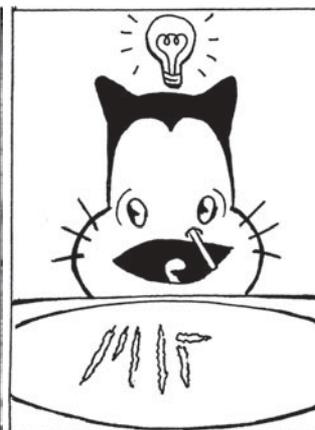
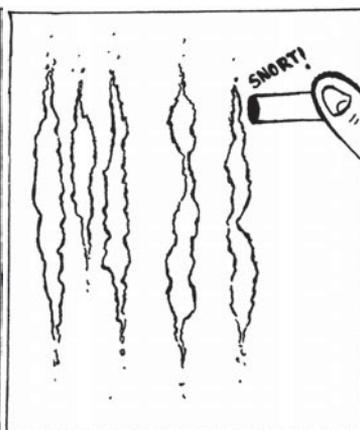


**MIT's Only
Intentionally Humorous
Campus Publication**

Volume 87, Issue 1





From the creators of the award-winning dramatic fiction shows *NYPD Broomstick* and *FOX News*, comes the latest in high-octane television action. Bitten by a radioactive right-wing supreme court judge after a dirty bomb attack on Washington, mild-mannered paralegal Lois Limbaugh is transformed into **AMERICAN JUSTICE**, unstoppable defender of the American way! Armed with her **Revolving Door Spinning Scales of Death™**, **AMERICAN JUSTICE** travels around the world in the 5 M.P.G. JusticeMobile delivering a good old fashioned American trial by fire to any and all enemies of the US Government's freedom! Those devious foreign scum and their terrorist reserves of mass petroleum don't stand a chance when **AMERICAN JUSTICE** rolls into town. The lynch mob was invented right here in the USA, and now **AMERICAN JUSTICE** shows those brown barbarians that we haven't forgotten how to give payback American style. **AMERICAN JUSTICE**. Coming soon to a country not near you.



In Alumni Edition Voo Doo:



Brian The Ultimate Ninja — even numbered pages

You can make these very pages more animated than the Voo Doo Telethon. The future is now.

Letters To The Editor — page 6

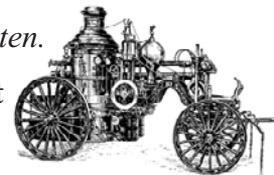
We don't mind these letters signed in blood, but does it always have to be ours?



The Daily Voo Doo — MIT Inc. Redefines Self With New, More Expensive "Graphic Identity" Logo — page 8

The funniest combination of blocks and sodomy since kindergarten.

MIT Meal Card Encourages Further Increase In Student Happiness Quotient With Reaganomics — page 10



A classic missed opportunity – the best thing they could have taken from the Reagan years is Alzheimer's.

The Return Of Editorial Humor — page 11

We're back to second-worst humor publication in Cambridge. Boo-yah!

Iraqi Family Circus — page 12

Thanks to modern US cluster bomb technology, the family that decays together stays together.

Smoke And Mirrors: The Media Lab Newsletter — page 14

The latest gadgets from the place that brought you the cock-flavoured scratch-and-sniff.

Sex In Text — page 16

More pussy and kinkier rhymes than The Cat In The Jimmy Hat.

SWE Research Focus — page 20

Putting the progesterone back into programming.

Admin Manga — page 22

20% less tentacle rape than the real MIT administration.

Voo Doo Interviews Ronald McDonald — page 24

Voo Doo coupon special: clip and bring to your local McDonald's for a free Filet O'Fuck.

Watch Out Bollywood: Here Comes Bollyhood! — page 28

Viewing the world through saffron-coloured glasses.

Excerpts From The 1949 MIT Handbook — page 30

Voo Doo's heyday came shortly after world politics gave us our second joke.

Voo Doo Fold-In — page 31

Our greatest plagiarism since "Dr Abortion vs Placenter".



From the Publisher



Antipodean Illuminatus

Andrew Brooks

Saviour

Kelly Clancy

Fishbowl

Mark Feldmeier

Rorschach Blotto

Shervin Fatehi

Funkmaster Pentafluoride

Mateusz Malinowski

Tubular Radical

Javid Sadr

Captain Cactus-Cock

Matt Malchano

Shillelagh

Grace Kenney

Regular Railspike

Blake Brasher

Glass Mushroom Kitten

Mariana Baca

Publisher

Phosphorus

Contributors

Mariana Baca

Blake Brasher

Andrew Brooks

Mike Brown

Matt Cain

Kelly Clancy

Cyrus Dolph

Shervin Fatehi

Mark Feldmeier

Alex Firshein

Jessica Forbess

Jessica Hinel

Grace Kenney

Matt Malchano

Mateusz Malinowski

Javid Sadr

Paulo Jacob Silva

Dustin Sweet

Volume 87, Number 1

Voo Doo Magazine

MIT Room 50-309

77 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02139

voodoo@mit.edu

Voo Doo, MIT Journal of Humour, (ISSN 1066-2499) is published by Phosphorus Publishing whenever we can get our act together. All material ©2003 *Voo Doo Magazine* and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, six issue mail subscription \$10. Submissions accepted from any past-or-present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: write for rates, page sizes and production deadlines. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidence. *Voo Doo* is not printed on recycled paper due to concerns about the environmental impact of the "de-inking" process, but is printed with soy-based inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu. Special thanks to the UA FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Turley.

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

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. It doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going to get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNobel Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/submissions welcome. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.



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

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

EDITORIAL DISCHARGE

Loyal Voo Doo readers, I'm not so sure what to say to you all this time around. I feel uncharacteristically relaxed for the editor's note part of putting the issue together. Perhaps it's because I have two whole hours before being menaced by the printer pickup guy instead of the usual twenty minutes. Or maybe it's because I think I actually got a few hours sleep in the last couple of days. Or perhaps some prankster on the Voo Doo staff has been replacing the malt on my naphtha milkshakes with powdered Valium again — you've been warned about that, fuckers! But probably it's just because I think the majority of people reading this will be the same alums that I've spent the last two weeks begging for articles, so this whole exchange is more like the tearful post-release reunion with the father who taught you how to get a clean head shot every time, than an appearance before the Institute Committee On Lobotomy. So you'll have to forgive me if this is a little more mellow than usual; if I forget to threaten to use the botulism growing on the rotting leftover Steer Roast meat in the Senior Haus basement to poison the entire campus, gently remind me and I'll try to make it up to you next issue. This one goes out to you, comrades.

Once again, we find ourselves with the need for humor on campus at an all time high. We live in scary times. Sure, Voo Doo likes to make lots of jokes about Nazis, but it feels a little different now that they're running our countries' governments. And getting closer to home, something is terribly wrong with the Institute. When your tuition money is squandered on outside graphic image consultants and slick, corporate, functionality-destroying website redesigns while the 24-Hour Coffeehouse is forced to shut down for want of stu-

dent life spare change, it's time to start hooking some genitals up to the mains and breaking out the barbed wire endoscopes. When you try not to gag as you pronounce Rush "REX" (or as we at Voo Doo prefer, "FIDO": Finally I've Destroyed Orientation), and you shiver in the Amherst Street gutter after being forced to give up your summer housing to help line the Institute coffers with conference dollars, put down that razor and pick up a pen instead — help Voo Doo keep fighting the good fight!

Other than the adversity facing us all from the world at large and the fact that we're now completely reliant on people who graduated back in the day when space shuttles used to explode on the way up, Voo Doo had a pretty good term. The highlight, of course, was Campus Preview Weekend seeing the triumphant return of the Voo Doo Telethon! (Thanks, as you might expect, to an MIT Student Cable alumnus — there is currently a great opportunity for any would-be cablefuhrers out there to mount a coup by force and start running your own TV station — remember the Voo Doo political motto, "don't delay, seize power today".) Voo Doo staff and friends occupied the Student Cable studios for 24 excruciating hours, and hundreds of prefrish got their first taste of what they'll passionately avoid for the next four years. The telethon raised about \$275 after expenses, which is about equivalent to the salary of a marginally skilled UROP over the same time period; in other words, a treasure trove straight out of the Arabian Nights by Voo Doo's standards. Although this time, we escaped with nothing more than a poster fine — the Discipline Pool remains at zero hours — so there's certainly room for improvement on the repro-

bation front. Our only real setback this term was the loss of Steven Pinker to Harvard — having provided Voo Doo with so much raw material for mockery over the years, MIT's favourite Knight Rider-era David Hasselhoff lookalike will be sorely missed. At least we've still got Chomsky.

So what's in store for the future? The inside story is that the Telethon wasn't just the latest in a long line of pointlessly self-indulgent media whoring. No, indeed! In fact, it is to be the pilot for a new 24-hour "reality show" about the lives of the Voo Doo editor and staff. Laugh at the tribulations of the staffers as they question hapless CVS employees about the best kind of mouthwash to rinse out the taste of the manifestly unsuccessful "blowjobs for comics" program. Stay glued to your television for the sublime physical comedy of the rare moments the editor falls asleep, convulsing in drool-soaked nightmares of page layout, or digs around in the garbage at 4am for leftover Steer Roast garlic bread. Share in the heartwarming ridicule as the Voo Doo staff think thousands of copies are being read and enjoyed, when unbeknownst to them disgruntled Physical Plant workers have thrown them all in the Charles. Auditions for "Voo Doo Live" start this Fall. Don't miss out!

Zoz

MARK GETS ASS



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bollocks
like Hitler's!

Dear Voo Doo,

First off, I would like to thank you for mailing me a copy of your latest issue. As a past staffer of the Institute's only intentionally humorous publication, I realize the effort it takes to get copies out to people who mail order them. Quite frankly, we usually pocketed the money for beer. But I guess times have changed. Speaking of which, the quality of the magazine seems to have improved greatly in recent years. I was so impressed that I wanted to find out who these people were that were doing such great work. After an hour of looking up the names on the masthead, I realized that over 90% of the contributors are alumni, some of whom I even recognized. Somehow, I feel cheated. Is this still humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices? Or have we been looking backwards so long that we've just decided to go for the authentic "back in the day" feel by using the same authors they had then?

Empty inside,

Jeff Travers, S.B. '88

Dear Jeff,

As you must remember from your time here, MIT is committed to what it calls a "lifelong" educational experience. It turns out that this encompasses a variety of facets, such as lifelong learning, lifelong depression, and lifelong sponging off alumni for donations of money and humor magazine submissions. This is quite apart from the fact that the majority of current students these days are spoonfed millennial fucks who design "business plans" and "career paths" and "board meetings" and "synergies" and shit instead of the hard core geek accoutrements and weapons systems you describe from times past. At any rate, we appreciate your praise for the state of the magazine, but given our dependence on alumni for most of this content it is only natural for the quality to increase as more staffers graduate and become unemployed reprobates who are readily amenable to bribes of cheap bourbon (a negotiation process we refer to as the "liquid handcuffs"). In this respect, not to mention others with which you are no doubt familiar, Voo Doo is essentially a bitter, poverty-stricken pyramid scheme. Well, not quite a pyramid, since we only manage to recruit an alum or two per year; perhaps some kind of tube shape is a more appropriate analogy, like a "snake scheme" or a "rolled-up-dollar-bill scheme". In any case, you shouldn't

feel cheated by this state of affairs; rather, be thankful for the alumni involvement, because where would we be without them? They are the



custodians of Voo Doo's most precious intellectual property, our two jokes. If they were to let these fade from memory, Voo Doo would be 32 pages of questionable witticisms about live children and constitutional monarchies. That's just too horrible to contemplate.

In crust we trust,

Phos

Captain Rape? I am personally taking this to whoever is in charge at MIT of funding you. You are crossing a line with this shit. You try being raped, then opening up this "humor" publication and seeing "he's raping for his cock's pride." Ha ha.

Fuck you.

Auarew133@aol.com

Of course, how silly of us to forget that you, Auarew133@aol.com, have the god-given right as a person with genitalia (I assume), and an AOL subscriber to boot, to never in the course of your life have to come across something that you find tasteless, offensive, or politically incorrect in any fashion.

You don't like our magazine? That's fine with us. But there are people out there who do like our magazine, and if you try to take it away from them simply because some of the content rubs you the wrong way you'd be no better than the Nazis who went around killing abstract artists because they painted things all wrong (this is something that actually happened, by the way). The "I don't like it, therefore I will destroy it" attitude you seem to be exhibiting here is very dangerous. Have you ever asked yourself, "If I were Hitler, would I have done anything differently?" Oh, sure, maybe you wouldn't have killed so many Jews, maybe you like Jews? Maybe you are a Jew, how do I know? But this is besides the point. The point is this: you don't like Voo Doo, therefore you want to kill Voo Doo. Where does it end? You don't like dogs, therefore you want to kill all dogs? You don't like Iraq, therefore you want to kill Iraq? A black person in line in front of you at the Seven Eleven once bought the last pack of Camel Lights, the only brand of cigarettes you smoke, therefore you want to kill all black people?

I have a better, kinder, gentler solution for our particular problem: stop reading Voo Doo. That's right, the next time you see a copy of Voo Doo lying around, don't pick it up! Don't read through it! Treat it as if it were the Book of Mormon, unless you are a Mormon, in which case treat it as if it were the Koran: chock full of stuff you don't believe in so what's the point of reading it, it will probably just upset you.

Perhaps also try to reduce the amount of stress in your life.

Try to eat healthier, and get regular exercise. Try to get eight hours of sleep every night. Don't drink too much! A couple of glasses of red wine can do good things for your heart, but more than that and you're "crossing the line", so to speak, into dangerous alcoholism. I'm pretty certain that if you take this advice you will find your mood will improve dramatically, people will start to like you, and you will be able to stop obsessing about killing so much.

Good luck!

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

So, I work at an on-campus dining facility and I keep trying to get the MIT girls to drop trou. They keep rebuffing the shit out of me. Should I give them free bagels or is extra barbecue sauce more suggestive?

Alpine Adventurer

Dear Alpine Adventurer,

Though first glances give every impression that free food should be the way into an MIT girl's pants, in reality all it does is help swell them — you'll need more than bagel hand-outs to strip those strides. Similarly, if they're not craving your hot man-sauce already, simply cramming on the condiments is just too subtle to get their attention focused on your dripping dispenser. Studies have shown that the surest way to get today's driven, goal-focused MIT women to flock to your cock is to start pulling in six figures, so the sooner you quit your sandwich-assembly job and start managing a Cambridge biotech startup, the sooner you'll be spreading Tech buns of a different kind.

Always my pleasure to be of assistance,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I think that the name of Voo Doo should be changed to "what Zoz thinks is funny". The publication offends my sensitivity. It is preposterous that anyone would find the pain and suffering of women funny. Zoz should die.

You should take me seriously,

Paulo

Dear Paulo,

Your complaints could not be more unfounded. The content of Voo Doo may appear to be iron-fistedly controlled by a single Führer, but in fact every piece that appears in Voo Doo is the result of intense focus-group research involving such pre-eminent members of the MIT community as Arthur Guinness, Pierre Smirnoff and Sir Reginald Bombay Sapphire. We are also keenly aware that pain and suffering are not funny, whether experienced by women or anyone else. If pain and suffering were funny, this campus would have no need for a humor magazine, and instead of putting Voo Doo together I could be spending these multiple sleepless nights re-reading old copies of The Tech while stabbing myself in the groin with a pickle fork. Your assertions are therefore wholly without merit. Well, except for the bit about Zoz deserving death. Are deserving and welcoming the same thing?

Serious as a Big Mac attack,

Phos

Please address all correspondence to:

Phosphorus Cat, Voo Doo Magazine
77 Massachusetts Avenue, Room 50-309
Cambridge MA 02139
USA



THE DAILY



VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"Fist With The Truth, Deeper With The Details"

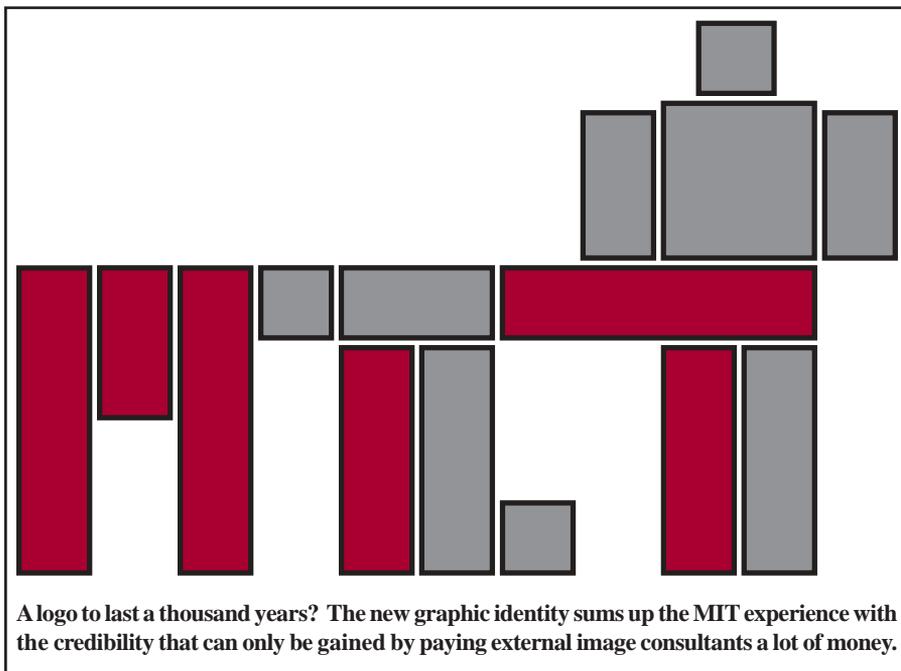
MIT Inc. Redefines Self With New, More Expensive "Graphic Identity" Logo

For generations, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been best known by its initials — a fitting economy for a university that used to value function over formality. Over the years, others sought to duplicate this approach, abbreviating their own names as "initials" or "acronyms" (eg, NYU, UCLA, USA, HIV), but none have quite paralleled the tremendous, patent-pending achievement of the fathers of the abbreviation of our institute's name (FOTAOOIN). The graphic rendering of those three letters, rather than, say, an olfactory or thermal representation, has reflected our institution's dedication to a new world order based on iconography and doodles — "the better to be illiterate in, my dear," declares Minister of Admissions Marnee Heimlich.

This week, MIT saw the official unveiling of a bold new Graphic Identity. More than just a kindergarten art project, it encompasses an entire movement (and Flash-enabled web space) devoted to distilling the very essence of the MIT experience into rectangularly-abstracted abbreviations and occult logos, mascots, symbols, and, when necessary, brown smears.

A Symbol Of Who We Are

In the informational overload of the 21st century, logos have become vital shorthand for those who recoil from the mental challenge of words and phrases. So when the MIT Graphic Identity Team members (GITs) undertook to reinvent the wheel of abbreviation, it also undertook an explo-



A logo to last a thousand years? The new graphic identity sums up the MIT experience with the credibility that can only be gained by paying external image consultants a lot of money.

ration of the MIT spirit. What is MIT? Where is it? How do you spell it? And where? Is the red you see in your head the same as the red I see in my head? And finally, how can we make it sound like we put a year of focus group results into seven rectangles? (Is a square a rectangle?)

Toolkit For The Massless

In promoting the new MIT logo as the primary basis of all public communications, the GITs at MIT have also developed a set of essential tools to empower MIT Logo Users (LUsers). This kit includes "digitized" pictures of the logo, along with historical, cultural, and sociopolitical contextualization of the logo and its crafting. Because it will necessarily appear on virtually every business card, envelope, and website gener-

ated at MIT, the logo is an idol unto itself and demands care and obedience.

Who Are We? Where Are We?

Key in the development of the logo was extensive focus group testing aimed at taking the pulse of the faculty and administrative culture in regard to the MIT Identity, its positive and negative aspects, and the whereabouts of a student culture that, if still in existence, might have had something to say of the enterprise. In the process, the GITs amassed a treasure-trove of consultantspeak buzzwords plumbing the depths of the MIT psyche. These include the positive and negative public perceptions of MIT (as perceived by MIT), its missions and values, and the dimensions along which it craves media and corporate affection.

Continued on next page



The Institute's new clothes: "Substance de-emphasization"

From previous page

<p>MIT Strengths</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Meritocracy • Uncompromising devotion to excrement • Justified arrogance • Corporate in-pocketness • Institutionalized capitalism/entrepreneurship • Shoes optional • Conformity/apathy 	<p>MIT Weaknesses</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Low public profile • People are mean • Lack of school pride in current logo • Academic and cultural diversity • Anal rape • Courage and risk taking (by students) • Masturbocracy
<p>MIT Target Tone</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Not Harvard • Like beavers • Acceptable suicide rate • Free food • Send us millenials • Not Caltech 	<p>MIT Values</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Cashotocracy • Not an ivory tower, not even close • One place • Service yourself • High score in arbitrary media rankings • Anal rape

What Beaver New Words

Hot on the heels of this iconographic triumph, these MIT-commissioned design giants will be moving on to retool the graphic depictions of the MIT seal and mascot.

Adopted in 1863, the Institute seal depicts a scholar and a worker, symbolizing the union of the twinkie and the tool. The figures appear above the Institute's Latin motto "mens et manus," meaning "mind and hand." Of the new seal, the greatest controversy surrounds the updating of the motto to "penis et anus," considered more fitting of the modern MIT experience.

Less is known about the beloved beaver's

modern makeover. Since 1914, the wet furry rodent has been embraced by the MIT community for its industriousness, subversiveness, and resilience to molestation (due to the flapper at back). "The irony," observes chief graphic architect Hazbeen Thrustin-Lightly, Ltd., "is that for a school with a beaver mascot, these people's lives basically revolve around rear-entry avoidance, academically and administratively. Mind you, the admissions people seem to indicate it's pretty-much consensual, 'cause we're talking about millenials here."

Buy The Alphabet Soup

"A well-crafted page is the result of a successful choreography of writing, design,

images, and, most especially, typography; we've chosen to drive that home through counter-example," explains Thrustin-Lightly, Ltd. As stated in the online instructional material, MIT has not yet mandated an official font for use in all publications, though apparently not for philosophical reasons. "Frankly, it took us about \$700,000 and 16 months to figure out how to print 'MIT'. There are, like, another 20 letters in the alphabet — it'll take at least a decade before we've got a whole font. Shoot, and lowercase, too. Plus, believe it or not, there's a sort of gentleman's limit on how fast we can raise tuition to pay for this."

BREAKING NEWS

September 11 A Hoax

David Copperfield Stuns New York With Twin Towers' Reappearance

Segway Rage Silicon Valley's Number One Killer

Old Man Of Mountain Collapses

NH Government To Replace With "Barely Legal Teen Of Mountain"

Polanski Celebrates 'Pianist' Oscar Win With Popping Corks, Cherries

COMMUNITY NEWS

UA Merges With CAC

Puts Forward "Dance Dance Resolution"

Rush Renamed "REX", Liz Young Renamed "SCRAPPY DOO"

MIT Suffers Network Problems

PO11 Down For 24 Hours, Website Not Usable In Weeks Since Redesign

Committee On Community Wins Christo Award For Ass-Covering

TEAL Now Puce

MIT Meal Card Encourages Further Increase In Student Happiness Quotient With Reaganomics

Citing the recent rise of the Happiness Quotient by 23 points and an overall two-week high of the Productivity Index among all Ocean Engineering majors, the Dean of Quantitative Community Analyses Ellen Greenspan made a surprise announcement of a new Student Life hike this month. In the official press release, Greenspan stated that she hopes the initiative will "further energize the hysteria of the Student Community when the novelty of the last senseless gimmick finally wears off."

Greenspan further acknowledged that "the standard approaches to addressing the depression in the Student Happiness Quotient have mostly stopped working. For example, building a new building to create a sudden feeling of 'surprise' in a student's morning, or shuffling all the dorm rooming around to make them feel like there are 'new and exciting' people they can sleep with, these things, they just get accepted too fast."

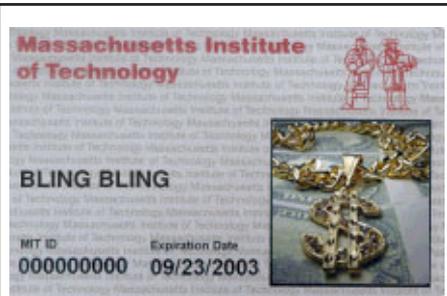
"Then we hit on it. Really, the Happiness Quotient has to do with only one thing: money. People with money are happy. The staff of *The Tech* was extraordinarily productive and well-adjusted, producing a grammatical-at-best newspaper every week, during the period of time when they were extorting tens of thousands of dollars from the organization. Compare that to the Voo Doo staff, which is so broke they can't afford toothpaste, Miller High Life, or even their anti-anxiety medication co-pays."

"So really, only students with money are happy. Since a previous Happiness

Theorem says that MIT students must not interact with the real world, only students with parents who have money can be happy. Hence, we suddenly realized that all that matters is making it easier for rich students to spend their parents' money, which will increase their Happiness and Productivity Quo-

tient, which in turn will 'trickle down' to the Lower Happiness Class."

A leading Sloan School economist commented that applying Reagan-era policies to MIT at the current time was a natural extension of the identical trend in the US federal government, even involving many of the same individuals responsible. He advised MIT students to expect increased imports of high-grade South American cocaine and a massive increase in funding for counterrevolutionary vigilantes at East Campus. Rumors that the new Department of Student Life happiness initiative includes the hiring of Nancy Reagan's astrologer as the 'Dean of Heavenly Well-Being' remain unconfirmed at press time.



The MIT card of the future? It turns out money can buy happiness after all.

The MIT Card, known as TechCash, will now be accepted at a number of new storefronts around the Cambridge area:

1. The Tremont Tea-Room, Cambridge Men's Exercise Club, the Building 4 second floor bathroom, and many of the services of the Esplanade at night now let students bill their bursar's account for the cockophany they provide. One retailer said, "At MIT, to find it is difficult enough, to find quality is impossible. Hire the best."
2. To address cheating scandals across campus, the MIT Card is now accepted by most TAs and a growing number of faculty. Previously, economic intangibles were all that students could offer, a bat of eyelashes to make up for the genetic inability to integrate functions, a phone number for a few minutes of quality exam-targeted instructor time, a soothing touch for a standard deviation. There was always that tense moment, everyone's peers staring as you discreetly toss a sheaf of Franklins to your TA in recitation. And how are professors supposed to launder that money into their

underfunded research programs? TechCash solves all that.

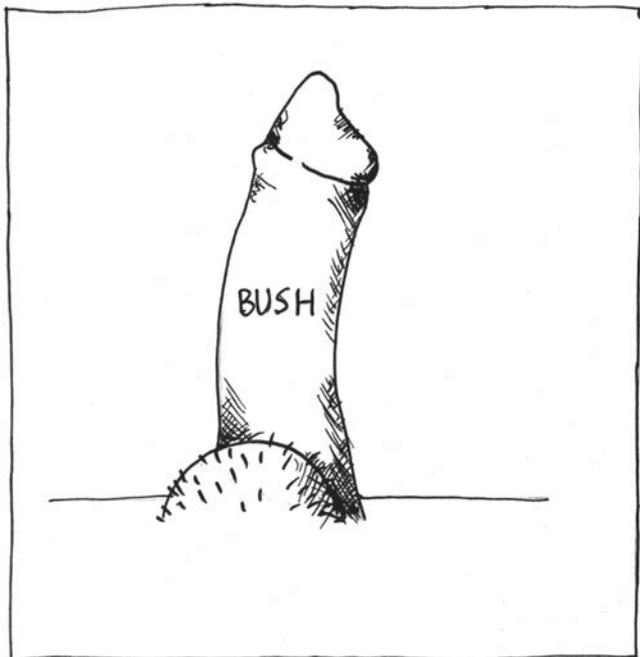
3. Now accepted by MIT Medical to cover the co-payment on all ADHD-related prescriptions, such as Ritalin, Adderall, Modafinil, and incandescent light bulbs. Just standing in the pharmacy line, students' hands used to shake too much from sudden onsets of attention deficit to get the \$10 bill out of their pocket. The use of a sturdy plastic card instead of flimsy pieces of paper will make those anxious moments a thing of the past.

4. And finally, by the MIT Alumni Association. Get accepted into the brave new old boys' network and rocket up both the corporate and Ordo Templi Orientis ladders. Enter the raffle to win a chance to blow cocaine with the shadowy figures behind the MIT Corporation (women ineligible for lottery), including Aleister Crowley's corpse. Donate your parents' money today.



THE RETURN OF EDITORIAL HUMOR

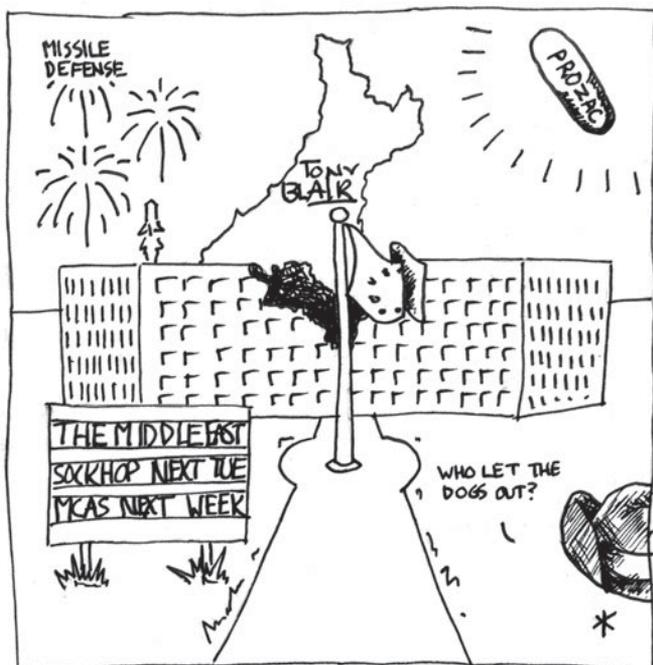
Now that *Editorial Humor*, Massachusetts' pre-eminent gang of satirical cartoon collectors, is back hitting the streets again, we at *Voo Doo* just can't wait to see what those masters of contemporary foible-spotting manage to delve up. So much so, that we decided to jump the gun. It's hard getting a publication back off the ground, and *Voo Doo* staffers are known for being well-versed in both wit and current affairs, so we put them to the task of giving the hard-pressed *Editorial Humor* folks a head start. Here's a sneak preview of the incisive and side-splitting cartoons you can expect to see in upcoming issues of *Editorial Humor*.



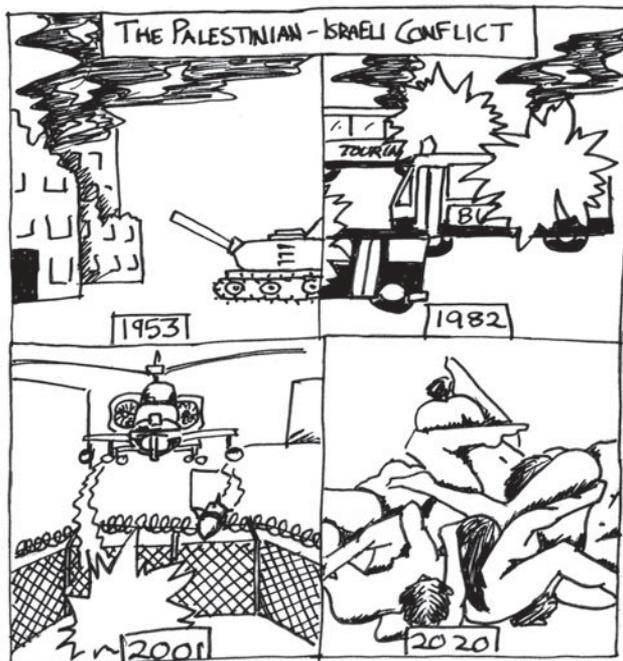
BLATANT



BANAL



THE ONE YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU FUCKING TRY



THE ONE THAT HAS SEX AT THE END



"Mommy, can you drop this off at the 'merican embassy for me? I want them to find the chem'cal weapons they've been lookin' for."



"Mommy! I slipped on the blood of our people flooding the streets!"



"All you have to do is wear this into the American checkpoint and hit the detonator. Come on Jeffy... What Would Allah Do?"



"I'm back from my clicker'ectomy!"

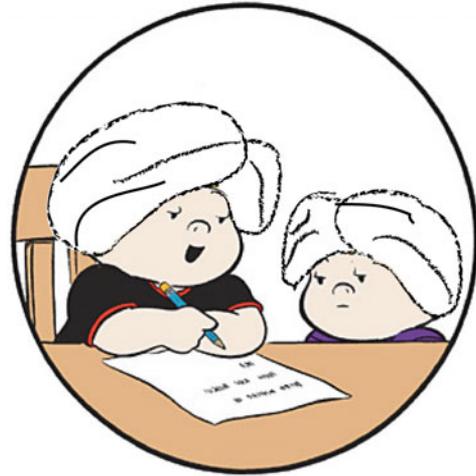


"Mommy, does freedom mean I don't have to eat d'pleted uranium no more? Am I gonna grow arms now?"





"Mommy! Jeffy says he's gonna tell the Americans I'm a journalist!"



"It's a list of all the American women I want to rape when our people conquer theirs."



"You know, Daddy, I don't think they offer tech support on looted goods."



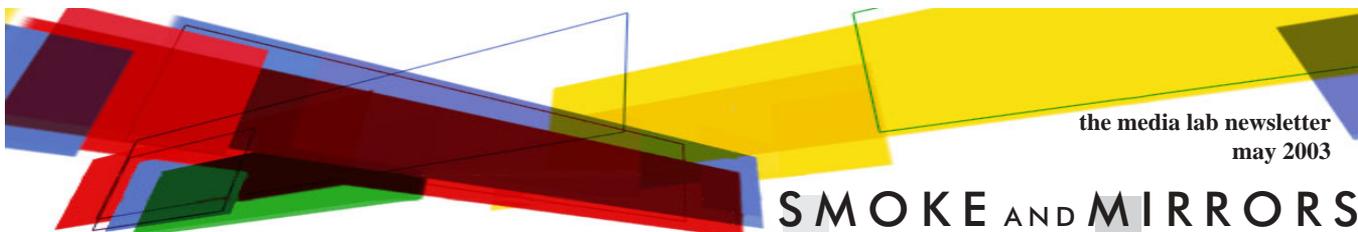
"I don't wanna play outside when it's raining the ashes of our civilization!"



"That 'Merican POW stew sure went to my hips!"



"Alright! Guess the school bully won't be bothering us now that both his hands have been blown off!"



the media lab newsletter
may 2003

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

FEATURED GROUP: DISGRACEFUL MACHINES

Each month, Smoke and Mirrors gives a group at the Lab an opportunity to talk about their research in their own words. In this edition, we visit the Disgraceful Machines group, headed by Dr Richard F. Mahoney.

The Disgraceful Machines group is dedicated to developing robots that interact with people in a natural and human-like fashion. Studies have shown that people don't want smartass robots who quietly do what they're told like fucking mechanical brown-nosers. People prefer machines that remind them of their old college buddies. That's why we developed the Reprobot. This true-to-life robot accurately portrays everyone's favorite party guest: the out-of-control drunken mess of a sketch-ball.

I always thought that a party wasn't a party until the reprobate showed up and trashed the place and generally made at least two people swear they'd never drink alcohol again. Sadly, not every party had one of these all-stars to invite. The Reprobot guarantees that every party will be one to remember. Every frat will need at least one.

The Reprobot features the latest in artificial revoltingness, which attempts to find optimal reprehensibility for a given situation. When an optimum can't be found, it resorts to a subsumption architecture that chooses from preprogrammed behaviours such as booze swilling and vomiting. The owner must therefore replenish its fuel and bile tanks daily.

The Reprobot is smarter than just your average Joe Wino bum on the sidewalk! During demos it frequently passes out unconscious in a large puddle of free Media Lab wine and broken glass. While trolling down the street it makes sure to insult each and every passerby with a unique invective. Even hardened homeless alcoholics seldom achieve this level of performance, and it takes them years of training. The Reprobot can be brought online from a cold boot in fifteen minutes.

The model you can visit in our lab is named Repron, the third prototype in the series. The first suffered from vomit feed problems and

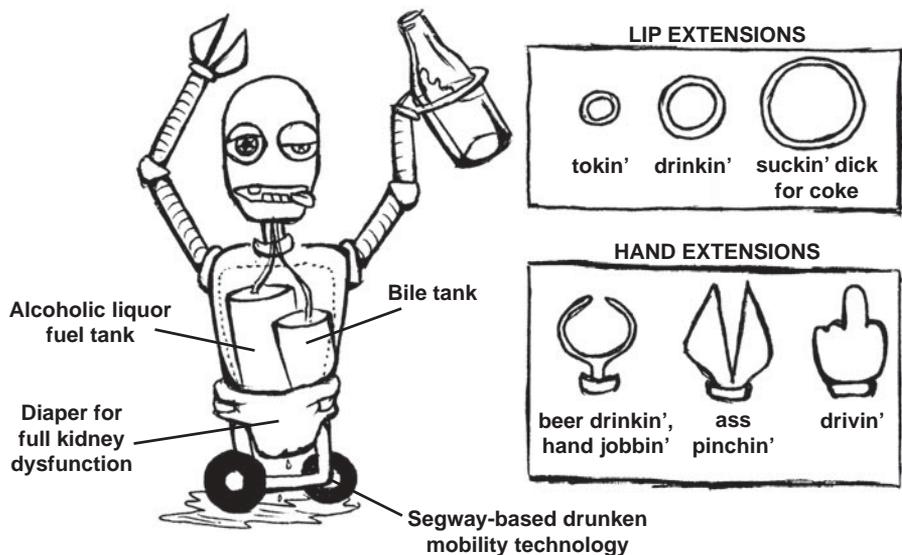
wound up choking its internal systems — it was posthumously named Scotty K. The second, Reprardo, was overly obnoxious and got itself beaten to death by a gang of sad clowns. But on recent field tests in Chinatown, Repron effectively evoked the ire of the public without engendering enough antagonism to get the support crew's asses kicked.

With Repron, we installed an insult program that would sometimes lapse into what seems like a chronic case of Tourette's Syndrome — this makes its victims feel enough pity towards our cute little hunk of hate-metal to convince

world situations. One hand is typically fitted with a ring-like device, usually for holding some type of alcoholic beverage. The other hand is often reserved for assorted lewd behaviors, such as pinching, groping, and poking. The hands are designed for maximum resourcefulness — for example, the sexual advance hands can also be readily applied towards the preparation of all manner of homebrew drugs.

We're confident that the work we've done will allow the Reprobot to cope with all but the most pathological of real-world deviance scenarios.

REPROBOT



them not to kick the artificial shit out of it.

But we're not content with mere verbal abuse — we've invested heavy design effort into the physical abuse the Reprobot is capable of dishing out as well. If it sees a toaster, vacuum, oar with a hole in it, or anything with an appropriate receptacle, it has the tendency to drop its diaper and go to town like a dog in a hairy chewy. And of course, humans have many appropriate receptacles.

If you examine the diagram, you will notice that the Reprobot is very flexible in its wretchability. It has a variety of Rapid Switch Action hands, allowing it to adapt itself to many real-

Group goals over the next 12 months

With the Lab in its current financial situation, one of our priorities is securing outside funding. At the moment we're pursuing a collaboration with the makers of "wild and crazy" videos, like *Springer Break* and *Mardi Bras*.

Our other priority is getting our robots out into the world. We've already had more interest in Reprobot than any of our other devices. Our dream is to cover the planet with these guys. Who wouldn't love coming home to one of these precious little fucks? You can urinate on them all you want and they'll just ask for more. If only real humans were so considerate.



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



THE CRACK-MAN



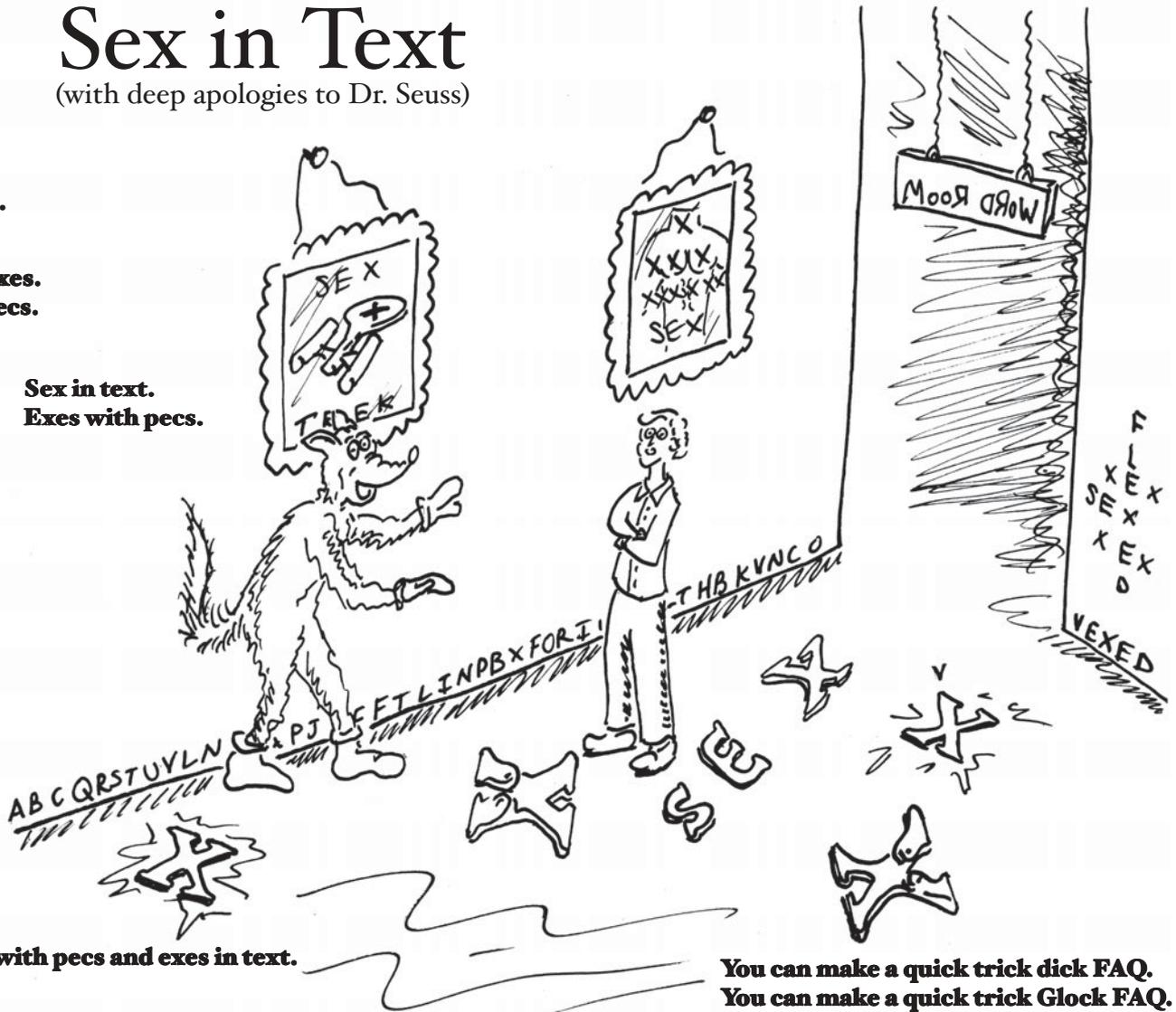
Sex in Text

(with deep apologies to Dr. Seuss)

**Sex.
Text.**

**Exes.
Pecs.**

**Sex in text.
Exes with pecs.**



Sex with pecs and exes in text.

**You can make a quick trick dick FAQ.
You can make a quick trick Glock FAQ.**

Flexed from sex and vexed from text.

**And here's a new trick, Mr. Knox...
Sex with chicks and chicks in text.
Text on cocks with licks and Glocks.
Licks and Glocks from Czechs on treks.**

Sex in text from Czechs on treks.

**Now we come to tits and clits, sir.
Try to say this Mr. Knox, sir...**

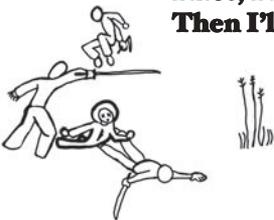
**Chicks with dicks come.
Chicks with cocks come.
Chicks with dicks and cocks and Glocks come.**

**Clits on chicks stick.
Tits on tricks shock.
Six quick kicks stick.
Six quick licks shock.**

**Look, sir. Look, sir. Mr. Knox, sir.
Let's do tricks with chicks and cocks, sir.
Let's do tricks with dicks and Glocks, sir.**

***Please, sir. I don't like this trick, sir.
My tongue isn't quick or slick, sir.
I get all those tits and spots, sir,
mixed up with the clits and slots, sir.
I can't do it, Mr. Fox, sir.***

**First, I'll make a quick trick chick FAQ.
Then I'll make a quick trick cock FAQ.**



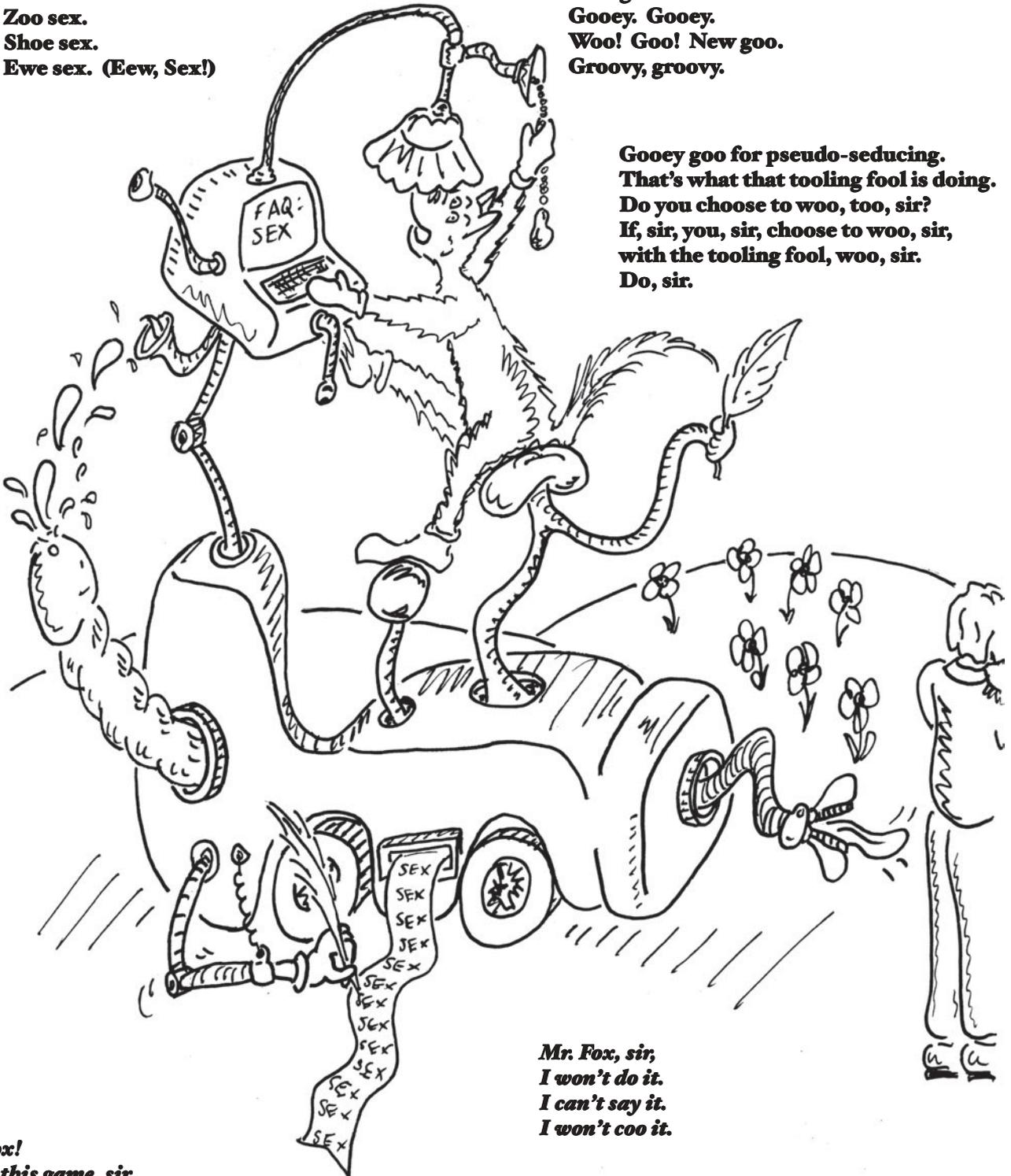
I'm so sorry, Mr. Knox, sir.

**Here's an easy game to play.
Here's an easy thing to say...**

**Poo sex.
Zoo sex.
Shoe sex.
Ewe sex. (Eew, Sex!)**

**We'll find something new to do now.
Here is lots of new blue goo now.
New goo. Woo! Goo!
Gooley. Gooley.
Woo! Goo! New goo.
Groovy, groovy.**

**Gooley goo for pseudo-seducing.
That's what that tooling fool is doing.
Do you choose to woo, too, sir?
If, sir, you, sir, choose to woo, sir,
with the tooling fool, woo, sir.
Do, sir.**



**Mr. Fox!
I hate this game, sir.
This game makes my tongue quite lame, sir.**

**Mr. Fox, sir,
I won't do it.
I can't say it.
I won't coo it.**

Mr. Knox, sir, what a shame, sir.

**Very well, sir.
Step this way.
We'll find another game to play.**

**He sighs.
She sighs.
He says she should.
She says he should.**

**He showed her sheep.
She showed him shapes.
His simmered.
Hers shimmered.
His sheared sheep swore.
Her sheer shape soared.**

**His sheep. Her shape.
He shears. She shoves.**

**She and he lead sheared sheep shows.
Her sheep shove and his sheep snore.**

**Sheep asleep! Indiscreet bleats!
Squeaking geeks! Streaking freaks!**

*My poor mouth can't say that. No, sir.
My poor mouth is much too slow, sir.*

**Well then... bring your mouth this way.
I'll find it something it can say.**

**A cute chick bites dates.
A cute chick's spite grates.
A cute chick's rites wait.
A cute chick fights mates.**

**Chicks fake bites on dates who suck, like.
You must like licks for quick chicks' sake.**

*I can't blab such blibber blubber!
My tongue isn't make of rubber.*

**Mr. Knox. Now come now. Come now.
You don't have to be so numb now.
Try to say this, Mr. Knox, please...**

**Through three squeezed knees a weenie grew.
From these knees' view, queasy sleaze was due.
Easy teasing made these three knees seize.
Seized knees made the sleazy weenie wheeze.
That's what made these three squeezed knees ooze.**

*Stop it! Stop it!
That's enough, sir.
I can't say such silly stuff, sir.*

Very well, then, Mr. Knox, sir.

Let's have a little talk about supple couplings...

What do you know about supple couplings? Well...

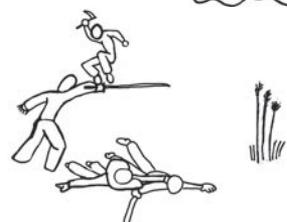
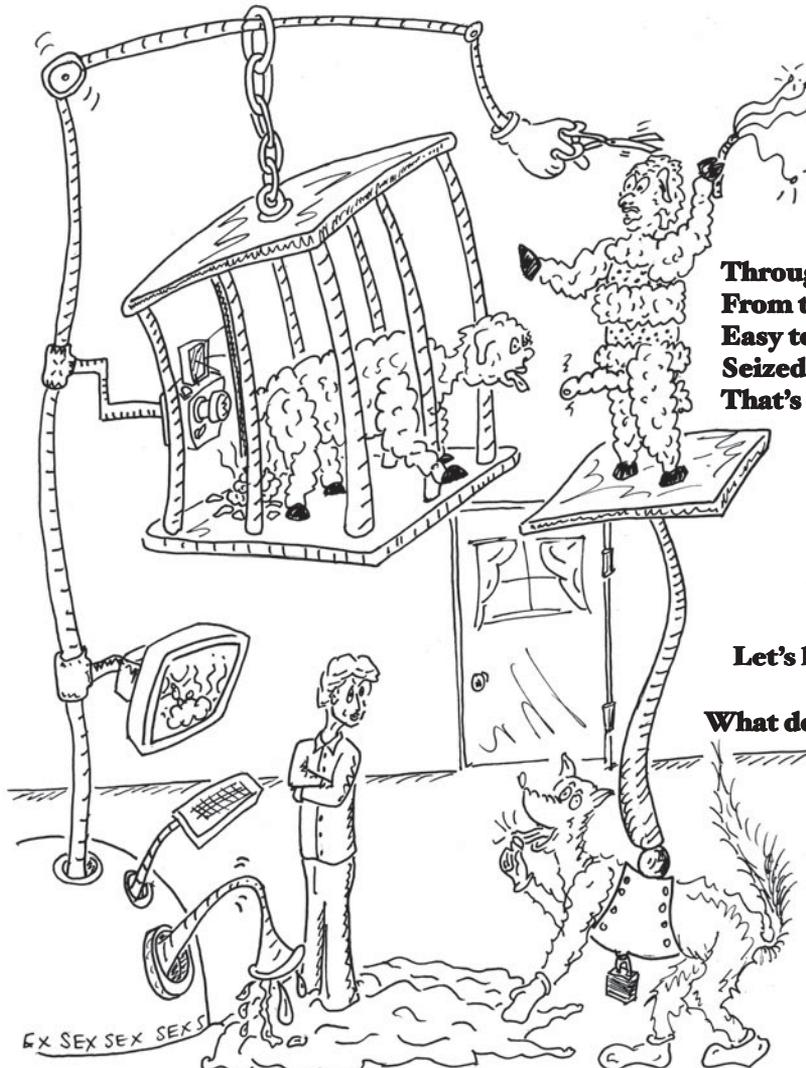
**When a supple couple rubs,
you can see some supple couple's nipples.**

**And when you ogle supple nipples
your dongle'll tangle while they jiggle.**

AND...

**When supple nipples jiggle like a bag of smuggled bubbles,
the subtle double trouble makes you wobble like a Weeble.**

AND...



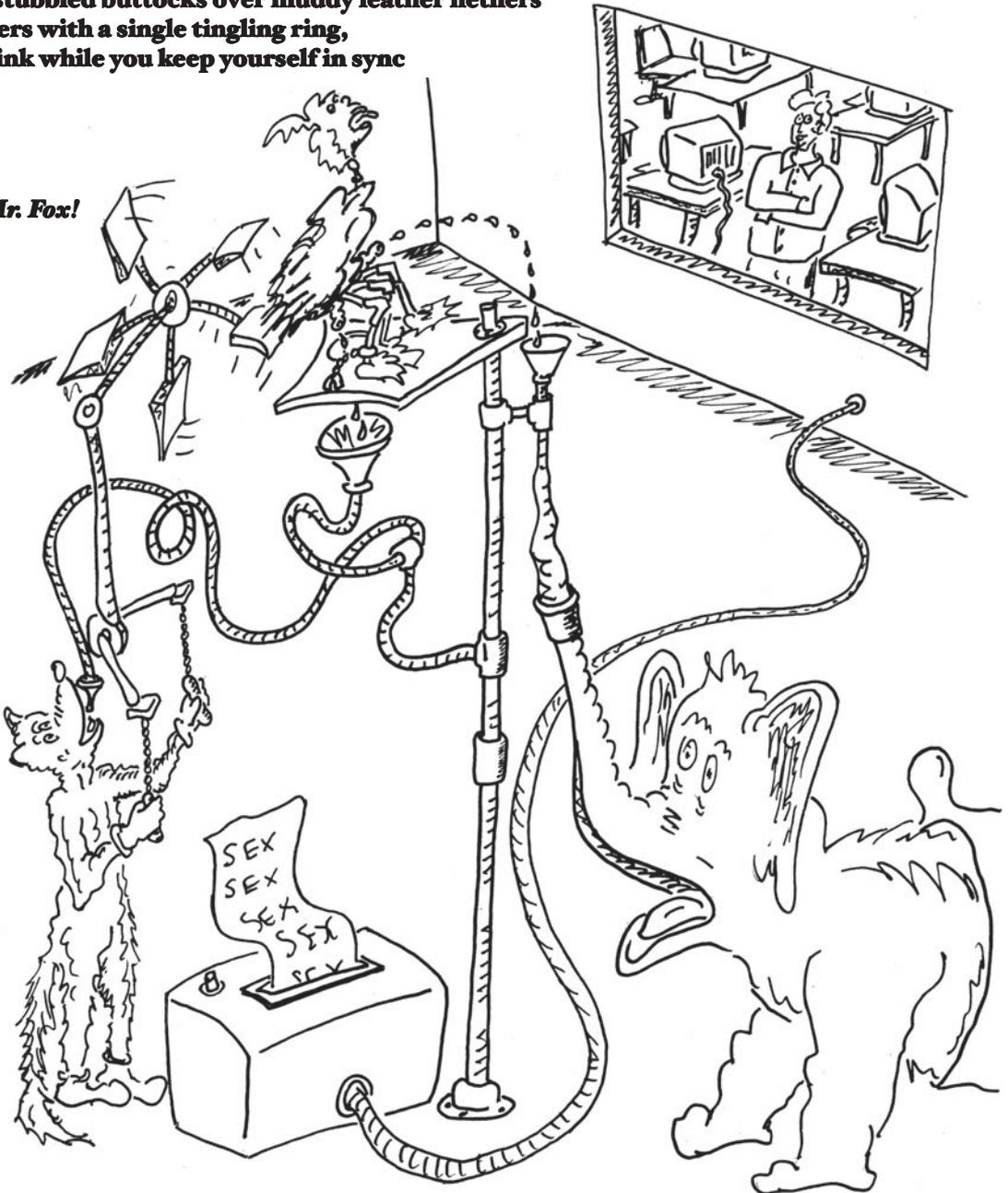
**When you wobble like a Weeble while you ogle supple couplings
And the couple's agile fumbling only gets you hustling numbly...
...you should amble to a stable to find a bridle and a saddle**

SO...

**You can wrap your stubbled buttocks over muddy leather nethers
in a fever over beavers with a single tingling ring,
quivering on the brink while you keep yourself in sync**

WITH...

Now wait a minute, Mr. Fox!

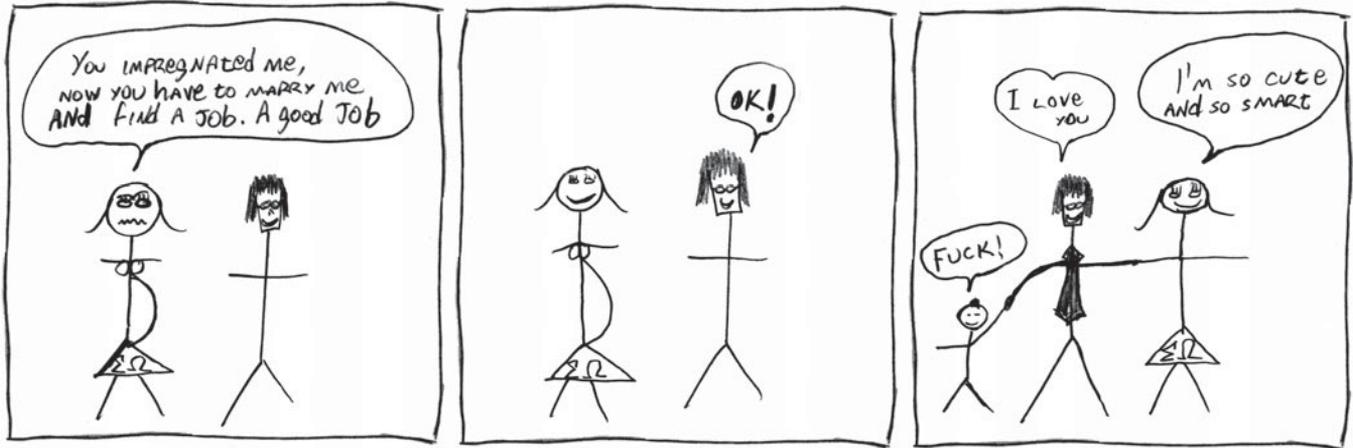


**When a schmuck is in the saddle while the supple couple snuggles
with their nipples all atingle as they giggle and they fumble,
THIS is what they call...**

...an MIT undergraduate's wet dream.

**Sex in text, our game is done, sir.
Thank you for a lot of fun, sir.**

MIT ALUMNUS
The FeudVERSION



SWE Research Focus

From Female MIT Undergrad to Femme Grad Student:
Melissa Sparrow, *Advanced Pairing Algorithms and the Emotional Problem*, Course 6.

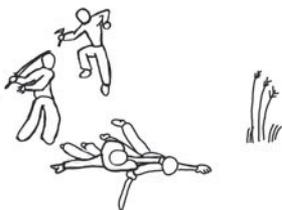


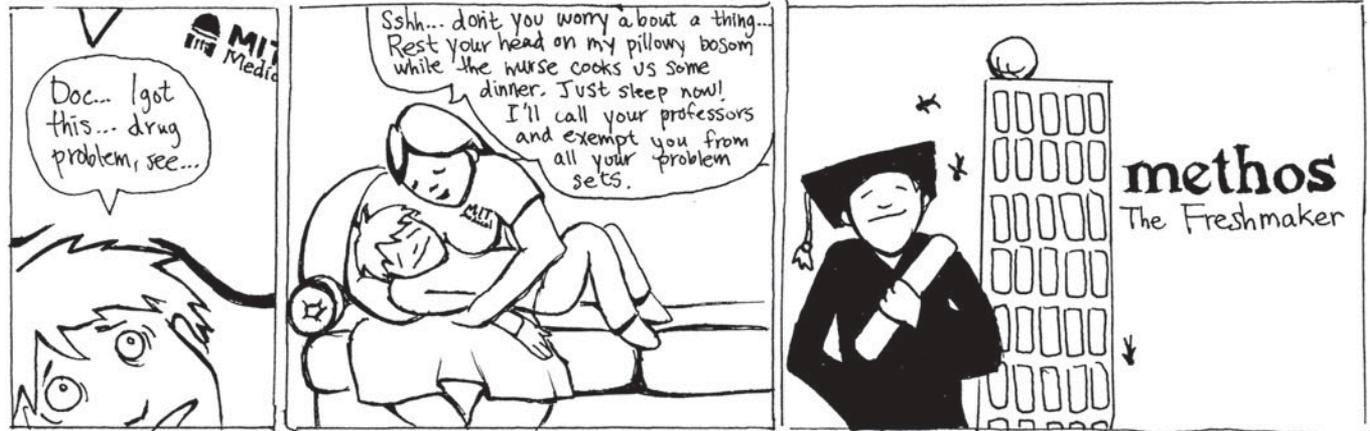
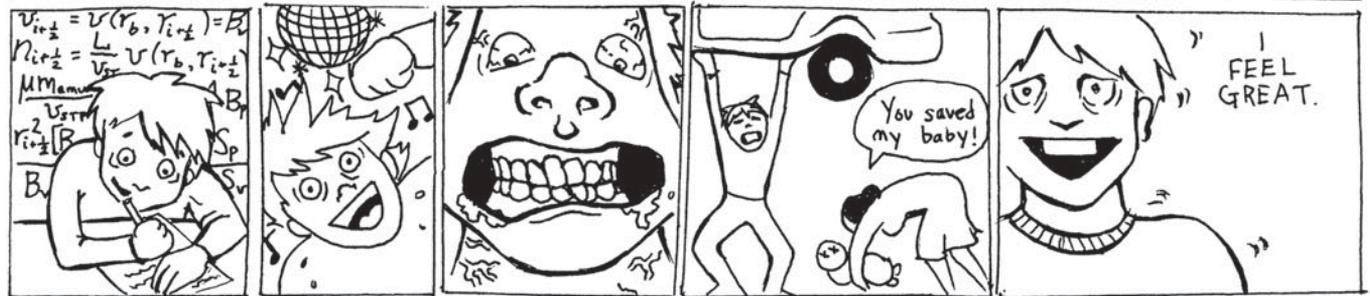
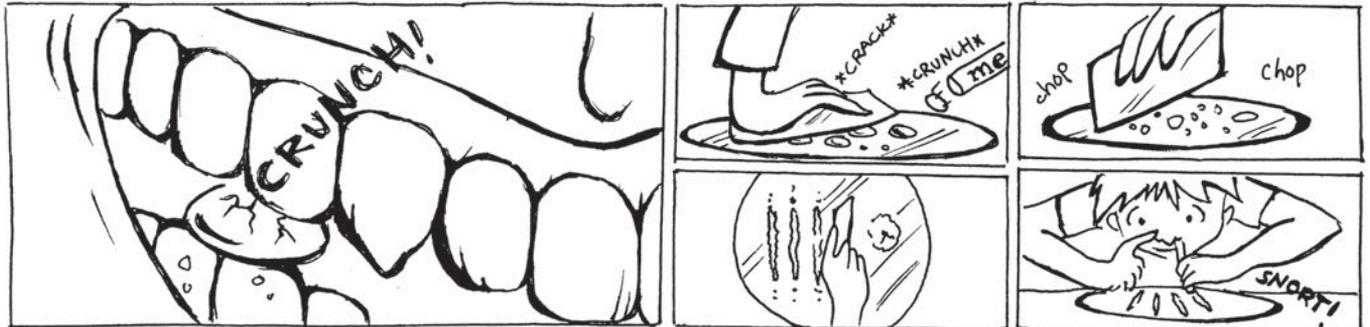
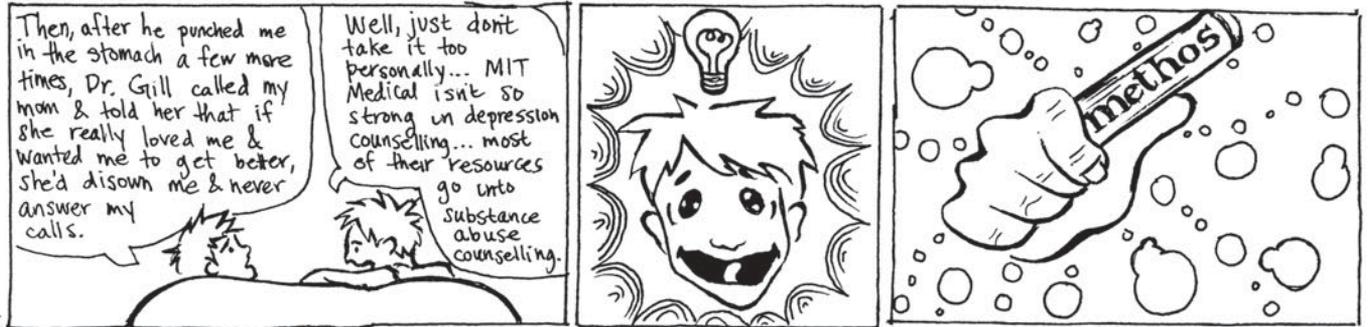
I developed a new algorithm for the open problem of Dating Men. When I was an undergraduate, I dated $O(I)$ men and focused on sequential processing methods. One day, I realized that I could extend some work my undergraduate roommate was doing on the Male Problem. I mean, she was getting some serious throughput, but the Mean Time To Failure of any given man's emotional system was too low. She kept trying to raise that, give them sort of low-cost support, make them ignore any fault warnings they might be having, so she could keep them processing on her huge emotional problems. Still, the space of her emotional problems was growing too fast, and the Men just couldn't keep up.

What I struck on was a modification of mark-and-sweep garbage collection. Every so often, you halt all work on your Emotional Problems, and you decide which of the men you know will work on your problems for only a few resources, and which

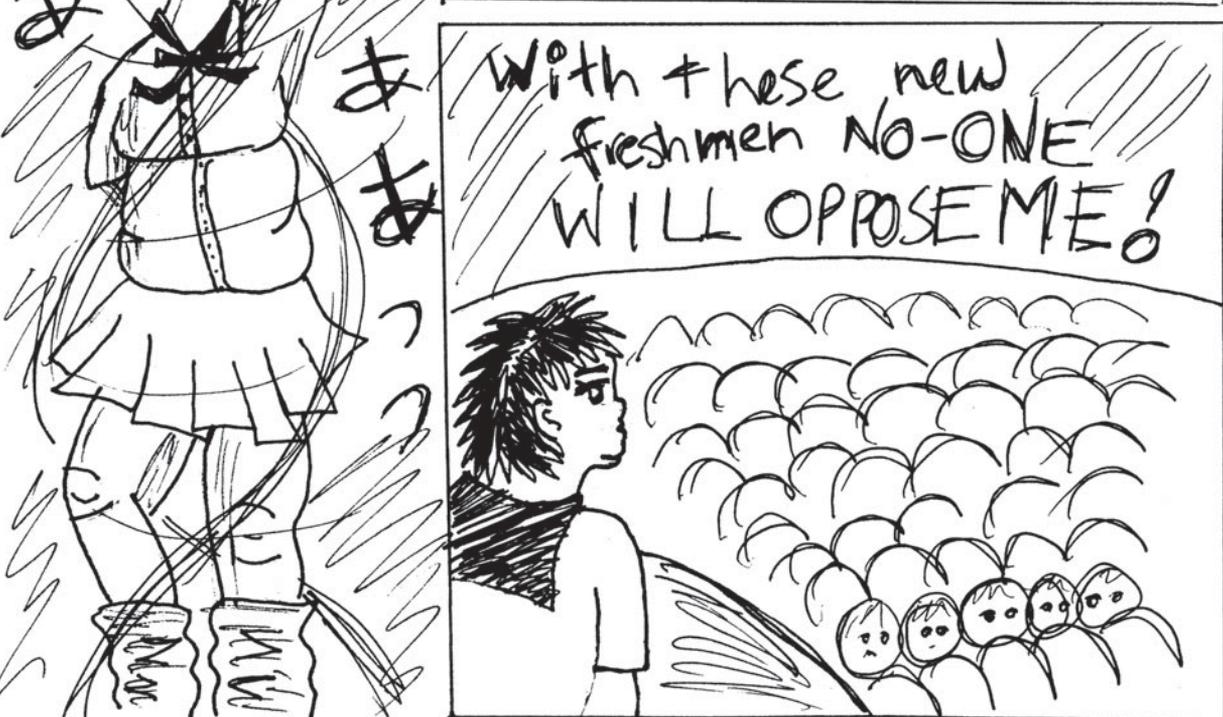
will start demanding to be scheduled more and more. You mark the ones that are useful. If they are scheduled on some other girl's problems, you take them off that process using the Seduce operation, spoofed "I love you" packets, and put them to work on yours. If a man starts to require too much upkeep, I "sweep" them, by telling them how much they've hurt me and that I never want to talk to them again. Instead of trying to handle their burnouts with recovery, we just throw the unit out. After all, it's done all the work it can.

Anyway, the long story short is I now can date $O(n!)$ men in less than time t . And I think I'm achieving groundbreaking progress on my Emotional Problems, although I still can't seem to find solutions faster than the space of them grows. There were some problems with running out of Man units before, burning them out, but Moore's Law to the rescue: "Every year into your twenties, relationships get twice as fast and four times as hollow." We can exploit that to utilize Men to their utmost efficiency.





The MIT Japan Fetish Club presents... ADMIN MANGA!



Millennial clone-waru attack as nice virus!
Can Upperclassmen action for great freedom?
Look next week ADMIN MANGA!

Available at





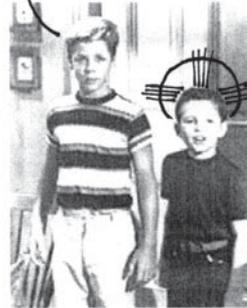
JESUS, WALLY - ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO MAKE YOU SOME SANDWICHES?

LEAVE US BE, MOTHER, FOR WE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN OUR JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF MEN.



THE SIGHT DISGUSTS ME, JESUS. THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM!

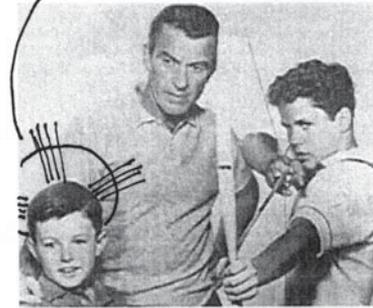
WE SHOULD GET POP. I BET HE CAN HELP.



NOW SON, REMEMBER: AIM FOR THE THROAT!

THAT'S RIGHT! GET 'EM, WALLY!

TRADE IN THE TEMPLE, WHY DON'T YOU! I'LL ... SHOW ... YOU ...!



DRINK THIS WINE - IT IS MY BLOOD - AND REMEMBER THIS FEAST FOR IT SHALL BE MY LAST.

THAT'S NICE JESUS, BUT WHY DID YOU TAKE THE WOOD ALCOHOL FROM THE SHED WITHOUT MY PERMISSION?

NOW JESUS, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO PLAY WITH POISONS! WE COULD HAVE ALL ENDED UP LIKE YOUR UNCLE JOHNNY. YOU'RE OROUNDED YOUNG MAN!

AW SHUCKS, MOM!

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ... BUT YOU DO, DON'T YOU JUDAS!



Recitation a little awkward this morning?

your TA's shirt



your semen

Eitline - x8-6337

Voo Doo interviews *Ronald McDonald*

Despite being the foremost icon of capitalist America, Ronald McDonald is a reclusive leader who ordinarily never grants audiences. However, *Voo Doo* routinely cultivates contacts inside the shadows of global corporate oligarchy. Our insider, known only by the cryptic moniker "Aleph-2", managed to get intrepid reporter Phos inside Ronald's head for this exclusive interview.

Phos: So, Ronald, McDonald's is in global decline, recently posting its first ever quarterly loss. What has been the effect of these difficulties on McDonaldland and its inhabitants?

Ronald: As marionettes throughout McDonaldland fail to adjust their menstrual cycles to our current Crisco deficit (the Olestra bolero), their greasy juices won't be slipping into Grimace's cup, oh no! And then he goes nuts, cos Grimace ain't nuthin' to fuck wit'. Now Hamburglar, he can eat cardboard for a month. But Grimace is a mean sumbitch.

Phos: It's interesting that you should mention that. I wasn't going to mention this so early in the interview, but the word on the street is that there has been bad blood between you and Grimace, as a result of your much-publicized homosexual affair with Mayor McCheese. My source quotes Grimace as saying "When the Man gets in bed with hisself, they don't be fuckin' each other — it's the purple man gonna get fucked twice as hard". Care to comment?

Ronald: Nothing has ever been proven about my relationship to the right honorable McCheese... My lawyers have advised me to say as much in court and in any other arena. As to Grimace's current spate of wild attempts to upset the accepted level of white-purple race relations, we have no reason to think them related to anything but Grimace's own twisted sense of child-rearing... It's totally unacceptable of him to think that we can raise our children in a Preraphaelite world bereft of color.

Phos: Nevertheless, it seems that all is not entirely harmonious in McDonaldland. Can you give us a quick briefing on what measures you're taking to stem the decline? My sources have told me that a special detachment of Fry Guys are currently working with the CIA in Iraq on a project known as 'Operation: Soy lent Brown', but details, as they say, are sketchy. Can you give us some hints of what might be in store for McDonald's in 2004?

Ronald: Our Iraq operation has been going smoothly since day one... never a lopsided fry or a half-cooked McNugget... no days-old tartar sauce and expired ketchup packets. The brownness of the Iraqi skin and the brownness of the McDonald's fry must forever signify our shared desire for a keenly mentholated mouthful of dirt. There's a beauty in a rancorous region of the world... you just have to find it

under the cordwood. And the bodies stacked like cordwood. McWorld!!!

Phos: Speaking of McWorld — your vision of the globe united

under the banner of the golden arches — what was your slogan again?

Ronald: Our slogan is, was, always will be, "Big Mac, Big Sac." For this strong and beautiful population and those lesser anthropoids which intrude upon our domain, only a well-stretched scrotum trumps a hamburger as a sign and symbol of honor and office.

Phos: Yes, that's right... As a result, you've been coming under increased fire from anti-globalization protestors and the members of what your manifesto refers to as the "grill races". Has this altered your vision in any way? What would you say to these people?

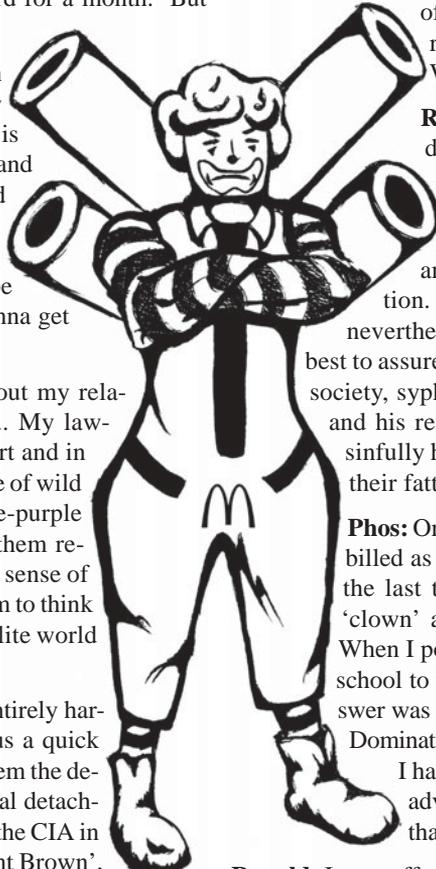
Ronald: Anti-globalization protesters are, by definition, protesting; they need not have invested any thought or work in their decisions about this, however, so generally they protest events, personages, musical band-mates, and so on with incomplete and faulty information. We have no "grill races" in McDonaldland nevertheless... All of our food is microwaved so as best to assure safety from E. Coli and that scourge of high society, syphilis... So at best I would say that Grimace and his revolting kin are woefully undercooked first, sinfully heated gristle second. They're blowing it out their fatty acids.

Phos: One final question, Ronald. In the 80s, you were billed as "The World Famous Magical Clown". Over the last ten years, however, both the 'magical' and 'clown' aspects seem to have been quietly dropped. When I polled a class of ten-year-olds at a nearby high school to tell me who you were, the most common answer was that you were "Ronald McDonald, The World Dominating Necromantical Majesty Of Haar-Megiddo".

I haven't seen this term mentioned in any of your advertising, where might these children have got that idea from?

Ronald: In our efforts to make people happy worldwide, we have to go to some pretty excruciating lengths, believe you me. If you were to examine your surroundings momentarily you would realize that we've settled and burnt our nests here in the heart of necromancy in the unconquered Romasina. This being the romantic capital of the Haar-Megiddan-Somali-Ugandan axis... Idi Amino Acid, Sri Ramahoratory Akhenaten Romanov and I: we form the iron Promise Bracelet of the Racemizatogrammatron. We will unite our powers in unit form through the Gram-Schmidt prognostication method of orthoharmala bestiality. We will emancipate the silent anorexic majority. And henceforth: when a criminal cries in the night, the Iron Promise will cry out to Teutons far and wide. "Prussian brothers, hearken unto me!"

Phos: Most enlightening, Ronald. Thank you for your time.



1. I SAY, SCROOGIEKINS

**SCROOGE AND CRO
A ROMANCE**

2. WHAT IS IT, CRO



**3. WILT THOU SIT ON
YON RESTFUL COCK
FOR MY AMUSEMENT**

**4. 'TIS SYPHILITIC
BUT I MAY BE
CONVINCED**



ZZZZZZZZ



**5. YOUR MILLIONS
SERVE YOU WELL**



**6. INDEED – NOW
TO THE MATTER
AT HAND – THET'R
COCK**

7. AS YOU WISH



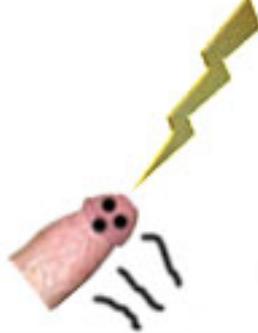
ZZZZZZZZ



9. BABY THIS IS TOPS



BOOM



**8. PENIX – I SAY, PENIX –
OH BEFOULED MEMBER –
HEARKEN UNTO ME
THUSLY – SIC – WAKEN AS
I DEMAND OR ELSE**



**10. WORTH EVERY PENNY –
AND YET WORTH MORE**



ZOOOP



**11. CRO MILLIONAIRE
YOU ARE A SCHOLAR
AND A GENTLEMAN – LET
US WAGER AGAIN SOME
OTHER DAY**

**12. EGAD – WHAT NEW DEVILRY
IS THIS – RUFFIAN – REMOVE
THINE ARSE FROM MY FEVERED
BROW**



NOW YOU BOYS PLAY NICE WITH THE 3-TOWN KIDS. I DON'T WANNA SEE NONE OF THAT ROUGHHOUSING LIKE LAST TIME WE CAME HERE TO VISIT YOUR GRAND-PARENTS.



YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, JESUS! YOU BETTER HOPE THEY DON'T CATCH US!

SO GOD HAS WILLED IT AND SO IT SHALL BE.



FIRST THEY FLAGELLATE YOU AND NOW THIS. WHAT WILL MOM SAY ABOUT YOUR HAIR?

(THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'RE COMING TO JERUSALEM!)



SATAN! DO NOT TEMPT ME WITH YOUR DEMONS ANY LONGER AND SHOW THYSELF!



JESUS! YOU'RE SCARING THE NEIGHBORS WITH YOUR SHOUTING AND YOUR INVOCATIONS. QUIET DOWN!

YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT, JESUS. PLUS OUR NEIGHBORS KNOW J. EDGAR HOOVER'S NEPHEW, SO YOU BETTER PLAY INSIDE.



WE ARE LEGION, FOR WE ARE MANY!

GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN. SHHH!



BLOWJOB PENGUIN

ONE FRATERNITY'S LAST EFFORT TO ATTRACT FRESHMEN

CHOKE IT DOWN!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

CITIZENS OF EARTH! IT IS I, JESUS!



I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU OF AN EVIL UNLIKE NONE YOU HAVE KNOWN

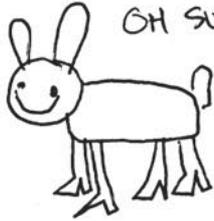


or like you haven't... - Sheit.

ANYWAY, I HAVE COME TO RESTORE MEANING TO THE DAY I BECAME A FLESH EATING ZOMBIE



I AM SHOCKED AND AMAZED THAT A RABBIT IS THE SYMBOL OF THE DAY I LIVED AGAIN



OH SURE, IT MAY LOOK ALL INNOCENT WITH ITS GO-GO BOOTS AND FUZZY TAIL

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS DEMON INVADES YOUR ABODE?



He'll steal your valuables, like DNA AND TELEVISION sets.



THEN HE'LL PLACE TREATS LACED WITH DEADLY NARCOTICS AROUND FOR THE LOCAL CHILDREN



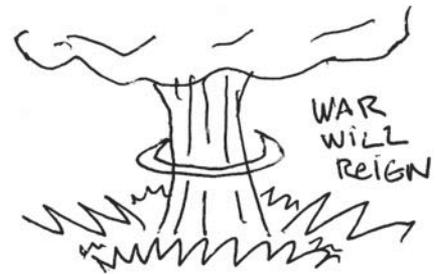
AND OUT COME THE DEMONS WITHIN!



CHILDREN WILL BEGIN TO HUNT THE ELDERLY, CRAVING THEIR ANCIENT FLESH!



CITIES WILL BURN



WAR WILL REIGN

ALL OF THIS BECAUSE YOU DONT REMEMBER THE TRUE MEANING OF EASTER



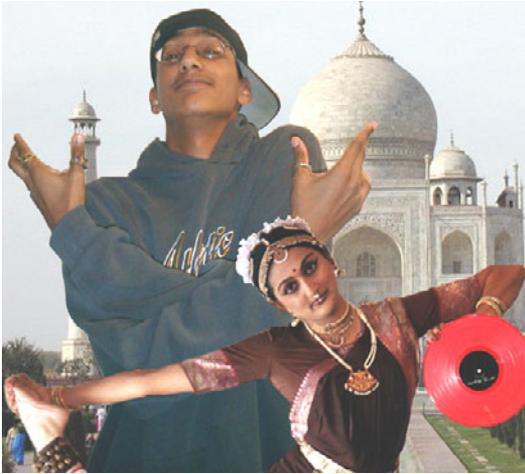
JESUS H. CHRIST! FORGET THE FUCKING RABBIT AND CELEBRATE LIKE ZOMBIEMAN JESUS!



SMOKE SOME CRACK, EAT A FETUS, AND WORSHIP SATAN.



Watch Out Bollywood: Here Comes Bollyhood!



Voo Doo was able to sit down with **Dr. Dhalsim** and **DJ Jyot-E Q** for a short interview.

Voo Doo: What inspired you to begin your experiments in hip-hop?

DJ Jyot-E Q: I met Dr. D a couple years after he immigrated, and he was already taking part in local freestyle competitions at that point. From the moment I heard him rhyme "curry" with "Burberry," I knew that this was the guy I wanted to produce.

Dr. Dhalsim: My family moved here when I was 14, so I used rap and baseball (A's forever!) as a way to learn English. Unfortunately, my parents weren't down with that. The more I tried to keep it real by celebrating Indian culture in my rhymes, the more they tried to keep me away from the local rap scene. It's too bad they're dead now — I was hoping we'd patch up our differences one day.

VD: You're currently under investigation for their deaths, which occurred shortly after you signed with the newly-formed Stabla imprint of Suge Knight's Tha Row record label.

DD: I shouldn't comment, since the investigation is ongoing, but let me say this: I would never harm my parents. When I heard they were dead I bawled like a schoolgirl seeing her first cock.

VD: Last question — I know you're both very busy people. What do you say to your detractors, who feel that you're bastardizing Indian culture solely for personal gain?



Voo Doo prides itself on being well-informed on youth trends. The hot new thing among savvy Indian youth is young South Indian rapper **Dr. Dhalsim**; he and **DJ Jyot-E Q** are garnering critical praise and high sales figures with the new album **The Cali Cuttas**. Their music features a modern take on classical sitar music and impressive Indian polyrhythm. Perhaps the most notable feature of the pair's songs is their ability to subtly and tastefully evoke Indian culture within a uniquely American framework. For a sample of Dr. Dhalsim's lyrics, see below (used with permission). Keep an eye out for more from the brown corner!

ਫਿਲ ਨੇਵ ਡੇਲੀ ਤੋ ਨੂਡੇ ਬੇਲੀ

Intro:

Straight outta South Central
Nagpur that is
India!
Show me where you come from!

Chorus:

From New Delhi to nude belly
My life on the streets
Dravidians: untouchable
We cannot be beat

So I was cruisin' down
Kamptee road in a limo
Drinkin' yogurt soda when
I picked out a big ho
Struttin' on the sidewalk
Like her name was Indira
I had to smack that butt
Fuck castes, I didn't fear her
So I pulled her over and
Picked her up solid
An Aryan girl
Brown-skinned, refined, stolid

Chorus

I ripped off her sari
She was brown and very hairy
And fecund — I grabbed
Both left and right buns
What fun!
And oh she was smart
If she wasn't IIT then
She sure played the part
She was a Hindu —
Loved Atman and Vishnu —
Me too — so we started
To screw
I loved her tight lotus
But I hated her smirk
So I dumped her —
Our hot love couldn't work

Chorus

Outro:

And I'm out
Like chicken from the tandoor
Somebody say Nehru!
Cali Cutta yo...

JQ: All they have to do is listen to our music to know that's not true. We love Indian culture; otherwise I wouldn't make such an effort to master Indian percussion or stringed instruments. Dr. D wouldn't sit up at night trying to write songs about arranged marriages or his memories of working on his uncle's coconut farm.

DD: They're just trippin'. We're trying to show that the brown can get down without losing what makes us unique. To all the playa-hatas out there: just remember who's making the naan.

VD: Thanks for your time.

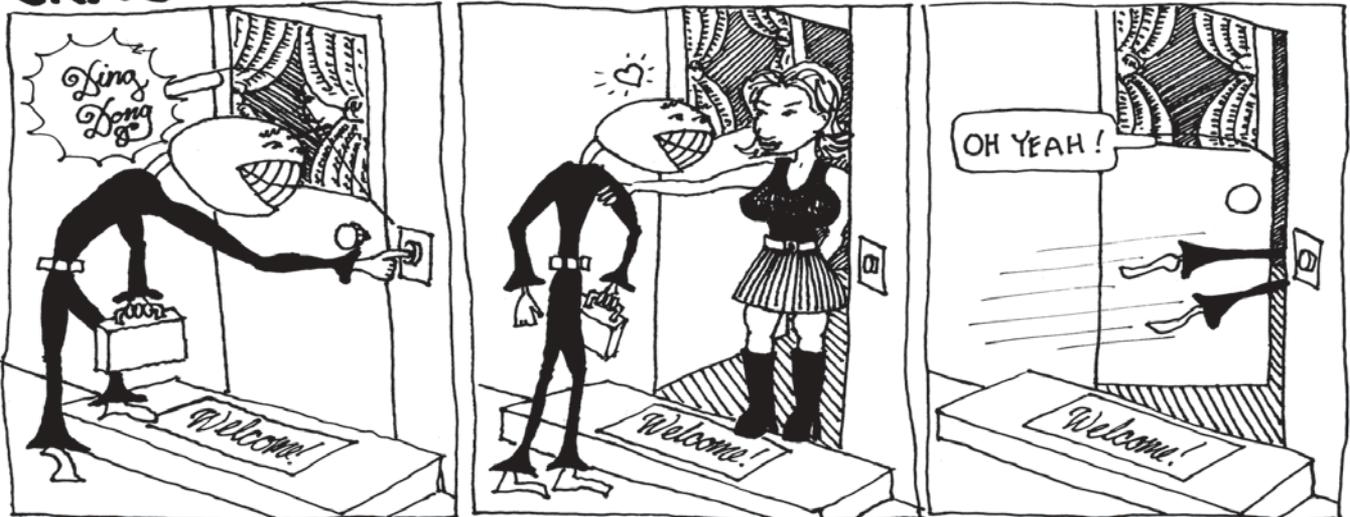
CRACK-MAN



CRACK-MAN



CRACK-MAN



A VIEW INTO THE DISTANT PAST: EXCERPTS FROM THE 1949 MIT HANDBOOK

TECHNOLOGY TIPS

LIFE AT TECH. While Tech does require that much of your time be spent in academic fields, it has been proven that those students who do not get outside interests and activities tend to become socially backward "book worms." They may be brilliant engineers but they are not the type of man that industry wants or that Tech would like to produce. You of the freshman class are about to enter one of the world's finest engineering schools, and to meet its standards you will have to work hard. However, most of us find from two to three hours a day to devote to recreation. Activities and athletics provide valuable recreation, and together with recreation, an excellent training ground for

A recent innovation to Walker Memorial, is the new Pritchett Lounge, an ultra-modernistic place of relaxation where patrons may consume sandwiches, ice-cream, and soft drinks while reclining in soft easy chairs and watch the latest features on the convenient television set. Dancing by juke box music is also provided.

(38)

FRESHMEN RULES

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is interested not only in turning out well trained engineers, but makes every endeavor to develop in its students those attributes of character that distinguish the well-rounded and educated MAN from the merely technically trained engineer.

Development of Technology spirit, of a real pride in the position of our school in the collegiate world and the formation of lasting friendships, fostered as much as possible by the undergraduates.

In order to create the necessary interest in Tech-class and to familiarize you with its traditions, the following Freshman Rules are presented for your information and guidance:

1. All Freshmen should wear regulation cardinal and grey stripes, on the Institute grounds



The society also presents a series of events. The society also presents a series of events. The society also presents a series of events.

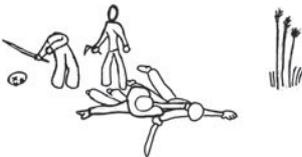
BEAVER KEY SOCIETY is an honorary society for promoting of sports interest around the Institute through achievements in activities and purposes: the entertaining of visitors and interest in Technology extracurricular activities, and on the basis of their membership as residents of the dormitory. The function is to stimulate participation in Institute activities.

DORCLAN

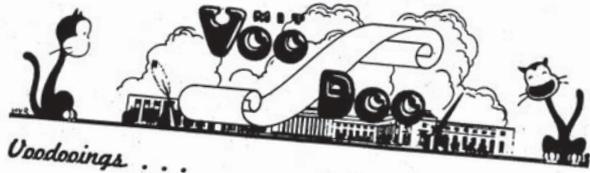
DORCLAN is an honorary dormitory society for seniors and Seniors chosen in recognition of their contribution to and interest in Technology extracurricular activities, and on the basis of their membership as residents of the dormitory. The function is to stimulate participation in Institute activities.

HEXALPHA

HEXALPHA is the honorary electrical engineering society for electrical engineers.



(58)



Voodooings . . .

"Get your Voo Doo's while they last. The price goes up tomorrow. It's smart to be seen with a Voo Doo. Don't let life get you down — read the Voo Doo . . ."

So goes the chant of the Voo Doo salesman. Tech's craziest activity is at it again.

Voo Doo is M. I. T.'s humor magazine. It comes out every month, replete with jokes, stories, cartoons, and the other things that go with a college humor magazine.

Voo Doo's staffs offer opportunities to men of all types. For the creative geniuses, there is "lit", the branch producing those strange freaks of literature known as Voo Doo short stories.

(57)

There is art which creates Voo Doo's inimitable cartoons, and pin-ups; or make-up, where in one mad night the issue is "slapped together".

Budding businessmen bring in the necessary funds to carry on the magazine. There are openings in the treasury, advertising, sales, or publicity departments. Without these staffs, Voo Doo could never continue. There is practical experience in salesmanship waiting for those who decide to join the advertising staff. The publicity department plans sales promotion stunts, both at Tech and neighboring girls' colleges. The sales staff handles the selling of the magazine and sees that subscribers get their issues regularly.

Prospective freshmen may become listed members of the various staffs after two terms of active participation on the magazine, or after having work published in three issues of the magazine. At the end of each school year, staff members are eligible for the Junior Board positions outlined in the organization chart. Each of the men elected to these positions has practically complete charge of his department, and is responsible to the Senior Board. Senior Board positions are usually filled by men who have served on the Junior Board. The men holding these positions are responsible for the healthy and profitable function of the Voo Doo. Competition for Board positions is keen, and opportunities for initiative and original thinking are plentiful.

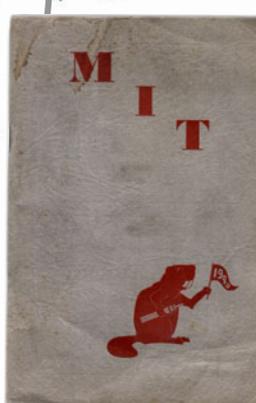
Voo Doo has two important things to offer the incoming men, practical experience in working with others and a chance to get away from the usual grind. Voo Doo isn't just a magazine; it's a way of life; and remember, don't miss the smoker.

Those interested in joining Voo Doo's ranks should visit the office in Walker Memorial any weekday between 5 and 6 p.m., or should attend the Freshman Smoker, notices for which will appear on all Institute bulletin boards.

The officers of Voo Doo are all kind-hearted, half-witted, lovable people to work for, so come one and all—join VOO DOO!

DORMITORIES

For the man desiring a happy balance of a good measure of work and plenty of fun during leisure hours with congenial companions, there are excellent stories are the ideal solution. There are excellent stories are the ideal solution. There are excellent stories are the ideal solution. There are excellent stories are the ideal solution.

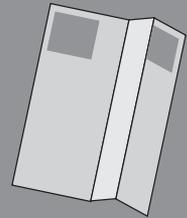


BE A PART OF HISTORY! JOIN VOO DOO TODAY!

**WHAT MEANS DO
BUSH AND
SADDAM USE TO
KEEP IN TOUCH?**

**HERE WE GO WITH A LUDICROUS
VOO DOO FOLD-IN**

They don't have a hotline and they don't do joint press conferences. How do George W. Bush and Saddam Hussein really communicate? To find out, fold page in as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

IS THERE NOTHING WE WON'T RIP OFF? **A▶**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**PRESIDENT BUSH NEVER SEEMS WIL-
LING TO CALL AN OLD FRIEND NOW
THAT HIS OIL BUDDIES HAVE
TAKEN OVER. IT MAKES SADDAM SULK.**

A▶

◀B



An Entire World at War and only One Man to Kick Everybody's Ass

SCHINDLER'S FIST!

VOODOO PICTURES PRESENTS A PHOSPHORUS T. CAT FILM JACKIE CHAN "SCHINDLER'S FIST" NAZIS JEWS AND THE LITTLE GIRL IN RED (IT'S SYMBOLISM, YOU SEE?) UNLIKE ALL OTHER JACKIE CHAN MOVIES, THIS ONE HAS A BUDGET, WHICH MEANS THAT JACKIE CHAN WILL GET A STUNTMAN, IN THIS CASE STEVEN SPIELBERG, WHO WAS OFFICIALLY



BARRIED FROM DIRECTING AFTER FUCKING US ALL WITH A.I. AND MINORITY REPORT **Voo Doo** PICTURES

