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Humor

THE BOY WHO CRIED RAPE

THERE ONCE WAS A BOY NAMED Miguel Café.
HE WAS A DICK.



ONCE, HIS GYM TEACHER TOLD HIM TO DO 20 PUSH UPS.

Miguel didn't want to.



COACH WENT TO JAIL.

ONCE, A PRIEST TOLD HIM LYING WAS WRONG, AND THAT HE SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH.



Miguel Didn't WANT to say SORRY. PLUS, NOW People felt bad for him.



RAPE!

Due to the current Political climate, the priest was sent to a different Parish.

Not as bad as jail, but you get the idea.



THEN, A CREEPY RUSSIAN GUY Jerked him off. Miguel felt ashamed and Sad.

RAPE!



BUT no one believed Miguel was special enough to be raped 3 times, so they didn't believe Him.

HE WAS ASS-RAPE^D EVERY DAY FROM THEN ON.



Don't Cry Rape*
Unless You Wanna Be Ass-Raped For Eternity Like Miguel Café.

*(Don't Cry Rape when you weren't Raped)

NOTHING ON TV...

WHITE MAN



'CEPT SKINEMAX.

Now that Voo Doo is **UP AGAINST THE WALL:**

contributors and publisher's notes	4
broken news	5
dogfield's story	7
dear Phos	8
editorial	9
erotica	10
join the club	18
murals being painted over	21



*Lil' Nick Wang
the "lil'est" drunkard*

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

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

PORTRAIT OF A NEW TOMORROW: A SMARTER, DRUGGIER MIT

The administrators at MIT have, for years, been trying to find a way to make all undergrads the same. They have thought about shutting down dorms with very strong cultures and splitting up the residents into other dorms, they have tried to shut down decades-old alumni reunions, they have tried to force dorms to paint over murals, they have even tried and succeeded in getting a mandatory dining plan instituted. So what's next?

According to Voo Doo's inside sources, a mandatory pharmaceutical plan is in the works.

"We want all of our students to be able to achieve to their highest ability, or something," said Dean Chris Colombo in an internal memo, "and it seems that things like depression and suicidal thoughts interfere with that on some level."

The scheme would require incoming freshmen to join a pharmaceutical plan costing approximately 100 dollars a month. The plan would supply them with a dose of antidepressant and a study aid, most likely either Ritalin or Adderall.

In addressing the issue of whether or not students would accept the plan, Colombo said in another internal memo: "obviously the students like mandatory plans. It takes so much stress off of them. They are not grown ups and cannot make their own decisions. They need us, the deans and administrators, to make decisions for them. If we don't, they'll make bad choices, like maybe having sexual relations with other students or, God forbid, non-students."

The rest of the memo drove home other conceptual plans for "fixing" the students. It was suggested that in order to make sure that the study aid does not become used for anything except studying, personal televisions and video games be banned on campus.

"The amount of money that MIT will save by canceling our cable service and by saving electricity will be phenomenal. It will probably mean that the deans and the president will be able to get a significant pay raise."

The memo also had suggestions directly relating to MIT medical, obviously fueled by the dean's own biases.

"It is highly encouraged that MIT Medical cease distributing condoms to undergraduates. Undergraduate students are too young to be having sexual intercourse, and the cessation of condom distribution will correlate with a cessation of sexual intercourse in MIT undergraduate living groups. It is also highly encouraged that stores on the MIT campus not be allowed to sell condoms. Once this program has taken effect, the next step will be to ban discussion of fornication or fornication-related topics both in MIT Medical and on MIT email lists. I personally believe that the purification of MIT minds and bodies be extended to MIT servers."

The end of the memo pointed out the possibility of more mandatory plans, such as mandatory school uniforms, mandatory shower tokens, and mandatory masturbation vouchers.

"The MIT undergrad, as I have stated previously, is too young to think for himself. He is a young, supple, pretty boy, not a steamy virile man. He has not yet discovered how to live a life worth living. He has already expressed satisfaction with mandatory plans by not protesting or complaining too much about the mandatory dining plan, and therefore has expressed an interest in further mandatory plans.

Dear Phos...

I have a ginormous hardon, and I don't know what to do with it.

-Sticky

Dear Sticky,

If you are homosexual, you should join a frat. That will put you in a situation where you will be surrounded by people willing to "help" you with your "problem". Otherwise, you should go to Wellesley. Those chicks will put out for anyone.

###

My boyfriend gave me AIDS. What do I do?

-Sorority Kitten

Dear SK,

What the hell are you thinking? You shouldn't be putting yourself in the position to get STI's (the politically correct way to say cunt diseases). You should never have sex, SK. You should be ashamed of yourself.

Anyway, the first step in curing AIDS is to get a Three Wolf Moon shirt. This shirt has been proven multiple times to be able to cure AIDS, syphilis and anal leakage.

###

I've been reading VooDoo for years now, and you always give the best advice. Why don't you have a column in the Tech?

-Good Intentions

Dear Good Intentions,

As much as a lot of our readers would love to see a Phos-approved advice column in the Tech, it's simply not consistent with the Tech's image. You see, their advice columns, or opinion columns, are never helpful. You see, the Tech is mostly staffed by

kids who don't know the difference between what belongs in a middle schooler's blog and what belongs in the newspaper. VooDoo is much too high class for that. Oh yeah, eat shit and die. Cunt.

###

There's this girl that I always see in class and I have a huge crush on her. She's beautiful. Her flowing brown hair falls in cascades onto her shoulders, framing her perfect face. Her deep, wide eyes seem to glisten with love, and her luscious, full lips seem sensual and pouty all at once. I can't go a single day without losing myself in her looks, watching intently the rising and falling of her bosom with every breath, wishing that the hand in her hair, on her hip could be mine. I'm in love, Phos, and I want to be with this girl, but she doesn't even know I exist. What do I do?

-Hopelessly In Love

Dear Hopelessly In Love,

Roofies.

###

I keep applying for positions at the Institute and keep getting turned down. Is there something I'm doing wrong?

-Volunteer Spirit

Dear Volunteer Spirit,

Yes, there is something you're doing wrong. You're giving a shit. Don't give a shit. The Institute doesn't care, and neither should you. If you got the positions, would you be any happier? Would people treat you with more respect? Probably not. So fuck 'em.

Signed,
Phosphorus T. Cat



DOGFIELD LOST VIRGINITY, STUDENT EXPELLED

Chad Brocious (Course 2, '13) was expelled last week after being found trespassing on President Hockfield's yard. He was also having sex with her dog.

President Hockfield explained the scene, as she found it: "I woke up, made my morning Irish Coffee (minus coffee, of course, that stuff is bad for you) and glanced out my rear window to see this...young man having sex with my dog!"

MIT Campus Police were called to the scene and arrested Brocious for indecent exposure and sexual assault.

Brocious defended himself by saying that Dogfield never actually said no. When approached for comment, he said "Seriously, dude, I like, didn't even know that she was like, a dog or whatever. I mean, I've been bangin' MIT bitches for so long, after a while, they all start to look the same."

We informed Chad that not only was Dogfield male, but that he also didn't attend MIT. Because he is a dog. Chad responded, "Woah! No shit? Dude, don't tell the bro's at the Frat House. They'll never accept me if they knew I fucked a dude."

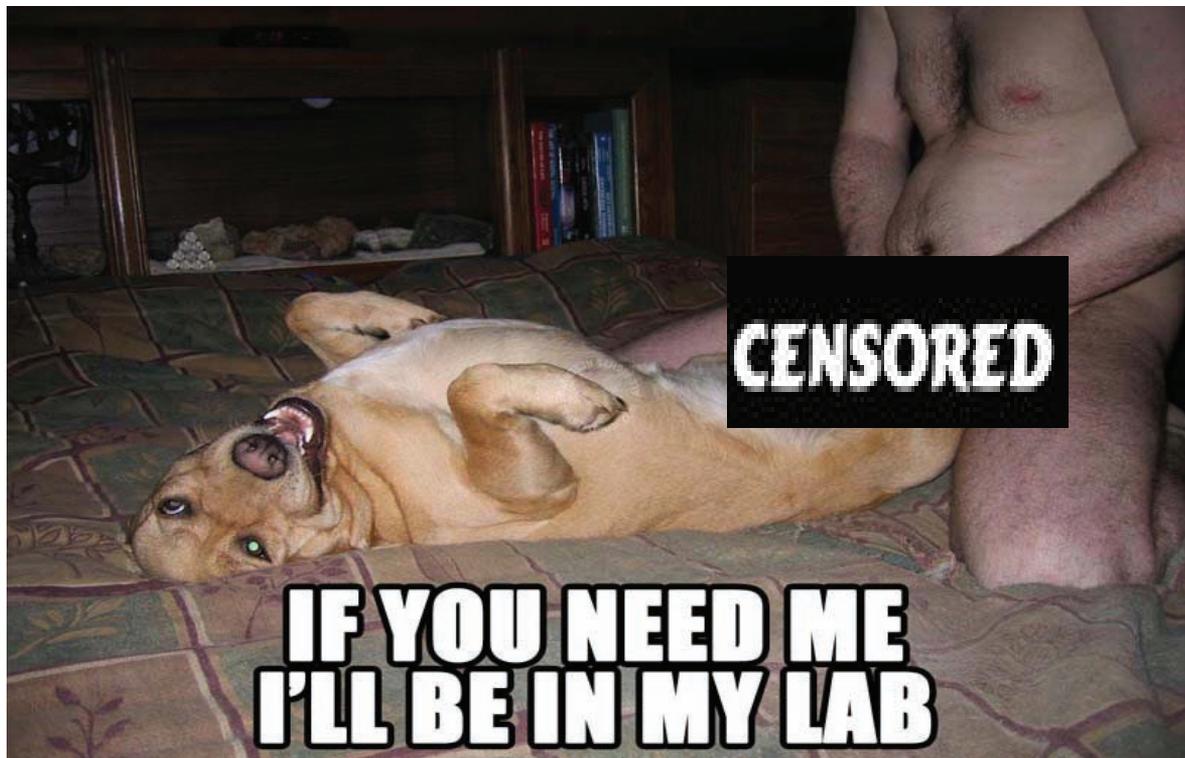
President Hockfield continued to express the opinion that "if it hadn't been for that damned sex columnist, students wouldn't even know about dogs and sex."

In addition to being expelled, Chad will also face at minimum five years of therapy for his bestiality, and at maximum be ordered to pay for Dogfield's therapy sessions.

"Now the poor thing won't even look at a penis. It's so sad. He used to be so eager to lick off peanut butter, or apple pie pieces, or vagina juice, but now he just sits there," said Hockfield of the incident.

When approached for questioning, Dogfield said, "Rrruff, ruff. Grrrr *whimper* ruff. *Pant*Pant*Pant*Pant*."

An Artist's Recreation of the Event



EDITORIAL

Hello all,

This is the editorial page, where I get to rant about how hard it was to make this edition of VooDoo. Trust me, it was hard, so shut the fuck up.

Kids these days. Millennials. Whatever they are, they aren't funny. They don't submit things to VooDoo. VooDoo, at some point, was weekly, then twice a term, and now, just once, primarily because no one submits. Thank God for Alums, whose spark of inspiration is still there, who are reliable and trustworthy and lovely people who are worth every cent we don't pay them. Thank God for old contributors, and old Editors, without whom this would not have been able to be done. They are truly a gift, and should be cherished as such.

I'd like to make VooDoo legitimate again. We keep publishing issues, but who's behind us? It's really just a few of us, sitting around touching ourselves and coming up with ideas. Where's the rest of campus? You can't tell me that there's not at least five people in the rest of MIT that are funny. It's impossible that the people involved with VooDoo are the only funny ones.

I'm trying to get t-shirts and coffee mugs and posters made, anything we can do to try to get people to join, try to make us feel some sense of unity. I know these millennials love random crap more than anything else, and yes, I'm pandering to their consumerism. Right now, I'd do anything to try to get just one more person to send in a picture/comic/short story/poem/photoshop that is really, honest-to-God, uproariously funny, because we sure as hell aren't.

In this day and age of the administration coming down on students, where Steer Roast, an MIT tradition since 1964 or something like that, is endangered because of non-MIT people, when the administration is discussing painting over murals in dorms, or having all murals painted on removable canvases that can be taken down during the summer, when the administration is thinking about forming committees to decide whether or not something fits with dorm culture, we need to fight back. We, the students, need to take some initiative and tell the administration to go fuck themselves.

We the students need to let the Institute know that we are not going to take their shit, and we will not let them tell us what to do.

VooDoo is one of the last bastions of "Fuck-Off-Ness" on campus. Yes, we receive funding from the same places as other groups (i.e., the 'tvte itself) but we still are completely student and alumni run. We generate our own material, print it, and we don't answer to anyone. Except our printer. But that's because they're really cheap, and we don't have a lot of money, so we have to keep them happy.

But I digress. The point is, I hope that by reading VooDoo, by seeing that there are people on campus that aren't going to take shit from anyone, groups that will express themselves as they please and not bow down to deans and the like, students will be more willing to take some initiative and fight for what they believe in.

When we turn our backs on each other and repeat "it's not my problem", we're letting the Institute be taken over by people who have no idea what it's like to be at MIT.

We are not Yale. We are not Columbia. We are not Harvard, or Princeton, or BU or BC or whatever else people want us to be. We are MIT. We are nerds and geeks and we are a hell of a lot smarter than most people.

So take pride, you beavers. Take pride in who and what you are, and don't ever let anyone tell you that you're something you aren't.



WE ARE ALL GOING TO HELL

ANNE TURNED TO EVA. "I'M SO HUNGRY," SHE CRIED.

EVA, TOO, HAD FELT THE PANGS OF HUNGER EVER SINCE HER FAMILY HAD ARRIVED AT AUSCHWITZ. "JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, AND PICTURE A LARGE, SOFT PIECE OF BREAD."

IT WAS TERRIBLE LIVING IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP, WORKING UNTIL YOU PASS OUT AND STARVING EVERY NIGHT. TO TOP IT OFF, THERE WAS NO PRIVACY WHATSOEVER.

"EVA, WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'D BE DOING RIGHT NOW IF THE NAZIS HADN'T FORCED US HERE?"

"I'M NOT SURE, ANNE," EVA REPLIED. "PROBABLY LAUGHING AND PLAYING, TALKING ABOUT BOYS OR DOLLS OR SOME OTHER NONSENSE." EVA FORCED A CHUCKLE. "YOU NEVER REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE UNTIL IT'S GONE."

ANNE SMILED, "YOU'RE RIGHT, EVEE. WE SHOULD APPRECIATE WHAT WE DO HAVE." EVA FELT STRANGE THAT ANNE USED A PET NAME FOR HER; SHE'D NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE. ANNE STARTED STROKING EVA'S HAIR. "YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR," ANNE SAID SOFTLY, "IT'S LONGER THAN MOST GIRLS HERE." IT WAS A FEW CENTIMETERS IN LENGTH, MOST OTHER GIRLS IN THE CAMP, INCLUDING ANNE, WERE NEARLY BALD.

"AND YOU HAVE PRETTY EYES, ANNE," EVA REPLIED. THE TWO GIRLS STARED AT EACH OTHER FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE MINUTES. "ANNE, YOU HAVE SOME SCHMUTZ ON YOUR CHEEK. LET ME BRUSH IT OFF." AS EVA LEANED IN TOWARDS ANNE, SHE COULD FEEL THE WARMTH COMING OFF OF HER BODY. WHEN EVA PUT HER HAND ON ANNE'S FACE, ANNE SOFTLY GRABBED EVA'S HAND TO HOLD IT THERE.

"YOUR HANDS ARE SO SMOOTH, EVEE." ANNE GENTLY GRAZED EVA'S FINGERS WITH HER CHEEK AS SHE HELD HER WRIST. THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, ANNE KISSED EVA'S PALM.

EVA WAS TAKEN ABACK. "WHY DID YOU DO THAT, ANNE?" SHE COULD FEEL HER HEART POUNDING. LUCKILY THEY WERE IN A SECLUDED CORNER IN THE PRISONER'S QUARTERS. IT WAS DARK, AND MOST PEOPLE WERE PROBABLY ASLEEP. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH NO ONE COULD HAVE SEEN THE KISS.

"I DON'T KNOW," ANNE SAID COYLY. "I JUST FELT LIKE IT'S SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE. TO SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION. DID YOU LIKE IT?" SHE WAS SMILING INTENTLY, SEARCHING EVA'S EYES FOR A TENDER RESPONSE.

"I'M NOT SURE," EVA REPLIED HESITANTLY.

"YOU'RE OUT OF BREATH, EVEE. YOU MUST HAVE LIKED IT!" ANNE THEN QUICKLY LEANED TOWARD EVA AND PLANTED ANOTHER KISS, THIS TIME RIGHT ON HER LIPS. EVA WAS SO SHOCKED SHE ALMOST SHRIEKED, BUT MANAGED TO KEEP IT DOWN TO A SOFT WIMPER. "SSHH!" ANNE SAID, "YOU MUSN'T MAKE A NOISE, YOU'LL WAKE EVERYONE UP!"

EVA, NOW OVER THE SHOCK OF HER BEST FRIEND KISSING HER, BEGAN TO RELAX. SHE REALIZED THAT SHE DID, IN FACT, ENJOY ANNE'S KISS. SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ANNE TO PULL HER CLOSER, AND MET LIPS WITH ANNE. THEIR TONGUES DANCED LIKE PEOPLE HOLDING THE CHAIR AT A BAR MITZVAH. EVA REALIZED SHE WAS GETTING VERY WARM, AND SHE FELT A TINGLING SENSATION BETWEEN HER LEGS.

ANNE'S HANDS FOUND THEIR WAY ONTO EVA'S SHRUNKEN CHEST. GOING WITHOUT MUCH FOOD FOR SO LONG HAD MADE HER BREASTS SOMEWHAT SMALL. EVA JUMPED A LITTLE WHEN SHE FELT THIS, BUT THEN GUIDED ANNE'S HAND TO RIGHT ABOVE HER NIPPLES. THEY FELT SENSITIVE TO THE TOUCH. "EVEE, FEEL MINE TOO!" ANNE WHISPERED.

EVA REACHED OVER AND BEGAN FONDLING ANNE'S BREASTS AS WELL. THEY WERE A LITTLE MORE SHAPELY THAN HER OWN, AND SHE COULD TELL THAT HER NIPPLES WERE A BIT LARGER TOO. THE TWO CONTINUED TO KISS AS THEY GROPED AT EACH OTHER'S CHEST. AFTER A LITTLE BIT, EVA STARTED TO FEEL SLIGHTLY NERVOUS. "OH ANNE, THIS IS SO NICE, BUT WE SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS!"

"HUSH EVEE, WE'RE FINE. EVERYONE'S ASLEEP, NO ONE WILL SEE US. LET'S JUST LAY DOWN AGAINST THE WALL, AND NO ONE WILL NOTICE A THING." ANNE PULLED EVA DOWN AGAINST THE WALL, UNDER A BLANKET. "SEE, EVEN IF SOMEONE LOOKED RIGHT AT US, THEY WOULDN'T SEE US."

"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT," EVA SAID, RELIEVED. THEY WERE NOW LYING DOWN WITH THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER, SMILING AND LOOKING INTO THE OTHER'S EYES. THEN EVA NOTICED ANNE'S HAND BETWEEN HER KNEES. "ANNE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NO...OOOOHW," EVA LET OUT A SIGH OF SURPRISE AND PLEASURE AS ANNE'S HAND FOUND ITS WAY UP HER POTATO SACK-LIKE DRESS. ANNE'S PLACED HER FINGERS ON TOP OF EVA'S NOW WARM AND MOIST PUSSY.

"TRUST ME, EVEE, YOU'LL LIKE THIS." ANNE SWIRLED HER FINGERS AROUND EVA'S HOLE, MAKING HER EVEN MORE EXCITED. THEN, ANNE'S FINGERS GLIDED IN.

ECSTASY SHOT THROUGH EVA'S BODY. NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE FELT ANYTHING LIKE THIS. "OOOOOHW ANNE," SHE MOANED, A LITTLE LOUDER THAN SHE INTENDED. SHE MIGHT HAVE RESISTED, GOTTEN ANNE TO STOP AND INSISTED THAT THEY JUST GO TO SLEEP, BUT ANNE'S FINGERS FELT MUCH TOO GOOD INSIDE HER.

"NOW DO THE SAME TO ME, EVEE!" ANNE SAID ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

"ONLY IF YOU KEEP THAT UP!" EVA INSISTED. SHE WANTED THE PLEASURE SHE FELT RIGHT NOW TO NEVER END. EVA REACHED UP ANNE'S DRESS AND SEARCHED FOR HER QUIVERING FOLDS.

“OH EEE, THAT’S IT!” ANNE EXCLAIMED. “I’M SO WET, YOU CAN JUST PUT YOUR FINGERS RIGHT INSIDE.” EVA DID JUST THAT. IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR HER TO CONCENTRATE ON PLEASING ANNE BECAUSE OF THE CONSTANT AROUSAL SHE WAS RECEIVING AT THE SAME TIME. JUST WHEN EVA FELT LIKE SHE WAS GOING TO BURST, ANNE CRAWLED DOWN AND PUT HER FACE IN EVA’S CROTCH. BEFORE EVA COULD PROTEST, ANNE HAD STARTED LICKING HER SOFT LIPS.

“ANNE NO! I HAVE LICE DOWN THERE!” EVA SHRIEKED. ANNE DIDN’T CARE; SHE WAS HAPPILY LAPPING UP SMALL AMOUNTS OF EVA’S SWEET JUICES WITH EVERY SMOOTH STROKE OF HER TONGUE. EVA THREW HER HEAD BACK IN SHEER ECSTASY. AS SHE DID SO, SHE NOTICED ANNE’S OWN PUSSY WAS LYING NEXT TO HER. EVA SALIVATED JUST THINKING ABOUT TOUCHING HER MOUTH TO ANNE’S WAITING HOLE. SHE QUICKLY PRESSED HER TONGUE INTO IT, AND HEARD A CRY FROM ANNE INTO HER OWN PUSSY. SOON EVA WAS ON TOP OF ANNE, THE TWO SUCKING EACH OTHER’S LIPS DILIGENTLY. AS THIS HAPPENED, EVA FELT A BUILD UP OF PRESSURE IN HER LOWER ABDOMEN. FINALLY, SHE BURST FORTH WITH A LOAD OF EJACULATE INTO ANNE’S FACE. THIS MUST HAVE TURNED ANNE ON, BECAUSE SHE SOON DID THE SAME TO EVA. THE TWO GIRLS THEN COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

“OOH ANNE THAT WAS INCREDIBLE,” EVA SAID, COMPLETELY OUT OF BREATH.

“YES,” SAID ANNE, “THAT’S GOING IN MY DIARY.”

THE END



DISCLAIMER:

VooDoo Humor Magazine does not condone or wish to glorify extremist regimes of the period such as the Third Reich, USSR, Fascist Italy, or Imperial Japan. We only want to condone and glorify hot dyke-on-dyke action.

This is the image that goes with the story. Mmmm. I’d like to hide something in her secret annex, if you know what I mean.



What's the difference between
crucifixion and circumcision?



Paid for by VooDoo for MIT Hillel

(In crucifixion, they throw out the whole jew!)

COMING QUICKLY A TALE OF EARLY REWARDS

It was an average evening in Towers. Under the dim glow of a single halogen floor-lamp, Nick Wang sat alone, deftly mixing his seventh gin and tonic while “Suffragette City” played loud and clear on the stereo.

“Hey man,” he slurred, drunkenly, as though his tongue were the size and weight of a rhinoceros, “get the fuck out here.”

In spite of the volume of the music, his obnoxiously and exceedingly loud voice carried from the red sofa, past the bar and refrigerator, and into the open door of room five-hundred-and-thirty-two. Within moments a casually, but nonetheless well-dressed, man strolled out of the doorway into the lounge. Even amidst the dim, yellowish glow of the lamp and the flickering light of the cathode ray tube monitor, his expertly coiffed hair glimmered with a majestic and gentlemanly air.

“Nick Wang,” said the man, his voice exhibiting an almost ferocious quality, “you better shut the fuck up, you chink-Québécois bastard, or I’ll punch you in the stomach.”

“Oh fuck you, Jasso. Cool it with the anti-semitic remarks. The racism stops here!” He looked up at Jasso, pointed to the ground, gave his drink a good swirl, and declared “I am so drunk!”

Jasso let out a brief sigh, shook his head, and sat down on the couch.

“You want a memphwhol?” asked Nick Wang, reaching into the breast pocket of his filthy flannel shirt.

Jasso nodded as Nick Wang handed him a Marlboro Smooth. He slowly took out a silver cigarette lighter from his pocket and lit his cigarette. Something was on his mind. He was lonesome, depressed, angry at having to deal with Nick Wang’s crusty man-stench. He was, as some women, and perhaps some men, might be inclined to say, being Miley.

Suddenly, the door to the stairs opened, and with a few quick, catlike steps, Ashley Clark emerged, holding a large amount of cooking ingredients, heading for the kitchen. She realized instantaneously how much alcohol Nick Wang had consumed, and did not want to bother with speaking to Jasso. He was, after all, being Miley.

As the hours passed and Ziggy Stardust gave way to Hunky Dory and The Man who Sold the World and Space Oddity and beyond, more men and women trickled into the lounge, gradually taking their seats and filling the sofas and loveseat. Nick Wang continued to drown himself in gin while chain smoking. Jasso remained across from him, occasionally taking time to see a certain man about a certain horse, interspersing his comments about the musical genius of Tankian and Malakian and Buckethead and Dimebag with threats to permanently deform Nick Wang’s body cavity.

Tout d’un coup, the elevator let out a slight beep. As the door slid slowly open, a tall man with a cleanly shaven head and large feet languidly strolled into the collective sight of the inhabitants of the room. He nodded his head at each person with a jittery flair and proceeded to point at Nick Wang. “Hi Nick Wang! You are drunk!” he said in a slight falsetto.

Before Nick Wang could respond, he reached down and picked up Frijolito. "Tiny cat!" he exclaimed, again in a slight, excited falsetto. At long last the scene was complete; Mike Brown had returned to Towers from his week-long grind slaving away in front of a computer screen.

To the untrained eye, Mike Brown's entrance changed little of the general ambience. Nick Wang, now inebriated beyond comprehensibility, was mixing his umpteenth gin and tonic. Ashley Clark remained in the kitchen, fixing the evening's surely wondrous meal. José popped open a PBR, Fanny gently sipped from a bottle of plum-wine, Frijolito rested his little-cat feet under the couch, purring with content. Smoke filled the air, dissipating slowly only to return moments later.

But our dearest Jasso, our dear, depressed, lonesome Jasso, had significantly perked up since Mike Brown's entrance. He sat more erectly on the dark sofa, listened to conversation more intently, and significantly increased the number of words that he got in edgewise in the fluid dialogue that filled the lounge.

Nick Wang arose from his seat and stumbled over to the bathroom. Almost instantly, Mike Brown took Nick Wang's former seat, fixed across from Jasso.

Jasso watched intently as Mike Brown pulled his iPhone out of a small cloth pouch and lit a Djarum Special with his Zippo. He felt a funny feeling in his pelvic region as Mike Brown took drag after twitchy drag from his cigarette, furrowing his eyebrows while playing with his newest iPhone application. With about an inch remaining of his cigarette, Mike Brown extinguished it in an ashtray

shaped like a black cat, placing the butt carelessly and indiscriminately among the other former cigarettes. Jasso stared at Mike Brown's hand for an instant and then shifted his glance to the ashtray. He looked longingly at the inch long clove.

"Hey Mike Brown, can I smoke your butt?" Jasso asked. His voice was timid and somewhat quivering.

Mike Brown's eyes rose from his iPhone screen. "Yeah, whatever, dude," he said while furrowing his arched brown eyebrows.

Jasso's hand reached across the table. He gradually removed the clove cigarette butt from the ashtray, marveling at the inch long brown beauty but sighing with a mix of dismay and pleasure. Why a man as expert a smoker as Mike Brown would waste such a good inch of tobacco was beyond him.

As he slid Mike Brown's one-inch butt into his mouth, he grew almost ecstatic. Jasso explored the round tip, still moist with Mike Brown's sweet saliva, with his tongue's every taste bud. As he pushed the butt further into his mouth between his quivering lips, he could feel his penis hardening, relishing the mixture of Mike Brown's oral fluids with his own. With the quick flick of a wrist, he ignited the other end of the butt with his cigarette lighter and began to suck with all of his might, pausing only to blow puffs of smoke from the corner of his mouth. He then carefully repositioned his legs to hide his now turgid erection.

Jasso slowly removed the butt from his mouth, delightfully enjoying the taste of clove and, of course, Mike Brown's gaping oral cavity.

But before he could reinsert the butt between his lips, a violent crash came from the bathroom. Nick Wang emerged in the doorway and began to stumble over to the table, mumbling something about his level of intoxication and his desire to have another gin and tonic. And try as he might, he failed to make it to the coffee table situated in the center of the room. Gravity got the better of him, and he fell like a meteor onto the couch, knocking the butt out of Jasso's hand. As it reached the floor, Nick Wang's clumsy hands flailed about, crushing the cigarette butt and causing it to disintegrate.

A strange mix of horror and rage invaded Jasso's formerly content countenance. He thought of all of the horrible things that he would do to Nick Wang for ruining his brief moment of ecstasy with Mike Brown's butt, coming up with increasingly sadistic forms of torture to achieve retribution. As he reached into his pocket for his switchblade, an arm came swooping down from above.

Mike Brown curtly grabbed Nick Wang by the greasy head-mop which is often referred to as his hair and proceeded to slam Nick Wang's thick skull on the coffee table. Once, twice, three times, and onward he slammed. All the while, Jasso's erection grew increasingly turgid. No matter how hard he tried to reposition his legs, he could no longer hide his erect penis from the kind folks sitting in the lounge.

As the beating came to a close, Nick Wang fell to the floor, sprawled out on the ground. The more blood flowed out of his forehead and nose down his beet-red face, the harder Jasso's throbbing member became.

Mike Brown sat back down on the couch and reached for his pack of cigarettes. "You want one?" he kindly asked Jasso, as if nothing had happened.

At that very instant, Jasso felt a rush of orgasmic joy flow through his body, causing an intense tingling sensation to violently throttle his every appendage from each individual pore down through his veins and into the core of his soul. His penis began to jerk back and forth, expelling hot, white semen through the fly of his boxer shorts and into the crotch of his boot cut denim pants.

"Nah dude, that's okay. I've gotta go see a man about a horse."

Jasso rose from his seat on the sofa and casually strolled to the bathroom, embarrassed about the prospect of José and Fanny, and especially Mike Brown, witnessing his most joyous orgasm. He walked by the sinks and stopped briefly to look in the mirror, hoping that his member was no longer too engorged.

A door opened, and with a few graceful strides, Ashley Clark arrived next to Jasso. She turned on the faucet and began washing her hands. Jasso, still lost in the moment, hardly noticed her presence. As she turned off the faucet and gave the lever of the paper towel dispenser two or three pulls, she turned to Jasso.

"Premature ejaculator," she said, sassily, and walked out of the bathroom.

END

EVERYTHING AND THE KITCHEN SINK

You know how jumpy you get when you haven't seen any action for a week or more, how the sight of even a dumpy person stretching, or bending to tie their shoe is enough to titillate you, make you catch your breath. That's what the Towers sink was feeling like, filled with week-old dishes and standing water when Fanny came marching in.

"Dammit, why doesn't anyone ever clean up after themselves. This place is a fucking pigsty!" she ejaculated. She hand reached for the knob. Water burst forth from the spigot as the sink's pent-up pressure was relieved. "Yes, finally" it thought, or at least what sufficed to approximate the meaning as far as kitchenware is concerned. Fanny grabbed her favorite mug from the top of the pile, rinsed it out, and went for her coffee, then rushed off to class, leaving the sink more frustrated than ever.



Later that afternoon, Jasso came by and dumped some cold water all over the poor sink, served himself some coffee as well, and bolted off to class. Our sink was feeling pretty down and out.

That evening, who should come into the kitchen but our beloved Ashley Clark, bent warmin' that kitchen up with some fine home-cookin'. Her ebony hand reached for the tap and deftly turned it on. The sink could feel itself getting moist and warm, but still there was the skank of disuse of unkempt patio furniture, mildewing in the rain. Ash quickly finished rinsing out her pot and ladle, and went on with her cooking.

After the meal, our sink was stretched to the breaking point, tantalized by Ashley, whose attentions were elsewhere. Ashley, well satisfied with her savory cooking, stared back into the kitchen, and just didn't feel up to dealing with the sink at the moment, but knew it should be done. This awkward moment dragged on until the sink could bear it no more.

Then a robed god stepped into the kitchen, saying "Here, let me take care this." The sink overflowed with warm pleasant wetness as he leaned gently over it. There was serene confidence on his brow, and his hands glowed as the dishes and silverware shined through his careful ministrations. The essence of liquid ivory seeped into everything.

The sink could barely think as it poured forth warm liquid love upon those heavenly hands. Too soon, all the dishes were clean, the warm bubbly water nearly filling the sink now. A gentle probing hand went to the bottom, clearing out the last tingly recesses of the sink, and then it was as if a switch was thrown! The sink screamed into a final ecstasy beyond all comprehension, the warm water flowed through her entire being, and with that, the all-engulfing consciousness and anthropomorphism burst, leaving the sink just an ordinary sink, with a fleeting pleasant memory of not having been this happy since the soft yielding muffin had been inside her..

END



MIT's Finest on Patrol



NOT ALL FRESHMEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

Do you have that special drive to excel at a competitive college? Would you like a head start to give yourself some lebensraum from the outset? Do you find *Mein Kampf* more uplifting than *Atlas Shrugged*? Have you often thought that the way for society to progress is for it to be taken control of by a strong, supreme führer? It is with committed, patriotic freshmen like you in mind that the Massachusetts Fatherland of Technology administration is proud to announce

THE FRESHMAN NAZI PROGRAM

"Success at MIT doesn't come naturally. It takes a triumph of the will."

Daniel Hastings, Reichsführer of Students and Undergraduate Education

Mission:

The mission of the Freshman Nazi Program, in its first year of existence, is to bring freshmen together in a regimented environment, to promote productivity, the volk, fascism, and of course der Übermensch.

Those freshmen considered worthy will find this program strenuous but rewarding. There is a road to freedom; its milestones are obedience, endeavour, honesty, order, cleanliness, sobriety, truthfulness, sacrifice and love of our Fatherland of Technology. In addition to the clarity of vision, self-control and personal strength with which this program will imbue them, these lucky freshmen will receive many more benefits, such as:

- Attractive brown uniforms
- Immediate commission in the Athena Gestapo
- Participation in a wide range of recreational pogroms
- Effective, dependable support in student politics
- The opportunity to form early bonds with higher ranking oberclassmen
- Experience in organizing major ground invasions

How to apply:

Simply fill out the following application form and send it, together with a photograph, fingerprints and hair sample to:

Freshman Nazi Program
70 Amherst Street
Cambridge MA 02142

We hope to welcome you into our ranks. Heil Hock!

FRESHMAN NAZI PROGRAM APPLICATION

Name: _____

E-mail address: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Describe yourself in three words.

Briefly describe your National Socialist experience.

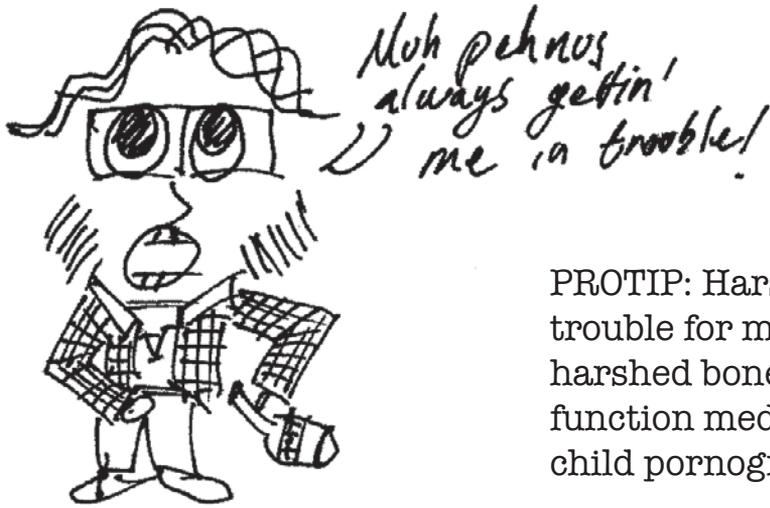
If you could wake up having enslaved any race, which would it be and why?

If you could script the plot for the Krystallrush, what would it be?

From the following, please rank the top 2 disciplines you would like to focus on while at FNP:
Strategic conquest, propaganda, electoral manipulation, eugenics, weapons research, patriotic music

"A violently active, intrepid, brutal youth - that is what I am after ... I will have no intellectual training. Knowledge is ruin for my young men."

Adolf Hitler



PROTIP: Harshed boners can get you in trouble for myriad reasons. To prevent harshed boners, try taking erectile dis-function medications or routinely browsing child pornography.



DEANS TO PAINT OVER BLASHFIELD MURALS IN WALKER

Internal memos have been buzzing with it for weeks. The department of the Dean for Student Life has decided to paint over the Blashfield murals in Walker.

“They simply aren’t consistent with the image of MIT that we want to portray to outsiders” said one memo. “There is an inscription on the South wall that says, and I quote, ‘Ye Shall Be as Gods knowing Good and Evil’. We do not want people thinking that our students know evil. That’s not consistent with MIT culture.”

The office of the Dean for Student Life has decided to paint over the murals after a grueling two week investigation.

“We have left no stone un-turned,” said Dean Colombo, “as a matter of fact, we’ve spent more time deciding this that we have on any other decision we’ve ever made. Ever.”

The murals, which have been in place since the 1920’s, have never caused controversy before. This year, however, a group of students calling themselves ‘Islamic Extremists’ claimed that the Latin inscription on the South wall was offensive to them, since it invokes the idea of mortals becoming gods, or at least, like gods.

In a video they made to express their displeasure, a bearded man in a camo jacket sat holding a microphone and had this to say: “the infidels who painted this mural will pay if it is not destroyed. We will not tolerate blaspheming in our school and in our country. Remove these murals at once, or suffer the consequences.”

They have also suggested a mural be put in place of the current ones.

“We dont’ want anyone to be offend-ed,” said Dean Colombo. “We need to make sure people see MIT as we want it to be seen.”

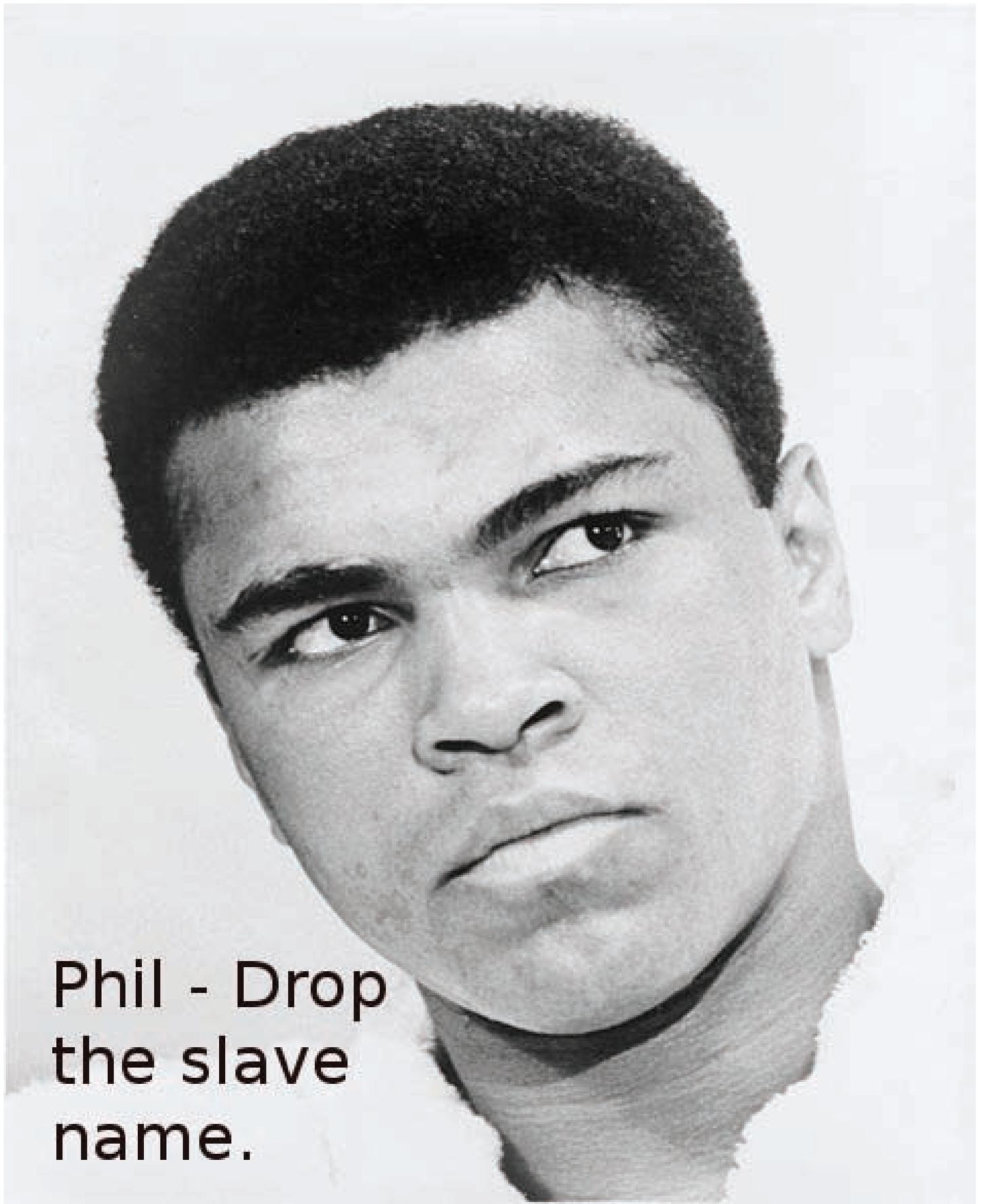


Part of the South Wall Mural in Walker. The Latin words in question have been removed in order to prevent from offending those extremist pieces of shit. They also claim the women aren’t covered up enough.



The suggested replacement mural in Walker. The accompanying text suggested is “Make Your People Proud! Be A Martyr!”





Phil - Drop
the slave
name.

VooDoo EDITOR CALLED BEFORE THE COD, VooDoo CENSURED!

Due to an off-color joke made in the Spring 2010 issue of VooDoo, VooDoo's head editor has been called before the COD.

"I swear, he's never done anything bad before. Except for the one time he stole my doll, set it on fire, tied a noose around its neck, and dropped it from a tree in front of me as I was walking in the woods. But other than that, he's really really nice," said the editor's sister.

The joke in question featured a famous boxer and text that was meant to be taken as a quote from that boxer.

An unnamed administrator raised a complaint, and demanded that the student be punished.

"With any luck, he'll be expelled," said one person on the COD, "he deserves it. No one should print things that could offend someone. I don't care if it was funny to some people."

"I never really wanted to offend anyone," the editor said, "I just wanted to do it for the lolz."

This issue comes

soon after another issue that the editor faced, when President Susan Hockfield attempted to sue VooDoo and its editor for libel after being quoted as saying something she didn't say.

"I can't remember the quote exactly, but I know I didn't say it," said the President.

"Seriously," said the editor, "I'm not racist! I don't even like saying 'vinegar'."

This complaint comes on the tail end of a wide variety of complaints, coming from a range of women on campus to fraternity members.

"Dude, like, seriously. This dude's all like, racist and...uh...stuff," said DKE member Blaine Sahghadhik, '12. "Like, he's all like, you know, offensive, and that's like...not cool or whatever."

The author would like to point out that Blaine's comments should be taken with a grain of salt. The DKE secret handshake is to look someone in the eyes, shake their hand strongly and say "we're both in DEEK!"

This incident is reminiscent of an incident that happened on August 2nd of 2003 when a group of

residents of EC's Third East floor hosted a "Ghetto Party". In order to hype it, they sent the following email:

"GHETTO PARTY

8/2 (tonight) 10 PM

3RD EAST, DEEP WALCOTT

KFC, malt liquor, and boxed wine. 40'S, hubcaps, and trashcan fires.

BLING making (bring your old HEAs [A key previously used at East Campus]), littering, and rap.

And after you pass out from all the 40s, you can rest up in the walcott lounge tent-city -- designed to look and feel like those dirty places where real poor people live."

This was followed by another large block of text.

(Continued on next page)

"And heed our manifesto:

1. Litter frequently. Walcott is not a place for pussies or for clean people. Ghettos are not clean. Walcott as is is way too clean. If you find empty bottles (ideally 40s), hubcaps, or oil barrels, toss them into the hallway. If you are unsure about where to litter, litter in mikey p's room.

2. Graffiti is encouraged. Think your room-mates (or mikeyp's) wall looks to clean? Fix the problem.

3. Loud music is key. Rap will be played at an acceptable (read, reallyfucking loud) volume. If your neighbors ask you to turn it down, threaten them with physical violence.

4. Ass slapping is essential. If someone slaps your ass, reciprocate. Do not take ass slapping as a sign of sexual harassment or hazing -- it is important to your well being on walcott.

5. Steal stuff from other areas of the hall. Do you need an extra computer and the ones on reuse won't cut it? I hear mattxmal [East Campus President Mateusz K. Malinowski '04] has a good computer. He wont miss it -- and if he does, we will fuck him up real bad when he tries to take it back. If you steal something from somebody and they accuse you of doing so, threaten them with physical violence. Actually, just threaten everyone with physical violence.

6. Fried Chicken, 40's, Cheap Lawn chairs. Hells yeah.

peace out,

walcott niggas fo life

"Girls pee pee when they see me

Nava-hoes creep me in they tee-pee"

Notorious B.I.G

RIP 1997"

NOTE:

**ALL EMAILS AND MANIFESTOS REPRINTED
FROM THE TECH VOL. 143, ISSUE 47**



Naw, dude, it's cool. We don't get it either. But, I did turn into a cat once during finals week. It was fucking awesome. Cats don't have to do shit.

SUBMIT TO Voodoo!
MIT ROOM 50-309
77 MASS AVE
CAMBRIDGE, MA
02139

James "Big Jimmy" E. Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund

Preference Given To East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$122,409.32 from 272 donors
Scholarships are being awarded!

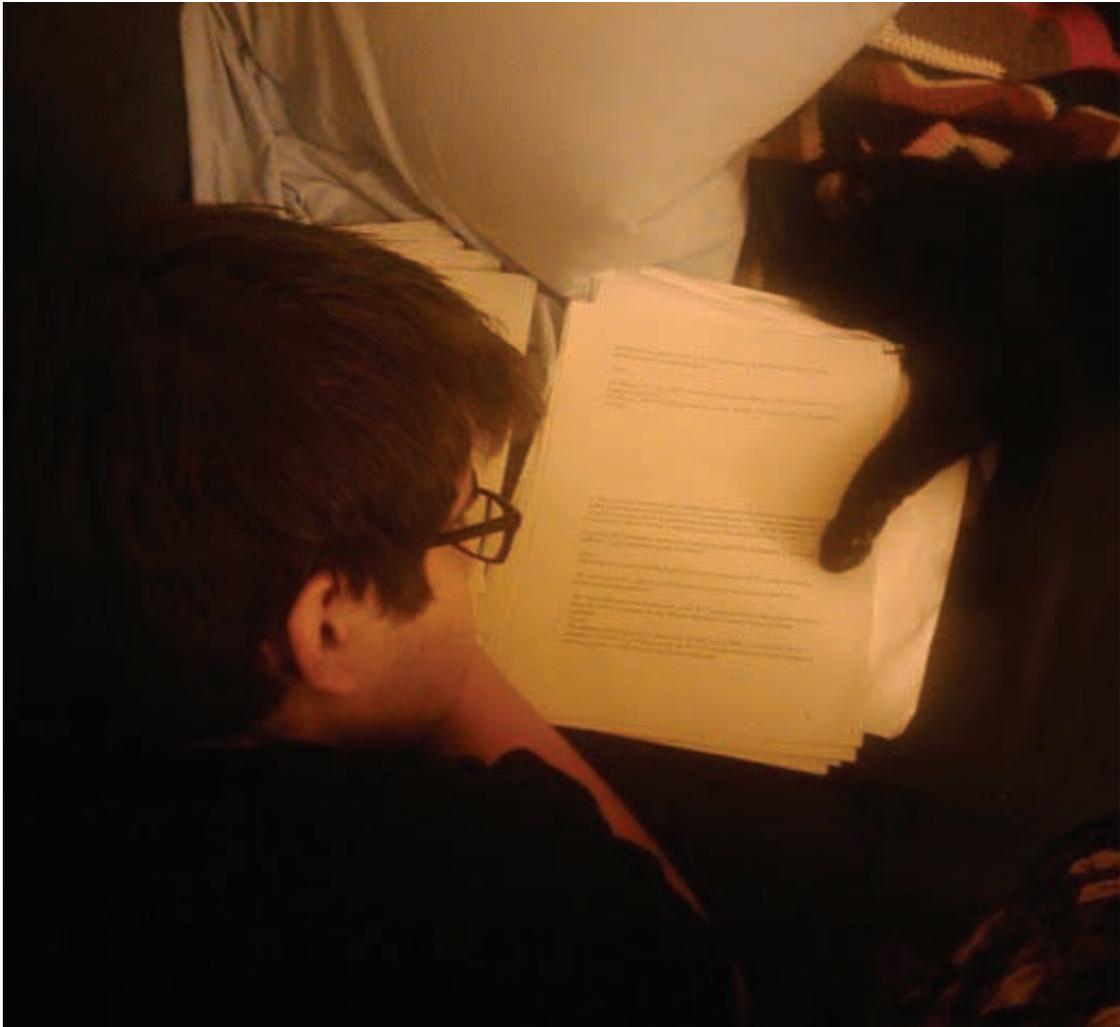
Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship
Will fully support one student for one year

Help us continue his legacy of helping the students for whom he cared
so much. Donation forms and instructions at desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office

SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

and this too could be joyous you



Our Editor and Cat, Frijolito, circa 2010

**Wanna Be A VooDoo Artist?
Then Take The
VooDoo Art Test!**

DRAW THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD!

THEN SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO:

VooDoo
MIT ROOM 50-309
77 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
CAMBRIDGE, MA 02139

Wanna Be A VooDoo Writer? Then Take The VooDoo Humor Test!

In the space provided, write a short story involving Jesus, two goats, a fetus and anal lube.

Then, submit your work to:
VooDoo
MIT Room 50-309
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02139

GROUP ENCOURAGES ANGLO STUDENTS TO TAKE ON FOREIGN NAMES

May 9, 2010. A student group calling themselves the Committee of Undergraduate Nomenclature at Tech (C.U.N.T.) has issued a public statement suggesting that students with Anglo-Saxon names take foreign names to use while at MIT.

“It just seems like the next logical step,” says Chairperson Bob (Hong Ming Zhi) Kao. “For years, students, and even administrators, that come from non-Anglo-Saxon backgrounds have given themselves Anglo names. Some of us do it because we don’t think that people here in JesusLand will be able to pronounce our real names, and some of us do it because we want to fit in.”

The statement has generated backlash from across campus.

“That’s racist,” said sorority member Kathy Li, “I’m offended that a group would say that foreign students change their names because they want to fit in. That’s not true. I couldn’t care less about fitting in. OMG, have you seen my new Dooney and Bourke Bag? It’s JUST LIKE the one Paris Hilton has! OMG! Oh, and also, as an Asian-American student, I’d like to say that we just don’t want people to treat us differently.”

C.U.N.T.’s Historian, Xian (William) Stevenson suggested that “if non-Anglo students don’t want to be treated differently, why do they still hype up their ethnicities and consider themselves minorities. By labeling oneself as a minority, by creating societies around a self-perceived difference between you and others, you’re forcing other people to develop and follow through with stereotypes about you and other people like you. If we just ignore our races and focus on who we are as people,

not only will students get along better, but also we’ll avoid treating people differently for anything that isn’t pure merit and ability.”

“Yeah, it’s easy for a white guy to say that,” said an ex-GRT from Senior House who wished to not be identified, “white guys have no idea what it’s like for minorities. They have no idea what we have to go through. That’s why all of us minorities, hispanic, black, asian, Australian, whatever, should all band together to protect ourselves from whiteness.”

It is believed that the issue will not die quietly, and that it will most likely become a talking point for decades, if not centuries to come, at least until perceived “races” cease to exist because everyone has become assimilated.

END

Don’t buy these glasses if you take an Asian name. In fact, don’t ever buy these glasses. They are racist and offensive and VooDoo and its affiliates do not condone either of those things.



VooDoo's SEMI-BI-FORTNIGHTLY-ANNUAL ASPERGER'S SYNDROME INFORMATIVE ARTICLE

Asperger's syndrome, also known as:

- * Ass Burgers
- * Assburpers
- * A-Monsters
- * BAWWWWWtism
- * Ioltism
- * Stuttering ADD
- * H.I.T.M.E. (kinda like HIV is to AIDS, this is to the A.U.T.I.S.M.)
- * NOTism
- * Cerebral lawlzy
- * whiny bitch syndrome
- * Emo Syndrome
- * "That fucking dumbass"

Is a REAL disease. It affects LOTS. Here are some warning signs that may tell you if you or a loved one has ass burgers:

- * You talk about things that nobody cares
- * Wearing other things that nobody wears
- * Your friends are either way out of your age group or are woodland creatures, both are not good things
- * Missing social cues when you act like a fuck-up in public.
- * Telling various sob stories about being misunderstood/discriminated against.
- * Ending said sob story on the note that you wouldn't want to be rid of your 'condition' anyway since you are actually smarter than most every one else and probably the next step in evolution (like an xmans!!)
- * Hand flapping.
- * Tourette's Syndrome
- * Walking around in circles or moving parts of your body like you are on drugs.
- * Mumbling to yourself in class like a fuck tard.
- * Talking with a robotic accent
- * Not getting the hint in social situations
- * Having multiple LiveJournals for the different "aspects of your personality", one of which is naturally filled with slash.
- * Thinking that everyone else are the ones with the problem.

- * Being too fucking lazy or unable to drive and then complaining about how they can't go anywhere.
- * Thinking Lawyers can save their asses against the internets and Lulz
- * Having a bizarre interest in vacuum cleaners.

Some close-knit communities of "people", such as furies, plushies, and otherkin possess such distorted views of reality as to be particularly susceptible to forming a belief that their ostracism is due to victimization by outside factors. They will not infrequently claim to have Asperger's or be Autistic en masse, often finding some way to tie its manifestations into the fact that they are social misfits. The truth is, though, that they're just complete assholes and fail at proper expression of affection. In certain instances, having "Asperger's" seems to be correlated with the posting of disgusting and semi-nude pictures of yourself frequently on the internet and local AIDS awareness seminars, or writing highly disturbed fanfiction. Additionally, it is not unheard of for these individuals to claim multiple, even superficially seemingly incompatible diagnoses of a plethora of diseases -- possibly claiming anorexia, ADHD, autism, Asperger's, schizophrenia, OCD, and anything else they've ever read about or seen on CSI.

Whenever you look through history at all the horrid things that have happened, you can probably find an Aspie that was responsible for them. The Nazis were all Aspies. Adolf Hitler was an Aspie, as can be discerned by his manner of speech where he flailed his arms around. Obersturmbannführer Adolf Eichmann was an aspie, he basically kept track of every single Jew in the Third Reich (basically most of Europe) to excruciating detail. Reichsführer-SS Himler was definitely an Aspie as can be seen by his blank Aspie stare. The Unabomber Ted Kaczynski, Serial Killers Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer were also Aspies.

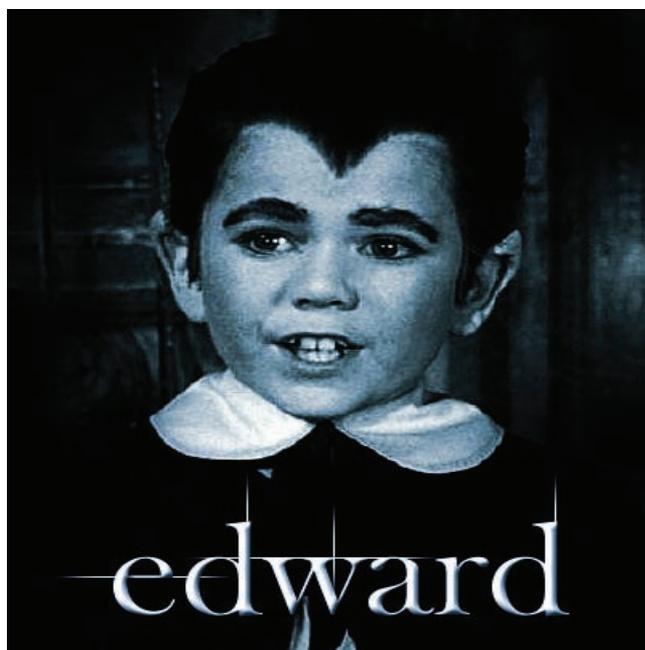
People who have (fictionally or otherwise) Asperger's will sometimes refer to themselves as aspies or as a group, the aspie community. While these people may come across as jerks, the actual victims of the disease are halfway-decent, possibly-human lifeforms minus the social skills who encounter the self-diagnosed attention-whoring victimhood-loving cunts, whose falseness drives their victims into a driveling, uncontrollable rage.

In the end, you must remember to treat aspies with respect. They are people, too, and that doesn't mean you should treat them any differently than you would treat anyone else.

Primarily because they will sue your sorry ass until there's nothing left.

END
(For Now)

I'm Team Edward. This Edward didn't have Ass Burgers. Nor did he sparkle. His family drove a fucking coffin car for Christ's sake. If that's not cool, I don't know what is.





ALL PROCEEDS GO TO
THE MIT CHAPEL
STAINED GLASS FUND