"A cut above the Rest"
SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

[VOODOO@MIT.EDU]

YOU LIKE THAT DON'TCHA?
Past the Point of No Return:

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Voo Doo (vō’duō) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; an ideal name for a humor magazine

This is the fineprint. The fineprint really isn’t all that interesting. You probably don’t want to read the fineprint. Actually, I know you don’t want to read the fineprint. You won’t like the fineprint. Please don’t read the fineprint. There is nothing to see here. Move along. The fineprint is a waste of your time. You will not like the fineprint. As a matter of fact, you will find the fineprint downright disgusting. Do something else, rather than read the fineprint. Stagnant rivers of sin, delivering the fetid, bloated corpses of wanton American capitalism into the eternal agony of damnation, while bitter, old, self righteous, blue haired, indignant, fine upstanding church-going folk watch on with the glee of a thousand orphans adopted on Christmas morning. The fineprint does nothing for you. The fineprint leaves you feeling empty. There is no point in reading the fineprint. The fineprint merely wastes your time. You really shouldn’t read the fineprint. You are better than those sorts of people that read the fineprint. The fineprint is just a series of really small and insignificant words. You won’t even stoop to admitting that the fineprint exists. This is the fineprint.

webpage: http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www
This is what happens when you’re not paying attention: responsibility. You go to a conference in Scotland for a week, you come back, and then you’re editor of a magazine. Pretty soon, things spiral out of control. Your thesis deadline looms over your shoulder. Graduation follows shortly thereafter. You have to get a job. Your credit limit goes up. You can feel your soul dying as you work and consume. Work and consume. Work. Consume. It’s the American dream! You get married. Your household fills with dirty, screaming kids (though you only really remember the names of the first few, so the rest you call “Bob” because it’s as good a name as any). Soon you’re going into debt. Your house is falling apart. Your mortgage is overdue. All those dirty, screaming kids now want you to pay for their college education. You’ve long since given up on ever smiling again. Day after day, it’s deadlines, deadlines, deadlines. Sleep is a thing of the past. Every day, you just wake up and pray that it will all end soon.

At least, that’s how it happened to me.

So here I am. Editor of this damn humor magazine, though I don’t think I’m funny. It’s like a disease; I can’t get rid of it. So I figured I’d try to do what I do best: make things pretty. If you don’t think it’s funny, at least you’ve got that.

And you damn well better appreciate it! Because I’ve been punting work here and there for several weeks to get this done and my thesis proposal is due December 15th and I know what you’re gonna say. Is Voo Doo worth it? Well… I guess that’s a question that every editor asks themselves as they’re staying up late to finish the issue. And I guess what it comes down to is that someone has to care. I care. And my friends care… at least I think they care. And we’d like for you to care (at least a little bit).

Sure, you can sit back all you want and say that “oh, that’s offensive,” or “oh, that’s not funny.” But I’d like to see you try to be humorous on demand. Come on. If you think you can do a better job, then come do it. Or at least submit something that might make the editor laugh. Because even though this is supposed to be a humor magazine, there’s nothing too humorous about being editor. Except maybe the fact that when you tell your parents that you’re editor, the first word out of their mouths is “Gross.” There has to be something humorous about that.

Maybe something in here will make you laugh. If so, I’ve done my job. If nothing in here makes you laugh, or at least snicker guiltily, then at least I’ve got something I can put on my resume so that when I try to get a graphic design job with an engineering degree, they don’t just laugh in my face. That’s assuming they aren’t already laughing about my masters degree from the Media Lab.

-WORM
Letters to the Editor

Dear Phos,
Perhaps you can help me with my per-dickament, if you know what I mean. All those stuck up bitches aint putting out any of that sweet poontang for me. I routinely walk up to a nice piece of ass, tickle her fun bags, and offer to split her in two with my engorged fuck-stick. And would you believe it, the only contact I get is a slap in the face. What the shit? Are all them ho’s really turning me down, or are they just trying to tell me they are into BDSM? ‘Cause I aint got nothing against smackin’ a slut around, if thats what she wants.

Respectfully,
Johnny Aint-Come-Lately

Dear You Aint-Comin-Soon,
I don’t even know where to begin, because I’ve never been in your situation. Whenever I walk up to a “nice piece of ass,” I don’t even have to bother tickling any “fun bags” to get what I want. But, then, is there a girl who isn’t throwing herself at my feet? Perhaps you should try becoming the editor of some high class humor magazine (like “Voo Doo”). It seemed to work for me. And in the meantime, Handgela and Palmela can take care of your “per-dickament.” Or perhaps you could try clusterbating? I’ve attached a picture of myself, in case you need an aid.

Good Luck!
Phos

Hello M. Phosphorus,
I’ve been following your exploits for many years now, and have always enjoyed your column in Voo Doo Magazine. You always seem to have the keenest wit of all the cats I know. But, one question has always plagued me: what is your gender? I’ve been jerking off to your full page ad in the last issue for three weeks now, and I want to know if that makes me gay.

Sincerely,
Guilty As Discharged

Dear Spooge-pants,
I’m flattered... and a little disturbed. I don’t think it’s my gender that’s the problem here. I’m a CAT. That’s beyond gay. Perhaps you’d like to consider furries? I hear the Internet is full of stuff for people of your... persuasion. Maybe you could find some “yiffy artwork” or possibly even meet some hot “yiffy fur” on a usenet group. Go explore your fursona. Furries are “people,” too.

Cocked and loaded,
Phos

Hey Phos,
Yeah, it’s me again. I know you told me never to write you again, but I just can’t help it. I forgot the secret ingredient for the christmas ham, and I know you made it once a few years back, so I thought I would ask you. You see, my new fiance is coming over for dinner this year, along with her mother, and I need to impress them, or I’ll never find someone to love me again.

Apologetically,
Ham-Burgler
Dear Bungler,
If I told you the secret ingredient, then it wouldn’t be secret, now, would it?! If you send your fiancee over, I could send her back with some of that secret ingredient, though. Or your mom would do in a pinch.

Non-apologetically,
Phos

Dear Phos,
I am having roommate troubles in my dormitory. At first I was all excited by having a foreign student as a roommate. I thought it would be a good way to learn about different customs and broaden my horizons here at the institute. But then things just got out of control. I tried to be understanding of her cultural differences. I know that we, here in the United States, don’t have the only way of doing things, and that new ideas can be generated by doing old things a new way. But I just can’t take any more of it. The muffled screams of the ten year old boys she has bound and gagged in the closet are keeping me up at night. I just can’t sleep any more. I’m starting to feel bad when she beats them, too. I don’t want to be a bigot, but what can I do? I’m thinking about talking to my GRT about the problem.

Anxiously Yours,
Openmind

Dear Openmind,
Is your mind open? Did you leave it open too long that it left and is now empty? Because I think that you should get in on that action! And bring your GRT in on it, too! I’m sure that you all can have a good time and learn new things together. Just be sure to have a safe word.

A proponent of safer sex,
Phos

Dear Phos,
I have a moral quandry, and I dont know whom else to trust for advice. I cheated on my 15.001 problem sets. I would just copy my friends’ work and submit that. Seriously, why should we both waste our time working on those things? It’s much more efficient this way. So when the professor called me in and pointed out the identical responses for the last five problem sets, I denied cheating, of course. We all get identical problem sets, so its no wonder we get identical results. So the professor wastes my time some more by giving my zeros on all of those problem sets, and I have to go the dean of the department and point out that my father donated 1.2 Million dollars to the new Brain and Cognitive Science Building. As if they didn’t already know that. The upshot is that I continued to copy for the rest of term and got an A. So this may seem like everything ended well, but I still didn’t get a chance to gloat over that douche-bag professor. What do you think the best way doing that would be?

Sincerely,
Donald Vest III

Dear Spoiled Brat,
In the true spirit of the holiday season, it’s better to share, not to gloat. Maybe you could send your mom or girlfriend over to the Voo Doo office (50-309), and I can send her back with some “secret ingredient,” and then you could make your professor a very special Christmas ham. Maybe he’d even be so happy that he’d share this special treat with you.

Always the giver,
Phos
“Cut it out,” Voo Doo, “Geez.” Fall 2006

Before Math

1 Year Later

Before Math

10 Months Later

FACES OF MATH
Warning Signs: Is Your Teen Using Math?

As a good American parent, it’s your responsibility to help prevent the spread of math abuse. But how can you tell if your teen is using math? Teenagers by nature can be moody and unpredictable so it’s sometimes difficult to tell if your child is using math. However, there are warning signs to watch for. Take a look at the following to see if you recognize any of them in your teen.

Short-Term Math Use Can Result In:

• **Alertness and inability to sleep**: Something might be up if you notice a change in your teen’s sleeping patterns – especially if he’s staying up for days on end and then sleeping or fatigued for a few days straight.

• **Nervous physical activity**: You notice your daughter is fidgeting – and possibly compulsively typing numbers into a calculator.

• **Decreased appetite**: Your child is uninterested in food and starts to become dangerously thin.

• **Euphoria and rush**: Your teen might be extremely alert and energized, even after he or she was up all night doing proofs.

• **Carelessness about appearance**: Has your teen stopped showering? Has she lost interest in grooming? Does he no longer brush his teeth?

• **Deceit or secretiveness**: Is your normally honest child lying to you all the time? Are her plans sounding fishy or vague? Is his bedroom door always closed? Has she got a seemingly endless string of excuses to justify her behavior? Have you caught him trying to hide stacks of paper before you could see them?

• **Presence of integrating and calculating paraphernalia**: If you noticed calculators, slide rules, protractors, stacks of graph paper, or the newest version of MATLAB in your child’s room, this is a clear sign of math abuse – and a cry for help.

• **Withdrawal from family and friends**: Look for deteriorating relationships with family members and friends. She may be depressed or exhibit a lack of enthusiasm. She may not share or express herself as she used to – all attempts at communication result in her reciting equations or chanting long strings of numbers.

Don’t Let This Happen To You And Your Family!
Institute Unveils Designs For New Graduate Dorm

Cambridge, MA — Today, MIT officials officially announced the design for the proposed new graduate dormitory. The new dormitory is the long-awaited first step in the n-step plan to provide graduate students with on-campus housing and to build a sense of graduate community. The new building is designed by renowned architectural firm I.M.P. Tee and Associates and is scheduled to be built on the northwest side of campus, currently under development for graduate student housing. Already, the new building has won numerous architecture design awards, including the esteemed 2006 Harleston Parker Medal. This is not the first time an MIT building has received this award. It was awarded to Simmons Hall in 2004 and to the Rotch Architecture Library in 1993. Other Parker winners include the New England Holocaust Memorial (1997), the Davis Art and Cultural Center at Wellesley College (2000) and the renovation of the Boston Public Library (2001).

One proponent of the building has called it a “daring, serious, memorable building.” Yet another has heralded it as “a magnificent waste of space... simply magnificent.”

MIT officials seem optimistic about the new building, but students seem more skeptical. One undergraduate, when asked about the new building, commented “what new building? Graduate students?” When a graduate student was finally located and questioned about their feelings on the new dorm, they replied “here’s a campus?” No more graduate students were able to be located for comments. Other undergraduates were polled for their opinions, but were too apathetic to respond.

Despite the overwhelming student resistance, MIT officials maintain their support of the new dorm, saying that “appreciation for this building will only grow and mature over time” and that the building will prove to be an “exemplary paradigm in its daring and high aspiration” and a “gesture toward greatness consistent with MIT’s philosophy of reaching out to the brightest.”

The newly released plans for the new building are on the opposite page.

Student Rapes Test

Cambridge, MA — Anthony Bondworth, MIT class of 2008, allegedly sexually assaulted a 14.03 test he received at 7:30 pm on Thursday, November 30.

Bondworth did not deny the allegations. “I raped that shit,” he said, referring to the test. “Gave it to it straight up the ass,” he added.

In an interview with Voo Doo, the test discussed the incident in detail. A grief counselor and a grader were present to comfort the visibly shaken sheets of paper and offer it a reassuring red
pen. The following information was obtained in the interview.

On the night of November 30, the test was created in a copy machine and placed in a box next to other tests. At approximately 7:30, it was handed to Bondworth, who sat away from other students. Bondworth immediately “violated” the test, forcefully leafing through each of its six pages and staring at each one. Rubbing the top corner against his fingers, he began to write on the test, first only on the first page, and then further and further into the test. He promised that he’d “studied hard” and would “do well.” Even when the test resisted, presenting questions that clearly should have indicated to Bondworth that this was no easy test, he pushed forward, marking the correct answers with his pen. After two hours of the ordeal, Bondworth looked over his work, and handed the test to an instructor.

“I felt used,” said Testy. “I felt violated. He answered all of my questions—every single one. I mean, this is MIT, for Christ’s sake; he has to get some wrong.” The test continued through tears, “Doesn’t he?!”

Cycle of Violence

Bondworth has a long history of sexual trauma involving tests. In his freshman year, on a 6.001 test, he “fucked [the test] up.” In the next semester, he “got raped” by an 8.02 exam. Psychologists say that this sort of mental violation early in an academic career can lead to violent behavior later.

“When Anthony was taken in 8.02, it altered his mind,” said Kent Graves, professor of psychology at MIT. “He now takes pride in the premeditated raping of tests.” Bondworth has been known to plan his crimes days in advance, sometimes even going to professional seminars to improve his technique. He works faster and more efficiently than ever.

Testy does not know if he’ll ever be given again. “All I can say is that Anthony Bondworth is going to have to answer to a higher power soon enough, like a hard final exam or something, and then I will be avenged.”
Entertainment

We here at Voo Doo thought you, our beloved readers, could use some quality INTERACTIVE entertainment. It’s better when you have to work for it, you know. In keeping up with the predicted desires of our readers and the very best puzzle haute couture, we came up with these here puzzles. So maybe you guys can try them out and see what you think. Who knows, maybe you’ll get hooked! I hear those Jumbles are barrels of laughter and good times. Oh boy. Fun. Puzzle fun. Fun puzzles! Pun puzzles! Try not to get stuck. If you do, we’ll just think you’re all morons.

VU DU KU

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For the morons: solutions on p 33
PoseR Girl

EPISODE 5 'HOBBY'

I HATE THE KID NEXT DOOR

HE THINKS HE'S SUCH HOT SHIT WHEN REALLY, HE'S BORING & OBNOXIOUS.

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH...

I'M ITCHING TO RIP OFF HIS SPIKY HAIR AND SHOVE IT UP HIS ASS.

I SCREAM MY UNINTelligible HATRED AT HIS DOOR REGULARLY.

AND EVERY SINGLE NIGHT AND SOME DAYS TOO

I LISTEN TO THAT UTTER DOUCHERAG BANGING HIS STUPENDOUSLY HOT GIRLFRIEND.
“Cut it out,” Voo Doo, “Geez.” Fall 2006

1st Day of Class

Do we have to know this for the final?

Finals

2:57 AM

Do I have to know this for the final?

Are you sure you want this to be on the final?

Final’s Eve

TEXAS INSTRUMENT MASSACRE
All I can really think of is cats stuck in sewer drains and old men with canes. I thought it would be funny if all the skin on our bodies originated from under our fingernails, one of my many recent hospital thoughts. But unfortunately nothing else comes to mind. Maybe we can wrap you in a membrane and put you under anesthesia for a couple of weeks. Or maybe you should just submit to Voo Doo.

"MIT’s Only Intentionally Humorous Publication" Since 1919
The Voo Doo Centerfold

Now with self-lubricating pneumatic action!
WAYS OBEYS. NEVER COMPLAINS.
I've been waking up with thin parallel red lines all over my thighs.

Theory #1: Every night, sentient gossamer strands from an alternate dimension drift down onto my legs to systematically feed off of my thigh filth and my soul marrow.

Theory #2: My hall mates are drugging my cigarettes such that I remain appropriately unconscious during nightly "artistic" gatherings where loops of chiffon and tin foil are hot glued neatly onto my legs.

I bet if I wasn't routinely drugged or fed upon, I might not bite my nails.

*behind my intuitive grasp on anatomy!*

When I run out of inspiration, I browse Jhonen Vasquez fan forums until I want to close out my brain.
...there isn't much time, how soon can you be here?

30 minutes later

...just in the nick of time!

Contacts Speed Dial
National Astronomers: #1
N.A.S.A.: #2
Pentagon: #3
Mom: #4
Doritos: #5
President of the US: #6
Veterans: #7
Kinkos: #8
DIY Psychiatric Evaluation

Most people have heard of the Rorschach test (pronounced “ror-shock”) but few have ever seen a real Rorschach inkblot. There are only ten Rorschach inkblots. Psychologists want the blots to remain a secret from the general public so that reactions to the blots will be spontaneous. But we here at Voo Doo think that you, our dear readers, should have a head start on the rest of the population. Unfortunately, although we went through an extensive ordeal, we only managed to get seven of the ten.

You’re expected to see more than one thing on all or most of the cards. Not being able to see anything on a card suggests neurosis. Usually the more things you can see, the better, as long as they fit the form of the blot. Of course, you can see things in the whole blot or in parts of it, and images may overlap.

Should you mention the penile and vaginal imagery? Not necessarily. Every Rorschach plate has at least one obvious representation of sexual anatomy. You’re not expected to mention them all. In some interpretation schemes, mentioning more than four sex images in the ten plates is diagnostic of schizophrenia. The trouble is, subjects who took Psychology 101 often assume they should detail every possible sex response, so allowances must be made. Most Rorschach workers believe the sex images should play a part in the interpretation of responses even when not mentioned.

So go for it! Test yourself! Test your friends! Get your friends to test you! One out of every five people is insane. If it’s not your friends, it’s you. Find out before they find out.
WHO ELSE WANTS A HE-MAN BODY?
ROTC SCHOLARSHIPS
If you don’t ask, we won’t tell... you how much money you could be getting! Tired of watching others grab the best jobs, the most attention? Let the ROTC show you how you can be a real he-man... by being surrounded by other he-men! Apply for an ROTC scholarship today!

All New!

CREAMMATE
Creammate is the new non-dairy creamer imported from the little old scientists in picturesque Germany. Quaint scientific methods combine a hint of calcium with some secret ingredients to bring smooth creamy goodness to any cup of coffee. Long in research, Germans in dark laboratories have been sampling mixtures since 1945 and only now have obtained the perfect mixture. Try some creammate today! It’s worth the wait.

100% Kosher!
(Available at most supermarkets)

Remember How Many Times You Felt Left Out
Because You Had No FRIENDS!
Places the gang was going and you weren’t included. They all had friends to go out with for movies, games, hamburgers, and soft drinks . . . all of them except you.

WELL YOU’LL NEVER BE LEFT OUT AGAIN
Now YOU Can Make 5, 10 or More Friends Week After Week
Introduce VOO DOO To Friends, Relatives, Neighbors and Others
You can be among the more than 30,000 others who have contributed to VOO DOO and have made up to 5, 10 or more friends every week by introducing VOO DOO to everyone they see. VOO DOO will help you get started in a profitable business of your own. VOO DOO will assist you in every way to make your life happy and successful.

HURRY! SIGN UP NOW

SCHOOL GETTING YOU DOWN?
Don’t let it! Now you can be fresh and clean. Ordinarily I would just write this down, but it’s much easier to talk - then I don’t have to think it first. That’s the part that takes the longest: the thinking, then the processing. Might as well just get it down on paper. I thought about hand writing this, but I knew that I just wouldn’t be able to understand it the next day. My handwriting is a bit too slanty at this time of night. And sometimes I forget to make the loops big enough. It’s really difficult to write well. I guess everyone should look to me when they’re looking for inspiration. See what I’ve done with my skills? I’ve managed to get a job here! And you can, too. Just send your writing sample to the address below, and you, too, could have a chance! Don’t miss out - this opportunity will not be available forever! First come (and literate), first served.

Get a job writing for Voo Doo Humor Magazine!!
77 Massachusetts Ave. Rm. 50-309
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PEN FRIEND CLUB
Desperate lonely disciples of science unite! Correspondence valued by others like the self. Do not hesitate to send the US$10 per user. Please send to 77 Massachusetts Avenue Rm. 50-309. Free misery gift shall be yours!

I feel like I itch on my whole body and my hair is really slimy and my eyeballs feel like they’re going to fall out of my head. And sometimes my eyes get stuck.

If this sounds like you, submit to Voo Doo! (50-309)

TOO FAT?
NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY HELPS YOU TAKE OFF WEIGHT
Take off weight with ParaDiet Tablets. Improve your figure and looks by taking of a few pounds and inches in the right places. Don’t be overweight because of bad eating habits—let the ParaDiet intestinal parasites steal the calories from you! Guaranteed “safe” for Man, Woman, Teen-agers. Each ParaDiet package is packed with intestinal parasite eggs and a round of treatment to kill the parasites. Use the diet proven to work in all third world countries! Guaranteed or return tablets for refund.

HURRY! RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW

WARGAMES
Strategy Tactics Magazine gives you military efforts straight, without frills. In S&T, you will find the great military campaigns of the last months described with a mass of detail you can find nowhere else. A profusion of maps, charts, and diagrams, as well as concise, no-nonsense text. But the biggest feature of the magazine is the complete, ready-to-play game that comes with each issue. These is the complete, ready-to-play game the biggest feature of the magazine as concise, no-nonsense text. But maps, charts, and diagrams, as well
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Places the gang was going and you weren’t included. They all had friends to go out with for movies, games, hamburgers, and soft drinks . . . all of them except you.

WELL YOU’LL NEVER BE LEFT OUT AGAIN
Now YOU Can Make 5, 10 or More Friends Week After Week
Introduce VOO DOO To Friends, Relatives, Neighbors and Others
You can be among the more than 30,000 others who have contributed to VOO DOO and have made up to 5, 10 or more friends every week by introducing VOO DOO to everyone they see. VOO DOO will help you get started in a profitable business of your own. VOO DOO will assist you in every way to make your life happy and successful.

HURRY! SIGN UP NOW

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Get a job writing for Voo Doo Humor Magazine!!
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Cambridge, MA 02139
REJECTED VOO DOO TITLES:

* Cuts Both Ways
* Cut to the Chase
* Cuts to the Bone
* Cut the Crap
* Cutting our Teeth
* Cut! Cut! Cut! Cut!
* Final Cut
"Cut it out," Voo Doo, "Geez." Fall 2006

ALL NEW!
SUPER HEROES
RUBBER MASKS!

These great over-the-head full face rubber masks that’re great for any time—especially during讲座. Choose from GIMP, PHOS, KROTUS, SPORT DEATH! *(Please list alternate selection)*

SCROOBA

NEW FROM iROBOT

$29.95

It could be yours for only three easy payments of $29.95

HAND JAWb!
A Dystopic Game

"Don’t call your loved ones..."

Grab Tokens to win!

But if your phone rings...

There’s a high speed megablade inside that will chop your hand off!

WATCH ON YOUTUBE
See the video: www.handjawb.notlong.com

SIT BACK AND ENJOY LIFE!

Now with Rear Door Attachment!
Never be dissatisfied again!

With the advance of technology, it is now, more than ever, possible to perfectly pleased* with your environment. Miracle drugs smooth over life’s imperfections and leave you with a warm, comforting glow.

DON’T WORRY, BE HAPPY

Why be sad? In today’s society, there are so many things that can get a person down: political disasters, your terrible job with no chance of promotion, and your failing health. Don’t let these things get the best of you. Modern Science can help you. It is known how and why we experience sadness, and we can fix it. Selective Serotonin Reuptake inhibitors are capable of turning your frown upside down. Why wait? A better life is waiting for you.

Fight Winter Blues

Our new BlueMax™ full-spectrum light makes Boston bearable. No need to go find a better job in a warmer climate.

You hate your job, you hate your neighbors, you hate your house and your friends. Well, we can’t change them, but we can change how you feel about them. Fight your feelings of dissatisfaction. Science has shown that your sadness is merely a reflection of your environment. Our Full Spectrum technology fights that sadness.

* apathetic
POOR MR. SAGUARO

I AM SO ALONE...
WHY WON'T ANYONE LOVE ME?

HELLO MR. KITTY...
WILL YOU LOVE ME?
I AM SO ALONE... WHY WOULDN'T ANYONE LOVE ME?

True Tales of MIT Women.

Why are you wearing makeup?

< All the showers on my hall are full >

< So I'm wearing makeup to cover up my dirtiness >
I KNOW A WIENIE MAN
HE OWNS A WIENIE STAND
HE Sells MOST ANyTHING FROM hOT DOGS ON DOWN DOWN DOWN
ONE DAY I’LL JOIN hIS lIFE
I’LL Be hIS WIENIE WIFE
hOT DOG! I LOVE THAT WIENIE MAN!

I MARRIED THE WIENIE MAN
We MOVED TO WIENIE LAND
We HAD TWO WIENIE KIDS WHO BLEw UP THE CAT, POP!
They WENT To WIENIE JAIL
We PAID A WIENIE BAIL
hOT DOG! THOSE WIENIE KIDS ARE BAD!

Oh, I WISH I WERE A LITTLE ROUND ORANGE, Round Orange
Oh, I WISH I WERE A LITTLE ROUND ORANGE, Round Orange
I’d Go Squirty, Squirty, Squirty, Over EVerybody’s Shirty
Oh, I WISH I WERE A LITTLE ROUND ORANGE, Round Orange

Little sip of coke
Down with a slurp and up with a burp

Little bar of soap
Slippy, slippy, slidey over everybody’s hidey

Little mosquito
Bitey, bitey, bitey under everybody’s nighty

Little super ball
Bouncie, bouncie, bouncie over everybody’s housie

Fishy in the sea
Nudie, nudie, nudie without my bathing suitie

Little buggy wren
Up into the steeple, and I’d spit on all the people

Little radio
CLICK!!

I HAVE SOMETHING IN my POCKET
That Belongs ACROSS MY FACE
I KEEP IT VERY CLOSE AT HAND
IN A MOST CONVENIENT PLACE

I’M SURE you’d NEVER GUESS IT
If you guessed a long, long while
So I’ll take it out and put it on
It’s a great big, brownie smile

(I CAN’T BELIEVE THEY LET KIDS SING THESE...)
Spun off from the MIT Media Laboratory, One Lapdance Per Child is a 501(c) non-profit organization spreading universal lapdance access to one billion children in the developing world. Working with the ministries of sex-education in Argentina, Brazil, Thailand, Nigeria, and Libya, we have secured over 5 million orders and are gearing up and dressing down for full-frontal deployment at the beginning of 2007. By putting the tools for education and naughty exploration directly in the children’s thirsty hands, we will be accelerating needed changes from the bottom-up (in your face) and the top-off. What is making this revolution possible is an innovative new lapdance crafted specifically for school-age children:

* Graphic display visible even in direct sunlight
* No moving parts or cheap costume jewelry means fewer things that can break
* 100% environmentally friendly and all-natural
* Currently lapdance costs $150, but price will drop to $100 by mid-2008

Learn how you can get involved at www.lapdance.org!

― Walter Bender
President, Software and Content

(See back cover for artistic rendering of deployment plan)
"Cut it out," Voo Doo, "Geez." Fall 2006
POSEPAP GIRL

I'M SO BORED OF MY OWN HEAD.

MY OBVIOUS INSECURITIES

MY TRIVIAL OBSESSIONS

It's a mirror, okay! a fucking mirror! this is the third time she's been reflected!

THE SAME TWISTED PATHS OF NEUROSES TRAVELLED OVER AND OVER

I'D GO AND TALK TO SOME OTHER PEOPLE

EXCEPT EVERYONE ELSE IS ALL FUCKED UP AND BORING TOO.

no gimmicky panel borders! atall! wow!
One Lapdance Per Child

ARTISTIC RENDERING OF DEPLOYMENT PLAN. SEE PAGE 29 FOR MORE INFORMATION ON OLPC.