

**The only thing more fun than  
reading *VooDoo*...**

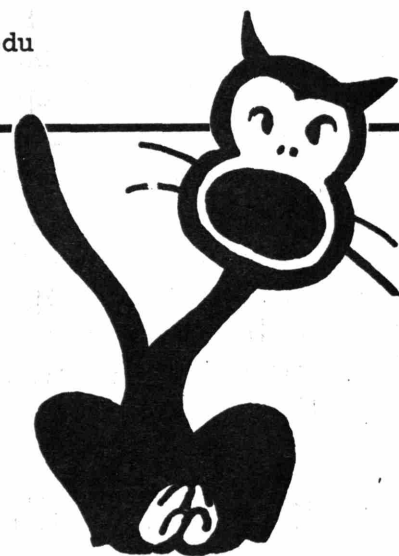
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# THINK YOU'RE FUNNY?

Submissions to : VooDoo, Room 50-309  
voodoo@athena.mit.edu

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Misplaced Credits	
Front Cover	- Pawan Sinha
Fashion Boutique	- Larry Appleman
End of Hiatus Form	- Kent Lundberg
Grad School Essays	- Courtney Moriarta
House of Wacky Fun Stuff	- Courtney Moriarta

<sup>1</sup>Well, you're not. You're just another boring MIT student. No one thinks you're funny. No one laughs at your jokes. The opposite sex doesn't find you interesting. The same sex doesn't find you interesting. Animals and small children hate you. Face it, loser, you suck.

# EDITORIAL

Well, here it is. After much sweating, simpering and swearing, we have gotten our Physical plant renovations completed, our darkroom up to Code, and have managed to toss together yet another issue of *VooDoo*, the nation's oldest comic magazine.

This is the "No Apologies Issue." Last year in our "Apology Issue," we were feasting on crow: apologizing for various mistakes, omissions, and a small item of plagiarism. Unbeknownst to us, we started a most unfortunate fashion trend. In the time that has past since we last published, we have seen everyone turn into groveling worms, begging for forgiveness. *The Tech* apologizing for *The Reamer*. *The Harvard Law Review* apologizing for *The Harvard Law Revue*. Leona Helmsley apologizing for cheating on her taxes. Paul Tsongas apologizing for not being able to save the nation by continuing his campaign. Elvis apologizing for how bad he looks on the "Fat Elvis" postage stamp design.

Well, quite honestly, we have had enough of this "Gee, we're sorry" bullshit. We are tired of having to excuse ourselves for stupid things, and listening to other people excuse themselves. If you are sorry about something, we don't want to hear about it, AND WE AIN'T SORRY FOR NOTHING. If we had to apologize to take a shit, we'd puke. If anything in this issue offends you, TOO FUCKING BAD! We print what we get, and YOU WHINING SNIVELSNOTS haven't sent us anything yet.

Anyway, watch for us next term: we are planning on a September issue (submissions accepted now) and a Christmas issue, and we intend to purchase the yet-unsold crumbling Christian Science Monitor Communications Empire. Our fall foray into the world of broadcasting should be a glittering beacon of hope to "defunct" student activities the world over.

Kent Lundberg

May 4, 1992

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## Letters to *VooDoo*

Dear Voodoo Editor,

For what it's worth, I'm sending you some stories I've written recently. None of them is much fun (in fact, they all cheapen the human spirit and drag whatever is noble in the human adventure through a Medi-Flu flavored pool of monkey bile), but the way I see it, if you want fun, you can buy it in the

Combat Zone. Am I right, people? So here's what's coming:

(1) "Surveillance Tape Mania" — I received a couple of phone calls from a woman who thought my stories in the *Thistle* ["The Snuggly Cuddle Bears" and "Tabby's New Obsession"] were based on real people. According to her, I was watching surveillance tapes to glean intimate details of innocent peoples' lives, then exploiting these folks in my lame stories. How right she was. This story is my love-letter to her.

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## LETTERS TO VOODOO

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(2) "Hyperviolent Splatterpunk Goremeisters" — This one is so weak that, when I finished it, my eye turned longingly toward my bare wrist and the gleaming, naked blade. It's just a several-paragraph joke, "The Snuggly Cuddle Bears" turned upside-down. In a sense, it's my fictional love-letter to "The Poseidon Adventure." Whatever that means.

Anyway, good luck with the brand new "Voodoo Magazine," with feature articles on health, cosmetics, tried & true recipes, helpful household hints, and just plain fun features for the whole family.

Big Love,

Dave "Human Boy" Jordan

Gentlemen: [sic]

I feel that the quality of content of your magazine has deteriorated to a point of hopelessness. Your stories are below college level, your cartoons about Junior High level.

Your stories show a lack of proof reading and the content lacks editorial control.

Professor Fred Fassett, who taught journalism at M.I.T. in 1936-7 would have been appalled at your substitution of obscenity for humor, pointlessness for whimsy, and lack of originality. Language from the barnyard and the gutter may have shock value on TV and other video media, but it should not be necessary to hold the interest of M.I.T. level individuals. The use of four-letter least-common-denominator words may

spark a gasp or two in a Broadway play, but it is not literature and will not sell magazines, not even *The New Yorker*, which always has been a *Voodoo* guideline.

George Palmer, '41

Dear Staff:

Your latest *Voodoo* is quite literary compared to the crap we used to put out but we made up for that with slick paper and color and national ads and local ads at clubs and restaurants and due bills and fun.

But be of good cheer! And continue having fun.

Richard F. Cottrell, '41

To the Editors:

In the spring of 1990 I submitted a piece called "Letters To *The Tech*" to *Voodoo*. I am writing in order to request that the piece not be printed in any publication of *Voodoo*. Quite a bit of time has passed since I wrote the piece (almost two years), and I am no longer interested in seeing it in print. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,

Robert Plotkin

*It's okay, Robert. See the footnote on page 2. -- ed.*

## LETTERS TO VOODOO

Dear Guys and Gals,

You asked about help for your Historian. I hope that you really mean that!

We had an annual event, "The Smoker." It took place at the beginning of each academic year and was our way of recruiting new staff members for the rag. It had always been held in the basketball court on the top floor of Walker Memorial, right next to the *Voodoo* office. Its popularity was assured by the feature of a strip tease artist who would be employed by the Associate Editor. Actually, this was his key function for the year!

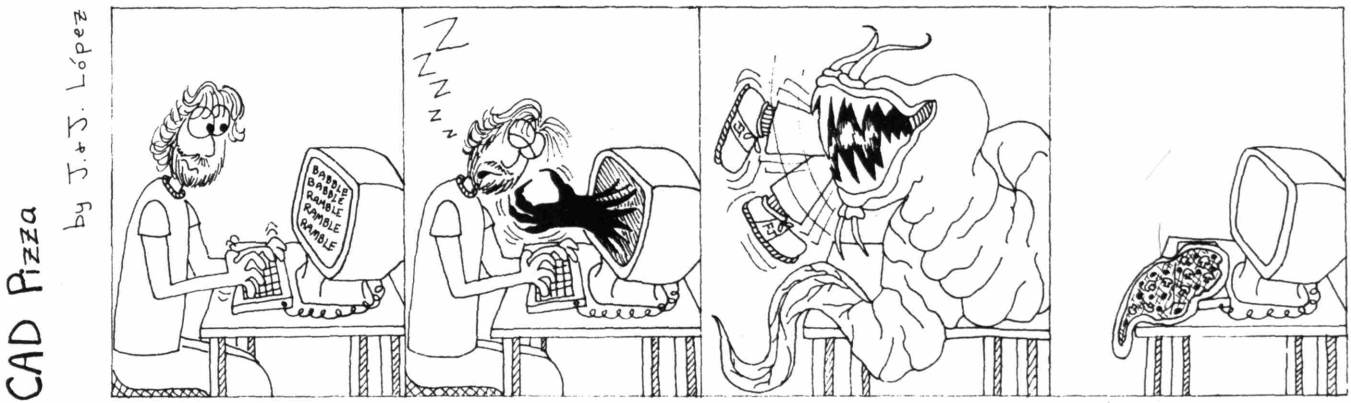
It was a position I was delighted to be invited to fill. The Rockwell Cage had been completed and we had been very encouraged by the Basketball Coach and janitorial staff of Walker Memorial to move our activities to this larger facility. They felt the dirt floor would be much more appropriate. We did too, it gave us a larger audience and allowed the construction of a suitable stage. It had already been used very successfully the year prior to my "new job."

I had already been downtown and engaged the actress with a deposit, when I was summoned to the Dean's Office.

M.I.T. had recently appointed a new Dean of Students, E. Bowditch. He promptly notified me that such an event was not suitable for the institution. I pleaded my case for continuity and the fact that I had already made a significant financial investment in the entertainment. He'd granted his permission on that basis and my promise for a clean, quiet, and tasteful performance. I also assured him it would be the last smoker of this type for our operation. It certainly was!

I was just mounting the stage as Master of Ceremonies, when I was interrupted by two men in uniform from the Cambridge Police force. They were curious as to the activity planned and showed concern for our need to search everyone entering the door. I explained our not wanting cameras into the Cage to protect our exclusivity from the rival press and informed them of a dancer who would entertain all.

This bothered them. Even my offer of front row seating for them to observe the occasion and perhaps catch the freshman tie to be thrown by our dancing gal was to no avail. They suggested that I confer with their Chief by phone. We did this from the Athletic Director's office.



## LETTERS TO VOODOO

The Chief was not pleased with his report from the officers and asked to talk to me. He was quite put out by my reminding him that this had been an annual event. In fact he was enraged to know that this "had been going on under his nose without knowing that long"!

He instructed his officers to escort me and the lady out of Cambridge immediately. I had them escort us to my car and across the Harvard Bridge. There, in Boston, I had a delightful dinner with my companion, on *Voodoo's* expense account, and drove her home.

But it was not peaceful back at the Cage in Cambridge! One of our staff mounted the stage and announced that, "Our act from abroad had been cancelled by Cambridge's Finest!" The rally became a riot. License plates disappeared from the police cars, their tires were deflated and when the reserves were called in, the same happened to their cars. A paddy wagon met the same fate.

When I returned from my dinner

date, I saw the debris and headed straight for the Dean's house on Memorial Drive. Dean Bowditch was traveling, but I was delightfully entertained by his wife. We discussed the night's activities over a drink, and she promised to pass on the events to her husband. She was much more understanding than her husband!

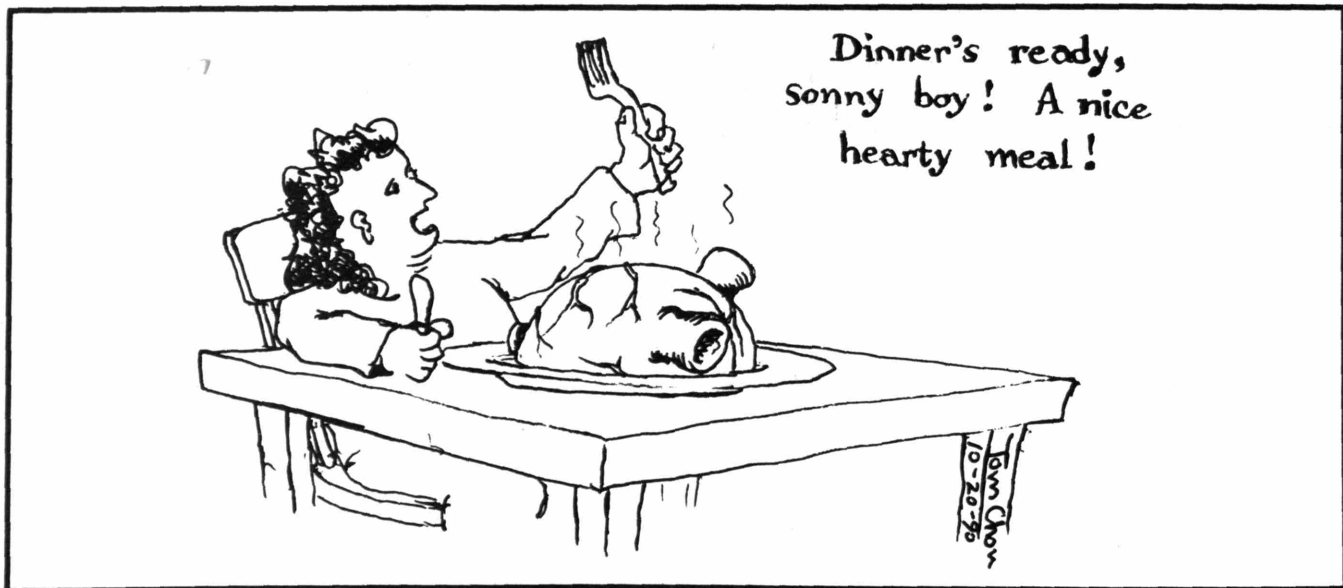
Within the next week, I promised that the "Smoker" was not to be repeated and was a thing of the past.

The following year he held the first "*Voodoo* Night at the Old Howard." We bought the entire orchestra seating for the finest Burlesque house in Scollay Square. Then we sold the tickets along with our magazines under the "great dome" and throughout the campus and living areas. It was a most successful event!

Here's to Phos, keep the beer out of her eyes!

All of the very best,

R. R. Schwanhausser '52



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# Request to End Hiatus Forms Request Form

Office of Student  
Activities Control  
Massachusetts Institute  
of Technology  
Room 20B-109  
77 Massachusetts Avenue  
Cambridge, MA 02139  
(617) 258-8255

ALL ACTIVITIES returning from any kind of hiatus must complete this form in order to receive the forms to register for the status of "Active Activity". If this form is not completed before the end of the hiatus, a \$1000 late fee will be charged and collected by the Campus Police. This form is valid from April 1992 and supersedes all previous Request to End Hiatus Forms Request Forms except on Thursdays.

Press hard, you are making seven copies. When this form is completed, hand deliver, in order, the appropriate copies to the following offices : UASO (pink), ODSA (blue), ASA (seafoam green), UAC (wild canary), GSC (harbor scrod), and ARA (sludge brown). If the forms are delivered out of order, we'll have to send Officer Carey over to rough you up. You should receive the Request to End Hiatus Forms within 120 days of filing.

To be filled out by the activity chairman<sup>1</sup> :

Activity Name \_\_\_\_\_

Activity Function \_\_\_\_\_

Office Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address \_\_\_\_\_ Date Founded \_\_\_\_\_

- Are your parents in good health?  Yes  No (If you answer no, please explain in detail on back.)  
Do you experience periods of loneliness?  Yes  No (If you answer yes, please explain in detail on back.)  
Do you experience periods of depression?  Yes  No (If you answer no, please explain in detail on back.)  
Sorority Affiliation  AΦ  AXΩ  KAΘ  ΣK  KΣ  ΔKE  ΛΣΔ



## To be filled out by the activity recording secretary<sup>2</sup> :

How many hiati has this activity had?       One    Two    A Buttload    A Cubic Buttload    A Jesusload

How many of these hiati have been Institute imposed?    One    Two    A Buttload    A Cubic Buttload    A Jesusload  
(Note: If the answer to the above question is more than one, you must complete and attach Form #28600069, "Dicked Over by MIT Multiple Times")

Are all of your facilities now up to MIT Specifications and Safety Codes?       Yes    No

Were any Physical Plant renovations completed during the hiatus?       Yes    No

Were these renovations mandated by Physical Plant or the Safety Office?       Yes    No

Did the requisite nine month waiting period elapse before any work was done?       Yes    No

Did the requisite nine month waiting period elapse before the work was completed?       Yes    No

Does your darkroom have a big black menacing fumehood?       Yes    No

Has this improved your work environment?       Yes    No

Did the renovations work make your roof leak?       Yes    No

Were your plumbing and electrical systems properly wrecked?       Yes    No

Does your office space have a working heating/cooling system?       Yes    No

When can we have it?       Now

## To be filled out by the activity treasurer<sup>3</sup> :

How much money does your activity currently have in its treasury? \$

Attach a check for that amount Payable to "Physical Plant Yacht Fund".

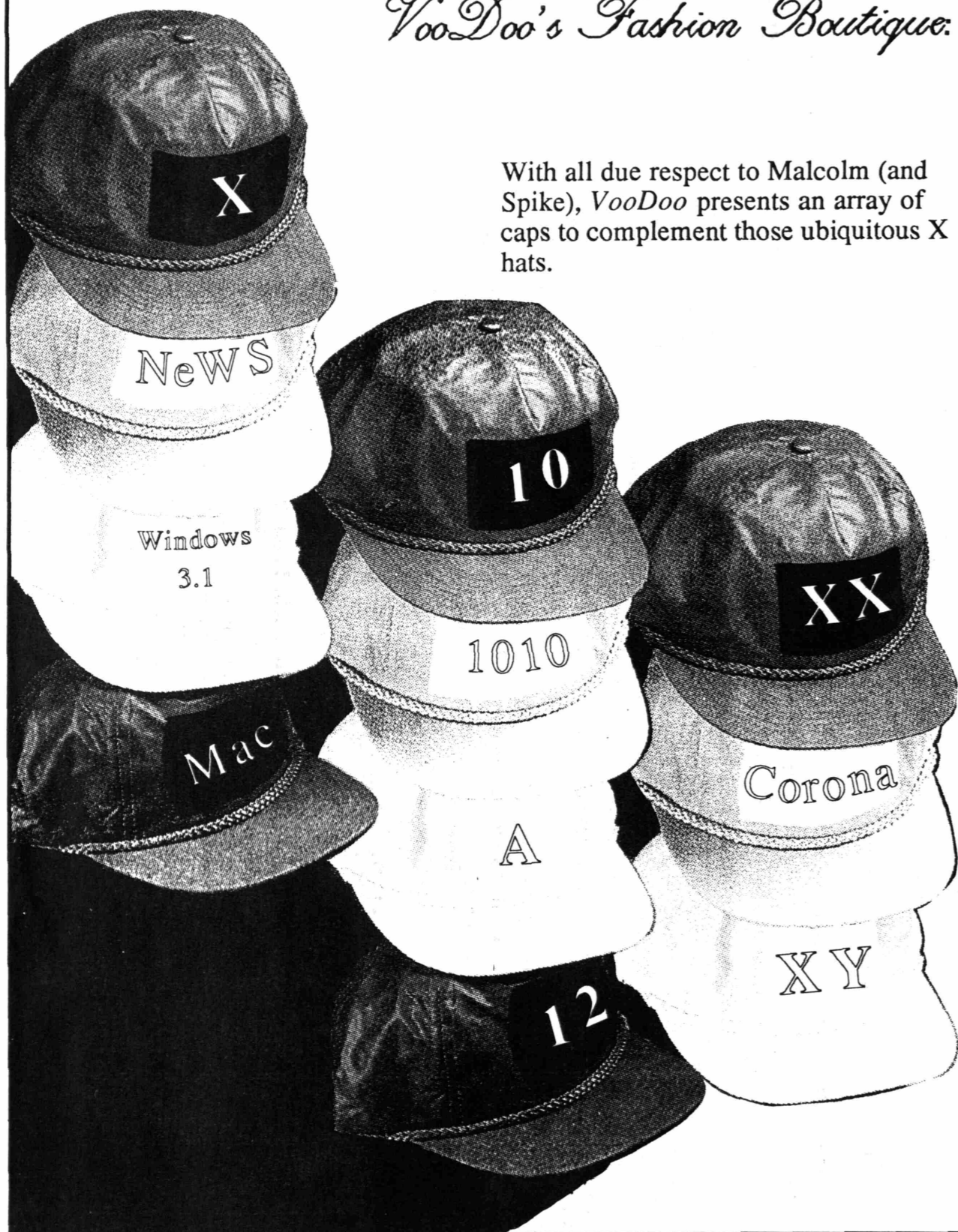
<sup>1</sup> If this activity has a "president", "commander" or other such title, it must hold a general meeting and elect a "chairman". However, such a general meeting would be in violation of your hiatus status and must be held after this form is completed and filed with our Office. If you find it difficult to comply with this, you should have thought of it before you went on hiatus, you sorry excuse for a vermin-run activity!

<sup>2</sup> If this activity does not have a "recording secretary", I guess that you are just SHIT OUT OF LUCK!

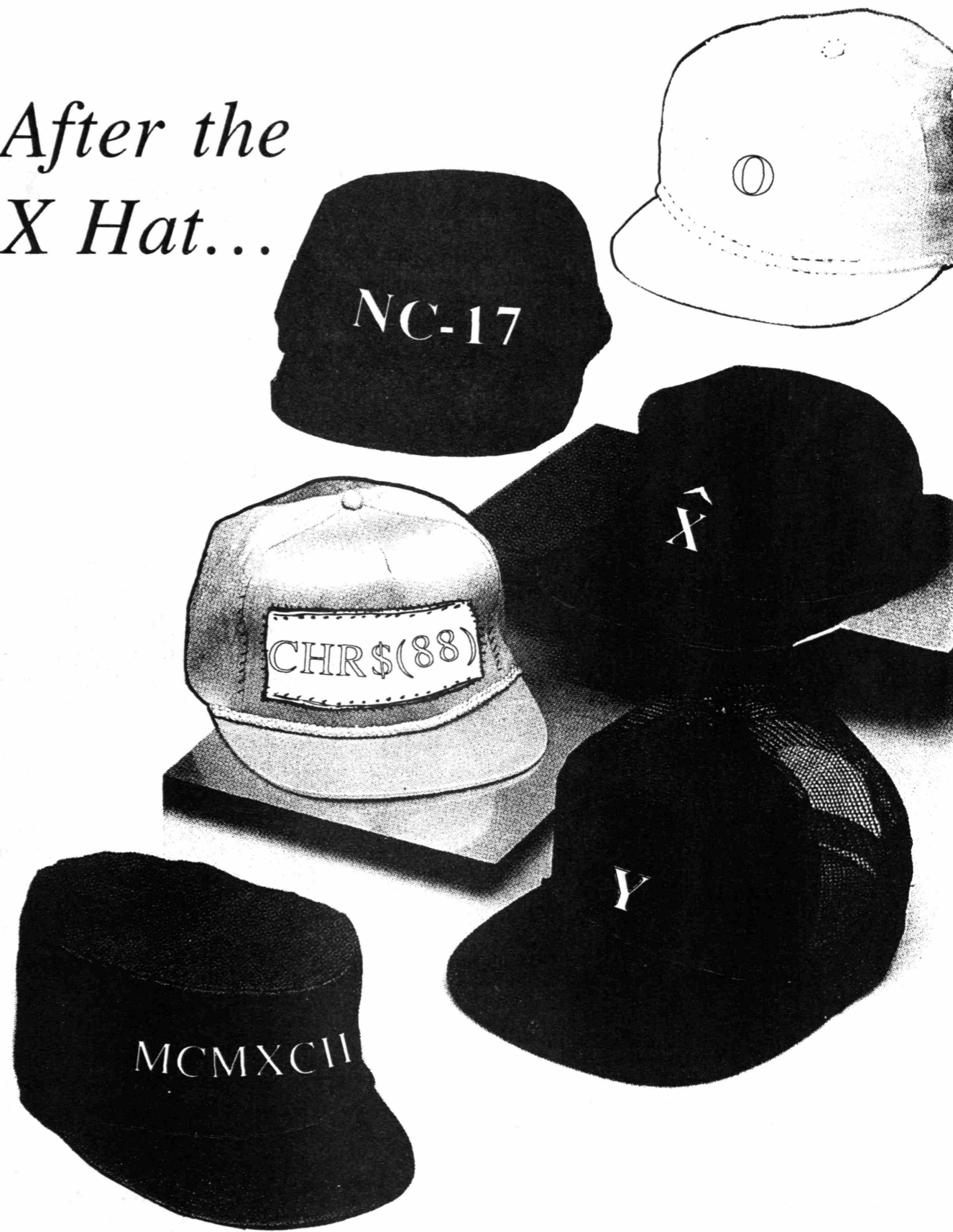
<sup>3</sup> If you don't have a "treasurer", just give the fuck up and go home. You're not organized enough to be a student activity anyway. Who the fuck do you think you are? Voodoo?

*VooDoo's Fashion Boutique.*

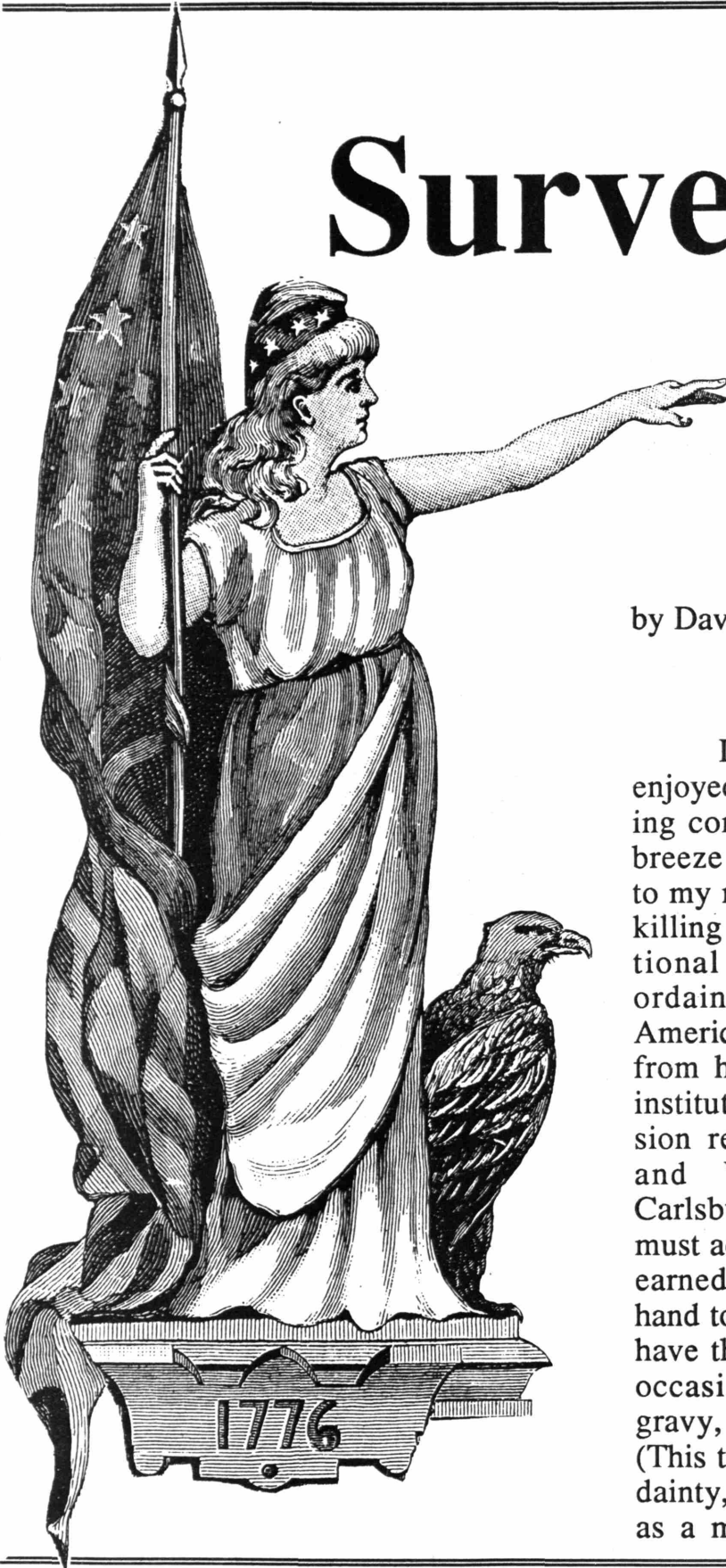
With all due respect to Malcolm (and Spike), *VooDoo* presents an array of caps to complement those ubiquitous X hats.



*After the  
X Hat...*



# Surveillance



by Dave Jordan

I used to be an ordinary guy. I enjoyed the simple pleasures — stimulating conversation with friends; the crisp breeze wafting organic, earthy aromas to my nose on an autumn afternoon; cat-killing — and my life passed the traditional milestones apparently pre-ordained for Mr. Whitebread All-American Middle Class Joe. I graduated from high school, attended a technical institute and earned a degree in television repair. My career with Al's TV and VCR Repair in downtown Carlsburgh seemed a sure thing, and I must admit to a sense of complacency. I earned the bread that passed from my hand to my mouth, and darned if I didn't have the wherewithal to luxuriate in the occasional ladle-full of rich, meaty gravy, the better to moisten the bread. (This turned a simple, hearty crust into a dainty, a delicacy.) I'm using the gravy as a metaphor for the better things in

# Tape Mania



life, just as I learned in Mr. Halliwell's creative writing class in high school. Here's the picture I'm trying to paint for you: I had it made, more or less, and I pretty much expected that the future held no surprises for me.

But sometimes Shiva decides to give the Karma Wheel a whirl.

And my days of being an ordinary guy ended when She sent that first box of surveillance tapes into my life.

I had returned to my bachelor "pad" after a typical day of television maintenance. My head spun with the intoxicating discussion that had enlivened the workaday atmosphere of the shop: HDTV was on its way to America! Oh, we would face challenges when the new high-tech TV's hit the market. Believe you me, the consumer fad of tomorrow finds a worthy herald in the gleam of anticipation suffusing the repairman's eye today. In any event, I

had entered my apartment and was about to relax on my couch for an hour's worth of television viewing when I noted a cardboard box sitting in the corner of the living room. My curiosity piqued (for I well knew that I had left no such box lying around that morning before work), I approached the box and opened it. Nestled in a pink cloud of Styrofoam peanuts, there lay a stack of (VHS format) video tapes. An envelope surmounted the stack, and I accessed the documents within the packet with a quizzical look spreading across my features. A sheaf of blank forms (somewhat resembling tax-return forms, only different) and a cover letter constituted the missive's singular contents. I read the letter, which I reproduce here in its entirety:

"Dear Occupant:

"We congratulate you! You have been selected as a participant in our 'Eyes on America' surveillance project!

# Surveillance Tape Mania

*continued*

You are one of a select group of responsible citizens who have been chosen to monitor the prodigious — nay, the darn near overwhelming — output of the rapidly expanding surveillance tape intelligence industry. A word of explanation is in order, and we beg your patience as we explain the noble and patriotic role which you are henceforth honored to play in your nation's security processes. We are the Association of American Intelligence Agencies; we act as an umbrella organization to coordinate the activities of a number of security forces in this country and abroad. Unfortunately, so many American homes, so many private citizens... so many undesirable folks... are now under video surveillance that it's not practical for our official personnel to monitor their activities on a moment by moment basis. Instead, we have decided to ship the video records of their (potentially) scandalous and (maybe even) seditious behavior to civilians: ordinary Joes, just like you and me, but playing a vital role in protecting our nation's interests by forming a sort of early-warning line for acts of treason and rebellion against the established order.

"We rejoice with you as you commence your voyage of observation!

And we ask only that you note carefully any suspicious activity, any deviation (no matter how minor) from wholesome American behavior, and report your findings to us on the forms provided for your use. As the months go by, you will receive new tape shipments. If you have suggestions for either (a) friends who would enjoy participating in the 'Eyes on America' program, or (b) goofy, unproductive and disquieting outcasts/outsideers who merit careful tape surveillance of their daily activities, please feel free to write to us at the address provided.

"Happy viewing!

(Signed)

The Association of American Intelligence Agencies."

Intrigued, I pulled a tape from the box and popped it eagerly into my VCR. A title flashed briefly across the screen: "Mrs. Carla Jenkins, Ridgeville, New Hampshire, June 10, 19—." The camera (which had been lodged, apparently, behind the grill of a furnace heating vent) disclosed a mousy, greying woman in a drab housedress, evidently engaged in the act of knitting a shawl. I watched in trance-like fascination as she put down the shawl, walked over to a table, and grabbed a handful of what looked to be Planters brand honey-glazed peanuts (although from my limited vantage point I admit that it was difficult to tell). She returned to her chair, munching contentedly on the peanuts, and resumed her knitting. Presently she arose from the chair again, stretched (a sigh of pleasure escaping her lips as her back

muscles expanded and contracted with her shifting torso) and walked out of the room. The image switched to a panoramic view of a hallway as she traversed it on the way to her boudoir; apparently some intricate motion tracking system, linked to a web-like network of cleverly concealed cameras, ensured continuous video coverage of her every step.

The woman entered her bedroom, draped a cardigan sweater about her shoulders, then returned to her parlor to continue knitting.

I watched in stunned silence.

My report to Langley on Mrs. Jenkins's activities gave vent to my vague apprehensions regarding the possible implications of her daily routine. Although I was loath to denounce such a seemingly benign woman, a woman whose superficial appearance indicated that she was enjoying the fruits of her harvest years, I knew that our nation's security takes precedence over the petty concerns of the individual. And I knew that Mrs. Jenkins stood as a threat to all that we, as Americans, hold most dear. So, in a moment of patriotic fervor, I noted in one of my reports,

"Re: Carla Jenkins. Recommendation: terminate with extreme prejudice. Rationale: eliminate possible complications, potential difficulties, that might arise from her habits, and that could disturb the intricate workings of our country's highest powers."

I admit (and I blush to do so) that I had harbored some romantic fancy of a midnight visit to Mrs. Jenkins's squalid

residence from an agent wearing dark glasses and a trenchcoat; the scene played itself out in my imagination and invariably ended with the tightening of a garrote, an extended, purplish tongue, and a pair of bulging eyes fading to glazed, deathly torpor. But Mr. Officialdom is a little more crafty and subtle than my rash counsels might suggest: Within three weeks of my report, Mrs. Jenkins's social security stipend had been cut in half. Meanwhile, the Powers that Be persecuted her further by



# Surveillance Tape Mania

*continued*

selectively inflating the prices of all the items that made her life worth living. No more dry-roasted peanut pleasure for Carla Jenkins!

And the poor, dumb little dear thought it was a sign of the times.

Oh, it was grand fun. I must admit that I succumbed to a wave of self-importance. Here I was, protecting our way of life from those who would seek to strip us of all that we cherish as Americans. As I walked down the street, the air seemed a little fresher, the sky a little bluer, all because of my humble work. My friends and associates noted the difference in my bearing and demeanor, and although I felt it would be unseemly to divulge my participation in the surveillance program, I did let slip that I was currently involved in "doing my civic duty."

Eventually my responsibilities — and perks — in the program grew to such proportions that I was forced to resign from my place of employment and to commit myself full-time to the close scrutiny of my fellow human beings. There were joyous moments to compensate the long hours of eye strain that naturally attended my duties: For example, I participated (in absentia) in little Todd Reynold's thirteenth birthday

party! Sadly, I was forced to report certain inconsistencies in Todd's behavior that eventually led the Authorities to deny him scholarship opportunities. With the doors of higher education closed to him, Todd became just another cog in our nation's menial workforce. At this point I considered him expendable, so I recommended that some "servant" acting in the public's interests should just go ahead and off him. Once again, however, the Forces at work behind closed doors operated with more stealth than my methods would have demanded. They targeted Todd for infection with the disease of substance abuse (craftily immersing his brain in a mass-media barrage of beer commercials directed at Todd alone) and drove him into the streets. Thankfully, due to his physical weakness and impoverished quality-of-life, Todd was in no condition to mount a campaign of treason against the beneficent power structure. I had to grin when I saw Todd whining, in a drunken stupor, that "They" had brought him to this point. By golly, he was closer to the truth than he realized!

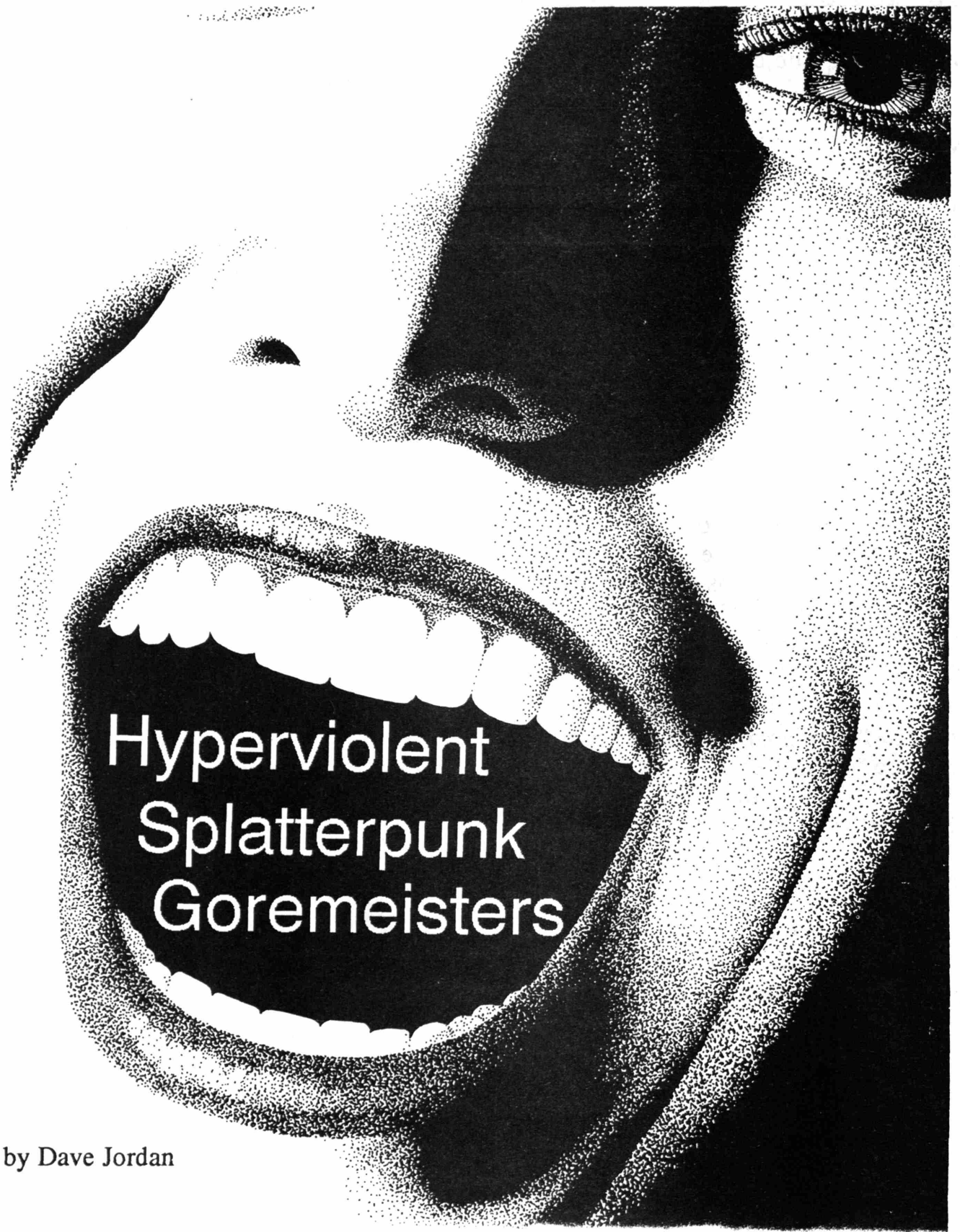
Oooh, big mean Mr. Government hammering on the helpless little guy.

But I have to tell you, True Believer: Sometimes the little guy deserves to be squashed like the writhing insect he is.

In my fifth year in the program, all of the participants received a set of wacky "Surveillance Tape Mania" trading cards. Great for collecting or flipping, the beautiful little cards depicted memorable video portraits of the 'Eyes







by Dave Jordan

# Hyperviolent Splatterpunk Goremeisters

The Ladies' First Baptist Church Auxiliary of Wilverson, North Dakota met for refreshments and a vigorous game of whist each Tuesday evening. This week they had agreed to meet at Ethyl's lovely home, and several women brought delightful baked goods for the enjoyment of all. At one point during the evening, Gladys remarked that "It's so much fun for us ladies to have a night to ourselves... let the men-folk fix their own dinners at least once a week!" This elicited a quiet murmur of playful assent and chuckles from the assembled matriarchs.

After a period of stimulating conversation and homey gossip, the ladies split into groups to commence their weekly round of whist. Myra, Edith, Edna and Alice sat together and played their hands with good-natured concentration. Myra paused for a moment, glanced at Alice, and said with a twinkle in her eye,

"You really must give me the recipe for those little cakes of yours... they're sinfully delicious."

"Oh, you shan't pry the secret from me," Alice responded. "That's an old family recipe, passed from mother to daughter each generation since... well, practically since my ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

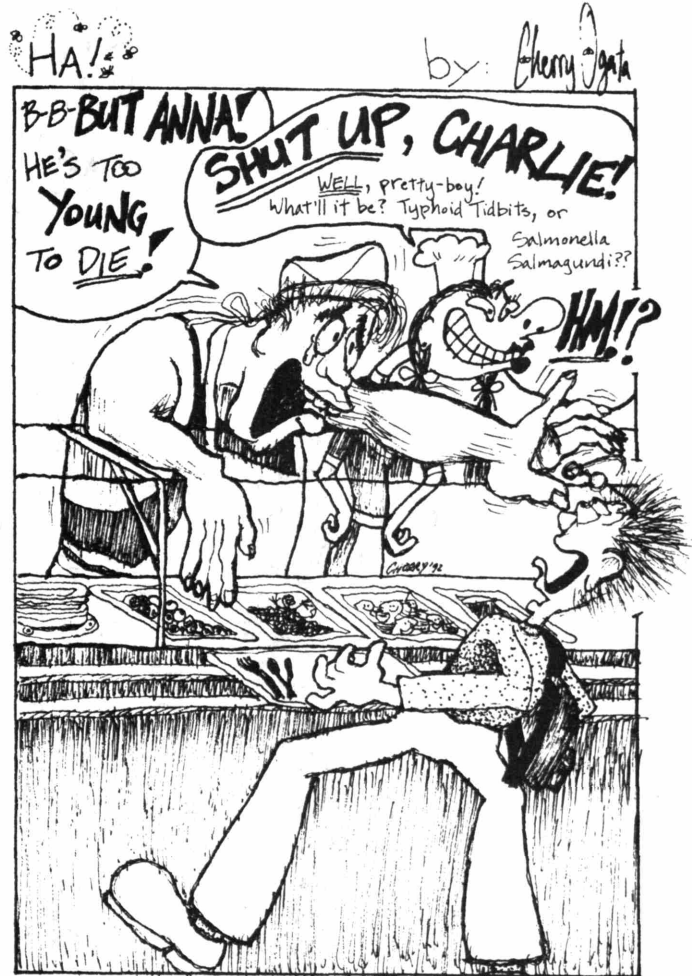
Eventually the players tired of their gaming, and the evening's recreation drew to a close. One by one, the ladies bade each other good night and departed. As Flora slipped into her coat and prepared to take her leave, she

avored Ethyl with an affectionate hug, then said,

"I had a lovely time, Ethyl. The house is absolutely darling — you've worked wonders with your re-decorating project."

"I'm just glad I had the chance to play hostess to such a dear group of women. Thank you for coming."

Refreshed by their time together, the ladies returned to the warm embrace of their loving families.



# WINGMIGHT

THE TRUE ACCOUNT...

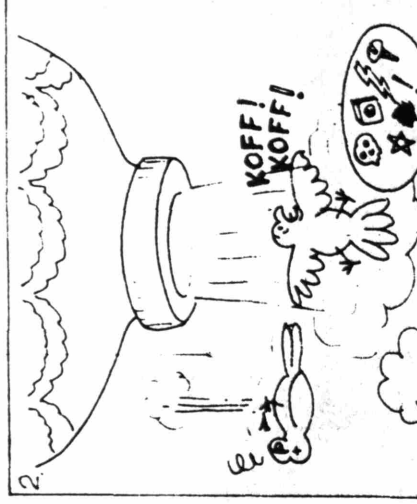
-pawan sinha

1. **EEEEYYAARCHHI!**



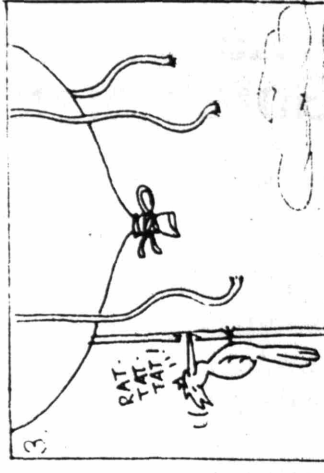
THE EARLY DAYS WERE DOMINATED BY FEARLESS ENTHUSIASTS WHO PERFORMED THEIR SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS WITH CALM COUNTENANCES AND DID NOT GIVE A HOOT TO THE TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS INVOLVED.

2. **KOFF! KOFF!**



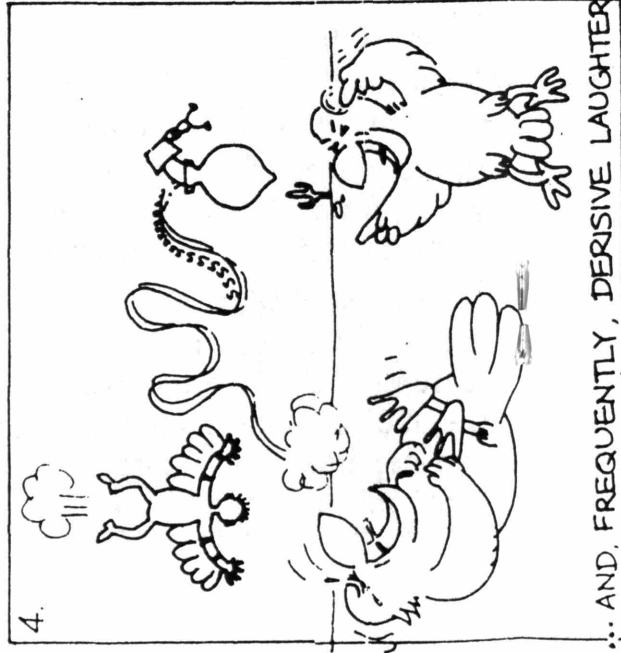
SOME FOLKS, HOWEVER, COULDN'T ALWAYS BEAR THE HARDSHIPS WITH GRACE AND POISE.

3. **RAT TAT!**



THE PIONEERS OFTEN ENCOUNTERED UNFORESEEN HIGH-ALTITUDE PROBLEMS...

4. **SSSSSSSS!**



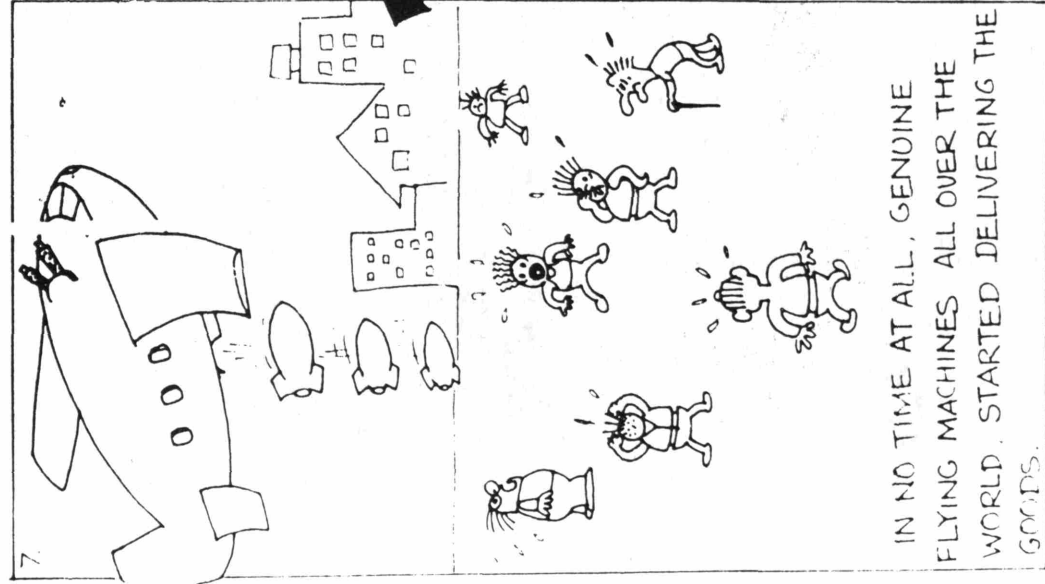
... AND, FREQUENTLY, DERISIVE LAUGHTER.

5. **KAYAYAYAYAYAAEEE! HUP!**

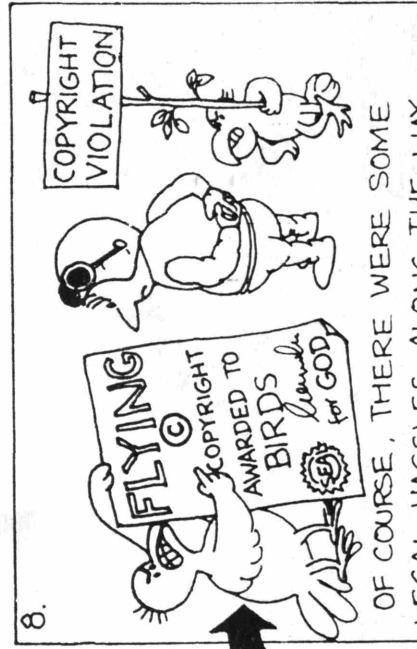


FOR A LONG PERIOD, PEOPLE WERE NEITHER GIVING UP NOR GOING UP.

7. **IN NO TIME AT ALL, GENUINE FLYING MACHINES ALL OVER THE WORLD STARTED DELIVERING THE GOODS.**

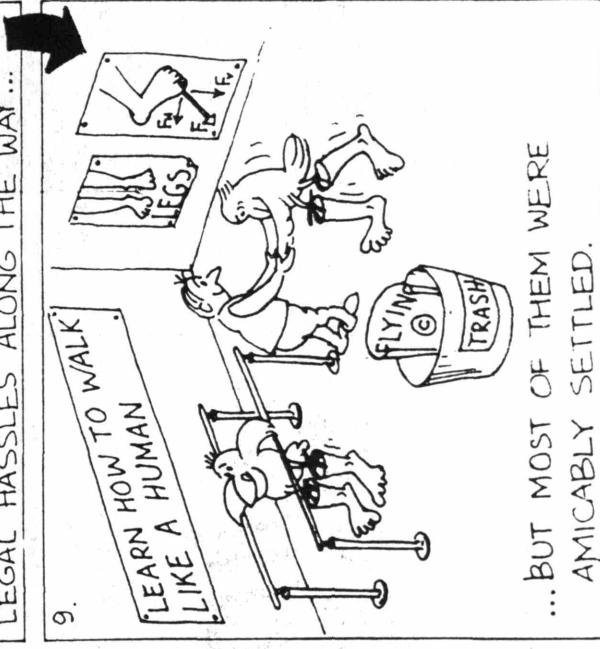


8. **FLYING AWARDED TO BIRDS FOR GOD!**



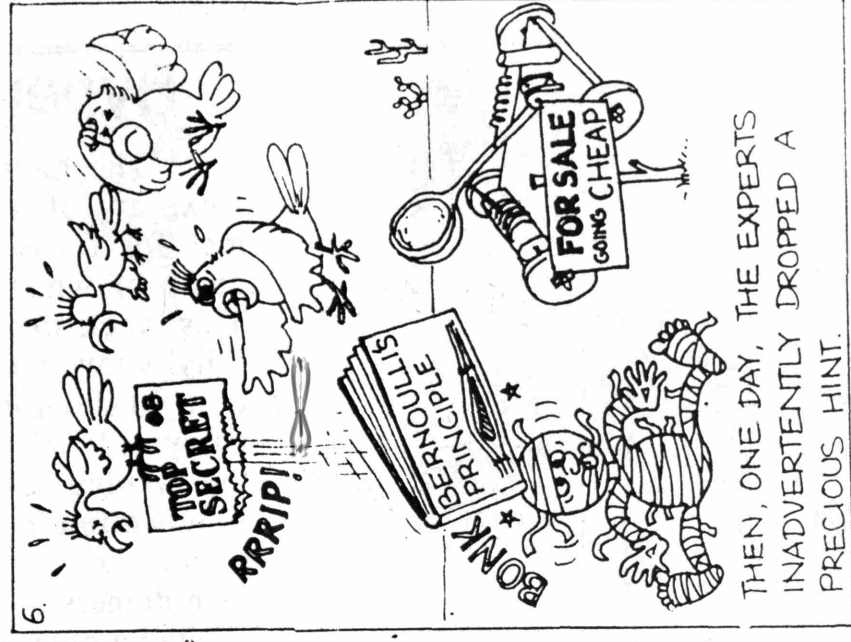
OF COURSE, THERE WERE SOME LEGAL HASSLES ALONG THE WAY...

9. **LEARN HOW TO WALK LIKE A HUMAN**



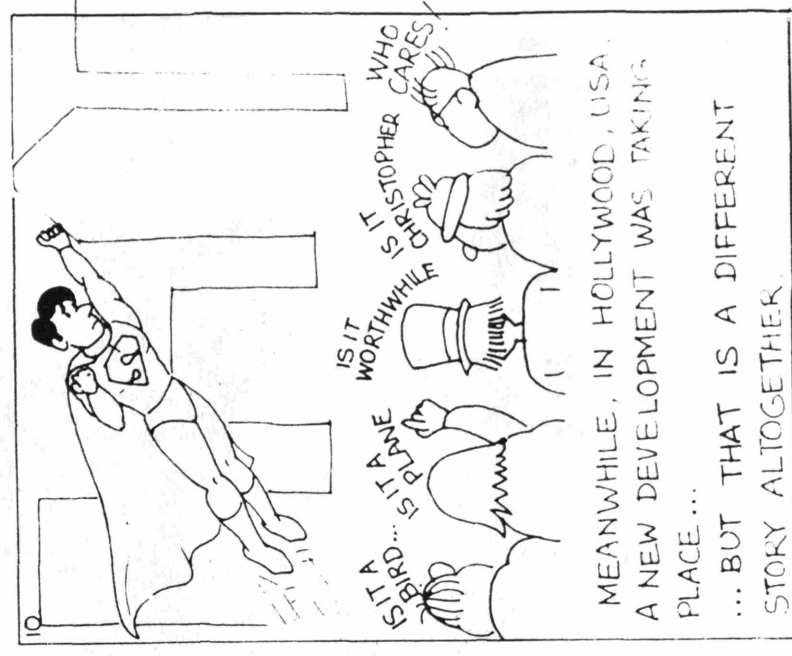
... BUT MOST OF THEM WERE AMICABLY SETTLED.

6. **TOP SECRET**



THEN, ONE DAY, THE EXPERTS INADVERTENTLY DROPPED A PRECIOUS HINT.

10. **IS IT WORTHWHILE**



MEANWHILE, IN HOLLYWOOD, USA A NEW DEVELOPMENT WAS TAKING PLACE... BUT THAT IS A DIFFERENT STORY ALTOGETHER.

PHOTOS BY BEN WEN  
*(Technique)*





Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139-4307, U.S.A.



# Applicant's Statement of Objectives

Phosphorous

Print: Family name First name Middle name

Department of Humor

Print the MIT Department to which you are applying

High Epopt

as a candidate for degree of

Please give your reasons for wishing to do graduate work in the field you have chosen. Prepare your statement of objectives and goals in whatever form clearly presents your views. Include, as far as you can, your particular interests be they experimental, theoretical, or issue-oriented, and show how your background and MIT's programs support these interests. The statement could be much like a proposal for graduate studies, in the more specific context of your professional objectives. You should set forth the issues and problems you wish to address. Explain your longer-term professional goals. The Admissions Committee will welcome any factors you wish to bring to its attention concerning your academic and work experience to date. You probably will wish to provide a copy of this statement to your endorsers prior to their completion of the reference form. **Return this form with your application to the Director of Admissions, Room 3-103, MIT or directly to the appropriate department (see application instructions).** (You may wish to keep a copy for your file.)

I want to go to Graduate school at MIT.

Please type or print with black ink.

I want to go to Graduate School at MIT so I can get an office, cover the door with stupid quotes and comic strips, write for the frothing student newspapers, grow my hair long, and become a life member of LSC. I want 'The Tech' to print my name with a captial 'G' after it. I want to start annoying political groups so I can march around beating drums, shouting non-sequitors with a holier-than-thou additude. I want to make empassioned speeches on the steps of Lobby 7 about the plight of paraplegic cats in the military and the need for a federal staple recycling program. I want to build a shanty-town out of discarded 4.01 projects protesting the student housing situation, and I want to sleep in the Student Center reading room five nights a week.

I want to go to Graduate school at MIT so I can be a Resident Tutor in one of the undergraduate dormitories. I want to paint over their murals, stop them from enjoying their music and change their government. I want to become good friends with Jim-boy Tewhey. I want to put a stop to their alcohol fridge, their social events, and all their drinking, because I never touched alcohol as an undergrad (even though I turned twenty-one in high-school). Plus I want to sell them drugs, because I figure that it would be an easy way to make a little extra money on the side.

I want to go to Graduate school at MIT so I can be a Teaching Assistant for undergraduate courses I don't understand. I want to write ridiculously long problem sets to keep undergraduates off the streets. I want to grade arbitrarily harshly and keep inconveinent office hours in a building that no one can find. I want to spend tutorial hours confusing students on basic principles and regaling them with stories of my illustrious undergraduate career. I want to spend time lecturing crying stressed-out freshmen on study habits, the perils of missing lecture, and the possibility that their admission to MIT was an error.

I want to go to Graduate school at MIT so I can take one or two undergraduate courses a term and do really well in them. I want to decimate the grading curve. I want to ask really complicated questions in lectures and recitations to show the Professors how smart I am. I want to point out errors in the Lectures, whether they exist or not, and I want to argue with Professors over subtle, unrelated points during class time.

I want to go to Graduate school at MIT so I can smell bad. I don't shower very often now, and if admitted, I look forward to joining the great unwashed masses.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
 Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139-4307, U.S.A.



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Please type or print with black ink.

CUZ I DON'T  
 WANT TO HAVE  
 TO GET A  
 REEL JOB YET.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139-4307, U.S.A.

Phosphorous

Print: Family name

First name

Middle name

Department of Humor

Print the MIT Department to which you are applying

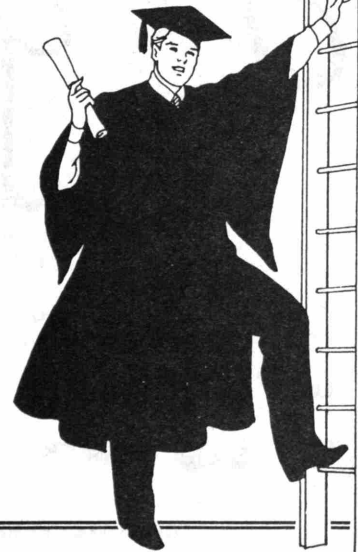
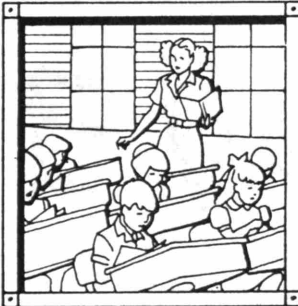
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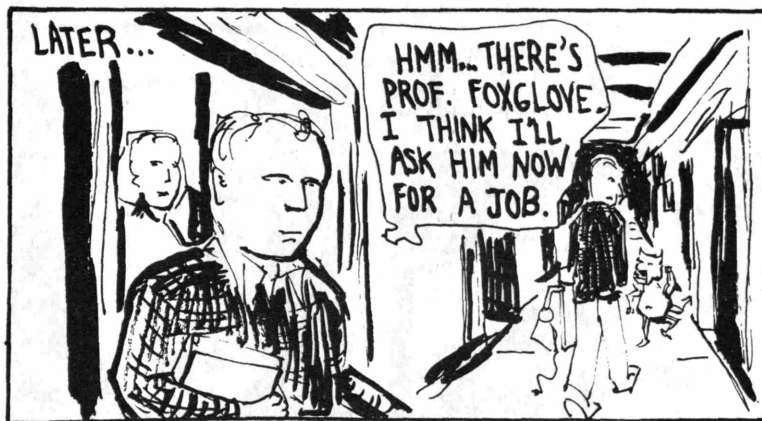
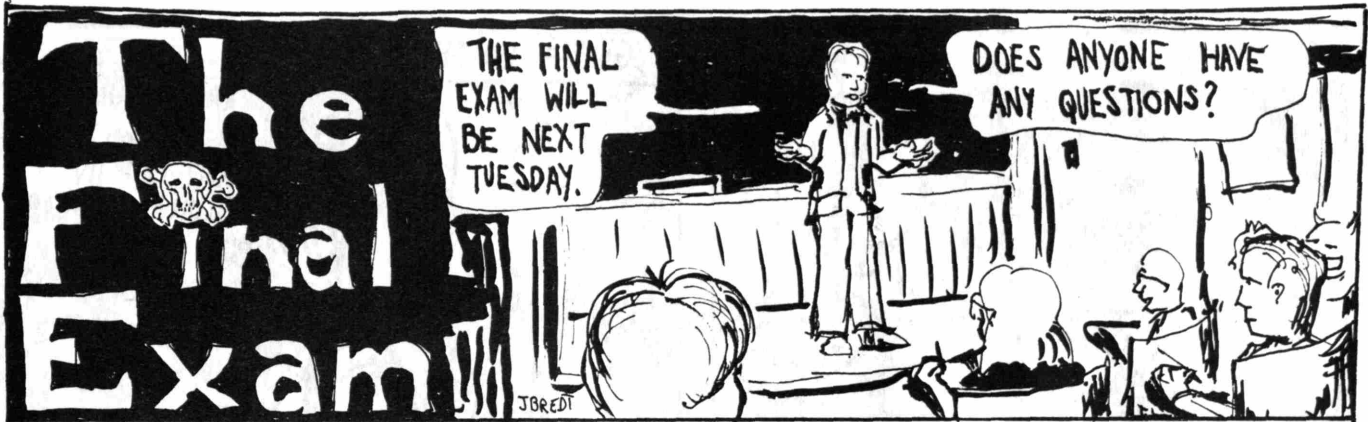
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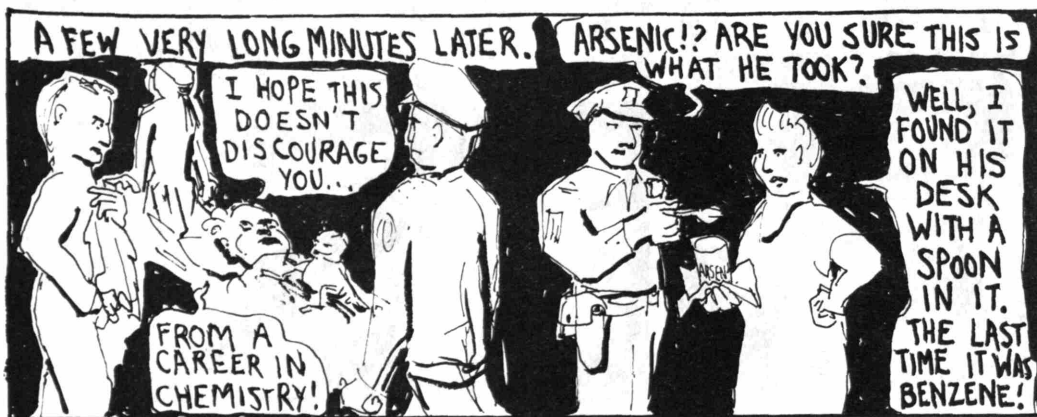
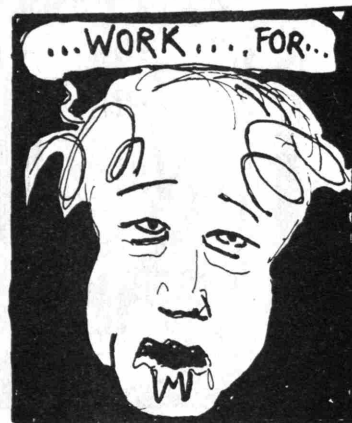
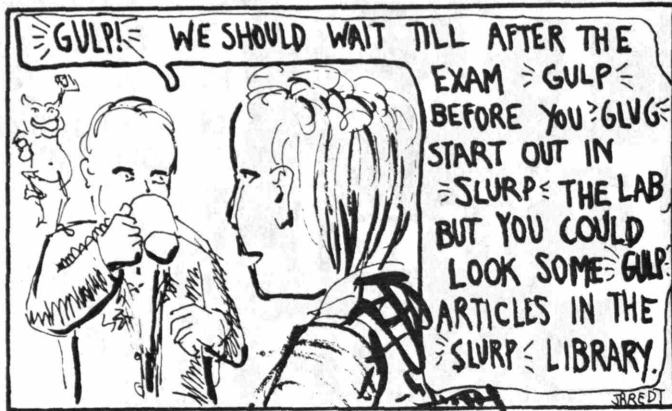
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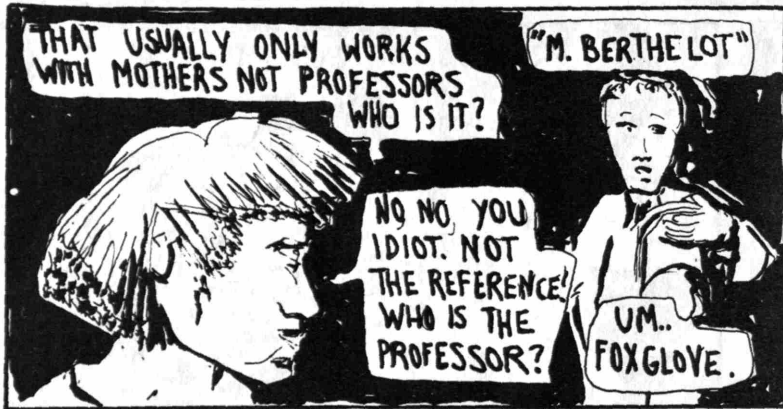
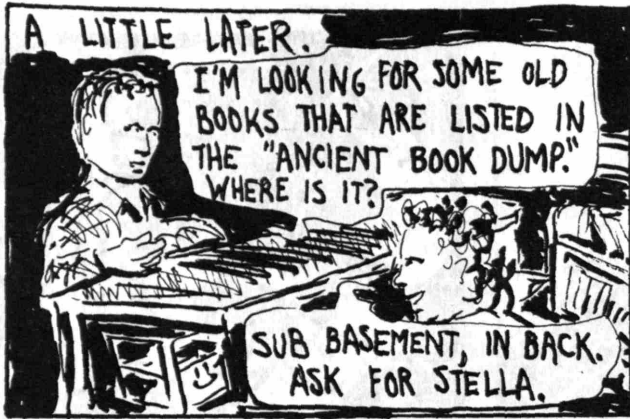
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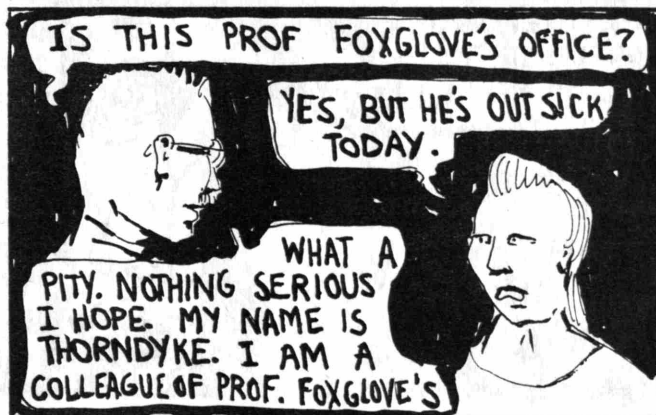
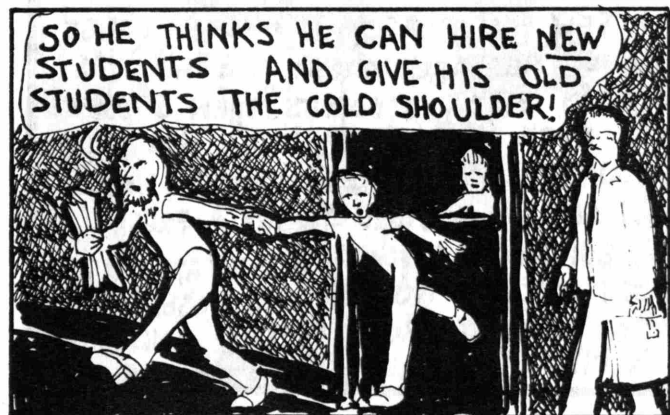
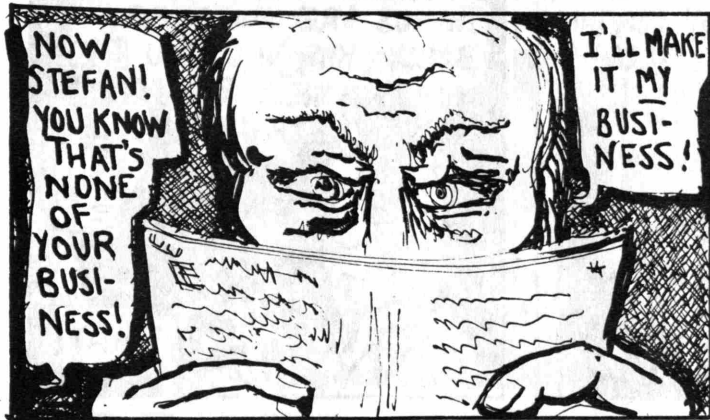
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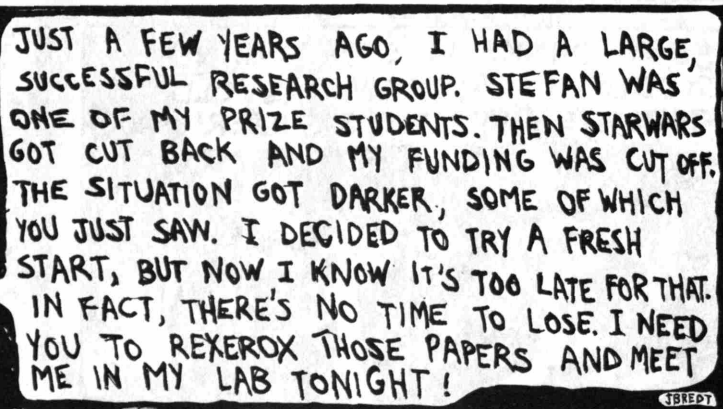
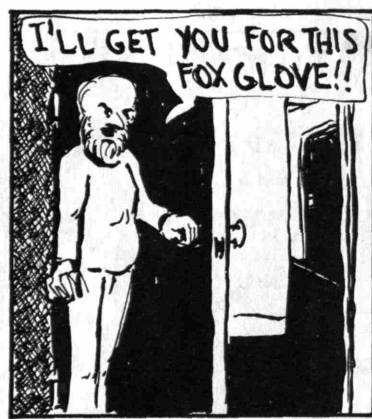
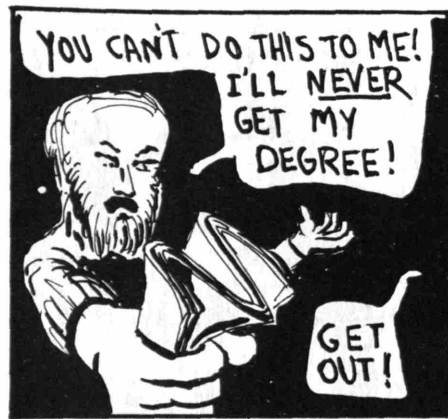
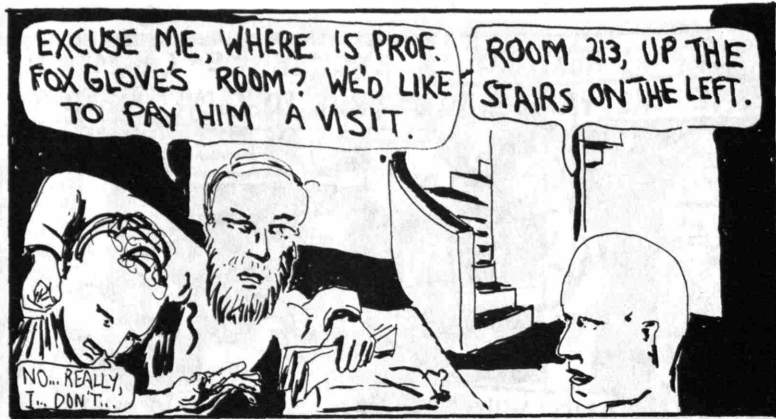




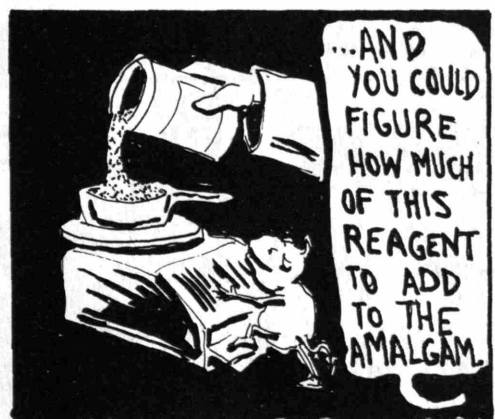
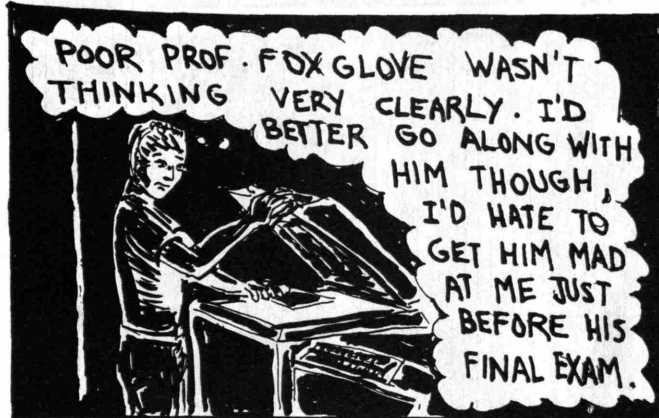




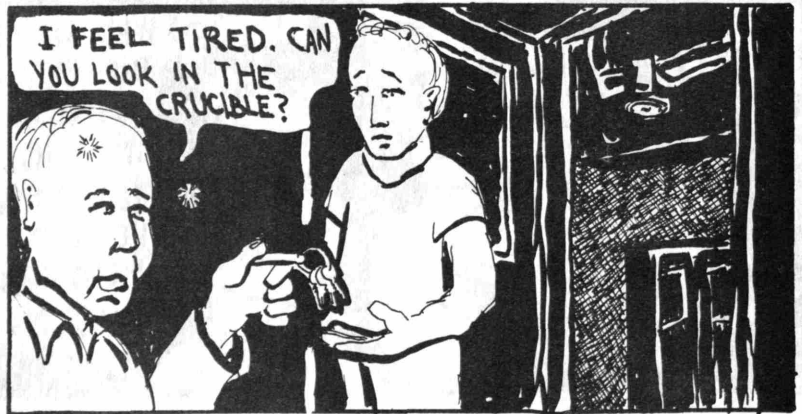


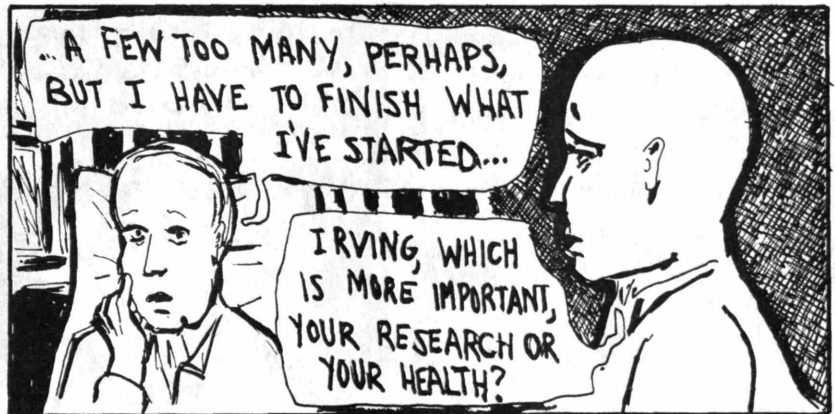
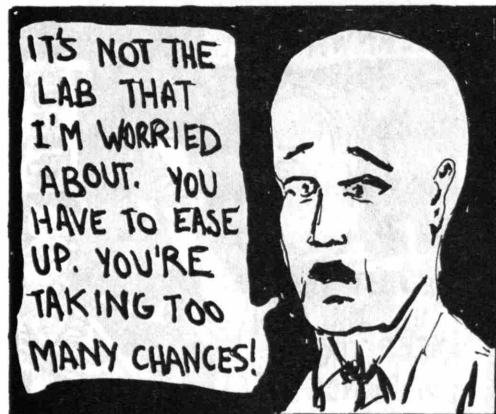
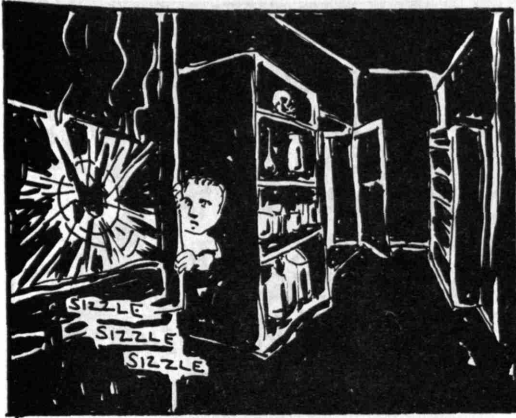


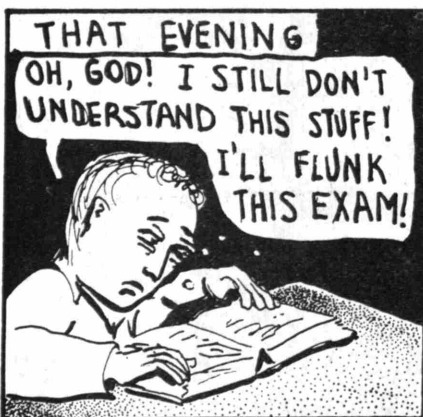
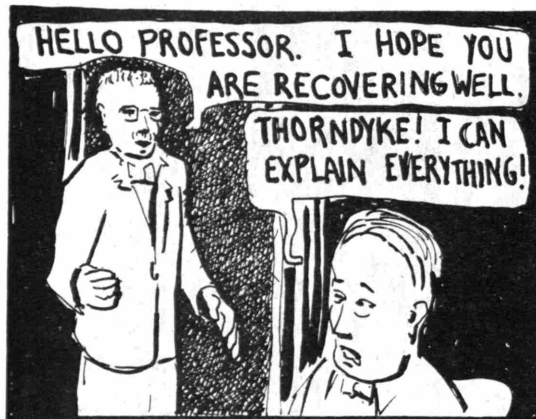
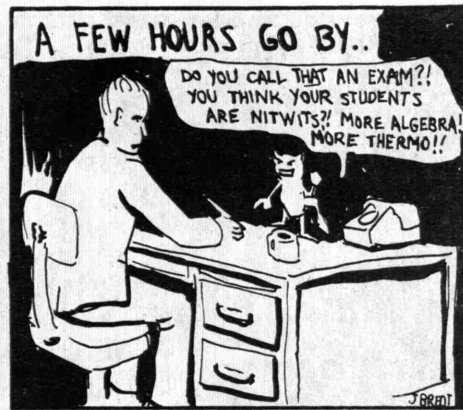
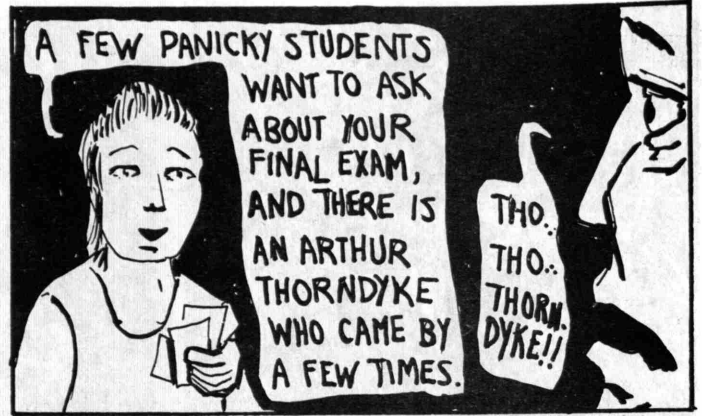
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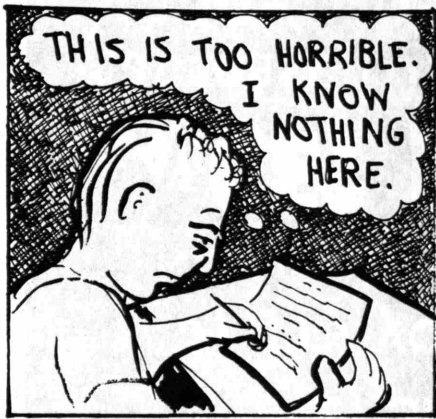
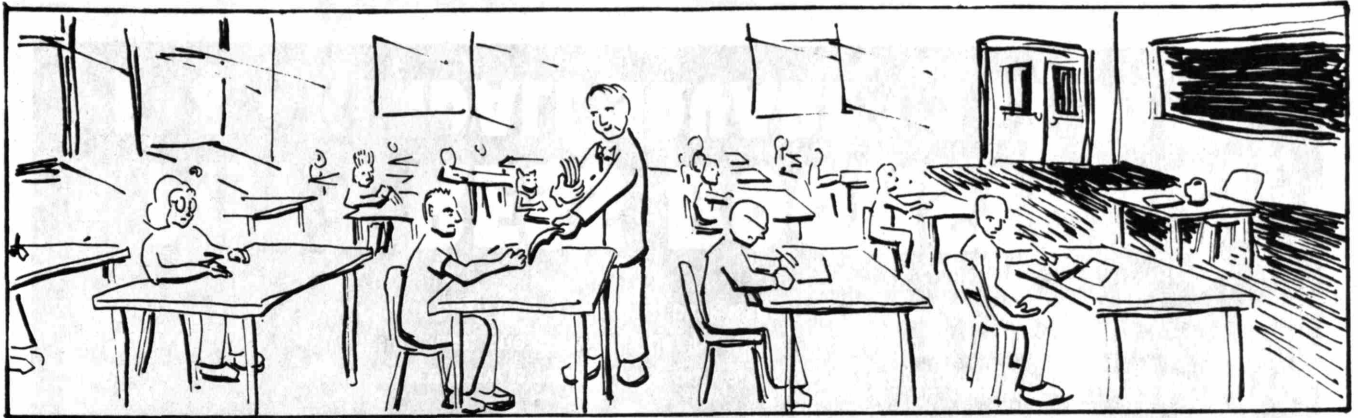












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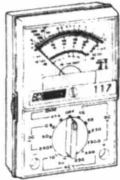
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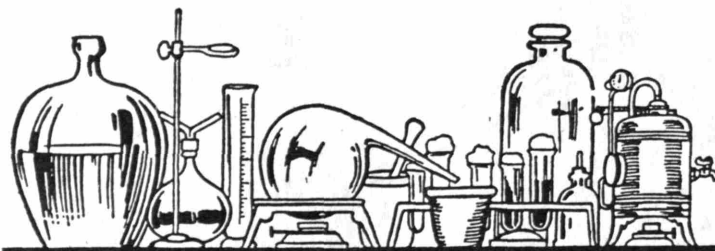
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# FINAL EXAM

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