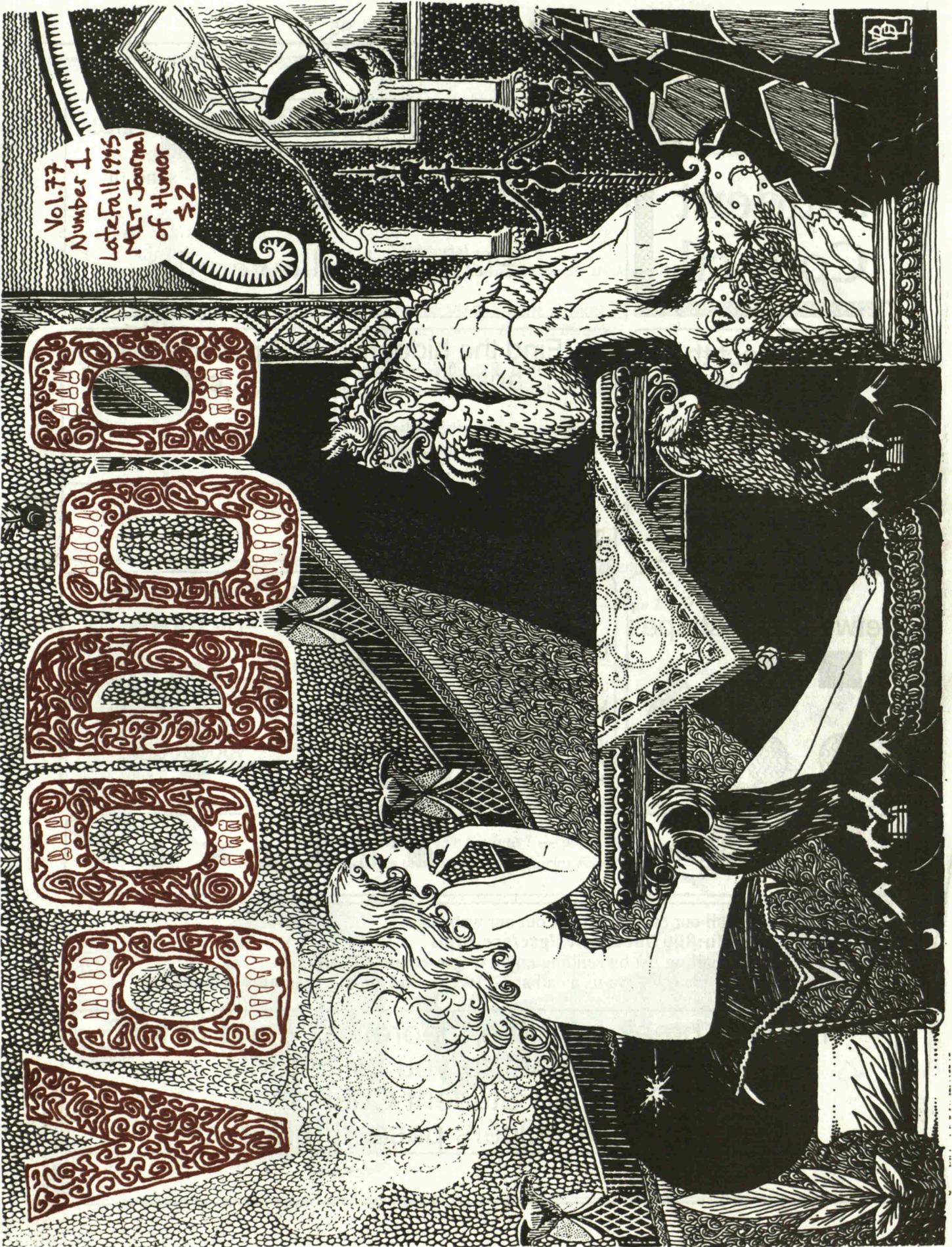


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of Humor
\$2

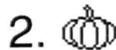
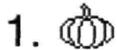


Graduate Student Council

The GSC has just obtained the entrance exam for grad students at another university (we can't mention names). See how you would do at Harvard - send in your results and we'll rank them for you.

Happy Halloween!

1. Connect the pumpkins



2. Find the hidden animal



3. Spell the word "cat"

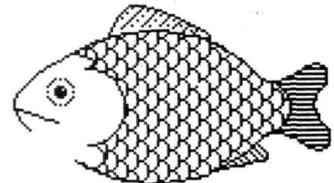
4. Draw lines between like shapes



5. Word search

CAT DOG ZZZ
HAT XXX FAT
QQQ VVV PAT

6. Complete the picture



7. Which is different?



Stay informed about all our events! Check out our web page

<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/gsc/gsc.html>

Add yourself to our mailing list by sending email to gsc-request@mit

Questions, comments, ideas? Give us a call at 3-2195 or send email to gsc-admin@mit

This little break from the theoretical world of MIT
proudly brought to you by the MIT
Graduate Student Council.

(3 out of the 4 officers passed this exam).

In "Frigid Beaver" Voo Doo



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You, too, could be here.

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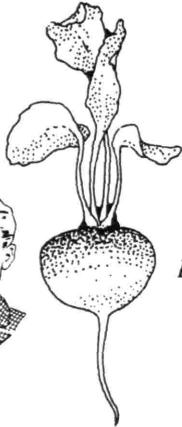
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...and other oxymorons. By Hoyt Bleakley



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HEAVEN 1 mi ↑



HELL

1 mi ↑



FROM THE PUBLISHER



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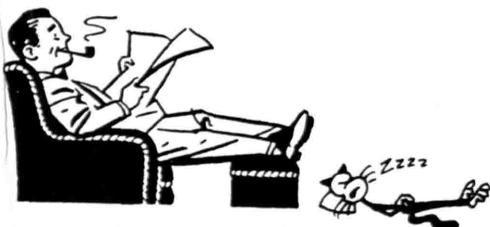
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Voo Doo (vōō'dōō) n., [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine.*

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, Voo Doo got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNoble Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price:\$2.00 Subs:\$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/chm.html>



Next Submission Deadline : November 22, 1995.

LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Phos,

I just want to say that I'm a big fan of Jerry Garcia. His loss will be felt by his band and the rest of the world, I'm sure.

Uh, do you know if they'll still be making that Jerry Garcia ice cream?

Oprah

Dear Phos,

The Scalp Scratcher is in our workstation cluster again.

He uses his left hand to scratch and scratch while his right hand works the mouse. Then his right hand comes up and scratches too, on the other side of his head. Both hands are going steadily. Scratch Scratch Scratch Scratch.

It is snowing in the foothills of Scalp Mountain.

Then he takes his hands down and starts typing. This helps clear his fingernails of dead skin so they will be more effective 20 seconds later when he starts scratching again.

John Dz.



Dear Phos,

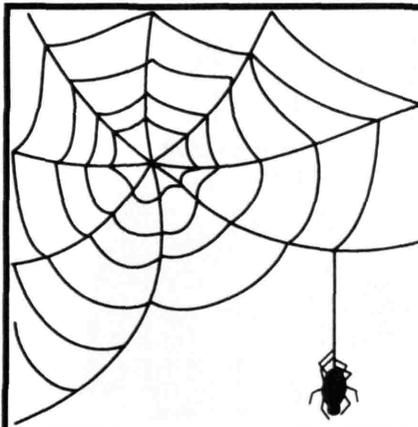
A while back I was really hungry, and since I was out of Ramen, I decided to see if *Voo Doo's* soy-based ink really does make the paper taste like tofu. I chewed on a page, and indeed, the tofu flavor descended after about 45 seconds. With it came the most wonderful feeling, a feeling of clarity, serenity, like the world wasn't such a bad place after all. Sounds were more harmonious, colors more vivid, and no problem I had seemed to matter.

After that, I began to eat a page to help study, or get through an emotional crisis, saving pages as much as I could. I kept this a secret from all my friends. Soon enough, it became difficult to go through the day without a page. I would get anxious, irritable, sweaty, lose the ability to concentrate without my *Voo Doo* dose. It meant not only finding a place to hide and eat, (most people find paper-eating a disgusting practice) but finding pages after my personal *Voo Doo* library ran out. Soon my friends began to wonder why pages were missing from their back issues. I would linger around the *Voo Doo* office, or the magazine racks in lobby 7, waiting for the next issue. What's worse, I began needing more and more *Voo Doo* to get the same effect. Now I need 20 pages to get through the day, and my grades have been on a neverending downturn. Phos, YOU GOTTA HELP ME!!!!!!!!!!!!

Addicted in Ashdown

P.S. I notice red pages are slightly stronger than just black. DOES THIS MEAN ANYTHING?

People, if you don't send us letters, we have to print things like this.



ELECTRIC VOO DOO

from Athena :

add voodoo ; voodoo

or Voo Doo on the Web!

URI <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>

Editorial

by Jason Bucy

Boy, does *Counterpoint* suck. The only two articles I've ever found interesting were almost entirely quoted from other people. The articles contained no independent thought on the part of the authors. IN A PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO OUTPUBLISH US, the unstoppable forces of Phos and freedom, *Counterpoint* HAS GONE CONTENT-FREE. It's like reading *Wired-point*. I suppose it could be renamed *What's-the-point*. A mob of wannabe Libertarians (who of course are the bigger twits than the John Birch Society) throwing together a magazine devoted to twisted, parasitic, subhuman politicians, that's what *Counterpoint* is. Our society is on the march forward, and these tie-wearing shorthairs are driving the opposite way in their golfcarts. Poo.

I guess I'd like to take the rest of this editorial to point out the more salient details of this fine issue of *VooDoo*. Our cover artist is the late Bill Elmer '22 himself. Bill was a founder of *VooDoo*, and over the last seventy-six volumes of humor and hiati, he never told us we sucked a lot or were hopelessly

immature, unlike many other *VooDoo* alumni I could name. We will all warmly remember Bill's support, encouragement, and fringe politics.

We here at *VooDoo* are also running a special contest. The winning entries will be printed next issue. We know all of you out there have wanted to read the conclusion of James Fleming's "One Night" series for some time now. Well, now there's a way to do it. We're asking you, our gentle readers, to write the final episode of your dreams and submit it. We'll print the best entry, or maybe string the best paragraphs together in some cryptic order. Hey, maybe if James sends us something, we'll print it too.

This issue, we're also featuring the return of Joe Smug, the return of Commander Coriander etc., and the return of Gilbert and his doll. Next issue: an editorial in praise of those ornamental cabbages you see all around campus! Wiley computers! Orgies with Kurt Cobain! So submit something! Buy an ad! BUY A GODDAMN AD!

Our Editor, with the Kids
by Hani



Re-engineering Made Simple

by Hoyt Bleakley

revamp
("destroy")
the campus
mail
system.



COSTS LESS



Causing everyone
to waste more
time getting
their mail.



RESULT:



you save money!

punt union
workers;
leave upper
mgmt. emoluments
intact.



Causing everyone
to use expensive
retail distributors!



Eliminate a
Convenient
Wholesaler
on Campus!



A FAST ONE

"put it on someone else's budget, and it's money saved..."

Remembering William B. Elmer

by Larry Appleman

We don't take kindly to strangers up here in the *Voo Doo* office's backwater corner of the Walker Memorial building, so when a nattily dressed elderly gentleman appeared at our door one day in June a few years ago, we were suspicious and uneasy.

That June day was warm and sunny, so naturally we felt bitter and depressed. We were in the midst of diligently performing the difficult tasks involved in planning and organizing for the coming school year. In other words, we were sitting around reading old comic books -- and the untimely interruption was most unwelcome.

The man introduced himself as William B. Elmer, '22, visiting the M.I.T. campus for his class's alumni reunion. He claimed to be one of the founders of *Voo Doo* magazine in 1921, and before that he had worked on *Voo Doo's* predecessor publication, *Woopgaroo*. Curiosity about the current state of the humour magazine had led him to the original site of the *Voo Doo* office, just a few steps from our present location. He said he just wanted to see what today's students consider funny, and maybe to reminisce about old times. "We've got a magazine to publish here," we brusquely admonished him, but he hung around anyway and regaled us with tales of the early days of *Voo Doo*. When he finally left, he promised to keep in touch.

What did he really want, we wondered? At first we thought he was one of those creepy old people who like to associate with college kids. (Student activities sometimes seem to attract that sort.) However, once he began to send us his elaborate pen-and-ink renditions of monsters and naked girls (such as the one reproduced in this issue), we recognized that his was a deeper obsession. You can imagine how we felt when he invited staffers to his house in Andover to see "old issues." We soon began a regular correspondence with Mr. Elmer, sending him each new issue of *Voo Doo*, and he'd often respond with words of encouragement. A couple of years ago he wrote, upon seeing an issue of *Voo Doo*, "Now I know that Tech still gathers into its fold the cream of America's youthful products." Draw your own conclusions.

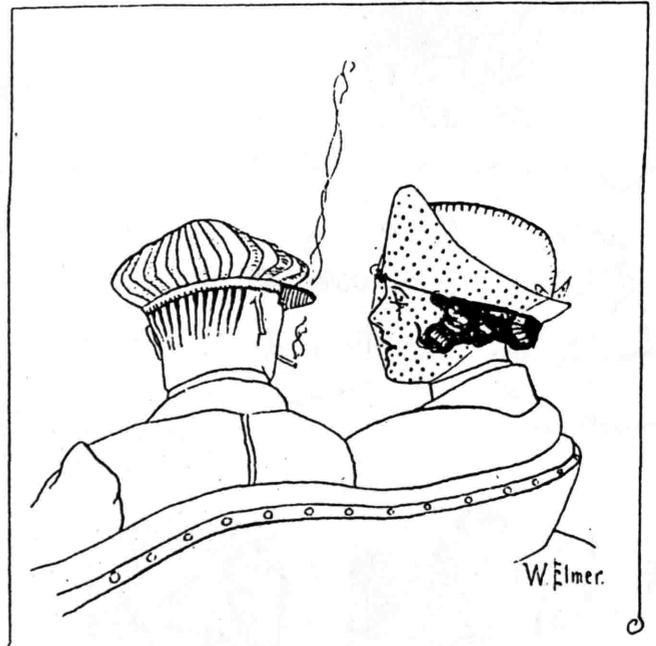
Nothing we printed ever seemed to shock or distress Mr. Elmer. We'd imagine his responses to the kind of material we'd print in each issue:

A cartoon of Phos committing suicide by slicing Phos's own neck while floating shoulder-deep in the blood and gore of Phos's hacked-to-death former lover? *Reminds one of the good-natured hi-jinks recollected from one's college days.*

Incomprehensible pseudo-avant-garde poorly-drawn space-fillers? *Reminiscent of groundbreaking artists from this century's early decades.*

Sophisticated, witty and droll satire, lambasting current events while making sharply-drawn points about political issues? *Oh, excuse us, that must be some other magazine.*

When we heard that William B. Elmer passed away in September, our thoughts ran back to that June day years ago when he found his way to our office. At the same time, we were sort of disappointed that *Voo Doo* wasn't mentioned in his obituaries, and we began to speculate and fantasize about whether *Voo Doo* is listed in his will. Nevertheless, our firm commitment continues: to publish the best damn college humor magazine this end of Cambridge has ever seen. William B. Elmer would want it that way.



He: "Have you read 'Freckles'?"

She (quickly): "Oh, no, that is only my veil."

The wit of Wm. Elmer, in the first issue of Voo Doo.

Another Editorial

by Hani Sallum

Hello again, old readers, and welcome new ones. This is my second issue of *Voo Doo Magazine* since I took on the role of Copy Editor, and I feel I should share with you some of the experiences I've had so far in my short time in this position.

There have been many times in the past when I have contributed to *Voo Doo*, but it wasn't until I became Copy Editor that people began associating me with humor. The one instance that sticks so firmly in my mind occurred one day last spring inside the beautiful Kendall Square Au Bon Pain.

Before I go off into this anecdote, I must talk about the effect my position has had on me. Much as I hate to admit it I've become more critical about humor, and sometimes do not appreciate a pun for what it is worth. This is what I discovered the hard way outside of that Au Bon Pain.

I was sitting down at a table re-reading "Silence of the Lambs" and eating a ham and cheese croissant when a stranger approached me and sat down.

"Hi. Isn't your name Hani, or something?"

I had been up for a number of hours past what I thought was reasonable, and was appropriately mannered. I was tempted to reply "Or something," but such a cliched and overused quip shouldn't be forced on anyone before lunch. So I replied with an affirmative noise as I took a sip of hot chocolate.

"Yeah, I remember you from 8.022 recitation. You're like editor of *Voo Doo*, right?"

If Jason had been with me instead of unconscious on the *Voo Doo* office floor with a staple gun in his hand (you don't wake Jason up when he sleeps like that) I'd have had him give this guy shit for a while. I'm not Editor of *Voo Doo*, and don't ever plan to be. I'm just a simple Copy Editor, thank you.

This seemed like too much work to explain at the time, so I just made another affirmative noise. I stuffed more greasy croissant into my face.

"Yeah, I saw your name in the magazine. That must be great, having to deal with a lot of stuff that's funny all the time..."

I closed my eyes. I could feign narcolepsy and maybe he'd go away. No, that'd be rude. I took another sip of hot chocolate, waved the croissant randomly, and said, "It's okay."

"I've come up with a few jokes of my own, just walking back and forth between classes."

I closed my eyes again.

"I've got one like this: You know what a good name for a pretty good pilot would be?"

I opened my eyes. He seemed to be hanging on my approaching reply. I shrugged and gave him the most questioning look the calories in the croissant would let me.

"Lancelot. Get it?"

I gave him a blank look, which involved no muscle activation and so pleased me to no end.

"See, he's a *good* pilot, and doesn't crash, he *lands-a-lot*. Lancelot, get it?" He laughed.

I nodded a motion of general approval and contemplated walking away. Fast.

"I've got another one..." Oh, Joy. "What's a good name for a doctor who deals with boils all the time?"

I wanted to scream. This wasn't fair. I was trapped by my own fatigue and couldn't escape this person who was draining the life energy out of me like a space vampire. I drank more hot chocolate.

"Give up? Lances-alot."

Almost against my will my right hand dropped my croissant and shot forward, digging into this man's left eye. My index and middle finger turned sideways, hooked onto the inside of his eye socket, and ripped back, breaking off a good 1" by 2" chunk of the man's skull. Before I knew what I was doing I pocketed the piece of bone and ran from the cafe.

I ran a convoluted circuitous route back to Building 14, and finally collapsed on the couch in the *Voo Doo* office, first avoiding stepping on Jason for fear of gaining a legfull of staples. After about 10 hours I woke to find myself clutching the slightly bloody hunk of bone in my hand. Jason woke up also. He scratched the back of his head as he stood up, then looked at the piece of skull I had.

"Whoa..." he said, "what the fuck?"

"Don't ask. Ugly scene at the Pain."

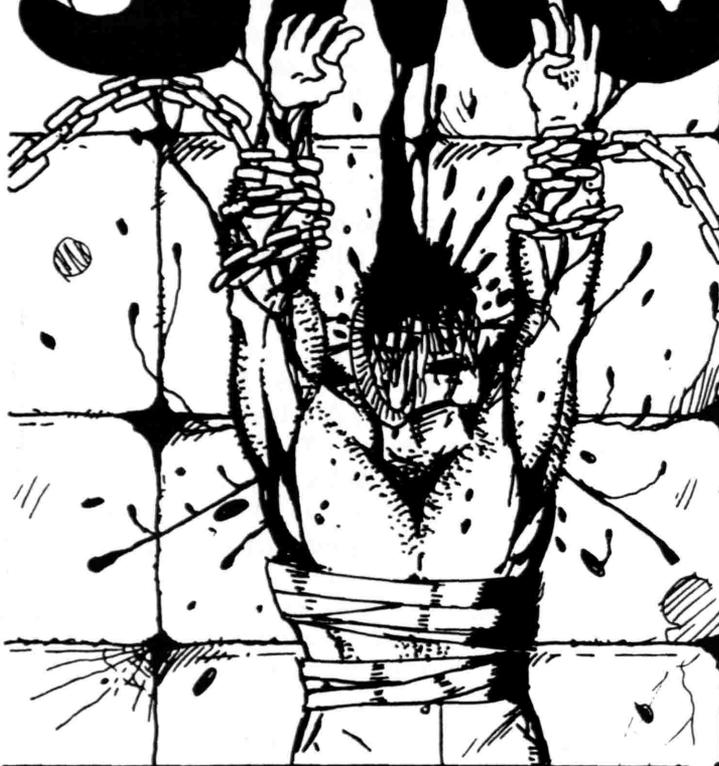
"Hey, you should write something about it for next issue." That Jason, ever practical.

So, that's my story. I took the piece of bone home and boiled it in water and baking soda to get all the skin and blood off, then drilled a small hole to loop a thong through, and now I carry it with me wherever I go as a reminder of what I have become.

Keep those submissions coming!

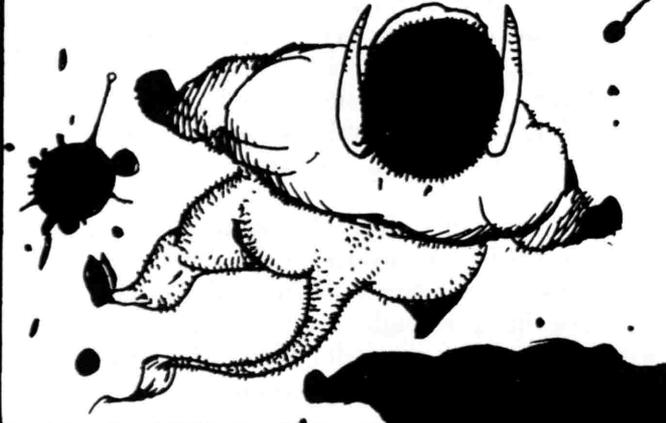
JOE SMUG

by Zacharymig



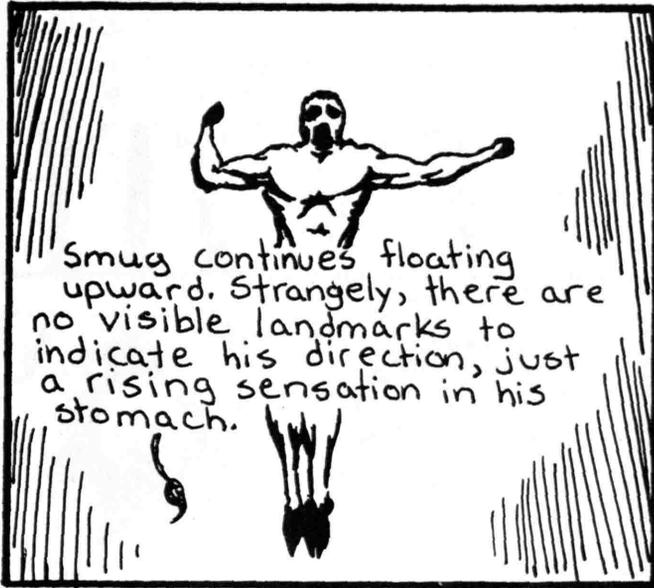
The story so far: Joe Smug, the hooved and horned MIT student, is dead. After being mistaken for an old enemy by Mr. Big, Joe's unknown twin brother appeared. However, this mystery man, after killing the mob lord, turned his gun on Joe.

Presently, Joe finds himself hovering above his inert body. A serenity overcomes him, as well as pity for the bitter man who committed this act.

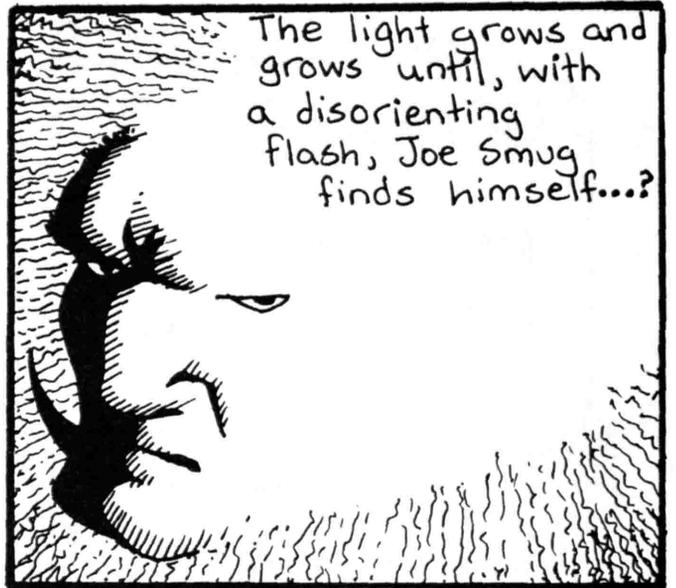


Soon Smug becomes aware of a pillar of light shining down upon him. Its warm, dreamlike quality, along with a faint aroma of pasta, beckons him upward.





Smug continues floating upward. Strangely, there are no visible landmarks to indicate his direction, just a rising sensation in his stomach.

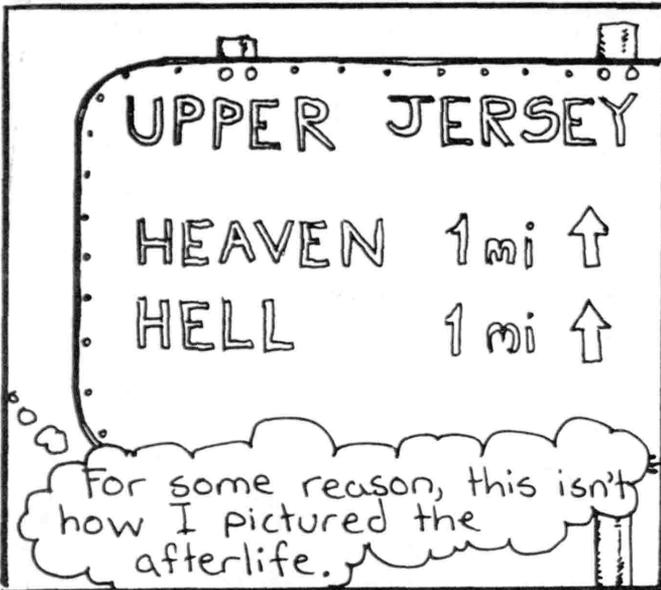


The light grows and grows until, with a disorienting flash, Joe Smug finds himself...?

HIGHWAY THRU HEAVEN



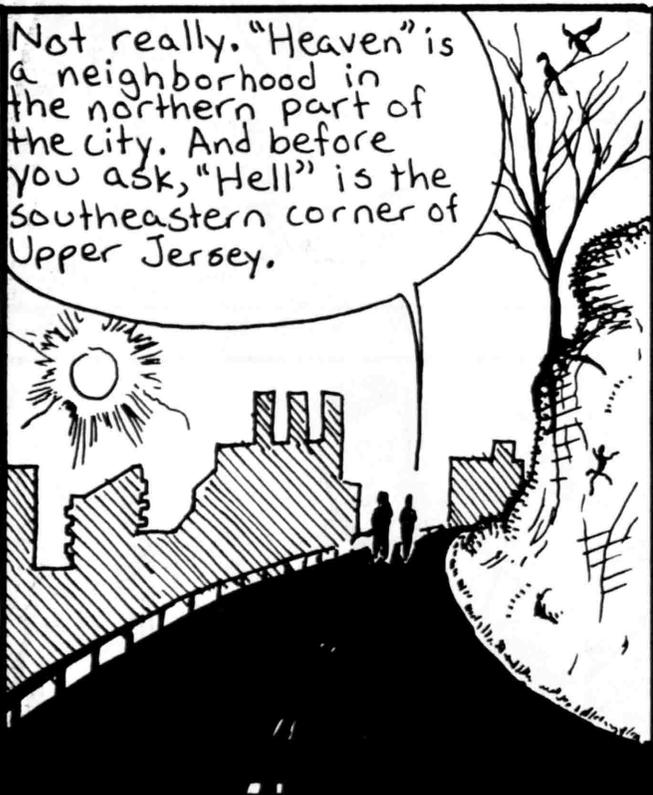
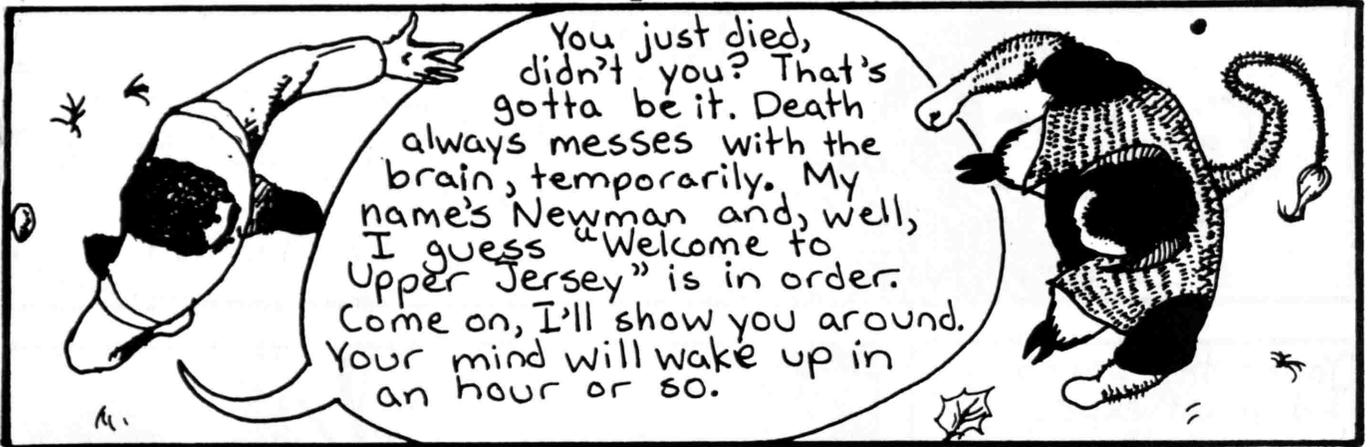
FLASH



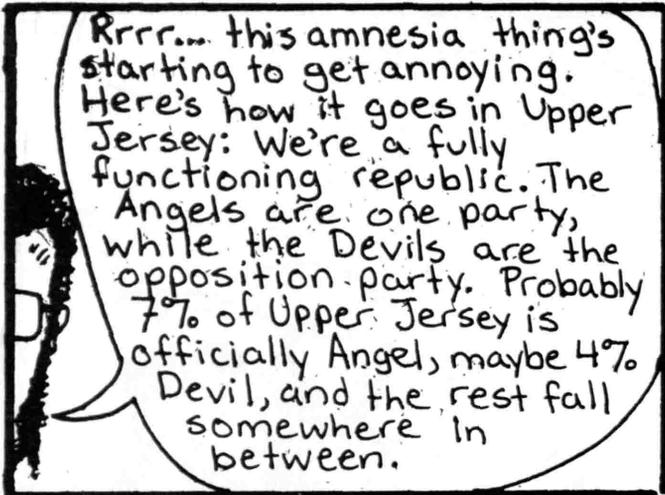
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So... is your brain finally clicking?

Well, I can't say I recognize anything. But I can't shake a deep feeling of familiarity in my gut.

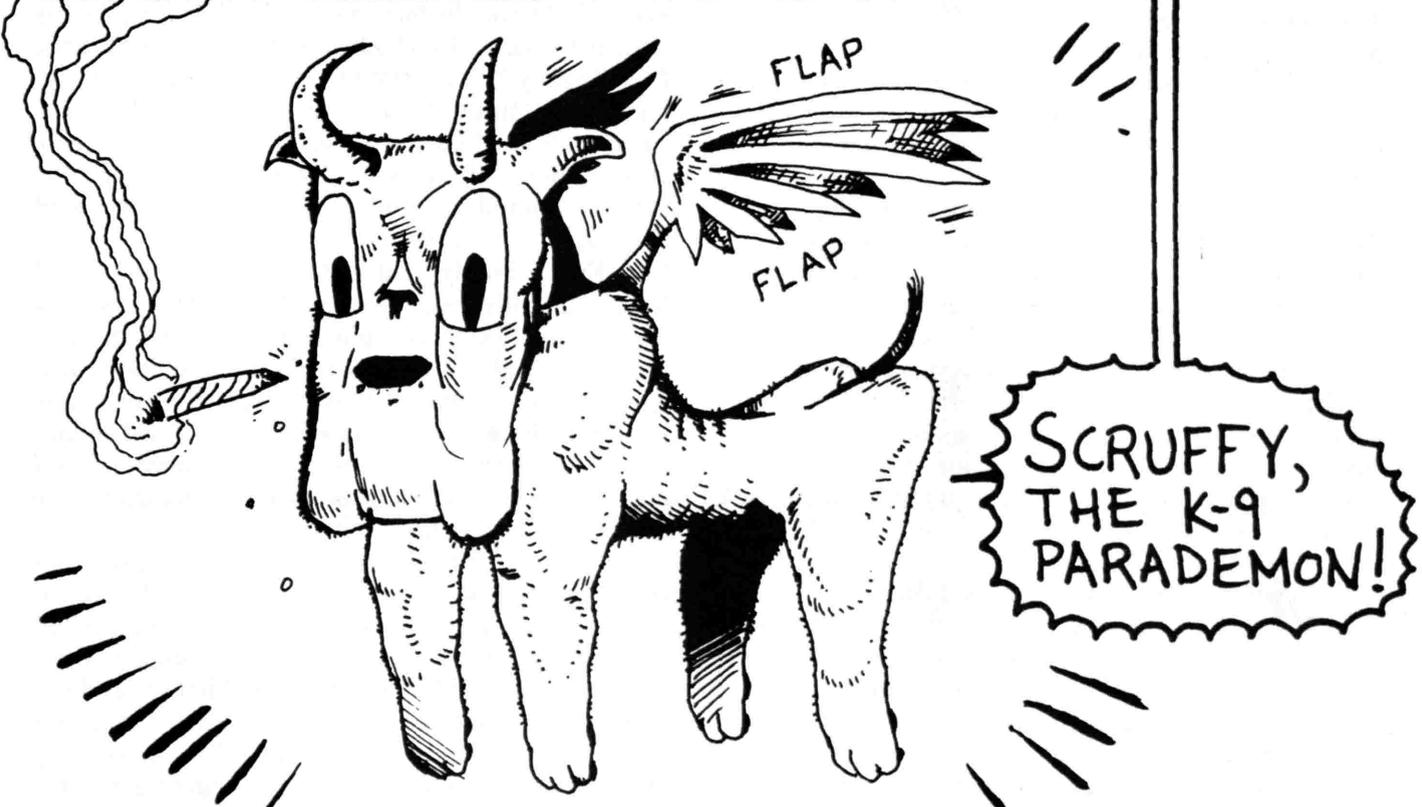


But what should I be feeling, Newman? It's not like I've been here before...

eh?

HOLY CRAP!
JOE SMUG!

YO, JOE! Don't tell me you've forgotten your old pal...



SCRUFFY,
THE K-9
PARADEMON!

NEXT ISSUE: HEAVEN & HELL PART 2

Fear of Crashing

by John Dzenitis

Ike Warton was clinging to life and waiting for an angel in the airport terminal. He was also waiting for the 10 a.m. flight. Originally slated to leave at 7 o'clock, Ike had mustered enough foresight last night, even while drinking himself blind, to change to the later departure. This was a wise decision, because at 7 o'clock he had been careening around his bedroom, vomiting in every container that would hold water (and some that wouldn't).

On the way to the airport, he told his sister that he got sick before this flight as a result of "some kind of bug." His breath smelled of tequila, cigarettes, 69-cent burritos, and stomach lining. It could have attracted bugs. She could see that he was actually frightened, though, and had asked him, "How can you, of all people, be afraid of flying?"

"I'm not afraid of flying," he replied. "I'm afraid of crashing." This was followed by a weak smile that was supposed to show courage, but instead showed some bit of burrito.

This fear of crashing was a recent development. When he was an infant, Ike was the baby tipping over in the highchair or tumbling down the stairs, laughing all the way. As a youngster, he was the jackanapes leaping from the roof with an umbrella or riding his bike off the diving board into the empty swimming pool. In his teen ages, he was the fellow urinating on the third rail or voting for Mondale. He loved flying in jets and would giggle with glee when they hit pockets of turbulence or the pilot bounced the plane several times while landing.

"Nice *landings!*" he would yell to the pilot, then slide down the emergency exit headfirst.

He was flying more than he had ever hoped, but now his confidence was gone. He wanted to have his inner peace back, but he was afraid he would be getting inner *and* outer peace, for good. He glanced around the terminal nervously. If angels were going to help out with this flight, they should certainly be showing up by now.

In missing the 7 a.m. flight, Ike had gained recuperation time but lost a more peaceful traveling environment. If this had been the earlier flight, the waiting area would be a paradigm of cool competence. Steely-eyed businesswomen would pour over

spreadsheets, muttering to themselves when they spilled coffee on their laptops or on the tops of their laps. Serious-minded businessmen would be quietly speed-reading *The Journal* and speed-smoking cigarettes. They would then board the plane in an orderly column, like an elite Republican Guard in dark blue, pinstriped uniforms. Each soldier would carry one briefcase with a computer, a phone, and scotch for sterilizing mental wounds. Strangely enough, this scene would have calmed him.

Unfortunately, waiting for the 10 a.m. flight was like waiting for the gates to open at Disney World, only worse because they were all going to pile into the same ride, and at best it was going to last four hours. In fact, most of the families in the crowded terminal looked like they were returning from Disney World; they were armed to the buck-teeth with Mickey Mouse ears, Donald Duck pants, Goofy hats, and goofier parents. The children were as obnoxious as rabid, incontinent monkeys. Ike glanced around, wishing that Gregory Peck would show up and shoot them.

Every family had a tremendous amount of bulky and silly luggage with them. He knew they would soon board the plane in a panicked rush, yelling to locate each other and jamming their packages, boxes, and bags into every crevice of the plane. Ike remembered the bus rides he took in rural Mexico during the agave worm hunting expedition. Those buses were more orderly, despite the fact that more live chickens were involved.

Last month's trip was where he learned about the angels. As he closed his eyes and tried to relax, his thoughts slipped back to that revelation. He and his *hombres* were packed into a bus going down a mountain pass. When the tires skidded around the corners, he yelled with approval. When the driver used the brakes, Ike cursed him. The driver lost his head too; perhaps he had been drinking as well. His intensity increased as the speed increased, past the point where the brakes would be effective, even if they were applied. They skidded at the cliff's edge, then careened back to the wall on the right, then caromed across to the edge again. Many of the women and chickens cried out. Some of the

crates smashed on the bus floor. The back of the bus actually slipped off of the gravel road, and Ike felt the familiar stomach-drop followed by a peculiar rise. There was silence for a moment.

Then the *thump* of the tires landing back on the road. Somehow. Everyone else's faces showed fear, and some crossed themselves. Ike felt elated, as usual, but a little guilty for contributing to that close call.

When they unloaded the bus several minutes later, some of the women were still crying. Children tried to calm the distraught chickens. A man who looked like an itinerant farmer strode right up to Ike. The man's skin was black with dust and his clothes were filthy. Ike looked at the expression on his face and thought the man was going to punch him. When he looked at the eyes, though, he knew that he was seeing an angel. And he could hear words as clearly as if they had been yelled at him:

"That's the last time I'm going to save your ass, Warton."

Whatever joy he might have gotten from seeing a divine being was swamped by the realization that he was doomed. He understood then that he had been supported all of this time despite his sins, and that the supports were being knocked away. With 30 more years, he could swing himself back around to a gravel road of grace, but not in the little time left.

Ike opened his eyes again and looked out the window at his plane. It was completely not aflame, not rolling unpredictably, not smashing into the side of a mountain. This could be a thin illusion, covering the fundamental nature of things.

You might think that the more you flew, the more natural flying might become. You would think that the more you knew about the planes, the more confidence you would have. You might and would be wrong, however. Cause and Effect had left, giving their seat up to Divine Intervention.

Angels were starting to appear around the jet. Although this was an exciting development, Ike knew better than to call others' attention to them. A small angelic group was smoking and talking near the fuel truck. A few just sat along the edges of the plane's wings, dangling their legs and swinging them back and forth. Ike went to the window and waved. A couple of the angels near the fuel truck looked at him, then at each other, then shook their heads. He realized then that they were not angels, but dominions. They wouldn't be going on the flight.

He sank back into his chair and sighed. He felt sick again. Others might make it through this trip, but this was probably the end for him. Ike was going to be claimed, not through divine desire, but through divine disinterest. What random end would be allowed to reach him? Wind shear? Heart attack? Lightning? Wind-shear-induced heart attack in a lightning storm?

A young flight attendant approached him. "Captain Warton?" she called, poking his patience with each perky syllable. "We've got to board pretty soon! Are you ready for the preflight check?"

Ike pushed himself out of the chair with great effort. His body seemed too heavy to be his own. "I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

(Thanks to E.G.D. for the "landings" line.)

Zach's Journal by Zach



This really is your last chance until 1996...



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8 p.m.		Basic WP		EZ		Matlab		Xess
12 noon	13 Nov	Intro	14 Nov	Basic WP	15 Nov	Working	16 Nov	EZ
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Panel 1: Polly and Damon were bummed. *sigh.*

Panel 2: They missed the Samhain celebration sponsored by the MIT Pagan Students' Group. *Prat!* *snap!*

Panel 3: BUT THEN THEY HEARD SOME GOOD NEWS (so to speak)!

Panel 4: The PSG was going to host Paganism 101, an informative seminar about all kinds of Paganism in practice TODAY, during IAP!

Panel 5: Really? Yay!

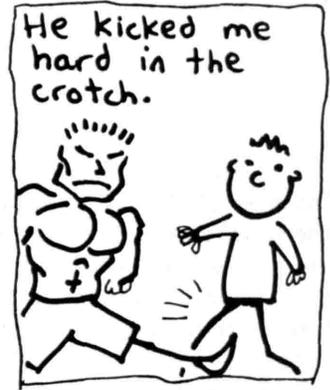
Panel 6: Polly and Damon went to a dinner meeting that the PSG held.

Panel 7: CHAT CHAT, mm! *woah!* DISCUSS TALK TALK

Panel 8: That's where they found out about the PSG's open house during IAP, and how they could help. *Cool!* So they made cookies for it.

Panel 9: Are you curious about the Pagan community? Want to celebrate holidays with other Pagans? Want to hear more about psg religious freedom in America? Then do get in contact with the MIT Pagan Students Group! e-mail: psg@mit.edu

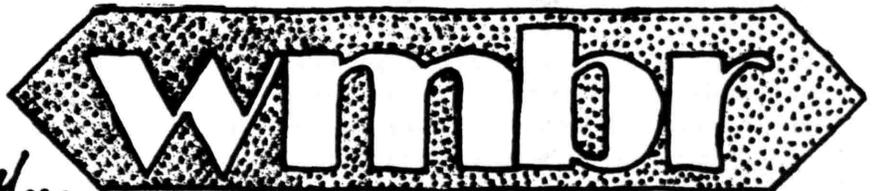
Zach's Journal by Zach



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THE GREAT EIGHTY-EIGHT

IP Address Shortage Spurs Black Market

by Alyssa P. Hacker

Although M.I.T. owns one of the few Class A Internet Protocol (IP) address spaces in the world, the now famous "Net 18", there is a campus shortage of available addresses. Not a real shortage, mind you, but an artificial shortage created by Information Systems controlling and rationing the available subnets. I/S claims that proactive measures are prudent and necessary, but critics point out that out of the sixteen million possible addresses of the form 18.*.*, there are only about thirteen thousand hosts on MITnet.

Jeffrey Schiller, M.I.T.'s Network Manager, seems rational enough. "We must plan for the future," he explains. "The number of hosts at M.I.T. has been rising exponentially for years, and will for years to come. We are just starting to see some of the technologies that will burden our IP address space in the future. If we didn't charge \$2000 a month for a Class C subnet (with space for 255 hosts of the form 18.n.n.*), people would be just throwing away useful address space."

IP Addressable Light Fixtures

Schiller's favorite examples of future technology that will be IP-address hungry are Networked Light Fixtures. "Imagine an office filled with light fixtures on the network: their status could be queried from any point on the network, energy usage could be centrally or remotely tracked, and authorized managers could turn them on and off. You could literally finger and telnet to your lights! Imagine this with all the thousands of light fixtures at M.I.T.; this kind of technology requires that we plan for a great future need."

But there are other, more realistic needs, he adds. The next wave of computing might very well be desktop symmetric multiprocessing machines, computers with more than one computer inside. Machines are available now with anywhere between 2 to 65,000 processors. In some configurations, administrators may wish to assign an IP address to each processor. "A Connection Machine could occupy an entire Class B subnet [using 65,535 IP-addresses of the form 18.n.*.!]!"

Current developments at M.I.T. are also

putting a drain of the address space. Under the Residential Networking Initiative, or "ResNet", dormitories, fraternities, and other independent living groups are given access to MITnet. With this access goes a huge chunk of MIT's IP address space. "Just to make the routing simpler, each fraternity is assigned a Class B network. That's nuts!" says Ward Lesser, Network Administrator for the Department of Electrical Engineering. "That's as much as the Media Lab! No frat is going to have thousands of machines."

Departments, Users Suffering

Many departments are suffering due to this shortage, especially those that rely heavily on computers in their curriculum, namely the Media Laboratory, the Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, the Laboratory for Computer Science, and the Department of Electrical Engineering. "We've only been assigned a Class B network," sighs Matt Knudsen, Network Manager at L.C.S., "While that seems like a lot, it only allows us around 200 subnets. Do you know how many computers there are in this department, and in this building? We don't want 200 machines on every subnet."

Due to this shortage, some departments have had to implement IP saving measures of their own. "Jeff Schiller is right, IP addressable equipment is on its way, but it's happening now, not five years from now," explains Lesser. "FDDI hubs now require their own IP address for management, so I have to decommission X-terminals in the labs to deploy one because of the Schiller iron grip. The ultimate victims of this are students. I want to deploy more X-terminals in the teaching labs and electronic classrooms, not less, but whenever I mention it to Network Services, I get Jeff talking out of his hairy ass about FTP-lightbulbs."

George Maxwell, researcher with the Research Laboratory for Electronics, has another view. "IP addressable appliances are coming, but who is going to develop them? M.I.T. can't do it unless Network Services gives us the address space to play with!" He concedes that running out of available address space could be a grave problem, "but it's happening in the

real world, right now. By the time that M.I.T. starts running low on IP addresses, the outside world will already have moved away from 32-bit addresses to solve the very real shortage that they're facing now. M.I.T. just has its head in the sand on this issue."

B.Y.O. "IP"

Some UROP students have reported that professors at the Media Lab and the A.I. Lab demand that students bring their own IP address to work with them. "Before booting the workstation on my desk, I have to enter a unique IP address for it," says Ben Bitdiddle, UROP student at the Media Lab. "But that's okay, I just shut off the machine in my dorm room before I come to work, and use that one."

Which brings us to what some people call the source of the problem. Under ResNet, dormitories and fraternities are assigned Class B networks with over 65,000 available addresses. However, no fraternity we talked to had more than 100 machines running in their house, not even enough to tax a Class C address space.

House Presidents were uncharacteristically glib about what they were doing with the unused addresses. "We are not using them," said David Conway, President of Chi Phi in Boston. "No further comments." When shown evidence that they are in use, he repeated, "We are not using them."

An anonymous junior at TEP shed some light on the answer, though. "Let's just say the House GPA jumped half a point last term."

But fraternities aren't the only ones involved with disappearing IP addresses. Looking over the records at East Campus, many students have two or three IP addresses assigned to them, and one student had 154. When asked about the possibility that these addresses probably ended up on a "black market", the East Campus Residence Computing Consultant stated, "I'm just doing my job. People ask for an IP address for their machine, and I give it to them. No more questions! No speaka Ingles!"

Dealing IP

Just as with other black markets of the twentieth century, students involved with selling and trading IP addresses, or "dealing IP" as it is called in the dark basements and dangerous streets of M.I.T., turn to other crimes, such as fraud and prostitution. "The temptation is there," states Anne Glavin, Chief

of Campus Police. "Anytime a commodity is priced artificially high, a black market appears. We've seen it before at M.I.T. with heroin and DRAM chips. There's even a black market for donuts right here in C.P. Headquarters because of ARA overpricing!"

Some particularly desperate professors in the Media Lab have been accused of trading grades for IP addresses. However, Department Headquarters issued a stern rebuttal. In a typed statement, they said "Sheesh. Like it was hard to get an A in a Media Arts and Sciences Course before this. Thbbbbpt!"

But some people are getting burned by IP fraud. "I bought what I thought was a good class C subnet," said one A.I. Lab Professor, who requested anonymity. "Turns out, it was already used by the Building 4 Athena Cluster."

"I wouldn't call it prostitution," said one insider, "but I know that [one of MIT's sororities] has been *collecting* IP address space from the five or six frats that it parties with. I don't think any of those girls are going to have trouble with the [Committee on Academic Performance] for the next few years. A floor in McCormick's got a quite a stash, too."

But it's not without its risks, like any prostitution ring. Said a source who would only identify himself as Joe Beerbong, "What did I get for my IP address? Crabs!"

"Dealing IP was a gateway crime for me," said Brian Bradley, who asked not to be identified. "When I ran out of IP addresses, I wanted to keep dealing, so I switched to selling cocaine. The switch wasn't difficult, though. I still have the same customers: Media Lab professors and computer science grad students."

Some have noted that Information Systems is benefiting twice from IP address price fixing. Not only do they collect the fees from renting out the expensive IP numbers, but by making the price extremely high, it cuts down on the amount of work that have to do running Name Servers, says Lesser. "No bureaucray, whether it's the Registry of Motor Vehicles or I/S, should collect its own fees and fines. Cost-recovery is not as important as corruption-free government. Besides, this is absurd! There are entire countries with Class C networks."

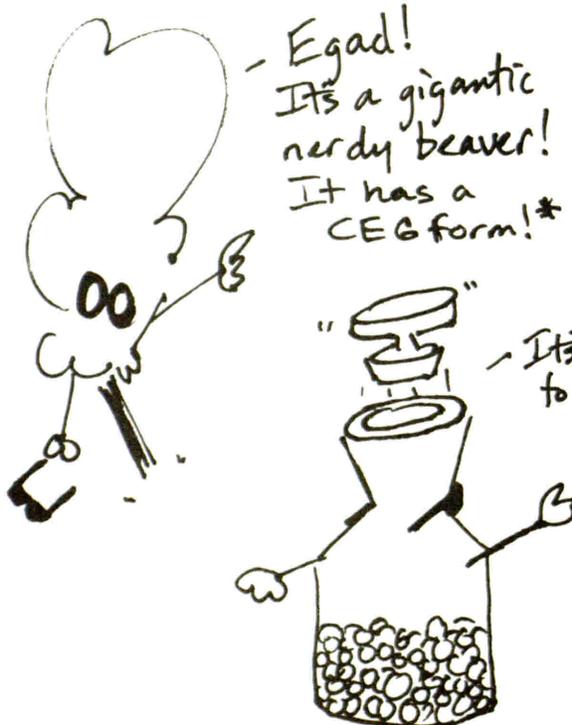
But Schiller is defiant. "We are planning for the future. I already have IP addresses reserved for when the lights in my office are IP addressible. This is the future. My toiletries have assigned IP addresses, even my butt-razor."

THE ADVENTURES OF COMMANDER CORIANDER and his trusty sidekick, Cilantro Boy

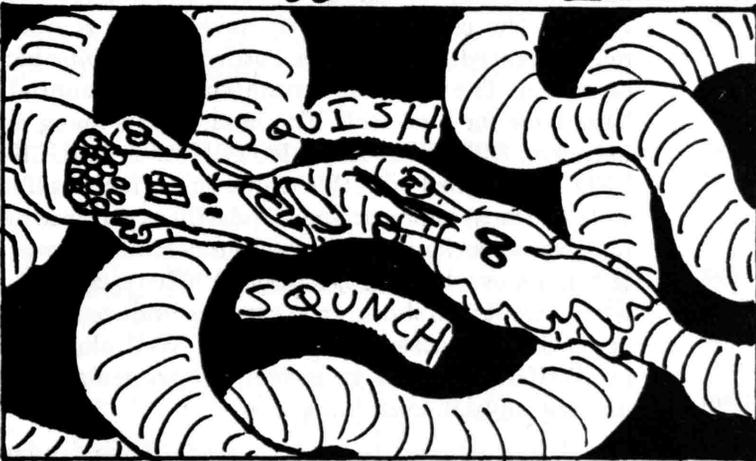
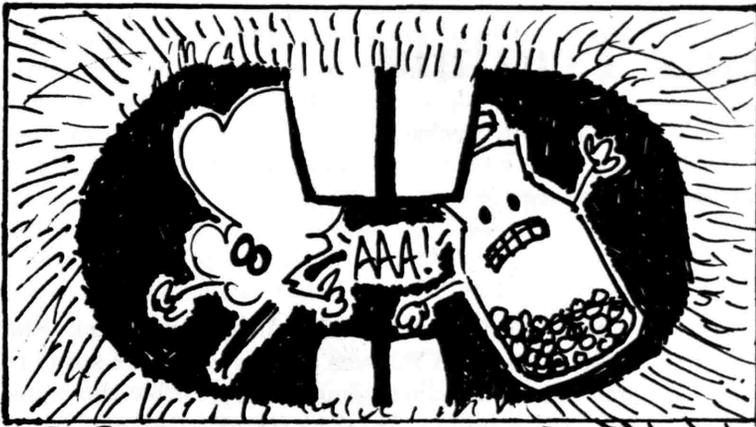
EPISODE 5: FANCY POULTRY PARTS

by Jason Buoy

Last time, Cilantro Boy was reunited with the now undead Commander Crowiander, who has calmed down considerably.



* See Commander Coriander and his trusty sidekick Cilantro Boy Origins, coming soon!



2)

To be continued!

Testicular Trauma

Thoughts of Designer Imposter Body Spray

by Andrew Ian Feinberg

I can remember the first time I saw the commercial vividly, for I was scarred eternally, not unlike the first time I had a woman look me square in the eye, force a smile, and mumble, "Don't worry, I heard it happens to a LOT of guys." While channel surfing a few months ago, I found myself landing on MTV. It was "The Real World Two" that was on, and I couldn't change the channel because it was my favorite one, where Tammi purposely wired her mouth shut to lose weight. I was thinking about taking up a collection to keep it wired shut forever, but alas, I digress. A commercial interlude began with a Mentos commercial, and I was appalled to find myself mouthing along, "Mentos, the freshmaker!" with my television. That was bad enough, but when I realized I was actually holding my remote triumphantly, not unlike the girl holding up her mighty Mentos, I knew I must turn off the television and get some fresh air. I reached for the "off" button on the remote, but found myself unable to hit it. Instead, I my eyes were glazed as I heard my RCA beckon: "The following demonstration has been made suitable for television." It piqued my interest, so I figured I'd watch the commercial. Big mistake.

It was a naked woman prancing around the screen with a spray can, covered only by two blue bars that followed her around covering her breasts, and her holiest of holies. Now, seeing an attractive naked woman bopping around on a television screen, this is not what scarred me. Don't you worry. In fact, it made me laugh hysterically. A voice-over was explaining "First, spray Designer Imposter Spray on your arms, and then spray some on your (beeped out the breasts), and the same time the woman was spraying it on the described areas. It went on to describe all the different places one could spray it, while the woman, seemingly in ecstasy, followed suit. It was truly a ridiculous image, the quasi-orgasmic quality of spraying some cheap-assed imitation perfume all over herself. She wound up spraying every part of her body really, as the voice-over told me that spraying this poisonous smelling fluid all over feels so good "you could spray them

everywhere". But this of course, is not true. She missed a spot. If she was to spray the faux-spray in one particular place, shall we say, below the equator, this would not produce the ecstatic result as it provided elsewhere. I believe the correct word to describe the result would be "agony". But, thankfully, she missed that spot, so the commercial, which I thought was over, wound up being just silly, not traumatic. Little did I know that in just ten seconds, I would be huddled in the corner of the room, rocking in the fetal position, hand immersed in my pants, a la Al Bundy.

It seemed as though the commercial was over, as they showed a bottle of the stuff on the screen. But then it happened. Like all horrible things in my life, I saw it in slow motion, like when Marsellus Wallace in Pulp Fiction had Zed give him a proctologic exam without the courtesy of a sigmoidoscope. A nude man appeared on the screen, bottle in hand, blue bar on crotch. The voice-over triumphantly announced, "Available for men too!" The man, with a smug as hell grin, **SPRAYED HIS CROTCH AND CHUCKLED!** He laughed with this smirk on his face, as if it were the most euphoric and wonderful experience he had ever experienced. And the commercial was over. It was an overload for my brain, I believe that was when I went into shock. In my trauma induced state, my entire life passed before my eyes. Well, okay, not my **WHOLE** life, but an incident in particular that involved myself, and my cajones.

I flashed back to seventh grade, I must have been around twelve or thirteen years old. I remember being twelve quite well, it was when I was a tiny 5'4" boy, and knew that someday I would grow and grow and finally be able to conquer that freaking sign that said "YOU MUST BE THIS TALL TO GO ON THIS RIDE". Now I'm twenty-five. Hey, it's not that I'm still not allowed to go on certain rides, I just **CHOOSE** not to okay?? I could go on any ride I want, I just don't like waiting in line! Wait, I'm mixing up my traumas. Let's go back to my being twelvish.

My dream girl, Penelope Horowitz, had asked me whether I wanted to go over her house on Sunday

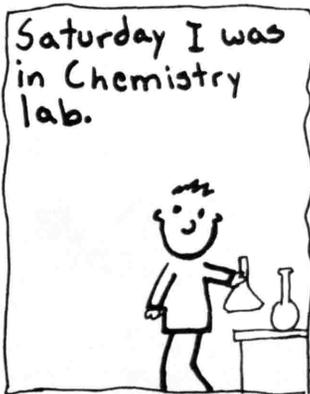
and study with her for an algebra exam. I could hardly sleep that night, knowing what would happen when I was alone with her, perusing the subtle nuances of algebra. I knew in my heart of hearts, that in the midst of studying, we would look up from the book, stare into each others eyes, admit our undying love, have a torrid affair, get married, have children, and happily grow old together. I just had to make sure everything was right. Sunday morning, I spent two hours getting myself absolutely perfect for the big study date. When I felt I was ready, I started to leave the house, but ran back into the bathroom.

As I was singing along to "Islands in the Stream" on my radio, I realized I had forgotten the key to getting a woman to think of me as real man. Cologne. So I covered myself with my dad's English Leather, not thoroughly unlike the naked woman in the Designer Imposter commercial. But what if Penelope begged me to have sex with her? This was a real possibility. The prospect of her finding me "not so fresh" was strictly unacceptable. So in the middle of singing the Dolly Parton part of the chorus, I pulled out the waistband of my underwear, and did my final spray. "Islands in the stream...that is what we AREEEEEEEEEEEEEEGHHHHHHH!" I had never experienced such excruciating pain in my entire life. I had to cancel the date. I spent the remainder of the day holding my wounded huevos and cursing the moment I had tried to spray myself

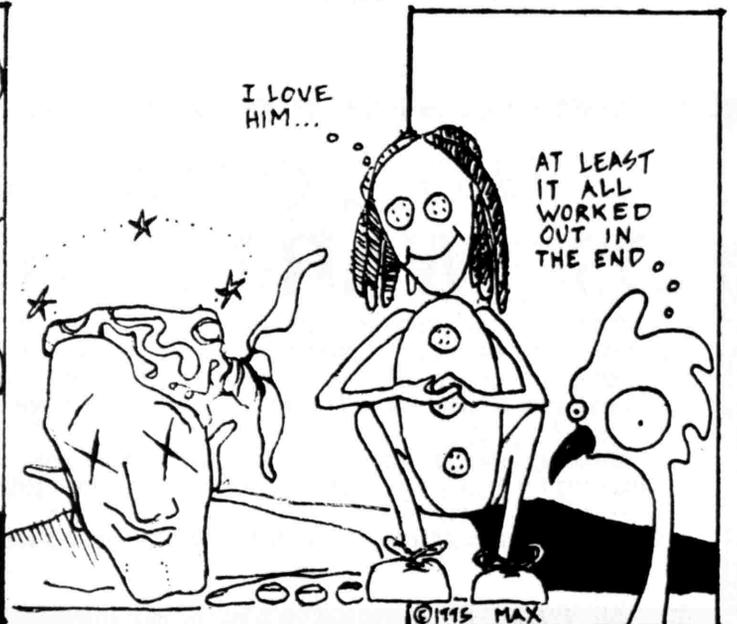
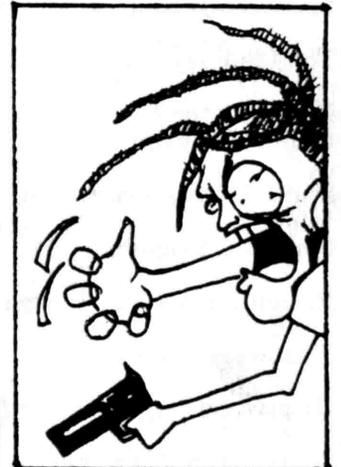
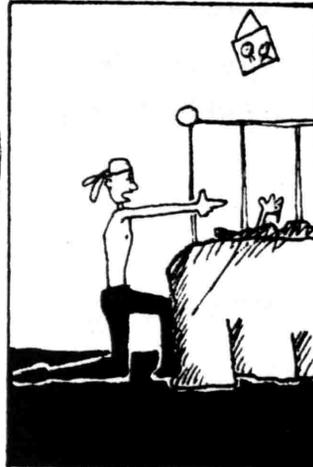
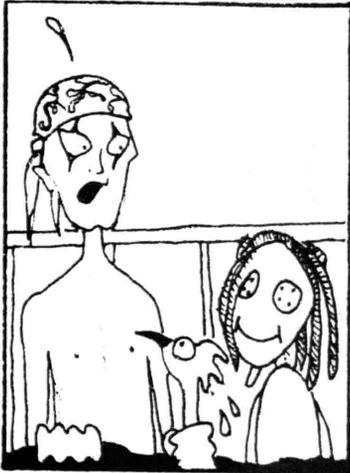
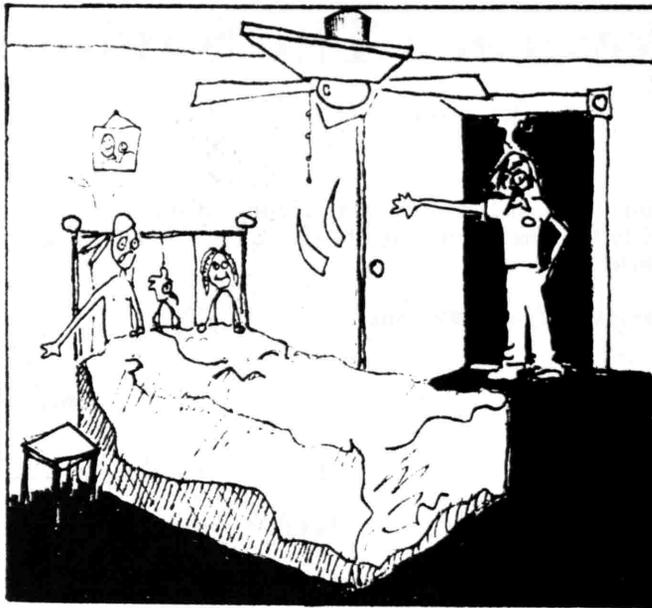
"there". Penelope went on to date and marry my best friend. Oh Penelope, I miss you so...if you're reading this give me a call, I know I can make you so happy...

Back to the story at hand. The man in the commercial had made the same mistake I had made, yet suffered no ill consequences. It was the most unreal and unjust act I had seen since Marisa Tomei had won the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress. But unlike the Tomei tragedy, this wrong could be righted, I knew it. I knew then why I had been put on this earth. It was to get that commercial modified. I wrote letters. I made urgent phone calls. I boycotted using the product. Okay, I hadn't really used it in the first place, but hey, manufacturers didn't know that. Yet every day that blasted commercial would come on time and time again. Hundreds of times, I saw that smug bastard spray his crotch. Was there no justice in the world? The horror, the horror. But just as I began to give up hope, it happened. The commercial began the same, bimbo dancing around in her Imposter glory. Same guy, blue bar on privates. But this time, he sprayed his CHEST, smirking and chuckling. Glory, hallelujah! Can I get an amen? There's no need to thank me. Just knowing that I might have saved one pubescent boy from making the same mistake I made is enough. All I ask for is a page in the history books documenting my selfless effort to make the world a better place to live. Or maybe a statue.

Zach's Journal by Zach



HEY
ASSHOLE?
I'M
HOME



Windows 95 : The Saviour?

by Charles Forsythe

If you have half a brain, you can't help but to notice the throng of publications, analysts, and net users declaring Microsoft's Windows 95 to be "The Saviour of the Computer Industry." If you have less than half a brain, you probably believe it. Could it be?

Let's compare Windows 95 against a widely-accepted saviour, Jesus of Nazareth:

Jesus of Nazareth

Said, "Surely, I come quickly."
Is taking a lot longer to actually arrive.
Can walk on water.
Sits in judgement at the Pearly Gates.
The Bible says, "In Him, all things are possible."
Embodies the Holy Trinity: The Father, The Son, and the Holy Spirit.
Started life as a carpenter.
Born in a manger.
Remembered for protecting the weak.
Was raised from the dead.
He performed great works for the multitudes.
Jesus Christ has no sin.

Windows 95

Has been promised "any day now."
Is taking a lot longer to actually arrive.
Can crawl on a 486.
Will be used to judge Bill Gates.
Doesn't even run all possible Windows apps.
Embodies DOS.
Turns perfectly good computers into furniture.
Resembles something found in a barn.
Has weak memory protection.
Was created from Windows 3.1.
Its multitasking performance barely works.
Windows 95 has no shame.

You decide.

Win a copy of OS/2 WARP Connect!

Join one of our electronic mailing lists, *os2announce* (just announcements) or *os2partners* (our discussion list) on Athena (using the *mailmaint* program) between August 19 and September 19 to be automatically registered.

A drawing will be held at our September 21 User Group meeting for a copy of Warp Connect and other prizes.

Offer only for new members. Must be present to win.

OS/2 M.I.T. Users Group

Meets on the third Thursday of each month at 5pm in M.I.T. Room 2-105 to discuss the use and advocacy of OS/2

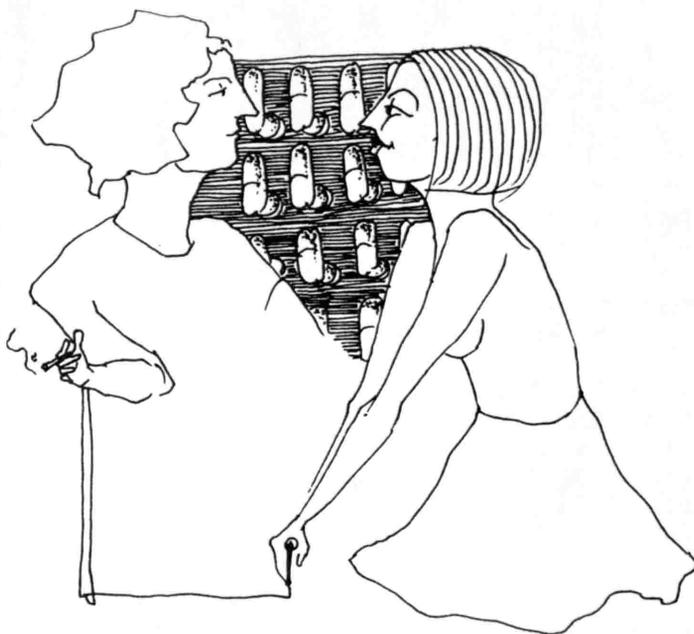
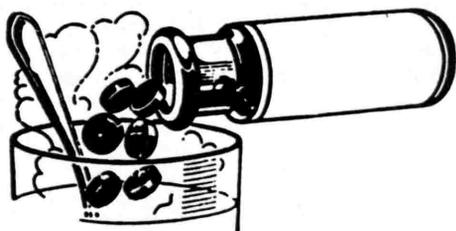
WWW Homepage : <http://web.mit.edu/os2/>

For more information, contact os2admin@mit.edu

Phos presents:

The Finish "One Night" Contest

It's simple. We here at VooDoo ran a hilarious series of stories by the esteemed Mr. James Fleming. But the final episode has never been printed. It has, in fact, not yet been written. And the clock has run out on James.



That's where you come in. It's simple. READ (or re-read) the captivating narrative of a man who is haunted by memories of shock therapy, is hounded by his immortal brother, and needs constant chemical stimulation.

WRITE your ending to "One Night." SEND or bring it to the VooDoo office (Walker 309, MIT). We'll PRINT the best endings (or maybe the best paragraphs) and there you have it.

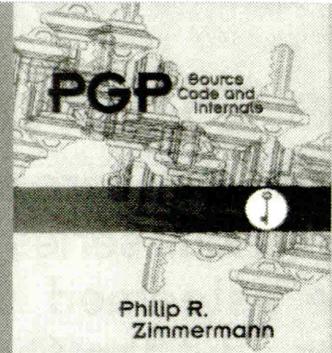
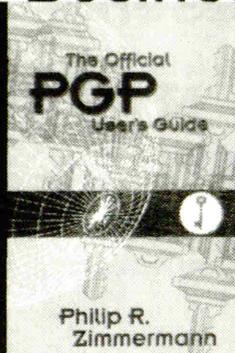
YOUR TICKET TO FAME

Multimedia entries welcome. Contest is open to all MIT students, staff, faculty, and alumni, including Mr. James Fleming. The "One Night" stories can be read on the VooDoo homepage,

<http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/voodoo/voodoo.html>.

Contest entries must be received by Dec. 1, 1995.

"Mind Your Own Business!"



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THE OFFICIAL PGP USER'S GUIDE

Philip R. Zimmermann

The Official PGP User's Guide is the user's manual for PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) public-key cryptography software, freely available over the Internet*, that has become the *de facto* standard for the encryption of electronic mail and data. PGP and its author Philip Zimmermann are the focus of national and international debates concerning this new, powerful "envelope" that allows individuals the same privacy in communications as enjoyed by governments and large corporations. Because cryptography is considered a munition by the U.S. government and is thus subject to the same export restrictions as tanks and submarines, the worldwide distribution of PGP over the Internet has raised a host of issues that are addressed in the *User's Guide*.

In addition to technical details, the *User's Guide* contains valuable insights into the social engineering behind the software engineering and into the legal, ethical, and political issues that have surrounded PGP since its initial release.

6 x 9, 216 pp., \$14.95 paperback original

PGP Source Code and Internals

Philip R. Zimmermann

PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) is a computer program for the encryption of data and electronic mail, a powerful "envelope" that allows individuals the same privacy in their communications as enjoyed by governments and large corporations. PGP, which is freely available on the Internet, uses public-key cryptography — specifically the RSA algorithm, which is particularly well-suited to the needs of computer-mediated communications. This book contains a formatted version of the complete source code for the latest release (2.6.2) of PGP. Philip R. Zimmermann, who wrote PGP, is an independent software engineer and developer.

8 x 9, 804 pp., \$55.00 clothbound

Philip Zimmermann was recently awarded the prestigious Chrysler Award for Innovation in Design for his design of PGP. Last Spring, he received the Pioneer Award from the Electronic Frontier Foundation for his efforts to bring privacy to the people.



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three second prizes: the *User's Guide*
five third prizes: PGP T-Shirt
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Shirts are half-price with the purchase of one of the books at the same time.

The MIT Press Bookstore also sells a variety of books on PGP and encryption issues.

*PGP 2.6.2 is distributed free of charge by MIT for non-commercial use in the U. S. and is available at:
<http://web.mit.edu/network/pgp.html>

For more on-line information about PGP visit:
<http://draco.centerline.com:8080/~fran/pgp/>

For information about Philip Zimmermann's legal situation visit his defense fund: <http://www.netresponse.com/zldf/appeal.html>



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