Let's see who you really are, "Big Jimmy"!

Meddling students! What students? I see nothing!
**God vs. The Internet **
**Episode 4:**
**I Am The Law!**

So the internet used the "Google"™ to find a loophole that "The Trinity" contradicts monotheism.

Judge, Christianity is a "monotheistic" faith. How is it that Jesus + God + Blinky adds up to... one god?!!

Hooray! God is ever so free! The internet loses!

**In our last episode:**

And the internet is suing God.

Rule in my favor, ya dumb broad!

And banged some chick whose name he'd already forgotten.

OMG I'm so right! You're so smart, God!

Hm... God, what do I have to do to get him to shut up?

OMG, I know!

And overall, everything was awesome, or so it seemed!

**The Internet Unleashed Ninjas**

So God got Jesus and the ghost from Pac-Man

All rise, Judge Judy is in the hizzyouse.

OMG U'RE SO RIGHT! You're so smart, God!

God damn!

What's the trouble, little lady? God knocked me up, and won't pay child support.

Yeah, God likes to fuck people in the ass like that. But not literally. Otherwise you wouldn't be in this situation.

OKAY! So, you wanna get married?

And suddenly the tables have turned.

Dun dun duuun!
**In Make The Pain Stop Please Nurse Voo Doo:**

Letters To The Editor —— page 6

*The postman always rings twice. For Voo Doo, twice a year if we’re lucky.*

The Daily Voo Doo — The Race 2004: The Future El Presidente Of MIT —— page 8

*When the purging isn’t limited to the sorority bathrooms, don’t say we didn’t warn you.*

The Adventures Of Transistor Man —— pages 10, 18, 29

*Our hispanic delivery man died bringing you this strip. It pushed him over his minority carrier lifetime.*

Ask A Post-Doc From The Department Of Materials Science —— pages 11, 20, 30

*Just don’t ask what the hell’s up with that short door. They’re making shit out of midgets. Nanomidgets.*

Heart Of Blondeness —— page 12

*The hairspray. The hairspray.*

Scorched Earth — Report Of The President —— page 14

*Vest declares victory in the culture war, but his occupation forces are to remain indefinitely.*

MIT President NO RESERVE!!!!!! —— page 16

*If this works, the Voo Doo editorship’s next.*

Who Would Jesus Do? —— page 17

*And when he’s finished, will he have left an image of himself on these sheets as well?*

High CF Word Problems: An Introduction —— page 22

*Math class hasn’t been such fun since entering 58008618 into your HP42S and turning it upside down.*

Found Humor: The Hello Kitty Home Liposuction Kit —— page 24

*Not only lose weight, but make mad bank hawking grease to Goosebeary’s!*

Non-Conformity Registration Form —— page 25

*Think different. Everything else requires permission.*

“Groovy Greek Gropin’ Grog” — MIT Fraternity Cocktail Guide 2004 —— page 26

*The worst part is seeing them try to do a keg stand on a beaker.*

Dispatches From The Front —— page 28

*It seems post-natal depression doesn’t always just strike the one giving birth.*
"End Of The Tether" Voo Doo, Spring 2004

From the Publisher

Fear and Loathing
Andrew Brooks

Penguin of the Apocalypse
Kelly Clancy

Iron-Buttsocks McGillicuddy
Mark Feldmeier

Freebasing Gerbil
Guy Hoffman

Angry Locust Swarm
Matt Malchano

Bowl-Cut Death
Josh Lifton

Screaming Space Monkey
Blake Brasher

Timothy Leary’s Ghost
Dan McAnulty

Crushed Glass Iguana
Grace Kenney

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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 http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www and the College Humor Magazine Homepage http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html
This issue of Voo Doo has been brought to you by the letters X-pel and E-vacuate, and the number Flu. That’s right, readers, over the last 14 hour stretch of this issue I’ve been collapsing and vomiting like a BU student about to get laid. Despite the abdominal fatigue and the subtle bouquet of bile emanating from the bucket under my keyboard, however, the whole experience is falling short of the most nauseating event I’ve witnessed in the last few weeks. I can’t let this one slide, even though the entire Voo Doo staff was too disgusted to turn it into a comic starring Phos and his anthrax-powered monster truck: I’m talking about the Mr/Ms MIT contest during CPW.

Words cannot describe this ill-begotten travesty accurately to those who were not there; calling it “September 11 in a white baseball cap” only goes some of the way. Not that I’ve got anything against white baseball caps — they’re great for catching the drips — but to have their occupants’ hooting supersede two gloriously dorky MIT judges brought tears of rage to the eyes and a half-digested Laverde’s sandwich to the throat. What the hell am I talking about? Consider this: we told a room full of prefrosh that a white fratboy rapping badly along to Eminem and more likely to be found in the gym than building his own sexual device out of discarded heavy ion pumps is more representative of today’s MIT than a guy who can recite 500 digits of pi from memory and probably has at least 3 such devices under his hydraulic bed already. Unbelievable, but true.

If there’s ever been a clarion call for the importance of Voo Doo on this campus, that was it. I wanted to claw my eyes out, but that would have necessitated removing my hands from the throat of the well-meaning friend who convinced me to attend. Maybe if I hadn’t gone to W20 that fateful day, I wouldn’t now be stocking up on homogenizing equipment and ingredients for making soup out of the the apocalyptic rains of locusts and horn toads that must surely be on their way. Who prepares wins, and I’m told those toads are the next best thing you can get these days to the old black blotter Voo Doo acid they used to make in Walker back in the 60s anyway.

But I digress. I guess it could be argued that part of the spirit of MIT is not being ashamed by what anyone else thinks of you, even if they think you’re accurately promoted by an ‘original wanksta’ that could be found on any college campus across America, but it doesn’t ring true to me. A useless trick like memorizing more digits of an irrational number than even god remembers (little known fact, the main reason for Judas’ betrayal was his disgust that Jesus couldn’t get past seven) seems less like such a desperate attempt to look cool — if you appreciate that, you have that indescribable quality called Nerd Pride, and MIT should be for you.

Voo Doo as well, I hope — in the midst of these shocking occurrences, it’s refreshing to see that abortions, Nazis, Jesus and transistors that act like people are funny, even if there’re Deans paid to stop you from thinking so. Otherwise, times for humor are tough. The Americans replace one brutal regime with another, in a fashion that’s become depressingly predictable. Building 32: it’s here, it’s open, it’s ugly, big deal. There’re only so many times you can make jokes about ugliness being so expensive it takes $200 million dollars to inject it into a building, like botulin toxin into the Institute’s slutty face. Yet somehow Voo Doo endures, hanging by a thin and flammable thread of gin-soaked alims, priapic pancake purveyors and a few brave students who keep fighting the good fight. You’ll see some changes at the helm next year, but no doubt the jokes will be more of the same. The Fuhrer is dead! Long live the Fuhrer!
Dear Voo Doo,

When is Phos going to climb around on or otherwise confront the new Gehry building? What kind of hallucinogenic half-collapsed Popeye-ville melty piece of shit thing is that anyway? Why do we need a building that’s designed to look like it’s been already hit by a jet-liner? Is this some kind of pre-AlQuaeda-ization program arranged by the Architecture Department?

Dr Y. Foo

Dear Dr Foo,

Your suggestion is actually pretty close to the truth. Building 32 is indeed a reaction to MIT’s Department of Domeland Security issuing a perpetual state of orange alert concerning militant Cambridgeport residents upset about the construction of Simmons Hall. Given that the sight of this metal monstrosity in the morning sunlight has caused their cows to stop giving milk and the farm dogs to walk upright like people, the violent reaction of these simple and superstitious folk is quite understandable. Therefore, Gehry was hired to build something that would act as a decoy for the Institute’s real high-value terror target — when they come looking for the ridiculous coloured blob, they’ll hit Stata instead of the nuclear reactor. As for what our response will be, rest assured that Voo Doo engineers are hard at work as we speak on a robotic Building 20 that will kick 32’s ass in a duel to the death. No eye-agony-inducing defense will be any match for Mecha-20’s unstoppable asbestos attack. Banzai.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I’m having this moral dilemma. I’m dating this super hot girl I’m totally in love with and desperate to sleep with, but I have an incurable, life threatening STD. The question is, after I lie to her about my health and we start to get it on, if my flesh starts falling off in pieces as it sometimes does, do you think she’d be suspicious if I tried to play it off like it’s like some normal thing that happens to most guys during sex? She’s a virgin so she might not know any better.

Leper of Lurve

Dear Leper,

First of all, let me say that I find this question utterly reprehensible. This girl has a family, have you given no thought to them? She might have a sister that’s even hotter. At any rate, the question has been asked so it shall be answered. Fortunately for you, Pfizer has its breakthrough chemical circumcision drug, Smegmexora. Tell her you’re taking it “to make yourself more beautiful” for her — market research shows that 9 out of 10 American women prefer the uncut cock’s sleek, aerodynamic profile for better mileage and improved handling characteristics — and are simply having a temporary adverse reaction that’s manifesting itself all over your entire body. By the time she finds out the truth you’ll be too liquefied to care. Happy trails,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I was so busy with classes I forgot to get my mom something for Mothers’ Day. Any tips for gifts to buy for that special lady?

MacGuilty in MacGregor

Dear MacGuilty,

Well, every Mothers’ Day I do something extra special for my dear old mum: I wrap up a nice 40 with a dime bag of heroin in the front page of some classy newspaper like the New York Times, and hang it from a street lamp just a few inches out of reach, standing nearby and watching her struggle for it for a while until I cut it down for her. It makes it a lot more special for her that way, since she has to work for it. Sometimes if she’s out of it enough and she doesn’t recognize me, she offers me sex and tries to do a little strip tease for me if I’ll give it to her. Later, when she’s sober, we laugh and laugh about it. Humor is what makes us a family.

Best of luck old chap,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I mysteriously get nose bleeds whenever I work on a problem set.

Krovvy Oh Seven

Dear Krovvy,

Silly freshman. Crush the tablets with a spoon first.

Phos
We are proud to announce the ranked winners of last term’s Voo Doo contest:

1. Der Kleinenfuhrer
2. Der Feuerschlauch
3. Der Frechperversling
4. Der Handzerstauber
5. Der Klopfenkolben
6. Der Vulgarstander
7. Der Frevler
8. Die Liebenpumpe
9. Die Kremduse
10. Das Kindmacher

For those who have forgotten what the contest was about, it was to guess what the Voo Doo editor laser-etches into his condoms. Congratulations to loyal reader Limor Fried, who is our lucky winner of a lifetime supply of Wisconsin facial cream. Hope all’s well with you.

The following was delivered at the Voo Doo office, signed with what at first appeared to be blood, but was later identified as homogenized french fries with ketchup.

**PROCLAMATION of BRICK and SUDSY**

BRICK is a virgin microbial piece of masonry
SUDSY has 391 different sexes and shapes
SUDSY is a chameleon of rapid and self-interested change
BRICK is a BULWARK of stability and culpability
THEY are a result of the high cost of living
THEY teach society to embrace its problems - loneliness - cruelty - pedophilia - drug use - spouse abuse - VAMPIRISM - bestiality - young male deer
THEY are the foremost modern CULTURE creating force

BRICK and SUDSY exist because of your UNBRIDLED depression - because you have FANTASIZED about eating your janitor’s spider children who live next door - because of the murderous RAGE you have directed towards your loved ones. BRICK and SUDSY are a way of thinking that is not preoccupied with visual, moral, poetic, literary, political, or social renewals - they are well aware that these renewals are merely the successive cloaks of the various epochs of history - uninteresting questions of fashion and facade in an unending homogenous THEATRICAL PRODUCTION of your life. BRICK and SUDSY are simplicity and complicity - they are a mirror of your own PARADOXICAL existence. BRICK’s balanced diet of INTRAVENOUS fast food oils and radio static exists to satisfy your IRRATIONAL pragmatism while SUDSY’s addictions to sex and young spiders reflect your indefatigable dedication to meaningless LOVE and AFFECTION. Their respective forms, upright brick and alien slug, correspond to the battling halves of your split HUMAN brain. The HELL that they live in is all YOUR FAULT. Everything is YOUR FAULT.
The Race 2004: The Future El Presidente Of MIT

On every student’s mind on campus hangs the inevitable question. Often, that question is: what’s the point of carrying on with this vicious and pointless life? But others wonder quietly to themselves, mostly rhetorically: if my boyfriend asks me to quit drinking again, would I rather give up sex or booze?

Some, mostly the affluent upper class of MIT students, the only slightly brain-damaged first worlders, wonder: who will be the next president of MIT? Will Daddy make it? To appeal to these, Voo Doo has managed to catch up with the candidate on track, according to most news sources, to be the next president of MIT.

An often consulted member of Chuck Vest’s inner cabinet, the southern gentleman from Georgia, described as resplendent in his cowboy boots, mullet and large glass jar, we present an exclusive interview with candidate Joe Stalin’s Severed Head.

What are you going to do to improve student life?

In order to unite the campus across the intellectual barren and cold wasteland of the infinite corridor, I propose a railroad from the distant Vladivostok East Campus to the capital West Campus be built. MIT cannot bow to the bourgeois tendencies of the intellectual. Instead, it must nurture the masses on the honest labor of these dissidents. In particular, the mathematics and physics departments should provide the transit required by the common working man of, say, course 6, instead of their haughty theories. Naturally, those working on the topology of Leninist Spaces will be excused. Those “Course 58ers” working for the capitalist Media Lab shall be executed as Enemies of the State.

How will MIT raise funds to compete in the coming years?

Regrettably, we’ve seen a recent burst of competitive research from Harvard and BU invading the space of MIT’s previously leading research labs. Lines of state ideas thought to belong solely to this college and its Peoples, find themselves beset by outsiders. In order to protect the mother university, and its fields of knowledge, I propose we burn all the buildings on campus to the ground along with the internet, and the idea of robots having sensitive and loving relationships with each other.

IN BRIEF

Tech Critic Impeached For Being Critical

Following a three-week-long dispute among managing board members, John Hawkinson, The Tech’s Ombudsman, was impeached and removed at a recent Tech managing board meeting. “He made me feel bad and cry all the time. Wanna play Barbies?” said Tech Chairman Hangyul Chung ’17, before putting her thumb in her mouth and refusing to remove it.

In a fit of foot stomping and tearful shouting, three members of the Executive Board — Chung, Business Manager Roy K. Esaki ’16, and Managing Editor David Carpenter ’17 — threatened to resign if Hawkinson was not impeached. “jhawk is a poopyhead!” chanted Esaki and Carpenter. Shortly afterward, the two were seen fighting over The Tech’s red crayon.

Details of what actually occurred at the management meeting were difficult to obtain. According to one Tech staff writer, “My mommy says I’m special and I get gold stars. But jhawk says I do bad. Can I go potty now?”

Rumors that Dean of Admissions Marilee Jones has already been approached to fill a new replacement position of “Ombudmom” remain unconfirmed at press time.
A plugger doesn’t mind coming in the back door.

A plugger always knows the solution to shitty-ass stew, day after fucking day.
Hi, I'm transistor man.

I live in the small town of P.N. Junction.

Welcome to P.N. Junction.

I like J-FET girl, but she doesn't think I have any potential.

So I put on my best tie, and tried to convince her of my promising career in the electronics industry.

But she wasn't convinced, and said I was just biased.

Lately, I've been hanging out with MosFET woman.

She's a lot more mature than J-FET girl... and has a great body.

But she prefers MosFET man.

I wonder why??

And then there are some people you just can't please.

I dated opamp lady for 6 frustrating months. She would hit the rails whenever I gave her a compliment.

I guess she was just unstable, especially around any kind of positive feedback.
Dear Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science,

My roommate keeps having sex in our room. What’s worse, it’s with me! How can I make him show some more consideration for our shared space, such as my ass?

Fed up in Baker

Dear Fed up in Baker,

The problem you describe is quite important and I would almost say that I’m happy you brought it up. However, in light of the atrocities that our government is committing on a daily basis in Iraq, happiness is not an option for me.

But let’s not get too far off topic here. I like to keep it short and to the point: your roommate is expressing his appreciation for your physique in violent ways and you don’t know what to do about it. You must remember that both of you are at a tender age of confusion, an age of experimentation and social insecurity. In this situation it is often unclear how to act and react. On one hand you want to remain his friend, and keep borrowing his underwear. On the other hand you are sick of cleaning the blood off said underwear. Some days, it seems just like a harmless conflict of interest, on other days — like when your mom surprised you in the middle of a painful sexual act — it can become quite embarrassing. But living through this on a daily basis, I believe you are losing sight of what this is really about. Let me help you frame the issue at hand:

Judging by the anguish arising from your letter (as well as your awkward use of English idioms), it is obvious that you are a member of an ethnic minority. Let me tell you this much — I know your suffering: since you were a child you were ridiculed for your skin color, your parents’ accent, and the strange food they pack for you in your lunchbox. Do understand that, even though I’m unfortunately White, rich and a native speaker of English, I can feel your pain. I have empathized with ethnic minorities for many years now and have become quite proficient at it. Hell, I often wish I was a member of an ethnic minority myself so that I could empathize with myself, a fantasy of mine I like to call masturbating.

But let’s not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: naturally, the exploitation you feel from your White (and probably Rich) roommate is not a new phenomenon, and has been well documented throughout the Sad and Violent history of the U.S. American empire. For lack of space we cannot elaborate on the genocide by means of the smallpox virus, maliciously imported by the White man to the beautiful cultures living here before colonization. But we must remember that this colonization is going on until this very day — the spread of the White Imperialist virus has not ended with the conquest of the land. We all remember slavery and the U.S.-Mexican war, to name just three.

And even today, although slavery has ended, it is very much alive, disguised as a “free market economy” and a “flexible labor market”. Millions of people are being persecuted for their race, and submitted to a life of economic hardship, with no hope of ever leaving the grim situations the top percentage of White businessmen have put them in. And all this for the industrialists’ own profits.

While it is natural for us to cry out against this inequality, one must understand that the system is so rotten and irreparable that local surgery against the crimes of capitalism cannot heal the dying corpse of freedom in this country. A more radical solution is called for: I suggest to wholly dismantle the United States of America, the system that is responsible for most of the perpetrations around the globe and on this continent. Only when the U.S. is torn down will our problems be solved.

In your case, with the U.S. a distant memory, we won’t have to worry about the existence of involuntary dorm room sex, or even dorm rooms at all, or — to come to think of it — even dorms, colleges or any other institution that perpetuates injustice.

I hope this answers your question.

“Ask A Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science” offers helpful advice on all aspects of MIT life from a PhD graduate of Course III. Send questions to voodoo@mit.edu. Anonymity is guaranteed in order to preserve political sovereignty.
"End Of The Tether" Voo Doo, Spring 2004

The stupid slut thinks she recognizes me! Better play along or I might get in trouble... God forbid a stranger man walk these chaste halls unsatisfied!

Chrissy?! Hey! Aah! Wha... um... hi!

So, you like my library? Check out this new book I got just yesterday!

"Fake cry your way to better grades, business success & a devoted husband who will overlook your gross character flaws." Sweet! I've been waiting for someone to codify the method!

Meanwhile, at "breakfast"...

Well, "Yo' mama" so stupid she thought marriage was truly a sacred spiritual institution & left your father for cheating on her when she could have stayed with him, blackmailing him with evidence of his affair for vast amounts of money whilst dalling

Well, "Cindy," Yo' MAMA cries herself to sleep every night cuz Yo' DADA can't perform in her cavernous coag, I mean he just can't get no sensation, it's like tryin' to fuck a wet tea cozy, 'cept'n' sometimes he encounters them VIBRATING TOYS she has in there, and that's kinda nice for a while, but otherwise Cindy, your parents are very dissatisfied with each other, sexually speaking." Afterwards, yo' mama lowers herself onto a roll of paper towels she has covered in slabs of bacon until she exhausts herself with the futility of carnal intimacy!
“End Of The Tether” Voo Doo, Spring 2004

Wow, look! It’s the new girl! Gosh, are you, like, a black person?

I’ve only ever seen them on TV! I didn’t know they talked normally, I thought they always just rapped!

Sing a rap for us!

No time, girls! We’re late for... CHEERLEADING!

Christ! Cheerleading? Can anyone truly believe it worth their time to cheer on the success of MIT sports teams? You’d do as well to park yourself in the produce aisle & cheer a zucchini to sentience!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Huh... The MIT Suicide Squad!

Ah, perfect! These girls must be real pros! They could suck the sentiment out of a tragic situation faster than Bush went down on 9-11!

Well ready to go?

BE DEPRESSIVE!
B-E- DEPRESSIVE!
B-E-D!
E-P-R!
E-S-S-S-I-V-E!
What’s that spell?
SUICIDE!

I’d never go out with you...

GAWD I can’t TAKE any more! I’d rather die than go on watching this!

Look, girls! It’s working!

Shut up! That’s Chrissy!

Chrissy, NO!! You can’t kill yourself! We’re a sorority, we have built-in psychological support systems!

Yeah, Chrissy! Sorority girls never die! They just become quieter, better listeners for the rest of us to tell our troubles to!

Yeah, like Janie! What’s that, Janie? I look so cute today you can’t imagine how Bruce couldn’t have dumped me? Aw Janie, you’re the best!

AUGH!

BAH! Guh, thank God! It was only a dream!

Dude, so do you like, believe in a ladder to heaven?

Shaw! If heaven were the Olsen twins, and the ladder my penis.

What about you, Mike?

Oh, sorry, forgot—somebody not going to heaven cause he’s a J-O-C.

BEER PONG equals sexy
Univercities endure, regrettably, even the changes I’ve made. Alas, the work of a slash-and-burn president is never complete. But to paraphrase George W. Bush, “Mission Accomplished!” At MIT, as in society, the role of individuals is transient, and frankly, not important unless they are the head honcho or rich. Here, graduate students make their pathetic contributions to journals, but every one of their unfortunate articles is practically lead authored by yours truly. The students make their contributions, do their work, pursue their passions, chase their dreams, teach classes their professors should have taught the first time for pennies, learn specialized skills which are useless in a month, succeed but mostly fail, give money to the school, help shape the future of CEOs and presidents’ retirement plans, and then are forced to move on by the highly successful changes I make.

And as they move on, as I have been forced to by the shadowy MIT Masonic Corporation, they should reflect on what they have learned. Mostly for the purpose of making others rich while trying in vain to help themselves. To travel more subservi-ently into the future. Having had the rare privilege of, as president of MIT for nearly 14 years, wrecking a tradi-tion of individuality and self-reliance, and passing this off as the transition from the 1900s to the Y2Ks, I am indeed compelled to reflect on the lesson these chumps must have learned. It is far too soon for me to claim more tha a hint of understanding for the students, the institutional legacy I’ve wrecked, and frankly, the effectiveness of the lobotomy I performed with a mechanical pencil on MIT at large is for the historians to recount in some poem or something.

Excellence
(Killing it.) Most of us go through life stepping on twigs. I’ve been lucky to go though life breaking branches off the tree of knowledge and then cutting the tree down and setting it on fire. Few have fundamentally changed more than I have. I am excellent. Ex-cell-ent.

Faculty
I’m one. Honorary. I’m also an “HM”, which is an “Honorary Alum”. It’s like I partied with you at Steer Roast, or like I almost killed myself over 6.001 with you your freshman year. It’s like I’m one of you. Same with faculty. It’s like I struggled to publish research no one took seriously until that other guy started stealing it. It’s like I lost my wife, children, mistress, and soul while trying to get tenure. Hell, I might as well have lived through the meat grinder of MIT academia myself. I practically hung out with Tom Knight and Jerry Sussman at the TMRC, and invented all sorts of things. Yeah.

Staff
In the mid-90s, I found that it was excellent to fire all the administrators at what I would think of as “substandard requirement level”. Naturally, in order to help these poor, underqualified, and useless individuals, I, in my compassion, rehired these individuals as contractors, giving them both their freedom and a lower salary.

Students’ Parents
There is no greater excellence than seizing an opportunity to innovate, be it in a field of law or in the use of a dead son. I am proud to have given what will be called, I’m sure, in my

Scorched Earth

— Ancient fraternity proverb
absence, the “Chuck Vest Lemelson Prize” to the Krueger parents, commend-
ing them on their use of liability law and reproductive skills to make $6 million with only 18 years’ investment and $150k potential losses.

**Students**

I’m like the excellent parent they never had, beating them unless they practice excellent piano harder and memorize more of the human genome this week than last. Breeding excellence. Like Mendel, only with weeds.

**Perserverance**

A lot of people told me what I was doing was excellent. Then again, I paid their salaries. A lot of other people told me what I was doing was destroying everything worth going to MIT for. But these were students, and my mother told me to ignore all the insulting things students told me when I tried to remake my elementary school in the ideal of the Übemensch.

**Continuity and Change**

Better the latter than the former.

**Scientific Accomplishment**

Face it. The grad school guides score us on the number of papers published in those research journals like “IEEE Man, Cybernetics, and Chances to Get Laid”. Not on real scientific accomplishment. Also, things like the Z-Center, which I passed off as a place to study discrete control theory, were mostly about meeting buff men after hours. Remaking the Coffeehaus was brilliant: real corporate preparedness has nothing to do with studying science all night, it has to do with drinking mocha latte-chinos with your boss. Numbering buildings was found to scare staff members, mostly in the Student Housing department, who count 1, 2, 3, 4, 2000.

Science is what makes the Boston Globe. Nobel Prize winners all end up like Jacobson and his Junction, who is no Millenial, that's for sure.

**Cultural and Institutional Change**

The CEOs of many corporations turned many businesses into complete shams during the 90s. “We learned that culture, at least of empty words and promises, was everything”. Institutional culture is something that is not made by the students in it, but rather shaped around students like the iron maiden.

**Diversity**

Don’t make fun of black people, or those people Aimee Smith likes. Even though almost all your professors are White Men, MIT loves diversity. Remember, science is about those who wrote it.

**Campus Renewal**

Building 20 was one of those buildings where things happened. You know, radar, piano, Jim Williams learned analog, and Jerry Lettvin smoked a lot. Fuck that. We put up a couple of crumpled soda cans and now we'll be makin' AI. Like sweet love, in Bill Gates' name. Suck on it, Rick.

Some new dorms too. When do we get to bulldoze Senior House?

**Boldness**

I have learned about boldness. Fortunately, none remains among my subservient student body. Once, agitators like Geeta “Save the Dot, Lose the Com” Dayal stood up and stopped my Stalinist march to victory over the Hitler-Jugend of MIT, calling the oppressed to arms from the pages of Voo Doo. But now those like her are gone, and Voo Doo affects none but the custodial staff tasked with throwing it into the Charles.

**Academics**

Once, getting an MIT education was referred to as “drinking from a firehose”. After that freshman kicked and cost us tons, we thought that created a negative image. We’re aiming now for a “watching TV” and “math is hard, let’s go shopping” image, more well-rounded for the consumer engineering and science background. There’s now 8.01ADD, in which all classes last only 5 minutes, and in lab, the time to accelerate your adderall dependency is calculated to be only 3 seconds from Med Center to prescription.

**Optimism**

How could freshmen not be optimis-
tic? After all, they can pretend that poverty, war, disease, and human failing excuse the way I fucked over a couple of blocks in Cambridge. The school, once about twinkies, geniuses, normal folk, hackers, anarchists, innovative drop-outs, alcoholics, engineers, and their worthless ilk has been sucessfully made into a place for the true thinkers of tomorrow: people like me. So long, suckers.

Charles M. Vest
May 2004
MIT President NO RESERVE!!!!!

Starting bid: US $0.99  
Place Bid

Time left: 64 days, 9 hours, 35 minutes
Start time: Dec-04-03 22:27:34 PDT
History: 0 bids
Buy It Now Price: US $30,000,000.00
Buy It Now

Item location: Cambridge, MA
United States
Ships to: Worldwide

Description

You are bidding on the position of President of the MIT school in Cambridge!!!! It used to be a mad famous engineering college but don’t worry about looking dorky cuz now we got lots of cool trendy MBAs and hottie pre-meds, you can forget about that pocket protector crap!!!!!! The position comes with a fat mansion pad on campus and a killer salary, this investment can pay for itself in no time!!!! The job is easy all you gotta do is go out drinking with rich alumni and roll them for cash money donations!! Then you can do whatever the hell you want with the dough and your News Office will maintain your image!!! Want to replace the Ocean Engineering department with a giant rubber lobster that dispenses cognac? No problem—just call it “re-engineering”!!!!! There are thousands of students too, you can fuck with their shit all kinds of ways, it’s more fun than squirting lighter fluid in an anthill!!!! Also check my corporations other auctions we are putting up any part of the Institute that can be used to make a fast buck for the endowment!!!! Bid now!!!

Payment methods accepted

• PayPal
• Cash/Bullion/Gold fillings
• Blood of the unborn

Learn about fundraising and extortion methods

Ready to bid or buy?

Buy It Now

Price:

US $30,000,000.00

Buy It Now

WTF?

Place a Bid

Starting bid: US $0.99

Your maximum bid: (Enter US $0.99 or more)

Place Bid

eBay automatically exaggerates your bid up to your credit limit.

Learn about identity theft

What else can you do?

Back to list of crap | Send credit card details to Russian mafia | Sign a friend up for spam | Crash browser

Learn about bribery and cronyism

Buy It Now price:

US $30,000,000.00

Buy It Now

Purchase this position without an interview.
Forget ‘What Would Jesus Do?’
— it’s time to find out ‘Who Would Jesus Do?’!

Fresh from his breakthrough motion picture, “The Passion,” Jesus takes time out of his star-studded schedule for an exclusive chat with the readers of Voo Doo!

Phos: “Jesus, you’ve been in and around the industry for quite some time. How does it feel to finally get the recognition you deserve?”

Christ: “Well, Phos, I really feel like this has been a long time coming and I honestly do think it’s well-deserved. While standing in the shadows of the likes of Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Cruise and Bruce Willis is certainly nothing to complain about, I must say I’m glad to finally make it to the next level in Hollywood. All those years of hard work have paid off.”

Phos: “Yes, you certainly know you’ve made it big when factories in China start pumping out injection molded action figures in your likeness.”

Christ: “Let’s just say they’re doing God’s work.” (Chuckles.) “Get it? God’s work? Ahhh... Anyway, yes, I’m happy with the action figure deal. I mean, Harrison Ford had his own action figure since Star Wars 25 years ago. Of course, his action figure can move both his arms and his legs while mine can only move its arms. Also, his hands are shaped so they can hold a blaster; mine are palms up, as if I’m surrendering or something. The wheels in my feet are a nice touch, though... gives me that mysterious gliding action everyone has come to expect from the Messiah. My agent and I are hoping to take it a step further and get something like what Harrison had with the frozen-in-carbonite thingy. That was pretty catchy. Of course, mine will involve a cross; you know, something that’s more up-to-date the kids can identify with. Something like the Ewok Village Playset would be awesome!”

Phos: “Has all this sudden success been hard to deal with? What parts of it do you like and what could you do without?”

Christ: “Well, I can’t say ‘geez’ any more. I used to say ‘geez’ a lot, but now everyone thinks I’m being too egotistical or something. One definite upside is that people find me a lot sexier. I’m constantly getting phone calls and letters inviting me to this or that bondage or S&M party. The downside is that the people at these parties aren’t all hot lipstick lesbians like we’re led to believe in all the porno movies. No, they’re nasty, pale-assed, upper-middle class Dungeons & Dragons dorks. Still, it’s a step up from the repressed Midwestern housewives that I used to only get calls from, who get all shocked at the thought of eating any part of me bigger than a communion wafer.”

Phos: “Your past, more traditional fan base spawned bumper sticker philosophies leaving people wondering, ‘What Would Jesus Do?’ Now that you’re being thrust, or thrusting, into the role of a mega-sex-symbol, your new fans want to know, ‘Who Would Jesus Do?’

Christ: “I was flipping through the Sunday newspaper over coffee and wham! There was this totally rockin’ bra and underwear model for Filene’s. Boy, I’d love to nail her to the cross!”

Phos: “Any interests in the Hollywood jet set?”

Christ: “Let me tell you, Catman, when I saw Janet Jackson’s titty on national TV, I just had to relieve myself of some holy water, if you know what I mean. That hunk Justin Timberlake wasn’t half bad either. I’d like to think my bat is big enough to swing for both teams.”

Phos: “What about Britney?”

Christ: “Absolutely not. I don’t think she embodies the kind of moral fiber America needs today. You can’t go changing outfits every time the whim strikes. Look at me — I’ve been wearing the same thing for a damn long time. No halter tops here. She should have stuck with the Catholic schoolgirl thing she had going, but with a higher skirt and lower stockings.”

Phos: “Thanks for your time, Jesus. We know your schedule is packed these days. Do you have any last remarks for the readers of Voo Doo?”

Christ: “Ha! Joke’s on you. Have fun in Hell.”
i like to go to the bars with my friend Transformer man

he's a bit wound up... until you get a few beers into him

then he can match any two people up

some people say that transistor woman and i make a complimentary pair

but we're always opposing each other. she says she always feels like she is below me.

if the relationship doesn't get out of this push-pull stage soon, i will suffer a breakdown

i'm beginning to think that i'm going to be a single transistor stage for the rest of my life.

the only person who wants me is transistor woman

but i would be crazy to date her, she's been diagnosed as bipolar.

and, if being completely insane wasn't enough, she's also conceited

she thinks she's a class a amplifier

but, if you ask me, i think that just makes her a follower
“End Of The Tether” Voo Doo, Spring 2004

CHEMIE AND HOBBS
Look, Hobbes! Is this all America has to say for itself? Jeez, kids! This crap isn't even marketable!
I'll just let the FCC tell us what's wrong with this one!

THESE SNOWMEN ARE SUSPECT UNDER THE PATRIOT ACT. FIND THE CHILD, AND KILL HIM.

OH, PLEASE. WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL AMERICA THAT SUFFERING BUILDS CHARACTER? SHEESH.

I TELL YOU, HOBBES. IT'S TOUGH BEING THE SOLE GUARDIAN OF TRADITIONAL AMERICAN VALUES!

I CAN'T FIND JOB-BAD ECONOMY. PLEASE HELP!
I HAVE SOME INNOVATIVE IDEAS ABOUT YOUR TAXES, BUDDY!

brick and sudsy

sometimes... i don't think you really love me, brick.

i know that when you have me crush up your fries, you're just using me, but...

i just don't understand these repeated attempts on my life. you know, brick?

hey brick?

The Impatience of the Christ
Original Cambridge Blasphemy

You're healed my son

Now fuck off
Dear Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science,

While waiting at Kendall for the T the other day with a friend, I told him I’d bet him $100 he wouldn’t push a nearby schoolchild under the train. I was only joking, but he did it and now he wants his $100. How can I convince him I wasn’t serious without looking like a cheapskate? If I had known a hundred bucks was riding on it I would have done it myself.

Indebted Senior Hausian

Dear Indebted Senior Hausian,

Your situation is indeed not a simple one. You feel the pain of fiscal oppression, as your so-called “friend” is applying the iron fist of debt to your throat, strangling you using the age-old tool of the ruling classes: financial obligation. It may console you that you are not the only one who is being extorted by the Rich. Many people around the world, and even in this so-called “free” country are held hostage by creditors for lesser reasons than a jovial bet between two friends.

More importantly though, I think it’s no coincidence that your Rich “friend” used the train system as his violent tool of choice in this case. A look at history (although, in this country that values consumerism over education, not many are aware of their own history) shows that your case is intimately connected with the United States’ past, a long account of exploitation, interfering with fragile ecosystems and the enslavement of the native people of North America as well as that of imported slaves from African countries.

For ages, the train system has been an instrument of White American occupation of the pristine native land and people on this continent. It is the same old story wherever the white man treads: industrialization, which is nothing but a euphemism for chopping down trees, pouring blood (and — of course — it’s never White blood that is shed) for oil and slaughtering children and middle-age restaurant employees.

Specifically, the MBTA subway — affectionately called “the T” in a crude attempt to hide the crimes it stands for — is akin to the trains used by the Nazi regime transporting helpless victims to concentration camps. But while once people were deported by trains for the mere cause of hatred, the “T” now transports people for cash, adding a sick monetary twist to the already nauseating state of affairs. It is with this in mind that your oppressor chose to lay the yoke of debt onto you in a station of that “T”, of all places.

But there’s more: the trains are not only instruments in the hands of White Oppression in this “country”, the train system is also the victim of one of the biggest conspiracies of our times: the motor vehicle. Keep in mind that the train is a beautiful and socialist invention. And while the train could safely transport millions of workers in an environmentally friendly way, Roosevelt’s post-war administration has decided to smother this working man’s dream in a grey cloud of exhaust smoke. Inspired by — once more — the Nazi “Autobahn”, a U.S. administration, undoubtedly one of the worst terror organizations in the world, succumbed to the profit-driven oil and tire lobbies and decided to eradicate the means of mass transportation for the working class and replace them with huge amounts of funding for the interstate system, a publicly funded project that would eventually benefit only a small number of White Male car company executives and White oil producers (note that the producers of the oil are White, not the oil itself, which is black).

But let’s not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: my advice to you is that you not only refuse to pay the immorally demanded $100, but reclaim your own $100 in reparation for the psychological strain you have been put under. Remember, your claim is akin to the debt that the United States owes benevolent president Fidel Castro of Cuba for the continuous occupation of the Guantanamo Naval base, right in the middle of a country strangled by the U.S. economic embargo since 1961.

Naturally, if you cannot reclaim this sum by peaceful means, then an act of civil disobedience, or “Intifada” is merited. This will be of course a last resort to a peaceful opposition. It might also make sense to contact the schoolchild’s parents.

I hope this answers your question.
It's time for... SCIENCE'S BIGGEST BLOOPERS:
Caught on tape!
QUIT YER NAGGIN', OL' HARPY! M'SHOW ID ON!

Comically narrated in an unnerving, incomprehensible falsetto by Bob Saget!
Oooh, ooh, nummy yeah, dis goo' gool salad! Yeah!

BWAA HA HA!
Mendel, you sloppy shit! That was the hybrid sweet pea sample it took you 5 years to cultivate!

I'm of two minds on the matter: On one hand, some cosmologists believe Einstein's cosmological constant has since been justified by phenomena such as the so-called 'dark matter'. Yet I am of the opinion that this is like saying the theory of circular planetary orbits was justified by that of epicycles...

OH GOD did Einstein just do his 'c' with a heart? Einstein, you Swiss Miss! You solve equations like a fairy!

Tee! Marsh, you maroon! You put the skull of a camarasaurus on the partial skeleton of an apatosaurus and called it a bronto saurus! Titter! That misconception will persist for over 100 years!

Tea. Thorne, you are wrong. Naked singularities cannot exist.
Wanna bet?
You are on.

Ooh, yeah, smart me, ooh! Naked singularities, they work! Not naked like my nurses when they beat me! I like that! Ooh! Yeah!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
Hawking, you withered old quadriplegic! You were wrong! So wrong!

Well, Dr. Hawking, our computers have returned some interesting results,
Ooh, nooo, I'm done for! Yeah! Quick nurse! Strip me down & shave my nuts with a rusty blade before the police came!
High CF Word Problems: An Introduction

It has been shown in numerous cases that a student's retention of a certain learned skill is directly correlated to the perceived applicability to his or her interests. For example, average American students may have trouble remembering the value of π to one decimal place, but will easily be able to recall the amount of "carbs" present in their ADD medication. In the case of mathematics, this observation has been effectively capitalized upon through the practice of 'word problems'. Here at the Phosphorus Child Psychology (or, PCP for short) Research Center, we have made some marked improvements upon this already successful concept. Through our studies on large numbers of children and young adults abducted after school as part of the Federal Government's "No Child Left Hanging Around" initiative, we found that it was the 'Connectivity Factor' (CF) that most influenced the effectiveness of any particular word problem. The CF is a term we have developed to correlate the subject matter of a word problem to its salience in a student's life. Students who worked on 'word problems' with a high CF had a 31% higher retention of the material and were subsequently 52% less likely to engage in mathematically unsound behaviour — such as purchasing lottery tickets, sharing intravenous drug needles with laboratory apes, and taking the Department of Homeland Security seriously — than those who did not. To this end, we have developed a scholastic program for mathematics that exhibits a high CF for various age groups. To give a better understanding of how this program works, a sampling of these questions is given below.

Pre-School Level:

1.1 Billy has a friend named 'Little Willy' that he likes to play with, every day. In the winter, it gets colder, and 'Little Willy' doesn't like to come out and play as much, so Billy stays inside and gets some of his mother's clothes to play with, until 'Little Willy' changes his mind. In December, does frilly little Billy act silly and play with chilly 'Little Willy'?  

1.2 Betty's cat had some kittens. Betty is a good girl and likes to play with the kittens. Betty's favourite game is to make the kittens jump. A kitten jumps so high when she pokes her finger into the hole under its tail! Two kittens jump up onto the couch. Three kittens jump up onto the table. One kitten jumps up onto the curtains. How many kittens are on the couch?

1.3 Janet and Johnny are playing games out behind the shed. Their playfriend Jimmy comes by and suggests that they should take their clothes off. Janet doesn't have that funny little thingy between her legs like Jimmy and Johnny do, so she reaches out and touches them. They feel warm and squishy like an unopened popsicle that's been left out in the sun. How many little thingies did Janet touch?

Grade 1 — Grade 6 Level:

2.1 Patty likes to rub herself every morning when she wakes up, and every evening before she goes to bed. It leaves quite a puddle on the sheets, but she blames it on the dog. After two days, how many times has the dog been thrown out of the house with its nose full of Patty's mess?

2.2 When no one is looking, Danny likes to put on his little sister's diapers. He likes pretending that he is a little boy again and soils them. Since his dad doesn't like him, and spanks him whenever he finds out about this, Danny buries the diapers in the backyard. If Danny can fit ten diapers in a hole, and steals his little sister's diaper twice a week, how many weeks can he go without being beaten? (If Danny was really smart, he'd put the soiled diaper back on his sister.)

2.3 Joe and his sister Maggie go the basement to play doctor. If Maggie is wearing six pieces of clothing, and Joe is wearing five, how many pieces of clothing will be on the floor while Maggy is inspecting Joe? When they are done, Maggie wants to feel dirty, and doesn't wear her panties. Instead, Joe wears her panties and puts his underwear over hers. How many articles of clothing is each child wearing after they're done having fun?
Grade 7 — Grade 12 Level:

3.1 Greg sucks David’s cock every day after school in the janitor’s closet. But David doesn’t want anyone to know about this, because he doesn’t want the other closet homosexuals on the football team to call him a faggot and sexually assault him in the gym showers like they do to Greg, so he makes Greg swallow so there is no evidence. If the average male shoots a teaspoon of semen per ejaculation, and Greg has been helping David out for three weeks, how much semen has Greg swallowed? Please convert your measurement to cups.

3.2 On Sundays, Fred’s parents stay after Mass to discuss their marital problems with the priest for forty-five minutes, so they let Fred walk home by himself. Fred usually runs home at a rate of 10 mph so he can play with his German shepherd’s thick dog schlong. If his parents ever catch him, he will be beaten with a leather belt, and told that Jesus doesn’t love him anymore, so he can only do this until his parents get home. If his parents walk at a rate of 3 mph, and church is 1 mile away, how much blissful freedom does Fred receive each week as a result of his parents’ reliance on a Catholic priest for sexual advice?

3.3 Judy wants her teacher, Mr. Finkle, to tie her up and spank her. She thinks that maybe if she is naughty enough, Mr. Finkle will keep her after class, alone, and then she can show how truly naughty she has been, and he will be forced to spank her. So every day she says something obscene in class. If Mr. Finkle doesn’t hold her after class, she says two obscene things the next day, then three the following, and so on until she eventually does get detained. Mr. Finkle is open-minded, so he ignores her comments, but not open-minded enough to be a pedophile. So after three months, Judy’s little mouth is full of nothing but filth. How many obscenities is she currently saying, per day, in his class?

College Level:

4.1 George has been having sex with Lisa for two weeks now, and they want to try something different to spice up the relationship. George wants to asphyxiate Lisa during intercourse by using a clear plastic bag, so he can produce a look of panic on her face while she climaxes. If he uses a ten gallon plastic bag, and the human body requires an air concentration of no less than 5% oxygen to remain conscious, how long must he wait, given that Lisa’s lung capacity is one gallon, before giving her an orgasm? Assume that all oxygen that is inhaled is converted to CO₂ and that her head takes up a negligible portion of the trash bag.

4.2 Most people on campus know that Barbara is a slut. Even the professors and janitors have had their way with her. There are only ten thousand people on campus, including all of the support staff, and Barbara has currently had sex with 2% of these. However, Barbara is currently having trouble getting laid, because 95% of the campus doesn’t want to have sex with such an invertebrate slut, due to the risk of disease. Furthermore, due to the way in which rumors propagate, each new person she has sex with causes 12 times as many people to consider her a slut. Eventually, everyone on campus will know the truth about Barbara, and she will only have five hundred people to choose from. How many more people can she screw before her sexual options are minimized?

4.3 On the top floor of a certain dormitory, they like to have big orgies, and keep a sheep around for such special occasions. A rival dormitory thought it would be funny to have “Scary Ed” secretly have unprotected sex with the sheep and pass along the virulent strain of genital herpes he carries. Since it takes one month for the sheep to show signs of the disease, there is a possibility that the entire hall would contract herpes rather than just Little Peter “Eater”, who is only allowed to orally service others at the orgy and must go back to his room to finish himself off. However, there is only a 25% chance of passing along the disease during any act of intercourse, and the probability that the hall will hold an orgy increases linearly with time since their last orgy at a rate of 13% per day. Assuming that each person has a 87% chance of having sex with the sheep at any given orgy, and that the probability that each person will have sex with any other person at the orgy can be modeled by a Poisson distribution of parameter \( n \), what is the probability that each person will have sex with any other person at the orgy can be done so, making the prank not worth the fact that they will cut off “Scary Ed’s” penis when they find out?

Conclusion

We are confident that the high CF program, illustrated by the sample mathematical ‘word problems’ above, is more effective than standard testing material at attaining and holding students’ attention when applied appropriately according to age group. These particular examples are not under licence, and the Voo Doo Mathematics Institute gives educators permission to use them in any way they choose, including experimental scholastic programs such as the controversial “Home School In Uncle Clown’s Basement”. We would like to remind teachers, however, that these problems are designed to correlate heavily with their students, not with themselves. Although your own reaction may be different, the best way to assess the effectiveness of this program is to try it with your class and observe the results for yourself. Further materials of this type may be purchased from the Voo Doo Mathematics Institute, as well as comprehensive online support materials including interactive lesson plans, detailed multi-angle digital visual aids and distracting informational materials for parents. High CF provides the foundation students need for the future they deserve.
Found Humor: The Hello Kitty Home Liposuction Kit

Voo Doo thanks alert reader Alexander Gropotle ’85, who sent us this interesting home medical device he came across while on a recent business trip to Japan (we don’t know precisely what business he’s in, but he said he found it at a “Pink Salon” in Ginza, whatever that means). In any case, he said he couldn’t figure out how to use the damn thing, and the instructions just made the situation worse. Quoting from his letter: “The first seven cats I tried it on all died and the Hello Kitty robot that came with the packaging has now turned to a life of crime to support its liposuction habit and run away. I guess my five year old daughter is all I have left to try it on, but since I’ve run out of the antiseptic and cotton balls, a bottle of gin and her T-shirt is going to have to do.” The sensitive staff at Voo Doo feel for our loyal alumni in times of consternation, so we’re reproducing the instructions here in case any of our more culturally enlightened readers can make heads or tails out of them. If you think you know what it’s all about, let us know at voodoo@mit.edu — preferably before Gropotle can get back from the liquor store.

Complementary you on, the purchasing of such fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect. In hands now to be the most last of greatest creations, for solves problem’s of all past good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect: that of overabundance to waste area on any small cat. Including “Sanrio” natural brand of fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect range of product. This merchandise can not be easily to use, alone must practitioner to engage in sex increments given in squares as discovered below. Do as renditions or utmost suffering has incurred!

**Inclination 1**
Insertion of small cat into portioning device for great justice. If name on heft is valued at sum larger than agreed known, extra known for “Sanrio” natural brand small cat with given sheet already stapled to small cat from store. Then it is incremented square. If not again, plumping required to gain access to further square, then proceed accordion style.

**Inclination 2**
Verified Nancy 13 that necessitate appliances had come quality guarantee in every good package. These appliance should incorporate the white balls of softness for careful handling; had with cutting spear of great danger; had with container for making better; had with tube for the slurping, then set with procedurement for next. If not, take from local head of the crack to replicate all that is missed.

**Inclination 3**
By avail of cutting spear of great danger, the apparition of a line transcending dorsal feline, which limits to being of dimension greater than 2cm lengthways incurred with 1cm deep to surprise all known area by that “pork belly” contained. Not to be without, the container for making better is accordian style placed within line that is evidence. Insure to be liberal when engaging in these techniques: as conservatism may lead to rotting of flesh.

**Inclination 4**
Now with the tube for the slurping! Certainly to take the tube in mouth only for inhalation aspect, and then with the emptying at greasing time. The continual going over of this procession is granted to reduction of small cat to minimum cat; but only with careful forbidden internal special objects requirement. Impotent to render only the corpulence through tube for the slurping!

**Inclination 5**
Indeed completion, take at the white balls of softness for careful handling and penetrate repeatedly until dabbing rendered spotless, then again with the container for making better. Recycle Inclination 3 from this angle. And! As eternally it is true, the placing of finished items to refugee bin is greatest virtue for small cat owner. Not to make one soiled, but clean energetically.

**Inclination 6**
To bring procession to victory, once again with the portioning device and small cat; but this time with noticement of reduction “fatass”. It can be done with increased pleasure in four week time allotment, as so forth hole will be delivered to normalcy. If well, then note smile on possessed small cat, as smile is catching.

Warming: All inclinations must nevermore attempt by possessor of fewer than 6 years, whenever “Daddy” or “Mommy” is not floating nearby. The “Sanrio” manufacturer is incarcerated from holding to scrutiny if calamity visits possessor or small cat from application of toy product. For novelty use in solitary, and forever refusal to caress with human, if so; counsel to disease professional as nimbly can be approached. Please return all embarrassment fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect to “Sanrio” manufaturer for strict discipline and incorporation back to you with many pardons.
# Non-Conformity Registration Form

**Stiffly Stifferson**, Dean of Non-Conformity, MIT Office of Liability Management

## 1. General Information

(To be filled out by the weirdo hosting the event)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Host Weirdo's Name:</th>
<th>Weirdo's phone number:</th>
<th>Weirdo's parent’s phone number:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

(To be used immediately)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weirdo’s number of extra terms until graduation:</th>
<th>Name of Weirdo’s psychiatrist:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

(Must be at least 1 in order to use this form)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stupid name Weirdo will give event:</th>
<th>Date of event:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

(please give room number: _______)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place weirdo will host event (circle one):</th>
<th>Senior House</th>
<th>East Campus</th>
<th>Closet in Dormitory or Fraternity room</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

(Number of other freaks that are expected to be in attendance:)

(This is an optional question, merely used to gauge your dementia, as we know only three other people will show up, depending upon the size of your closet)

## 2. Type of Event (Select One)

Note: Only one type of non-conformity allowed per event.

__ Act of Rebellion

Will this act be visible when you return home? Yes  No

If yes, signature of parent or legal guardian is required: X

Check which act of rebellion you will be participating in:

- Hair Dyeing
- Body Piercing
- Tattooing
- Wearing Sexy Clothes
- Wiping Own Bottom
- Sporting Death
- Other

__ Act of Deviance

Check which act of deviance you will be engaging in:

- Exhibitionism
- Bondage
- Polyamory
- Wearing Big Furry Hats in Public
- Installing NetBSD
- Watching Pornography
- Reading Voo Doo
- Other

__ Revolution

Will the revolution be televised? Yes  No

Note: All non-televisioned revolutions must be approved by the Dean of Political Unrest

MIT Cable Channel of Revolution Broadcast: X

Signature of MIT Cable Director of Programming: X

__ Throwing Your Hands in the Air Like You Just Don’t Care

Note: events of this type require training in throwing techniques. Without due care and supervision, the throwing of your hands in the air can be very dangerous, and MIT cannot be liable.

Signature of Instructor: X

(Indicates completion of course in throwing techniques)

Signature of Host: X

(Waiving MIT of any liability for all hand and arm injury incurred from this activity)

## 3. Signatures:

Signature of Event Host/Nut Job: X

Signature of Nut Job’s Psychiatrist: X

Signature of Nut Job’s Local Safety Officer: X

(If the host’s room does not yet have one, the living group’s officer must sign)

Initials of All Members of the MIT Corporation: X

(Attach extra sheets if necessary)

Signature of the Dean of the School of Engineering: X

(In the event the act of non-conformity involves building something)

Please return the four copies to the appropriate offices:

- Pink copy: Women’s Studies, Department of Humanities
- Yellow alert copy: Department of Homeland Defense
- Green copy: Office of Unadmitted Students
- Red copy: Blood drive spam coordinator
The Bartlesville Blue

orange juice 100 mL
blue food coloring 4-6 drops
GHB 6-10 mL

Just want a chance to relax, without any of the frills? This drink is the perfect way to chill away a social evening. Add the food coloring to the orange juice until the mixture turns green, then mix the GHB and swig down as rapidly as you dare. Orange soda works too, in a pinch, but we don’t want you missing all that nutritional value. Remember, MIT students are currently the world’s highest-risk population for scurvy, so use your ramen’s flavoring packets, and drink genuine OJ at every opportunity.

The Humbert Humbert

root beer 175 mL
vanilla ice cream 1 scoop
GHB 6-10 mL

Hark back to kinder, simpler times, when Burma Shave signs dotted Route 66, existentialism was the hot new thing, and pedophilia was the source of great art. Add the GHB to your friend’s root beer and top it off with a scoop of smooth vanilla ice cream. Watch as the Mann Act slips from her mind, and fix for yourself the delicate beauty of nymphets.

The G&T2K

tonic water 175-200 mL
GHB 6-10 mL
fresh lime pi/6 to pi/4 radian slice

A fizzy alternative to orange juice, and the Millennial’s answer to gin and/or vodka. Show your suave side by guzzling this avant-garde beverage. Ideal for Beatnik Night, but don’t forget your grey turtleneck sweater!

The Brotherly Love

Red Dog, Icehouse or Miller Lite 10 milliKruegers
GHB 15-20 mL

Is your true love reluctant to share her prize assets? Have you tried all the charm at your disposal, even the promise of a six-figure starting salary, but to no avail? Trouble yourself no more. Add 15 to 20 mL of GHB to your sweetheart’s beer (be careful to adjust for body weight!). In a few brief minutes, you’ll be able to prove your manliness. Best of all, you won’t have any performance anxiety, because your partner will be too far gone to care. Here’s a tip: drink a Bartlesville Blue yourself and keep off the alcohol. That way, you’ll be sloshed enough yourself that you’ll let all your buddies watch the action. You’ll become the envy of all your less-endowed peers who didn’t have the foresight to use this idea.
"End Of The Tether" Voo Doo, Spring 2004

**Cheney and Hobbes**

THIS MEETING OF THE TOP SECRET CLUB G.R.O.S.S. (GET RID OF SLIMY TERRORISTS) WILL COME TO ORDER. TODAY WE ADDRESS THE PROPOSED EXPULSION OF HOBBES ON CHARGES OF TREASON!

**LET THE RECORD SHOW**

THAT THE DEFENDANT TYPED "AL FRANKEN" INTO GOOGLE SEARCH.

**FASCIST!**

OK, JUST FOR THAT YOU'RE CHARGED WITH TERRORISM TOO!

**SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHEN ASHCROFT JOINED OUR ESTEEMED CLUB?**

**GUANTANAMO WOULD’VE BEEN PARADISE COMPARED TO WHERE YOU’RE HEADED, PAUL!**

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**Dear Sudsy,**

You know I've hated you ever since you did what you did to my mother last spring. That's why I've been trying to kill you, and why I can no longer sleep in the same room with you.

Also because I hate you with every fibre of my being. I hope this bread basket will initially find you healthy.

Signed,

**Brick**

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**Dear Brick,**

Your mother has been dead for two years, what you're thinking of last spring was our social worker, Susan.

Yours,

**Susan**

PS. I gave the wonderful bread basket away because I currently have my hands full with Sherman's new children. His daughter loves me and I her... I think I will call her Darla. I'll be living in her room this week.

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**The Impatience of the Christ**

Original Cambridge Blasphemy

** EVER SINCE RESURRECTION I HAVE THIS RASH ON MY INNER THIGH **

*Probably some tomb fungus*

** I SURE HOPE THIS ONE’S NOT FOR ETERNITY, YOU HEAR? **
DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONT

The Voo Doo organization spares no effort nor blurring of legal boundaries in its quest to uncover and deliver the most incendiary embers of humor, even those buried at the depths of society’s blackened core. Besides the usual staff of writers, illustrators and extortionists, we maintain deep cover sleeper agents — the mysterious Phosphorus Humor Underground Commandos — in secret locations and roving patterns around the world. This shadowy existence — constantly enduring the pressure to remain invisible, the fear of reprisal, the cerebral suffering of extended visits to states with a high percentage of registered Republicans — can take its toll on the agents’ sanity. Early last year, one of our PHUCs made his regular maildrop report containing only this enigmatic illustration. We recalled him immediately for intensive mental therapy, but only now has he been able to overcome his personal horror and explain his last transmission. We release this medical record as a tribute to his fortitude in the service of Voo Doo, and as a warning to all.

THERAPY TRANSCRIPT

SESSION 86 - 26 APRIL 2004

PATIENT: CLASSIFIED CLINICIAN: DR. P.T. CAT

Well, you see, I was living with this friend of mine out in California, and he had gotten married. And, to top it off, had a kid. Which, I figured, wouldn’t be that bad. Hell, I lived in a dormitory with four hundred screaming idiots. How bad could one screaming idiot be? At least it had an excuse for being an idiot.

At first it wasn’t so bad. The kid’s screaming didn’t bother me all that much. And it didn’t really scream too often anyways. But slowly, I became aware of what was really going on. The disgusting truth was revealing itself to me on a daily basis. And after a week, I was confronted with the desire to get the the hell out of there. But I had no where else to go, and I didn’t feel like being homeless again, so I stuck it out for one more week, and after that I took off. I didn’t care where I went. I spent three months fishing rotten food out of the dumpster behind Denny’s, before making it back here. I just couldn’t take it anymore.

What the hell went wrong with these people? My friend wasn’t so bad; mostly spent his days at work. But I spent them at home, alone with his wife. And it wasn’t like you see in the movies. Sure, she wandered around half naked all day, but I couldn’t bear to look at her, not after witnessing the atrocities she committed upon this kid. Using it. Like a junkie uses heroin, or a fratboy uses the other fratboys and a jar of Icy-Hot.

It was during this month that I was awoken to the frightening truth that motherhood is an addiction. These people. They have no purpose in their lives. No outside forces controlling their decision making, and no internal drives to direct them anywhere. So, they begin to long for a motivation, one which will make them never question their existence again. And, what could be better than an eighteen year long trip on the baby junk. Just pop one of those things out, and you’ll never have to wonder what the next second will bring. You will always know: you are here to serve the baby junk. It is your master, and you love it.

It was disgusting to sit there and watch her take the baby into herself like that. Consuming it. Drinking it down and wallowing in its neediness. You could see her twitch with agony at the slightest sound of discomfort from the baby. If it began to cry, she would quickly run to it for comfort, to pick it up and rub it against herself to ease her pain. To make the agonizing feelings of failure go away.

She would wake up in the middle of the night with the shakes, unable to sleep, and need to get the baby and press it to her breasts, hoping the child might suckle, giving her the pleasure and release required to make it through the night. Rubbing. Kissing. Lips to breast. Pinching of nipples. Inserting its fingers into her mouth. Sucking down this supple and fleshy being, which was brought into existence merely to satisfy her own needy perversions.

Will she ever be sated. My god, will she ever be sated.
At least I'm not the only one with problems.

SCR boy used to get a charge out of diode girl.

But then his mother caught them messing around, and he was grounded.

Sometimes I wonder how couples stay together for so long.

Like the old tubes from down the street.

Somehow they've kept that warm glow between them.

Even after Triode lost his arm in the war, he can still get Tetrode's juice flowing.

Take old Mr. Diode, for example. He used to be a communications officer in the Navy... had lots of potential.

But then he lost both of his arms in a tank capacitor explosion, and was discharged. He's been living in a vacuum ever since.

Perhaps I should give up on this mixed up and complicated process.

I hear there are big gains for little input with darlington connections.

And Schottky Man is so buff!
Dear Confused Alpha Phi,

It is your birthright to speak to him about these matters. Discussion is not and should not be a dirty word. We should claim the little that is left of our freedom of speech and talk about what matters to us, the working class, and in particular the female working class. Only by speaking up we can strip this administration — which, to remind you, has not even been elected by a majority vote — of its doomsday weapon: a brutal gag on any public discourse.

But let’s not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: some readers may not be familiar with the extent to which our government oppresses the most peaceful and law-abiding citizens, women and men alike. Take the story of my friend Ra’ed Al-Hariri for example. The name might throw you off. Ra’ed is not of Arab-American descent. Being caucasian, he decided to assume an Arab identity to empathize with oppressed Arab Muslims everywhere. He changed not only his name, but decided to trade his American Imperialist citizenship for a Jordanian one. Unfortunately he was not allowed to acquire a Jordanian citizenship due to what the Jordanian officials call “slight mental instability” (the translation from Arabic is still not completely clear), and is currently without citizenship and confined to travel using his Sears credit card.

My dear friend Ra’ed, truly a peaceful and law-abiding citizen (or rather non-citizen), had his first run-in with the GeStaPo-like practices of the thought police when he was practicing his natural right to purchase groceries at an “adjusted rate”. This Neo-Marxist term refers to paying a percentage of the product’s price that is proportional to one’s income. Since Ra’ed did not earn any income, he purchased a can of beans at the adjusted rate of zero dollars, and set out to leave the store. Alas, Alfredo the store keeper, himself a victim of imperialist assimilation through economic oppression, and now a mere instrument of the White system, went on to brutally stop Ra’ed on his way out. He asked him with fake politeness “I think you might not have paid for this item, sir?”. And then, as if this verbal onslaught was not enough, Alfredo proceeded to deport Ra’ed from the grocery store without due process, stripping him in the process of the only food he owned (a can of beans) and leaving him to rot on the sidewalk like throwaway garbage.

It is obvious that Ra’ed was subjected to this behavior for no reason other than his Arab appearance. What’s worse: he didn’t really have an Arab appearance. One genuinely shivers imagining what would have happened to Ra’ed had he been wearing his Kaffiah.

And Ra’ed is not the only one subjected to such methods of the armed Imperial forces called “Police”, who — claiming to protect the citizenship — are actually guarding the economic ivory towers of the ruthless mega-corporations. A group of mediterranean-looking friends of mine have been subjected to violent persecution for wearing a “New York Yankees” shirt at Fenway Park, a location in a city that once stood for freedom of man everywhere. And an Asian citizen of the U.S. was addressed in English (an obvious act of cultural and linguistic oppression) by a “Police” officer asking her to not cross the street where she did, a street she helped build with her taxes. Another friend of mine has been beaten to a bloody pulp by a DEA Agent for wearing baggy pants. He is now paralyzed from his waist down.

I hope this answers your question.
The Impatience of the Christ
Original Cambridge Blasphemy

IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S JEWISH GIRLS WHO FLIRT WITH YOU...

...BUT THEN SAY THEY DON'T HAVE SEX ON A FIRST DATE

YOU WERE DAMN SEXY ON THAT CROSS LAST WEEK.

- OH SHUT UP!