

Voo Doo Presents



A FILM BY
PHOS T. CAT

**AN ACID
TRIP
TO THE
MOON**

THE MIT
JOURNAL
OF HUMOR

FALL 2017
VOLUME 103
ISSUE #1

"LE VOYAGE ACIDE DANS LA LUNE"



There's no place like home...

Voo Doo An Acid Trip to the Moon



Staff	4
Letter from the Editor	5
MIT Cancels Semester Because Snow Day	6
Suburbs Decimated By Amazon Drone Strikes	7
Dear Phos	10
Media Lab Gives Disobedience Award to Henry David Thoreau	12
Turkey's Turnkey Turns His Key, Locks Up Entire Country	13
<i>The Daily Doo Doo</i>	14
The Blech Explains: Why We Ran the Egg Donor Ad	16
Facilities Become God-Tier Hackers In Attempt to Stop Other Hackers	18
Porn Captioner Reveals All	19
New Dorm is Built in the Charles River to House Depopulated SH Residents	20
Long-lost Bible Scripture Unearthed By <i>Voo Doo</i> , Discovered to be Sexodus 19.	22
Komic Korner Focus Feature: Stan Lee to Appear in Final Cameos	23
You Won't Believe the Things We Found on a Baker Whiteboard!	24
Dildo.io Creator Petitions Administration for Support	26
Infestation is Real Motivation Behind SH Carpet Removal and Cat Ban	27
Tim Cooke Unveils New iPhone During Commencement Speech	28
<i>Voo D'oh</i> , or: How My Roommate Became Insane After Watching the Simpsons	30
Advertisement for Roadkill Buffet and <i>Voo Doo</i> RSVP	31

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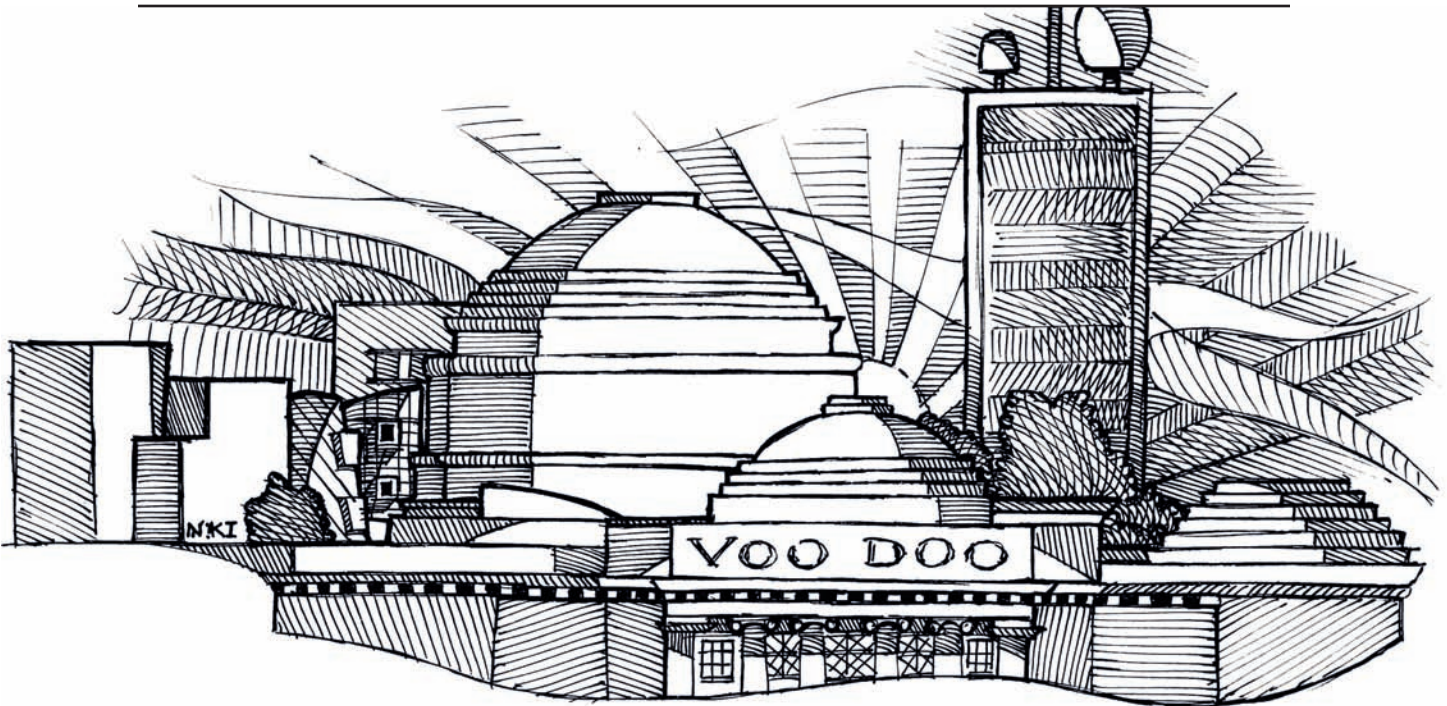
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Letter from the Editor

It's 9:29pm. Cars are backfiring all around me. I don't know if I can make it through the night, though, as they say, the night is still young, and to that, I say, "Carpe all dem Diems." I'm not that much of a fish guy, to be honest. Oh golly, oh geez, why do I keep doing this to myself.

Oh, that's right, I've got an editorial to write; it's the last thing I've put off in this damn issue. Now that I remember, this is my first issue as editor-in-chief, or president, or presidente depending on your country of origin. Did I choose to be in charge of this dirty magnum cum laude rag? No, but if you ask me, it was done out of sheer nepotism. Lookin' at you, Mr. J. 'Dank' Kushner. Seriously, we didn't have an election for officers because, let's face it, how can you be accused of rigging elections if you didn't have them in the first place, right? Eh, nevertheless, being in charge is fun because you get to think of most of the stuff that gets put into the issue.

Speaking of the issue, I'd like to dedicate this issue to the finest invention mankind has ever created: the modern toilet. Without you, where else would I go to shit or piss? Believe it or not, I came up with most of these articles while taking a shit. The porn captioner article? Took a shit. The iPhone article? Also took a shit. It seems that crap is a major theme when it comes to Voo Doo.

Regardless of your taste in poop, I will continue to say that humor is unequivocally necessary in this fine Institvt. Whether it be the daily grind we face as students

(and faculty) on this magical/miserable excuse for a campus or the fact that we keep getting our ass handed to us by our wonderful administration, a hearty laugh can go a long ways in bringing some much-needed joy into our lives. We currently find ourselves living in strange times as it is proving harder and harder to satirize the actions of said administration, as well as our own government. Humor, though, grants us the ability to make sense of the situation, for, oddly enough, the pieces in this issue seem to make more sense than the actions of the powers that B.

Now, you may recall that the inimitable Phos did not publish an issue in the spring, but fret not, dear Reader, for it was not our boss's fault (at least this time). We suspect that cybernetic KGB agents with the ability to hack into Cyberspace stole all of our submissions along with our batch of red pills. Alas, it seemed that Voo Doo had finally kicked the bucket and promptly drowned itself in it. "Nay!" cried the Cat before he fell off his stool, no doubt due to his throbbing hangover. "This magazine has always thrived on contributions from Techmen and -women, but when we're faced without submissions, well, that's when you characters come in and slap together an issue yourselves." Stirred by this speech, we grabbed our lappity-tops, sat down, and stared blankly into space until the articles appeared on the wall, an all-too common procedure among the staff members. And with that, I'm proud to present this thicc, throbbing, veiny issue, one jam-packed with articles and funny pictures filling each page, ready to unload its jokes onto the faces of unsuspecting passersby.

It seems Phos is nudging me, no wait, now he's viscerously swiping at me. Oh, I forgot to mention some important announcements. First it's the sales pitch for interested frosh and upperclassmen, uhh, let's see here - well, it's like this. The ones with lit-up bulbs above their heads, that is, the jokers that write and draw this stuff, come around to weekly meetings and throw ideas around like a used sex doll. Those in make-up need nothing in their heads whatsoever; they just need to click and drag

things around other things. Publicity staff tries to come up with new ways in spreading the good word of Voo Doo. Treasury dude(tte) gets experience in keeping track of our shell companies, and the advertising folks can pocket a commission on any ads they bring in. Anybody that wants to spread humor like the venereal disease that is VD, just drop by 50-309 during 5-7pm on Fridays, though this is likely to change about as much as the weather does.

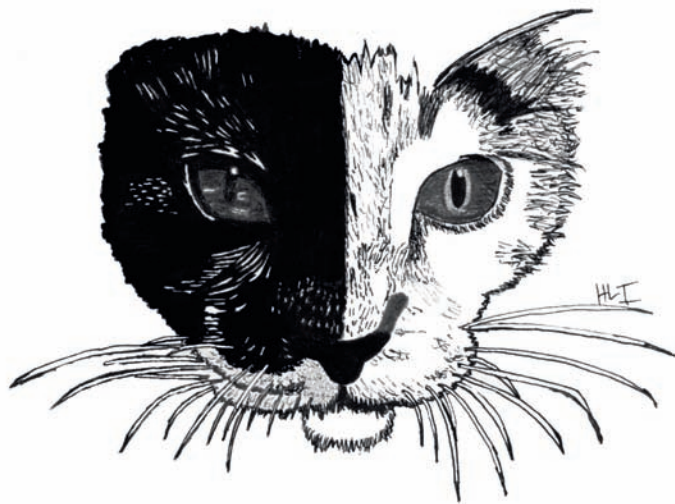
Fuck, Phos, you already opened one of the wounds you gave me - fine. I'm happy to announce that Voo Doo will be having its own radio show this upcoming semester, and by that, I mean we haven't proposed it yet nor have we figured out the format, but we'll burn that bridge when we get there. This means if you join our cult, you get the chance to write scripts and act them out over the radio waves. How exciting is that? Was that a rhetorical question?

As you all know, we've suffered the loss of not just another dorm, but a supportive community as well. Senior Haus. Steer Roast. Sportdeath. Words to some people, home to others. I don't know what strain of weed admin was smoking at the time, but it must have been some good shit to limit transparency on their side due to all that smoke. Wait, no transports or suicides in Senior Haus for years, you say? But I thought they were a debauchorous bunch who constantly drugged up on their way to lecture? And what about the cats and murals? Surely one would lose brain cells in such an environment? In any case, it is disconcerting that Senior Haus is gone as this demonstrates MIT's continuing desire to quell culture, as if it regards our dorms as a medium that cultivates disgusting bacteria. And this all happens right after Haus celebrated its 100-year anniversary.

As this magazine's own 100-year-anniversary fast approaches, my mind begins to wander and ponder o'er some questions. Will 100-year-old things at MIT suffer the same fate as Senior Haus? Will Voo Doo get depopulated, only to be filled with freshmen, then later graduate students? Will our Wile E. Coyote ever catch that dastardly Roadrunner? Tune in to the next issue of Voo Doo for the answers to these questions and so, so much more. Meep-meep, motherfuckers.



Iglesias



MIT Cancels Semester Because Snow Day

Amongst falling domesticated animals and foreboding storm warnings, MIT cancelled the spring semester due to the passage of a "totally wicked stahm" one day. After Boston's own WEATHER IS HAPPENING issued a warning saying "RAINBLOBS N LIGHTBLOBS HEAD N UR WAY; UR WEATHER LORDS R GOING 2 DELIVR U A SPESH .5 INCH OF WHITE; REPENT 2 UR WEATHER LORDS," MIT immediately took action by notifying everyone through MIT Alert that it was cancelling the semester. The administration's reasoning had to do with maintaining the safety of its students and faculty, which came to a surprise to students as many were happy to know that the administration was looking out for them.

MIT residence halls sent an email to their residents ordering them to remain in their dorms and to not step outside when the storm was in full force. They also sent an email reminding students to take necessary precautions and preparations before the storm rolled into town. Students residing in non-dining halls, such as East Campus, Random Hall, and New House, interpreted this email in a way that suggested they create weaponry and form factions as they feared they'd starve to death otherwise. Halls or floors in each of these dorms resorted to creating

clan-like governments with appointed chiefs who would either negotiate with others for food or wage war on other clans.

"Even after the clans formed, nothing's really changed for us," says Fifth East resident Magnum Dong. "I mean, we still sacrifice virgins (male or female, we're not sexist) to appease Krotus so as not to invoke his eternal wrath. The only difference now is that our clothes from Satanic Apparel will be used to intimidate our foes when we ride into battle rather than incoming freshmen. Heh, you should see the look in their eyes when we 'Kha-lee-mah' the fuck outta [sic] them."

The bloodiest of these altercations was the March Maseehcres, a siege waged by the clans on the dining halls in hopes of procuring food. The result of this battle, however, is too gory to be described in detail. All we can say is that there is no more Maseeh.

Though students were by no means to leave their dorms, the storm did not exempt them from continuing their education. In an email written by President Reif, students were to use MITx for all their classes, and they were expected to use Piazza as a means to communicate with their professor and collaborate with peers.



To submit psets, students had to brace the winter winds and drop them off at their respective pset boxes. Those who could not make it out alive received a 0 on their pset. At first, students expressed their contempt by posting angry messages on Piazza, some regarding the length of Reif's member, but after a few weeks, the frequency of these Anonymous posts died down as about half of the student population mysteriously disappeared.

The snow was expected to melt by the time summer came around, which the survivors students will have had to use the rest of their break to get reacquainted with the outside world. Facilities was instructed to clean up the mess in each dorm and promptly dispose of the bodies trash.

He's got quite the bark on him, doesn't he, ol' sport?

Suburbs Decimated By Amazon Drone Strikes

Amazon has done it again. What once seemed like science fiction is now a reality thanks to the multi-billion dollar company that monopolizes on all that is holy. Amazon has had success in the past with its various customer services, a notable one being Amazon Prime where customers pay untold riches every month to ship one package and then promptly forget to abuse the shit out of it. Recently, Amazon made headlines by revealing their new shipping service Amazon Prime Air, innovative not only in its service, but also in its name. Amazon Prime Air is a new delivery system from Amazon designed to get packages to customers in 30 minutes or less using D.R.O.N.E.S. (Defective Robots Operating Needlessly Every Season). Not only is it a more efficient way to deliver packages, but the new system will enable the company to cut costs by trimming some of its fat, and its fat employees, as well.

Jeff Bezos, CEO of Amazon, revealed the new service at a tech conference in Silicon Valley. "Gone are the days when packages were forced to rub elbows with the surface-dwellers. Now they will take to the sky where they will parachute down and wreak havoc on huma—erm, what I meant to say is, your packages will now fly to your doorstep with the click of a mouse," proclaimed Bezos, right before introducing the audience to the Head of the A.D.D. (Amazon Drone Department), former President Barack Obama. Obama's first task as department head was to test the Amazon drones in a region of the world that would be fine with things zipping and zopping through the air. Drawing from his extensive experience with drones, Obama chose Syria as Amazon Prime Air's test subject. In an act of goodwill, Amazon dropped its first package off to Assad, who was happy to find that it was a Nintendo Switch with a copy of 'Breath of the Wild.' "How did he know I was a massive Legend of Zelda fan?" asked a teary-eyed Assad upon receiving the package. The service was a huge hit in Syria, so Obama and his department were ready to tackle their own White Whale: the United States populace.

The A.D.D. began its preparations to launch Amazon Prime Air on the 4th of July, another American holiday commercialized to the point where its original meaning has been lost to the depths of time. *Voo Doo* was able to interview people in the local area as we all waited for the launch. Mazer Bonher, the neighborhood creep, said, "I think it's great because it'll allow me to sit in my home and wait for my hardcore pornography to fall from the sky and down my chimney." Candice Bloomington '20 said, "With the drones dropping off my packages through my window, I finally don't have

any reason to leave the confines of my room in McCormick." When the clock struck 18:16 (that's 17:76 for those who don't use military time), the drones left their respective warehouses and flew high into the sky with package in tow. Everyone was ecstatic at the sight of these drones; kids were jumping up and down, waving the American flag; fireworks flew everywhere, exploding into thousands of sparks at the apex of their downward parabola. However, something didn't feel quite right once the drones were airborne. This feeling was confirmed once the drones malfunctioned and started dropping their packages.

It was truly a sight to behold. As if in unison, the drones dropped their packages on cityfolk and suburbanites alike, though it was the suburbanites that were hit the hardest. Suburbs all across the nation were hit with a torrent of cardboard packages and, occasionally, wrapped gifts. Soccer moms and workaholic dads tried desperately to shield their kids from the onslaught of packages. Most families took refuge in the treehouses they built the previous summer. It was the aftermath, though, that cast a grim shadow on the United States. Reports concluded that there were heavy casualties. Boxes littered the streets; people were trapped under the cardboard rubble, though packages were delivered to the correct addresses on time, if not earlier than expected. In the words of a crazed hobo who thrust his 'End of Times' sign at me the other day, "No one is safe; all are equal under the drone."

The day after the attack, a day that has since come to be known as "July 4th," Barack Obama went to the press to issue an apology on behalf of Amazon. Obama said that his A.D.D. is one of the reasons why the incident occurred, and for that, he will assume full responsibility. The main reason, he continued, why the drones malfunctioned in the first place was bird shit. It turned out that Amazon hadn't accounted for the birds in the sky, so it came to no surprise that they had shit all over the drones, causing them to malfunction. Obama concluded his press statement by stressing that the drones were never intended to cause anyone harm and distress. This statement, however, did not prevent War Hawks in Congress to push for a declaration of war on Amazon, citing the recent attack as a pre-emptive strike on their part. One senator called the attack "the Pearl Harbor of the modern era since 9/11." If this does indeed get authorized by Congress, then consumerism as we know it may come to an end. What this means for the future...well don't ask me, I don't have a crystal ball. At least not with me at the moment.

*This issue was made under the influence of Beaver Lager.



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LATEX

Use a typesetting system, because the last thing you need is a Word document.

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No. 5

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Outstanding — and they are mild!

Got something funny to say? Send submissions to phos@mit.edu



Students transport live cow to roof of Class of 1893 Dormitory (East Campus, circa 1928, colorized)

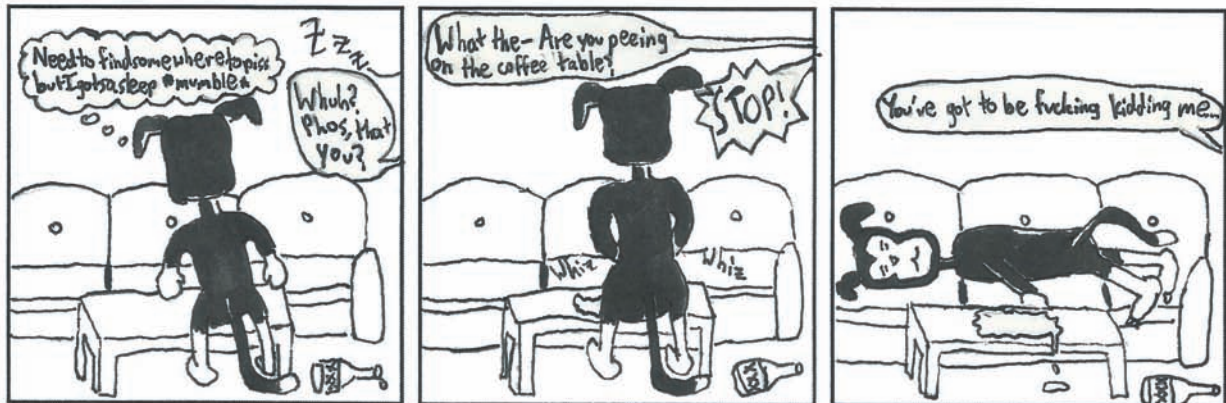
Phos T. Cat: By Jim Davis's Corpse



Blazed and Confused



Blackout #47



Iglesias 

Dear Phos...

Dear Phos,

I need some advice from you, O Great One. The thing is, everytime I step out onto the EC courtyard, getting ready to go to my morning classes, I am immediately face-to-face with a pair of breasts, a pair of asscheeks, and, occasionally, a pair of balls. Now, I don't mind just avoiding people if they want to be naked, but being naked in the courtyard is just not right. I'm extremely uncomfortable of nudity and would not have decided to move to EC had I known clothes were not allowed not only in the courtyard, but also in all the halls. I can't even speak to my GRT about any of my issues without having to see his junk. Hell, I'm not even comfortable seeing myself naked. In fact, everytime I shower, I'm always fully clothed lest I see my genitalia. You ever seen Tobias Funke from Arrested Development? Well, I'm a real-life never-nude. Anyways, I wanted to ask you for any advice you can give a close-minded person such as myself. I would hate for EC to turn into a wild, rambunctious dorm; that role is already given to Burton Conner.

Your straight-edge neighbor,
Donut Stickmen

Dear Donut,

Might I start off by saying "Ugghughgaarghh." Sorry, any mention of the word 'donut' puts me in a trance, and when I snap out of it, there's a puddle of saliva on the floor. Now, as for your predicament, I have to say it is a most interesting one, indeed. And when I say interesting, what I meant to say was "Seriously? How can you even handle seeing your own skin?" I get if you feel uncomfortable seeing someone naked against your own will, really I do. Whenever I go to the vet, I have to be shaven, forcing nearby humans to cast their eyes on my heavenly body. Even I would feel uncomfortable seeing myself. Personally, I don't see clothes, and quite frankly, you shouldn't either. You may retort by saying "But Phos, I myself don't see color, but I don't know how this analogy with clothes makes

any sense," and to that, I will refer you to my optometrist as he may be able to get your eyes checked. Eh, I guess this didn't really answer your question, but is it even expected of me? My job at Voo Doo is to lick my balls and make sure the next issue gets printed. ¿Comprende? Capiche?

40 licks to the center of my balls,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

I was walking along Dorm Row to my boyfriend's dorm when all of a sudden I saw the most adorable squirrel. I thought, hey, I'll take a picture of this squirrel eating and send it to my boyfriend, that way he can send me cutie-patootie messages in return. But when I got closer to the squirrel, slowly so it wouldn't run away, I noticed that it wasn't eating an acorn. The thing it held in its hands was white and rather slender. And then it struck me, the squirrel was eating a chicken bone. I didn't take a picture because it wasn't cutsie-wootsie, even though I know my boyfriend would've liked it. I wanted to know if you had any information regarding this rise in squirrels eating meat, primarily chicken. Is there some sort of conspiracy I'm not getting? Should I get my tinfoil béret?

Worried, worried, chicken, worried,
Jaundice Scurvy

Dear Jaundice,

Save your tinfoil béret for the 9/11 truthers. This isn't a conspiracy because that would imply some lunatic with too much time on their hands came up with something that would justify the time they purposely wasted. Oh, am I hitting on a nerve? Suffice to

say, it seems I have been found out, and I might as well come clean. For the past six months, I have been training the animals on campus in hopes of gathering an army that will topple the human-run institution. I started with the squirrels because the bunnies and I aren't on good speaking terms, but with this carrot I mutated in one of the labs, I think they'll come around. As part of the squirrels' training, I've changed their diet by only giving them chicken legs so that they could acquire an appetite for flesh. After chicken, it'll be steak, and after that, who knows, maybe it'll be time to unveil the final act. For the meantime, just pretend you didn't see anything and hurry along to that boyfriend of yours.

Future Supreme Overlord,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

What's up with all the dancing in Walker? I try to go to Voo Doo office hours whenever I can, but I end up stopping to gawk at all the people dancing. Seriously, that stuff is mesmerizing, so much so that sometimes I find myself joining them. The beats are insanely rhythmic, enough to shake my badonk-a-donk to and fro. No matter how much I try to avoid them, and oh how I try, I seem to always find my way to their dance practices. I have loads of material that could find a home in the next issue, but I don't know if they'll ever make it given that I can never go to your office. Since you live in Walker, I was hoping you could tell me more about the dance group that practices there, and hey, if it's not too much trouble, could you also put in a good word for me with the dance instructor? Thankee very much.

Your dance partner,
Nathan Eigenvalue

Dear Phos...

Dear Eigenvalue,

I would ask you for your resignation letter since you haven't been coming to office hours, but seeing that you never came in the first place, I'll try my best to let it slide. As for you, oh, how naive you are sweet, innocent Eigenvalue. Those people aren't dancing. No, in fact, they are performing a sacred ritual in the name of the dark lord, Gaglar the Punished. It is He who feeds off of their energy as they twist and turn, wriggle and writhe, flail and flounder about on the so-called 'dance floor.' The dances that you seem to have participated in are actually rituals that grant Gaglar corporeal abilities that enable Him to interact with the real world. Waltz allows Him to conjure hurricanes and tornadoes; swing and foxtrot give Him control over volcanoes and earthquakes; chacha serves as a mind control to gather new minions; salsa—well, salsa just cures His indigestion problems. Gaglar has a weak stomach as He hails from the 10th circle of hell, Mnalbar, known for its spicy food, though it's more of a fucked up ellipse than a circle. Also, judging by your last request, I think you're talking about Greg? Yeah, he and I go way back, all the way to our undergrad years when I was finding students to join Voo Doo and he was converting students to his cult through interpretive dance. Huh, I guess Greg and I aren't so different after all. Anyways, I'll make sure to let him know you'll swing by for the next ritual. Ha. Get it. Swing. Cuz it's a dance, but you're actually practicing a demonic ritual. Whatever.

Fuckito ergo sum,

phos



Phos

d r phos,

i am riting to u becoss i need ur help, pretty please with sprinkle dinkles on top? my daddys an energeer n my

mommys a paint lady, and and my daddy tolds me that when i grow up up up to be a big boi i can be aniting i wanna b. daddy sez i can b like him but i dont wanna b like him, i wanna b a vegtabl, mr phos can u show me how to b a vegtabl?

please?

dumbo s. trumpet

Dear Dumbo S. Trumpet,

Listen closely because I'm only going to say this once. Are you listening? Well don't, that's the first rule to becoming a vegetable. They can't listen, or do anything for that matter, so ignore everything, be limp, and stare off into space. Next thing you wanna do is have your parents wheel you around everywhere so you get plenty of sunlight. Use a wheelbarrow, wheelchair, whichever's convenient for you. As for food, you can try soiling yourself and soaking up the nutrients. Better yet, just have it fed directly into you, all you gotta do is ask your daddy for an IV. By far the most useful substance to you is organic matter because it improves the fertility of vegetables, so shit as often as you can, kiddo. If your friends also want to be vegetables, have them follow these important steps and you can have your very own vegetable garden. Just make sure all your parents irrigate the garden twice a week.

Your garden hoe,

phos

Phos



Dear Phos,

I am an incoming freshman about to undertake his four-year undergraduate career at this prestigious technical institute. After meticulously reviewing the different majors offered here, I believed I would be able to instantly choose one that ultimately determined

my future here on out, but it seems I am at an impasse as I have narrowed my choices down to only two courses: Courses II and VI. It appears that these two paths are extremely popular amongst the undergraduate community. I now ask if you would be so kind as to help me decide between these two superior majors and, perhaps, give some sort of reasoning behind your suggestion. I am but in your debt, Cat.

Mhmm, yes, quite,

Whiskey Tango Foxtrot

Dear Foxtrot,

Let's get this out of the way: you write like you've got a stick up your ass. Sorry, my anger management counselor told me always to begin conversations with a true statement about the other person, no matter how much I fucking hate them. So, Course II or VI, huh? If you do either, just know that I won't be able to tell the difference between you and the next guy. You all look the same to me, and if you want to call me majorist, fine, be my guest. Actually, there's an ol' limerick by the Techmen of yesteryear that might help you decide:

"We all know 2 plus 6 equals 8,
And that physicists love to procreate.
They get hot and sweaty
Dry humping the seats in 6-120,
Thinking of Feynman as they masturbate."

So there you have it. Become a physics major, or something. Let your dreams of being a corporate sellout fade into nonexistence as you make the transition into the self-jerking world of physics at MIT. As famous physicist Erwin Chodeinher once said, "In bed, I'm a top quark, and once I start doing her Bohr-style, her wave function collapses to a single orgasm-state."

Laughing at your quantum-sized dick,

phos

Phos



Media Lab Gives Disobedience Award to Henry David Thoreau

Earlier this year, the Media Lab announced the launch of the Disobedience Award, a \$250,000 award that will go to an individual or group that furthers society by engaging in "extraordinary disobedience." Jubjub Eato, the director of the Media Lab, believed that this award would be able to raise awareness about the effectiveness of disobedience in furthering society while simultaneously doing nothing to question the status quo.

In the weeks leading up to the announcement of the award's recipient, the MIT community expected the Media Lab to acknowledge the efforts by Senior Haus residents to protest the sudden demise of their century-old culture. After the depopulation of their dorm, Haus residents, as well as students from both sides of campus, came together and organized various forms of protest in response to the actions of the administration, which included sit-ins, sleep-ins, and crank calls to President Reif's candlestick telephone.

Elk A. Hollic '18, Baker-but-moved-to-Senior-Haus-but-recently-homeless-but-soon-to-be-under-the-Charles-River resident, believed that the group of Senior Haus residents protesting the administration should be the prime candidate for the Disobedience Award. "I mean, Haus residents are, like, totes trying to unite East and West Campus in an effort to, uh, demonstrate the shared belief on campus that pineapple on pizza is evil incarnate, brah. Oh, and I guess the marginalization of minorities, underprivileged groups, and LGTBQ communities is bad as well, or something like that. Does anyone wanna do some polyaxleamphetamine with me?"

After months of deliberation, Eato finally announced the winner in the Media Lab late July. "It is my greatest pleasure to stand before you today and announce the recipient of the Disobedience Award. This person has demonstrated bravery in the face of adversity. He puts the 'trans' in 'transcendental.' Hell, he's even written *the essay* on 'Civil Disobedience.' Ladies and gentlemen, please give a round of applause for Henry David Thoreau!" A body that appeared to be recently exhumed from the ground was then dropped near the podium by a burly man. Thoreau remained motionless, splayed on the floor, as the award money rained down on him like confetti before the silent and confused crowd. Eato, the lone voice in the room at this point, was jumping up and down as he cheered madly. "Ah, yeah, shake that coccyx, baby. Whoo!"

After failing to secure an interview with the skeletal remains of the winner, this *Voo Doo* reporter approached the director in hopes of getting an interview with him. I initiated the conversation by asking Eato why he picked Thoreau, a man who has reportedly been dead for over 150 years. "You're not the first person to ask me that, and you certainly won't be the last. Yes, he's dead, but that doesn't mean he still isn't opening up a can of whoop-ass from beyond the grave. For instance, even though the man's six feet under, he's still refusing to participate in his institutions by not paying any taxes. Now, that takes some balls, well, I guess it took his. It just makes sense to give it to the guy, ya know? I mean, there's no one else in the world right now who is protesting the unjust actions of an institution, actions that threaten the livelihood of their families and friends. Literally no one."

During the interview, the topic of Senior Haus was brought up, as many in the community believed the actions the residents took to protest the depopulation of their dorm merited the award as opposed to the actions of a bag of bones that would whine in his essays. "Senior Haus?" asked the bewildered Eato, whose furrowed eyebrows merged into one. "You mean the building in front of us is a dorm? I thought it was just space for a future annex to the Media Lab. Ok, fine, listen, if we gave it to a group like theirs, it would be a conflict of interest, not because we're giving the award to an internal group from MIT, but because my bosses don't want people to challenge them. The less people know about Senior Haus's protests, the more funding and power I'm granted. Also, if I had to choose between a group of student protesters and a dead philosopher for the award, I'd choose the one that ends with me still having a job."

When asked about the rumors regarding the pervasiveness of plagiarism and nepotism in the Media Lab, Jubjub Eato proceeded to jump out of the fourth floor of the building, land on all fours, and run down Ames St., never to be seen again.

With that, we at *Voo Doo* want to congratulate Mr. Thoreau in being awarded this prestigious reward, and we hope to see more acts of civil disobedience from the philosopher in the years to come. As for the ex-Senior Haus residents, just remember, second comes right after first. In other words, you're shit.

Turkey's Turnkey Turns His Key, Locks Up Entire Country



Editor's note: What?! Voo Doo Goes International? That's right, folks. After giving the scoop of what really goes down under the cash register in Verdes, Voo Doo has decided to expand from campus news to tackle international stuff. We know it's not Thanksgiving, yet, but we're betting fifty schmeckles the turkey Trump will pardon is none other than Turkish President Erdoganorrhea, or as he goes by in his native tongue, Stronzo. Gobble-gobble-gobble.

After suspecting everyone was in on the coup attempt this entire time, Turkish President Smalldick Stronzo has thrown every one of his constituents in prison. Oh? You don't recall a recent coup attempt in Turkey last summer? Well, just let good 'ol Phos give you the rundown as to what happened. As the Residents droned on in their famous song, "Here I Come Constantinople." Well, I guess it's called Istanbul now, but that doesn't make for a good song, now does it?

On July 15, 2016, a coup d'état was attempted in Turkey against the government and President Fuckface. The coup was carried out by a faction within the Turkish Armed Forces which attempted to seize control of several key locations such as Istanbul and Ankara. During the coup, social media such as Facebook, Twitter, and YouTube was restricted, preventing citizens to share information to each other and the outside world, although surprisingly Turkey's version of Tinder, Siktir, surged in its number of active users. Military planes flew low over Ankara as they dropped presents, wrapped with bow and all, onto the streets below. At one point, a toddler was placed in command of the country, but he was essentially just a puppet ruler.

At the time, Jerkoff was holed up in Marmaris, a Mediterranean resort, getting a tan, so when Turkish television studios tried to FaceTime him, they were met with the sight of Dickneck and his tiny orange member. During the interview, the president called on Turks to respond to the coup by convening at public squares and airports; that way they'd protect government officials from stray bullets. After the coup resulted in failure, the president arrived at Istanbul's Ataturk airport where he jumped up and down, shaking his fists as he vowed to arrest those who were involved. The Turkish prime minister called the events "a black stain" on Turkish democracy, though I believe Tide can work its magic and wipe it off.

After the coup attempt, Douche-McGouche acted quickly in declaring a state of emergency for three months, granting him power comparable to that of a high school bully. Then at the last second, he used his power to extend the state of emergency. It was reported that this process will continue indefinitely, at least until the Sun swallows us whole and shits us into a black hole, a.k.a. the Universe's toilet. The state of emergency enabled the president to purge not only the Turkish military service, but also the public and private sector. The president also shut down radio stations, newspapers, and television channels, including one that exclusively aired reruns of the Simpsons. Some speculate that the coup attempt was staged by President Schmuck Asshat to improve his public image, but this is giving him far

too much credit than he deserves. I mean, he's no Bush, amirite?

Since 2016, Turdmuffin has suspended tens of thousands of Turks, and it seemed as if he wasn't going to stop there. Everyone who was involved in the coup has been either suspended or arrested, so what gives? Turns out, Mr. Fustercluck doesn't take too kindly to dissenting opinions about him. Anybody who disagrees with the President on any matter is suspended from their job immediately. The matters can range from questioning his ability to effectively act as president to the caterpillar above his lip he calls a mustache. Is that all? Hayir, ahem, sorry, something was stuck in my throat. I mean no. President Thundercunt has gone so far as even suspending and arresting his own supporters for not supporting him enough. Even if a Turkish citizen says that President Pendejo is the greatest president in the world, they'll go to jail because they didn't say he was the best in the universe. And if they say he was the best in the universe, they'll get the chair because they didn't compare him to God Himself.

As of today, every single Turk is in jail save for the president. The King is alone in his kingdom, and he has no one to blame but everybody. Ankara has fallen into ruins, and overgrown vegetation steadily crawls along every surface, covering crumbling buildings as it grows inch by inch. Tightwad prances around the city to hunt for food and supplies, but when he comes back to his house, there is no one to welcome him. His loneliness is mitigated by the companionship of a stray German Shepherd, interactions with mannequins he has set up around Ankara, and recordings of his political rallies. At night, he retires to his heavily fortified home to hide from the outside world. His only purpose now is to develop a cure for secularism.

I take solace in the fact that news outlets and serious publications such as *Voo Doo* can serve as a voice of dissent for those who have been silenced by President Shiitake Mushrooms. After all, I'm holed up here in Walker, a bamillion miles away from Turkey, so there's no way I'll get arrested for saying this shit. In fact, you, my voracious readers, may not be able to see, but I'm bending over and mooning eastward towards Turkey as I type. If only those Turks can see me now. Huh, there's knocking on the door. Oof! Hey, the fuck are you all doing here?! Stop mumbling and answer my question. Whoa, don't point those guns at me. Look I'll give you anything, ANYTHING! My ass, you want my ass? Fine, ream me, I don't care. No, don't drag me, stop, stop, stopaiejpdfjadsksp9iejsdiojkm03[r9032oioifdklj aeff804iunh4089sendhelpelpmehelpmeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

This, you should read.
We do news. Good.
Thank you.

The Daily Doo Doo

Continuous
News Service
Since 1881 B.C.

Vol. CIII NO. 1

Cambridge, Massachusetts

\$2.00

Local Postmaster Licks Stamp, Ends Up Tripping

—SOMERVILLE, MA

It was a typical day for the employees and customers at the local post office. Larry S. David, the postmaster, had just started his morning routine: managing the distribution facility, supervising clerks, and enforcing the organization's rules. When processing a letter, David, for the first time in his life, licked a stamp and placed it on the envelope. For the next several hours, onlookers reported seeing the now naked postmaster covering every inch of himself in stamps with a primal and inexplicable compulsion, repeatedly saying "This is one heavy package."

David described his hallucinations in vivid detail afterwards. Within two hours of the lick, he thought that the cars outside the post office were horses. This thought prompted him to believe he had traveled back in time to the days of the Pony Express. Employees have stated that the postmaster went up to each of them and asked if they could ride a horse, and if so, would they be able to deliver a letter to a Mr. Clive Bonsworth in Sacramento, California post-haste.

"After that, Larry started screaming to us that he could see all the mail, as in he could see the content through the envelope," says Phor Loko, one of the clerks on duty. "He was afraid he had violated the most sacred rule of not reading people's mail, so he tried to jump in one of the sorting machines, but luckily, we were able to restrain him. Poor guy."

"Never in my career as a postmaster, much less as a clerk, have I licked any stamps," said David. "Stamps are self-adhesive now, so there is no need for anyone to lick a stamp. I don't know what compelled me to do it, I, I guess I was just curious, is all. I just wanted to try it once, but I didn't know I'd almost end up mailing myself halfway to Siberia. I didn't begin to feel the effects until a half-hour after I put the stamp on a customer's envelope."

Worried that postmasters and other USPS employees will start tripping daily, USPS has announced they will be removing stamps as a form of postage. From now on, a drop of one's blood on the envelope is enough of a payment of postage. Though philatelists around the country are upset with the news, they are suddenly interested in closely examining their collection of stamps with their tongues.

Man Ends Life Early By Moving To Florida

—CAMBRIDGE, MA

Having become aware of the fact that he has accomplished every goal he's set out for himself, 22-year-old Bobby F. Ukitall told this *Doo Doo* reporter the sudden realization had prompted him to move to Florida. "One day I was out watering my plants, beautiful plants might I add, and it dawned on me that if my life ended that very moment, I would be perfectly happy and have absolutely no regrets," said Ukitall, explaining later that one

possible way of going out would be getting plowed by a rogue garbage truck.

"I did everything I ever wanted to do here on this planet, and I'm pretty content with my life up until now. That's why I figured I might as well just retire from life and move to Florida. I thought about this long and hard, as I knew this would devastate my family, but I left them a note explaining that I was going to a better place, and that they would soon be able to see me once their time has come." At the end of the interview, Ukitall had begun to pack his golf clubs and twenty packs of 100 SPF sunscreen.

Uber Launches Self-Maiming Car Service To The Public

—CAMBRIDGE, MA

For a long while, the only means of traversing the city streets to get to your destination was by either walking, getting a cab, or hopping on the T, but each had a high probability of you getting stabbed. A few years ago, though, saw the emergence of a new type of service that could get you from place to place and simultaneously minimize stabbing per capita. This service took the form of ridesharing apps, which come in all sorts of different flavors, the more prominent ones being Uber, Lyft, and the new rickshaw service that will replace MIT SafeRide in the fall. Uber, however, has seen a steady growth in daily active users, as college students are busy being too lazy to even walk to the restroom.

While Uber holds some level of market power, it seems that even more competitors have entered the ring, hoping to dethrone Uber from its kingly status. Anticipating this threat, Uber has launched their fleet of self-driving cars, though with a fresh new take on the ridesharing business. *The Daily Doo Doo* was able to learn more about this new service from the CTO and CEO of Uber.

"When you schedule a ride with a self-driving car, the app, which already contains your biographical information, integrates with GPS data to match you with a car most suited to your lethargic needs," said Uber CTO Fob Watchdog. "Once the car has reached your location, it will promptly rev up its engine to inform you that it is ready to turn you into roadkill. This is your cue to desperately run away, though screaming is optional. As you run, the car will steadily guide you to your destination, and before you know it, you have arrived with your body intact. Hopefully."

"We spent most of our initial venture capital on suits to look more professional, that way we could go to another fund and ask for more money in order to buy more suits for the next meeting. It got a little out of hand towards the end, but we were able to use our remaining funds to develop the service," explained Uber CEO Travis Koaladick, right before he rolled off of his chair and out the office in his ball of clothes.

Uber has gotten the MIT community as well as Cambridge locals

MIT's Longest
Running Dick Joke

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Misrepresenting
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abuzz with anticipation of the new service. One office man I bumped into the other day is especially excited for the launch of the self-driving car service. "Finally. A completely novel way in getting myself to exercise. Now I have no need to get a lifetime gym membership only to go twice a year. All I need is to run for my fucking life to my office, burning calories AND my wallet!"

It truly is an ingenious strategy the team at Uber devised: Trick the consumer into thinking they will get a ride, and then, at the last minute, have the car try to run them over, thus forcing them to run to their destination. Although this leaves the consumer without a ride and with an irrational fear of cars, Uber has proven that self-driving cars are the way of the future. Truly, truly ingenious.

Andy's Novelty Mug Starting To Get On Our Nerves

—SIMMONS HALL

Students around campus have put aside their differences to rally against a common enemy in the form of Andy's novelty mug. For those of you who don't know him, Andy is an asshole who thinks he's better than everyone else just because he has an over-sized mug that says "Ask me about my mug." He carries that thing around with him everywhere, even when he goes to take a whizz. I wouldn't be surprised if he drank his own bodily fluids provided they were poured into his Holy Grail.

You're probably wondering if we're just cockgoblins and trying to smear Andy, but believe us when we say that everybody thinks he's a complete and unrepentant bastard. Oh, you don't? Well, read what other people had to say about Andy and his mug and form your own opinions.

Hallmate, Osti O. Pérosis: *"Honestly, I'm tired of Andy's shit. He goes to the lounge every morning with coffee in his mug and a smile on his face. Smug bastard thinks he's God's gift to Earth."*

8.01 lecturer, Professor Snrub: *"Andy? Oh, that kid. He aggravates me to no end. He comes to every one of my office hours, and before I begin to answer any questions he has, he brings out his ridiculous mug and starts sipping it, saying 'Mhmmm' over and over. Kings among men, my ass."*

Ex-girlfriend, Mary Swiss: *"Andy wasn't always like this. He was sweet, caring, and, most of all, he drank out of a styrofoam cup like the rest of us. I couldn't ask for anything more in a man. But when he came back from his home during the winter break, Andy seemed a little...off. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but before we were about to embrace each other upon his return, he pulled out this awful mug. He kept saying how he was happy he found it at a TJ-Maxx back home, but after awhile, I couldn't hear him due to the shock. I realized that day my boyfriend had died in that TJ-Maxx and the 'thing' before me was just the mug possessing his reanimated corpse."*

It is our utmost duty here in *Doo Doo* to warn our readers about this distressing situation. We urge you, nay, we implore you to keep away from this prick. If you see him in the Infinite with his mug, steer clear of him, and most importantly, don't ever hold his mug lest you turn into an arrogant ass.

Student Puts Backpack Down After Lifelong Struggle With Tear

—EAsT camPUS

Tragedy struck yesterday in East Campus as Fook Mi '21 was preparing to attend her first lecture of the fall semester. While Fook was placing books, journals, and writing utensils in her straight-edge style Jansport backpack, the strain of all these items on the bag proved to be too much, causing the tear on its underside to widen before giving way, thereby spilling the bag's guts onto her carpeted floor. The grisly sight of her backpack ripped at the seams with its entrails littering the floor traumatized Fook to no end, and after hearing a scream from her room, the neighboring residents rushed in only to find that Fook had fainted, lying right next to her backpack's dismembered body.

Fook, who lives in the backpack-optional hall of Sixth East, says that, though she is heartbroken about her backpack's untimely death, she had seen it coming for a long time. "I brought my backpack from back home hoping that we'd continue our adventures together at MIT," said a red-eyed Fook, her tears having long since evaporated. "We had some great memories growing up with each other during high school, like cuddling each other before going to sleep, or keeping my art projects safe from stupid Billy Waterson...I got my backpack at a garage sale knowing full well that it had a hole on its bottom, but I didn't let it deter me from gaining a new friend. No, my best friend." With the help of her GRT, Fook put the backpack out of its misery by removing its shoulder straps, but not before letting out a wail that rang throughout the halls of the East Side dorm. A vigil will be held in the EC courtyard this Saturday. Students are asked to bring their backpacks to pay their respects.

The Daily Doo Doo Waiting For News To Break, Will Update Later

—DOO DOO OFFICE, 50-309

Unfortunately, our sources have reported that no news has broken as of yet. Witnesses have informed our reporters that there are no breaking developments to the ongoing situation, which remains largely unchanged. *The Blech* also reports that everything is the same since the last development, though we really can't take their word for it. We will keep our readers up-to-date on whether or not the news has, indeed, broken.

In other breaking news, the amount of times we have used the word "breaking" in our report is staggering. *Doo Doo* is now questioning using the word "breaking" as it may have now lost its meaning. We wonder if this word can ever be taken seriously again.

The Blech Explains: Why We Ran the Egg Donor Ad

Editor's note: Earlier this year, a controversial ad was run in an issue of The Blech. The ad in question offered money to a student of Asian ethnicity provided they donate their eggs to an affluent Caltech alumnus. The Blech sent the following letter to our office so as to set the facts straight. We present the letter below in its entirety.

For over a century, *The Blech* has solidified itself as a trusted on-campus news source that many people turn to for impeccable reporting. Every week it is read by the MIT community, all whom rely on "MIT's oldest and largest newspaper", for the most crucial, up-to-date information on current events. With this in mind, you may ask, why did we run the "Genius Asian Egg Donor Wanted" ad back in our March 23 issue?

It's a great question, and the answer is actually quite trivial. It was an attempt to get you all riled up so that we could funnel everyone's attention to our newspaper, which in turn would allow us to get more revenue from advertisers.

There was **absolutely** no reason for this ad to be placed in our newspaper. In fact, putting this ad in the issue was actually doing, if anything, a disservice to the public, probably even a disservice to the men and women fighting for our freedom overseas, those suffering from the ongoing turmoil in Syria, or, hell, even people who wanted to read an ad about shoes. In fact, after poorly conducting an anonymous survey, we've found that the ad in question significantly decreased the IQ of those found within a 15-ft. radius of our newspaper.

But man, oh man, did this spark some buzz around campus, which is why I, Olivia Newton-John '17, actress of Grease fame and chairman of *The Blech*, approved the ad. Because it did not fall under any of the three categories that I look for before rejecting an ad, with the wave of my hand, I allowed the ad to remain, even though its insensitive nature would trigger our readers.

Now, let's get back to why we ran the egg donor ad in our newspaper, thereby saying, essentially, that ads similar to this should be given priority over ads about shoes. If you saw the ad and got upset, you probably sent us an angry email in response, perhaps even two, who knows how pissy people are these days. These emails that poured into our inbox would increase our overall triggered rate. Don't know what that is? I guess only those in the newz biz[sic] know these technical terms. The triggered rate is the percentage of people in the MIT community who send angry emails to us in response to any content in our newspaper. If we can keep the triggered rate high, we can show advertisers

that people actually read our newspaper and ask for mucho dinero.

As chairman of *The Blech*, I want our readers to know this: All you are to us, and all you ever will be, are eyeballs. Eyeballs, eyeballs, eyeballs. We at *The Blech* can't get enough of your eyeballs. The more eyeballs on our newspaper, the more cha-ching we can ask for. If we're able to do something that gets more eyeballs, like this ad, that means I've done my job, which encourages me to put even more stupid bullshit on our college's newspaper.

It may seem odd for me, the chairman, to call it stupid bullshit, but we all know it's stupid bullshit. We know it. You know it. We also know that you're dumb enough to pick up a copy of *The Blech*, and that you will continue to do so as long as we keep putting it all around campus.

That's on you, not us.

To be sure, I could have argued that the ad was satire all along and was meant as a catalyst for readers to enter critical debates about controversial issues, such as the perpetuation of racial and sexist stereotypes as well as the vulnerability of college students stuck in dire financial situations. I could have said that all this was simply *The Blech* trying to one-up *Voo Doo* in the satire department, and for a while, we had you all fooled. If we can get you to think that we can do this better than MIT's dirty humor rag then we would have succeeded. That is, if the ad was indeed something original we came up with, but who the fuck are we kidding?

Truth be told, this was a real advertisement; I'm not shitting you. There really is a Caltech alum out there who wants your eggs, but in these trying times, who can blame him? I mean, does the ad stereotype and objectify Asian women? Sure. Is there blatant racism, classism, and sexism in the man's preference? Hell yes! Does *The Blech* consider the safety of MIT students above all else? Considering we have run this ad multiple times in the past, I think you can answer that question for yourself.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have an ad about shoes I need to reject.



Facilities Become God-Tier Hackers In Attempt to Stop Other Hackers

In an effort to prevent hackers from accessing the sub-basement of Building 9, as well as other prominent hacking locations, MIT Facilities have mastered the art of breaking and entering to the point that their skills now rival the best of MIT's community of hackers. For years, hackers have opened doors they were not meant to enter, though not necessarily an opposite-gendered restroom, and pulled off ridiculous feats to send a statement to the MIT community. Lately, though, it seems that the Institvte is cracking down on hackers in order to send a message of their own: safety. That's right, the "Tute wants us to be safe. The heathens, don't they know I have the right to deface my body in any way I see fit? For this reason, MIT has tasked Facilities to block off known hacking locations so as to prevent students from attempting to gawk at them.

The sub-basement of Building 9, commonly referred to as Sub-9 by elitists, was the first to go in the recent wave of hacker prevention. Facilities has erected a fence with barbed wire around the area containing the hacker murals, according to a statement issued by the Department of Facilities. The statement emphasized that "we would never, ever, ever, EVER, plan to remove the murals or any of the sign-ins, at least while the students are watching. All we're doing is placing a barrier to prevent students from hurting us while we remove their murals and sign-ins."

And if you think it can't get any worse, DSL is planning to take high-resolution photos of the murals in Sub-9 and post them on the Internet Superhighway. This will make the photos accessible to the MIT community, even the portion who will claim to have gone hacking but have never once stepped foot outside their dorm, let alone their own skin. Having attended the play "Hack, Punt, Tool" doesn't mean that you've gone hacking, no matter how many times Smithy Smithersonson from down the hall tells you.

Besides Sub-9, there are many other hacking locations that have been de-hacked, or, as it was coined by Conifer Jones '19, "facilitated." If you happen to be in the vicinity of a hacking location and notice fences and barbed wire preventing you from investigating, then, sadly, that location has been facilitated. It is our duty as "MIT's only intentionally fake news magazine" to report that most of your favorite hacking locations have been facilitated, which include, but are not limited to: Verdes, the Chancellor's office, and MIT Medical. The Alchemist is not fenced off from the public, but it does have an electric current flowing

through its mathematical symbols so as to keep the ~~eattle~~ students from putting silly hats on it. (On a side note, the tourists are sure in for a shocking surprise.) Hell, even the Big Dome has barbed wire surrounding its edge. Come to think of it, the barbed wire makes it appear as if the dome is wearing a crown of thorns. And On the Third Day, Jack Florey Rose from the Dead.

Hackers have begun their initiative in de-de-hacking locations by attempting to remove these fences. However, as one anonymous hacker told me in an email, it seems as if Facilities are "tough hombres that have walled the shit out of everything" and "have prevented us from climbing over their fences," including one poor soul that got caught in the barbed wire. His skeletal remains serve as a reminder to all that loose clothes and baggy jeans, though hip and hoppity, have no place in a hacker's closet. On top of that, hackers have discovered that Facilities have drawn their own sign-in, a plant in a pot, at every location they've facilitated. Plants. I see them everywhere. The Infinite. Stata. The basement. The roof. Even the MIT seal in Lobby 7 was replaced by a plant. Even at night, under the cover of darkness, when I close my eyes and let Mr. Sandman take me away to Dreamland, all I can see is the plant. I feel if I gouged my eyes out this very moment, it wouldn't make a difference, as the image has imbedded itself in my head. Now I am become Plant, the destroyer of murals.

On a related note, not all of Facilities are well-versed in the art of hacking as of yet, so to keep everyone up-to-date, as well as show newcomers the way of the Plant, veterans host an informal tour of MIT known as Kumquat Tours. Throughout the tour, Facilities take the inexperienced to all the locations they've blocked off as well as future hacking sites that will get the ol' Plant fixaroo. Though these tours are supposed to be on the hush-hush, down low, too slow, we here at *Voo Doo* were able to acquire information about this from a rogue Plant who felt that his colleagues have made MIT "to[sic] safe for the students."

And thus, we present this information and many more coming down the information pipeline to you, the MIT hacking community. *Voo Doo* is committed to preventing students from falling into safety, so we urge our readers to strike back and reclaim our penchant for danger, excitement, and, most of all, sheer madness.

Porn Captioner Reveals All

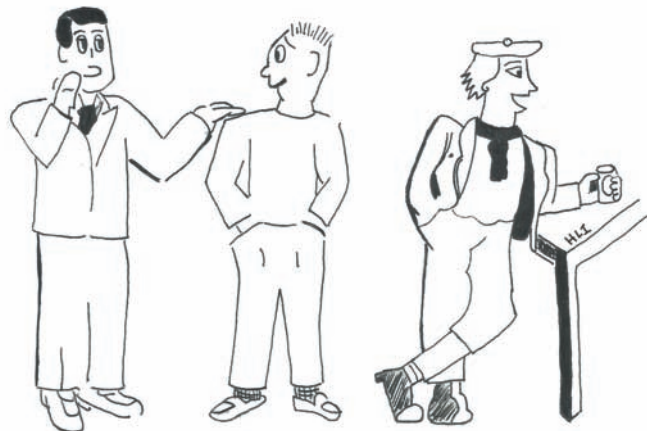
Last month, a book titled "Reading into Orgasms: Closed Captioning in Porn" hit bookstores nationwide. Throughout the book, the author, a charity-worker-turned-porn-captioner by the name of Cunning Lyngquist, reveals the porn industry's decision to start captioning their videos as well as the process behind converting sexual noises into text.

In the book's first chapter, Lyngquist discusses the reasons why porn is captioned in the first place. "Normally, you'd think that porn involves not only seeing sexual imagery, but also the audio that supplements the experience," says Lyngquist. "However, not everyone can listen to the audio, and without it, the whole experience is incomplete...I used to be a charity worker who helped deaf people overcome issues they encountered in their daily lives. I couldn't just sit idly by while these poor deaf people continued to be on unequal footing with the rest of us listening folk when it comes to onanism, so I decided to use my listening skills to translate sex into text."

Lyngquist uses the next few chapters to explain the process of creating closed captioning for porn. He says his job is to capture the nuances and overtones in the sexual moans and groans found in most porn videos. "It's not as simple as one might think. I can't listen to a man or woman getting fucked and type 'ahahhhhhhhh's and 'oohhhooohh's. That's just cheap. I need to help hearing-impaired people get their groove on, and using the same two letters over and over again just won't cut it."

Instead, Lyngquist and other captioners in the industry use an assortment of linguistic tools to capture the subtle variations in moans. Rather than constraining himself to using two letters at a time, the captioner has the option to use many other letters such as i, g, and n, as well as umlauts, tildes, and accents. "With this selection of letters and modifiers, I am able to accurately convey the feeling of ecstasy a porn star has when they orgasm. For instance, instead of 'ahhahhah oohhohh', I can type 'æhhñahnngiáhh ööhhohhühnnghí.' Wow, just reading that made me almost cream my pants."

Though the brunt of his work deals with conveying



Looks like the frosh is enjoying being on Pabst/No Record.

the ecstasy feel of the moans, Lyngquist also captions for oral sex, though he admits this is a little more difficult. "Fellatio and cunnilingus are tougher to caption because the sounds that arise are greatly muddled by noise. Theoretical captioners, however, have recently come up with an algorithm that picks out the specific letters and modifiers that encode the subtle gagging sounds while decreasing the noise. At this point in time, experimental captioners are trying to get their results in line with the theory, so we are really at the bleeding edge of oral captioning."

Lyngquist not only captions the sex bits, but he also captions the moments where there appears to be plot in the porn video. He does concede to the notion that plot in porn is dumb and banal, which most agree is fine because they're not touching themselves to that, at least this writer hopes so. Because of this, Lyngquist tries to come up with his own interesting plot even if it's nowhere near the actual one. This way the viewer can be enthralled by the text on the screen and watch the entire video rather than skipping straight to the sex.

Lyngquist concludes his book by expressing his love for his job. "I feel extremely fortunate because I get paid to watch porn everyday and actually make a difference in people's lives. Not to mention, with the prevalence of porn on the Internet, I have a pretty secure job...Next time you watch porn, try watching it without the sound. Let's see how fast you cum with the captions on."

PRESS RELEASE

New Dorm is Built in the Charles River to House Depopulated SH Residents

Shortly after stating that Senior House will be depopulated, Residential Death and Whining (RDAW) assured students that they would have a safe place to continue their traditions in their new dorm. With that, housing immediately announced their plans for Project Submarine 2017.

According to housing, the point of Project Submarine is to take advantage of all the space being wasted on the bottom of the Charles River by constructing a new dorm for the newly displaced Senior Haus residents. The plan, which was announced early July by President L. "Riff" Raffle "Spicy" Reify and Chancellor Sin(θ) Braveheart, has already been set in motion, and the dorm is slated to finish construction early September.

In an email sent privately to Senior Haus residents, which then disseminated amongst the entire undergrad community, Braveheart explained the issues administration had with Senior Haus as well as the reasoning behind the project's hasty implementation. "Initially, we didn't want to keep them together, so we tried to separate them across all remaining dorms, to spread their culture thin, but after realizing they'd just end up protesting, we came to the conclusion that we can definitely keep the Senior House community alive, provided that they lived at the bottom of the Charles River."

"I wholeheartedly praise the Senior House community for fostering a healthy environment that supports LGTBQs, URMs, STIs, and a variety of acronyms," said Reify in a press statement, "which is why we are relocating them to the bottom of the Charles so that the community is kept alive."

Housing has also been quoted with saying that they will "provide each student a new set of lead shoes in order to help make their transition to the bottom of the Charles be as smooth as fucking possible." RDAW has said that they envision a new community with Project Submarine, one that fosters the camaraderie similar to that found in a

1958 nuclear submarine crew.

The new dorm is said to be modeled after the Yellow Submarine so as to keep the residents in a perpetual acid-induced trip where they only see skies of blue and seas of green; however, radioactivity from the dorm's nuclear reactor is the most likely culprit behind hallucinations. Beds will be located inside the dorm's torpedo tubes, though residents should not be worried about the possibility of being propelled underwater towards an unsuspecting sail boat as they are not functional.¹

"Everything I have done was out of a deep concern for the residents' well-being," said Braveheart in an exclusive interview with *Voo Doo*. "I thought that they had always wanted a secluded area to act as their safe haven, and what better place than a decrepit submarine at the bottom of the Charles. Meanwhile, House residents won't be able to contaminate the minds of incoming freshmen, so it's a win-win for everyone."

Although Braveheart had more to say on the matter, she had to end the interview early as she was exhausted from her treadmill desk. She explained that she modded her desk to always be at full sprint so she can get better at running away from all these problems.

Others were not ready to accept the Chancellor's answer and even questioned the administration's motives behind the depopulation of Senior Haus.

"Seems as though administration wants to kill not only east side culture, but student involvement in major decisions as well," remarked Burton Th3rd resident Bomb-omb Killjoy '19. "It disgusts me how MIT tries to lure in these free-spirited people to live in one area only to immediately undermine their living space. Geez, I didn't realize I was going to school at Caltech."

¹ RDAW has not confirmed this at the time of this writing.

PRESS RELEASE, CONT'D

Senior Haus Finally Lives Up to its Name, Drug Culture to Persist

With students out of the picture, 70 Amherst Street has finally fallen silent. Seeing as there is an empty dorm near the Charles, MIT has decided to make some money on the side by converting Senior Haus into a retirement home. RDAW advertised to local senior citizens immediately after the Senior Haus shutdown.

Though many are upset at the decision to convert MIT's oldest student dormitory into an elderly home, the newest residents have assured Voo Doo that the artistic culture will persist as long as they have anything to do about it. Ellen R. Rugby SC (Senior Citizen), who is now living in Towers, expressed her intention to paint new murals now that the old ones were unfortunately whitewashed.

"Don't you worry about the murals, sunny boy. I'm gonna pour paint all over my wrinkly body and rub my saggy tits on the wall, but not before I pop my daily pills," she says. "Gotta keep the drug culture alive, baby. Ahh, I haven't felt this alive since Woodstock."

With the loss of yet another dorm, MIT is forced to come up with an alternative solution to the

housing crisis. The initial plan was to give freshmen the options of living in doubles, triples, or quads, removing the option to live in a single. However, upon realizing this would lead to rampant sex among roommates, it was decided

that a crawl space would be constructed above the Infinite Corridor. This would give about a foot and a half for a layer of infinite beds, thus solving the housing problem forever.

Regardless of the wide-ranging opinions on the sactions imposed on

Senior Haus, there is a consensus among the community that this will drastically alter MIT's campus both due to its historic ties to the dorm dating back to MIT's move to Cambridge in 1916 and the housing crisis, which has placed pressure on dorms to accomodate more students than intended. By closing Senior Haus to the undergraduate community, MIT has removed yet another vital organ from the student body. Beavers are set to arrive later this week to start construction on the underwater dorm, while senior citizens have already begun to fill the vacancy at E2.



Follow the bouncing ball, kiddos: "We all live in a dilapidated pile of shit, a dilapidated pile of shit, a dilapidated pile of shit."

The students come to Cambridge

Sexodus, 19.

The Ten MIT Values

Chapter 19

And in the third month, when the students had been led forth by President Maclaurin from the land of Copley Square, on the same day came they to gather into the expanse of the Great Court.

2 There they had pitched great tents over the parched grass and camped before the holy Great Dome.

3 The Laws of Nature came forth to Maclaurin and spake saying: Ye have seen what I did to Harvard, thus breaking the bondage of their cruel, absorptive contract, and how I bare ye across the Charles River deep and wide upon structurally sound and stable bridges.

4 Now therefore, if ye live and work and keep thy covenant according to the optimized laws of research and study ye shall be a most holy institvte, and I shall reveal unto ye the most intimate secrets of my nature, above all other universities.

5 And Maclaurin came and called for his most elder scientists, and laid the words of The Laws of Nature before them.

6 And then all the students answered together and said all that The Laws of Nature have commanded shall be made so.

7 And so Maclaurin and the elder scientists went about designing the holy apparatus which would pull, with great pointed rods, the most sacred values of study and research directly from the heavens and display them in English upon illuminated glass panels.

8 And Maclaurin spake unto the students: I shall venture to the top of the Great Dome within the Faraday cage of the holy apparatus and receive our most holy MIT values from The Laws of Nature. None shall set foot on the dome while I am there, or the great electric potentials shall surely put him to death.

Chapter 20

And for forty days and nights clouds and lightning descended upon the Great Dome whereupon Maclaurin worked tirelessly to analyze the most holy data being collected from his whirring and sparking apparatus.

2 At last rays of light burst forth from the glass panels, revealing the text of The Law's holy laws. And Maclaurin did grin as he read aloud for the first time the sacred MIT Values which all properly holy MIT administrations were to ruthlessly enforce over

their students henceforth and forevermore:

3 Thou shalt give thy Shekels to no Institvte before this one. For thy Institvte is a busy, ambitious one, and all dues must be paid in full excepting what hath been given by the good grace of Financial Services.

4 Thou shalt spread the good news of thy Institvte by holding its name up on high upon all thy T-shirts, baseball caps, and most holy bumper stickers; If ye are given opportunity to insert into casual conversations the Institvte's most sacred name, then thy must do so, or ye shall not be held guiltless in the eyes of The Laws.

5 Thou shalt labor in thy studies for six days, and on the seventh thou shalt remember the Sabbath and keep it holy by putting at least eight hours in at the lab. For in the beginning, The Laws applied to nature for six days, and on the seventh kept trucking along.

6 Honor thy professional work environment at all times and never partake in any of the most unholy chemicals; especially in thy holy dorm. For The Laws hath given us chemicals both holy and unholy only for study, and not for our own leisure and profit; lest thou corrupt the shining innocence of new students herein our most sacred Institvte. Exceptions to this value can be made only in the immediate aftermath of thy successful defense of most holy dissertations.

7 Thou shalt not steal thy lab's holy glassware for thy own use, especially not for consumption of aforementioned unholy chemicals.

8 Thou shalt not let thy worldly desires and attributes take up more than six credits per semester; lest it pull thy attention from the splendor of The Laws and thy study thereof.

9 Thou shalt not as alumni give any alms to any other institvte than this one; reasons wherefore stated in value number one.

10 Thou shalt not bear false data unto any lab reports, publications, or unwarranted news interviews; lest thou taint the good reputation of thy most holy Institvte with retraction.

11 Thou shalt not covet the lives and cultures of other disciplines, nor shalt thou spend more than 6 credits per semester partaking therein. For The Institvte and the study of The Laws hath now formed thy life, thy sanctuary, and thy Shepherd.

12 Now these are the MIT values which thou shalt set before the students from which they shalt not lag by more than 1.645σ or they shalt be cast to the streets and smitten by the Administration and will not be shown mercy by The Laws.

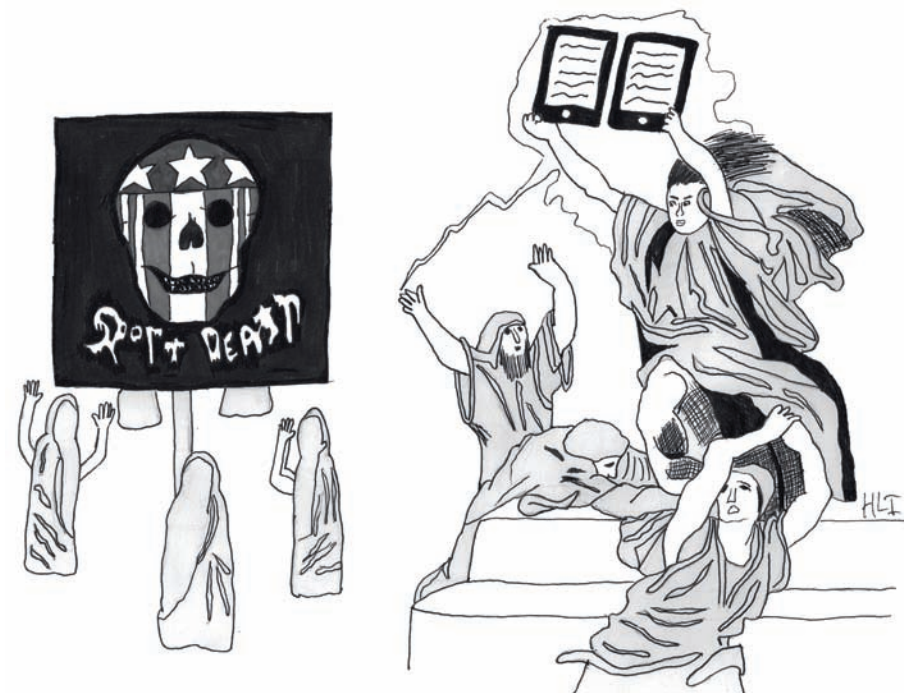
Komic Korner Focus Feature: Stan Lee to Appear in Final Cameos

For the past two decades, Marvel Studios has taken everything that is near and dear to our hearts and milked the shit out of them, churning out movie after movie, squeezing out as much profit as it takes to reboot the franchise and start the process over again. Though each film stars an iconic Marvel superhero, there remains one constant throughout the Marvel Cinematic Universe: Stan Lee cameos. For those of you abstaining from watching another film after the trainwreck that was *Fantastic Four: Rise of the Academy Award*, Stan Lee, the creator of the majority of Marvel comics and superheroes, has cameoed in Marvel films dating back to Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man*. As the MCU expanded, fans eagerly waited to watch each film, not for the riveting plot or the action-packed scenes, but for the chance to see Stan Lee and his trademark sunglasses. Oh, those sunglasses, I can imagine resting my eyes upon them, lost in my own reflection, transfixed by my devilish looks—oh right, back to the article.

After decades of being in the comic industry, it appears that Stan Lee is getting ready to retire, and as a result, he is slated to appear in his final cameos for *Spiderman: Homecoming* and *Guardians of the Galaxy: Vol. 2*. Rather than sitting on my ass waiting for the films to screen, I decided I should give myself the opportunity to visit the set of *Spiderman: Homecoming* on the day Stan Lee was slated to film his cameo. I was able to fly first class on United Airlines due to some clerical error caused by a Mr. Andrew Jackson, which gave me front row seats to the live wrestling that preludes each flight. After arriving in Los Angeles, I was met with the sudden urge to talk about Coachella. Fucking endlessly. It didn't take long before the tourist bus I was passed out on stopped at Marvel Studios. I wandered for a bit on the set of *Spiderman* before bumping into Jon Watts, the director of the

film. I was about to ask to interview him about the film, but I remembered I was here for the walking skin wearer Stan Lee, so I cut him off as soon as he opened his mouth and asked for Stan Lee. He pointed me in the direction of his trainer, and I went on my way, though it struck me a bit odd that he said trainer instead of agent or acting coach.

I walked for at least 5 feet (that's about 1.5 meters for our international readers) before bumping into a mustachioed man speaking in some weird accent, almost as if he was a cheese-eating surrender monkey. He peered at me with his gaunt eyes and said, "What yhou want?" I told him I was looking for the intimidable Stan Lee. His mouth twitched slightly as he stepped aside to reveal a cage behind him. The cage was illuminated by a lone blinking lightbulb save for the corner furthest away from me. I heard whimpering coming from the cage, but I couldn't discern the source of the haunting sound. I inched closer to the cage, and upon reaching its metal bars, to my horror, I was able to identify a feeble creature crawling towards me. I noticed its white hair on its head, what appeared to



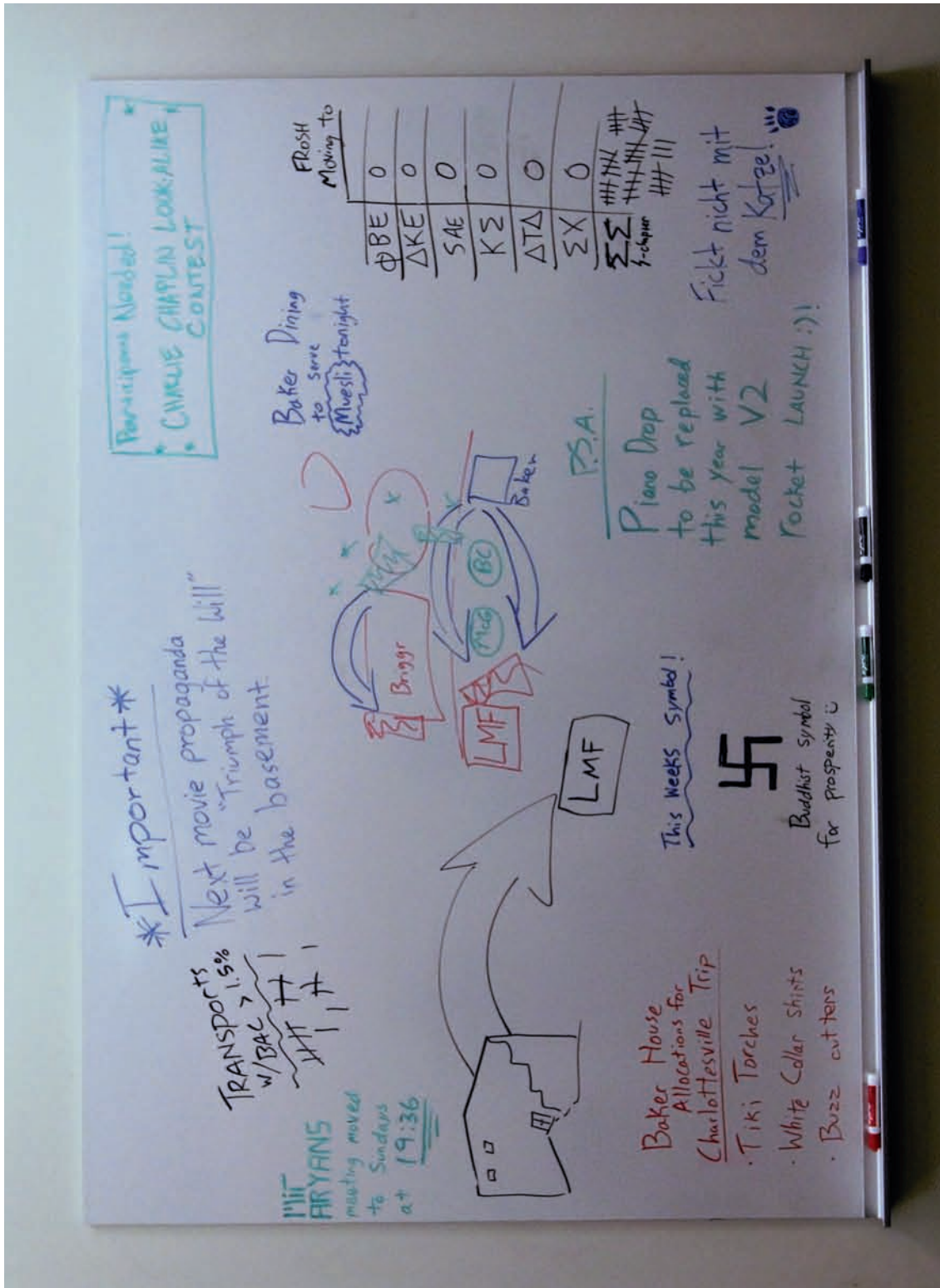
Artist's rendering of Chancellor Braveheart before she throws MIT's values down upon the heathens who dare worship a false idol.

be sunglasses shielding its eyes, and a number 4 on the piece of cloth that covered its chest. Upon closer inspection, I realized this creature was, in fact, Mr. Marvel Man himself: Stan Lee!

Bewildered and confused, I asked the walking mustache why the great Stan Lee was cooped up in a cage rather than snorting coke, drinking booze, and living life to the fullest. The man, who introduced himself as Lee's trainer, explained in his odd accent that Stan Lee never agreed to appear in any of the Marvel films, for according to the creator, they didn't live up to his artistic vision. After Raimi's *Spider-Man*, the Marvel board of directors saw this as an opportunity to make more money by making this a recurring thing, so they forced Stan Lee into making an appearance in each film, and once they were done using his body, they threw Lee in a cage and kept him there for the past twenty or so years, only letting him out for public events and shooting his cameos. Over the years, his body withered away in that cage to the brink of being mistaken for a carpet.

I took this all in, trying to process it, and then my eyes fell on the poor man—no, at that point, whatever was in that cage was no more of a man than I a journalist. I walked away with a heavy heart, not because I witnessed a man whittled down to a sliver of his soul, but because I ate a shit ton of chimichangas on the way to the studio and may have a sudden case of heartburn. Farewell, sweet prince. May you find peace in the glistening moonlight that shines down upon your cage—oh shit.

You Won't Believe What We Found on a Baker Whiteboard!



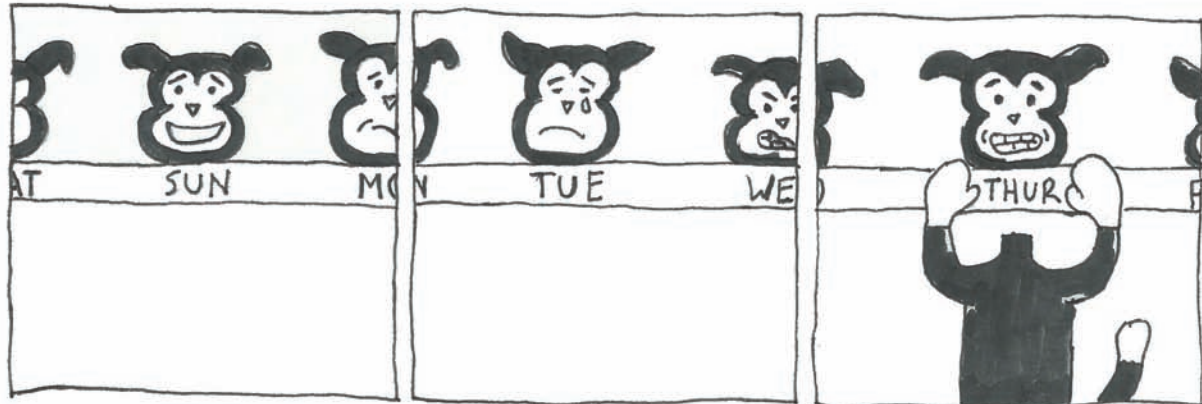
Phos T. Cat: By Jim Davis's Corpse



Self-Reflection



The Many Phases of Phos



Iglesias

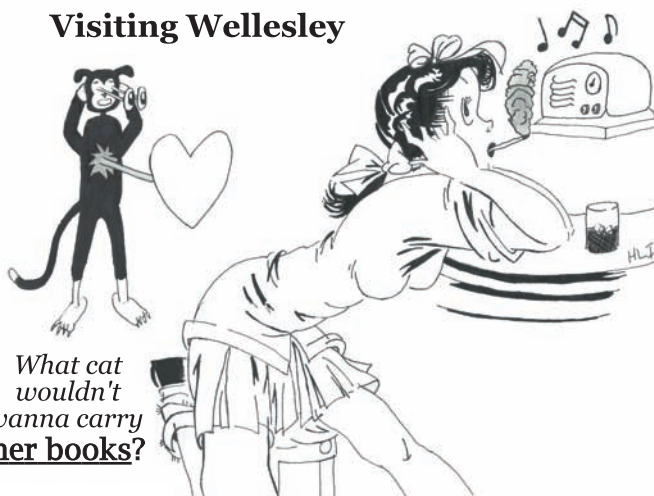
Dildo.io Creator Petitions Administration for Support

A petition appeared early February on Dildo.io, a volunteer-run MIT relationship scheduling website, urging the MIT administration to support the service before its funds run out. The petition, which now has about 69 signatures, claims that "Dildo.io is run by a single developer and is in great danger of being shut down since the developer cannot guarantee the site's continued maintenance and development."

Bats Justits '13, the creator and maintainer of Dildo.io, responded to a thread about Dildo.io on the ec-discuss mailing list, known for providing a healthy environment to communicate important issues, to clarify the reason as to why he petitioned for the continued survival of his site. "As a recent MIT graduate, I can personally say that Dildo.io has become integrated in daily life. Finally, we have been given the protection of anonymity to help us safely identify another body willing to form sweaty, unholy congress without the grotesque, awkward profanity of first exchanging words with another person. I frankly cannot believe some people exchange words without protection. Disgusting! However, due to lack of funding, it appears that Dildo.io needs some work, as do some of its users. Man, there's some real creeps out there."

For years, Dildo.io has served a significant portion of the MIT community, students and faculty alike. The site offers a way for users to be matched with other members of the community, and once a match is made, the pair has the option to decide whether or not to continue with this venture into fuckery. In his email to ec-discuss@mit.edu, Justits shared his belief that "if a project has shown to be of value to community—even its sick, perverted underbelly—then MIT resources, such as Athena clusters[sic], should be dedicated to the project." However, he continued the email by saying that "Dildo.io cannot keep up with unexpected changes

Visiting Wellesley



What cat wouldn't wanna carry her books?

to the MIT technical infrastructure as well as students undergoing a paradigm shift away from the heteronormative mainstays in society. It just boils down to people fucking people."

Justits told *Voo Doo* in a drunk phone interview that an update to the way the MIT system handled certificates "mutilated" Dildo.io the day before the call. In fact, the system picked up the pieces and hid them all over the Internet. While Justits embarked on a wild goose chase trying to find the pieces, he remarked that "if I'm busy...it means that [comrades who plan to overthrow the bourgeoisie are] up shit's creek. Like, waaaa—urrrrp—ayy up there. If you wanna get back down, you're gonna have to use two paddles, some Febreze, and alooot of TP."

Justits reached out to various MIT departments, including IS&T and the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science, but was often redirected and ignored; for the most part, he was given a stern look and a wagging finger. For this reason, Justits created this petition in hopes of getting some money with which he claims will pay students to maintain the site, but will most likely pocket the money and blame site failures on MIT's technology. He said that if students ran the site, then they could maintain its architecture while also introducing new features, such as live sexting, auto-erotic innovation, and chemical bondage. Justits also believes that unpaid workers will ensure that Dildo.io offers the worst quality to its users.

Voo Doo has reached out to IS&T for a comment, but they chose not to give one and, instead, doused themselves in gasoline and set themselves on fire.

Studying for finals



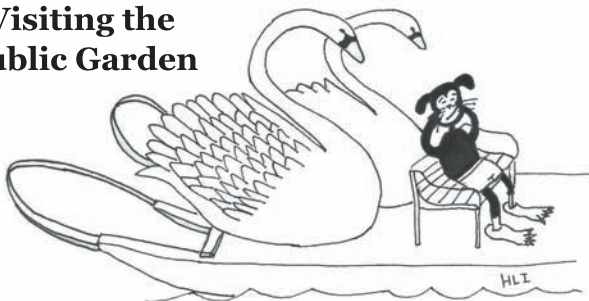
Infestation is Real Motivation Behind SH Carpet Removal and Cat Ban

As administration finalizes its verdict on its trial of Senior Haus, many members of the MIT community are confused by certain facets of the dorm's sentencing, particularly the ban of cats, and on a much lesser front, the removal and replacement of the building's carpeting.

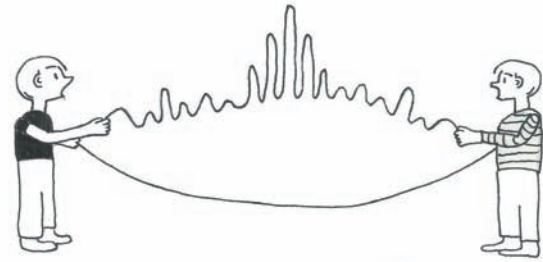
In a meeting with senior administration, Senior Haus leadership finally had answers to all their questions. "The carpets are being removed because admin was informed the building had carpet munchers," one of the members of Senior Haus exec explained. Though carpet munchers are an endangered species, they have always thrived particularly well in Senior Haus, and it is not inaccurate to say they have been over-running the building. Some Senior Haus residents, who feel that students should be able to make their own carpeting choices, felt a compromise could be made if there was an agreement to decorate with aesthetically pleasing rugs of differing patterns—promoting both hygiene and artistic expression, one of the positive values for which the community is known.

The ban on cats also stems from an effort to reduce the presence of these inhabitants in the building. Reputable studies show strong correlation between pussies and carpet munchers, though it is still unclear which attracts the other. "I have watched them close up, and I will whole heartedly endorse from my own personal observations that the study is true," one Haus resident said. "Most of the time I'd say a cat draws the carpet munchers—they just can't help themselves," they followed up, "but occasionally, I see a carpet muncher getting a lot of pussy." Some residents are concerned about how cutting off their cats from carpet munchers will affect their cats. Many point to additional research showing both carpet munchers and pussies are overall happier and healthier with frequent interaction. Admin wants to emphasize that this is not an attempt to discriminate against people with pussies, but many cat owners feel their daily lives will be less pleasurable.

Visiting the Public Garden



"Phil, when are we making a run for it?"
 "When the falling rock aligns with the serpent's tongue at the height of the Boston skyline, my friend."
 "Phil, what the hell are you talking about?"



Having fun in the sun



We here at *Voo Doo* interviewed some MIT undergrads to get their perspective on the situation. "[The carpet munchers] never bother me, but I was certainly aware of their presence," says Haus resident Jimmy Handy, who noted one particularly noisy infestation in Senior Haus's 433 suite. "They can be very loud, I hear them at all hours, usually upwards of 5 times a day, even in the shower..." Though many residents were indifferent to the carpet munchers, a great number thought they were a positive contribution to the community. "We consider our carpet muncher population a success of East Side culture. Though you can see carpet munchers on the West Side of campus, there is not the critical population density required to form large communities" is the official statement of student activist group on campus CarpMIT. "The administration doesn't seem to be fully informed about how important it is for these creatures to live in groups," says the club's president, carpet-muncher enthusiast Anna Lezlauskas, who is also a resident of Senior Haus. "Some do well on their own, but others really thrive when put together. Administration shouldn't view this as an infestation and can't ignore the fact that they have a responsibility to protect this endangered species."

Some East Campus residents have also expressed concerns that sterilizing Senior Haus will just cause the carpet munchers to move into EC. "We have a pretty delicate balance in our carpet muncher ecosystem right now," says Allie Stanton, EC president, "but that doesn't mean we wouldn't welcome more. I think [East Campus] residents are more concerned admin is focusing on uprooting carpet munchers instead of addressing real problems and reducing their natural habitat." Others fear that less assertive carpet munchers will end up on West Campus, where the cat selection for them is few and far between. "At the end of the day, we have cat halls here at EC, and we're worried on West Campus they [the carpet munchers] will be unhappy if they can't find a quality pussy."

Admin has yet to release a formal statement.

Tim Cooke Unveils New iPhone During Commencement Speech

Below is the recorded transcript of the Commencement address delivered by Apple, Inc., CEO Tim Cooke for the 'Tute's 2017 Commencement:

Ever since Steve Jobs, my mentor, my friend, my life partner, evaporated into the Æther, leaving behind his signature turtleneck sweater, I was charged with the task of leading Apple into creating technology that can benefit the world, and for that reason, I am incredibly excited about speaking to you today. Now, I could have prepared a speech congratulating your achievement in graduating from MIT, reiterating core Institute values and, as a result, prompt a circle-jerk amongst yourselves, but I'm not here to talk about that. Instead, I am here to tell you fuckers that we did it again, as usual.

I am proud to announce the newest installment in the iPhone series. With each iteration of the iPhone, we've been trying to simplify the design while simultaneously increase consumer satisfaction. However, it's been a tiring process, as we can't go on trying to reinvent the wheel. This prompted us to think outside the box, inside the box, on the box, around the box. And that's when we realized that there was nothing simpler than the box itself, the most fundamental 3-D shape; in other words, the rectangular prism. The latest installment will not be called the iPhone 8, as this is something that greatly surpasses its predecessors.

[Cooke pulls out a brick from

under the podium.]

I give you: the iBrick!

This is the best iPhone we have ever made. I think you guys are going to absolutely love it. You'll notice it is marked by a beautiful, refined design for the iBrick. Because of the ubiquitousness of the material here in the US, I am proud to say that we are moving production of the iBrick away from the sweatshops in China and into foreclosed American homes. Though we have changed the design of the phone, we have not removed any features, and we even reinvented their functionality to accommodate the lethargic personalities of our consumers.

Currently, phone calls have abstracted both parties to disembodied voices talking to each other through the air. There is no sense of personal interaction when it comes to giving someone a phone call. With the iBrick, all you'd have to do is throw the phone at the recipient of the call in order to get their attention, preferably their face. This is what we like to call "Facetime." If they are in their house, hurl the phone at a window as the glass shards will surely prompt them to give you their undivided attention. Also, text messaging seems to have stagnated in recent years. Sure, you can send funny gifs or stickers with your texts, but it isn't exciting. With the iBrick, write your text on a note, tape it to the brick, and, similar to a Facetime call, throw the brick at the person you wish to read your message. You can still put stickers

on the text to liven up the message. After all, that'll be the only thing that feels alive after you send the text.

In order to connect to the Internet, download new apps, hell, watch some porn, what's the one thing our phones need? Why-fy [sic]. But by the time the Wifi signal reaches your phone, you'll have become bored and disinterested in wanking since you have the attention span of a goldfish. You know what's faster than Wifi? Your imagination! That's right, the iBrick syncs up with your brain waves and gives you the ability to think up anything you so desire. Need to look up the process of sea slug sex? Don't search it; think it.

Phones use electricity. You should know that, right? After all, you spent four years at this school learning that shit. We as a society are moving past the conventional power outlets and are now moving towards wireless charging. The iBrick will be the first phone in the world to charge itself wirelessly through the power of attention. Since the average consumer's face is constantly glued to their phone, the iBrick will have no problem charging itself. Hell, it'll have a battery life that outlasts your own miserable ass life. This is truly a stunning breakthrough.

We at Apple know you clumsy bozos like to drop your phone in your suburban pools, even spill your cold beers onto it, sweet, cold, delicious, mouth-watering, ugghhh—Anyways, to fix this problem, we've engineered the

MIT Products Thrilled To Graduate, Be Sold to the Highest Bidder, Sources Say

phone to survive submersion in great depths of water. Our last recorded test had the iBrick drop into the Mariana Trench, and when we recovered it, the phone was fully functional. And to put the cherry on top, we also added a resistance to dirt and grime, because we all know you live in your own shit like the pigs you are. Oink-oink, motherfuckers.

It seems that we could not compete with Spotify after sales dwindled the past two quarters. We started with the iPod, a revolutionary piece of technology in terms of storing music, but alas, the market of streaming music is a harsh one. However, instead of forgoing the music market, we have decided to reinvent what it means to give music to consumers by giving said consumer the ability to make music themselves. Our crack-team of engineers have developed the perfect instrument you can use with your iBrick. We call it: the iStick. It may look like an ordinary stick, but don't let it fool you. This doohickey can make a kickass tune, just whack the iBrick and let the music juices flow out of you. No, not that type of juices, you perverted monkey. An additional feature to the iBrick is that it can also be hurled at everyday objects, even another person, as you will be able to achieve the coveted "thwack" sound missing in contemporary music.

Some of you in the front may have noticed that there is no camera on the iBrick. Don't be alarmed. I know you Instawhores and Snatchchats love to take selfies, so we made sure that you'd still be able to show off your, erm,

beautiful faces to the world. To take selfies with the iBrick, simply raise the device to about face level, and promptly smash your face with the iBrick to leave an imprint of your facial features on its surface. The iBrick comes with software that will take several photos and combine them into a single one, similar to the way live photos worked on the previous iPhone, so multiple smashings are a necessity if you want your face to be captured in its peak form.

Now's the moment you've all been dying to hear. The accessories, am I right? The iBrick is a large fucking phone, and as a result, it is highly possible that your calls might not be as fast as you'd want. To prevent this, we are adding the option of providing customizable holes in the brick that will help decrease the drag in the air, leading to faster calls and texts. In addition to these holes, we are also selling our patented safety rope

that can so that you'll never lose your iBrick. Oh, and if you thought that we'd get rid of the Lightning port, then you fuckers are poorly mistaken.

And because I'm such a nice guy, I'm gonna give one of you lucky graduates this iBrick, not to instill a sense of hope for the future of technology, but to remind you that you'll never be as successful as I am in the tech industry.

[Cooke throws brick at a student in the front row.

Thwack!

The student falls to the ground, twitching.

The entire graduating class rushes to the spot where he lies, not to aid him as one might expect, but rather to grab the brick.]

Tim Cooke, OOOWWUUUTTT!

[Drops mic]



*It's best to keep your distance, Emily.
He's from Bexley.*

Voo D'oh, or: How My Roommate Became Insane After Watching the Simpsons

My own roommate, sometime around the start of freshman fall, began watching a TV show. I was never sure how it started, but it wasn't a pretty sight in my opinion. The program in question was called "The Simpsons." The fucking thing's been on for what seems like time immemorial. Hell, it's still airing new episodes, for fuck's sake.

Anyway, this isn't to say that there is something wrong with getting attached to a show. That's all it started as in his case. An attachment. "Tune in Sunday nights for more Simpsons. Eight O'Clock Eastern, Seven O'Clock Central and Mountain, only on FOX." So the show was important to him, okay. Fine. Whatever. And but so, at the start he scheduled his Sundays around the show. He was always back in our room from his job at Hayden by 1905h on Sundays. And he always had his dinner while watching the show in our hall's lounge. It seemed funny at the time.

But then: Simpsons World. The show was incredibly popular here in the States, and after years of releasing the seasons on DVD box sets, the show started to air every second of the day in what I remember all too well was called *streaming*. And this, note, was while all-new episodes of the show were still appearing on Sundays during prime time, the portion of the day where American consumption was at its peak. I think this was the start.

It progressed inch by inch. The immersion into the entertainment. The withdrawal from life. By then, the jokes and laughter stopped—him all hunched over in front of the TV on Sundays, barely eating any of his dinner. And every night, deep into the witching hour, my roommate is hunched over in the fetal position, head out, as if pulled toward his laptop's screen, as if emerging from the womb known as reality. And he got anxious, angry even, if something made him miss even one episode. He'd also get real nasty if you pointed out he'd already seen most of them about seventeen times before.

It was at some point during this gradual shift into insanity that the notebook first

appeared. He began writing notes as he consumed "The Simpsons." And he never left the notebook lying around where you could get a look at it (believe me, I've tried), but he wasn't openly secretive about it, either. It became impossible to ignore the stench of obsession that reeked from his unwashed attire. My roommate gradually progressed downhill in this obsession, but slowly enough where I kept questioning myself, whether I was the one who was unbalanced, attaching excessive importance to multiple things: the notebook, the secrecy. No, I know I'm not crazy.

He then started developing this habit of quoting lines and scenes from the show to convey some idea, make some point in conversation. At the beginning of the habit, he seemed casual about the whole thing, a "D'oh" here, an "Eat my shorts" there. Then it reached the point where he was no longer able to communicate on any topic without bringing it back to the show, without some system of detailed references to "The Simpsons." He also started to refer to our dorm as Springfield, the fictional town in which the show takes place, and the residents as characters from the show. I was Professor Frink for reasons obvious to my hall's residents. Hoyvin-glavin, indeed.

What started out as simple notetaking now sort of spreads out to become huge and complex theories about wide-ranging and deeply hidden themes having to do with death and time on the show, particularly through the character of Mr. Burns, whose name supposedly hinted at some sort of cataclysmal, Armageddon-type theme. As in, evidence of some sort of coded communication to viewers about an end to our familiar type of timeline and the advent of a whole different order of world-time. Throughout the show's run, some voice actors retired or died, and characters were replaced by other characters. This prompted my roommate to create convoluted theories about what it was that had "**really**" happened to the now-absent characters. Where they'd gone, where they were, what it all signified.

Sometime late in his progression into insanity he confided in me that he was working on a secret book that revised and explained much of the world's history by analogies to certain subtle and complex thematic codes in "The Simpsons." "The nuclear family," he once told me, "why are they called a 'nuclear' family, and why is it that Homer works at a 'nuclear' plant? I'm telling you, everything in the show points to the detonation of the Bomb that will bring the apocalypse and cleanse the world of the unchosen." Once he was finished with the book, he told me, he'd tell the world (or at least the Greater Boston area) about his findings through a radio show on WMBR.

My roommate died just before the 2017 Commencement Day. He died in his swivel chair watching an episode in which Homer becomes the union leader after Mr. Burns takes away his workers' union dental plan in exchange for a keg of beer at their meetings. All I can recall is the camera zooming in on Homer as the phrases "Dental plan! Lisa needs braces!" threatened to burst my eardrums. He looked like a specter, as if he was haunting me for not intervening. His secret book's manuscript filled scores of notebooks, which I found were kept in his closet. The whole thing was written in some kind of code, though indecipherable. I spent some time trying to decode them this past summer, but I'm left with more questions than answers.

A week after his death, the administration sent out a letter explaining that he died due to a transmural infarction. Blew out a whole ventricle. Apparently, his entire family had a history with the heart. They said it was amazing he'd lasted this long. And here I thought an otherwise harmless American broadcast television program took his life. Silly me, right? It would appear that this whole mess had cleaned itself up, yet when I listen to WMBR on Wednesday nights, I find myself listening to "The Simpsons" theme song followed by 23 minutes and 5 seconds of static, the same length as a typical Simpsons episode.

ROADKILL BUFFET

After picking up this issue, you might have thought that Voo Doo was the only thing capable of tickling your funny bone (well, maybe if you read *The Tech*, but then they'd be MIT's only unintentionally humorous publication). Indeed, this might have been the case had this felicitous feline not chanced upon a viewing of ROADKILL BUFFET one seemingly paltry night. I was walking about campus on my routine patrol when I heard laughter coming from 6-120. I thought, surely it must be physics majors slowly diving into insanity while working on their psets; however, upon entering, I was met with an audience laughing hysterically in their seats, some even



jumping up and down, performing nearly impossible flips in the air as they hooted and hollered. They seemed to be laughing at the group on the ground floor, those poor bastards, or so I had thought. These "poor bastards" turned out to be "entertaining bastards," for I found myself doubling over with laughter from their one-liners, hastily-developed stories, and erratic behavior. If you are interested in laughing for once in your miserable Tech lives, go to a show performed by *Roadkill Buffet*, MIT's premier improv troupe.

Voo Doo RSVP

Here at *Voo Doo*, we ourselves are a band of boisterous scallywags somewhat lacking in scruples. Ergo, we are in a state of awe when our boss, the Cat, a fellow master of Mischief, delivers upon us an idea to surpass all ideas. And when the term "gobbledygook" comes to our minds (as it oft does), one idea stands alone as by far the greatest gobbledygook in recorded gookdom. What, pray tell? Why, my good reader, a radio show, that is to say! It is to be dubbed the name that of which it will be forever known as *Voo Doo Radio Show/Volatile Programming* (V.D.; R.S.V.P.; O.O.M.; P.A.H.). For nearly a century, Voo Doo has subsisted in the medium of printed media to deliver the best-est of funnies right into your hands, and we believe we are ready to venture into another reputable medium to transmit our jokes and wit into the Æther for all to hearken. Though this can be regarded as an announcement of sorts, Voo Doo would like to extend its hand and ask readers to join our ranks, if not for the magazine, then to write and act in our comedic radio show. The wherefore to do so, as it were, may puzzle, trouble, or annoy the curious, but rest assured, no reason is necessary to embark on "one hell of a ride." — Phosphorous



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