. We are also interested in expanding our brand of comedy into different mediums. If you have interests in making online videos or animation, we would like you to join our merry band of...funny people?

That's going to be it from me. Until the next issue, and as always: be safe, stay strong, and welcome to WOOP GAROO.

El Psy Kongroo

Iglesias

Iglesias

Writer & Artist SARA SIME

# YIKEA™

## The Impossible Dorm Room. Now Possible.



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SKRÄP  
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DOUBLE DUTY  
DUCHAMP FOUNTAIN  
decour



LITEN GENITALIA  
SOFA with only ONE CUM STAIN

**\$420**



**\$666**

WTF  
WTF

Hi Phos,

I am a reporter for The Tech writing an article about the increased security for East Campus due to recent intruder incidents.

I would appreciate it if you could answer the following questions before noon on Tuesday:

- How do you or other students feel about the increased security despite the vote last semester?
- Has the house team been in touch with students, and what are some concerns students have?
- How responsive has MIT Police been, and are you aware of them doing anything to increase EC student safety?

Many thanks,  
Wenbo Wu, News Editor

Dear Weaboo UwU,

I am so enthusiastic about the changes to security at East Campus, especially the newest addition of combat dogs at the entrance of every hall door. I'm unsure if having a person from Housing personally walk you to and from your room will stop intruders, but it'll at least provide you with a human shield. Of course, I was disappointed at hearing the possibility of building a guard tower in the courtyard and turning East Campus into a panopticon.

MIT Housing has indeed been touching the students, thanks for asking. Students feel that Housing is not meeting their demands. As one student put it, "They should put their goddamn elbow grease into it." Housing has been shown to be quite the tease.

MIT Police has been incredibly responsive. They've given us plenty of handcuffs for bondage play, among other things. On a more serious note, the MIT Police has hired famous security consultant Michael Bloomberg to help them increase East Campus student safety. His first recommendation was for East Campus to adopt a Stop-and-Frisk policy in which students would get patted down each time they tried to enter the dorm. However, this policy was quickly withdrawn after too many students enthusiastically approached the dorm with large bulges in their pants.

You know, I feel somewhat at ease when I talk to you; I feel like I can tell you just about anything without worrying about my safety. After all, it's not like The Tech would release sensitive security details for everyone to see.

Actually, I have a question for you. It's oddly suspicious that you were quick to send this email as soon as the intruder was reported. Is it possible that, after having watched "Nightcrawler," you broke into East Campus, hoping to create some news yourself? Or maybe this is just a roundabout way of getting into our issue? There's no need to break into a dorm and generate some headlines, Tech sweetie. All you had to do was just send an email to phos@mit.edu.

Love you bb,  
Phos

Dear Phos,

It has been announced that an Admiral William McRaven will be the 2020 commencement speaker. Clearly, the administration did not care about making the speaker relatable to us at all. I mean, he's a retired Navy admiral and a former chancellor of the UT system, but somehow we're supposed to gain some insight from his past experiences? All this does is confirm MIT's gross relationship with the military. Honestly, after a long string of lame commencement speakers, I think it's time that we protest this one. What do you think?

Sincerely,  
A Concerned Student

Dear Crybaby,

As a retired Navy admiral and former chancellor of the UT system myself, I will have to disagree with you! Even though he has no ties to MIT whatsoever, McRaven has proven to be the most relatable speaker MIT can ever hope to pick, what with his firsthand experience in the military.

Honestly, before anyone decides to protest this man, maybe do some research on him? For instance, his book "Spec Ops: Case Studies in Shitting Your Pants: Theory and Practice," published in several languages, is considered a fundamental text on shitting your pants. Frankly, we should be honored to have this man speak at our commencement ceremony.

And if you're insinuating that the relationship between MIT and the military-industrial complex is unsavory, I'll have you know that they use protection when they're in bed. You imbecile. You complete and utter moron.

Though I do not recall writing this response, it does bear my name,  
Phos



**WANT TO**

Dear Phos,  
Endorse Joe Biden for  
president already!  
What's the holdup?  
Rightfully yours,  
Jack B. Nimble

Listen Fat, I mean Jack,

You wanna come here with all that sassafras, you can go right on ahead and look for an endorsement at the Tek-9 or the Bostonian Glob. Before you had all this fancy schmancy, an endorsement was nothing else but a warm handshake and a firm look in your eyes. But now, they won't even milk a cow before they go ahead and beat it! And you know what, you stack 4 eggs on top of each other and none of them fall over. We used to eat omelettes in the omelette right there. You'd go to all the nation-pool, up on the —on the lifeguard chair. And swimming pools were deeper back then. You'd go to Dover, states in America, and the pools would all be 200, 250 feet deep. Now you'd be lucky to find a pool that's even, uh, excuse me.

Done with the malarkey,  
Phos

**& ANOTHER**

Dear Phos,  
You have two packages awaiting pick up for half a year from Jeffrey Epstein. If you do not pick them up in 30 days, they will be returned to the sender.  
Best,  
Division of Student Lives

Dear Division of Student Lives,  
This is a classic case of mistaken identity. I think this was supposed to go to Alan Dershowitz over at Harvard Law School. It's easy to mistake me for him given that we both look like rat bastards. Feel free to contact him at dersh@law.harvard.edu or at 617-495-4642 to inquire about his current address. Toodles!

Sincerely,  
Phos

Dear Phos,  
As an avid environmentalist, I am incredibly thrilled for the new Woop Garoo issue. This is because I love everything recycling: putting things into the recycling bin, watching people put things in the recycling bin, et cetera. I am really looking forward to recycling the mounds of Woop Garoo issues that go unread. So exciting!!

Sincerely,  
Elated Tree Hugger

Hey Tree F\*\*\*\*r,

Oh, piss off back to Woodstock, you rebel without a cause. I see there's been some kind of mistake; I think you've confused our illustrious publication with another biodegradable one: The Tech. I mean, it's obvious you've never even read an issue of Woop Garoo in your sorry life. How's the weather down there, asshole? Nice and breezy? Since you'll never read this anyways, just know that I don't for a second buy this phony "Oxygen Agenda" you're pushing, and I would never waste time entertaining your ridiculous letter with a response. Go plant a tree, or better yet, shove one down your throat.

Logging off,  
Phossil fueled

Dear Phos,

It seems that everyone at MIT gets jaded eventually. No matter how much they LTFP at the beginning, eventually their idealistic visions get corrupted: by the shitbag administrators this place attracts, by the apathy of others, by their crushing impostor syndrome etc. How has Phos managed to stay so vibrant, enthusiastic, and full of fighting spirit for all this time? 100 years is a long time to be so vigorous! If we could bottle some kind of "essence of Phos" life extension tonic, we could be bigger than Zuckerberg but 1/100th as much of a raging asshole! What do you say—wanna start a business together?

Sincerely,  
Bentley Rangerover, biochemical entrepreneur

Dear Bent Over,  
I don't know, man, your idea sounds a lot like a pyramid scheme to me... I'M IN... God, my hands are shaking so hard right now. I keep on missing the keyboard: s 18#8 \* isjs no I meanjjajaj susis. Listen brother... Meet me in the back alley behind Laverde's at 3 a.m. tomorrow night. I'll hook you up with my secret to happiness, if you know what I'm saying...I'll be the cat with the sunglasses on, alright? Justdint tell anyonytawryyxAdtx  
DAMN I FEEL GOOD  
Pho\$

# MIT HORRORSCOPES

## Course 1

Everyone looks forward to new career opportunities, but in your case, you'll end up building a bridge to get over your future unemployment.

## Course 4

The stars are saying that you'll never build anything, much less meaningful relationships, so keep at the art stuff, I guess.

## Course 7

Your romantic and social life are stable at the moment. However, be wary of jealous lab rats. You may find strength in patience and mouse traps.

## Course 10

Mercury is in retrograde, so you'll be getting that extra boost of smug satisfaction that your major is the hardest at MIT. Congrats. Enjoy pipetting bullshit for the rest of your life.

## Course 14

There's nothing wrong with being ambitious, but for the millionth time, being capitalist is not a personality trait. If anything, it's more of a nervous tic.

## Course 17

Unfortunately, shouting "political gndlock" during sex won't count as a valid excuse for being unable to satisfy your partner's needs.

## Course 21

Family is everything, so you should come clean to your parents about your major. After all, they're starting to catch on to the large number of Harvard classes you're taking.

## Course 2

It may be cuffing season for everyone else, but the only sex you'll be getting will be from the toys you design. Bzzz-bzzz.

## Course 5

Some problems can't be solved by turning to drugs. On the other hand, some problems require you to use lots of drugs.

## Course 8

You have a very bright future in astrology. For internship opportunities, please email us at unemployabledegree@fuckyrshitnerd.com.

## Course 11

We asked a magic 8 ball, "What are the chances you all become glorified realtors with a knack for gentrification?" It said to check back later. This may or may not be positive. Congrats on the win.

## Course 15

Good things come to those who wait, but Goldman Sachs will never hire you, so don't hold your breath.

## Course 18

They say genius is often misunderstood, but you're no genius, and nobody understands you.

## Course 22

All these conflicts in the world lead me to believe you have job security, but maybe not in America. Look to the stars for hope in the future. Oh wait, that's an ICBM missile.

## Course 3

It's a good thing you like materials and not materialism because you're broke as shit. Dawg.

## Course 6

The simulation has released a patch, and the College of Computing is soon to render you obsolete. Your future will consist mostly of these three words: "OK Course 6."

## Course 9

The stars have spoken: studying brains won't help you get one. MIT isn't the Wizard of Oz, so don't expect a brain at the end of these four years.

## Course 12

You'll switch majors since this course will become obsolete in 20 years.

## Course 16

The stars have aligned, and your rocket design has outed you as a repressed homosexual.

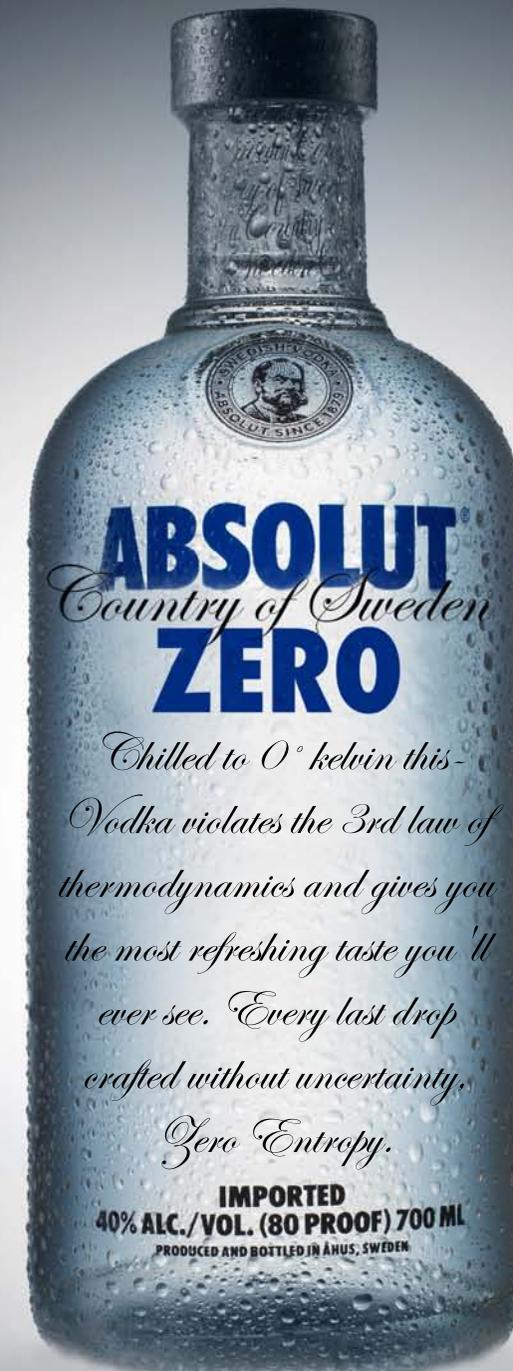
## Course 20

Change is imminent, but maybe you should slow down with the genetic modification. We don't need another Monsanto, buddy.

## Course 24

We would give you a horoscope, but you have one due by Friday.

Writer ANNIE MILLER



Chilled to 0° kelvin this-  
Vodka violates the 3rd law of  
thermodynamics and gives you  
the most refreshing taste you'll  
ever see. Every last drop  
crafted without uncertainty.  
Zero Entropy.

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# ABSOLUT ZERO.



JOHNSON ICE RINK BOOTH MAP (CONTINUED)

## 232. RAYTHEON

Come early to snag the limited edition of the Raytheon X Bape Hoodie in both Green Camo and Desert Storm. "Long Live The Bush" pins are also available, which you will probably mistake as an element of a feminist rebrand. Be ready to discuss Raytheon representative's flirtatiousness with the "young lady at the front desk."



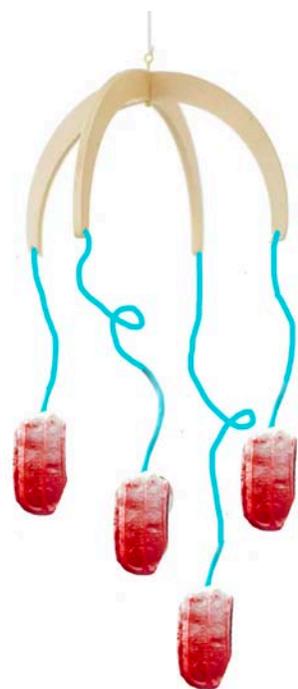
## 235. OPTIMUS RIDE

The self-driving car company based out of Boston wants to hire students who are aligned with their mission statement. Thus, they will be giving out highly advanced robotic mistresses. After all, with a tagline like, "Connecting you with autonomy," what could be more fitting? Protection not required.



## 233. GOOGLE

An insider has leaked that Google's Career Fair swag tops all previous in both empathy and intersectionality, 2 of the 36 pillars of their recently established Diversity and Inclusion program. Google will hand out mobiles to welcome (if not promote) pre-, post- and mid-internship pregnancies. The mobile recycles used tampons from their 66% female executive team.



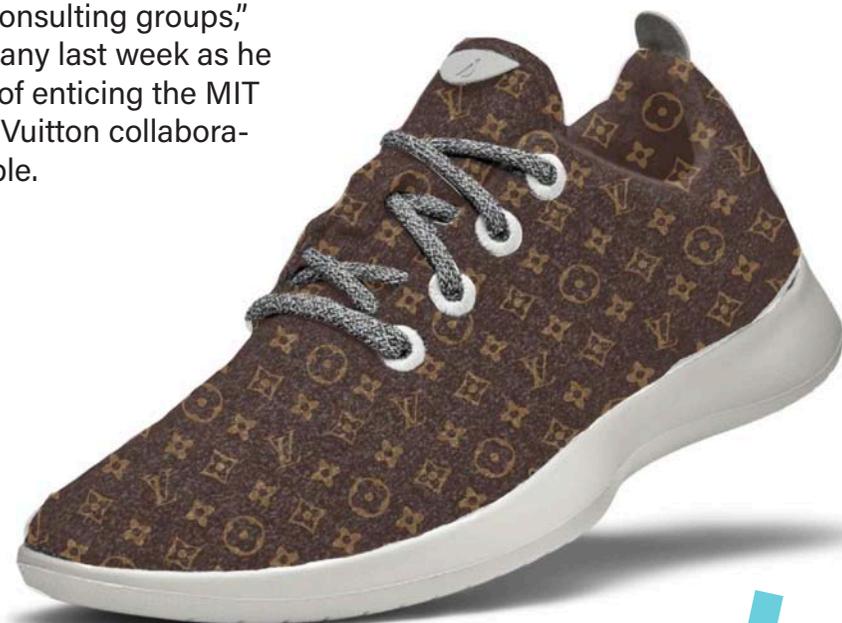
## 236. GOLDMAN SACHS

Quick. You have a few seconds to make a good impression. Your hands are sweating. Your close-but-not-close-enough "Gucci" loafers are turning sticky. QUICK. The twittering representative hands you a card. "Cocaine Dealer" it says in a very small, serif font. You try to mumble that you worked at your dad's hedge fund last summer, but the rush hits you too fast. All you can see is Rudolph the White-Nosed Reindeer shoving powder up your nostrils.



## 234. BAIN AND COMPANY

"We know you love us. We know that our fratty, cool-kid brand is no match for the tweedle-dum Android users of the *other* consulting groups," said CEO of Bain and Company last week as he announced Bain's new way of enticing the MIT talent pool: an Allbird Louis Vuitton collaboration. Only small sizes available.

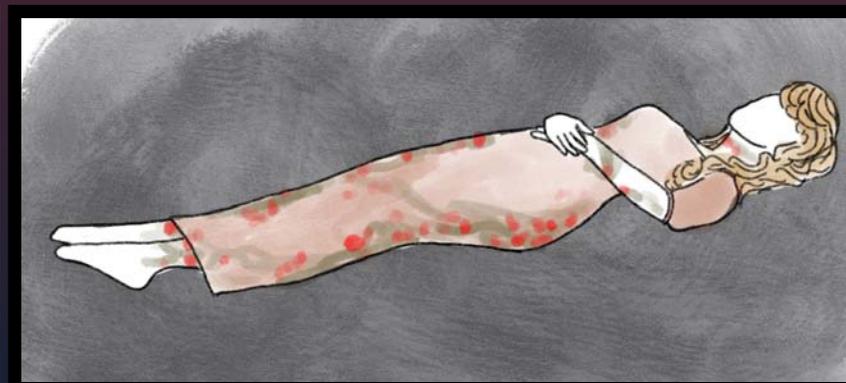
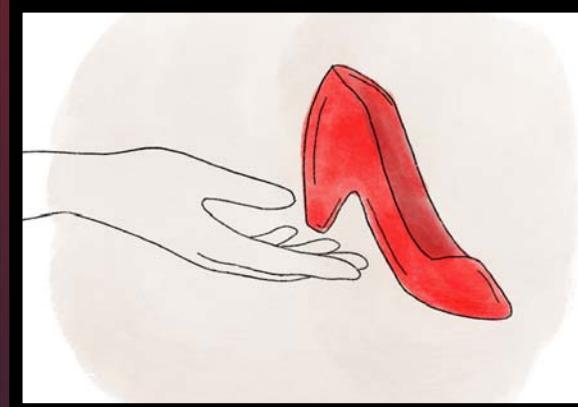
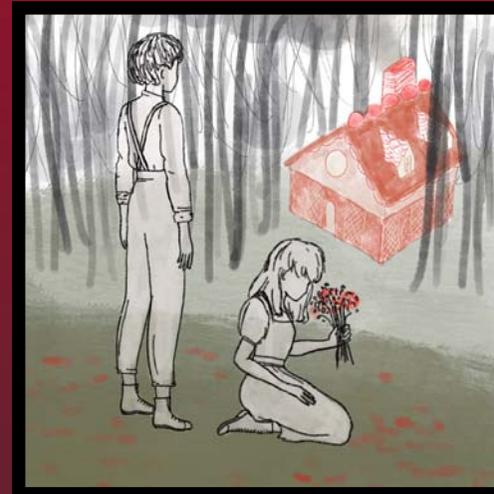
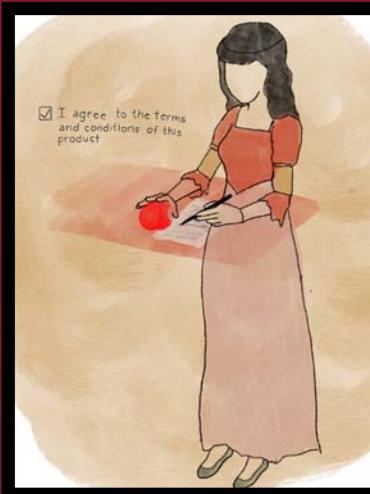
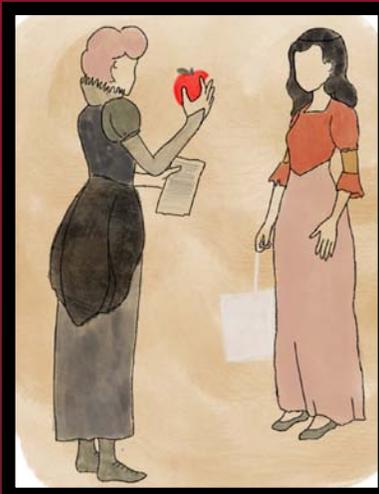


## 237. ROYAL DUTCH SHELL

Shell wants to let you know that they are better now. They are cleaner now. And yes, they truly care about the Earth and its wildlife now. Shell wants strong, smart, and environmentally conscious interns who will make a difference. So, make sure to grab an oil slicked duck that can also be used as a backpack, and practice removing the chemicals from its feathers with different types of soaps. What soap composition will optimize the removal of oil? If you happen to see David Attenborough tied up under Shell's booth, make sure to toss him that fidget spinner you got from Microsoft.



# A Grimm LOOK AT Fairytales



# THE WOOP OF THE TVTTE



*(Not) A Gossip Column*

It is midnight. The libraries are closed, and my time for the Pilgrimage has come. I slowly make my way down the Infinite, drawn towards the mighty, brutalist hallmark of MIT, otherwise known as the Stud. I am ready to be sacrificed to the God of Academic Pain and Suffering. My body has been baptized in Mountain Dew. I slowly ascend to the 5th floor. I open the door to the Athena cluster, and a musty odor hits me like a sack of bricks. My time has come. I have peaked. I have entered a kingdom of dirty brown desks littered with outdated 2000s-esque computer monitors. I sit down, and the chair breaks from the sheer weight of my workload. My face touches the floor, and I immediately get floor acne from the incredible amount of grime accumulated over the years. As a non-course 6, I

struggle to login to this Linux machine. I move to Mac computers, only to find the bitchy Sloan student who never leaves. I hiss and retreat back to my Linux and Pain. I silently chant to myself: no pain, no gain. The night drags on. One by one, the students file out. I stare blankly into the undecorated wall. It stares back at me. I am ready to fight. It is going to fight me. I sacrifice my body for the pset.

It is now January 2019. I make my Pilgrimage to the Stud to find nothing other than a CLOSED sign. My heart drops. I am covered in Mountain Dew, ready for the nightly donation of my sanity. I come back, every night, until May. I receive the most horrific email of my life: W-20 5th Floor Study Space - Opening Friday!

I enter the "Stud 5th Floor," only to find the most appalling arrangement of a

room in my entire life. Desks have been replaced by couches. Fashionable lamps hang from the ceiling, illuminating the fake foliage placed everywhere. Soothing hues of blue and green accent the bamboo furniture, and the warmth begins to envelop me into sweet bliss as it begins to dawn on me: this is not just a renovation. This is a horrible MIND GAME the admins are playing. This is MIT's way of slowly absorbing everything into Course 6. They've made a central NODE in the HIVEMIND.

First things first: the couch-to-desk ratio is incredibly high for a "study" space. You can only do COURSE 6 PSETS on a couch. The fake glass rooms cater to elitist hackerman groups. I see them huddled in groups, trying to lay low. Little do they know, I can hear them plotting their next Pyramid Scheme. Or whatever that Fibonacci shit is. The frosted glass whiteboards are only aesthetically pleasing until some bitch writes their calculations on the other side of the glass, completely disrespecting MY wrong answer. Please. I can see right through your bullshit, Melissa.

I've had enough of the Utopian start-up life. I need the icy misery to eat at my soul as I pound another Mountain Dew from Verdes that I copped at 2:45 a.m. I drop to the floor, unable to function in a healthy environment. A single tear of agony rolls down my face and hits the carpet—the very first stain on the perfect carpet. I force myself up, because "no pain, no gain" still applies. I notice I smell like a new car. I've been in here for too long. I must go. Must or bust, baby.

Maddie 0, Admins 1

QED

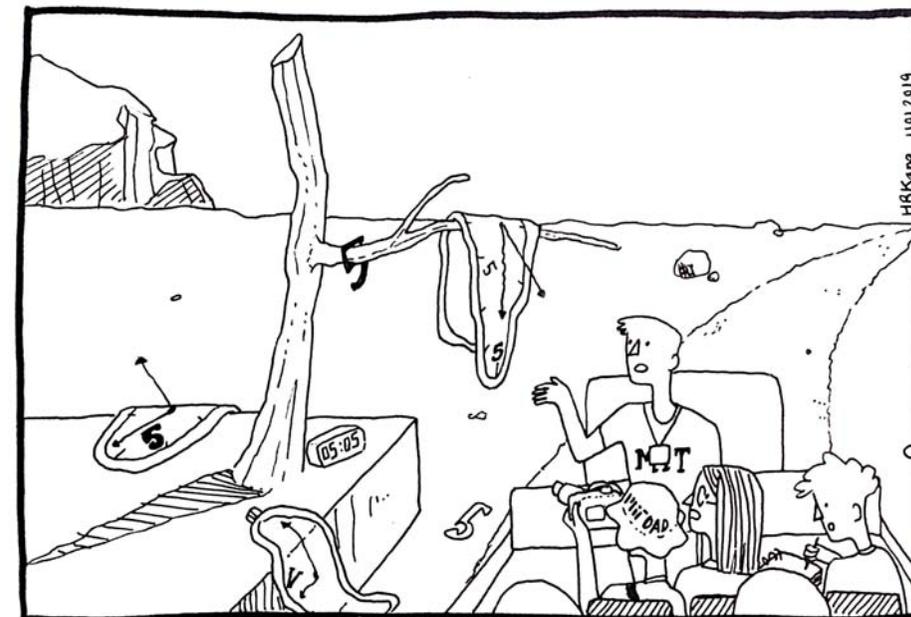
& A Free Food Cult  
Q: just gimme food fam

A: We all used to be just like you, greedy and ignorant, until the Great Betrayal. I remember mine well. It was a normal afternoon just like any other when I received an alert for food trays in Building 3. I was salivating already. As I sprinted through a tourist group photo, I could already imagine the taste and feel of it, the metallic tang permeating my mouth, the slippage of my teeth over its smooth surface, the bite of the foil crinkles around the rim against my tongue. Even imagining the shape of it put me in a state of euphoria, that perfect rectangle of dents. Until I arrived, that is. Nothing. Nothing but ketchup packets and fellow students smeared with blood. The hosts told me that I was too late, that if I had looked, I would have seen that the "food-is-gone" email was actually sent out a day ago. But in that moment, I had a far different revelation. I realized that in many ways, the free food mailing list was much like a god, simultaneously benevolent and cruel. I realized that in order to truly enjoy the gifts my god had given me, I had to prove my devotion by accepting them. I looked around me, at the mangled remains of one of the host's arms, at the satiated faces of my peers, and I knew I was in like company.

Q: who can get me hooked up with them speedy lists

A: As many know, moderation was initially instantiated in the free food list due to an unfortunate misunderstanding involving lost free porn subscribers. Presently, the cult is concerned that our current tenets might be applied to unfortunate ends should the free porn subscribers make a resurgence. As such, the free food list will remain moderated. If you're still on the lookout for new lists, our sister cult, Lobby 10 Boba Sales, has just opened to new members.

As soon as I walked into the Stud's W20-205 bathroom, I knew I had to review it. The bathroom had a distinct putrid smell, and I was ready to lend my own contribution. As I walked into the bathroom, I made eye contact with an older gentleman dressed in a plaid button up and khakis. I like to think we could've been friends.



*"And this is where all that MIT time is stored."*

I walked into a stall about as large as a coffin. Perhaps it was a reminder that this was better than the alternative. I felt like I'd just walked into a turkish\* prison. It felt like a place you wanted to pee on rather than in. At least that explains the sticky ground.

I sat down on the toilet and it was warm. I thought to myself, "Why can't this always happen?" There was no toilet paper. Luckily, I had brought my own. Another day, and I may have had to use the tube.

I exited the stall. Though I didn't use them, the urinals seemed of poor quality. They were labeled with the brand "American Standard." If this is the standard America has to offer, I don't want to see the rest (#VivaLaMexico).

The sinks were just low enough that I had to bend over to use them: kinky, but impractical. The paper towel dispensers were high enough that I had to reach up to grab them. I smile knowing the bathroom is at least partially Shaq-friendly.

This is a bathroom that only MIT engineers can design, and that shows from the decaying walls to the paper towels littered on the floor.

VERDICT: 2 / 5 plungers 

\*Please don't capitalize the word 'turkish.' I don't recognize their sovereignty.

A recent qualitative Institute study regarding the PNR experiments with the Classes of 2022 and 2023 suggests that the experimental grading policies have had a profound influence on enriching the First-Year Experience™ and may pave the way to the future of college education.

One respondent from the current first-year class has cited the PNR policy as "extremely liberating," a view commonly shared by many participants, especially with regards to pursuing passion projects, whether artistic or worthwhile. This respondent noted they had been working on "a provocative aquatic-terrestrial romantic comedy musical like no other," made possible only with MIT's generous first-year policies.

Another respondent, who considered themselves to be "academically inclined," expressed strong appreciation for "the increased flexibility in academic choice." They reported enjoying the prospect of "doing 8.01 pests [sic] during 7.012 lecture," as well as "doing 7.012 psets during TEAL group problem solving." When prompted for reasoning, they added "[e]veryone being on PNR means that nothing really matters, so my group mates are incredibly understanding." Some other respondents took to PNR in other ways. One such student, who

Writer **BEN SHEFFER**  
Artist **LAUREL WRIGHT**



*"Statistically speaking, one of you will become a school shooter. So tomorrow we'll be learning how to do a full-Nelson takedown on each other just to be safe."*

lamented that "freshman year is a waste of time," decided over the summer to study for and take ASEs in all their Science Core GIRs so that they could begin Unified Engineering during their first semester.

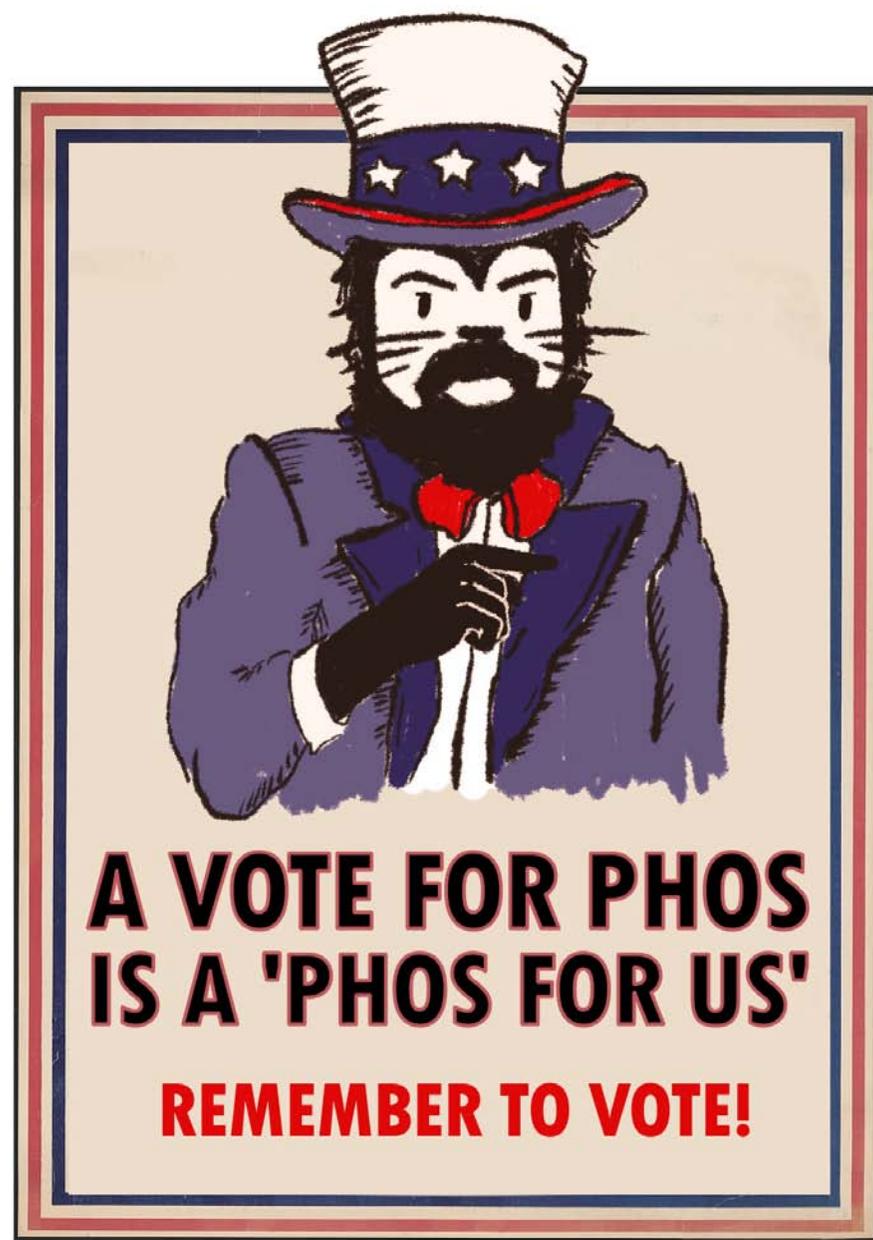
Other respondents reported "feeling more free to explore campus and the surrounding areas." As a result, they are starting to become better accustomed to life at MIT. For example, one student reported spending the entire month of September hitchhiking through all of Massachusetts, greatly easing their transition to New England life. Another student used their PNR status to backpack through Europe, noting that they "had always wanted to explore Europe, but never wanted to take a year off from school, so PNR let [them] do it anyway."

From the desk of Seth Lloyd:

"Hi folks. Before we get started on single qubit systems, I feel the need to tell you all about the time I shit my pants. It may come as shocking if you aren't aware of it, but it's important for you to hear.

When it first happened, my wife had advised me to not shit my pants...but I believed that it wouldn't happen again if I had good support, so I bought some Levi's 501s. Even so, I continued to shit my pants for many years.

I feel real awful about it, even reached out to those who were most affected by my pants-shitting...They were such good pants, comfortable. Nobody should have shat in them. What should I do now?"



With the pre-primary period now drawing to a close, Woop Garoo Magazine has decided to endorse Senator Elizabeth Warren for the Democratic presidential nomination. Since sitting on the sidelines in 2016, Warren is a progressive lion whose push for Medicare For All has galvanized millions to fight for single payer health care in the United States. Her plan would not raise taxes on the middle class, unlike that of Bernie Sanders; rather, she would start by increasing taxes on the poor and finally create a public health care system starting in her third year as president. This plan would both establish single-payer health insurance and eradicate the lower class in one fell swoop.

Warren's means-tested welfare programs would inspire a sizable movement to back half-measures toward the repairment of our broken social safety net, whereas Bernie Sanders' more comprehensive plans would not. Additionally, it cannot be stressed enough how important it would be to have a first Jewish

president. Warren would break the glass ceiling for Jewish Americans everywhere, which is especially significant after the first Jewish nominee lost on a technicality to Trump four years ago. Finally, Warren would bring the base of professional affluent suburbanites back into the Democratic fold after their recent rightward drift, rather than focus on turning out already-loyal Democratic white working-class voters.

Since the New York Times endorsed two candidates for the nomination, it would be prudent for Woop Garoo to one-up them by endorsing three candidates. With that in mind, Woop Garoo is endorsing former Representative Joe Sestak for the nomination. Having such a prominent nominee with extensive experience as a naval admiral is certain to excite voters all across the country. For our third endorsement, Woop Garoo needed to take its time and carefully assess the electability of each candidate. Thus, Woop Garoo is endorsing Senator Warren a second time.

want to join

woop garoo?

we're extending our comedy into different media! if you're interested in writing, print design, illustrations, filming, animation, or just joining our social list, contact us at . . .

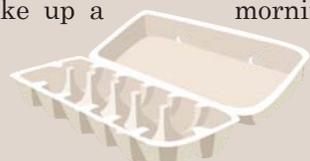
[woopgaroo-exec@mit.edu](mailto:woopgaroo-exec@mit.edu)

# “Bottoms up!”



But now with Bottoms, the cough drop suppository, I don't worry about spitting it out at all! For a mere \$9.95 I can tend to my ailments and also keep the ball rolling in meetings.

Some doctors even suggest taking one in the morning before you head off on your commute so that you'll be fresh and ready to go by the time you get to work, sit down, and start reviewing VC applications for the week.



**Bottoms**  
America's No.1 cough drop suppositories

Writer **JACOB MISKE**  
Artist **KARINA HINOJOSA**

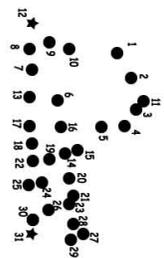
Are you a busy manager working in a quick-moving VC firm? Are you always worried about your personal image?

I know thoughts about your appearance can tend to creep up on you. Believe me, I used to worry about having to suddenly strike up a conversation even when I had a cold.

The last thing I want to do when talking to a colleague is accidentally spit out my cough drop.

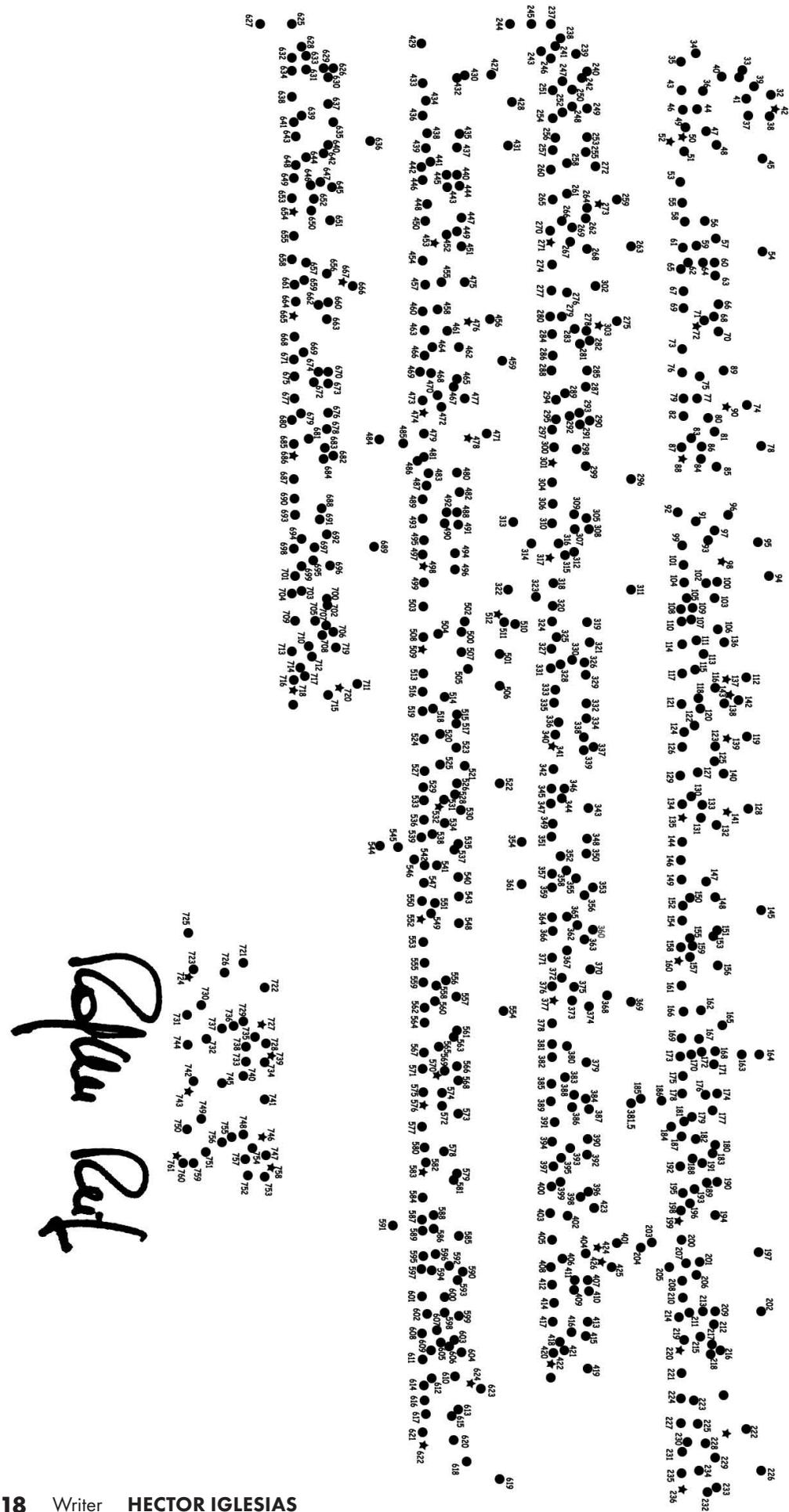
## How Many Ways Can You Connect the Dots?

Oh no! President Reif can't remember what he wrote on his thank you letter to Mr. Epstein. Can you help him out?

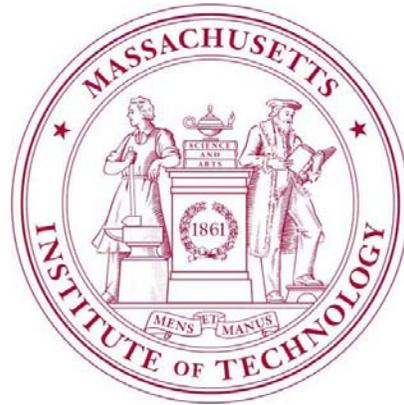


# Jeffrey Epstein,

Stop at each star ★.  
Begin a new line at the next number,  
and continue until the next star.  
(Dots 1-761)



*Reif Reif*



# MIT's Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees

## FINAL REPORT ON THE ABUNDANCE OF AD HOC COMMITTEES

### Executive Summary

MIT has long-standing policies designed to further its mission to foster relationships with individuals and organizations that result in corporate, military, and philanthropic sponsorship. These policies are well-developed and reflect a deep commitment to preserving the Institute's unethical sources of funding. However, in recent years the Institute has been the face of a number of scandals due to associations with questionable individuals. As a result, the number of ad hoc committees created in response to these public embarrassments has increased; the failures of MIT's current committee system has become more apparent; and increasing numbers of faculty, postdocs, graduate students, undergraduate students, and even service employees are venting their frustration by writing op-eds in *The Tech*. Therefore, it is both timely and appropriate for MIT to undertake a comprehensive review of its procedures related to creating ad hoc faculty committees and to reducing their amount. In this regard, a new committee, the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees, was appointed by the Provost and charged with finding out why a steady stream of ad hoc committees are constantly being created. This committee will recommend changes to the system that will surely not be taken seriously by members of the Executive Committee of MIT.

### Charge to the Committee from the Provost

On October 16, 2019, Chair of the Faculty Rick Danheiser and Provost Martin Schmidt announced the creation of the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees after having created two committees the previous day that would examine MIT's outside engagements and review its gift processes. Initially, faculty proposed a motion to reexamine the process by which ad hoc committees are formed and granted decision-making authority in an effort to make them more democratic. Senior faculty, who were in the majority at the meeting, were quick to criticize such a drastic proposal, pointing to the need for the university to establish a definitive correlation between the current ad hoc committee practices and student unrest before any tangible structural changes could be discussed. Thus, the motion to democratize ad hoc committees was defeated, and the motion to form the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc committees was passed.

The Provost charged the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees to investigate the overabundance of ad hoc committees and recommend changes to reduce the vast number of ad hoc committees. The Provost emphasized that this is only the first step in a long, difficult process of introspection and reform and that many more committees are likely to be formed in the coming months to aid in the investigation.

### Process of our Review

In order to provide a diverse perspective, the committee's investigation considers data gathered from both faculty and students. The data from the students were collected using an email-based survey that asked questions designed to gauge the recipient's level of political unrest. The faculty dataset was gathered by interviewing faculty with prior involvement in ad hoc committees. The faculty interview questions were designed to gauge the faculty's perception of the impact that current committee practices have on the operation of the university. The details of both techniques will be elaborated upon in the following section.

It was suggested that the responsibility to assist the committee in its decision was an undue burden on the students, and thus, in an attempt to prevent added stress, the data from the student survey was ignored in the final recommendations. In addition, the chairperson for the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees ultimately decided to ignore the data from the faculty interviews by a similar argument that suggests faculty's focus should be on their research, and thus, the stress of their opinions affecting the committee's recommendations could be viewed as a workplace distraction.

In this way, the views and opinions of all members of the MIT community could be heard and carefully considered without affecting the integrity of the committee's final recommendations.

### SUMMARY OF RESULTS

#### Survey of Students in the MIT Community

We believed that it would be important to survey the entire student body to gain numerous perspectives on how ad hoc committees have increased in the past several decades. A survey was sent to all graduate students and undergraduate students who, at some time in the past, have had a beating pulse in their body. The survey consisted of 20 questions (10 open-ended questions, 4 Likert scale questions, 3 captcha questions, and 3 demographic questions), and was divided into 5 sections (multiple choice, written response, spoken response, body language response, and waiver of rights). It was sent out via email to those in the community who had also subscribed to [free-food@mit.edu](mailto:free-food@mit.edu); 8727 people responded (69% response rate). Forty-two of the respondents left all their answers blank, and one respondent answered "Epstein didn't kill himself" for all the questions, which continues to perplex this committee as to how they could have done that. Since the response rate was relatively high, the responses provided important insights about the underlying cause behind the increase in ad hoc committees. The majority of student responses linked the ad hoc committee overabundance to an overuse of MIT administrative power. This must have been a technical glitch in the survey app software. We have included a graphical summary of the results in this report. Please note that you can only view the graphical summary by hashing this report with your MIT certificate.

#### Interviewing Members of Ad Hoc Committees

In addition to receiving feedback from students, we conducted interviews with members of previous ad hoc committees. It was believed to be necessary to learn how they handled the numerous issues the Institute faces on a daily basis. From these interviews, the committee has come to understand the nature of ad hoc committees. Ad hoc committees, which differ from standing, sitting, and sprinting committees, are created in response to a particular issue. Each time an ad hoc committee is created, members are appointed by top administrators and instructed to not make decisions that create structural change. Any sort of structural change could potentially result in dangerous deeper thinking and radical decision processes that may end up removing top administrators. Ad hoc committees have become so efficient at not making decisions that it requires minimal to no effort. For every decision that is not made by these committees, the administration creates a new ad hoc committee to increase the amount of decisions they did not make. Members of ad hoc committees work tirelessly at not producing substantial results. In fact, members typically pass off the work to a future committee, and at the start of every meeting, they clear the agenda just to make sure that no decisions would be made.

One interview of note involved the chairperson of the Ad Hoc Committee to Consider the Possibility of an Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees. The chairperson remarked that he did not want to keep passing responsibility on to other committees for the rest of his career, although he had no objection to doing it as long as it was for the committee's sake. When presented with the outcome of the aforementioned survey, the chairperson offered his own interpretation of the results.

*"It's all about the role you play here, and those roles determine the duties you perform. As a member of an ad hoc committee, my job is to pass the buck as much as possible. Your job is to ensure that the recommendations you end up making don't precipitate any further action. The job of students is to embrace the status quo and move on with their damn lives, and I hope that they do their job as well as I've been doing mine. Honestly, it's because too many people at MIT care about pointless things that these committees are created in the first place. If people stopped complaining, then we wouldn't be forced to not make any meaningful decisions. If they weren't too busy caring about such things as 'ethics' and 'sexual predators' and instead accepted the status quo, we wouldn't even be having this conversation."*

In all cases, save for one energetic encounter, interviewees expressed similar views with utmost fervor. Many responses suggested it was preposterous that current committee practices could be contributing to unrest or the negative mental state of students on campus given that the experience of being on committees has been unilaterally positive. Being given the title of "chairperson on the Ad Hoc Committee for Student Detention" or "chairperson on the Ad Hoc Committee for Cultural Mixing," or even the popular "chairperson on the Ad Hoc Committee for Consulting with the Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate the Overabundance of Ad Hoc Committees" has awarded these individuals with a deeper sense of purpose and, in at least one case, has helped them "transform into a less up-tight and more confident version of themselves."

### Findings and Recommendations

We found that the work of committees at MIT is fundamental to the structure of the MIT administration. However, the large number of ad hoc committees has become a burden. The nauseating overuse of ad hoc committees has proven to be ineffective in addressing real issues within the Institute. As many members of the MIT community know, an overabundance of bureaucracy can lead to major inefficiencies. The absurd number of ad hoc committees has led to public apathy about the future of the Institute and an overall lack of character in the students who leave this campus. Therefore, the recommendations we developed are focused on reducing the amount of ad hoc committees operating in the Institute, thereby relieving the community of a great burden.

At large, the committee has brought forward recommendations for review by the MIT Executive Committee, with the expectation that they will make these processes more open, less uncertain, and easier to navigate for students. The following recommendations are organized along three major themes:

**1. We need to create diversions within the community to distract from bigger issues and controversial donors:**

MIT has received substantial criticism from members in the community regarding associations with questionable donors. In order to curb the impact these issues have on the formation of ad hoc committees, we recommend diverting attention away from funding sources. This can be accomplished through carefully placed distractions throughout the year. In preparation for a large, questionable donation, MIT should host a large event with free gifts. For example, when Schwarzman of the Blackstone Group donated funds towards the new College of Computing, we invited a war criminal to speak at an ostentatious three-day celebration. As a result, the community's reactions to this diversion overshadowed their concerns about the college's funding source.

**2. We need to introduce appropriate bureaucratic checks and balances to limit and disincentivize extraneous ad hoc committee formation:**

Ad hoc committees should not be formed excepting situations they are deemed absolutely necessary. To that end, the committee suggests a process by which, prior to formation, all proposed ad hoc committees must first be presented to and approved by the Standing Committee on Ad Hoc Committees with a two-thirds majority. Of course, the Presidential Committee on Standing Committees on Ad Hoc Committees reserves the right to veto the standing committee's decision at any time, at which point any further discussion of the matter is tabled until the election of the university's next provost, who is vested with the power to reintroduce ad hoc matters to the faculty meeting floor if and only if such action is approved by MIT's corporate attorney.

**3. We need to build a culture in which whistleblowing is accepted, effective, and safe:** After an article in the New Yorker shared the experiences of a Media Lab staff whistleblower, members of the community were exposed to the inadequacies of academic and administrative leaders as well as individuals in the Media Lab. These individuals had been repeatedly warned that taking Jeffrey Epstein's money was ill-advised, yet these concerns were not acknowledged. We must do all we can to make sure that MIT is a place where serious concerns are addressed. Standing up to your coworkers or superiors can be intimidating. Therefore, we recommend strengthening MIT's existing whistleblower channels and provide new avenues for people to come forward about colleagues they suspect might leak information to the press. We must strive to foster a culture and set of values that rewards discretion of sensitive matters at MIT.

We hope the Executive Committee will take our recommendations to heart, for we believe the analysis detailed in this report has been very thorough. However, we recognize that the Executive Committee will do as they see fit regardless.



# Fear and Loathing in MIT: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the Corporation's Dream

By Krunter S. Thwompson (Illustrated by P.T. Cat)

My good friend Phos T. Cat tipped me off on this story. He said it was unlikely that any other journalist would take it on, since MIT's own newspaper seemed unconcerned—likely too preoccupied with reading through students' emails to take a closer look at their administration, he said. Phos and I have been chums for ages; I actually helped him with a few stories when he first got started in Beantown. He was still spending his days passed out in the Walker Memorial attic when he called me the day of the Crown Prince's friendly visit.

"You've got to come up for one of these student actions. I know you used to cover all the wildest campus protests back in the day," he said.

Getting to the great Commonwealth was half the problem. I had just left a hostel in D.C. where I was caught up in a volatile situation with a cronie employed under one Mister Mike Bloomberg. Funny thing about that: Phos called me up some months ago, raving about a commencement speech Bloomberg gave to a bunch of scrawny nerds at MIT who've never been frisked in their godforsaken lives. And now the dirtbag's running for president...

I didn't leave D.C. so much as I bolted out of that circus tent. Barely escaped with my sanity and a bag of Washington blow in an old Chrysler. After loading up on some detestable chemicals, I drove in a high-speed frenzy northward on I-95, never looking back on the political junkies I left behind.

That's the weird thing about junkies in D.C.: they come in all forms, shapes, and sizes, from all walks of life. You can glance at a suit on Capitol Hill or avert your gaze from a grizzled face in an alley, and you'd understand that both were using. But in this humble journalist's opinion, the suits in D.C. freak me the fuck out: they get off on the process, riding that high into the next election cycle. Statistics dribble out of their mouths when they eat; I try my damndest not to stare. Even so, I am content knowing that I am nothing like them. I am not a freak: I use actual drugs.

Somehow, I managed to get to the Institute with a few scrapes and only two instances of hysterics in a Boston tavern. While wandering the grounds, I found myself in the shadow of Koch's cancer building and thought it might be useful to get ahead of my research into the state of affairs and of the whole business, understand? I tried convincing any of the moguls there to show me where they kept the toxic waste—just to get a glimpse before they dump it into a local community garden—but no one would shove. Things got particularly dicey when I tried to relax

with a smoke, but luckily Phos found me before the fire department was called (I can't stand those types).

He managed to calm me down with a few more lines of blow, and so I set off to find a place to write. After slipping a half-conscious graduate student a fiver—they're desperate lately, you know—I was able to use a former den of depravity for my stay in Cambridge. The Haus on 70 Amherst Street was a welcome temporary hovel; the echoes of bacchanalia past made the cold floor of the basement bearable while I finished this story.

I was also able to find a food source, and although it's not as luxurious as most of my posts have been, the student at Maseeh dining told me it has slightly less horsemeat than other schools with the same meal service. Plus, all it cost me were the fake tabs of acid I slipped the student in exchange for meal swipes.

I could probably have blended into the MIT crowd pretty easily. I had a vision of Phos and I in our best I-consult-for-a-defense-corporation attire, swilling some energy drinks so the cops wouldn't think we're abnormal and to help take the edge off the cocaine. I've learned a thing or two from past dealings with those wary of the outside observer. Arguing for days on end with publicity offices can make a journalist antsy, I can tell you. That's why these days I don't even bother with the regular channels of the press. I had also stocked up on my favorite mace canisters in case an establishment guard got in my way. They gave me some nerve-rattling looks whenever I got too close though, great creeping Jesus.

I took Vassar out to the middle of campus, beer in one hand and my typewriter under the other, jumping

between lanes, my mind so full of the urge to mace that I fear I might've caused several cyclists mild head damage. Phos was concerned next to me despite having witnessed many MIT protests in the past.

"Is it safe out there? Will we survive?"

"Sure" I said. "It can't be worse than the November Actions."

I shrugged, reminiscing on my glory days covering the MIT beat in '69. "Seven busloads of police couldn't beat that picket line back from the war machine rooms. Hell, this hardly rambunctious scene is barely shoulder to shoulder. We'll just have to be careful not to vomit on a Facebook intern's Adidas and start a fight."

A few locals seemed annoyed with the fact that I had parked the old wagon in the middle of the football field. We promptly ignored them and crossed the block to the center of the protest action. What was the point of having a football field anyway? Intramurals? I'm getting off-topic here. The newest iteration of radicals were gathered outside the student center carrying signs and yelling about dirty money. They'd be hippies if they had drugs and charisma.

My first conversation with a moon-faced spectator didn't give me much to work with, considering I was after information on the corporation's movements. "Hell, I don't really know what the problem is," he said to me. "Epstein's dead, and Lincoln Labs was actually a really fun summer job." Hell, I had no luck finding out what was really going on.

Publicity follows reality, but only up to the point where a new kind of reality, created by publicity, begins to emerge. MIT's contribution to the publicity economy rolled out into the presses and into their shamelessly concerned emails which followed each bumpy scandal. Juggling the cultural position of a free-world-hero progress-machine and the political position of a hot steaming bowl of military capital could drive any administration off the side of a cliff where I can't find them...Phos was tired of my musing and opted instead to do another line off the back of a poster board.

"Can the student body be liberals and techno-capitalists?" I shrugged and raised an armful of mace and pushed through the crowd now marching up to the corporation's offices. "Move on, fellas! Make way for the working press!"

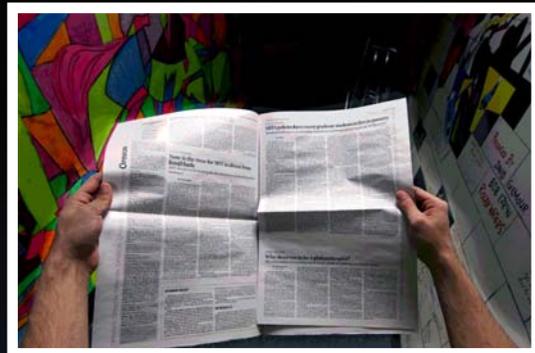
From that point on we lost all control of events and spent the rest of the weekend just churning around in a sea of horrors. My notes and recollections are somewhat scrambled.

[It is at this point the reader should note that the esteemed writer, before he had a chance to finish what might've been his seminal work in gonzo journalism, slipped into a cocaine-induced fugue state from which he never recovered. He still resides in the basement of 70 Amherst Street, occasionally writing unintelligible pieces on the state of modern media and demanding to speak to someone named "01' Tim Leary."]

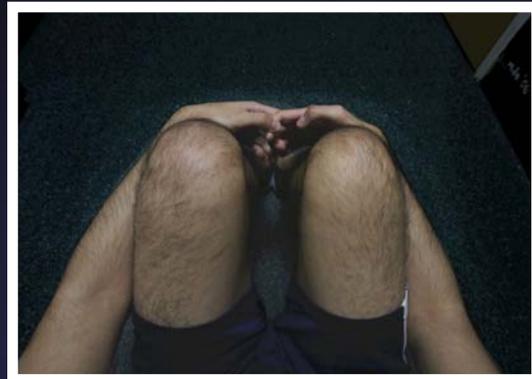


*FEW LIVE TO FINISH THIS GAME.*

Pull an all-nighter  
before a midterm!



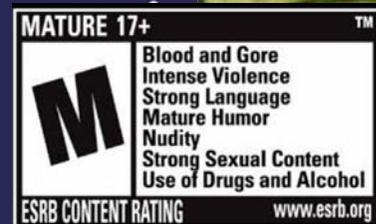
Find out your dorm is being destroyed!



• Have a panic attack after  
your midterm!

# **BURNOUT: EAST COAST MANIA**

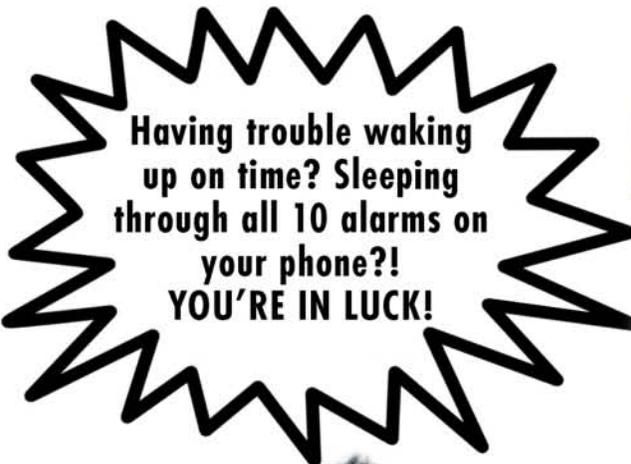
**WHEN COLLEGE APPLICATIONS AREN'T STRESSFUL ENOUGH...  
LIVE THE NIGHTMARE OF BEING AN MIT STUDENT!**



**WoopGaroo**

Writers **HECTOR IGLESIAS  
HADRIAN MERCED**  
Artist **KARINA HINOJOSA**

# **Conspiracy Theorist Alarm Clock**



Having trouble waking  
up on time? Sleeping  
through all 10 alarms on  
your phone?!  
**YOU'RE IN LUCK!**

Order your very own Conspiracy Theorist to wake you up, guaranteed. Conspiracy Theorists can come in all shapes and sizes (Moon Landing Deniers, 9/11 Truthers, Flat Earthers, Anti-Vaxxers, etc.). When your Conspiracy Theorist arrives, just tell them when you want to wake up, and they'll wait in a corner of your room...until it's time for them to scream in your ear,

## **"WAKE UP, SHEEPLE!"**



50%

# INCONSEQUENTIAL ART

HEY, SHOULDN'T WE BE PUBLISHING INFORMATION REGARDING MIT'S CONNECTION WITH EPSTEIN?

Tips on being a **GOOD WRITER**

1. Disregard ethics
2. Repeat
3. ???

YEAH, SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA...

**Frozen yogurt machine installed in student center**  
Regular size costs \$4, large costs \$5, with two complimentary toppings from six options

By Wenbo Wu, ASSOCIATE NEWSSTAFFER  
The machine's indicated operating hours are 4:00 a.m. to 12:00 a.m. daily. However, the machine appears to be intermittently offline at other times as well, including when Kyle Carden '23, a customer, wrote in an email to The Tech that the frozen yogurt machine "makes me go to the Stud even when I don't need to, and I usually end up buying areas such as universities, airports, malls, stadiums, museums, and hospitals. Each machine reports live data to operators, including when stocks are low. The machine can

Writer & Artist **HECTOR IGLESIAS**  
Colorist **KATHARINA GSCHWIND**

Whether it's stinging insects or scrubs-wearing preppies, sighting one WASP means a swarm is likely on its way to your neighborhood.

Writer **ZOZ**  
Artist **LAUREL WRIGHT**  
Colorist **KATHARINA GSCHWIND**

In wake of the Epstein-scandal, MIT doubles down on donor transparency.

Nothing says green like gasoline.

Writers **SAGE MAXWELL**  
**ALEXIS MOSQUEDA**  
Artist **LAUREL WRIGHT**  
Colorist **KATHARINA GSCHWIND**

Who Wants to Stay a Millionaire

What were you doing when you signed Jeffrey Epstein's "Thank you" letter?

- A: I do not recall
- B: Skydiving
- C: Using a pen plotter
- D: Recovering from a hangover

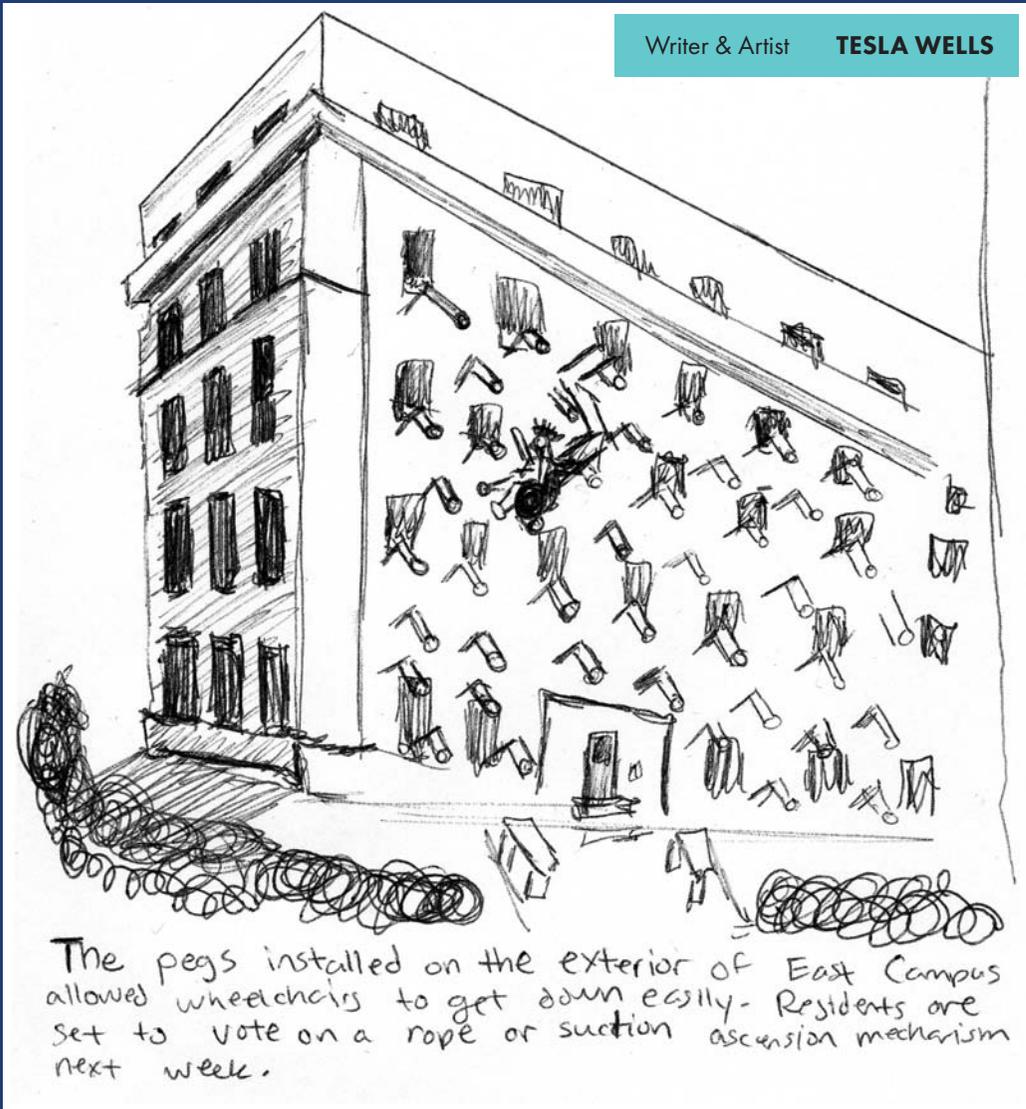
Writer **JACOB MISKE**  
Artist **HECTOR IGLESIAS**

Writer & Artist **SAGE MAXWELL**

Recently, leading scientists at MIT discovered a biological weapon that would put an end to nuclear warfare once and for all.

Upon news of this discovery, countries all around the world began to form treaties with one another and the world was denuclearized within a month.

That biological weapon was an incurable strand of the common cold that, if released on the public, would infect the entire human population in 1 day, and would cause everyone uncontrollable coughing, sneezing, pain, and suffering for the rest of their lives.



Writer & Artist **TESLA WELLS**

The pegs installed on the exterior of East Campus allowed wheelchairs to get down easily. Residents are set to vote on a rope or suction ascension mechanism next week.

Artist **KATHARINA GSCHWIND**



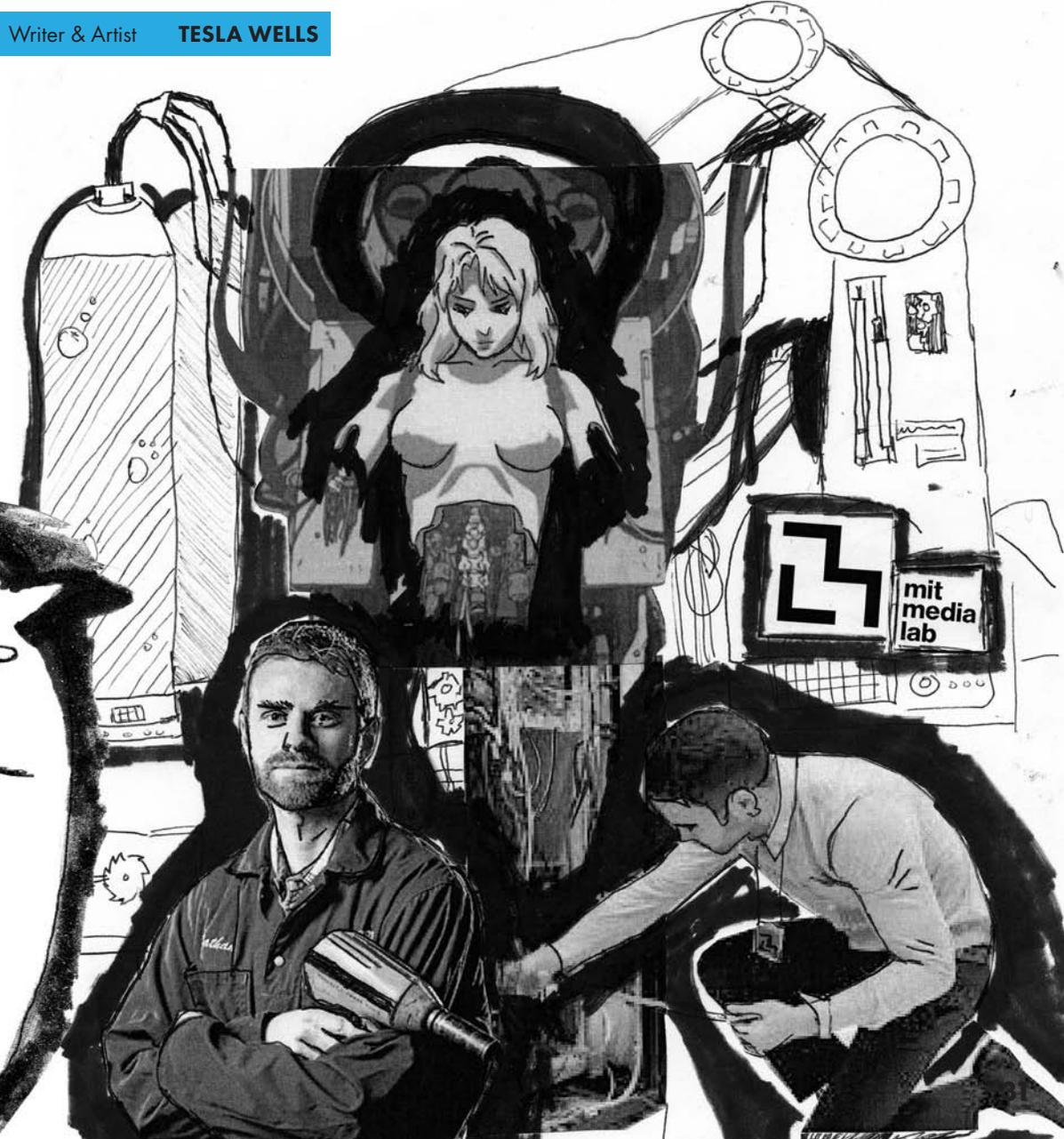
Writer & Artist **TESLA WELLS**



The man in the egg suit promptly beat the hell out of the giant chicken.

Writer **JACOB MISKE**  
Artist **VAN PIPITONE**

Writer & Artist **TESLA WELLS**



"You need at least one uppercase letter, a number, and a special character for a strong name."

Writer **HECTOR IGLESIAS**  
Artist **LAUREL WRIGHT**  
Colorist **KATHARINA GSCHWIND**



DON'T BELIEVE



PIPPLERS AREN'T REAL! ☹️

THE LEFT-WING PROPAGANDA! ☹️