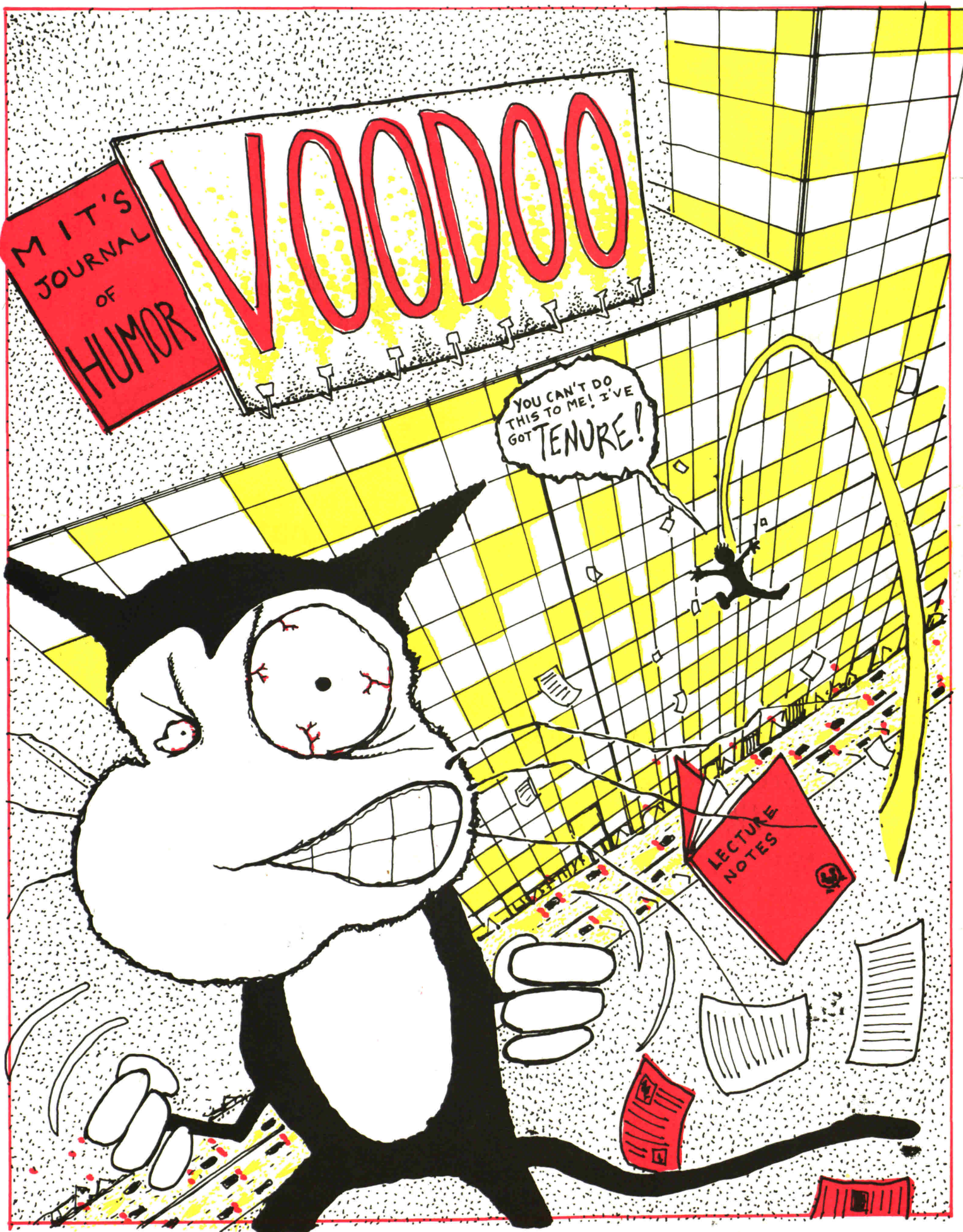


MIT'S  
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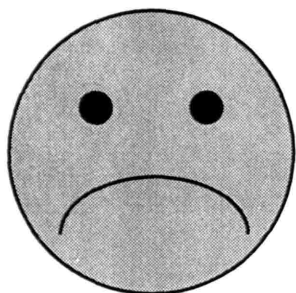
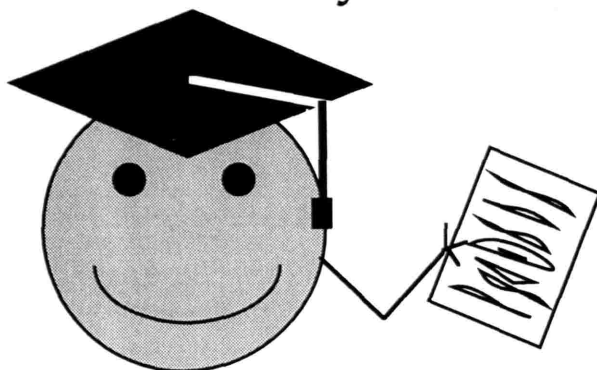
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LECTURE  
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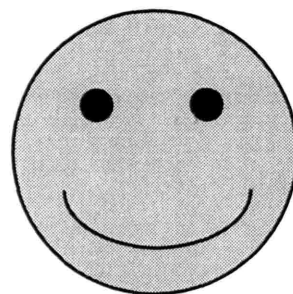
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Congrats to all of you  
who managed to get out  
of here this year!



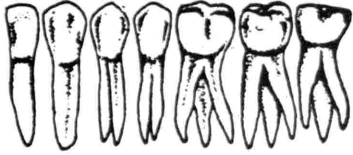
For those of you that  
didn't,  
TOO BAD!

But, lucky you, the GSC has a  
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to make you feel better! So  
come on by the GSC office  
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## In "Steer Roast" Voo Doo



### Letters to Voo Doo — page 5

*We're not being offensive; we're displaying "local color."*

### Firehose Tavern — page 7

*By Mark P. Hurst.*

### Editorial — page 8

*Staff changeovers always require a period of adjustment.*

### Flypaper — page 9

*Summer fun from Sneaker.*

### A Kinder, Gentler Editorial — page 10

*It's amazing what three Xanax can do.*

### For Love of Death — page 11

*Angst-ridden fiction by Christian O'Malley.*

### The Plot To Take Over the World — page 16

*Dave Pecora tells it like it isn't.*

### The Adventures of Commander Coriander — page 24

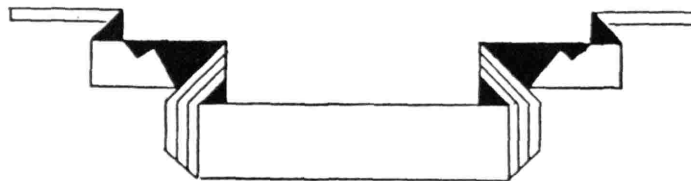
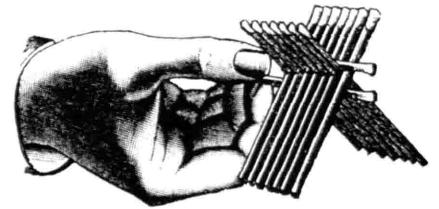
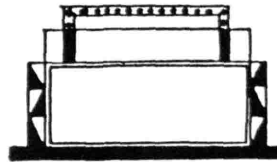
*'Tis the season...*

### An Unconnected Editorial — page 28

*SOME staff members handle changeovers better than others.*

### Semi-Annual Report of the MIT Conspiracy Club — page 30

*Maaaaaaybe by Rob Gruhl, maaaaaaybe not.*





FROM THE PUBLISHER



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**Voo Doo** (voo'doo) 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  
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

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



Next Submission Deadline : September 15, 1995.



## LETTERS TO VOO DOO

Dear Voo Doo Folks:

I think you people are great. My sister sends me *Voo Doo* mags after she reads them. I am writing to give emotional and moral support. I attend a nameless state-college called Washington State University, we have cows. My pathetic life revolves around tasteless works of art, reruns of M\*A\*S\*H, and selected strains of bacteria (them's good eat'n fungus.) Living in the kingdom of rednecks is not a joy. *Voo Doo* enables me to be Ego Syntonic.

Good Bye,  
Amie

*Jeez, lady, what kind of fungus is that?*

Dear Phos,

Recently while my boss was away on an extended trip to Europe, Asia, and the Middle East, I came upon *Voo Doo's* home page. As I read the articles, I could feel myself going back to my idyllic days at the 'tute. I particularly liked the article by Hunter Negroponte (call him "Hun"). It shows that there still is room for good old American ingenuity, and lots of it!

What's troubling me is this. How come half the feature articles aren't available online? You guys may be blowing your only shot of ever being really published.

If there is some gross commercial reason, I'll understand, but I thought *Voo Doo* was always given away free. How much do you think anybody would pay for it anyway?

Maybe it's fear of the Web censor police? It doesn't seem likely. Just leave out the first and last names of the object of your raunchy adolescent droolings.

Please look into this shortfall of articles. I'm beginning to wake up at 2:00am wondering what's going on.

J.

*We can't put any more articles on the Web server  
BECAUSE YOUR DICK'S STUCK IN IT ALL THE  
TIME!!*

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am conducting research on voodoo as alternative medicine. It is very difficult to find credible resources and I would appreciate any information or guidance you might be able to provide.

Deborah Hurst

*All we can say is that VooDoo is the only thing that keeps us Ego Syntonic in this fast-paced, fungus-chewin' world.*

Dear President Vest,

I am writing to you about my only son, Stephen. I believe he has suffered permanent brain damage as a result of attending an MIT sponsored *orgy* he referred to as Styrose, apparently named after some MIT-invented chemical or drug. That is what he called it when he could still talk. Now he cannot even produce articulate human sounds. For five days he did nothing but sit in our back yard like a vegetable, watching my garden grow. Throughout that time, I was thought seriously of having him committed -- that is how bad it was. Now, it is even worse. Three times today I had to prevent him from harming himself.

The first time, I caught him by the barbecue trying to light a match. He had poured out a whole economy size bottle of charcoal lighter fluid and it was everywhere: on the charcoal, splashed all over the wooden sun deck, his pants, his hands, even his shirtsleeves, all the way up to his shoulders. What was he trying to do?! The only reason the match would not light was because it, too, was sopping wet with lighter fluid.

The second time was with a garden hose. I had made him change his clothes and take a shower, and then stayed with him until I was sure he would remain sitting peacefully in a lounge chair. Do you know I even thought of tying him to the chair? But I was too afraid he might somehow strangled himself with the rope! I had stepped inside only to use the bathroom and fix him some lemonade, and then when I checked on him from my kitchen window, he was all tangled up in the garden hose and swinging

from our biggest elm tree! If not to hang himself, Mr. Vest, what on earth do you think he was trying to do? I had to rush right out there and cut him down using my biggest and best kitchen knife, all but ruining its blade on the metal-mesh-reinforced hose. Do you have any idea what such things can do to a mother?

The third and last time was the strangest. I had removed all potentially hazardous materials and implements from the backyard, all the time keeping him in my direct sight. He was sitting again, and I would not budge from his side. In the one moment when I paused from reading my magazine to rub my eyes -- for I had been crying -- he suddenly spilled the entire pitcher of lemonade into a patch of bare soil in the garden and stuck his face in the mud it

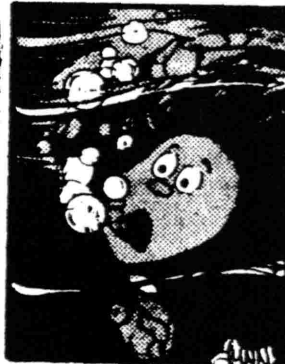
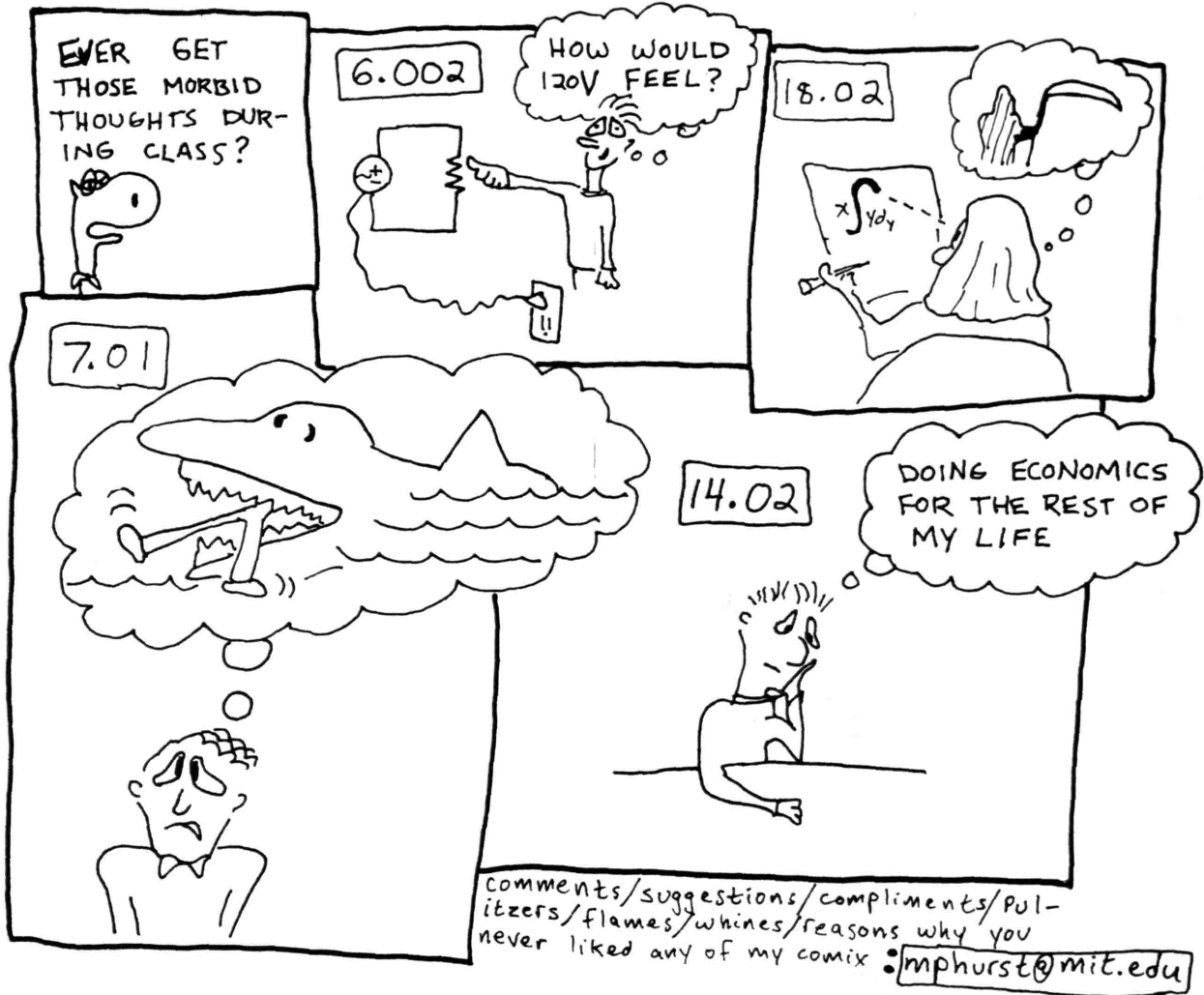
made. I believe he was trying to drown himself. I wrestled him out of the mud, and then, with both knees planted squarely on his back to keep him from getting up, I reached for the cordless and dialed 911. They came and they took my baby away, Mr. Vest. I just want you to know that my husband and I hold you personally responsible for everything that has happened. Our son has been placed in a private hospital, the best that money can buy, and we have retained attorneys, also the best that money can buy. They have advised me not to contact you, but I am Stephen's mother, and I will not be silent until justice is served. The next letter you receive from us will be in the form of a legal summons.

Sincerely,  
Emily Dickens, Stephen's mother



# Firehose Tavern

by Mark P. Hurst





# Editorial

by Jason Bucy

It has been a good year here at VooDoo. I am proud to inherit the leadership of a fine organization of contributors and staff, and look forward to spending a great deal of time and energy at VooDoo. I want to make VooDoo an even better magazine, with rich, profound prose, and comics which continue to elevate that medium to the status of relevant, ornate, true art.

This should be a snap. I mean, I'm finishing off the requirements for my major real soon now, and hopefully I'll never have to set foot in the Green Building again. I can spend lots of time schlepping around the VooDoo office, wishing Newbury Comics would buy an ad, or that Cherry would send us comics, or that James would damn well finish "One Night" already.

I'm really sick of this shit. I've been waiting a good year for the end of that damn story, but noooo, the illustrious Mr. Fleming is off texture mapping his trenchcoat at Looking Glass, instead of being back here, where he belongs, writing, laying out mechanicals, and driving to Royal East for us. And Cherry, what the fuck? So Kent gave you a teeny weeny bit of shit, wrote up a fake unfinished cartoon that you had supposedly done, and you spaz. You're a spring term senior, WHERE THE HELL ARE THE COMICS, YOU LAZY PUNTING BINT?!? For crying out loud, Jim punted 21st Century Romance, Jenny is nowhere to be found, and I was probably too strung out from that three-day binge to draw Coriander. Can't you see we need you??

Fuck you all!! Fuck you, Hani, you haven't written a word since Crimewatch. Dave Jordan doesn't even send us his twitchy crackhead ravings anymore, and the clip art thingies make me think of mechanized meat tenderizers and oven cleaner tests on bunnies. I don't need you bastards. I can produce this whole fucking rag myself. It's all your faults if it turns out to be an Abbie Hoffman shitting-in-my-pants-'cause-I'm-to-stoned-to-breathe-right ripoff. Lord knows I'll have plenty of time between my swim test and my 2am Coffeehaus shift to stagger drunk into the office, urinate on some old issues, chop them into small pieces, and make

montages of Chuck Vest with that sorority president Beaver Hunt chick. It'll be a real party. Hey, we can even invite Henry, see if he has some raunchy drawings of masturbating rabbit-eared bitches while we sneak acid into his Snapple.

None of you care. You just love to see me suffer. Some of you send me shit and laugh when it gets printed. The rest of you send me nothing and bitch me out when I even suggest actually being an editor and flushing some of this ass-crack nastiness down the toilet. You're all sadistic, racist, bigoted, Boomer, suck-up, poser pedophiles, and I'll have nothing to do with you. I'm burning down the darkroom, I'm boarding over the office door and releasing cockroaches and doped-up flesh eating rats inside. FUCK YOU, BRIAN BRADLEY, TRY TO GET YOUR LAUNDRY NOW. There's a new sheriff in town, and he's hell-bent for leather and fucking your girlfriends. I'm withdrawing all the magazine's funds and going to Guatemala, where I can default on my college loans in peace and help the rebels slaughter the CIA. I'm gonna single-handedly make Senior Haus a grad dorm, hike the tuition 50%, and turn Steer Roast into a women's event during Rush. You're all going straight to hell in a handbasket, and the Tute's landing on top of you, and I'm shitting down the hole.

Yeah, yeah, whatever.




## VooDoo Subscriptions

*Six issues by mail : \$10*

Send check or money order to :  
VooDoo Subscribe, MIT room 50-309  
77 Mass Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139

Or call 3-4575 to ask how you may qualify for a free interdepartmental subscription to your office or dorm!

  
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# S Cyxaper

SNEAKER



# A Kinder, Gentler Editorial

by Jason Bucy

Howdy, all. My name is Jason Bucy, and I'm the new Editor in Chief of VooDoo, MIT's Journal of Humor. Hani Sallum will be the new Copy Editor and all around TeX expert-to-be. We've both enjoyed our experiences as contributors and staff members here at VooDoo, and look forward to editing such a great magazine.

A word about the look of VooDoo: Isn't it great? We use TeX so the text looks boring and plain, eternally in that damned Times font or something. Why assault our readers with irritating fonts and full-page Noam Chomsky ads like some publications? We figure if the letters and layout themselves are dull to the brink of paralysis, the humor will shine through all the brighter. Ah, that brings us to humor. Look, folks, we know that not everyone thinks everything in VooDoo is funny per se, and we do enjoy reading your hate mail, rambling harangues, and idiotic flames slamming another cartoonist's work when your own swill is itself pointless, trite, and thoroughly revealing of your elementary school education and how you ate crickets when you were ten. But I do promise that everything we print in VooDoo (excepting the ads, of course, now with even lower rates and high-resolution diphthongs) will at least attempt to be funny. That's the bottom line. Or the bottom of the barrel. Or whatever. I mean we do have standards. You all are so lucky we didn't print that Dave Jordan story about a towel boy being sodomized by his entire basketball team, but I digress. All I'm saying is: This is VooDoo. We know from funny.

The comics will continue to be fabulous. We also encourage you to submit your multi-media, interactive thingies. If we can flatten it and print it in black ink, AND IT TRIES TO BE FUNNY, we'll print the little bugger. I love you Media techno weenies. I really do.

Getting back to that ad situation, BUY THEM. Like, if you need to publicize a party or an activity, take out an ad! They're so cheap. We'll add color, half-tone, resize, even compose the little guys for a nominal extra fee. VooDoo ads are good. They generally don't occupy 93% of the pages, con you

into buying credit cards, or preach at you. ALSO UNLIKE THE TECH, VooDoo doesn't get thrown away after you use it to clean up your cat shit. No, no. VooDoo sits around, open on the bathroom stall floor, just waiting to be read by another student, faculty, or staff member. People will be reading your ad for weeks, trying to redeem coupons at your joint for years, and spending MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AT YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS. Just imagine. Loose women. Ferraris. Your name on the Bio building. A commencement speaking gig.

So look forward to another great year of VooDoo, with big fat 56-page issues and graphic novels with lots of gratuitous sex and violence. Submit your work; we'll make you a star.

Ignore the other editorial.

Want to make some extra cash?

*Earn huge commissions!*

VooDoo  
is looking for a self-motivated  
Assistant Business Manager  
to sell ad contracts this summer.

*Experience not necessary.*

Send resume to VooDoo, 50-309.

*Or come to our next staff meeting :*

Monday, May 9, at 6pm  
in the office, room 50-309



# For Love of Death

by Christian O'Malley

December 13, 1994

I saw my last sunrise from the top of the Great Dome. I was quivering slightly as my mortal death worked through me, my innards rebelling against the new thing that now took up residence where mere mortal life had once resided. I knew that I would have to go to ground soon, once my body had rid itself of its last mortal trappings and I was no longer able to stand the sunlight that slowly crept over the sprawling East Campus of MIT. But I knew, though I had seen it thousands of times before, that this sunrise had some special significance, that there should be a flag or klaxon or great sign painted on the vast ceiling of eternity announcing the grand finality of it all. And there was, though I realized it not until many years later.

But I get ahead of myself. My name is Christian O'Malley, and I am what one would call a vampire, a nosferatu, or merely undead, though I was until recently a sophomore at this hellish little academy and a brother in a fraternity that shall remain nameless. I died on October 12, 1994. The details of my creation are a bit sketchy, since my creator lacked the courtesy to speak to me after my creation or show me his face before he made me what I am. I know of him only what I gleaned from the rapture that accompanied my birth. I know that he was a professor, that he was as ancient as I am young, and that he leapt into the flames hours after my creation, and may he burn in hell.

Money was the death of me, you might say. Or perhaps food, as I was taken on my way to get money from the BayBank machine for pizza. The attack was sudden, and first hint of his presence was his iron grasp on my arms and his cold lips at my throat. I couldn't as much as cry out when his teeth entered me. The blood left me in a rush, but I was scarcely aware. The sensation was of being wrapped in a blanket of pure pleasure, and the cold fangs lodged in my throat were more dear to me than any lover's kiss. I almost wept when his lips left me and he lowered me to the ground, but I hadn't the strength to do so.

He spoke, and the timbre of his voice sent shivers of pure pleasure through my body, despite

my horrifying weakness. "Your heart is slowing. I can hear it. Do you wish to die here, alone? I shall leave you to face death, if you wish..."

No, I thought, and wished to cry, though my lips did not so much as quiver. Such weakness...

"Very well." He lifted me again. I tried desperately to lift my head, to look into his eyes as my horrible death/birth took place, but I could not.



"Drink." I could see his arm at my lips, a gaping wound in it, the blood leaving in a rush, the blood I had just given him. I put my lips to the wound and sucked desperately, passionately, with more power or conviction than I had sucked at any lover's breast, on any bottle or nipple as a child. I drank with all

of the life that remained in me, and I felt life return to me, strength growing, and I wrapped my arms around him, desperate to keep the glorious fount at my lips.

And he pushed me away, and I fell in a swoon. I don't know how long this strange fugue state lasted, and when I awakened, the sun was rising, and I was atop the Great Dome. In the breast pocket of my shirt was a plain business card with gold trim, and a Boston address. I stared at the sun rising with new eyes, wondering how I could have missed the spectrum of colors that accompanied its rising. When my death came, I welcomed it, and even as my own waste soiled my clothes and my organs writhed within me, I sat fascinated by the rising sun. And when the itching began, on my face and hands, I crawled down the side of the dome and ran for Boston, the gold-trimmed card clutched in my hand.

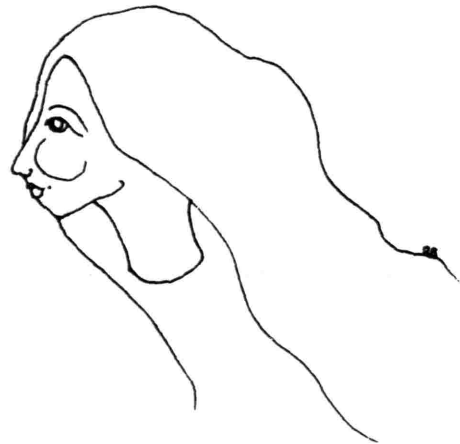
As you can see, my birth lacked the drama of most vampiric births. However, that is not the tale I am here to tell, but merely a technicality. The story I wish to tell is not of horror, exactly, but of love turned to horror, and of my love for a mortal woman. But, again, I leap ahead, for there are particulars of which you are not aware.

I reached the address printed on the card with ease, finding a large brownstone overlooking the Charles. I let myself in, as the door was unlocked, and walked through the foyer to a well-appointed Victorian study. Sitting on the fastidiously polished surface of the desk was a plain white envelope, with my name written in elegant, looping script on the front. Underneath the envelope was a small leather-bound book, which turned out to be my creator's journal, and the only source of knowledge about my vampiric state, a guidebook for the damned, if you will.

But I digress, for, as I said, this is a story of love. My creator and benefactor had left all of his assets in my name, and in the hands of his financial advisors. I had all I could wish for, and my first month as a vampire was a time of great discovery. I took my first victim, thus discovering the rapture of the blood. I discovered that I could not eat or drink as mortals know it, and couldn't have cared less, for the blood was far more satisfying than any nectar and ambrosia, and I had a thirst for it I could scarcely control. I found that I had no aversion to mirrors, crucifixes, holy water, garlic, or any other of hundreds of supposed wards against my kind. And in that first month, the blink of an eye for an immortal, I found my niche and discovered my limitations. I

read stacks of books, saw plays, operas, films beyond number, soaking up new experiences like a sponge.

Typical for my kind, you may say. What I did not expect, however, was the unexpected loneliness that overcame me in such a short time. My creator had told of his loneliness in his journal, but his life was measured in centuries, while mine could still be easily measured in days, if not hours. And while my immortal nature could overcome many of the failings and frailties of my mortal trappings, I found myself drawn more and more towards one particular failing of which I could never rid myself of as a mortal. And, as all of these stories begin, this failing was a woman.



She was a splendid creature, and still is, for story does not end in tragedy for here. She had long, flowing blond hair that cascaded down her back in waves, or flowed from the crown of her head like a great amber fountain when she tied it back. She had delicate hazel eyes, eyes which bore into your soul, much like the eyes I have now, and they were set in a face full of aristocratic majesty and beauty. She had lovely pale skin, which blushed easily and beautifully, be it in laughter or in modesty. And I, as a mortal, and now as an immortal, was and am utterly taken with her. She, of course, was none the wiser, though we were friends. Mine was a secret obsession, shared only with my closest friends and then only under assurances of secrecy, for I was dreadfully shy. Sometimes I wondered if she perhaps sensed my feelings when we were together, for I felt that my heart would leap out of my chest at times, and that the feelings were written on my face for the world to read. This was certainly not the case, however, for my secret, mortal longing was never known to her.

This is the feeling that haunted and then pos-

sessed me in my early days as a vampire. When I sank my teeth into the tender skin of my victims, and the rapture overcame me, I saw her face in the red haze that accompanied the blood swoon. When I pulled the lid of my sarcophagus over my face, and was alone in the void between consciousness and death, I thought only of her. When I rose at the setting sun, she was in my mind as surely as if I had never slept at all. Anguish, despair, and hopeless longing -- all of the mortal feelings I felt before, but felt with vampire senses. I wandered a bleak landscape of despair, seldom going out except to hunt, and then only because my body was in anguish without the blood.

It was in this fugue state that I decided to see her. I had not ventured near MIT for the month that I had been a vampire, for I had no wish to reveal my new state to those I had loved as a mortal. My love of them had left me as surely as if it had been drained out by my creator that first night. But this obsession, this it need I felt as acutely as the need for human blood, this was a thirst that could not be ignored. And so, on a balmy night in late November, I set across the river once again, dressed in all the finery my newfound wealth could provide. I moved swiftly, with purpose, and only the most sensitive of mortal could sense my passing, and then only as a slight breeze crossing the river. In minutes I was on the campus of MIT once again, my place of dying, my place of birth. And I found that I could *feel* her, sense her with my mind, and the scent of her was irresistible, my need for her palpable. I took the stairs to her room at a leap, and crossed the filthy brown carpets of the sprawling dormitory without a sound. I had fed earlier in the evening, fed copiously, to hide the ghastly pallor of my vampiric complexion with the flush of new blood in my veins.

I stopped before her door, my resolve faltering. My God, what would I tell her? My disappearance, my wealth, the strange new eyes, the glistening, glasslike fingernails. How could I have possibly thought that we, a mortal and an immortal, could be together? She wouldn't have me when I was a warm, living human being. Why now, as a monster, was I so driven to see her, to make her love me? Could I? I stared helplessly at the door, my vampiric eyes tracing the intricate whorls of wood, see millions of shades of brown, and listening to the quiet scratching of pencil on paper within her room. A sweat broke out on my forehead, tainted pink with blood. My veins were singing, as loudly as the sang for blood when I first awakened in the evening.

And then the decision was taken out of my hands. I listened helplessly as she crossed to the door and started to open it. With my new speed, I could have been out of the dormitory and moving near-invisibly across campus before she could as much as fully open the door. I could have leapt straight up and crashed through the ceiling, or down through the floor. I could have leapt out the window, and been healed of my cuts before I hit the ground.

I did none of these things. I stood before that door as it opened with a slowness perceptible only to an immortal, and met her with a look of sheer horror on my face as if I was meeting the rising sun.



All of these feelings vanished as I saw her, fractions of a second before she saw me, but an eternity to a vampire. And I know that I was utterly and completely in love, as surely as I was dead and damned. The beauty I saw in her defied description,



for my new vision picked out details of her features in that moment that I could not have discovered in hours of mortal examination. I saw stunning beauty in the pale planes of her face, breathtaking loveliness even in her flaws, in the slight blemishes and imperfections that made her all the more lovely to me. I produced a handkerchief with blurring speed and wiped the drying blood-sweat off of my face. All I could do as she looked up at me was smile.

To her credit, she took my sudden reappearance well. Her composure faltered momentarily, and I realized that my goofy smile was baring my fangs in a most ungentlemanly manner. I closed my mouth quickly, and produced the bottle of wine I had found in the cellars beneath the brownstone.

"Hello," I said, trying desperately to use my new vampire voice to it's fullest capacity, lacing the simple word with passion.

"Come in, Christian," she said, and stepped aside. I moved swiftly, gracefully into the room and spun on one heel, removing my overcoat. I realized that I was somewhat overdressed and very conspicuous, wearing an all-black suit of the finest silk. She was dressed in a worn pair of shorts and a tight top that, despite all my immortal convictions, drew my eyes to her luscious figure. "I guess you're wondering why I'm here..." I said, my voice faltering when I saw the look in her eyes.

"Where the hell have you been?" she screamed at me, hurting my sensitive ears. "I thought you were dead, and so does everyone at the house! What the hell is wrong with you?"

Not what I was hoping for, but understandable. I had been prepared for such an outburst. I produced a crystal wine glass from the fold of my discarded overcoat and uncorked the wine.

"May I sit down?" I asked, offering the wine. She nodded, and sat on the bed. I sat at her desk and poured the rich burgandy into the glass. I could see the questions in her eyes as she scanned my suit, my jewelry, the fine vintage I was pouring. And I realized at once that I was absolutely unprepared to offer an explanation for my condition.

"You have some explaining to do," she said over the top of the wine glass. She sipped the vintage, and it apparently agreed with her. She leaned back and looked at me pensively, expectantly.

I stammered, a rare occurrence for an immortal, for we have the eternities between seconds to form our thoughts. And the only explanation I could offer was the truth. I removed the dark glasses I had been wearing since I had left my brownstone, and fixed my

vampire stare on her. Her eyes were gems, sparkling with hidden fire and magic. I saw confusion in those hazel depths, dedication, friendship. Many feelings, many mortal failings, but no trace of love, not even a shadow of the adoration I felt for her. And I felt despair, deeper than any I had felt during my long period of longing.

"What do you think?" My eyes must have been stunning, for even hungry they burned with an iridescence and a fire that I had spent hours contemplating in the mirror. Fed, they blazed. She looked stunned, and frightened. "What do you think?" I shouted again, my voice rising.

"I thought you were dead," she said firmly, and straightened her back. The resolve that I loved, coming to the surface, and the urge to confront, to conflict. She was gorgeous, radiant. The fact that she was lost to me, that I could find no love in her eyes or in her thoughts, angered me all the more. And I told her the truth, a tale more horrifying than any I could have produced in all of my fevered imaginings as a mortal.

"I am dead!" I cried, triumphantly, despairingly. She cried out, for in my anger I wailed with all the strength of my vampire heritage, shattering the delicate crystal of the glass I had given her and almost shattering her eardrums. I instantly reined the passions I felt, and slumped in the chair.

"I am dead," I said quietly, "and I am in love with you. I need you more than you can possibly conceive of." One blood red tear ran from the corner of my eye, and I stared at her with my unflinching, unnatural vampire eyes. And then I said what I never thought I would, something I had never conceived of asking, and in my despair it leapt from me like a caged animal.

"Join me," I whispered, "join me in... *in this*," I said, gesturing to myself.

She sat for an eternity. Completely, frighteningly still, she looked at me, her chest rising and falling with her shallow breathing. Thirty seconds, perhaps, a minute. Time lost meaning in those eternities, and I could only shudder from the pure, unadulterated feeling that flowed from me. She must have felt it, for she looked at me with great anguish, great joy, and great fear -- but still love was absent.

The folly of my endeavor settled over me like the lid of my sarcophagus. "Very well," I whispered, "very well." I stood and slung my overcoat over my shoulder. The blood tears ran freely from my eyes now, and I made no attempt to hide them. I myself knew the horror of what I had asked of her, knew

how I would be damning her to an eternity, how I would lose her as a vampire is doomed to lose all of those he creates. And I would have done it in a second, done the Dark Trick, if she had but asked me, or moved to stop me, or sobbed, or laughed. But she did nothing, she stared fixedly at the spot where I had just been, as if I was still there and she was still looking into my terrible, beautiful eyes. And I knew that I had caused her great pain, greater than all of the pain she had ever felt in all her years. I scanned the room once sucking in the details as I sucked in blood, memorizing every detail down to the slight skew of the paintings on the wall and the gentle flicker of her computer screen. And I knew that I would never pass this way again, for she would never allow it. And the pain I had unleashed on her in this room, in those minutes we were together, came into me a thousand fold, and I could do nothing but flee.

I threw open the door, burying it an inch in the wall and shattering the wood. I fled into the hall and hurled myself out the window as if the very fires of Hell were licking at my heels. The glass shattered around me, slicing my translucent flesh, and the demon blood flowed out of me for a few precious before the wounds closed themselves. I moved with the full speed of the demon I was, and I was back at my brownstone in minutes.

I did not leave the brownstone for a week, and when I emerged I was a skeletal revenant starved for blood, my veins standing out beneath my taught, pale skin like ropes. And I hunted with abandon, killing innocent and guilty, man, woman, and child. And this bloodlust fueled me for many nights, and many died.

But that, and all that follows, is another story, to be told another time. It is winter now, and I have taken to reading again. I can stare out my window for hours looking at MIT across the river, and then read Byron or Keats until the sun chases me to my crypt. And painting, I have taken to painting. My walls are lined with stunning works, for with a vampire eye, a vampire memory, and a vampire hand one can create stunningly lifelike works. Dominating the study is a huge portrait of my love, resplendent in a flowing white gown. Every so often, I will take it down and work on it some more, add some detail I remember as I read, some minute flaw that adds infinitely to her appeal. I listen to the snow fall and think of her, often all night, even for days at a time.

The time that has fallen between now and our last meeting, brief even by mortal standards, has been nothing more than the blink of an eye to me.

The pain in me burns as brightly as it did when I leapt from that window, though time has surely dimmed the fire I left in her. I can not guess at how long it will take for me to release this pain, or if it can ever be expunged at all, for such is the nature of an immortal's anguish. I know only that I can never see her again, for to see her again would be to lapse into such a despair that I would greet the rising sun with arms wide. As it stands, I can and will live, for now.

Perhaps one day I will make a companion, perhaps not. But for now, the rich wood and oiled leather of the study is like a womb, and I have no desire to be born into the cold winter outside. My only companion is the softly smiling portrait, and the words of the authors who line my shelves. I know only despair and hunger, and such will be my life for some time.



But we shall speak again. I have many mortal lifetimes to despair, and centuries to love again. My story is by no means complete, for I am a young vampire, and I have not yet stepped onto the stage of the world. Until such time as we meet again, *adieu*, my frail friends.

# The Plot to Take Over the World

by Dave Pecora

*Note: This story is entirely unrelated to Animanics. Please stop humming the "Pinky and the Brain" theme so I can tell the story. Thank you.*



March 23, 1995

Private Musings of a Very Evil Being:

Ha ha ha ha ha. I have surpassed myself with this plot. It is the plot to end all plots, the master-stroke of evil genius, the triumphant harbinger of an everlasting era of human doom, destruction, and despair.

My plan has already been set in motion with the proposal of a new, even more stressful grading system at MIT. My goons are currently threatening to reengineer the MIT bureaucrats if they do not implement this grading system. Student opinion will be disregarded by the administration as usual. Heh heh heh. I have no doubt which grading system will be used next year.

Ha ha ha. I have also arranged for federal funding to MIT to be cut to almost nothing, with the help of my able cohort Tadpole Grinch. MIT will be forced to make dramatic budget cuts.

Now -- ha ha -- ARAMARK's contract is up for review this year, and based on its current popularity, is unlikely to be renewed. I have anticipated this development and have done extensive studies of rats from around the Institute. It turns out that to these rats, no other food can compare to ARAMARK food. When ARAMARK does not return next year, the poor beasts will go insane. Ha ha ha ha ha. I have secretly acquired a large stock of ARAMARK food. As the sole supplier of this rat manna, my every wish will be the rats' command.

So how does this all fit together to form a world's ruin? Ha ha. I have noted that Ben Bitdiddle, the graduate student in charge of the MIT particle accelerator, is a fanatic. He insists on taking 200 units of Course 6 classes every term -- and he

must get an A in every single class. The alternative is unthinkable. Unfortunately, poor Ben is not superhuman, and usually has to stretch himself to the limit to get the A's, staying up for months on end and barely coming in above the borderline in many cases.

Therefore, under the new grading system, Ben will get at least one A-. It is inevitable. When the grades come in, he will be exhausted from staying up so many months and won't be thinking very clearly. His fuzzy thinking and his fanaticism will induce him to throw himself into the Charles. Ha ha ha. This unfortunate incident will leave the MIT particle accelerator without adequate supervision.

Before the suicide, my rat slaves will have been preparing for the event by gnawing through the particle accelerator's internal wiring. They will do a lot of damage, but not enough to be noticed by the experimenters using the accelerator, who will think their strange results indicate the presence of a quirk or some other new type of subatomic particle. Routine inspections of the wiring would detect the actual problem, but with the severe budget cuts, MIT will simply not have the money to pay for these inspections. Ha ha ha.

After Ben has diddled his bits, I will have my rats complete the job -- and then I will set my secret agent in motion. Birdbrain Duckworth-Fowler IV is a Harvard student who has harbored a bitter grudge against MIT ever since he was rejected by MIT four years ago. He will be more than happy to get even by following my written instructions with regards to the particle accelerator. He *\*thinks\** he will only be destroying it. But he doesn't know about the rats...

What will actually happen is that the particle accelerator will explode in a blaze of atomic hellfire, ending all life within a twenty-mile radius. Ha ha ha ha ha. Twenty miles will be sufficient to take out the MIT students and faculty, and therefore all of the truly smart people in the world. No human then left alive will have the brainpower to find a counter to my vicious hordes of evil, which shall descent upon the earth like a wolf upon the fold.

I will laugh in glee as human resistance is crushed! I shall chortle with mirth as I torture



Sunday school teachers! I shall howl with delight as my reign of terror casts a pall over the planet, commencing the Age of Eternal Darkness!!!

(Long pause)

Only *they* can stop me.

(Pause)

(Snarling) And I know *just* what to do about *them*.



December 23, 1995  
10:22 AM - Infinite Corridor

Alyssa P. Hacker strode down the Infinite Corridor at her usual staccato pace. Her normally brisk demeanor was, however, tempered by a look of concern on her face. She turned off the corridor into the Building 11 Athena cluster and logged in, anxiously drumming her fingers as she waited for her mail to come in. She had only one message:

From: bdiddler@MIT.EDU (Ben Bitdiddle)  
Date: Fri, 22 Dec 95 23:42:07 -0400  
To: aphacker@MIT.EDU  
Subject: Goodbye

Dearest Alyssa,  
I'm afraid I'm at a loss for words.

I don't know exactly what to say to you. I've always tried to live up to my expectations, to help people in need, to be kind and caring, but I know that sometimes, after staying up for weeks, my disposition has not always been the best. For this, I ask your forgiveness.

I am still amazed that you would even be willing to associate with a failure like me. Benjamin B. Bitdiddle -- loner, socially inept, and now getting these horrible grades. Those damn professors! I pleaded with them for hours not to give me those A-'s. They just looked at me like I was crazy. I suppose I am, in a way -- crazy to think I could survive at an elite place like MIT, crazy to think I had a promising future, crazy to think I had any future at all. But I was never crazy enough to think I was worthy of you.

Alyssa, the times we've had were very special. While the span of my existence is drawing to a close,

I will cherish you for all the time left that I have. I know you will go on to make some other man happy, Alyssa. I want you to be happy. All I ask is that you remember me and all the good times we've had together.

You will be a success, Alyssa, unlike me. I've recommended you to replace me as head of the particle accelerator laboratory -- hell, you've been running the place for me for the last three months. You might as well get paid for it. Don't forget to use what I gave you in case you ever need it.

Farewell, and always remember 6.001.  
Ben

An Athena staff member shook Alyssa roughly. "Ma'am? Ma'am? I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask you to stop crying so much on the keyboard. They cost us \$ 140 each to replace, you know, and they cost \*you\* lost workstation time--"

Alyssa screamed and cut his words short with a roundhouse punch that broke his nose. Sobbing, she ran from the room.

2:42 PM - Planet X

"My Lord, they have found the body."

"Ha ha ha ha ha. Excellent. My brilliantly evil plan is working perfectly. Are Duckworth-Fowler and the rats both ready to go?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Send them in at midnight tonight. I will take care of *them* myself."

"It shall be done, my Lord."



4:10 PM  
Adams House, Harvard University

"Who is it?"

"Never fear, for I am here. / It is I, so open wide." The goon shuddered at being forced to utter \*this\* code phrase.

Birdbrain Duckworth-Fowler IV opened the door wide. "Pleasure to see you, old man, what? Hope you like the poetry; it's culturally enlightening for you, old chap."

The goon tried unsuccessfully to conceal another shudder. He looked around the doom room: a mauve bedspread set off by puce wallpaper, a Farsi-Sanskrit dictionary, and an autographed copy of an economics treatise were some of the more atrocious items that caught his eye. He winced.

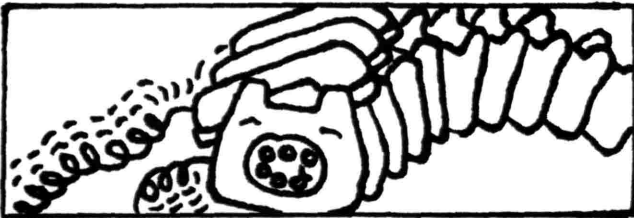
Duckworth-Fowler saw the wince and misinterpreted it. Smiling, he walked over to the economics treatise. "Cost me \$ 100,000, old man, but well worth it." He pointed proudly to the notarized signature: "John Maynard Keynes."

The goon cleared his throat and coughed loudly. He growled, "Here's yer instructions. Follow them exactly, EXACTLY, youse understand? Do it right and therz a million dollars in youse bank tomorrow."

This time Duckworth-Fowler's smile was not quite so friendly. "What say, I could use that money to redecorate my room." He rubbed his hands together gleefully. "And I'd like to give those people in the Admissions Office what for. Rejecting me, ME, Birdbrain Duckworth-Fowler -- the FOURTH!! They shall atone for their little faux pas, n'est-ce pas?"

The goon growled, "Just make sure youse do it right. Don't screw up, or it's youse head on a platter."

Duckworth-Fowler smiled his nasty smile again. "No need to get hostile, old chap. You can have every confidence in my technical abilities."



7:39 PM

Alyssa's apartment

Alyssa awoke from a dreamless slumber to the harsh, jangling sound of her ringing phone. She remembered and tears streamed down her face. She made no move toward the phone, and her answering machine promptly responded. She listened dully as the brisk, cheerful message played and shuddered at the incongruity of it. The machine beeped.

"Alyssa? Alyssa? This is Walt. Listen, I heard what happened to Ben, and I'm really sorry. Unfortunately, I have an urgent message for you --"

Alyssa shut off the machine, disconnected the phone, and went back to sleep.

8:02 PM

Adams House, Harvard University

Duckworth-Fowler read the instructions for the eleventh time. His gleeful mood had long since evaporated.

"Increase particle emissions by five orders of magnitude while adjusting frequency wavelength to 100 M-H-z." He scratched his head and consulted his trusty dictionary, reading every definition it had for "order" and "magnitude" out loud for the third time. No combination seemed to make sense. Enraged, he crossed out "by five orders of magnitude" and wrote in "fivefold."



8:21 PM

Alyssa's apartment

Alyssa awoke to the sound of persistent rapping on her door.

"Alyssa! This is Walt. Open up, I know you're in there; you shut off the machine on me."

She did not move. The knocking resumed.

"Alyssa! I'm not going to go away. I'm going to stay here at your door and keep knocking! I'm going to keep knocking and knocking and knocking and knocking until it drives you bats and you get up and open the door!! I repeat, I'm just going to keep knocking and knocking --"

Enraged, Alyssa got up and strode towards the door.

"-- and knocking and knocking and knocking until --"

As Alyssa's hand touched the doorknob, the landlady emerged into the hallway through a side door and unslung her purse. "You should be ashamed of yourself, young man! Badgering a sweet girl like that, it's no wonder she doesn't want to go out with you! Out! Out!"

Alyssa listened, astonished, as the sound of heavy blows falling came from the hallway. She just stood there, her hand on the doorknob, as the furor diminished in volume and died away. Then she began to giggle, and proceeded to roar with laughter.

9:30 PM  
SIPB office

Most of the SIPB hackers had left for the Christmas vacation, but a group of six remained, determined to stay until the morning of Christmas Eve. They had scheduled their flights home for as late as possible to take advantage of the opportunity to hack on the system when nobody else was around.

"Wow!" said one. "This is exhausting but exhilarating. Luxembourg Relief is going to have the best homepage on the entire Web!"

"A commendable effort," said another. "However, I think my barrage of newsgroup posts encouraging people to donate to the Antarctica Hunger Action Group will have a more practical impact."

"Both of you are indeed making a positive impact on your community," commented a third. "However, I am creating high-quality software programs that will bring in millions of dollars in revenue when sold commercially. I could make myself rich, but being a selfless individual, I will instead donate the programs to the Sicilian Snail-Farmers Fund. They need the money so badly. Imagine, these poor snail farmers have been so hard-hit by the worldwide recession that they are being forced to eat their product just to survive!!"

The six gasped as one. "Horrrifying," croaked a fourth. "We must redouble our efforts to create a perfect world!"

The six turned their attention back to their terminals with renewed zeal.

11:30 PM  
Alyssa's apartment

Alyssa heard a knocking at her door, this time so quiet she barely heard it even though she was fully awake.

"Alyssa?" came the whisper. "Alyssa, this is Walt. Please let me in. I think your landlady's asleep, but I'm not sure and I really really don't want her to find me again. I think she gave me a concussion earlier. Please, please let me in."

Alyssa pondered, decided that he sounded suitably obsequious, and admitted him. He was holding two icepacks to his forehead. She was not sympathetic.

"After what happened to Ben today, what is so important that you just HAD to reach me know?" she snapped.

Walt said, "Well, the particle accelerator won't shut off."

"Won't shut off?"

"Well, it's been giving some really weird results lately. At first, we thought that we'd discovered a new particle, but we've re-examined the data and found them to be inconsistent.

"And then yesterday afternoon, we finished an experiment and tried to shut the machine off, but it wouldn't. We think there's internal wiring problems."

Alyssa frowned. "I still don't understand why you can't shut it off. Cut power to the building or something."

"Well that's the really strange part. We called the custodians and they threw the circuit breaker to the building, but the power stayed on. They don't know why."

"What the hell is this? The best EE school in the world and nobody can figure out how to turn the power OFF to a piece of equipment??"

Walt looked embarrassed. "Well, yes, that's the current state of affairs. What with the situation with Ben, it's been extremely chaotic. We need you to come down and get things organized."

Alyssa simmered. "OK, but I'm personally going to kill the idiot who screwed it up. I hope it wasn't you." She smiled sweetly.



December 24, 1995

12:04 AM

Particle Accelerator Lab, MIT

Alyssa and Walt walked into the empty lab. Walt was still clutching the icepacks to his head. He shouted, "Guys? Where is everybody?"

Alyssa walked over to the particle accelerator, which was emitting an ominous hum. "Doesn't look like they got it shut off. Where are they?" She hit the SHUTDOWN button. There was no response, but she heard a rustling noise from inside the machine.

"What's that?" Walt asked.

"It sure isn't the machine shutting off." Alyssa opened an access panel and dropped it in shock. Inside, teams of five rodents each were busily chewing on designated wires.

Walt laughed. "Well, there's our wiring problem."

Alyssa frowned. "No this is eerie ... they seem to be working in unison. I can't tell offhand what their objective ... No ... No, that couldn't be possible..."

"What?"

"Wait ... no ... omigod. Omigod."

"What? What??"

"They seem to be connecting power to ground ... and ... my god, do you see those brown stains around their mouths? Do you see what that is? Do you?? IT'S THAT DISGUSTING VEGETARIAN CHILI ARA USED TO SERVE ALL THE TIME!! These rats have been drugged!! I detect a sinister plot underway here! But that means ... the people that were working here ..."

"Have been removed, what?"

Both whirled around to the sight of Birdbrain Duckworth-Fowler IV holding a gun in his hand.

Walt said, "You're right, Alyssa. It's a plot."

Duckworth-Fowler grinned nastily. "Brilliant deductive logic, old bean, what? By the way, old chaps, I could use your help in following these instructions." He threw over the page to Alyssa.

Alyssa picked it up, read it, and dropped it in horror. "If you follow these instructions, the particle accelerator will explode, ending all life within a twenty-mile radius!"

Duckworth-Fowler sneered. "The instructions don't say anything about an explosion, what? Don't try to fool me, old bean. This will only burn out the accelerator's circuitry, I was told so."

Alyssa said frantically, "Normally yes, but with the rewiring inside the accelerator --"

Duckworth-Fowler waved an imperious dismissal. "The instructions don't say anything about rewiring, what? You techies think you're so smart, but you can't fool me. Get to work." He gestured to Alyssa with the gun.

At that point Alyssa remembered the item Ben had given her several months ago, when she was just starting out work on the accelerator. Ben had said: "If you ever run into trouble with the accelerator, Alyssa -- and you'll know it if you do -- just hit this button and help will come."

Alyssa bent down to pick up the instruction sheet. As she did so, she surreptitiously pressed a button strategically placed on the heel of her left sneaker.

12:20 AM  
SIPB office

An obnoxious six-beep melody emerged from six terminals simultaneously, and six zephyrs popped up.

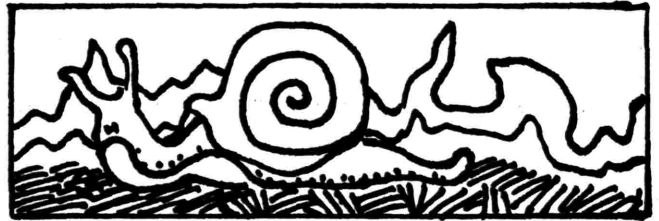
"What's this?" said one. "'Emergency at the particle accelerator; shut it down immediately.' Ridiculous! Who'd be there on Christmas Eve?"

"I know this is *alpha* software and we should expect bugs, but really!" chimed in another. "Which one of us wrote this program, anyway?" No one spoke up.

"I still haven't found any snail gifs," mourned a third.

"And I haven't been able to find any population data for Antarctica," said a fourth. "I propose we ignore this and get back to our more urgent business."

The six nodded as one and turned back to their terminals.



12:30 AM  
Particle Accelerator Lab

The accelerator's hum was beginning to acquire apocalyptic overtones.

"OK, old chaps." Duckworth-Fowler beamed. "Now increase particle emissions by five orders of magnitude."

Alyssa almost fainted. This would do it...

"That means fivefold, what?"

Alyssa gobbled but quickly recovered. "Yes, yes, definitely, of course."

Duckworth-Fowler had an unhealthy glint in his eye. "Do it."

She complied. The hum sounded more frantic, but Alyssa knew it could have been much, much worse.

"OK, now increase the frequency to 100 M-H-z." Duckworth-Fowler said the letters with relish. Alyssa moaned as she twisted the dial and the hum began to swell...

"Wait a minute," Walt broke in. "Did you mean millihertz or megahertz?"

Duckworth-Fowler looked puzzled. "M-H-z."

"Big 'M' or small 'm'?"



Duckworth-Fowler blinked. "Uh ... big 'M'."

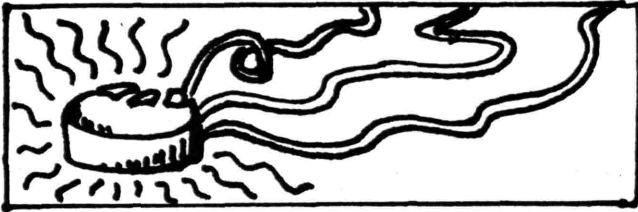
"That means millihertz," Alyssa said instantly. "We've got to turn this down."

"Uh ... but the instructions say increase the frequency, what?"

"I know it's confusing," Walt said. "But even though the frequency is going down, the corresponding wavelength is going UP, right? So we say 'increasing the frequency' when we actually mean 'increasing the wavelength.'"

"Uh ... right, right, turn it down."

Alyssa did so with relief and the hum quieted to a more normal level. Duckworth-Fowler looked disappointed. Alyssa and Walt exchanged glances, and she sighed; she knew that as stupid as Duckworth-Fowler was, they couldn't keep him going much longer.



12:35 AM  
SIPB office

A zephyr popped up on six terminals at once. "Ha ha ha ha ha."

"Uh oh," said one hacker. "It's from our arch-nemesis. Maybe that earlier zephyr wasn't a bug in the alpha software after all."

Another zephyr popped up on the terminals. "Ha ha ha ha ha. A Harvard student is currently sabotaging your particle accelerator. Unless you can shut it off, it will explode and end all life within a twenty-mile radius. Then all the smart people will die and my legions of evil will conquer the earth."

A hacker laughed and zephyred back, "Ridiculous! There's no way a Harvard student would know \*how\* to sabotage our accelerator."

"Ha ha ha ha ha," came the reply. "He is being ... shall we say ... assisted. And not by someone from Harvard."

The hacker's mouth formed an O. "This ... could be a problem."

"Wait," said another. "I'm confused about something." He zephyred, "If you hadn't told us, the accelerator would have exploded, you'd be rid of us, and your lifelong evil ambitions would have been realized. Why did you tell us?"

"Ha ha," came the reply. "Because that would have made it too easy! And I don't just want you to die. I want you to die \*knowing\* that you failed to save humanity! Ha ha ha! Nothing is as empty as the heart of Lord Empty Set!! Ha ha ha ha ha! This time I will DESTROY you all!! Farewell!"

"His nefarious scheme will never succeed!" cried one hacker. "Group cheer! Will his scheme succeed?"

Six voices cried out, "NO!"

"I said, will his scheme succeed?"

Six voices screamed, "NEVER!!!"

"Why will his scheme never succeed?"

The six raised their fists in the air as one, and six voices shouted out. "Because we are the WORLDWIDE WEBBIN' SIPB RANGERS!!!"

The lead hacker went to the CD player in the corner, skipped to the track marked "Inspiring Music 1," hit play, and then stepped forward. "It's login time!"

"Netrek POWER!"

"DOOM POWER!"

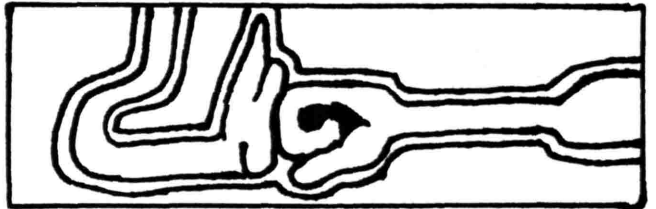
"Tetris POWER!"

"Anonymous ftp POWER!"

"rm -rf \* POWER!"

"Almighty Indy workstation POWER!!!" The leader hit a button, a bolt of lightning flashed across six screens, and a message popped up on each: "You now have superuser status."

The leader rubbed his hands together. "Let's get to work."



12:40 AM  
Particle Accelerator Lab, MIT

Walt sat in the corner, the icepacks to his head. Alyssa looked over at him with concern; doubtless his headache had not been helped by the constant hum from the accelerator. Walt motioned her gaze away. She saw him fiddling with something in his hand and had a sudden burst of hope.

Duckworth-Fowler was paying no attention to Walt. All his rage was centered on Alyssa. "It isn't working, what?"

Alyssa had to agree that the accelerator had not yet blown up.

"But we've finished all the instructions, what? And you said they would do the trick!" He waved the gun menacingly. "I think you were fibbing about that M-H-z deal. I want you to turn the dial the other way. All the way, what?"

Alyssa hesitated and Duckworth-Fowler snarled. "Do it." His finger tightened on the trigger as she made no move toward the dial, and her life flashed before her eyes...

The hurtled icepacks knocked the gun away. Duckworth-Fowler leaped after it, only to discover the hard way that Alyssa had a sixth-degree black belt in tae kwon do.



12:55 AM  
SIPB office

"Well, it seems like our superuser status is insufficient to penetrate the security locks around the particle accelerator's controls. As usual. It's time to unveil our ultimate weapon! We must attain the status of Athena administrators!"

This strong statement from the lead hacker met with general approval. One hacker, however, looked a bit puzzled.

"Why don't we just become Athena administrators in the first place?" he asked. "We could have shut down the accelerator immediately, but we've been futzing around trying to do it this way for almost half an hour."

"That's exactly the point," the leader replied. "We have to fill up the half hour somehow."

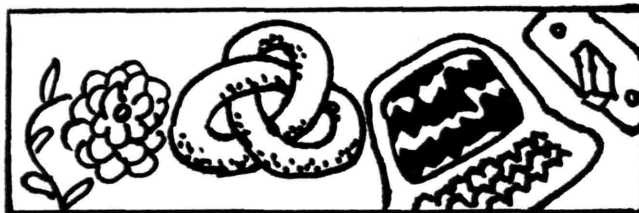
The other hacker looked puzzled but continued, "And why doesn't Lord Empty Set make his security locks impenetrable to Athena administrators? He knows what our ultimate weapon is, but he always fails to take it into account. So we always become Athena administrators and we always foil his evil plans, and then he always sends us that same nasty zephyr, 'You win this round, but I will get you next time!' And then the next time we do it to him again. He is the most evil being that has ever existed, but he is reasonably intelligent and you'd think he would learn after 223 times. It's almost as if he wants his plans to be foiled."

"That one I have never been quite able to figure

out myself," the leader admitted. "But hey, who's complaining? OK, here we are, I've attained Athena administrator status. Bypassing the security locks now."

Suddenly, without warning, an unearthly laugh echoed throughout the room. "Ha ha ha ha ha. My contract with the network is finally up, and you don't get any freebies anymore. I'm tired of sequels and I'm tired of the same plot and I'm tired of losing the same way over and over and over again 223 times. This time, the 224th time, you will perish." All machines in the SIPB office rebooted.

The hackers just stood there, dumbfounded. The leader recovered first and dashed to the neighboring cluster to try to log in to a machine. He was greeted by a horrible sight: 131 machines simultaneously rebooting. He fainted.



1:02 AM  
Particle Accelerator Lab, MIT

Duckworth-Fowler was straining to release his bonds. His face was purple. "Just you wait till I get loose!"

Alyssa looked at Walt. "How did you manage to tie him up so effectively?"

Walt laughed. "I guess I never told you, Alyssa -- I've been doing some research in knot theory."

Alyssa groaned. "Can it, Walt. We still haven't figured out how to turn the accelerator off."

"Ha ha ha ha ha. You can't."

Alyssa spun around to look at the suddenly menacing figure of Walt. She gasped as he picked up the gun that had been knocked from Duckworth-Fowler's hands, and pointed it at her.

"W.. Walt, what are you doing?"

"Ha ha ha ha ha. I am not Walt. You may refer to me as Lord Empty Set, or simply Set for short."

"B... but you look just like him!"

"Ha ha ha. Appearances can be deceiving. I use the very latest in holographic technology." He pushed a button on his belt and Walt's handsome features were replaced by ... something so grotesque that anyone but Alyssa would have run away screaming. She was consumed by a cold rage.

"Where is Walt?"

"As you know, he had a little run-in with your landlady this evening. He is currently in the hospital with a concussion. Ha ha. Too bad you weren't watching me too closely. You might have seen me arranging the destruction of my arch-enemies." He held up a small pocket computer.

"Why didn't you let that Harvard person finish your job?"

"Because I decided a bad guy as evil as I am should do the dirty work himself, not leave it to fools like him."

Duckworth-Fowler snapped, "I object to that nomenclature, what?"

Alyssa said, "Quiet, moron. Listen, Set, you're going to blow yourself up too, you know."

Set smiled. "Not so." He pressed another button on his belt. "You see this little gadget? It serves as a teleportation device and will automatically transport me to my secret hideout seconds before the explosion." He walked over to the control panel and turned the frequency dial all the way to the right. "Which should occur in about one minute."

Alyssa paled as the hum began to swell. "Well then, tell me one last thing. You could have used your teleporter to come in here after hours, turn on the machine, rig it to explode, beam back out, and your plan would have been infallible. Why did you even bother with me at all?"

"Ha ha. Because all respectable villains have a weakness for the beautiful heroine."

Alyssa had thought she was beyond shock.

At that point, the electronic voice of the accelerator's warning system announced, "Warning. Particle frequency increasing to dangerous levels." The hum was deafening now.

Set smiled. "Ha ha. Any second now." He grinned at Alyssa as she prepared for the suicidal rush...

And then suddenly, the warning system announced, "Warning. Particle frequency exceeded specification tolerances. Initiating emergency shutdown."

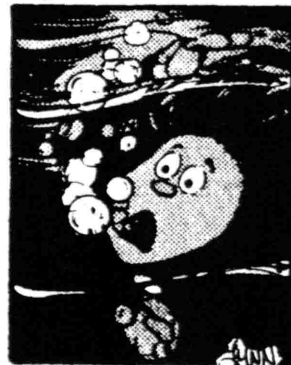
"WHAAAAAAT?" Set screamed and lunged for the SHUTDOWN OVERRIDE button. Alyssa was three steps behind, too slow too slow too slow --

And then suddenly Set was gone and the hum was dying away. Lights in the building flickered off as all power was cut. Alyssa sat in the dark for five full minutes, listening to the scrabbling noises of the rats, before she realized that his automatic transporter had activated at the crucial moment. She mused. Saved by the warning system's robust design. Ben's design. She got up to go, but was stopped by a small, quavery voice.

"Please, please don't leave me here."

Alyssa was startled, then remembered Duckworth-Fowler was still tied up. "Why shouldn't I leave you here after what you tried to do?"

The answer came as a sob. "I'm afraid of the dark."

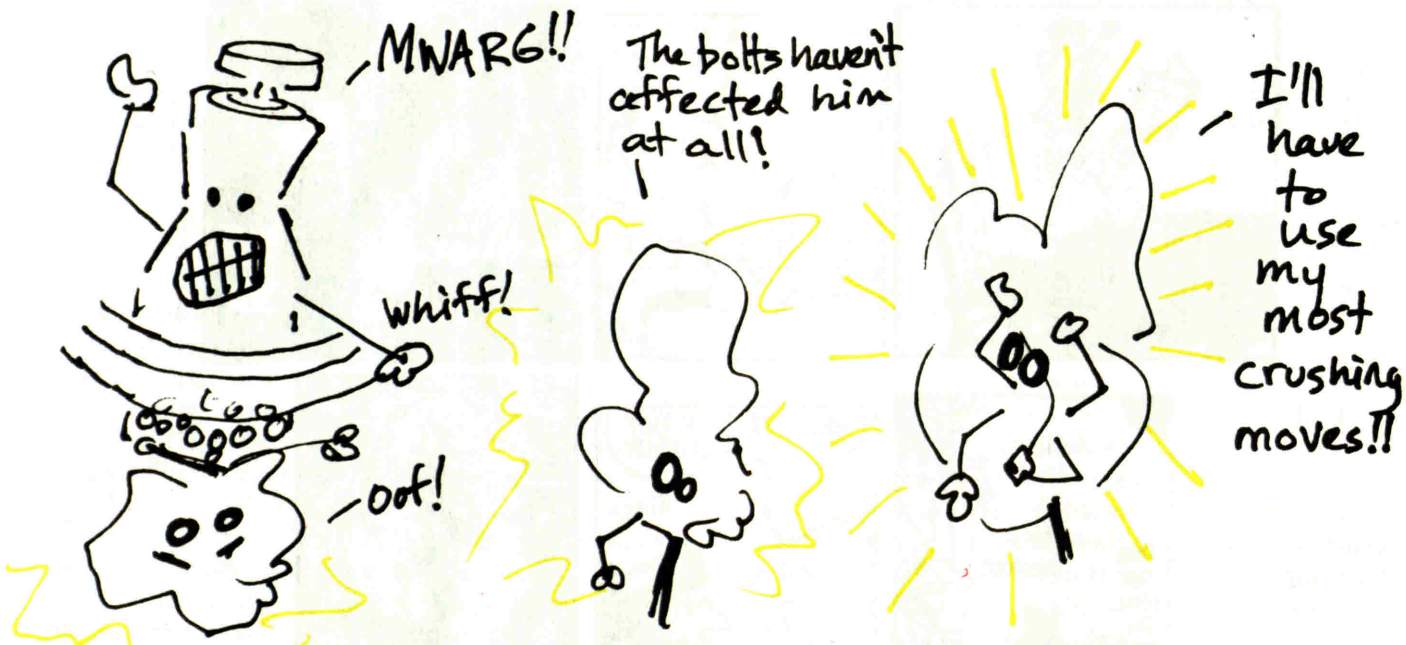
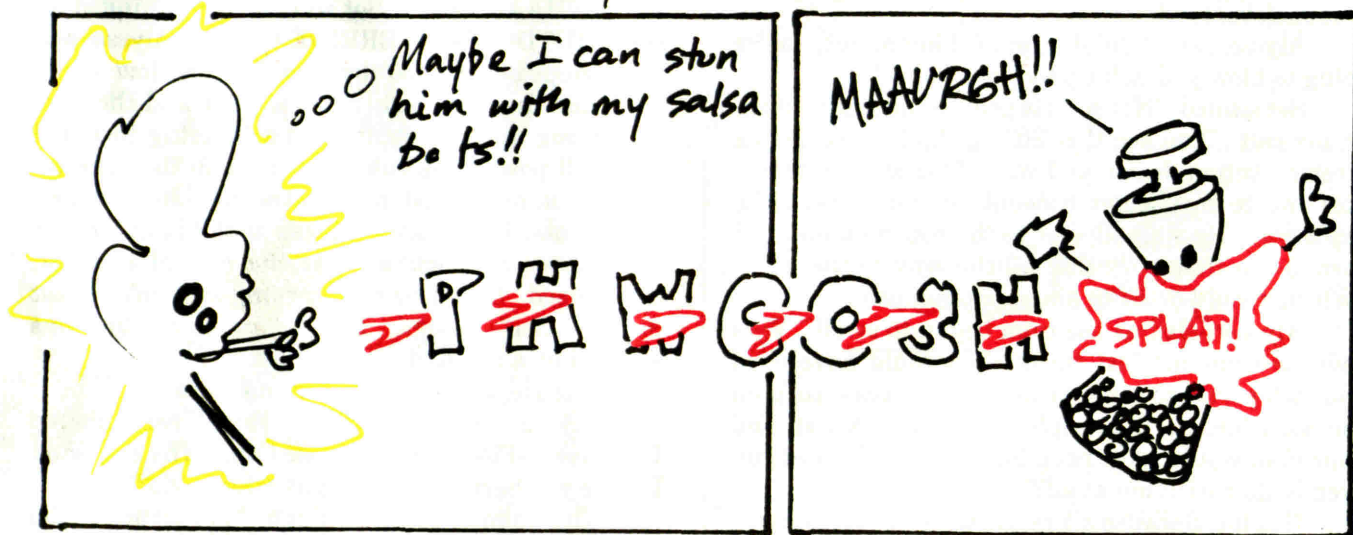




# THE ADVENTURES OF COMMANDER CORIANDER and his trusty sidekick, Cilantro Boy by Jason Bovey

## EPIISODE 4: NO MORE FUCKING "ABBA"

Cilantro Boy, after spending weeks in cognito, must face the enraged Commander Crowiander, the apparent resurrection of his former mentor. With only seconds to form a plan, Cilantro Boy thinks...



Coming Soon! Cmdr. Coriander & Cilantro Boy Orig ms.! Really!



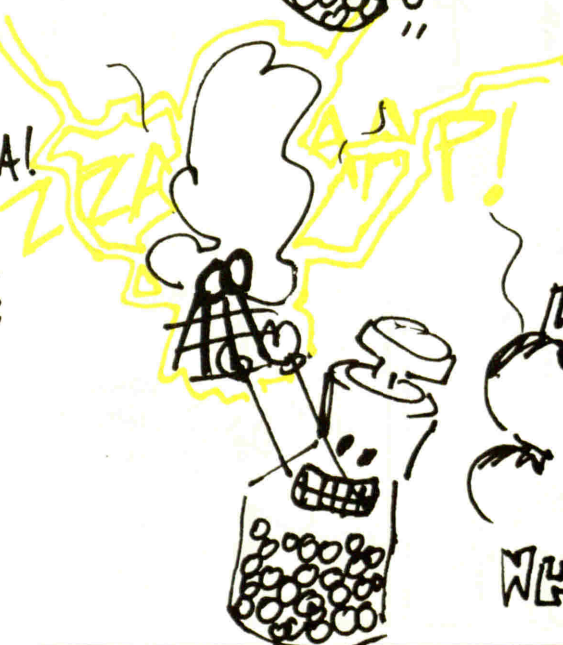
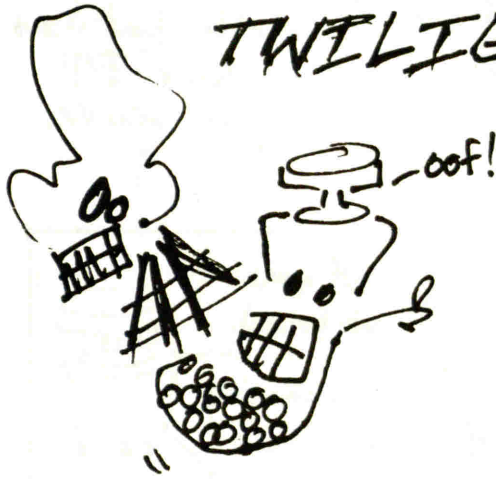


ERRRR!!



TWILIGHT

RIDE!!!

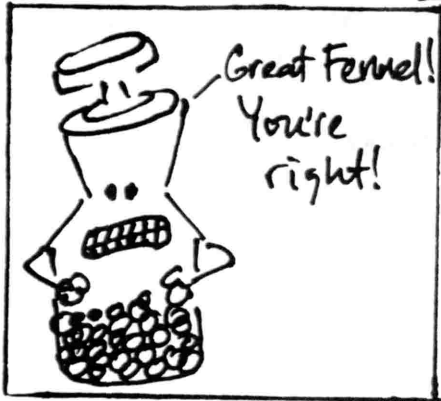


2)



AURGH!

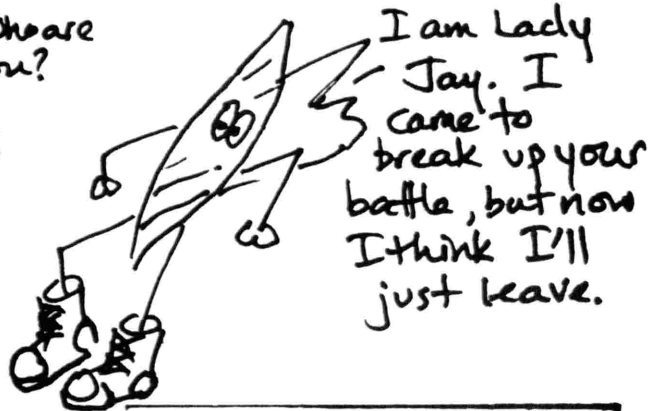
AAAH!! Commander! Stop! Please! You've obviously been resurrected by the artist as a cheap gag and if you kill me he'll probably just do the same or worse to me since this whole comic is based on bad movies and exceedingly lame drug humor and we haven't had a plot since we started and I just don't want to die!!



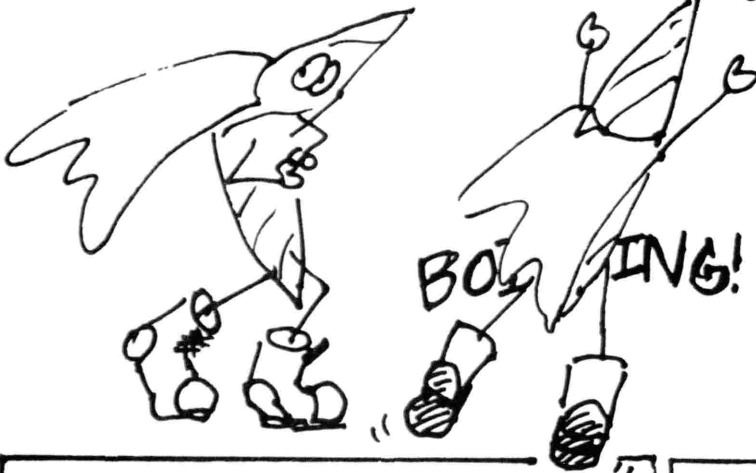
Great Fennel! You're right!



But who are you?



I am Lady Jay. I came to break up your battle, but now I think I'll just leave.

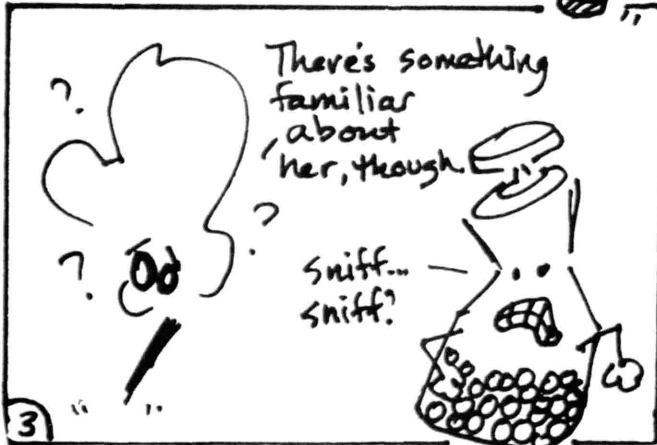


BOING!



Well, now we know.

And knowing is half the battle, Cilantro Boy.



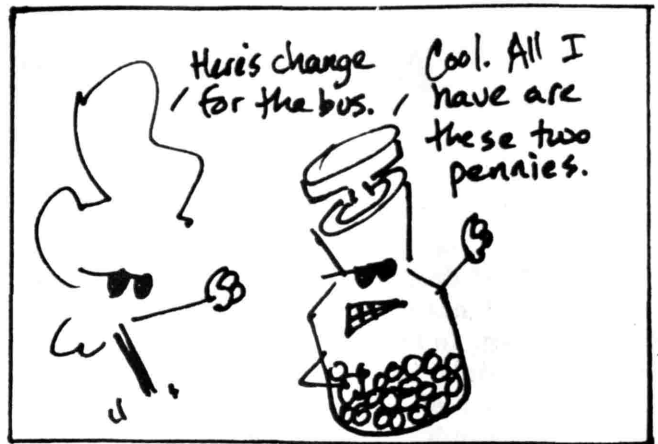
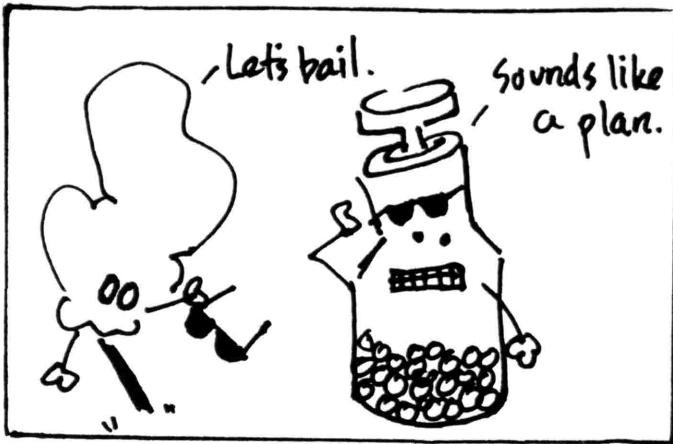
There's something familiar about her, though.

Sniff... sniff?

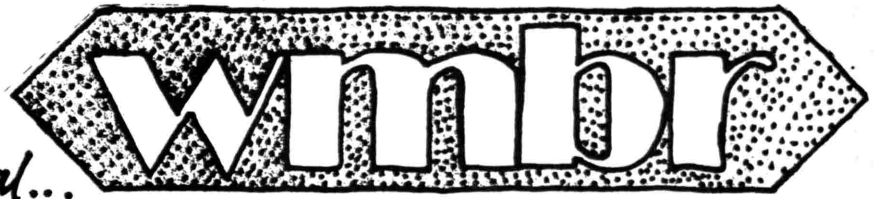


And where's Mary gone?

Why are we still here? Never mind her.



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THE GREAT EIGHTY-EIGHT

# An Unconnected Editorial

by Hani Sallum

Greetings, dear readers. My name is Hani Sallum, and I am the new Copy Editor for this wonderful mag. In the past I have submitted work from time to time, but I took on the task of Copy Editor mostly out of guilt, plus Jason was giving me dirty looks. Jason's dirty looks have been known to cause hemorrhaging. So, with one of my eyes filled with blood, I heartily volunteered.

But that's not what you want to know about. As Copy Editor I have to make sure everything lines up right and is pleasant to the eye, or else Hoyt will shoot me. That's not really true, but reader satisfaction is at the top of my list, so I endeavor to perform to the best of my ability.

As your Copy Editor I feel you should know a little about me, just to bring the reader and magazine closer, y'know, show that the people behind the scenes are A-okay. After all, you wouldn't want to be reading something that was formatted by some maniac. That would mean Jason and I switch jobs, and I don't want that. He can have all the bureaucracy he wants; just give me TeX macros and I'm happy.

Well, if you're one of those "question authority" types, back off. I'm a student, like most of you; I have hopes and dreams and occasional fantasies involving the top of the Green Building and an assault rifle. I work, I play, I search for employment, and I spend much of my free time reliving painful memories from my dark past.

But seriously, I think what this campus needs is something to unify the students. Some message that everyone can share, that will bring everyone together. And, friends, I may have that message. Let me tell you my story...

It happened one afternoon not too long ago; I had been swamped for two weeks straight and had pulled my second allnighter that week (as well as playing Jesus in a church play the night before, which I wholeheartedly recommend if you have any delusions of persecution you want to act out), so I was basically asleep on my feet.

I had just gotten out of my four hour 9 o'clock lab and was wandering back towards EC to slip into a nice comfortable coma when it hit me. Right there along the stretch of Infinite Corridor between Building 2 and Building 6 I began channeling a

spirit.

In my weakened and semiconscious state I must have been the prime candidate for spiritual possession, and apparently some netherworldly being cast forever to roam the halls of the institute took advantage of my presence.

It took me a few moments to realize I was talking aloud, and that the words coming from my mouth were not my own. I was breathing very slowly and deeply, speaking as I dragged air into my lungs as well as when I breathed out, producing a ragged, growling voice completely alien to me. As I listened, the words I spoke were:

*"I have so little to give you, for I cannot give you what I do not have... but I can give you pain."*

At this point I was sufficiently scared to wake up completely. I quickly ran home and wrote the message down, still reeling from the experience. After relating the incident to several people, they steered me towards the conclusion that I had channeled nothing less than the spirit of the Institute itself.

So, take heart, fellow students, the Institute has spoken, and at the very least we'll all be in a lot of pain together. In the meantime we here at VooDoo will be trying to take the edge off of it. If I can just get away from this guy with the net, that is.

Godspeed and all that.







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| 7 p.m.  |       | Intro    |       | Working  |        | Latex    |        | Info Res |
| 8 p.m.  |       | Basic WP |       | EZ       |        | Thesis   |        | Dotfiles |
| 12 noon | 8 May | Thesis   | 9 May | Intro    | 10 May | Basic WP | 11 May | Working  |
| 7 p.m.  |       | Dotfiles |       | Intro    |        | Working  |        | Latex    |
| 8 p.m.  |       | Info Res |       | Basic WP |        | EZ       |        | Thesis   |

- All minicourses are **One Hour Long** each, and are taught in **Room 3-343**.
- This would be an excellent opportunity for Sophmores and Juniors to learn all that Thesis stuff they'll be needing later.
- Institute Staff and Faculty are particularly encouraged to attend. Start with **INTRO** and **BASIC WORD PROCESSING** classes.

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## 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

### Next Meetings:

#### February 16

Lotus Corporation  
The Smart Suite, and  
future directions for OS/2

#### March 16

Topics TBA

For information about joining our  
electronic mailing lists (the  
announcements-only list or the  
discussion list), or for information  
about writing for our monthly  
newsletter, "OS2@MIT",

Contact : [os2admin@mit.edu](mailto:os2admin@mit.edu)

WWW Homepage : <http://www.mit.edu:8001/activities/os2/os2world.html>

*"The following article was submitted by the MIT Conspiracy Club,  
Motto: We'd tell you who we are, but then we'd have to kill you."*

Many of us have become suspicious of the "renovations" occurring at the east staircase of building 14. These renovations have used enough supplies to build a sports stadium, enough surveying equipment to map MIT is 3-space and enough time to build the Roman Empire, twice.

Therefore, here is:

### The Top Ten List of What They're *Really* Doing Over At Building 14.

10. Laslo Hollyfeld got a grant and is having work done on his Penthouse.
9. Secret escape route from president's mansion to campus in case Steer Roast gets out of hand.
8. *Another* underground missile silo.
7. Housing office discovered an old map with a big X on it.
6. Catacombs for dead MIT presidents.
5. Attempt at generating an artificial fault line in hopes that an earthquake would make room for a new administrative building.
4. Two words: Roller Derby.
3. 2 percent for art in action.
2. Two more words: Bat Cave.
1. It's the new freshman housing.



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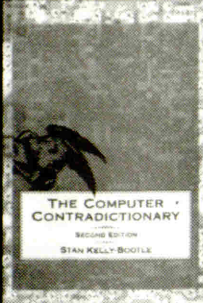
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### THE COMPUTER CONTRADICTIONARY

Second Edition

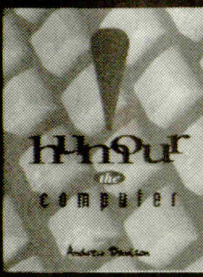
Stan Kelly-Bootle

"As certain the meaning *before* consulting this dictionary," warns the author of this collection of deliberately satirical misdefinitions.

An urbane and witty pastiche of Ambrose Bierce's famous work, *The Computer Contradictionary* parries chiefly the mainframe and mini-folklore. This long-awaited revision adds over 550 new entries and enhances many of the original definitions. Key targets are "a host of new follies crying out for cynical lexicography [including] the GUI-Phooey iconoclasts, object orienteering, and the piping of BLObs down the Clinton-Gore InfoPike."

Stan Kelly-Bootle is the author of nine books, a contributing editor for *OS/2 Magazine*, and his "Devil's Advocate" column has been running in *UNIX Review* since 1984.

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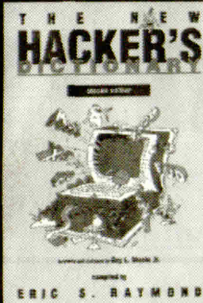
### HUMOUR THE COMPUTER

edited by Andrew Davison

You don't have to have a degree in computer science to enjoy this unique collection of funny stories, parodies, laughable true-life incidents, comic song lyrics, and jokey poems from the world of computing. Humour the Computer brings together a selection of some of the best computer-related humorous material culled from a variety of sources: news groups and FTP sites on the Internet, *The New Yorker*, *Punch*, *New Scientist*, *BYTE*, *Datamation*, *Communications of the ACM*, *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, and many more.

Andrew Davison is Lecturer in the Department of Computer Science at the University of Melbourne. He is also a novice juggler. And he prefers British spellings.

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**ack** *n.* [Origin: back-formed negation of **nak**.] A signal indicating that the error-detection circuits have failed.

**computer science** *n.* [Origin: possibly Prof. P. B. Fellgett's rhetorical question, "Is computer science?"] A study akin to numerology and astrology, but lacking the precision of the former and the success of the latter.

**multimedia** *n.* An application attacking all five senses of the user — sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch — but especially, smell.

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