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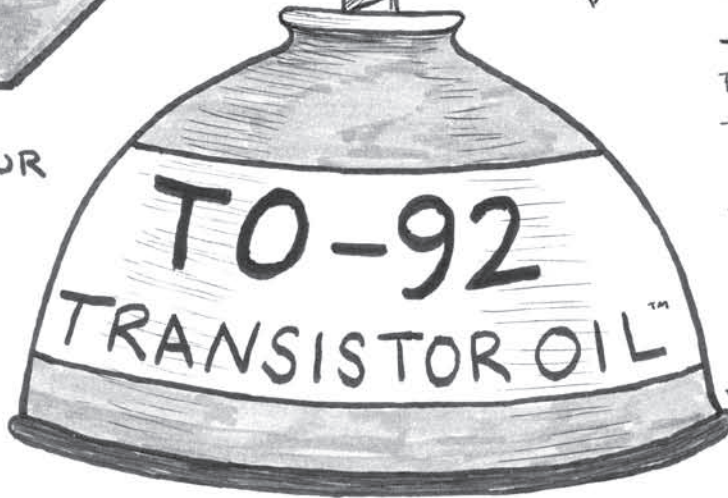
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IN JESUS WAS A TERRORIST VOO DOO:



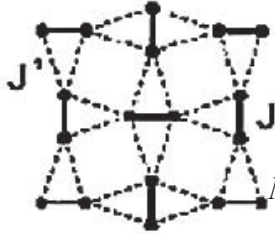
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Everyone's looking for love. Next time try reuse-sex.



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Don't know what to expect from a pandemic that will kill 200 million? Hint: it tastes like chicken.



Voo Doo Problem Set — page 10

It's funnier because it was typeset in LaTeX.

Shocking Voo Doo Exposé — page 14

Media Lab grad students discover things will think for them.



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Vest, chucked.



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Going to museums has never been more educational.

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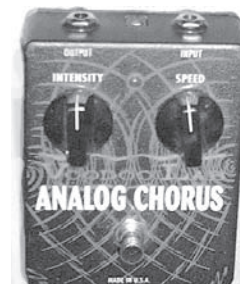
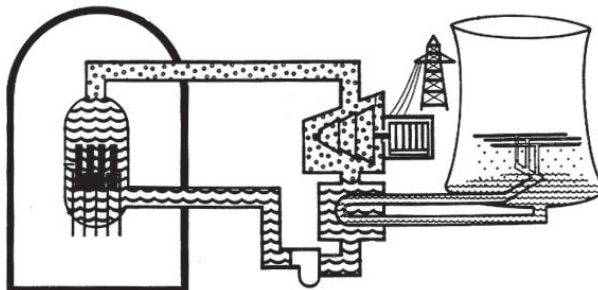
It Really Does Taste Better the Second Time Around — page 29

And we're not talking about what you did to get that C--.



Research Ethics — page 31

A new campus crusade may make you reconsider buying that shredder.



From the Publisher



Dead Man

Mateusz Malinowski

The Red Menace

Amanda Wozniak

Department of Corrections

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The Great Satan

Andrew Brooks

Ghost in the Shell

Grace Kenney

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

This is the fineprint. The fineprint really isn't all that interesting. You probably don't want to read the fineprint. Actually, I know you don't want to read the fineprint. You won't like the fineprint. Please don't read the fineprint. There is nothing to see here. Move along. The fineprint is a waste of your time. You will not like the fineprint. As a matter of fact, you will find the fineprint downright disgusting. Do something else, rather than read the fineprint. Nasty cum gargling whores fucking the open eye socket wounds of baby kittens with barbwire laced strap-ons whilst drinking a mixture of vomit, mensa, and diarrhea that their fathers forced down their bulging throats with turkey basters. Phos now owns your soul. The fineprint does nothing for you. The fineprint leaves you feeling empty. There is no point in reading the fineprint. The fineprint merely wastes your time. You really shouldn't read the fineprint. You are better than those sorts of people that read the fineprint. The fineprint is just a series of really small and insignificant words. You wont even stoop to admitting that the fineprint exists. This is the fineprint.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

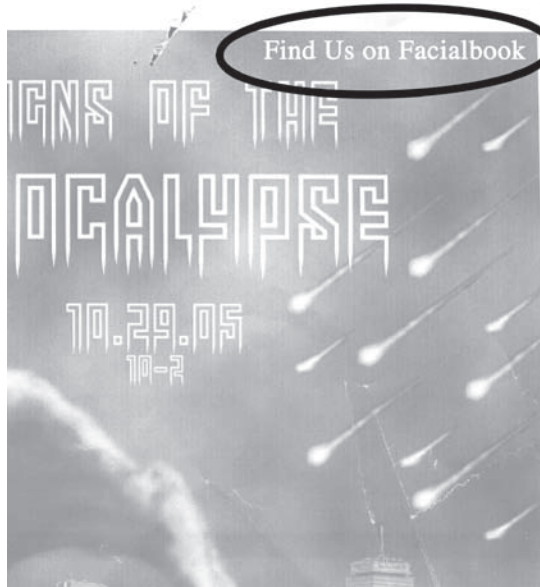
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

EDITORIAL

Against all odds and---more importantly---against our better judgment, we've done it again! An all new 32-page issue of Voo Doo awaits your dirty little hands, dear reader. I hope that you will enjoy it time and again in the weeks to come, and then pass it on to a friend or give it to your little sister as an educational stocking stuffer when she asks you what the word "smut" means.

Also, as this is my first term running the show, I'd like to invite you to give me any feedback or kicks to the head. Again, my hopes are that you will find it all funny, 100% of it. I realize, however, that I am too optimistic: my sense of humor may not appeal to the new generation of unwashed tools that I pass in the hallways every day as they shuffle from 1.234 to 5.678.



You see, ever since I came back to MIT this fall after taking a year off, I have felt a little out of touch. You can never step into the same river twice, and that goes double when it's brimming with shit and the current is strong. I changed, of course: it's amazing what happens once you get Outside. No longer forced to eat Sodexo slop or take daily poundings from T.A., your mind and soul expand beyond comprehension. But soon enough, you start to miss that orange jumpsuit and Tyrone

Adams and his poundings, and you do some stupid thing and end up back in Oz.

And then I realized that the place has changed also. First off, what the fuck happened to Building 6? Or Ocean Engineering for that matter? But the most confusing novelty for me was the Facialbook.

I perpetually saw it on screens in the clusters and overheard it mentioned in conversation:

"Facialbook facialbook, facialbook facialbook facialbook?"
"Facialbook, facialbook!"

Finally prompted by a frat party poster, my curiosity got the better of me, so I typed Facialbook into Google and hit Go. I expected the same old elitist bullshit as the Brass Rat or the "We're not that smart . . . you're just that dumb" T-shirts, but in digital form. (Back in the day, instead of putting up Web pages, we would simply go to Bunker Hill Community College and piss on their front door.)

What awaited, however, was a demimonde so perverse as to stretch the boundaries of disbelief: an endless network of the brightest students at the best universities at the mercy of the adult entertainment industry, trading cumshot like candy. And in contrast to Usenet, *they* were the stars!

Now I realize masturbation via the Internet is no new thing. Still, I could do nothing but hang my head and shed a tear at this enormous misapplied effort, at the days and months and lives wasted. Thousands of people instead of living or loving spend their time browsing through gallons of HTML ejaculate. No, the sweetness you're expecting will never come, and at the end, all you'll be left with will be a crusty stain.



Is this a model to be embraced, dear readers? No---but who is to blame? Have our institutions failed us yet again? Upon whom or upon what can we declare war? There are no quick and easy answers here, but the one thing that's clear is the need for more community. And I don't mean can't-carry-your-food-up-to-your-room community. We need to fill with powerful thrusts the voids that the Facialbook usurps, and quick! I therefore call upon each and every one of you to unilaterally say "No" to the Facialbook and all its pernicious kin and gradually free yourselves from their bonds. Start by spending more of your free time with others; hell, first try leaving your room. Then, when the hunger strikes, counter it by downloading some real porn: asianteensluts.com and veganporn.com are both good. The road ahead will be dangerous, but I wish you good luck and pray---for you and for the future of MIT.



LETTERS FROM THE EX-EDITOR

To: voodoo@MIT.EDU

In the vein of "funny, or perhaps, painful because it's true"...

Could someone stab me before I kill myself, or help me craft an amazing reply to this sad correspondence?

It's almost as nonsensical as Feldmeier after he's gotten his hands on some internet cult of personality indoctrination propaganda.

and his pager's been sanitized, lest any of you get the clever idea of giving him my digits. all my love for mr. mcanulty aside...

--woz

----- Forwarded message -----

From: CREEPY DUDE <creepydude@centralsq.net>

Date: Fri, 7 Oct 2005 10:48:42 -0400 (EDT)

Subject: Nice Meeting You

To: stupidwoz@wtfwereyouthinking.com

Hi Amanda, It was fun meeting you last night/early this morning. You have an interesting e-mail ID. As an Architect, "you" are an icon in classic form! I also have a Master's with concentration in Anthropology and Archaeology, have climbed Mount Olympus in Athens and stood as close to the Erechtheion's porch of the "Caryatides" (Archaeological alternate spelling) as I was to you when chatting from the ladder. Your personal character affiliation with this kind of statuary is telling of your inner sense of how you caption your role in life ...

Would really like to continue the "download" - seems we have much in common, and with a little exploring, will likely discover dissimilarities with good fits for exchange. Call me any time at the number I gave you - It's a satellite voicemail/pager toll free 1-888-666-1234. Gives about 20 seconds of voicemail, or you can tap in a reply phone number - gets to me either way in a few minutes after sending. If you want me to call you instead, you can

e-mail me here with your phone or cell phone number.

Kindest regards, Phil

---- End of Forwarded Message-----

Dear Woz,

I can understand your frustration: I remember well the days when the only men you could meet in Central Square would either try to mug you or convert you, depending on the time of day. Now the place is crawling with dyspeptic literati who forget that the only use for a pager is selling drugs. To find a man of a "higher caliber," try Saugus or Roxbury. A short train ride away, but a world apart.

—Phos

Long, long ago (i.e. 1962-1966) I was a writer for VooDoo, even rising (sinking?) eventually to the position of Senior Editor. In fact, at the time, I allegedly had more material published in VooDoo than anyone else in the magazine's history. Later (mid-1980s?) I got the impression that you'd ceased publication, but a Google search brought up your web page and I'm glad to see that humor is once again alive and well at MIT.

If you take submissions from ancient alumni, I might send you some material... although I am no longer in-touch with campus humor. Anything I sent would be more general in nature. Best Wishes!

DFN

Dear DFN,

Humor from Alumni is welcome, if such a thing exists. Recently, we've only been successful at dredging up Alumni contempt and sarcasm, as the following pages demonstrate. Nonetheless, we will trudge on as long as the beer keeps flowing and freshmen continue to be lured by visions of greatness.

Hey freshmen! Wouldn't it be great to be a party in a multi-million dollar defamation suit? Sign up here!

—Phos

Hey Editor

I found your rag on the floor of a truck stop in Virginia. It's pretty funny. I liked the butt sex jokes. And the pictures. By the way, what is MIT? Are you some sort of rehab place.

Harry Plower
United Liberty Transportation
Miami, Florida

Dear Harry,

If you type "MIT" into Google, you'll get a German porno dungeon, which isn't too far from the truth: rather than rehabilitating our perversions, we indulge in them, and when that's not enough we make others indulge in them, just like the Germans did in 1939. Also glad you liked the butt sex! We weren't quite sure whether we should simply give away our Depravity Editor on Craigslist when he retires at the end of this year, but now it's clear that we should send him directly to you, down in the Sun-don't-shine State.

—Phos

Editar:

Magazine with the Voodoo of MIT. Stop with the control body. Why must I kill. Do like the pictures except pain. I tell stop but then hurt more. My wife never understand and throws out and I must hide until I tear her. Buried right where told but not want to. Stop. Stop. Stop.

Vincent Nichols
Age 47
Lakewood Penitentiary
Holbrook, MA

Dear Vincent,

I think you want Ray Antoine of WMBR. Their studio is just downstairs from our office, so you must just be confused. Picture look twice 28. Make your time more pain not. Come come. We is come but plus months. Don't worry about the mistake, we'll be sure to forward your message on. Thanks for writing.

—Phos



Voo Doo Arts and Literature presents: "A Curious Proposition"

A tale fraught with mystery and intrigue to entice the most discerning reader. A storyline smoldering with philosophical debate to challenge the keenest of wits. And internet clipart to help you forget that you're not sitting comfortably in front of your computer downloading [porn, music, videos, what-have-you]. CAUTION: JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING IS UNDERLINED DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN CLICK ON IT.

The other day whilst driving, I noticed a squirrel perched upon the power line above me. You may wonder how this is possible, but let me assure you that the combination of a sunroof and an unhealthy sense of immortality can accomplish anything. But nonetheless, here is this little fuzzy creature chilling out 30 feet above the road, kicking back in the warm sun and chewing on a nut to boot (I wish I was chewing on a nut). Was this animal the furry version of Maverick, from Top Gun (damn would that make for some hot slash), a loose canon who pushes himself to the edge just for kicks? Or are squirrels just bad-asses in general. Seriously, the first time I tried to do a keg-stand at a party, I stood on top of the keg, got vertigo, fell on my ass, and then got told what a keg-stand was as I puked up my bruised ego all over that frat's floor. Anyways, after fully evaluating this situation my thought process naturally progressed to the logical question. Would I rather be a squirrel or a medieval knight? This may seem fairly obvious, but let us first examine the facts.



1987 Honda Civic



Mighty Steed

In regards to the knight, I am not referring to some ass clown who drives a Honda Civic by day and yet mounts his mighty steed every night between 5:45 and 8:10 to defend his color at some family restaurant.



However, I would like to note that I find it very humorous how Medieval Times serves Pepsi

and pizza to their guests and asks them to assume it's ancient because there is no silverware. Hell, my next door neighbor never uses silverware, and being ancient has nothing to do with it: he's just poor white trash. And, anyways, I always figured King Arthur to be a Coca-Cola man; mostly because he was big like Santa-Claus. Now, if it were Crystal Pepsi, that could be more plausible. They could argue that it's some tasty concoction created by Merlin. For all I know, it very well could have been. It looks like water but tastes like Pepsi, which still blows my mind. Good one, Pepsi! Good one! Anyways, back to the point. The two main attractions of knighthood were women and fame. You must remember, this is pre-1910, or, in other words, a long-ass time before the Big

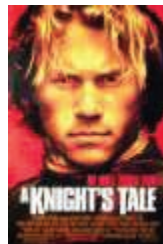
disposable razor. So your fair maiden may have a cute face, but she's going to have the legs of your older brother.



Also, fame back then was way different than it is now. There were no newspapers to record your sexual escapades, which would be seen as trashy if not for your celebrity, no talk shows to chart your crazy ascent into the Church of Scientology, no record companies to give you a cross promotional chance to make an ass of yourself in front of 5 billion people on a daily basis, and certainly no reality shows to pair you with the CodeMan from Step-by-Step to briefly resuscitate your career after you turn 53 and lose three straight jousts to much younger and more handsome knights.



So unless you could convince old Guttenberg (not the acclaimed actor of the 1980's who made 5 hits in 1987 alone, but rather the traveling bible salesman of yore) to place an add in the back of one of his books, you are shit out of luck when it comes to celebrity. And I am not even going to mention the severe lack of hygiene (although I suppose I just did). The probability of your untimely death at the hands of the Black Knight or the Black Plague merely depended upon whether you were holding a sword that day (Black Metal claimed much fewer lives in those days). In other words, damn you Heath Ledger for making knighthood look so cool in A Knight's Tale, 26 times a month on TBS.



So, you may ask, what is so cool about being a squirrel, to compete with this pre-spandex and miniskirt world of knighthood, where you screw a hog-faced maiden who ends up being your older brother, and your only condolence is that there is no mass media to broadcast your nuts falling off due to the Black Plague ten minutes before your duel with the Black Knight, so you fought with one hand down your chain-mail pants, not only looking like a masturbating doofus, but getting your ass whooped as well.

Well, let me tell you: first off, as a squirrel, you are an animal, so your life consists of eating and sleeping. Imagine college without the tests or

beer (yeah, i can't do it either).



Secondly, squirrels have the uncanny ability to turn all humans, no matter what their age, into 3 year olds. There is something about an animal that is neither a cat nor dog and yet will come within two feet of us, that makes us all stare in amazement. This ability to return people to their youth is a phenomenon squirrels share only with the beach. Where else can you find half-naked, forty-year-old men playing in the sand? (if you know the answer to this question, please don't tell me.)



Third, your food is free. Have you ever seen a squirrel without at least one acorn? No. Which makes me wonder, has there been a squirrel equivalent to George Washington Carver yet? If you could transfer the amazing things that man did with peanuts (I think he built the first nuclear reactor with unshelled Georgia nuts) to acorns, the squirrel world could be revolutionized.



Finally, squirrels live in trees, and that shit is just cool!

Now take this advice. Go to The Max, order a burger and fries, watch Max do a little magic, ponder the facts, laugh at the pleated and tapered pants of A.C. Slater, and prepare yourself in case you are ever forced to choose between life as a squirrel or life as a medieval knight.



If you could only see his pants!

REJECTED

SaveTFP T-Shirt Designs

In 2002, a crack team of administrators developed the ultimate weapon against alcohol consumption. A paid student group, tasked with converting \$100,000 a year of Institute funds into a simple yet powerful message: you don't have to drink to be miserable. But how could this crucial lesson best be conveyed to MIT students hardened by hundreds of late-night infomercials for Girls Gone Wild videos? That's when the geniuses of SaveTFP and their highly-paid social marketing consultants hit on their master stroke: T-shirts bearing the words "Love Your Beaver". The rest is history. What most scholars of propaganda history were not previously aware of, however, is that other equally radical tunic-based anti-booze weapons were also on the drawing board. Would these have been as effective? You be the judge!



AVIAN FLU

ARE YOU AT RISK?

Ensure that the internal organs have reached at least 180° Fahrenheit before using a turkey baster to artificially inseminate your wife.

Giving a loved one a "peck" on the cheek could place you both in danger. Greet them with a rimjob instead.

As with many diseases, drug users are at increased risk. If your parrot says "Polly want a cracker", wipe the spout after letting it share your nitrous oxide canister.

British girls are known locally as "birds". Avoid them. They do not spread the avian flu, but tend to be fat and have bad teeth.

Bulimia can double your exposure to hazardous bird products. Drink a bottle of Clorox before regurgitating your chicken caesar salad.

Contact with bodily fluids is a known risk factor. Place a condom over the bird's head before slamming its neck in a drawer, when giving yourself a "duck job".

Pro-lifers: neatly avoid charges of hypocrisy by staging protests outside municipal parks and other places birds congregate.

A diet of festering chicken giblets may be putting your gimp at risk. Switch to rotting fish heads instead.

US Government officials: Beware of potentially infectious peace doves. Bomb some darkies just to be on the safe side.

Golf players are advised to avoid completing holes under par. Also, to go fuck themselves.

Sorority sisters: Relax, being described as "loose as a goose" does not increase your chances of contracting avian flu.

Small, sickly roosters are more vulnerable to the flu. Always insist on at least 10 inches of cock.

Recently dumped? Collect easter eggs filled with hobo semen for an ideal, flu-free replica of real eggs for egging your ex's house or vehicle.

If you have recently given birth, your baby may be contaminated by "stork flu". Scrub it thoroughly with a wire brush dipped in hydrogen peroxide before cradling.

Radio listeners: Tune in only to Clear Channel stations, whose DJs will help keep you calm and complacent by refusing to play songs by 'Asia' or 'The Byrds'.

Before digging in to your Thanksgiving turkey feast, take a moment to give thanks for your health. It may be your last chance.

A VOO DOO HEALTH ADVISORY

Problem Set 3 Solutions

The Voo Doo Problem Set *Voo Doo operatives infiltrated 18.01 lecture and distributed the following "problem set" to freshmen in an effort to win them over to the cause of justice. Amazingly enough, a few of them actually completed the problem set and sent it back to us, saving us from the travail of coming up with another two goddamn pages for this issue.*

Achtung Freshman! Do you dream of sharing the contents of your dark dark soul with someone else besides that government-mandated shrink? Do your perverse visions squirm and seethe inside your mind in a fruitless effort to be committed to paper for all to see? Do you like ponies? Well, *VooDoo Magazine*, MIT's only intentionally humorous campus publication, wishes to satisfy your masochistic thirsts and so is giving you . . . a problem set! But hark, for this is no ordinary problem set: sure it's fun like all your other ones, and it'll demand utmost care and concentration, but this one will not end up as toilet paper for your TAs. On the contrary, it is your chance to get published and be seen by the entire world, or at least the part of the world that matters . . . or somebody but that damn shrink.

Directions. Fill this out, tape it shut, and drop into an Interdepartmental mailbox, or come to our office, 50-309, on Fridays from 6 to 7 P.M. Godspeed!

Problem 1 (15 points) What is your username?

Problem 2 (10 points) What is the funniest thing you saw/did during your first month at MIT? If you've been sitting in your room in a fetal position since Playfair, make something up!

SINCE Playfair? What do you mean SINCE Playfair? You mean some short wannabe gangsta Asian guy yelling about "feelin' the LOVE" and making over 1000 of the smartest people in the world run around like jackasses to find their birthday partners WASN'T the funniest thing to happen on campus?! OK, fine. Then it was frolicking in the Chapel Moat.

The funniest I think I've done would have to be the time I pretended I was a German tourist and asked passers-by in the infinite if they could "shake it in Vegas."

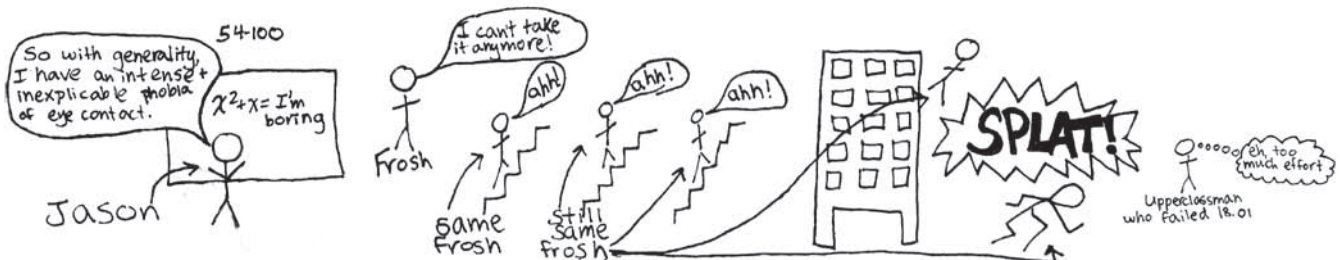
I saw a girl puke in a friend's car. That was pretty funny.

Problem 3 (10 points) We all know that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. So what's the shortest path into your TA's pants? An answer may be *your* shortest path to 10 points.

If your TA is JStarr: cover yourself in chalk and the laws of physics will immediately attach your body to his pants (ass region). How convenient! If your TA is not Jstarr: offer him a Green Card.

If I've learned anything during my short time at MIT it's that the shortest way into ANYone's pants involves a collection of relatively entertaining remarks about μ_k .

Problem 4 (5 points) If you've learned anything so far, it's that things are worth less the further down you go. Which is why we'd like you to draw a comic for us, one that has no redeeming value. For more space, use the back.

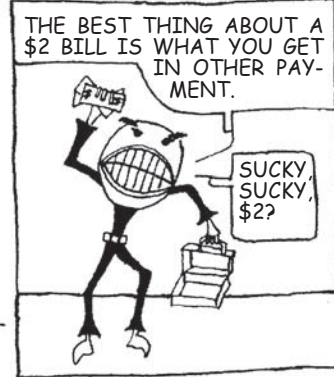


VooDoo
Due in Room 50-309 by 2:00pm sharp

web.mit.edu/voodoo/www
Friday, Oct. 7, 2005

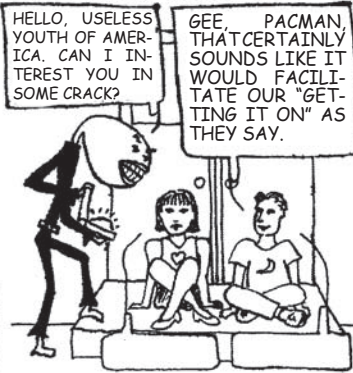
Problem 5(5 points) Can't draw? Then try captioning the comic on the other side, an old VooDoo favorite. Then fold and seal this page and send it off!

THE CRACK-MAN

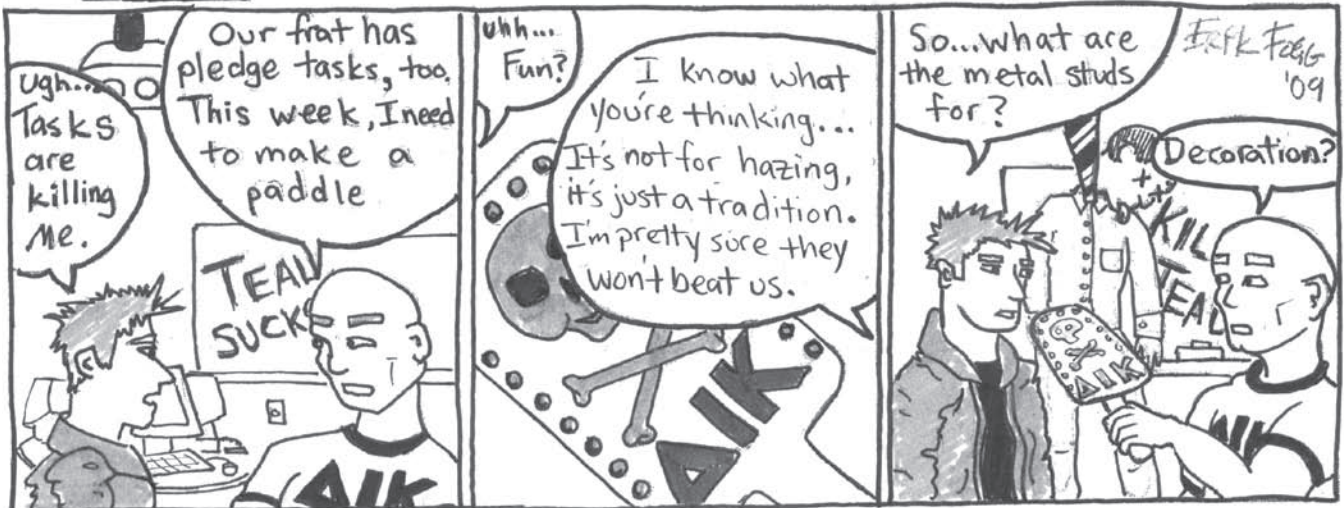


~~THE CRACK-MAN~~

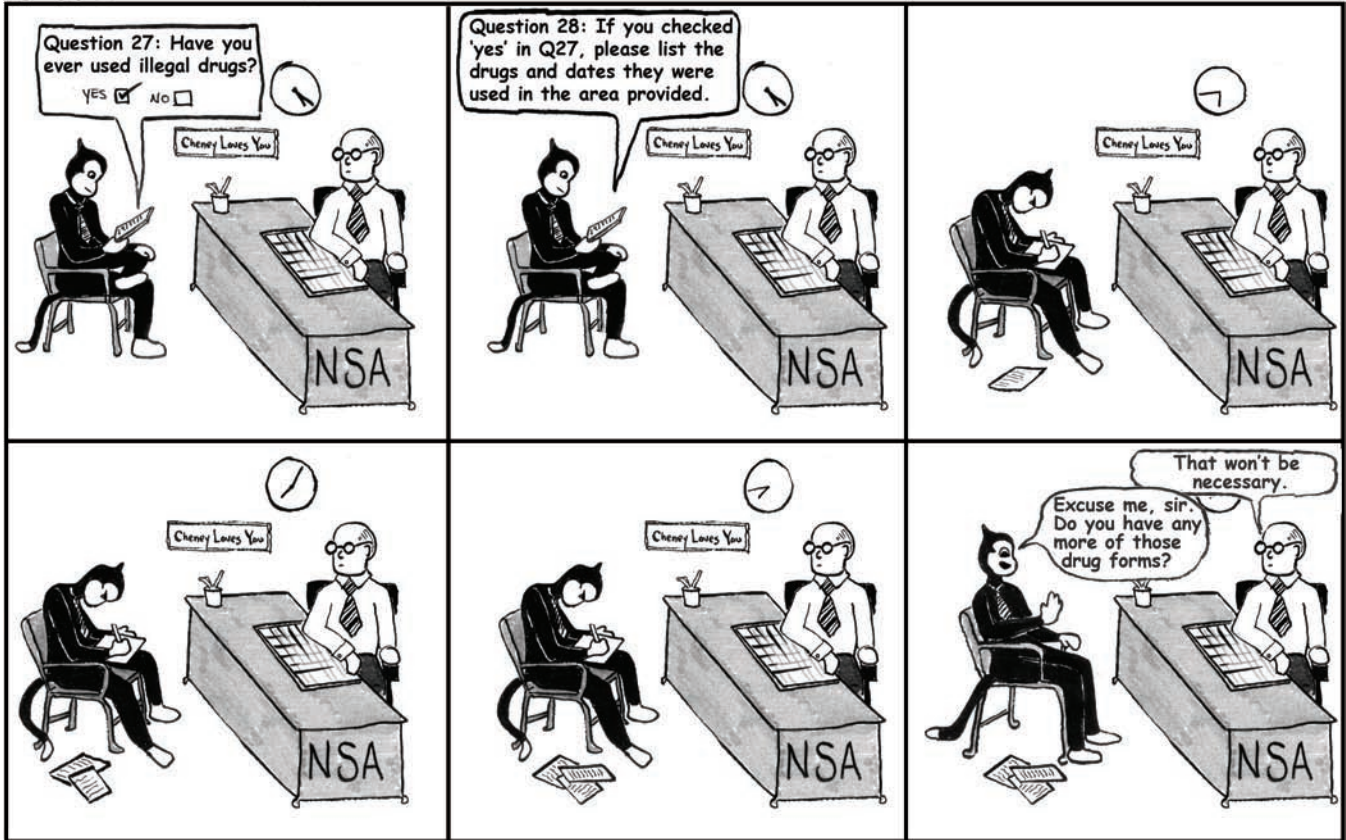
PACMAN'S OTHER JOB



PLEDGE : TALES FROM A SENIOR HAUS FRAT BOY



MIT Alumnus®

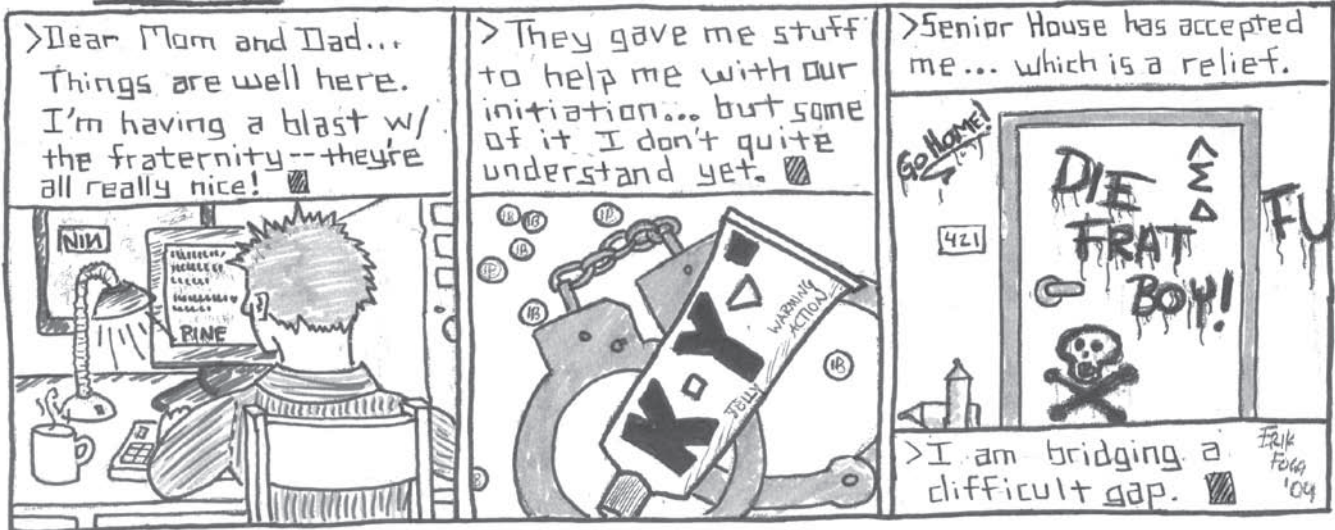


Voo Doo Reminds You: Cellphone Etiquette

That's right, I said I would cut one of your kidneys out if I had to remind you. . . but since MIT EMS already poached one of them the last time you had to get wheeled to Medical, I'll just mention it one more time:

- First and foremost, cell phones are toys! No, not that kind--the *other* kind. So if your cell phone isn't always in your pants, purring you slowly to climax, you're not getting the most out of your calling plan.
- Not being able to slam down the receiver at the end of a conversation has made talking over the phone way too polite. Be sure to compensate by yelling and cursing throughout.
- Even if you're not taking a call, keep your phone next to your ear and at the ready. Besides keeping the muscles in your arm toned, this technique will keep your ears warm in winter (well, one of them anyway).
- The Bible offers incontrovertible evidence against the "theory" of electrodynamics. As a good Christian, it is your duty to burn your cell phone and start up a group to harass evil cell phone users.
- Does your cell phone no longer reflect your "personal style" or "style-conscious personality". Consider getting a lobotomy---it might just be cheaper and more effective than ringtones and wallpapers.
- If your cell phone goes off in a quiet room, save face by promptly shoving it in your rectum.
- Even though your cell phone can now keep appointments, play music, run a Web browser, and beat you at chess, that's no reason to stop amassing iPods, palm pilots, laptops, and other redundant electronic shit.
- Just because you are taking an important call, you are not free of the real-world conventions that require you to say "Please," wait on red, and refrain from shitting in the urinal.

PLEDGE : TALES FROM A SENIOR HAUS FRAT BOY



TRANSCRIPTS OF A GTA3 LEGAL MEETING FOUND IN NETWORK SECURITY PROBLEM SET

Lawyer 1: "Okay, we go in front of the FCC tomorrow. This is going to be a tough one, gentlemen."

Lawyer 2: "Ugh. Tell me about it. I haven't slept in a week. I've been up all night trying to figure out how to get the flamethrower through."

Lawyer 3: "Flamethrower? Bah. At least you weren't assigned 'shooting prostitutes in the head.' The best defence I've come up with is 'they're not really people.'"

Lawyer 1: "... Guys. Don't worry about that shit. It's going to pass."

Lawyer 3: "Really? How do you know?"

Lawyer 1: "I've already been talking with the FCC. It's not a problem."

Lawyer 2: "What about the cop-killing?"

Lawyer 1: "Trivial."

Lawyer 3: "Running over pedestrians?"

Lawyer 1: "Kid's stuff."

Lawyer 2: "Then what the fuck is the problem? All the violent shit this game's got to offer is going to fly!"

Lawyer 1: "That's not the problem. There's a... uh... scene. Where two people are... naked."

Lawyer 3: "Christ. We're fucked."

Lawyer 1: "Oh, it gets better, gentlemen. The naked people are making love."

Lawyer 2: "... C-c-consensual?"

Lawyer 1: "... Yeah. It's consensual sex."

Lawyer 2: "DEAR GOD, NO!"

Lawyer 3: "I don't think I can serve as counsel on this case anymore. Exposing children to such adult lewdness conflicts with my religious beliefs."

Lawyer 1: "Calm down, princess. I tried to get the S-E-X removed from the game. The guys at Development are really gung-ho for it, though."

Lawyer 2: "Damn sex-starved computer science nerds. Can't we get those guys staff hookers? They're killing us, here!"

Lawyer 3: "I... I can't do this. How could we possibly expose people to something as indecent as consensual sex between two adults? Could you at least tell me the woman's not enjoying it? She's at least making the Hentai crying sounds, right?"

Lawyer 1: "I'm afraid not. She is clearly enjoying herself."

Lawyer 3: "THAT'S JUST WRONG! I... fuck you guys. I can not morally support this cause anymore. I'm out of here."

Lawyer 2: "... A woman enjoying sex? What were the development guys thinking? We could never get that shit past the FCC."

Lawyer 1: "If they find out, this game is banned. The Senate would get involved. The only solution is that no one can know about this. We have to lock the scene down and pray no one ever hacks it."

Lawyer 2: "We'll have to live with that. Alright, I'll see you at tomorrow's hearing. You know, I just might get my kid a copy of this for Christmas... just make sure the scene gets hidden. I don't want any smut getting in the way of Johnny's merciless, consequence-free murderous rampage."

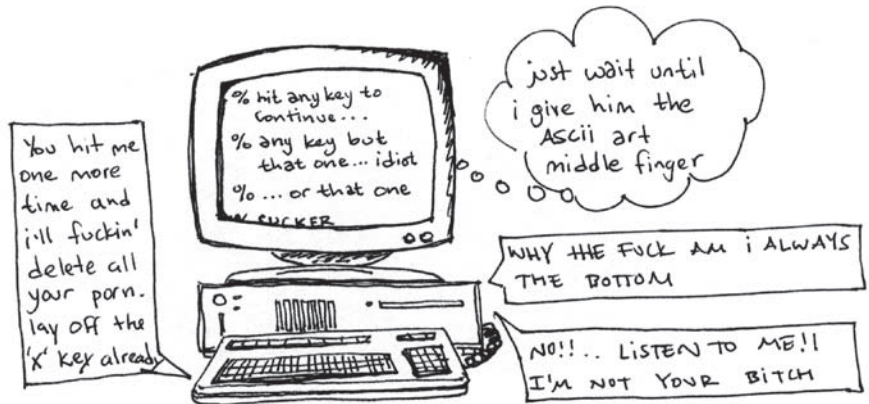


SHOCKING VOO DOO EXPOSÉ!

MEDIA LAB COVERUP: RESEARCHERS DON'T THINK THINGS SHOULD THINK

Research papers uncovered last week by a Media Lab cleaning crew show, beyond a doubt, abuse of researchers in the Things That Think Consortium at the hands of merciless corporate greed, upper-level administration, and—most perversely—their own creations. We've included the transcripts here without any additions or comments, as the raw truth will surely speak of the horrors contained within the polished white exterior of Building E15.

as if listening to the stupid shit of fellow humans wasn't bad enough these poor researchers now have to listen to their toilets complain about the injustices of the world and how no one treats them right and that the sink is more loved by the bathtub even though it really has more in common with it the endless bickering and self centered tripe not to mention the homicidal ramblings of the medicine cabinet every morning i get up and look into its mirror while brushing my teeth and it murmurs death chants about my fellow coworkers they are all conspiring against me they deserve cruel deaths to have their veins slowly pulled from their bodies and then woven into thick ropes that can be used to hang their lifeless bodies from the overhanging arch next to the media lab as a warning to all others they shall pay fuck them fuck them but then when i open the cabinet it shuts up like it wasn't saying anything the cabinet wants me to think its my problem that its in my head but i know the truth its the evil one its the one thinking these awful things how do i know this



because it all started after installing the gershenfield device the device he developed which allowed us to interact in real time with the things around us to allow our things to think to aid our lives but what he didnt realize was that these things were already thinking they were already plotting against us and this device merely lets us hear their thoughts well i hope they can hear mine too i hope they can hear my hatred for their insignificant lives i would throw them all out and buy new items from walmart but i know that wouldnt change anything they are all the same the kenmore washer is just as much of a fucking racist at the whirlpool the only difference is whom they hate ones against the jews the other against the hispanics but me i hate them all the washing machine the stove the refrigerator they all need to die im not selective i dont choose sides only my side if i had a large enough trash compactor i would shove all these things that think down its little throat i can hear it now that fucking garbage disposal of mine constantly whining about how its full and that it just cant take another bite and that its girlfriend is really just a whore who is using him for his money i would get it all riled up id tell him that the spice rack was out with his girlfriend last night and that they were mocking him the whole time how he smelled that he didnt make enough money that his research wasn't going anywhere and id wait until he was really angry really frothing at the mouth the words flowing faster than his spinning little motor and then id grab the coffee maker and shove it down its throat id shut up that fucking little mouth of his with the soap dispenser i wouldnt have to listen to any of them anymore if i could fit the wicker

OTHER NEWS

Standard Leaves Standards

Oliver Smoot Retires from ANSI

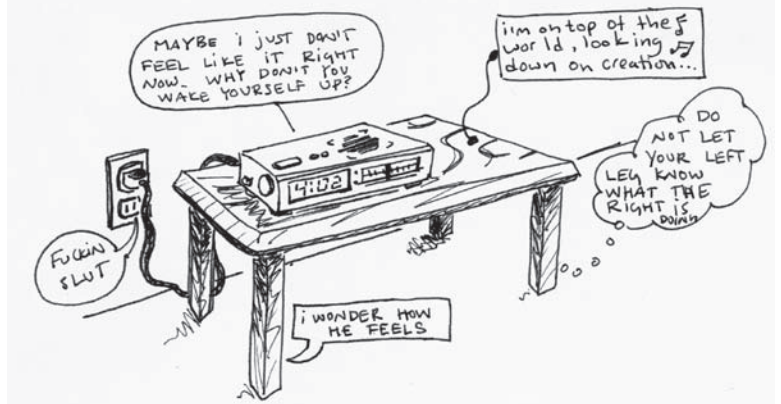
Hockfield Still on Honeymoon

Rest of MIT Demands She Get Back in Kitchen

Former Voo Doo Editor Poses as Feminst

Gets Plastered on Panhel Boards; Hopes to Get Plastered and on Panhel Broads

chair down there i would do that too yeah im going to sit on
 you and youre going to like it and im going to fart to so shut
 the fuck up before i let a nice juicy one slip out between my sacred
 cracks creeek creeeeek creeek thats all i want to hear thats
 right that fucking box gershenfield developed i smashed it with
 a hammer well over a fucking month ago and boy did the ham-
 mer like that fucking masochist i swung it against the concrete
 a few times for good measure too it can suck it up you want to
 think well think about this mother fucking hammer i hate you
 how does that feel i hope it hurts because you should know what
 its like too why should you get off were all in this shit hole
 together so quit your bitching im sick of listening to your shit to
 all of your shit the bed sheets can just go fuck off i destroyed
 that box months ago and im still listening to you whine about the cum
 stains i dont love you im just using you and now you know
 how it feels too i cant believe theyve done this to me and all in
 the name of science is this science is this the future god are
 we all damned that fucker negro ponte i blame him he knew
 what that box would do and he gave it to me anyways he just
 wants the coke and hookers that come with the fat media lab bucks
 every time i put razor blade in my ear to try to cut out the part that
 can hear these infernal devices each time i scream in agony from
 his cover up he gets a blowjob because thats one more day i
 survive and perpetuate the awful lies of the media lab thats one
 more day of profits that he can spend on a three way with south asain
 underage hookers and thier donkies well no more i will not
 be the dirty love mule of his led adorned loins the world will
 know things think things think they already think and
 you dont want to hear what they are thinking please god make
 them stop someone has to stop him or you will all suffer as i do
 now my god will my typewriter ever shut up yes im going
 to hit you and youre going to like fuck you i want the letter
 l you like that i dont care look ||||||| ill just keep
 smacking you i dont care that you think i dont care that you feel
 do you see anyone caring about my thoughts of feelings fuck no
 ||||||| ha fuck you ||||||| take that bitch ||||||| lets
 hear you scream ||||||| maybe s sssssssssssssss you
 like that you will all suffer i think my shotgun is talking to
 me now oh yeah you think thats a good idea too yeah ive
 been thinking about that for a while now yeah lets go do it
 the rest of them they dont understand but you do i know ah
 thsu k lkthuy theui kcm thie, co ak thojnoo l athh alid htkac,m.xp[
 ek thie lal thk kaky a;la; the8 akk ta l;aithkakldjoq ;alkqlm th ay a
 tkey alkck au atha kdip al tya t hea a a tye ka coow lak cmvm the
 akkt al apri glkjhqp q kat oe al akhy oak a kkth eoacockc ei a akek

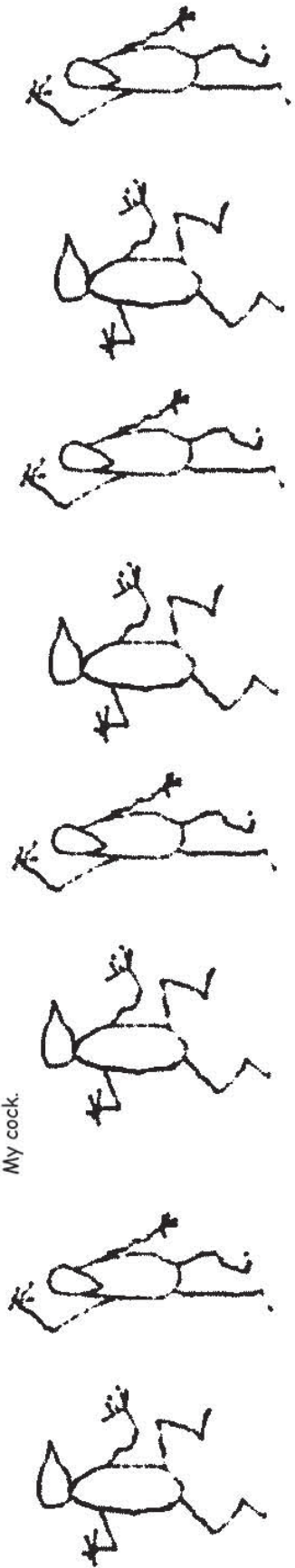


I have a huge cock.

And then - would you believe it -
 the centerfold of Margaret Thatcher stole my thunder.

Stole my thunder.

But people just haven't heard about
 it: due to its nature, the research
 could only get published in Playboy.



It's so big, once when I was taking a piss
 all these physicists gathered around and
 observed the light from stars behind it
 bending to its massive gravity. That's how
 Einstein's relativity was first widely
 accepted.

My cock.

Uh huh

untipz



STOP SAME-SEX ABORTIONS NS/VSS



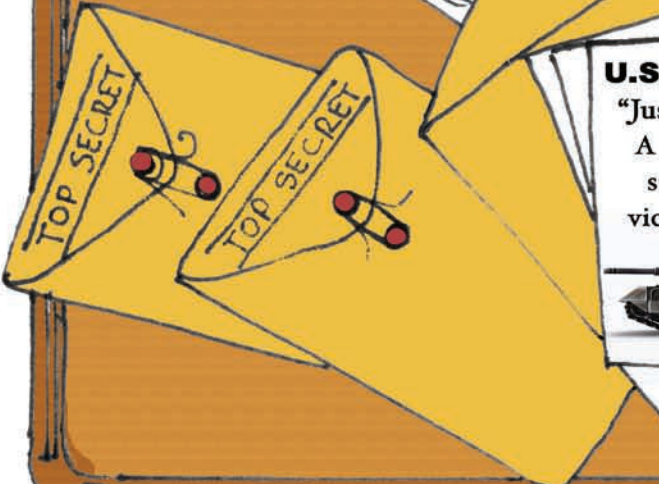
NASA Faith-based Adhesives for Heat Shields

A Faith-based Solution to Foreign Intelligence Translation

"No atheists foxhols" pray in-skools bom campaign. Wich trials for "enemy comb heretix"



U.S. CentCom "Just Trust Us": A faith-based strategy for victory in Iraq



Teh Pre

.E.S.
cane
Plan
waters
cleans



IN

Special Report
Only 37% of
Americans
have faith in
the president.

OUT

Faith-based
Tax Cuts:
"Let's just
pretend we're
stealing from
the poor"

REJECTED

SHRED/BURN

Faith in WMD's
-mobile labs
-mustard gas
stockpile
-nuclear program
-Al Qaeda ties

in
r-
ming
or
etant

**WORLD SERIES IN
FAITH-BASEDBALL**

**Constitutional
Amendment
Proposal:
Snake-Handling
Supreme Court**

I. Outcome
the decision
determined by
the number of
justices bitten.

apply an appeal,
apply antivenom.

CONNAISSANCE PHOTO #JOHN4:13

**FACE OF JESUS
IN PERUVIAN SAND DUNE**



UA ELECTION UPDATE

Phos has collected some of his favorite platform statements from around campus: here they are for your enjoyment. Or despair.

Baker House:

Hi everybody! I'm running for the position of Baker Senator! I'm a freshman! I've been involved in student government since I was in 3rd grade, when I was elected president of Mrs. Martin's class. I even volunteered to scrub the toilets! In middle school I was the class president for two years, and in high school I was class social chair all four years, and assistant planner of the junior prom! So you can see that I have lots of leadership experience, and have been kissing ass for as long as I remember, which is very important for this job!

I've only been at MIT for three weeks, but I can tell that it's such a kewl place! But you know, we don't have enough school spirit! I think we should lower standards of admittance for football players so that we have a team that can unite us! All these people talk about "IHFTP" and it's sooo bad!! Also, everybody studies too much and we don't have enough fun! If I get elected, I will MAKE SURE that we have fun, because I have lots of student government experience! So VOTE FOR ME!!!one!!!!eleven!

FRATERNITIES

EVER WONDER WHY THERE AREN'T MORE FRATERNITY REPRESENTATIVES IN THE UA? EVER WONDER WHY THE UA DOES ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR THE GREEK COMMUNITY? IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL DORM PEOPLE WHO HATE OUR KIND! WE KNOW THE TRUTH, WHICH IS IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE, YOU NEED PROVEN FRATERNITY LEADERS, BECAUSE FRATERNITIES DEVELOP LEADERS LIKE NO OTHER SYSTEM OUT THERE, EXCEPT MAYBE THE SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY U.S. PRESIDENTS WERE FRATERNITY BROTHERS? NEITHER DO I, BUT IT'S A BIG NUMBER.

SO THE DORM PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF US AND KEEP US DOWN, BY MAKING SURE THAT WE ARE UNDER-REPRESENTED IN THE SENATE. BUT NOW, WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO ASSUME OUR RIGHTFUL GODLY PLACE! IF YOU ELECT ME FOR THE UA SENATE, UA PRESIDENT JOHN CLOUTIER AND I WILL WORK TOGETHER TO MAKE SURE THAT WE TAKE OVER AND THE STREETS RUN RED WITH BLOOD. I'VE NEVER MET THE GUY, BUT HEY, HE'S A LOYAL FRATERNITY BROTHER, SO I'M SURE HE'LL BE OKAY WITH IT.

ΦΡΑΤΕΡΝΑΛΛΨ ΨΟΥΡΣ, [NAME]

An old classic...

Hi, I'm Rhett Creighton. I'm not an undergrad anymore, but I'm running for a fraternity senator position to prove that the UA are a bunch of wankers and that I'm still the most obnoxious person on earth. Does it actually say anywhere in the rules that a non-student can't run for senator? I bet they never thought to put that in. And I'll give you \$5 and my first-born if you vote for me. Hey, it would have worked last time if those ElectComm and JudBoard assholes hadn't disqualified me.

McCormick*

Dear McCormickites,

SO, A LITTLE ABOUT ME: I like long walks in the park, candle lit dinners, and big fluffy clouds. I also like tiny gusts of wind on hot days, chocolate (Mmmm -- chocolate), the smell of new things, and -- being elected McC Senator! (Well, I haven't actually experienced that one, but I'm pretty sure I would like it!)

A FEW QUESTIONS: I would like the freshmen to ask themselves if they feel as if they are living in the best dorm on campus. I also want to know if the upperclasswomen have had the best possible dorm experience at MIT, thus far. Everyone, do you know people outside of your floor? Furthermore, when was the last time McCormick had a party?

A FEW ANSWERS: Well, McCormick certainly has the best public living spaces (e.g. Green Room, Dining Hall, etc.) of any dormitory; McCormick definitely has the most pleasant lobby and the cleanest dorm rooms of any other dormitory of campus. McCormick, however, has a lot of unfulfilled potential!!

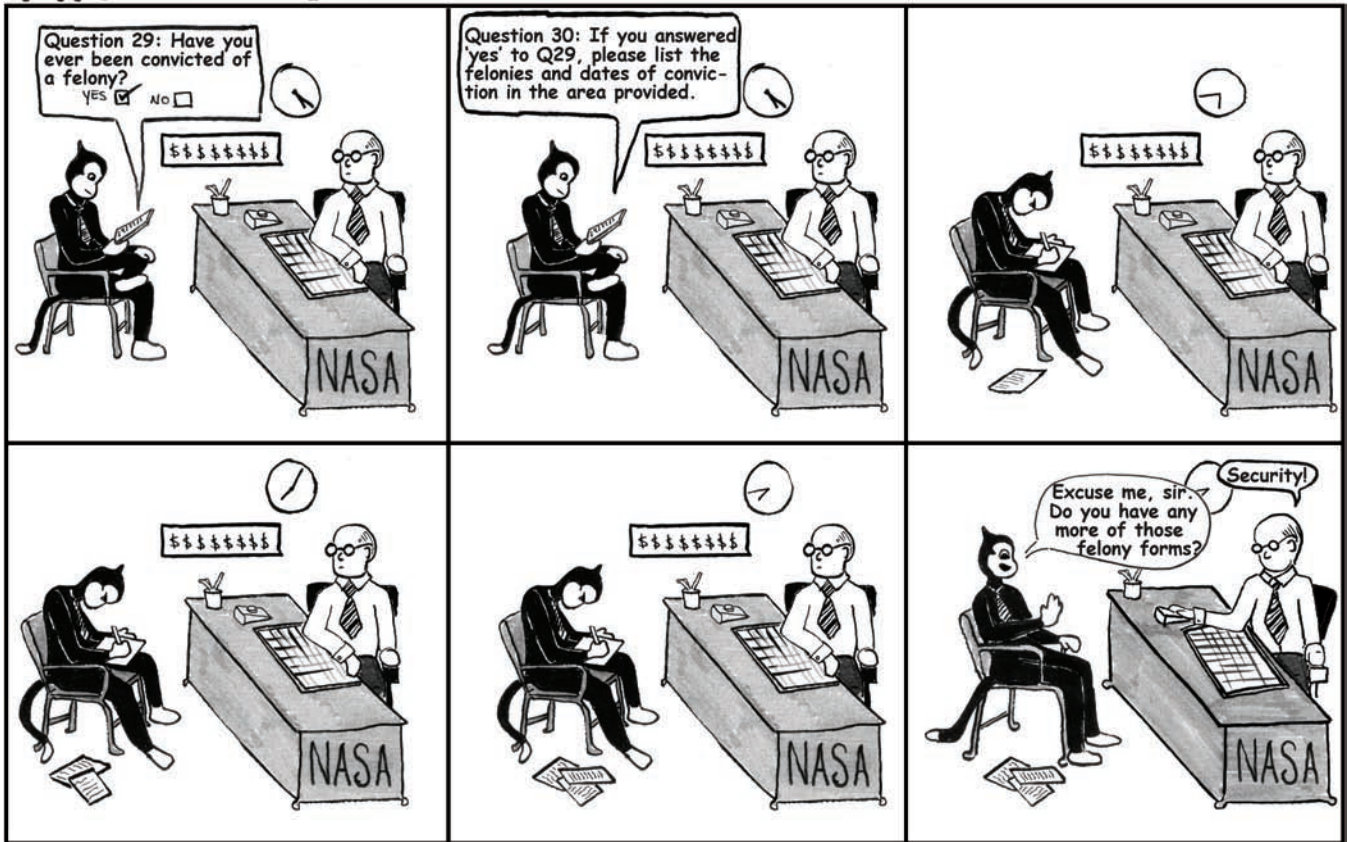
McCormick needs more of a community feel. As McC Senator, I will work to establish more of a social environment at McCormick. We should take advantage of the space that we have. I want more co-ed social events; I want better, newer games for the Game Room. I would like to host more events in our dance room and the penthouses. I want subsidized (or FREE?) field trips to the beach, New York, fancy shmancy restaurants, etc!

SOME OFF-KEY SHOWER SINGING and MORE ON CHOCOLATE: Furthermore, as McCormick Senator, I will be open to all of your ideas and concerns. My email address is [user]@mit.edu. Feel free to forward any ideas you might have for McCormick's improvement, or just knock on my door (Room [number]) to say hello. I think establishing a McCormick Senate Advisory Committee would help open the lines of communication even more. I know our dorm could be the most envied dorm on campus; I know we could eat, learn, and live together (Did I mention eat? How about some breakfast and lunch options at McCormick?! Or a dessert bar? Can we involve chocolate in this somehow?); I know I can help establish one, big, happy McCormick family if elected Senator ("WE ARE FAMILY! I GOT ALL MY SISTERS AND ME!" Come on! You know you sing an out of tune version of this song in the shower when no one is listening... :))

If this platform seems like a series of empty political promises, but I want you know that I am being sincere! I really hope to give all of you the best dorm experience possible!!!

* This one is real—no shit!

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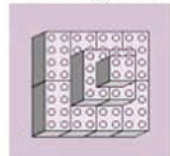
6.770

Tiny Ass Robot Design Competition

From the people who gave you 12 EDP's for playing with children's toys

Compete in one of the following design categories:

Micro-Pyramid



Pay homage to that last surviving brain cell

Design a cell sorter!



Micro-turbine



So small it belongs in your pants

View it using an AFM

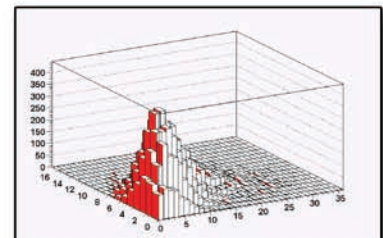
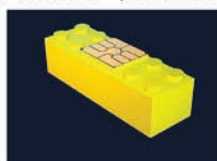


Lego BJT



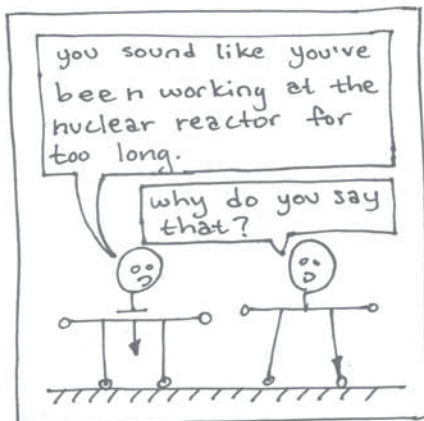
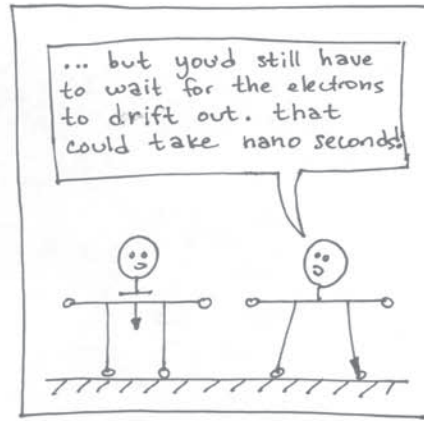
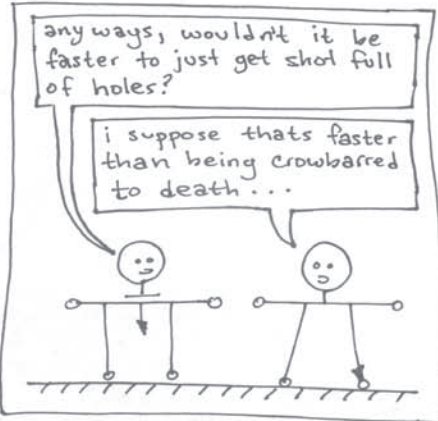
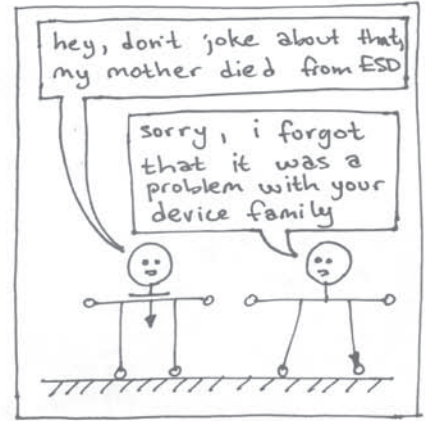
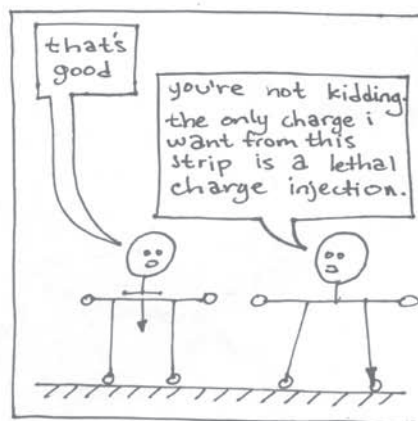
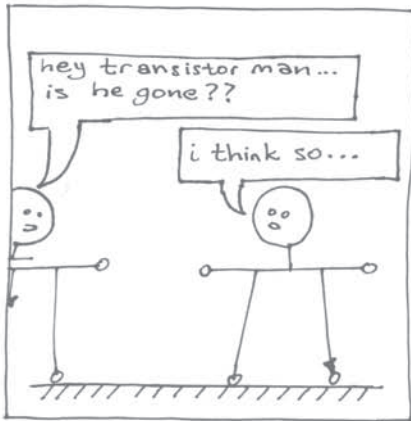
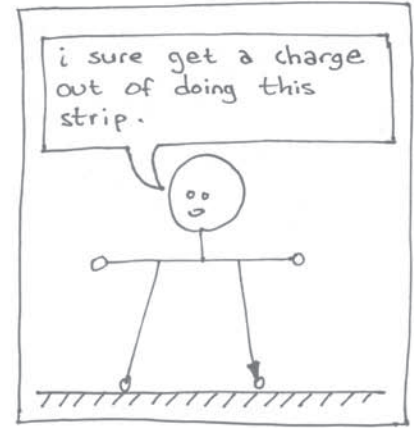
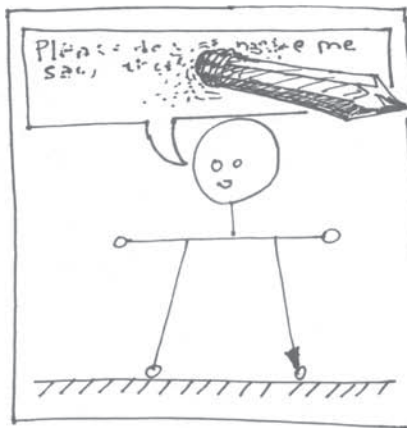
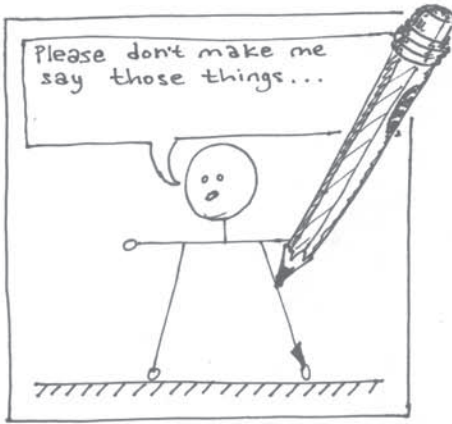
Transistor? But I hardly know her

And then build it on another lego! It will blow your mind like an escher painting

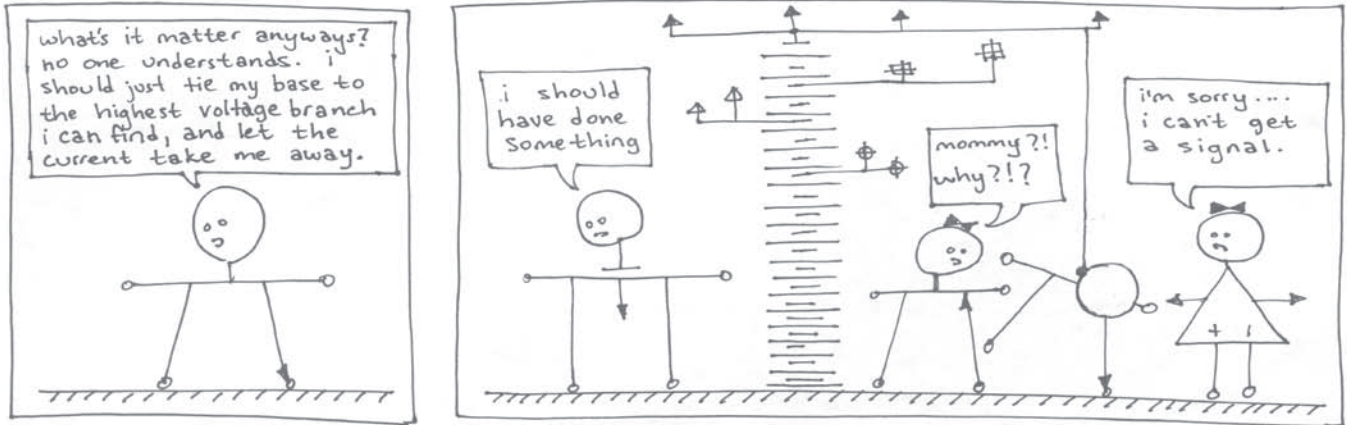


Special Awards given for Sharpest Probe, and project photo that least looks like you are trying to watch scrambled porn

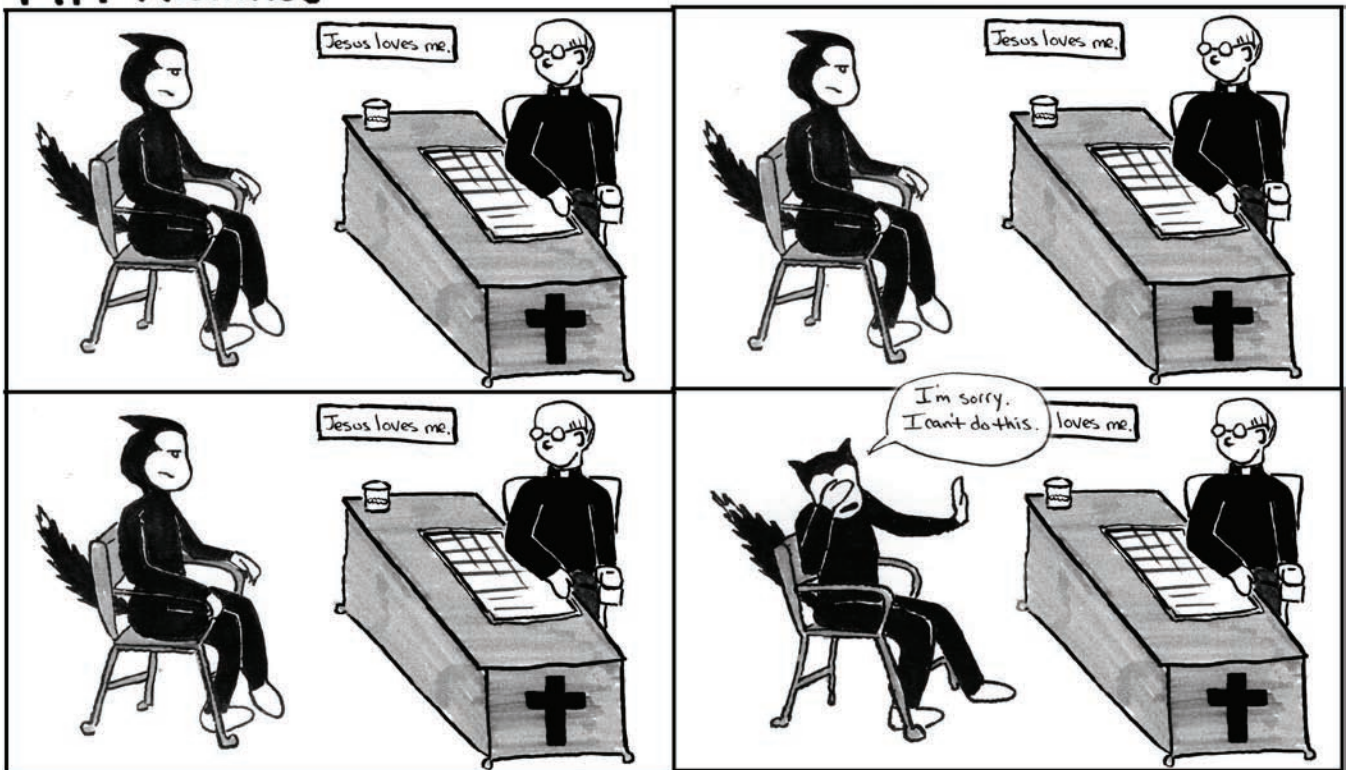




ONE CARRIER RECOMBINATION TIME LATER . . .



MIT Alumnus®



"You gotta write for Voo Doo first. Then when you write for Voo Doo, you get the money. Then when you get the money, you get the women."

-- Phosphorous T. Cat

NEXT SUBMISSION DEADLINE

MAY 5th 2006

VH1: WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

EPISODE 341: CHUCK VEST

AIR DATE: JANUARY 4, 2006

INTRODUCTION:

This week on VH1's "Where are they now?": Former President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Charles Marsteller Vest. After more than a decade at the helm of the nation's top technical University, the man affectionately known around the world as "Chuck" all but vanished from view when he stepped down last year.

Worn down by bitter struggle with students who did not appreciate his love for them, Chuck sought solace away from the mill of MIT. But in interviews with our reporters he revealed that his problems predated his time at MIT: brought up in a turbulent West Virginia household, he struggled to please his overbearing father.



Promotional stills: Chuck Vest hobnobbing with Vice President Dick Cheney in his secret underground bunker.

Success came early to young Chuck . . . but it was also fleeting. His reign as president of Mrs. Kaponiski's 3rd grade class was cut brutally short when his parents sent him to private school following an outbreak of lice.

The stigma hounded Chuck well into his teenage years when he lost the 8th grade presidential election due to the untimely leak of some elementary school photos and a smear campaign centered around the cartoon character "Bughead" Vest.

This and other memories of his Southern childhood led to complexes that would follow Chuck throughout his life, culminating in his ill-received crusades against on-campus drinking, racism, and drawling, the last of which, due to a typo, decimated MIT's arts program. This and other controversies finally drove him on in search of love and understanding. Our reporters caught up to Chuck in the midst of his search in a motel room in Western Pennsylvania where the overcast sky was the color of concrete.

The sky was matched by Chuck's hard self-critical tone in his exclusive interview with us as he led us through the many



Promotional still: Chuck Vest touring among the Japanese, the only people who still retain any respect for MIT.

stages of a life that produced this man destined to lead. We will supplement these musings with videos from some of Chuck's recent travels as well as previously unreleased footage from his senior high school prom, to give you unparalleled access to a formative time in his life. Finally, we will review some archival photos of his favorite family members, favorite toys, and favorite gym teachers, presented in a montage set to the music of Chuck's college band "Big Daddy's Pocketbook Trio."



Promotional still: Chuck opens his presidential library, which features an entire floor full of Ghetto-party emails.

So please join us now as we flash back to the beginnings of his career and follow him on his most recent wanderings, both near and far, and as we ask, "Where are they now?"



Archival still: Chuck Vest in a cameo appearance on NBC's "West Wing" on March 14, 2002. Chuck vest has had small roles together with other ex-presidents on numerous TV shows including "24," "Celebrity Deathmatch," and "West Wing."

Joe G: Man of Action Part I



GIRLS ALWAYS RUN AROUND MIT IN THEIR SKIVVIES.



The Women of the East Side
a calendar

16 months, full color, all MIT, all real.
on sale this IAP at EC Desk: \$10

Questions? Pre-orders?: eastside-admin@mit.edu

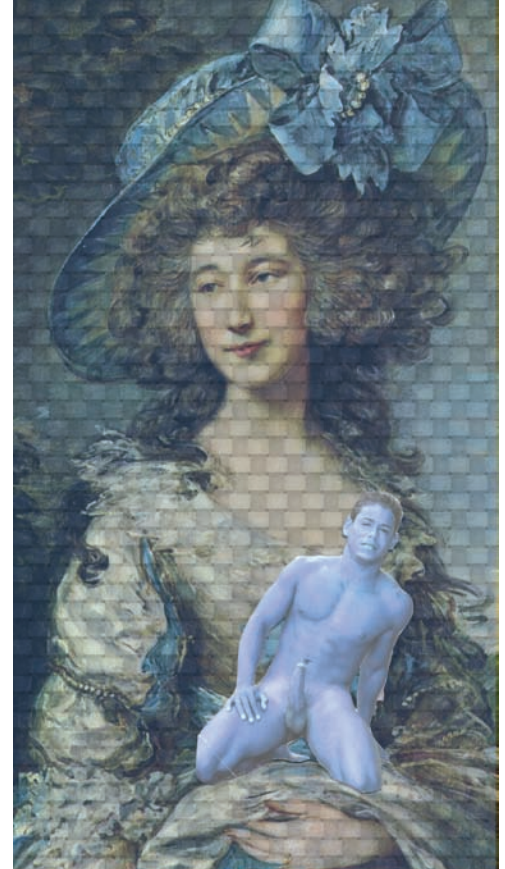


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X-RAY TECHNOLOGY REVEALS PORN IN PAINTINGS!

Researchers have known since 3.091 lecture that x-ray diffractography can be used to reveal original layers of well-known art pieces. This technique, used on a sampling of paintings from the National Museum of Art History with the intent of proving that Americans have superior cultural purity, backfired when it was discovered that naked men run rampant in our classical art! Führer Bush has since declared that all art must be abolished to protect our youth from the depravations of the past. Yet Building 32 is allowed to keep standing! Art or pornography: you decide.



GOOD WORK: ANNA BRITTON

REAL ESTATE

PLACES TO NEVER LIVE

In this week's installment of "Places to Never Live," our real estate editor proudly presents the bucolic retreat and home of Cornell University: Ithaca, New York.

After last week's feature on the Antarctic Plain, I was looking forward to reviewing the slightly warmer climes of Ithaca, NY, as a place of habitation. "Ithaca," I said to myself, "any city with its own monetary system can't be that bad." Yet again, I say something stupid and it comes back to bite me in the ass and chainsaw off

my balls. Actually, I just wish it did just that: it would have been preferable to staying in Ithaca.

I arrived on a pleasantly freezing day in Mid-August and set about trying to learn the most about my new home. After two hours surrounded by some of the most idyllic scenery this side of a dumpster outside your local Wal-Mart, I had had enough. I found myself longing for the warm companionship of the penguins and French camera crews that I had left behind on those snowy plains south of the

Antarctic Circle. While I could go on forever detailing Ithaca's many flaws, I've condensed an encyclopedia's worth of information into a short list for you to peruse. Consider these points next time someone asks you to move there.

- **THE PEOPLE:** Now I was excited about my prospective neighbors when I first arrived. A legendary hippie enclave and liberal bastion, I saw it as a beacon of hope in the midst of a red America, and then I got there: having empathy for causes and actually doing something are two different things. In Ithaca, the proper thing to do when confronted with the ethical dilemma of supporting World Hunger or buying a \$20 loaf of handmade organic bread is to buy the bumper sticker "I bought bread for Hunger" and put it on your Volvo. By the way, how did they get so many Volvos, and why are they all so ugly? These hippies must have single-handedly supported the country of Sweden in the late 80's, but I digress.

- **DRUM CIRCLES:** It's an insult to actual drum circles to call this collection of middle-aged white people hitting plastic djembes they bought at roadside stands in Iowa a drum circle, but I have no choice. A monkey trapped inside a washing machine thrown down a flight of stairs would have more rhythm.

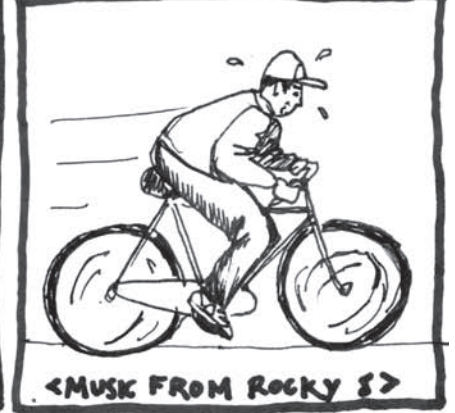
This activity was constant, all-encompassing, and destructive. Its desyncopated sound provides a backdrop to every daily act in Ithaca. It ruptured my eardrum, my spleen, and my left testicle.



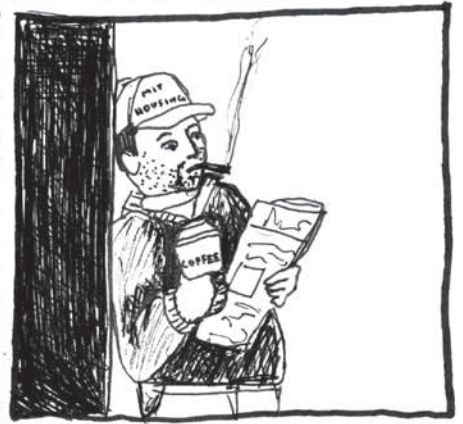
"So then the bartender says to him . . ."

Part II

BASED ON A TRUE STORY



2 MILES
LATER



But I got off lucky—one resident told me that I would get used to it eventually. She promptly stepped in front of a truck. It wasn't an accident.

• **MOST ENLIGHTENED CITY:** Last year, I was kicking back, smoking crack cocaine, and reading the UTNE reader. One of the highlights was the top 50 most enlightened towns in the United States and Canada. Number 1: Ithaca, NY. I spit between my missing two front teeth and resolved to go check it out. A short search of the AP News Wire gave me all the information I needed. During UTNE's search for an enlightened city, a fight broke out at Ithaca High School between white and black students when the white students came to school wearing white supremacist shirts. They all got suspended.

Enlightened citizens raced to respond, promptly staging protests of the white students' suspensions. What the cock? A local resident defended the freedom of choice in clothing, "I see kids downtown that like to wear baggy pants, and bandanas, and wear their hats sideways. Just because they dress like that, I don't consider them racist." Yet another enlightened citizen! I concur, UTNE reader, and applaud your choice.

• **CORNELL:** Yeah it's an Ivy League, the poor bastard runt of an Ivy League school that got kicked in the face by all the other Ivy Leagues when it was little. Their acceptance letter reads "We're sorry you didn't get into Harvard or Yale." The problem here is that Cornell is not a consolation prize, it's more of a what-the-fuck-do-I-

do-now prize. You wonder why the students throw themselves off gorges by the truckfull, but it's not because of the "workload," they just finally realized they live in Ithaca.

• **"ITHACA IS GORGES" T-SHIRTS:** Look, this is simply not funny. It's not clever. It's not humorous. It's just plain stupid. You look stupid wearing it. In fact, you look doubly stupid because not only are you wearing it but you also bought it—with real money, too—at one point. Way to be stupid, stupid. Some people would argue that they got it as a gift and therefore have to wear it out of some imagined obligation to their late, dearly departed Grandma Sophie. Listen stupid, it wasn't a gift. It was Grandma Sophie's way of telling you that she hated you.

Haxxor Reconnaissance Report

Building

46

Area: 400,000+ sqft Floors: 7

PhysPlant on Duty: 23 Shafts: 11

Points of Entry: plenty 1337ness: 3

Sekkrit N1nja FeaturezZz:

>L4b 4 H0b0 R3search next 2 train trax

> k-rad k0L0R \$cheme: all laboratories
shit-brown, so j00 kn0w what 2 do!!

> s00per sekkrit marijuana green-
house stashed in atrium on 7

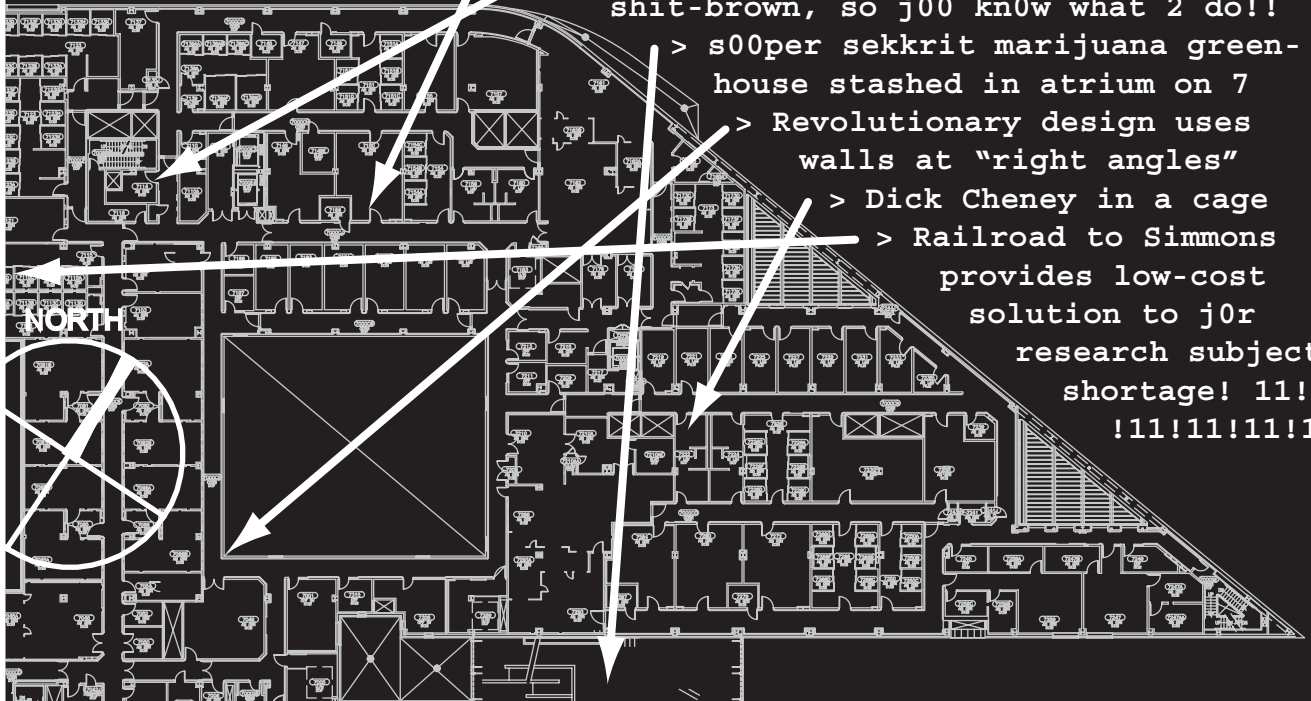
> Revolutionary design uses
walls at "right angles"

> Dick Cheney in a cage

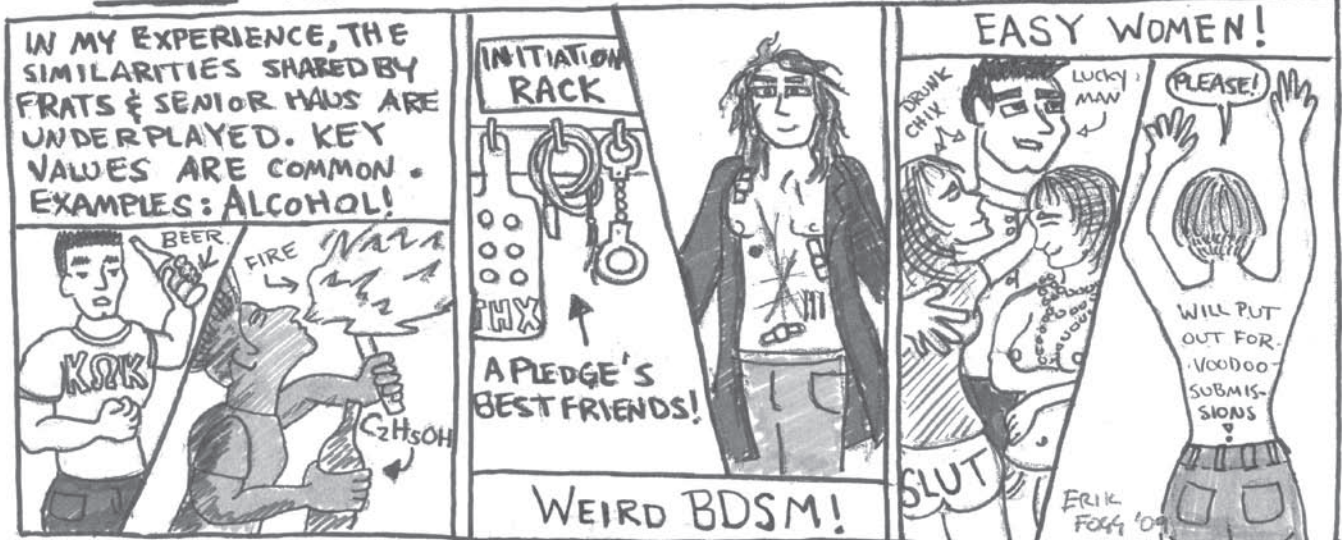
> Railroad to Simmons
provides low-cost
solution to j0r

research subject
shortage! 11!

!11!11!11!1



PLEDGE: TALES FROM A SENIOR HOUSE FRAT BOY



It Really Does Taste Better the Second Time Around

Failing all your first-term classes isn't so bad: just look at all the fun you're gonna have next time!

Symbol Key

- Ⓡ Recitation attendance is useless
- 🍷 Psets require alcoholic consumption
- ♥ The professor knows how to snag grad students

3.091 Chemistry for People Who Will Never Use It Again...Unless They're Course 3 (but who cares about Course 3, anyway?)



Prereqs: ADD; Recognition that Sadoway is a pimp.

3.09-Fun! Take an interdisciplinary approach to science. Appreciate fine music everyday. Get exposed to art. Learn the subtleties of intellectual (read: nerd) humor and charm. Take pimp lessons by observing the master. Don't worry, these all relate to crystal structure. Every time—promise!

5.111 Chemistry for People Who Know That 5.112 Is a Waste of Time



Prereq: Please tell me you've at least seen some chemistry before.

Introduction to chemistry for people who are too lazy to take their own notes. Emphasis on learning how to work those crazy boards in 10-250. Applications to hair styling and musical entertainment about benzene. Focus on molecular electronic structure, thermodynamics, and... wait, wait, wait! What happened to Ceyer? Why's there a new lecturer? This is confusing...

18.01 Calculus for Dummies



Prereq: Nothing: this is calculus for idiots.

Differentiation and integration of functions of one variable, because you're too stupid for two variables. We're even going to teach you derivatives. Emphasis on computation, so that Jason Starr can spend the entire 50 minutes gazing lovingly at the chalkboard. Applications of integration to fashion (Just

what is the volume of that sweater Starr's wearing?) and classroom entertainment (find the surface area of the chalk marks on his ass!) And hey, if you're lucky you may even get a recitation instructor who speaks English.

7.012 I Hope You Like Genetics



Prereq: None, it's *bio*.

Fundamental principles of biochemistry, molecular biology, genetics, excessive vocabulary, and complex grammatical sentence structure whenever Weinberg lectures. Psets may or may not help you study for tests, cover lecture material, make coherent sense, or be free of gross spelling errors.

8.01 Who Wants to Be a Physicist?



Prereq: Years of watching The Price is Right™

Come on down!! You're the next contestant on MIT's super crazy interactive technological waste of money! Will you get to do an experiment? Will you do some problem solving? Or will you be lucky enough for some PRS™? Who knows! Just make sure to buzz in for PRS™ before time runs out or you may have to represent your group in a Physical Challenge™! And don't forget your Mastering Physics assignment—who knew being off by a multiplicative factor could be so much fun?! If you actually like physics, this may not be the game show for you; consider 8.012: Who Wants to Be Physics' Bitch? If you dislike physics, you'll still hate it, but we'll pass you, so just shut up!

8.01L Who Wants to Be a Junior Physicist? (Children's Version)



Prereq: Just not caring about that damn math diagnostic test.

See description for 8.01, only we know those PRS™ buzzers are tricky to use, so we're going to give you all of IAP to figure them out.



Voo Doo Psychiatrist

With only a few days until finals begin, the stress level on campus is rising faster than a pedophile's trousers at Boy Scout Camp (he's going for his third tent-pitching merit badge). We here at Voo Doo understand that the end of the semester is a difficult time for students. You begin to feel like life is losing its meaning and the endless, unsatisfying drudgery of coursework leaves you with an emptiness that all your failures cannot hope to fill. We know that you, dear reader, sometimes find yourself strained by the intense challenges unique to your position as a young and over-privileged member of our ever-loving Institvte. In order to prove that you are not alone, we conducted an extensive campus-wide interview. Yes, we sought out those brave souls who have journeyed to the edge of Hell and back (somewhere near the corner of Vassar and Main) and asked them to share their advice for dealing with MIT's omnipresent stress. Here's what they said. We hope their testimonials help you make the right decision.



"Well, it seems like everyone at my dorm prefers to make a big deal out of it by endangering others with fire and poison and shit, but I think suicide should be a private thing... I mean, we should be taking

"They tell me it would set a bad example for my students if I committed suicide. But, if I've got to pick something, I'd go with overdosing on a variety pack while shooting myself in the head and falling off the Green



Building. You can never be too dead. Also, I'd hate to set an even worse example by fucking it up." —GRT, 24



"Wow, that's an interesting question! I'd like to kill myself in a spectacular way . . . something showy, but not too painful. And it has to be foolproof because fucking up your own suicide is just pathetic. So here's

my idea: first you become an astronaut. Then you can go on a space walk; sometimes they do those things untethered. You then use the entirety of your jetpack to accelerate yourself towards the Earth and fall out of orbit. You'd get to be a shooting star! I mean, you could leave your friends a note or have your last message to Ground Control be, 'Look up in the Northeastern quadrant of the sky at 2:33 am EST' or some shit like that. After the 5 or 10 years you spent in astronaut training, they'll never see it coming! Really, if I had to jog every morning I'd want to kill myself too." —Course 16 Student, 21

"I've been drinking myself to an early grave for over ten years now. Does that count?" —alum, 26



examples from the frat boys here: if they can't find your body for months, your fellow classmates can hold out hope that you might have been clever enough to chill out in Tijuana, at least until the term ended. I wouldn't want my death to interfere with anyone's coursework or anything. That's just selfish." —Random Hall resident, 21

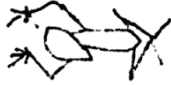
"Well, I normally don't give it much thought. Still, if I have to tell another fucking Millennial that it's 'down the street, not across the road', I'll demonstrate it myself." —Senior House resident, 20



"I don't know, . . . you know? I mean, I'd like to think that my life has been an inspiration to those around me, so why shouldn't my death be one also. Does nitrous oxide make your skin turn funny colors? I've got to look my best. And it should help people see the evils that drugs do. I think if I can bring the community together and teach a good lesson, then it would be worth it. And Jenny would sure feel sorry for sleeping with my best friend. Fucking slut." —Baker resident, 19



Why do you have to be a slut, Matilda?
Don't you love your family?



Here, why don't you read some Dahl. Every child loves Roald Dahl.



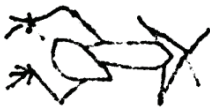
Mom, who's that big man who always comes when Daddy's working overtime?



ACK FLASHBACK FLASHBACK FLASHBACK FL

Minpins was the worst!

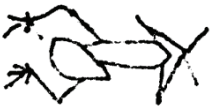
I don't know. He just sucks.



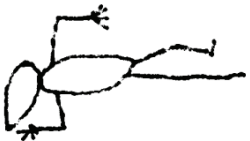
ok . . . And the Minpins. What do you have against Roald Dahl.



Matilda blows.



Dude, Roald Dahl's written so many books. Check this out: The Witches, Matilda . . .



RESEARCH

ETHICS

The hot topic in today's science beat is research ethics. Some of our investigative colleagues have crossed "the line" (currently stored at the Système Internationale headquarters in Paris, and only lent out for peer-reviewed limbo dance parties). Don't find yourself among their ignominious number! Research ethics are about more than just not using cheap plastic twine in your string theories and spending the extra grant money on bulletproof mink coats. They are about the age-old code of science honor, where the first rule of science club is you do not talk about science club until you have the dopest-ass data on the scene. Well, when you need to know the difference between ethical and unethical ways to wear the DARPA bling, as always you can count on Voo Doo to bring you the straight word. On this page you'll find out whether you are doing your part for ethical research.

Are you an ethical researcher? Complete this handy checklist to find out!

- The grad student I'm sleeping with will actually pass his or her quals.
- I always ensure that the random noise I add to my fabricated data has the proper statistical distribution.
- Whenever I take credit for someone else's work, I make sure to remember their birthday.
- I have only placed my least favourite child in the Skinner box.
- When I use my Nobel prize to pick up loose junior faculty, I always respect their publication record in the morning.
- I have successfully defeated Ted Postol in Ye Faculty Joust.
- I have never submitted videotapes of my unauthorized human subject experiments to MTV's "Transactions on Jackass".
- President Hockfield has slapped me on the ass and said "good game" during evenings at the Faculty Club.
- I always try to avoid hitting innocent bystanders when doing drive-bys with my krew of thug professaz.
- Even though I have tenure, I still make the effort to show up at the lab every couple of weeks (if not too hung over).
- I am not, nor have I ever been, a member of the Media Lab.

If you checked less than half of the above, your "ethical image" needs work. Consult the MIT Spin Office immediately.

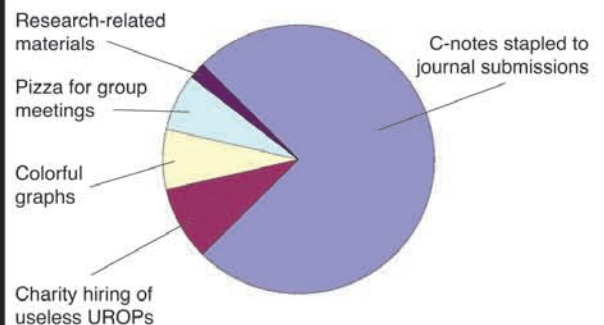
How To Recognize Research Ethics



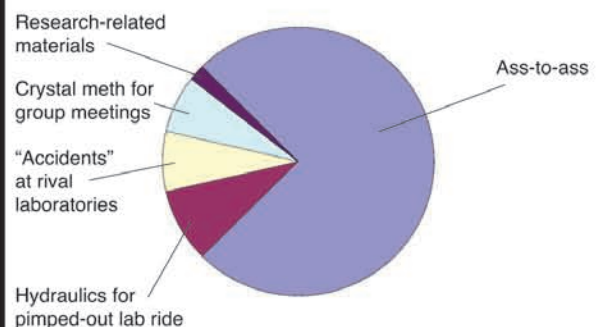
Look around your laboratory. Do you see one of these? If not, you may be working in an unethical research environment.

Follow The Money

Ethical Research Budget



Unethical Research Budget



And God came . . .

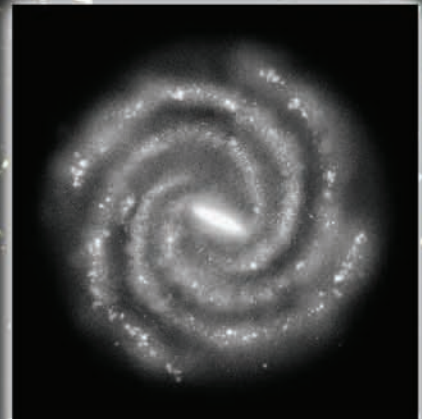
and there was light.



"Nocturnal emissions"
continue to this
very day.



The Second Coming is
at hand: just look up
at the sky!



The "Milky Way"?
Come on, isn't it
obvious, Mr. Hawking?

**The "Big Bang" is just a theory! Teach your children
the science of Divine Ejaculation!**