

ANOTHER #\$\$@^!%& ISSUE of
Voo Doo*



(* The MIT Journal of Humor)

SPRING 2007
VOLUME 93, ISSUE 1



(not a paid actor)

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL FROM ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER

WRITE FOR VOO DOO AND NEVER BE DISSATISFIED AGAIN!

CECI N'EST PAS UNE VOO DOO

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from the publisher

Publisher

Phosphorus

Sleepy

Wormulus Maximus

Sticky

Clayton Sims

Greasy

Mark Feldmeier

El Luchador

Luis Blackaller

Easily Misled

Kim Beder

Luis Blackaller

Blake Brasher

Gabe Cira

Ben Dalton

Mark Feldmeier

Rob Gens

Chris Hutson

Balaji Mani

Dan McAnulty

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Volume 93, Issue 1

Voo Doo Magazine

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

This is the fingerprint. The fingerprint isn't all that interesting. You probably don't want to read the fingerprint. Actually, I know you don't want to read the fingerprint. You won't like the fingerprint. Please don't read the fingerprint. There is nothing to see here. Move along. The fingerprint is a waste of your time. You will not like the fingerprint. As a matter of fact, you will find the fingerprint downright disgusting. Do something else, rather than read the fingerprint. I must confess, I watch you through your dorm window at night, while I inhale your underwear which I stole from the laundry room, until I free myself in an orgasm of blood, bathed in the knowledge that I shall someday possess you, either in this life or the next. The fingerprint does nothing for you. The fingerprint leaves you feeling empty. There is no point in reading the fingerprint. The fingerprint merely wastes your time. You really shouldn't read the fingerprint. You are better than those sorts of people that read the fingerprint. The fingerprint is just a series of really small and insignificant words. You won't even stoop to admitting that the fingerprint exists. This is the fingerprint.

webpage: <http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>

Editorial

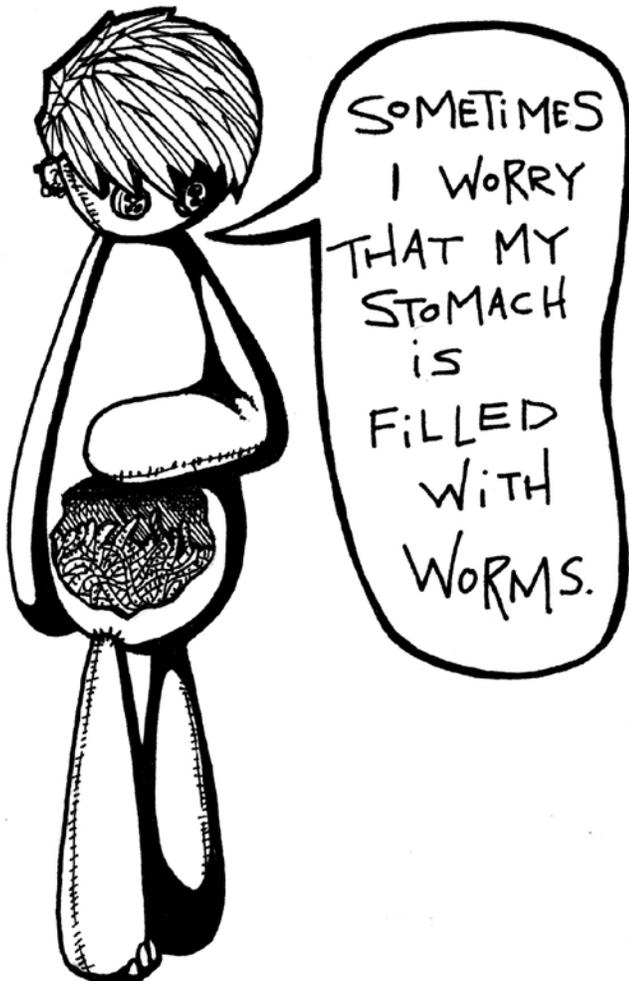
Another year has managed to pass me by and I'm not sure how. Now here I am, not graduating on time (again) and still pushing to scrape together this damn magazine. Sometimes it's hard, you know? Especially when I ask people to submit to Voo Doo and the first thing they say in response is either "I'm not funny" or "I don't want to draw animals fellating each other." Come on! I'm not funny, and I'm the editor. And since when is fellating animals the only thing that an editor might consider humorous? Really, people.

So here I am. My fingers are starting to tingle from using the clit-mouse on my laptop too much while laying out this issue. You'd think a lesbian would be more able to deal with that,

right? If I develop a more severe case of RSI than simply tingly fingers and some cramps in the arm from drawing comics and laying out Voo Doo, is it worth it? I feel like it is.

Actually, I really like this issue. I guess because it's mostly comics. The graphical nature of this issue doesn't simply stem from the fact that I can draw, but I can't write. It also stems from the fact that after asking numerous people their opinions on Voo Doo, they all said "the comics are good, but I never read anything in it." Which makes sense considering the attention spans of today's youths. I mean, even I (at the ripe old age of twenty-four) can't seem to manage to read all the text in this issue, much less past issues, and I'm the one who's supposed to edit it. Ha!

It's also my last Voo Doo to edit, which is good and bad, I guess. Although I found that sometimes I hated being editor, I'm finding myself being vaguely nostalgic about it. Premature nostalgia, maybe, seeing as I haven't finished this issue yet. Or maybe it's just me knowing that this last edit is also part of the greater scheme of me graduating and leaving MIT. Life is scary, you know? And after six years at the Institute, it's started to feel like home. Albeit, a somewhat abusive home. I love this place as much as I hate it, though. And I guess I love Voo Doo as much as I hate it. It seems contradictory to love and hate the same thing. Maybe it's just the fact that the more you love something, the more you can hate it. I don't know. Whatever it is, I'll miss it. It almost hurts to say that.



THE WORM

Letters to the Editor

Dear Worm,

I was curious why you call yourself a worm. Worms tend to be downtrodden in our society, stepped upon and squished upon the sidewalk of life. Your magazine gives no such indication that this is the case, but rather it seems to put the rest of life on the sole of its steel-toed boot. Are you aiming for self-deprecating humor?

Curiously Yours,
Devout Reader of the Apocolypse

Dear You Should Get A Life,

You would feel downtrodden too if you had to edit this magazine. The only steel-toe boots I ever see are flying towards me while the sadistic smile of Phos the Cat looms over me as I cower on the ground.

Please don't beat me, Master,
the lowly worm

Dear Editor,

I am a senior at MIT, and for four years I have been reading your magazine. Generally its pretty funny, although perhaps that's just because I don't get most of the jokes. After all this time, I have come to the conclusion that these letters to the editor are not actually written in by interested parties. It seems to me that they are all completely faked. So I have two questions for you. First off, is it true that the letters are faked. And, secondly, if this is the case, why are they not funnier?

I swear this one is real
Jeff Fibber '07

Dear Pants On Fire,

Of course the letters to the editor are real! We here at Voo Doo pride ourselves in our journalistic integrity. The reason the letters are not funny is simply because the people who write them to us aren't funny. You seem to have a clear grasp of determining what is and isn't funny; maybe you should come work for our staff! I have a very special treat waiting just for you!

Waiting and Hoping in Walker,
Phos

Dearest Voo Doo,

In the recent wake of Marilee Jones' false credentials fiasco, The Institute has asked me to review the claims of all publicly represented MIT affiliates. As a result, Voo Doo will need to produce proof of its motto 'MIT's oldest intentionally humorous publication'. MIT has the highest regard for honor and integrity in its outward appearance, so if there is anything we can do to help you whitewash your facade, sweep problems under a rug, or stuff those pesky skeletons into a closet, please let our office know. But, for the most part, we have found that your publication is not the oldest on campus, nor is it humorous. And, as it was recently found out that The Tech actually is a nothing but a joke, we will have to remedy this problem quickly, before the great image of this institute is tarnished once again.

Yours superficially

Lucy Lipps
Special Assistant to the President
Office of Public Relations
MIT

Dear Luscious Lips,

If you read closely, you noticed that the word "intentional" is in our motto. Whereas The Tech might actually be a joke, this is simply because the writers of The Tech have IQs so low that they don't understand the inherent humor of the trash they produce, The Voo Doo staff is obviously more intelligent, and as a result, more up-to-date on the latest (intentional) humor. I suggest that instead of questioning Voo Doo's motto and offering your services, that maybe you should question The Tech's claim to be a real newspaper and offer your services before they publish something that tarnishes "the great image of this institute" more than they have already.

Yours sub-ficially,
Phos

Dear Editor of Voo Doo,

I have to write a term paper about mankind's relationship with evil, and I really don't want to do any research, as that just sucks. I'm really lazy, so I figured I'd just ask you, as you probably know a lot about it, considering the filth you publish on a yearly basis. So the main question I have is, does the amount of evil in the world increase with each issue you put out, or is it a constant, so, like, some other part of the world gets better each time you depict a poor little girl getting raped by hitler wearing a donkey costume? Is evil a supernatural substance created at the beginning of time, and is merely shifting around between foul people like you and Osama Bin Laden, or is it a man-made thing, like the icky stuff that comes out of my boyfriend after he tells me he loves me? Hopefully its not the latter, as that would mean there is no end to our human suffering.

Please answer soon, as the paper is due tomorrow

Jenny Wes Camper

Dear Millennial,

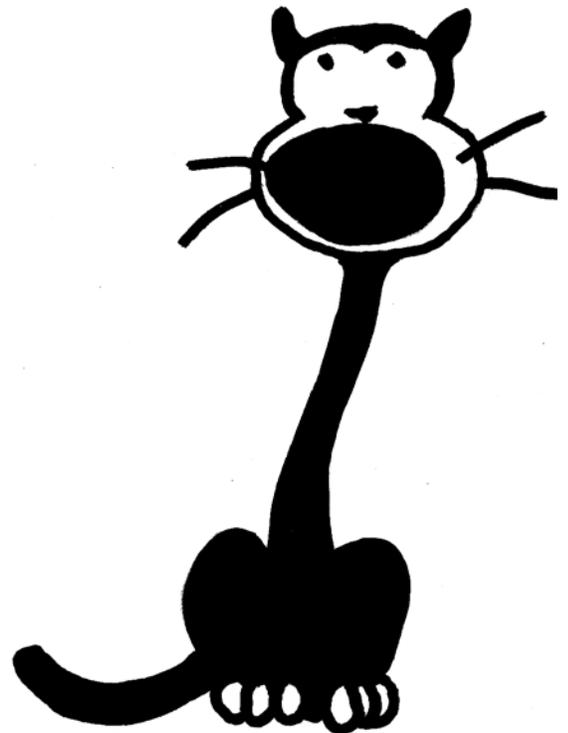
Why don't you just go ask your mom to write your term paper for you? I mean, she probably wrote your admissions essay, anyway, right? I mean, how else could you have gotten into the Institvtte?

So here's a plan for you:

Ask your teacher for an extension. If they don't give you one right off the bat, go to the counseling deans with a few fake tears and you're sure to get one. After you've gotten an extension, send me your mom's address, I'll go "consult" with her one (or two) nights. After my consultation visit, she will know as much as I do about (wo)mankind's relationship with evil and will certainly be able to produce an A term paper, and you will be on your way to your MIT degree in management.

My address is
Phosphorus the Cat
c/o Voo Doo
77 Massachusetts Ave.
Rm. 50-309
Cambridge, MA 02139

Good Luck!
Phos





Contestant #1

Name:
Jennifer Smith

Due Date:
August 21, 2007

Favorite Hobby:
Kicking Mom's Bladder

Ultimate Beauty Queen
Fetal Beauty Challenge
(THE YOUNGER THE BETTER)

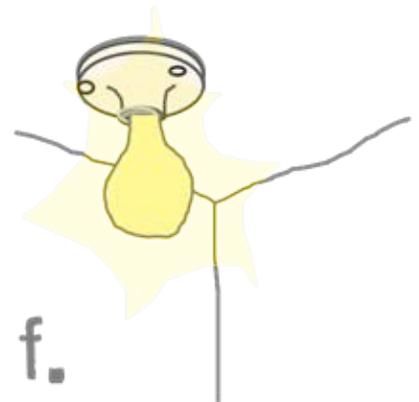
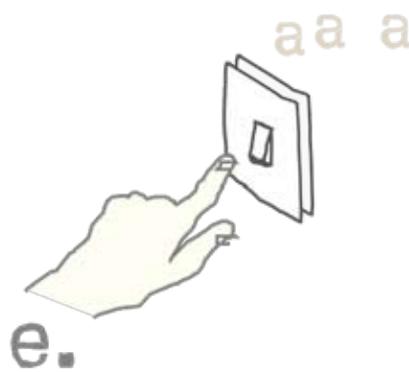
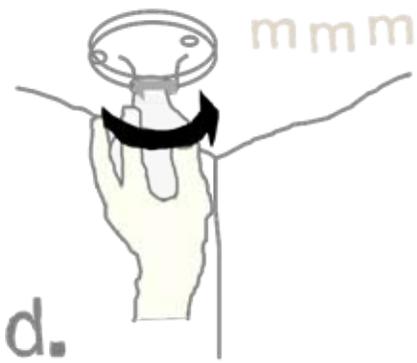
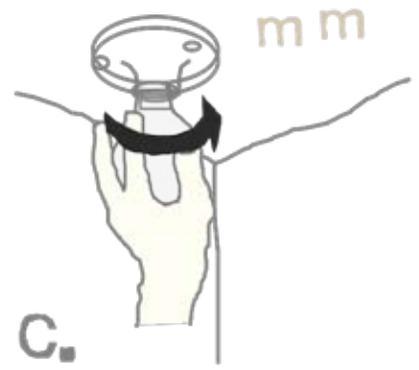
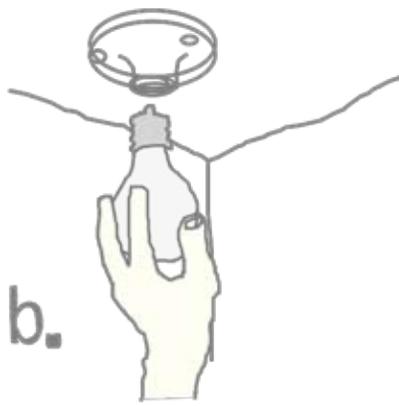
Contestant #2

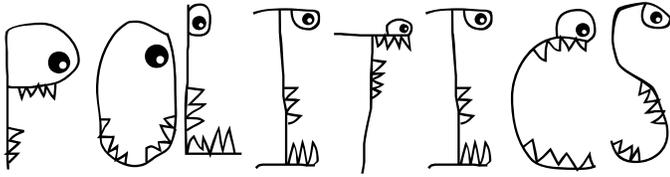
Name:
Ashley Jackson

Due Date:
September 14, 2007

Favorite Hobby:
Causing Morning Sickness







We here at Voo Doo thought that you, our dear readers, might be a little too caught up in your own end-of-term worlds to be up-to-date on politics. So we, in our infinite kindness and wisdom, decided it might be useful to yourselves (and the nation) for you to at least know who key players in the 2008 presidential elections are likely to be in order for you to make an informed choice when the time comes.



Rudy Giuliani (R)
b. May 28, 1944
Former New York City Mayor
Pro-choice
Pro-gay
Pro-gun laws
Liberal in disguise?

WANTED:
SW FORMER MAYOR
SEEKS TROPHY WIFE
TO BE HIS FIRST LADY.



Mitt Romney (R)
b. March 12, 1947
Former Massachusetts Governor
How did a conservative get
elected governor of Massachu-
setts?

WANTED:
MW FORMER GOVERNOR
SEEKS TROPHY WIVES
TO BE HIS SECOND,
THIRD, AND FOURTH LADIES



Hillary Clinton (D)
(AKA Billary Clinton)
b. October 26, 1947
Junior NY Senator
Wasn't (s)he already
president for two
terms?

Barack Obama (D)
b. August 4, 1961
Junior IL Senator

The Dark Knight
...but is he dark
enough to be pres-
ident?



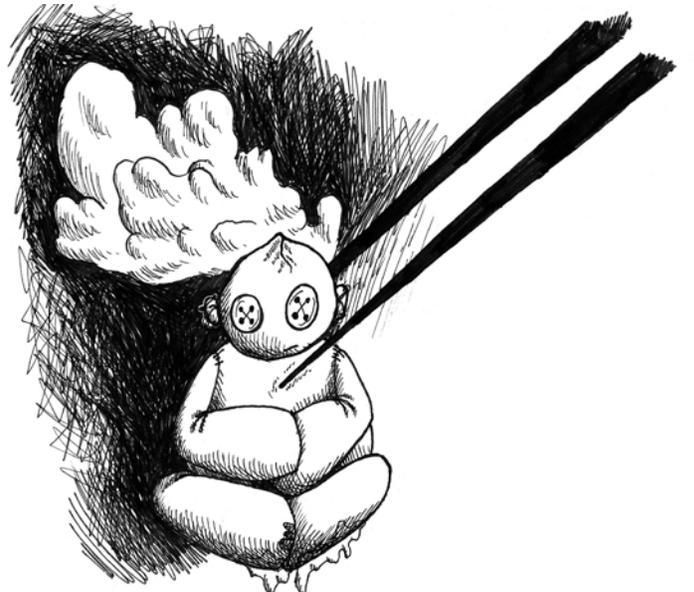


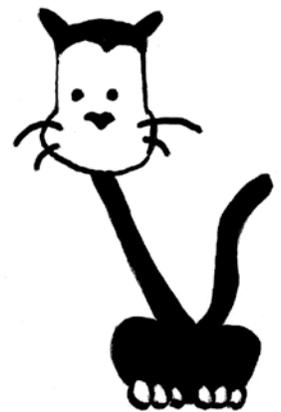
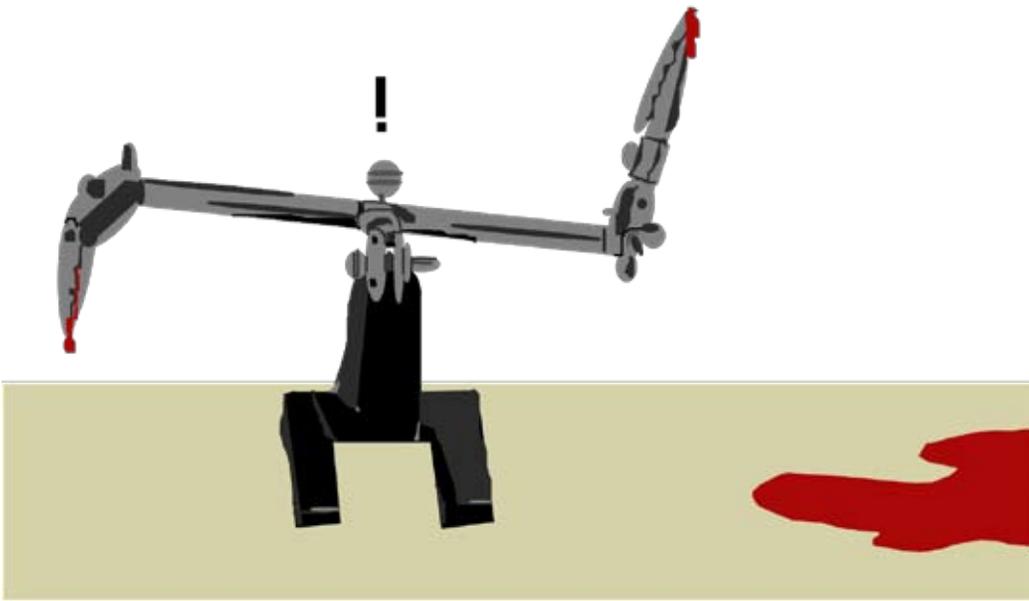
Dear M.I.T.,



Today,
I
feel
fat.

♥ B





Steve Leeb's Guide to Love

Okay dudes, I gathered you here to explain a few things that you might not know about. You may have noticed that there are these devices running around MIT wearing dresses and make-up. Who knows what they're called?

'Females of the species' might be a tad too square. Let's call them dudettes for the moment. Follow me? Now you may be thinking, what does the Leeb-dweeb know about women? I started out here in the seventies. Cool? Back then they were giving out degrees in love. So let's say that power conversion isn't the only subject I have intimate knowledge with. Let Uncle Steve tell you how it's done.

Now you may ask yourself why you should even bother listening to my little spiel. Well, I'll get into the crazy in just a few minutes, but let's label components first, shall we? So you got your two gizmos and a thingy. That cool? The gizmos come in a variety of sizes, but the datasheet's on the course website. Kay? Questions so far? The thingy is like a really sweet go-cart. Can everyone see the demo?

There's the battery pack over here, and I got this 400 watt motor on the back. It's connected to the axle with a chain? See where I'm going here? Now I've got this potentiometer on the steering wheel that's hooked into a micro-controller circuit mounted on the chassis. That cool? This chip is sweet. It controls the speed of the motor. I'll drive it around a bit. It's even got a horn. Now isn't that totally righteous? Okay, now let's see how you can nab one of these dudettes.

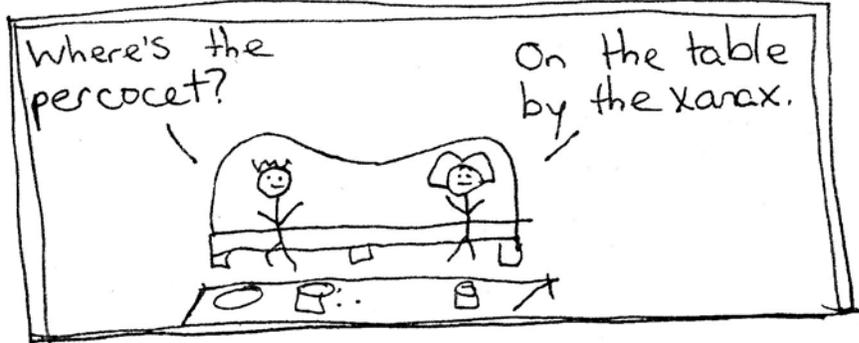
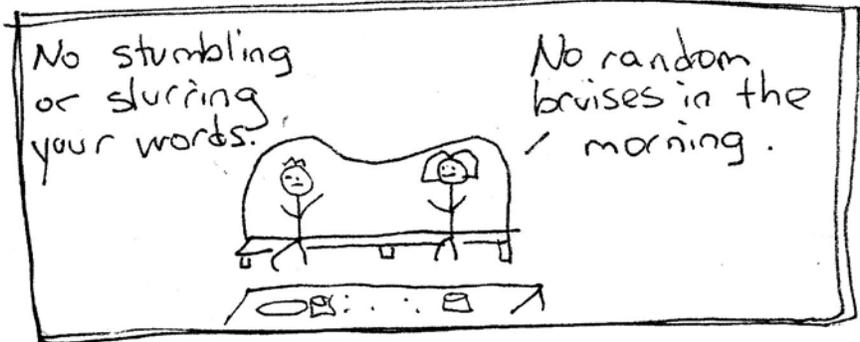
You don't want to come on too strong like SCR switching a flash tube. You need to increase the intensity gently, steadily like a voltage source that's just been connected to an RC circuit. Now can anyone tell me the time constant? Yeah, RC, of course. Have I lost anyone?

Now assuming that you haven't shorted to ground after a few dates, you've got it made in the shade. You're going to want get some boards fabricated and secure a few patents. Groovy? Then comes the big demo. You'll have to stick your doobob in her thingy. Follow me? But as I'm sure some of you know, this could lead to little dudes. Let Leeb attest to the fact that you don't want little dudes in your undergrad. You're going to need some fly-back diodes for protection.

So here's the poop. There's this really groovy thing you can just slip right over your doobob. It's made of latex. But you're not gonna need DVIPDF to get one of these babies working, know what I'm saying? I had the TAs put a couple in your lab-kits. You're gonna need more, so head over to my favorite stockroom: CVS. Questions?

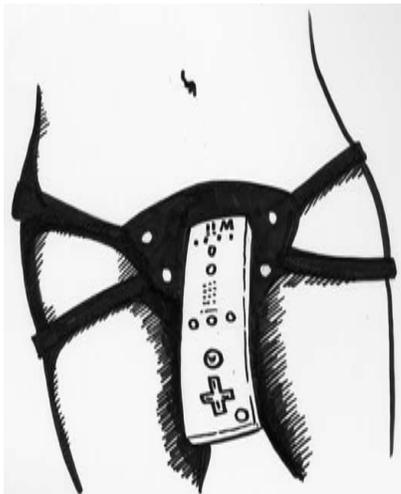
The assignment's been on the website for some time. I'd like to see some awesome demos before the deadline. The Leeb-meister is totally cool just watching. I'll be around to proof your write-ups. Take a look at my patents for some quality writing. You're ready dudes. Shit, you've been taught by Leeb!

Retirement



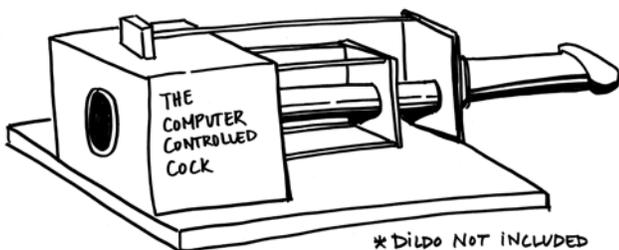
The New Wii Strap-On Controller

A breakthrough in tele-dildonics!



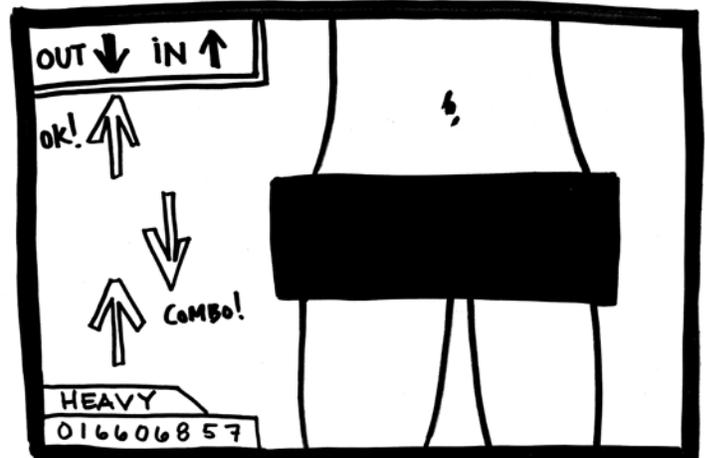
Featuring Games Such As

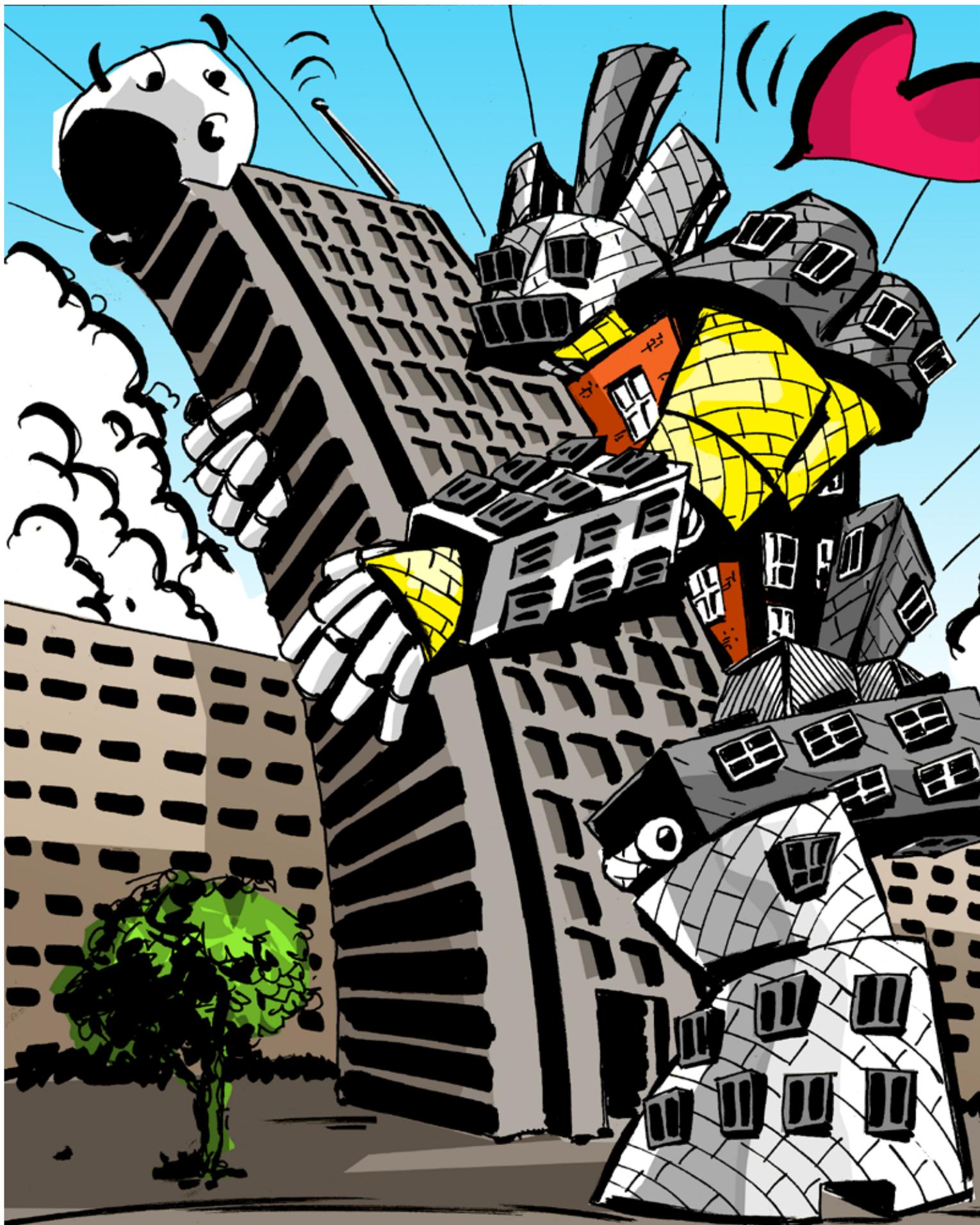
- Thrust Thrust Revolution (preview below)
- Harry Potter's Magic Wand Adventure
- PGA Golf Tournament 2007



* Dildo NOT INCLUDED

THRUST THRUST REVOLUTION







STATAMUS PRIME

When testing the new AI Robotic Love software in CSAIL, something went horribly wrong! The Stata Center sprang to life, becoming... STATA-MUS PRIME, a love robot ready for some (hot) action.



to life! ... and ... er... death!

My grandmother died recently and her funeral was very nice. Except for the iridescent pink coffin, that is. Otherwise, it was very touching. The singing was nice, sort of a barber-shop quartet done acappella. I was sufficiently disturbed by the pink coffin, however, to recognize that I should leave instructions for my own burial. So, here they are.

First, please do not embalm my body. I do not like the ideal of being plasticized after death, although, which will require you to bury me quickly. I suppose this means that the people who attend the funeral will have to ask for time off work at the last minute, so if some people who would be expected to attend are not able to do so, I will understand. Although, it doesn't really matter if I understand because I will be dead, so it is perfectly acceptable for people who are unable to take time off work at the last minute not to come. Of course, I may feel differently as a dead person, and there is a risk that I will haunt people who do not at least try to take some time off to attend the funeral; we will have to deal with that issue on a case by case basis. It is acceptable to wash my body, although I generally bathe daily and I cannot imagine that I will not have bathed on the day that I die. So, if I am already clean, it is fine with me if you do not wash me unnecessarily. Although, you will probably want to wash my hair, at least, as it is very oily, and if I die during the night it will probably be disheveled from all the tossing and turning and writhing around, which might happen as I will probably not feel very good when I am about to die.

Second, please dress me in a white, buttoned shirt, black slacks, and my black felt clogs. I'm not sure whether I want to be wearing a tie as I will be dead for quite a while and ties are not very comfortable. But if you feel that a tie is appropriate, I prefer something with black and white diagonal stripes maybe with a small stripe of color or some polka dots to brighten things up. A black jacket might be appropriate as well, as I usually keep my jacket on when I wear a suit, and I imagine it will be cold underground.

Third, I have very particular ideas about the coffin. A plain pine box is what I prefer, but not a triangular, vampire coffin. I would like a nice plain rectangle. I measured the bookshelves in my front hallway and they will work if you are in a hurry or if there is not any money because I spent it all because I knew I was about to die. The coffin should be very plain, but not so plain that it

is tacky. It should be tastefully plain. If you are not sure what I mean, then you can look at the bookshelves in my front hallway. You will have to imagine what it looks like without the books because there are a lot of books and I do not want to take them all off of the shelves just because you do not know the difference between tacky and tasteful.

In any event, the coffin should be made out of some kind of wood, with a nice stain preferably, although I do not care for varnish because I heard that it is made out of bird droppings and horse urine. I do not want to be buried in bird droppings and horse urine. That may be estrogen, though, and not varnish. If that is the case, then I guess that varnish is okay. I also like the idea of pretty hinges for the top. It does not need to be lined, as I will be dead and will not be able to enjoy the comfy padding. I would like to be wrapped in my red and green plaid blanket that my grandmother brought with her from Scotland on her last trip to Europe with her friend Maxine. This may be controversial, as the blanket could have sentimental value for my surviving family, so do not tell them where the blanket came from. I suppose if they ask, you will have to tell them because I do not want you to lie; in which case any red and green plaid blanket from Scotland that has no particular sentimental value will suffice. Do not give the blanket that I wanted to be buried with, but was not able, to the person who creates the trouble, however, as I do not wish to reward anyone for disturbing my funeral plans.

The coffin should probably not be open because I will not have been embalmed and may be starting to smell badly by the time of the funeral. And even if I am not starting to smell badly, it might turn out that you buried me in a coffin that is varnished because you thought that it was estrogen that is made out of horse urine and not coffin varnish, but then you find out at the funeral that varnish is made out of horse urine because one of the guests is a carpenter. If so, that horse urine varnish smell may have gotten into my clothes and I would be smelly anyway even if my corpse is not rotting yet. Anyway, you will have to leave the top on the coffin, unless I died sitting up and it took a really long time to find me and they could not get me into a laying down position because rigor mortis started before they found me. I do not know what you will have to do in that case. That could be a problem.

You may place of picture of me in my youth on top of the coffin. Do not bury the picture with the coffin,

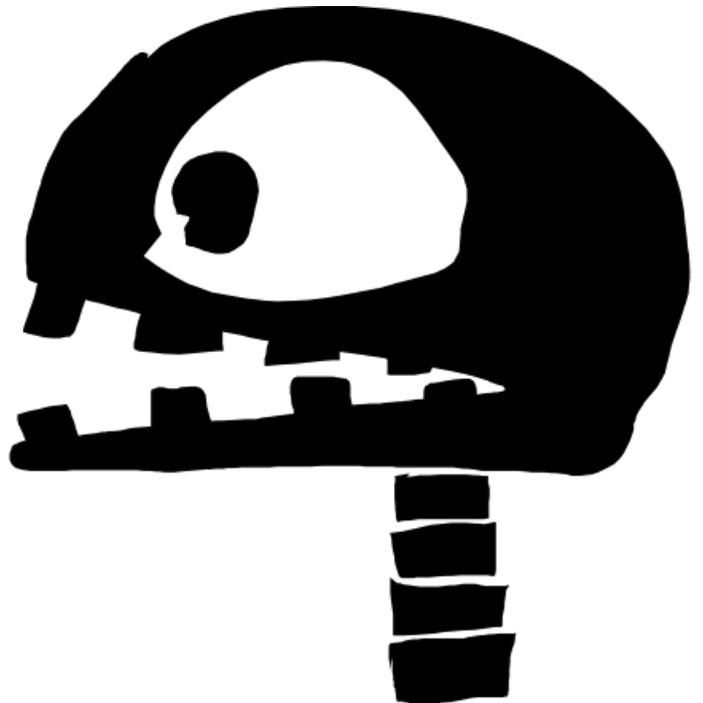
though. Give it to the person who looks the saddest that I am dead. I know that nowadays people are supposed to laugh at funerals and celebrate the dead person's life; but, I do not wish for people to be happy that I am dead, even if it is only because they are happy remembering my life. My survivors can be happy remembering my life later, of course, if they want, but I prefer that they be sad about my being dead at the funeral. It is customary to have a flower arrangement on top of the coffin; but, I never have liked to go along with the crowd. I do not mean to criticize people who do go along with the crowd by having flower arrangements on top of their coffins; but, I do not want to go along with the crowd, especially since after I am dead most of the crowd will still be alive and we will not have much in common anymore. So please place an arrangement of pink and blue cotton candy, and lollipops on top of the coffin. (They should be the big round lollipops with spirals of color, not something small like tootsi-pops. I like tootsi pops but they do not seem appropriate for a funeral arrangement as nobody will probably want to take the time to figure out how many licks it takes to get to the center of a tootsi pop at the funeral as I will not be embalmed, or my coffin might be covered in horse urine and the smell will probably be bothering the attendees at that point and they will be anxious for the burial to proceed.) After the coffin is buried, please distribute the cotton candy and lollipops to needy fat people.

Fourth, I am unsure what music I would like to be played at the service. Everyone knows that the Supremes are my favorite singing group, and I think my favorite Supremes song is My World Is Empty Without You. That would be appropriate for a funeral, although it never reached No. 1, which I do not understand because Love Is Here And Now You're Gone reached No. 1 and I never have like that song. My World may be too upbeat for a funeral, though, so if it seems more appropriate any old spiritual will do (though I prefer Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen, or Trouble Of The World). If you choose a spiritual it should be a good quality recording by Mahalia Jackson. Although I know many fine singers, I prefer for my funeral dirge to be sung by a professional and not a fine singer that nobody ever heard of; but, since Mahalia Jackson is also dead she will not be available to appear in person and it will have to be a recording.

Fifth, in keeping with my decision to utilize candy for decoration rather than flowers, I would like the attendees to be provided with packets of Skittles candies, (not the big bags you can buy at the grocery store; but, the small snack size pouches – you should be able to buy these cheap in bulk at Sam's) and after the coffin is lowered into the earth please instruct the guests to scatter their skittles over

the coffin as a sign of their love. (although make sure that they understand not to just drop the packets onto the coffin – they should open the packets and then scatter the actual skittles into the vault – also please watch to make sure that the children attending do not eat the funeral Skittles as there will only be enough to scatter on the coffin and it does not seem appropriate to eat the funeral decorations. You should probably sit down beforehand and talk to the children about this as they may not be paying attention at the funeral service itself) I suppose some sort of trash receptacle should be provided to dispose of the Skittles bags after the skittles have been scattered, although I would prefer that it not be a big aluminum alley trash can. Preferably you will use a nice modern kitchen trash can with a lever that you can push with your foot to make the top pop up. Of course you will have to figure out what to do with the trash can after the service and you may be upset depending on whether they play My World Is Empty Without You or Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen so I suggest a raffle, with the trash can as the prize. (You should probably put this in the obituary so that people drive cars large enough to hold the trash can if they win the raffle)

Finally, the service should be simple, but very sad. I prefer that it be limited to a recitation of some famous prayer that everybody will know and the reading of Psalm 119. This should ensure that everyone will be very upset in case they are not that upset about me being dead because Psalm 119 is really long. It should be read by someone with a nice voice, or possibly chanted.



TRUE TALES of MIT WOMEN



ADVENTURES OF THE CRUSTY ALUM



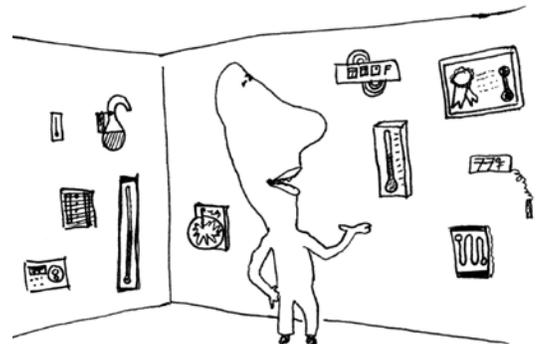
TRUE TALES OF MIT WOMEN



ADVENTURES OF THE CRUSTY ALUM

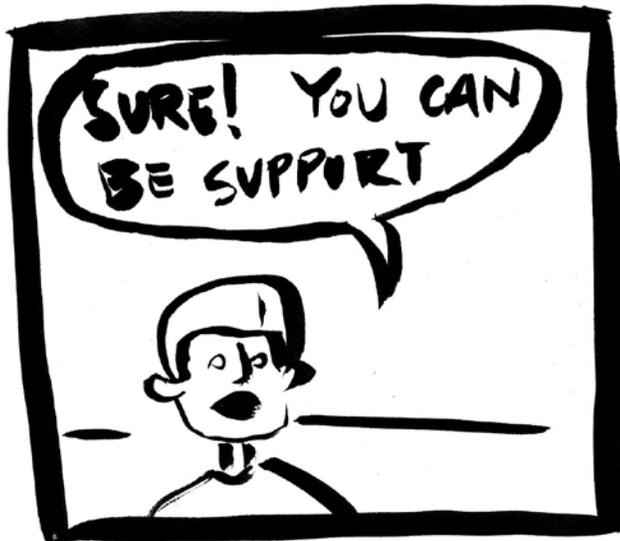
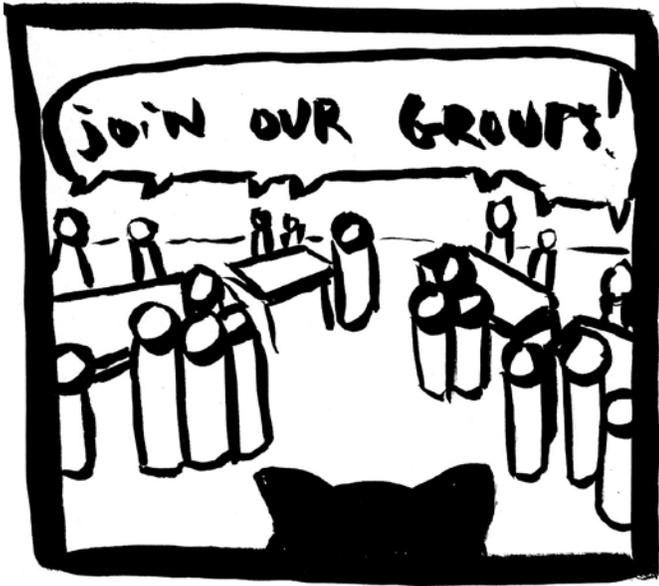


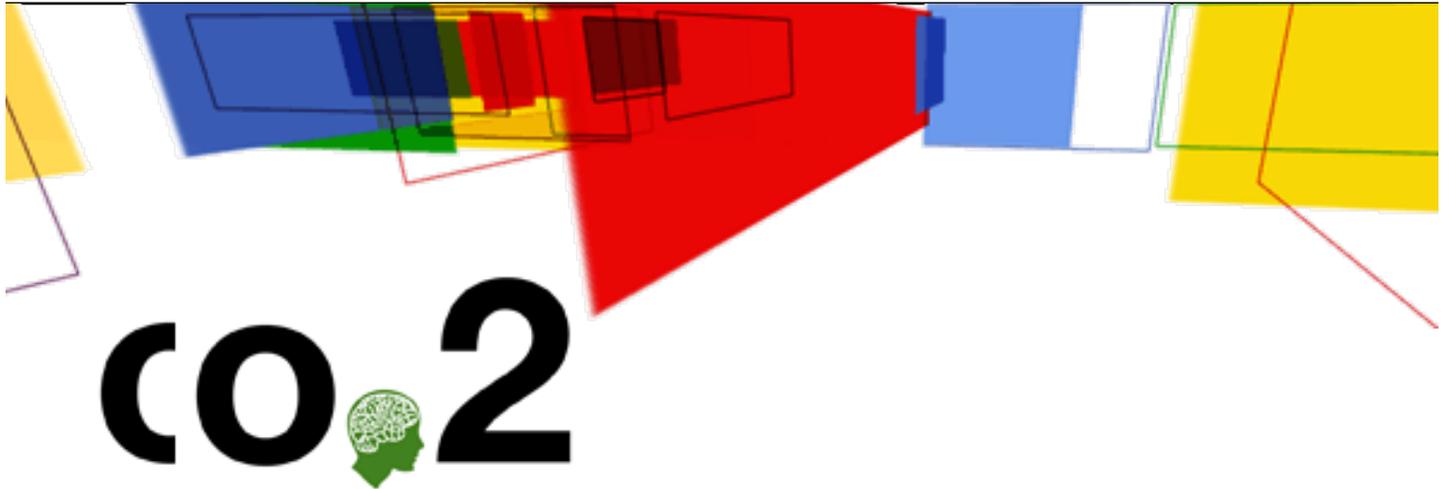
slicey could never "touch this."



Slicey has the second-largest thermometer collection in the world.

PHOS AT CPW





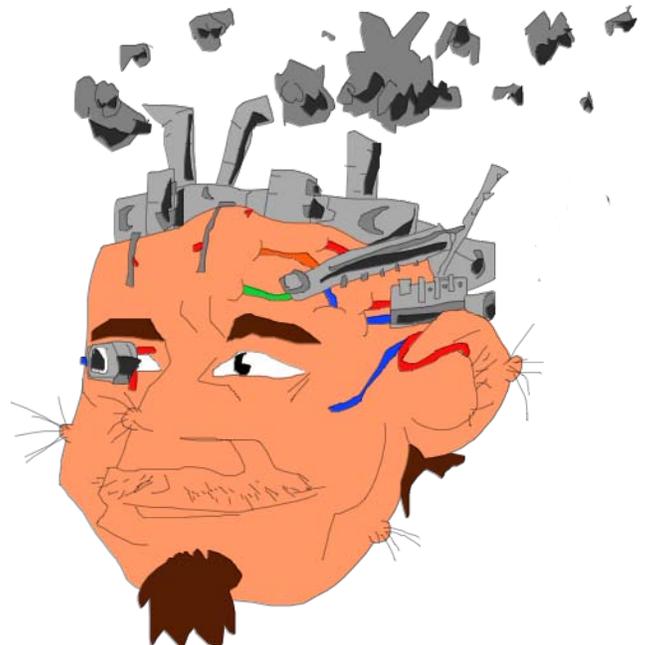
new minds, new bodies, new identities

Inspired by the projected new Media Lab extension, dubbed the “Weedia Lab,” the Consumer O₂ (CO₂) program will focus on the Weedia Lab’s potentially possible sweeping new research initiatives for theoretically augmenting mental and physical capability to allegedly vastly change the quality of human life. Presenters will explore how today’s—and tomorrow’s—potential advances will interact with humans, giving us a glimpse into a future where all humans will possibly integrate with technology to heighten our cognition, emotional acuity, perception, and physical capabilities at the cost of everything else.

A One-Day Symposium
May 9, 2007
 at MIT’s Kresge Auditorium
 8:30 am - 4:30 pm

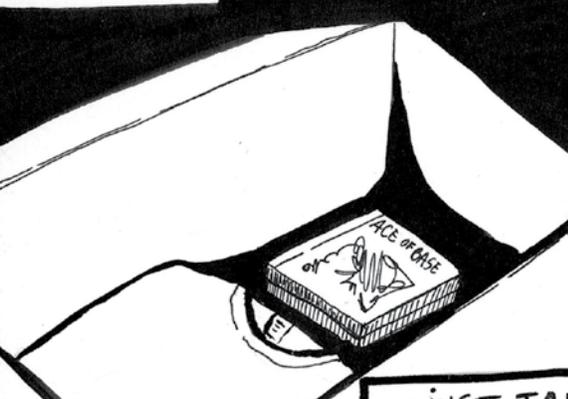
New Initiatives Include:

- Gas-powered biomechatronic prosthetics (Super-powered super-people)
- One Car Per Child (sponsored by GM)
- Swarm-minded robotic nurses (Because who wants to care for the sick and dying when there’s so much to do elsewhere?)
- Neural implants for directly and completely connecting to Second Life (When one life isn’t enough)



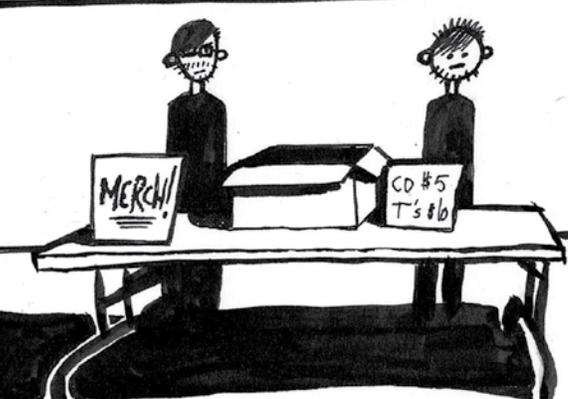
here's a bit of ADVICE FOR ASPIRING YOUNG BANDS

IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY ACTUAL MERCHANDISE...



...JUST TAKE A BOX & FILL IT FULL OF CDs & OLD TSHIRTS YOU DON'T WANT ANYMORE.

NO ONE WILL ACTUALLY EVER WANT TO BUY ANY OF IT...

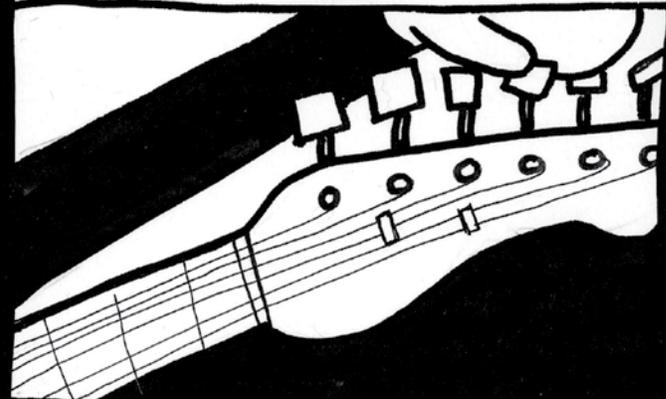


... AND IT MAKES YOU SOUND PROFESSIONAL.

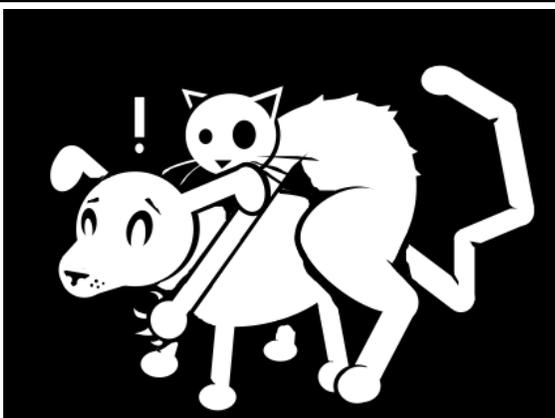
ALSO, IF YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO PLAY A FULL SET...



...JUST BREAK A STRING & TAKE YOUR TIME WHEN YOU'RE RE-TUNING.



YOU CAN FILL A GOOD TEN MINUTES THAT WAY.

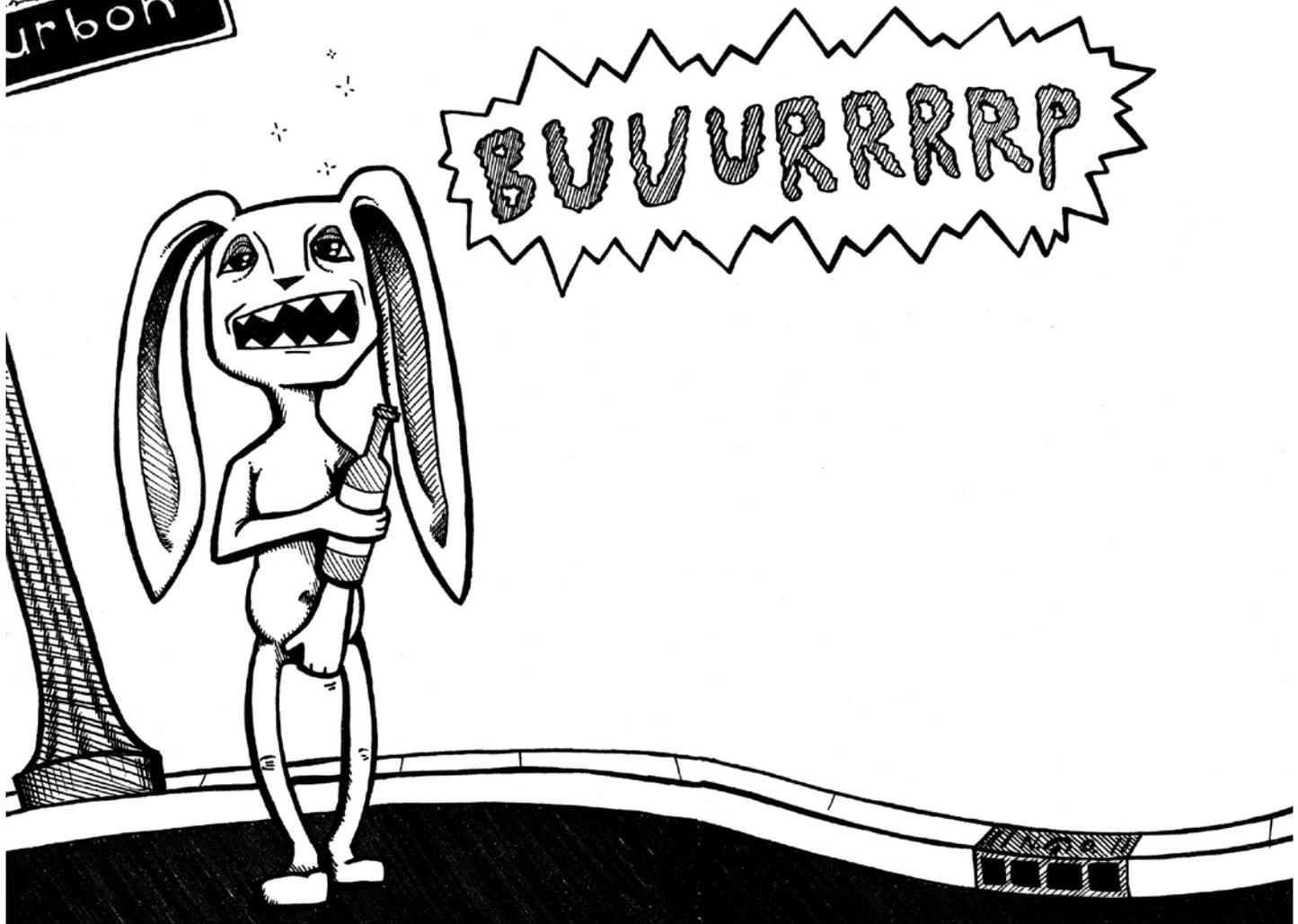



A pretty girl once sucked slicey's heart out through his neck.

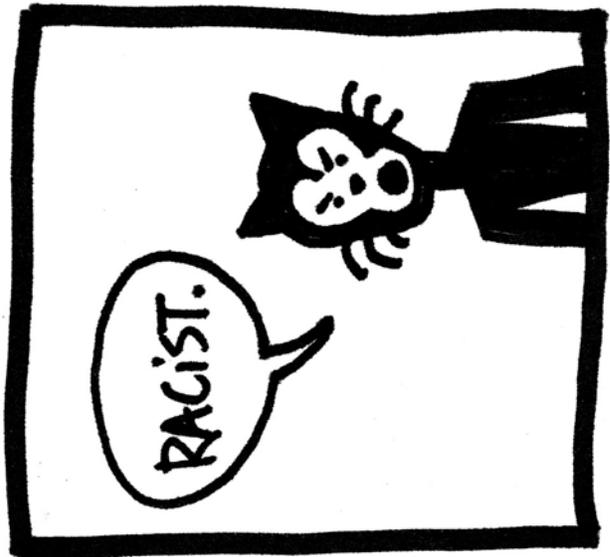
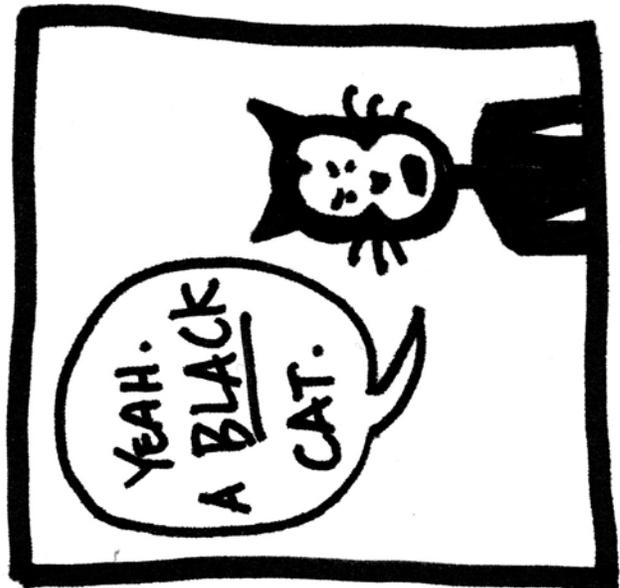
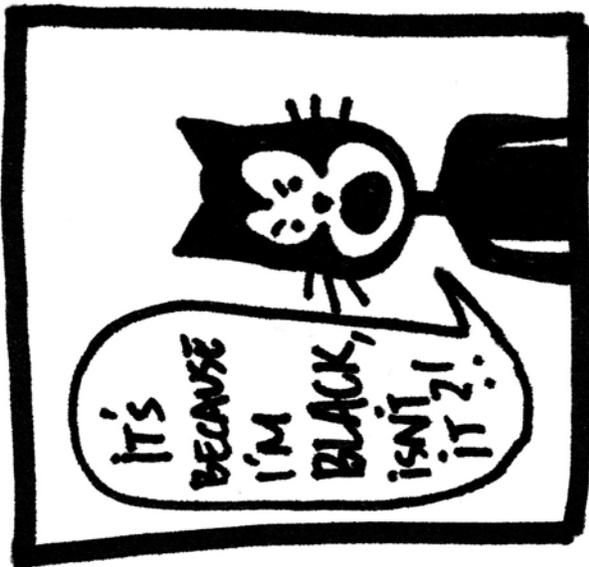




Carbon



HAPPY HOPPED CAT



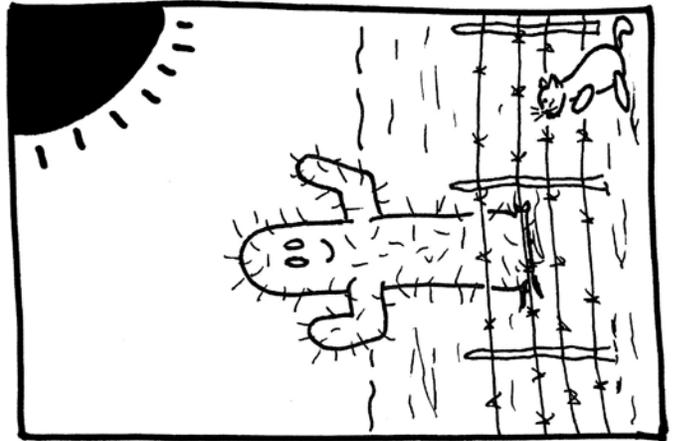
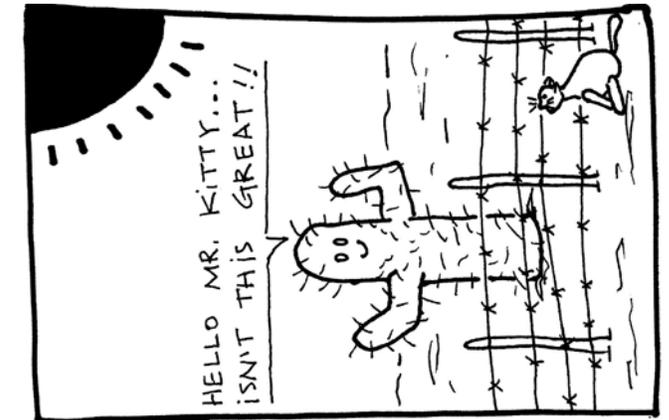
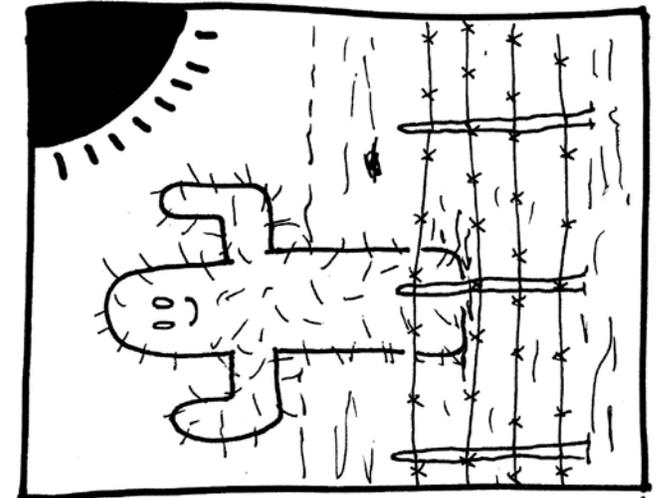
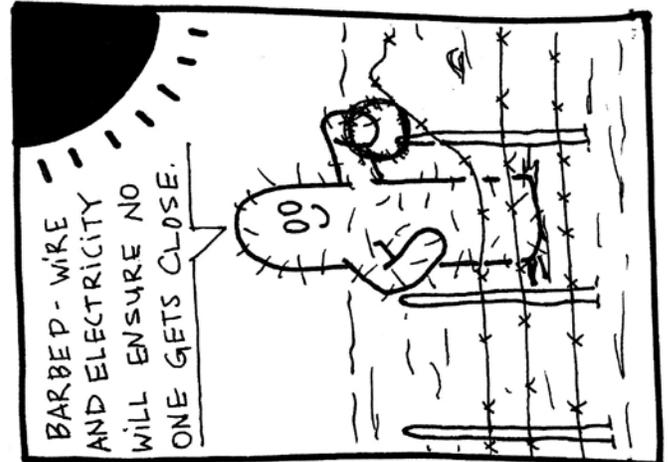
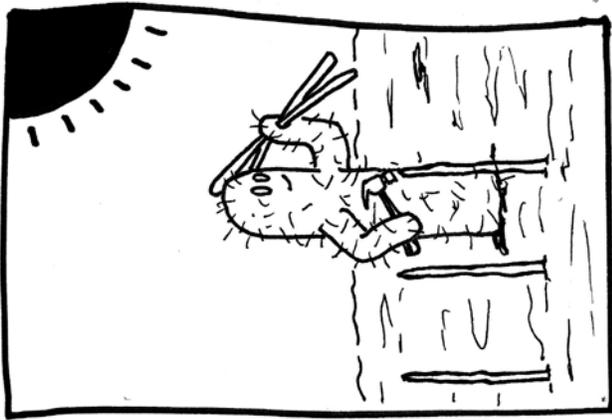
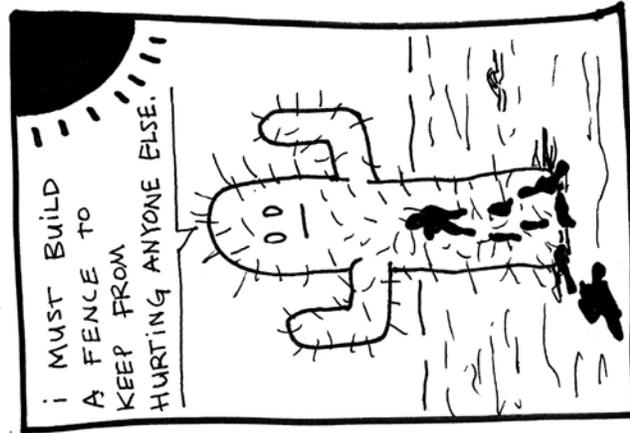
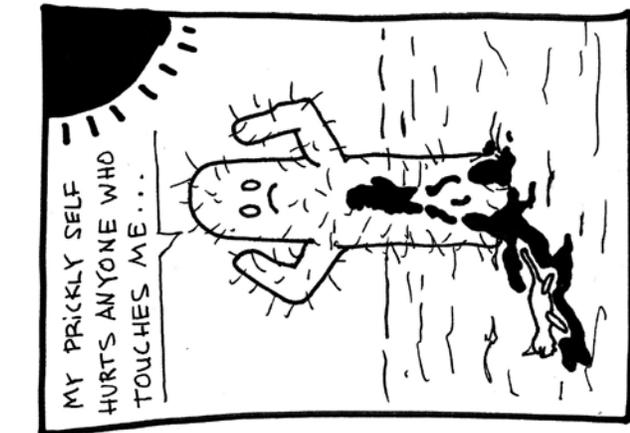
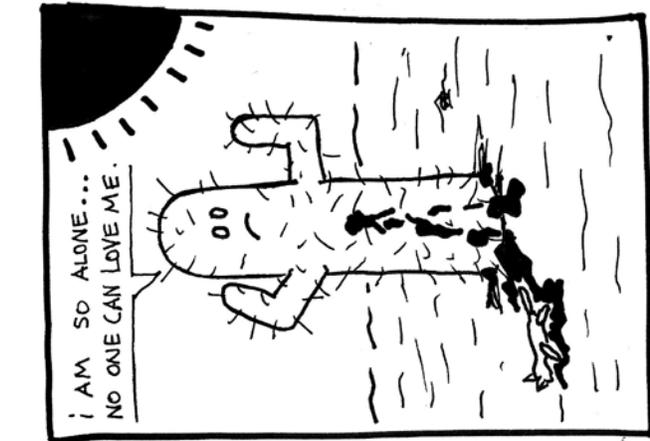
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SAMMY'S SON!

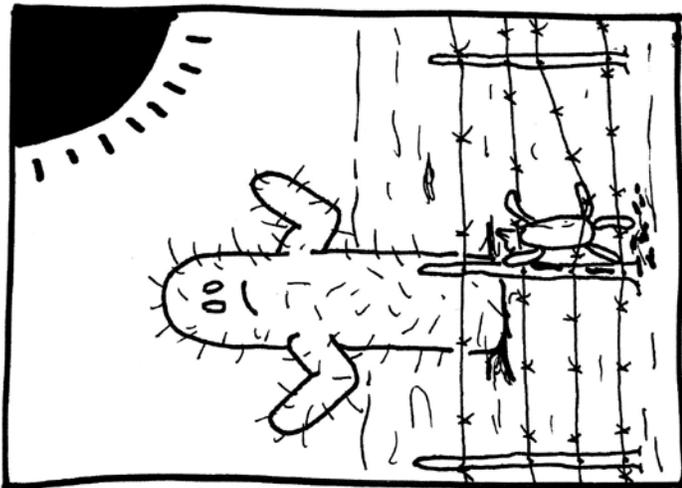
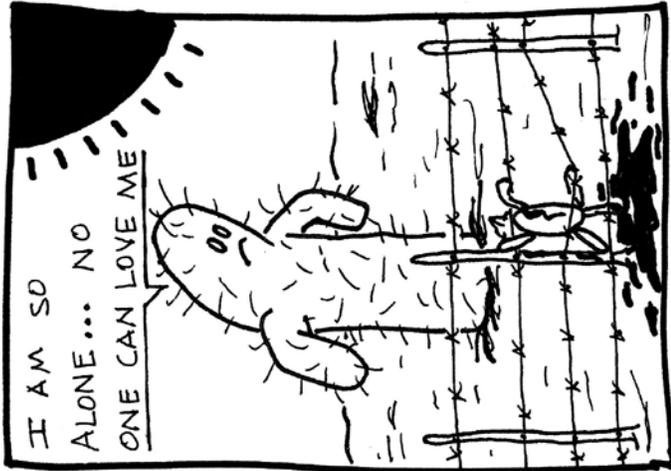


POOR MR. SAGUARO

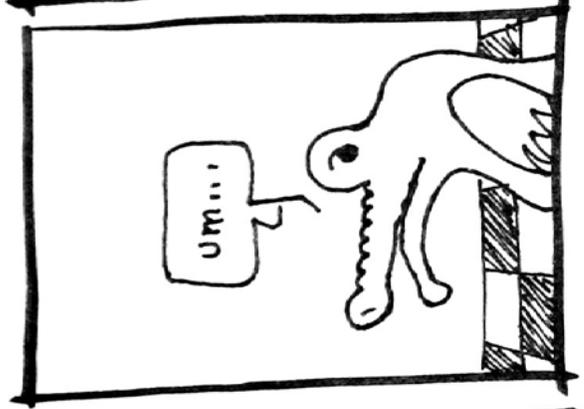
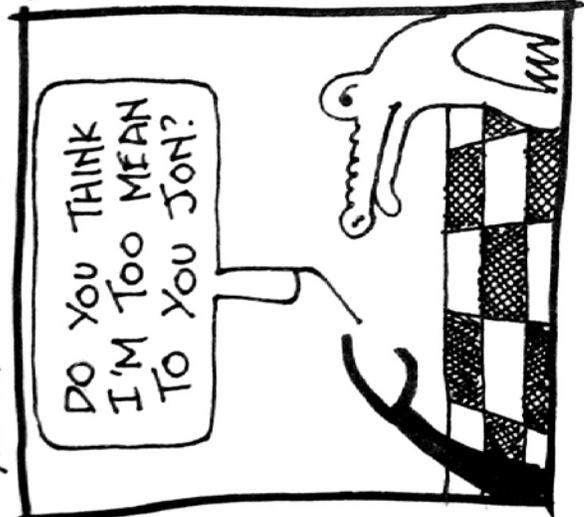




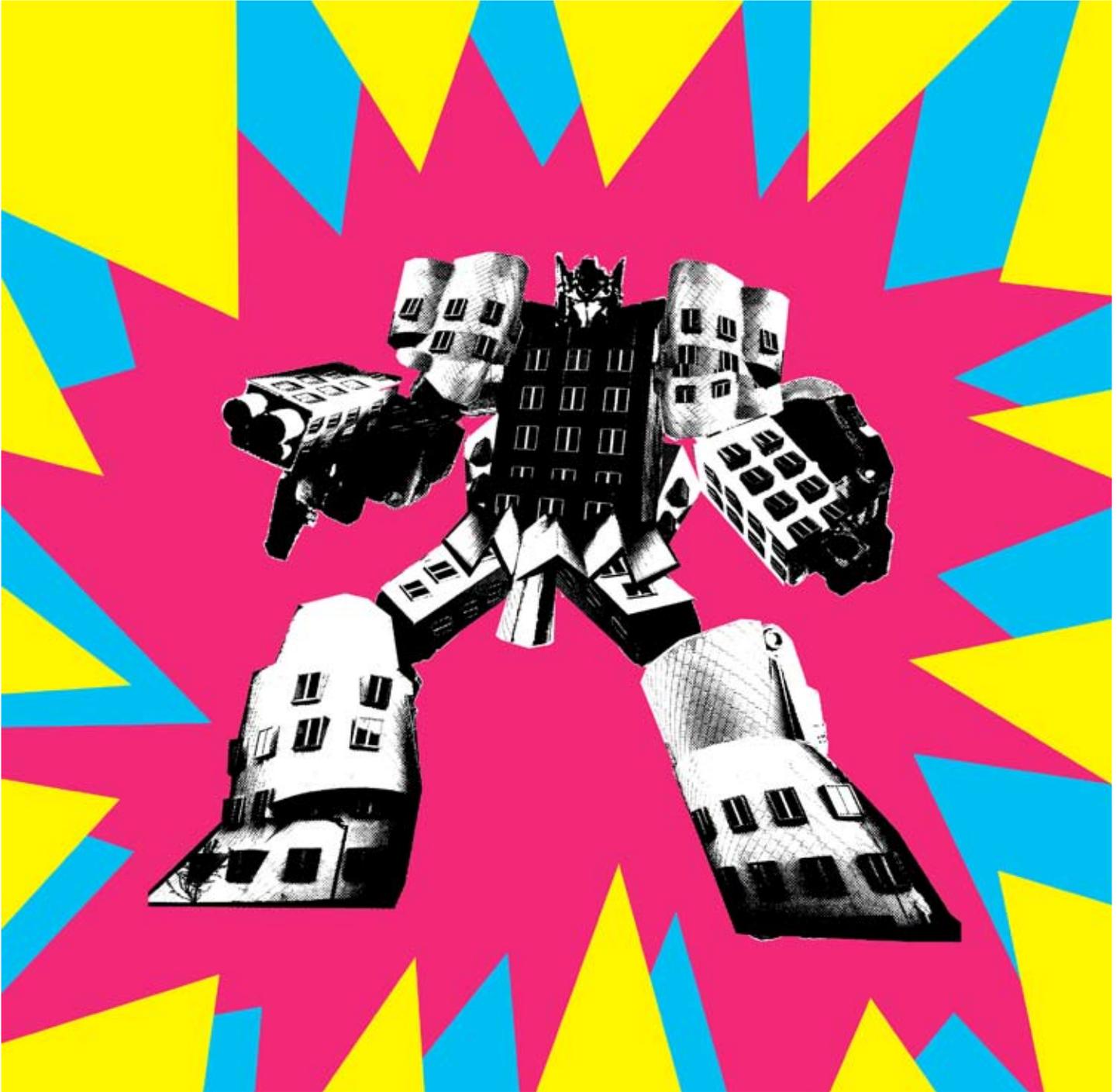
toil &
 after years of a practice,
 slizo became an expert
 olive peeler.



SAMMY & JON!



WANTED



DEAD OR ALIVE

REWARD \$5000