



**The Registrar Announces the addition of the following new classes to the MIT curriculum, to be offered beginning Spring semester 1998. Don't forget to enter the PE Lottery!**

**6.005 Electrostatics**

Prereq.: 6.004, 6.034

U (Fall, Spring)

4-3-8

Charges that sit there. Description of time and space in variant quantities. Interactions between isolated systems. Single particle models. Extensive laboratory experience. 4 Engineering Design Points.

**7.430 Topics in Hedgehogs**

Prereq.: Permission of Instructor

G (Spring)

2-2-2

Interactive discussions, lectures, and student presentations, including in-class problem-solving. Topics may vary from year to year. Topics for 1998: The spleen, the femur, and the aurora borealis. Effects of recent labor-compensation legislation.

**16.747 Interplanetary Conquest**

Prereq.: 16.070

U (Spring)

3-6-6

Study of past, present, and future interplanetary battle strategies. Attack formations and first strike capabilities. Emphasizes understanding of resource conservation tactics. Final project includes design and implementation of a conquest of sentient world of student's choice.

**18.801 String Theory**

Prereq.: 18.248

G (Spring)

3-0-9

In-depth study of string, twine, and rope. Traditional materials such as cotton and hemp. Special focus on innovative space-age polymers such as isomethylene and polyester. Modern advances in Kevlar and steel cable.

**21L.010 Dr. Seuss**

Prereq.: 21L.ThU

U (Spring)

3-0-9 HASS-D, Category 6

Close study of the major comedies, histories, and tragedies in the context of post-impressionist thought. Emphasis on analytic reading and the influence of Suess' work on modern art.

**22.666J Armageddon**

Prereq.: 8.01, 18.01

G (Fall, Spring)

0-12-0 H-LEVEL Grad Credit

Physics of explosives and incendiary devices. Things that blow up and make loud noises. Annihilation of planetary ecosystems. Includes case studies. Recent advances in chemical, biological, and psychological weapons. Meets with 17.666J, but assignments differ.

**MIT: Striving for a Brighter Tomorrow™**

# In "Consume 'till you Collapse!" Voo Doo



**Letters to Voo Doo — page 5**

*Well, Virginia, there was a Santa Claus...*

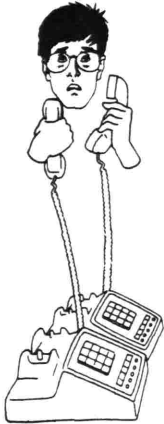
**The News — page 8**

*Like The Tech, only not.*



**You, Me & the Kid — pages 10, 22, 26**

*Hey, don't forget us!*



**The Cuddly Purple Porcupine Overcomes Oppression — page 11**

*And bad breath. And poor fashion sense.*

**Inside the MIT Office of Admissions — page 13**

*We're pretty sure it involves a Cuisinart somehow.*

**The Adventures of Arthur — page 14**

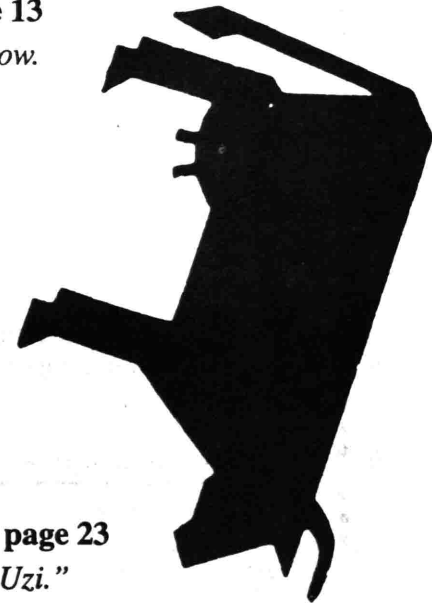
*Like The Tech, only not.*

**Interactive Idiots — page 17**

*A minute to learn, a lifetime to overcome.*

**King Tartarus — page 18**

*Would you like to paint Phos' portrait?*



**Jehovah's Witless (or "Hank is always right") — page 23**

*"Knock knock..." "Just a minute, gotta load the Uzi."*

**Public Enemy #1: CIA — Page 27**

*The truth is out there.*

**Ask Bob — page 30**

*Step-by-step instructions for taking over the world.*



**Top ten future accidents that will result in banned activities at MIT — Page 30**

*Voo Doo published... humor banned at MIT.*



**From the Publisher**



Publisher  
Phosphorous

Prop Engineer  
Terran Melconian

Green-Haired  
Phratboy  
Will Garcia de  
Quevedo

Homicidal Puerto  
Rican Albino  
Don José Mercado

Producer  
Lex Nemzer

Voo Doo  
Economist  
Laura Paglione

Resident  
Megalomaniac  
bob

Obsessive  
Compulsive  
Pyromaniac  
Matt Lockhart

Artists-at-Large  
Carolyn Jones  
Rigel Stuhmiller

Copy Editor  
Lady Luck

Contributors  
Gary Dryfoos  
Brandy Evans  
Joseph Calzaretta  
Geeta Dayal  
Paul-Gabriel Wiener  
The MIT Entropians

Volume 79, Number 1

Voo Doo Magazine  
MIT Room 50-309

77 Massachusetts Avenue  
Cambridge, MA 02139  
617/253-4575  
voodoo@mit.edu

Voo Doo, MIT Journal of Humour, (ISSN 1066-2499) is published "bimonthly" in September, October, December, February, March, and May by Phosphorous Publishing. All material ©1997 Voo Doo Magazine and individual authors. Single copy price \$2, six issue mail subscription \$10. Submissions accepted from any past-or-present MIT affiliate. Advertisers: call for rates, page sizes and production deadlines. Any similarity to persons living or dead without satirical intent is coincidence. Voo Doo is not printed on recycled paper due to concerns about the environmental impact of the "de-inking" process, but is printed with soy-based inks so if you chew it long enough, it tastes like tofu. Special thanks to the UA FinBoard for financial support. Printed at Chuck River.

**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  
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

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



**Next submission deadline:**  
**Friday, January 23, 1998**



## Letters to Voo Doo

Dear Editor,

I want to complain about an MIT conspiracy against me.

I have repeatedly applied to the Media Lab for a position so that I can develop a new entertainment medium, but because of the closed-minded attitudes of certain people and their prejudice against people from my country, I have been turned down without a formal appeal, and my degree work has been halted.

My theoretical work has shown the practicality of this project. In just a year or two I could re-engineer a simple child's toy into a product that would fulfill a growing need both in this country and around the world. It is only due to a few small-minded bigots that this Christmas season will not see the debut of the "Molest Me" Elmo doll.

How much longer can this injustice continue?

Sincerely,

– Duncan Marmoset, SkP

Duncan,

See page 27.

Hey,

The Entropians Pamphlet was great! Do you have a copy on the web?

We'd like to make a link to it.

– The club formerly known as the MIT Extropians

Dear Extropians,

*Of course we do. But we thought you didn't have time for silly things like surfing the Web. Or have you finally succumbed to the Freshman Tragedy too?*

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

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

Dear Phos,

Hi, I'm a freshman living in West Campus and my roommate is a heavy binge drinker. It's very disturbing because she gets drunk every day and then pukes on my bed and pees all over the floor and basically ends up passing out in a puddle of her own bodily fluids. What should I do?

– Suzee Gramm

Dear Suzee,

*A little club soda will get the urine out of the carpet just fine. Quit complaining about your bed. Your roommate was assigned to you by chance; the opportunity to get to know this new lush and therefore spread diversity in your dorm.*

Dear Phos,

I've been reading the MIT Guide to Lockpicking, and it talks all about lockpicks. I went to the supermarket, and I found some tooth picks. I was at the liquor store, and they had Kwik Pik lottery tickets. But what I'm really looking for is nose picks, and I can't find them anywhere! Help!

Sincerely ,

– Clueless and Tasteless

Dear CT:

*You don't need to buy picks. It's possible to make your own using common household materials. Needle-nosed pliers are a good starting point; you might also consider tweezers and a vacuum cleaner. For all-around convenience, simply allow one of your fingernails to grow; I suggest your pinky nail, which has other uses as well, and is therefore the most efficient choice.*

Dear Phos,

Where am I?

- Waldo

Dear Waldo,

Why don't you ask Bob?

Dear Voo Doo,

I would like to commend MIT for its involvement in Cambridge's new Cops in Shops program, designed to prevent the purchase of alcohol by minors. This is a worthy use of Institute and City funds. Completely eliminating underage drinking on campus is a realistic and achievable goal. We need to keep our children sheltered from the real world. The more we ignore the problem, the more it will go away.

- A concerned parent

Dear Voo Doo,

I would like to commend MIT for its involvement in Cambridge's new Cops in Shops program, designed to prevent the purchase of alcohol by minors. This is a worthy use of Institute and City funds. As students search for alternative means of obtaining alcohol, they will turn in increasing numbers to my Black Market moonshine operation. Thanks for convincing the administration to go along with my plan — your cut is in the mail.

- A. Coors

Dear A,

See page 27.

Dear Phos,

Who would you help in a fight, Jesus or Santa Claus?

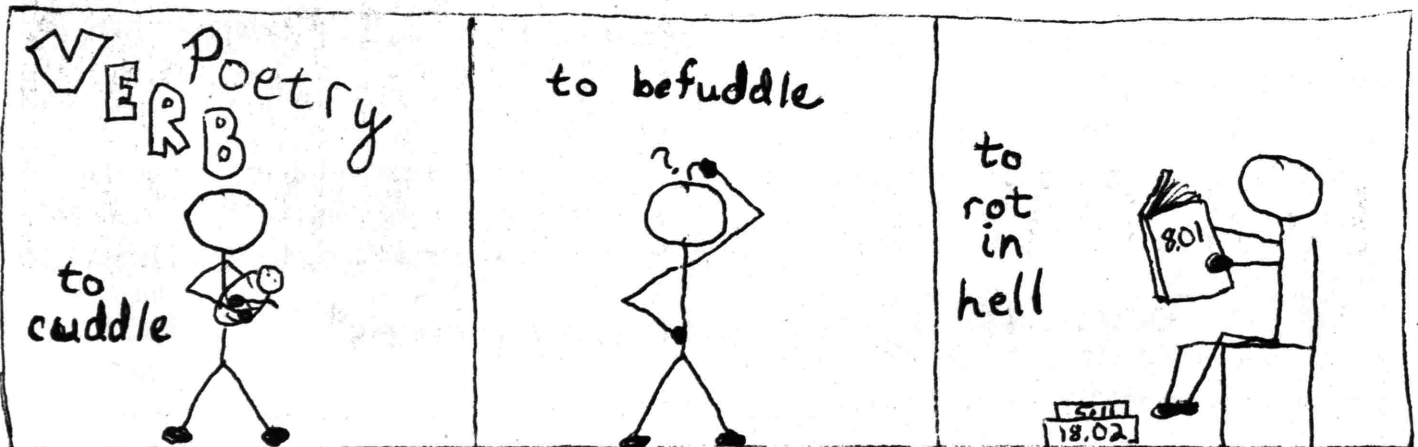
- Stan

Dear A,

See page 27.

Dear Stan,

I dunno... what would Brian Boitano do?



## Editorial

by Lex Nemzer

So it's 5AM Monday morning and I haven't done a lick of classwork this entire four-day weekend. And I owe it all to this rag you're holding right now.

Why do I do it? Hell, I don't know. Call it tradition. Call it a perverse need to create *something* on this campus that tries to be funny. It's not like we take ourselves seriously enough to truly believe that *Voo Doo* is consistently more humorous than the so-called "Amorphous Blob of Publications" that makes up the remainder of the piles of paper littering the floor of Lobby Seven every week. Perhaps it helps keep things in perspective, getting our humor value from making fun of ridiculous campus issues rather than repeating the same "analyses" in increasingly inane voices.

So anyway, this is my first issue as the Official Figurehead of *Voo Doo*, ever since the wonderfully loyal staff spontaneously voted to usurp James and put me into a position to get them office keys. And I guess there are a couple things that merit explanations...

The Entropians pamphlet: what happens when five people, wacky from not sleeping all of Rush, seal

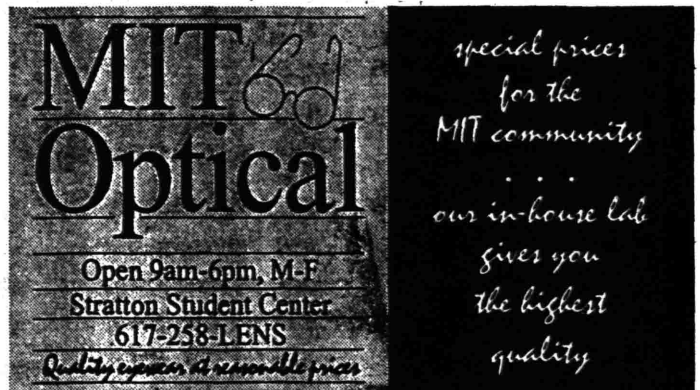
themselves in an airtight room and don't come out until they've offended someone. Check it out on the Web page if you haven't seen it. I had people ask if we were changing our format to "funny".

Those articles I've been posting on the *Voo Doo* board in the Infinite Corridor: I had been thinking about finding the funniest stuff that we didn't publish every week and taking credit for it. I came across that first one about the Jewish Conspiracy and immediately thought, "Didn't I read this in *The Onion* last year?" Bam, up there for a month. And Stacey, I don't know WTF you're thinking offering me a box of Cinnamon Toast Crunch. Write a few articles for *Voo Doo* and *then* maybe we'll talk about letting you in.

More to come next time. Write in if you have any questions for me or the staff... any questions at all. I might even tell you my favorite cereal if you ask nicely. Or just write to say Hi; sometimes Phos gets lonely up here in the office. Or best of all, WRITE US A DAMN ARTICLE so we're not scrounging for material and digging through old Humor Contest rejects just to fill up 32 measly pages.

# HOLIDAY SALE

## \$30 off our already low prices\*



MIT  
Optical

Open 9am-6pm, M-F  
Stratton Student Center  
617-258-LENS  
Quality glasses at reasonable prices

special prices  
for the  
MIT community  
our in-house lab  
gives you  
the highest  
quality

\* For complete pair of glasses only (frames and lenses).  
Cannot be combined with other discounts.  
Sale from December 1-31.



# The News

## Microsoft buys MIT

By J. J. Rollins

REDMOND WOODEN POST

In a recent press conference, officials at Redmond, WA based Microsoft Corporation announced their intentions to buy the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The acquisition, which cost a total of \$300 million in cash, \$200 million in stock, 1000 copies of Windows NT, and an undisclosed amount in obsolete computer parts, will take effect in January 1998.

The effects of the acquisition on tuition costs for MS-MIT '98 are not yet known. However, it is expected that the curriculum in all classes will be made incompatible with that at other universities, so that anyone who enrolls at MIT will be unable to transfer to a competing school later.

As for the reason for the acquisition, sources close to Mr. Gates say it was found to be less expensive to purchase MIT outright than to continue the previous policy of buying students and professors individually.

M M I \$ T

## 17 Students Die at Infinite Bouquet

By Florence Reeste

A.P. NEWSLIAR

In a tragic communications failure involving an employee who be speaking excellent good Englits, Aramark, the caterer for the planned Infinite Buffet, instead provided an Infinite Bouquet. The Infinite Corridor was strewn with flowers from Building 7 to Building 8; the display featured dandelions, bluebells, and genuine imitation orchids, among others. Unfortunately for the students involved, the genuine imitation pollen in the flowers was enough to trigger a genuine imitation allergic reaction. Assistance from the MIT Medical Center was delayed by the need to circumvent the display of genuine imitation organic flower fertilizer, and by the time they had finished checking IDs for all the students and making sure they had medical insurance, it was too late to help them.

MIT is alleged to have covered up previous incidents involving severe spelling errors on the part of the administration. President Vest said in a press conference today that the Institute was planning to build an additional cross-campus corridor to reduce congestion and prevent tragedies like this from recurring.

The memorial service for the deceased students, which will be held on Thursday, will not include any flowers, as they have now been banned at MIT.

# The News

## New Study Finds MIT Students Stupid

By S. P. Amitte

*BOSTON SPHERE*

A newly released study, conducted by Eliphalet Schleinströker of the Department of Cognitive Arts, indicates that MIT students have an average I.Q. of "Dumb", with a standard deviation of "Pretty Small."

The study was conducted using a standard procedure to indicate intelligence through the measurement of ability to learn. Students were placed in a maze, with a bit of cheese at the end. Intelligence was measured by timing how long students required to reach the cheese once, and then putting them back at the start, spinning them around three times, and timing them again. The study found that MIT students took longer to reach and eat the cheese than the control group of lab rats.

Although not released until recently, this study has been used to support many other groups' findings. First, it was the basis for the recent recommendations that students be put on a mandatory meal plan, because MIT students are not intelligent enough to figure out how to eat otherwise, and would therefore die of hunger. This was considered a possible benefit, as previous studies found unmistakable correlations

between students who die and students who no longer pay tuition.

Recently, Schleinströker's study has been used to support the recommendations that all students be assigned by heuristic algorithm to dormitories upon arrival at MIT. This is viewed as a remedial measure: as documented by the eminent psychologist Thomas Malthus, suffering develops intelligence, and it is therefore hoped that by assigning students to as unpleasant conditions as possible, their intelligence will be increased. Other proposals along these lines include having heat available only on odd numbered days of the month with running water available only on even numbered days, refinishing chairs in classrooms with seats made of nails, and removing the handles from soldering irons in undergraduate laboratories. However, the mandatory meal plan is still being pursued, because tuition money is important.

Critics claim that basing the amount of cheese which had to be eaten on percentage of body weight was unfair. Schleinströker maintains, however, that this is an utterly insignificant consideration, and points out that he must know what he's talking about, because he consistently beats the control rats in his experiment.





# The Cuddly Purple Porcupine Overcomes Oppression

by Brandy Evans

Once upon a time, there was a cute, cuddly little porcupine. Can you say "porcupine," boys and girls? This little porcupine was very excited because he was about to leave to go to MIT so he could spend four years surviving on Mountain Dew and two hours of sleep a night only to realize that he couldn't fit in his third HASS-D in time to graduate and would have to do it all for an extra term. But he didn't know that yet. At this point, he was still happy and excited about his future.

He got a letter from MIT right before he left. It said:

Dear Mr. Porcupine:

Based on the medical records you have sent us, your SAT II: Math IC score, and your astrological sign, we have matched you with the following roommate:

John Schmidt  
123 Main St.  
Cityville

The two of you will be sharing a D-size single in the Faraway House dormitory. ...

The cuddly purple porcupine was confused. He grabbed a campus map and looked for his new home. Ah, there it was, just past the Hyatt Regency. Why was he living there? He had written an entire

entrance essay on his aversion to walking distances of more than one block. He never would have chosen to live there.

Then it hit him. He had been randomly housed against his will! He couldn't believe that an internationally recognized school like MIT would strip its students of such a basic life decision as where to live. Wasn't \$31,000 a year and their souls enough?

He arrived on campus the next day. He finally got to his dorm room around 2:00 the next morning. His roommate wasn't getting there until the next day, so for now he had it all to himself. The cuddly purple porcupine plugged in his stereo and started blasting his Marilyn Manson to relax. Just as he was drifting off to sleep, there was a knock at the door. He paused the CD and answered it.

On the other side he found a cute, if rather annoyed looking, female porcupine. (Have you ever seen a porcupine with its quills in a ponytail? It's really adorable.)

"This dorm has quiet hours from 6PM to noon. If you want to play that noise, it'll have to wait," she said in a stern voice, and went back to her room.

Now the cuddly purple porcupine was pissed. Since he couldn't sleep, he started going through the papers MIT had sent him over the summer. He found one that he hadn't noticed before. It didn't look very official; in fact, it looked more like something someone had scribbled, Xeroxed, and thrown in the stack of papers. It read:

Hey Froshing!  
come to

ORANGE TOURS:  
Thursday midnight.

- Jack

The cuddly little porcupine was intrigued. At least now he had something more interesting to do the next night than hang out with the cute little porcupine with the stick up her ass.

The next day was pretty uneventful. His roommate came in around 8AM, unpacked his stuff, and they went and took their writing and calculus tests. Then the cuddly little porcupine spent the afternoon sleeping through assemblies in Kresge. Suddenly, he realized it was 5:00. *Oh no*, he thought, *I'd better hurry if I want to make it home in time to unwind with my Metallica*. So he set out on the long journey back to the dorm.

He got back just in time to listen to the first few bars of Enter Sandman before a second anal upperclassman shot him an evil glance through the open door. He reluctantly removed the CD and resigned himself to an evening of looking over the course catalog.

Suddenly, he sat up, realizing that he had inadvertently fallen asleep over the list of REST classes. He looked at his clock. 11:30! He ran out the door and down the hall, knowing he'd never make it in time. As he passed the lounge, he glanced in to see that his roommate had joined the hall quilting bee. At least someone was enjoying himself.

He finally made it to the east end of campus around 12:45. There wasn't a person in sight. That was it. He couldn't play his music, his roommate obviously had nothing in common with him except for the fact that they had both had spleen transplants at age 15, and his dorm needed its own T stop, if not time zone. As he stalked back, he spent the entire hour and a half contemplating how he could put things right.

The next morning, he woke up and noticed his roommate wearing a sleeping mask and footed silk pajamas. Filled with new resolve, the cuddly purple porcupine set off on his mission.

He arrived in the office at 10:17AM. Scurrying past the secretary as only a porcupine can, he got right down to business. Chuck had barely looked up from the Bloody Mary he had been pouring before he found himself seated in his big comfy office chair with a cuddly, yet angry porcupine nestled in his lap.

"And what can I do for you, young... man?" he asked through teeth clenched in pain.

"You are attempting to oppress me by denying me my rights to good music, a bearable roommate, and accessible classrooms, and I won't stand for it!" the cuddly purple porcupine announced.

Now, Chuck is a smart man, and he knew just how to handle the situation. "You have shown me the light. I see now that porcupines, even cuddly ones, are an unhealthy addition to one's lap, and that the chances of finding a porcupine in your lap are much greater if you anger the porcupine in question. Therefore, in order to remedy the situation and to keep from further angering our quilled friends, I hereby decree that porcupines may select whatever campus housing they wish."

This made the porcupine population of MIT very happy. The cuddly purple porcupine was able to move to a more desirable location in time for the Sodium Drop. And that is the end of the story, inasmuch as our cuddly purple hero is involved.

But not entirely. The human portion of the freshman class got wind of the victory within a few days. The morning of Reg Day they, too, made a trek to a certain office. Crowding past the secretary as only a mass of 1,100 people can, they piled onto Chuck's unsuspecting lap.

"You can live wherever you want," he gasped, "just get the fuck off me!"

And so the students rejoiced, and revelled in their newfound freedom. Within a month, every one of them was in the living group of his/her choice. All was well. Except for the fact that, as a result of these events, chairs were banned at MIT.

# Inside the MIT Office of Admissions

by Geeta Dayal

*Room 3-108, the MIT Admissions Office. 4PM.*

I groaned. I already needed to drink Vivarin-spiked Jolt just to keep awake as I read the essays. But this year, they really seemed boring. I decided to make things more interesting for myself. First, I began categorizing the application essays as they came in: the travel essays, the I-learned-the-value-of-leadership-as-a-camp-counselor essays, the cynical essays, the sports essays, the my-most-significant-experience-was-the-time-when-we-got-to-write-Tetris-in-programming-class essays, and the I-want-to-be-a-(scientist, engineer)-because... essays. When that got boring, I started crossing out everything in the essays except for the first sentence, inspired by Yossarian in *Catch-22*. Since I was muttering so much these days, I decided to mutter in different languages to keep myself entertained. "Sehr typisch," I said under my breath as I read an essay.

"My experiences in the Horticulture Club taught me the value of leadership. In my activities with the club, I learned the value of good citizenship as I cared for trees other than my own. This made me realize how much I wanted to be a doctor, because I have always wanted to help."

This was actually more interesting than the usual swill I had to read. Sure, it didn't make much sense, but it made a hell of a lot more sense than that poem some kid had written in C. Nothing made much sense anymore. I skimmed the rest of the essay. The kid's grades and scores were good, so I tossed his application into the "probable" pile. Now it was on to the next kid. Awful typewriter, I thought as I saw the application, covered with ink spots and irregularities. I started reading.

"Please excuse my poor performance on the SAT. Please also excuse my SAT IIs. And please also excuse my GPA. In fact, please excuse the last four years altogether. They really don't mean

anything. Thank you for reading my essay."

Uh oh. It looked like this one was headed for the circular file. Gleefully, I stamped the application with an imposing red "reject." I crumpled the application into a ball, and watched it sail across the room, around the corner, off the desk, and into the wastebasket. Man, what a nice shot. Maybe I could play for the Celtics. I took the next application from the pile.

Oh, this was going to be great. It was one of those paranoia essays. The application was done completely in black Sharpie pen that bled through all of the pages, except the essay, which was written in glaring red pen. What was with kids these days, I sighed to myself.

"The whole college application ordeal is just another example of the state's triumph over the rights of the individual. Everything is a conspiracy. Frankly, I'm sick of the human race being put through that sausage machine of cultural imperialism they call a melting pot. We're all being homogenized into one blob of goo. That's what they're secretly doing to us, you know. The cabal of old guys who run this country. That is why my involvement in Ayn Rand-inspired fringe militia groups is so important."

I almost started crying. It wasn't often that I got to laugh. The essay was truly awful, and rather scary. I left the admissions office to get a bite to eat from Lobdell. When I came back, I wasn't laughing anymore, only crying. But it was time to read another essay.

"I groaned. I already needed to drink Vivarin-spiked Jolt just to keep awake as I read the essays. But this year, they really seemed boring. I decided to make things more interesting for myself. First, I began categorizing the application essays as they came in..."



# The Adventures of Arthur

by J. Arthur Dent

When Arthur arrived at MIT the fall of his freshman year, he was very excited. He went to the student center to check in and find where he would be staying, which was to be Baker House. Unfortunately, the people who were supposed to show him where Baker House was were conspicuous only by their absence. Asking around, the universal response Arthur received was that those in need of going to Baker House turned to Jack Florey. Florey, however, did not seem to be present. Eventually, Arthur was informed that Florey would not be leaving for Baker House until the next evening, so Arthur was once again on his own.

Being the enterprising young engineer that he was, however, Arthur pulled out his Hitchhiker's Guide to MIT and, with much squinting and swearing, located Baker House and proceeded to lug his suitcases over to it. He did not mind the bother, as he had been informed that Baker House was the coolest place to live at MIT.

After checking in, Arthur reached his room and met his roommates, Larry, Harry, David, Robert, Cecil, and Bruno; the remaining three occupants of the room had not yet arrived. While looking around his new habitat, Arthur began to wonder whether the coolness of Baker House might in fact refer to the functionality of the ventilation system in February; the odors he detected tended to support this hypothesis.

Looking up his personal Athena Cluster Access Combo in the mailing he had received over the summer, Arthur went with his new roommates

to the Student Center to register for an Athena account. Typing made him hungry, so food was discussed, and the merry band went to Lobdell, which Cecil knew to be the best food available at MIT, because the nice gentleman from Bexley had told him so.

Proceeding from Lobdell to Kresge, Arthur had the privilege of listening to the meaningful and inspirational words of Chuck Vest before going off to fall off tables and hopefully be caught by people he didn't know, an exercise apparently designed to remind incoming students that engineers, for all their technical knowledge, are still very gullible.

Thus passed Arthur's first day at MIT. While his roommates read their Frat, er, Independent Living Group brochures, Arthur read Danielle Steele and John Grisham; the content was just as useful as the brochures, and the reading was far more pleasant.

On the following afternoon, Arthur again met with his Moya counselors, who taught him how to rig the housing lottery — the thing to do was to list all of the dormitories for which one was eligible in alphabetical order, except for the one which was most desired, which should be moved down one place in the list from its proper alphabetical position. This activated a secret hack in the housing program and guaranteed the first choice.

After a somewhat uneventful evening of sitting on a bench by the Charles River and regretting

that the water was not clean enough to permit weaving baskets in it, Arthur decided to see about finding this Florey fellow. A call to directory assistance yielded no results, but a passerby happened to hear Arthur talking on the phone and directed him to where he could find Jack.

While standing around on the roof with mobs of other clueless-looking people, Arthur was told about the history of the roof by a fellow clad in dark-colored clothes:

“You know, it wasn’t always possible to just walk up the stairs onto this roof.”

“Then how did people get here? Did they use a ladder?”

“No. They used to walk straight up the side of the building! In fact, the footprints were visible on the wall for years afterwards.”

Arthur wished to pursue this conversation and perhaps understand its full implications, but he was interrupted by the announcement that the tour was about to start, and that it would be led by large numbers of clones of Jack Florey; furthermore, many of them appeared to be fond of computer games, as they were wearing shirts depicting Lemmings.

Jack informed the tourees that the tour would be going to Baker House, which caused Arthur to contemplate the pointfulness or lack thereof of coming all the way from Baker House only to go back again immediately afterwards, but he was already there, so he decided to stick around. The tour started; it seemed at first to be the MIT

Campus Stairwell tour, at least from the number of stairs that they went up and down. The evening become more interesting, however, as various Tombs (from which, thankfully, the bodies had been carefully removed prior to the tour) were visited.

The next step on the tour involved the perilous traverse of narrow ledges and yawning gaps between buildings, or so it seemed to Arthur. The eventual destination was a vaguely hemispherical concrete protrusion from the roof a building. Various stories were told to people sitting here, but Arthur didn’t really hear them, as he was busy trying to keep his dinner down after having somewhat imprudently followed the example of others and laid down backwards on the hemisphere.

The highlight of the tour was a demonstration of the level of Hell reserved for MIT students. The tortured souls chained to the walls had been removed so as to allow the rapid passage of the tourists, but their sighing and moaning could be heard in the distance, almost like wind in the distance.

Shortly thereafter, Arthur found himself eating doughnuts and listening to more stories, no closer to Baker house than he had started. When he did leave to return to Baker and sleep, he got hopelessly lost. All is well that ends well, however, and the evening ended well for Arthur, because did manage to find an Athena cluster. He spent until the next morning investigating the stimulating and educational listing of Physical Education classes, none of which, however, seemed quite so stimulating or educational as his own experiences of the evening.

# Voo Doo's 15.301 Survey

Please note that, in conjunction with COUHES rulings, we promise not to harm your pets if you don't fill out this survey. All we ask is for a reasonable ransom.

1. It would have been most appropriate for the respective namesakes of the following MIT eateries to have died of ...

Walker Memorial Dining Hall: \_\_\_\_\_

Lobdell Memorial Food Court: \_\_\_\_\_

Pritchett: \_\_\_\_\_

Networks: \_\_\_\_\_

Infinite Buffet: \_\_\_\_\_

Sample answer:

Walker: Food Poisoning; Lobdell: Cholesterol-related Heart Attack; Pritchett: Grease Burns; Networks: starvation; Infinite Buffet: trampled

2. What is your favorite place to eat?

Networks	Lobdell	Pritchett	Food Trucks	Pizza Ring
----------	---------	-----------	-------------	------------

3. What is your favorite way to die?

Networks	Lobdell	Pritchett	Food Trucks	Pizza Ring
----------	---------	-----------	-------------	------------

-----  
*Results from last week's survey:*

1. What is your favorite type of alcohol?

methanol	ethanol	propanol	butanol
2	1	0	0

2. What is your favorite way to die:

methanol	ethanol	propanol	butanol
142	14,036	64	12

Send your responses to [voodoo@mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@mit.edu). YOUR answers next issue!

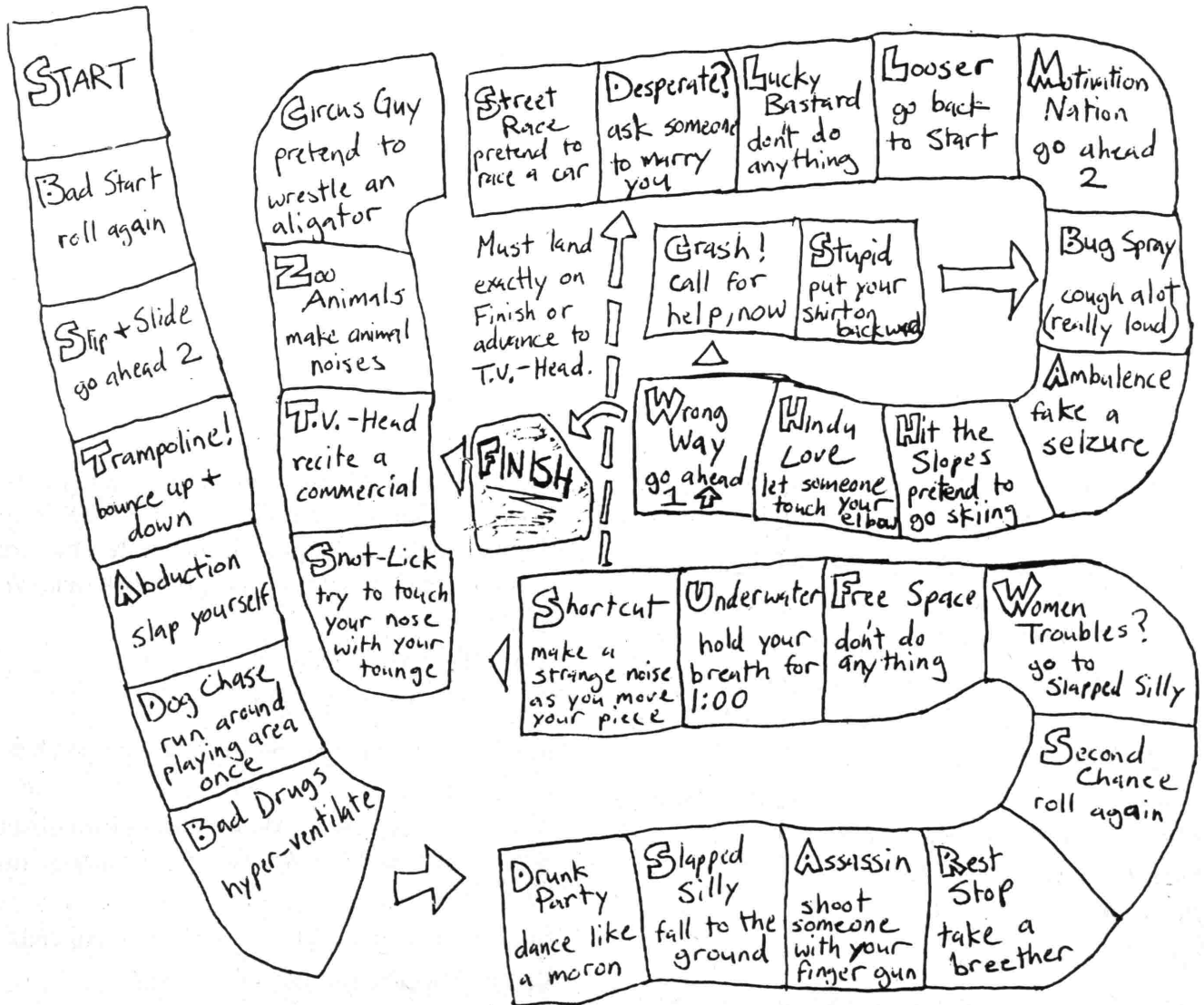


# Interactive Idiots

OK kiddies, here it is, *Voo Doo's* latest in randomly inspired board games: Interactive Idiots. Put down your cheesy coursework and B.S. thesis papers, grab a pal or three or four and get set to play Interactive Idiots!

First, get a six-sided die, then grab some little thingies to use as pieces (e.g. pennies, matches, slow-moving rodents, etc.), find a nice public place to play (e.g. steps of the Student Center, Lobby Seven, Barker Library) and you're ready to go! Place the game pieces on the starting square and roll to see who goes first. Then as play proceeds you roll the die, move your piece, and do what it says on that space.

Have fun!



## King Tartarus

Behold King Tartarus, the fattest ugliest king Europe has ever seen. He is huge, and resembles a puddle when he sits down. He has warts and liver spots on his face. Enter Toady, servant to the King. He stands next to the King, who is on his throne. Only other furniture is a stool and a small easel.

*Toady:* [Bows] Your Highness. You are looking very handsome today.

*King:* Shut up, Toady. We do not look handsome, and We know it. Toady, We are bored. What have you got to entertain Us today?

*Toady:* Us? May I join in the entertainment, sire?

*King:* Of course not! I was speaking in the Royal We.

*Toady:* Of course, Your Highness. Well, we have the Dancing Eunuchs.

*King:* No, not today.

*Toady:* Are you sure, Your Eminence? They are ready to dance right now.

*King:* Yes, We are sure, you revolting pig! What else have you got lined up?

*Toady:* Well, sire, I HAD planned on the weekly ritual of the Dancing Eunuchs. It IS Tuesday, Your Majesty.

*King:* We know what bloody day it is, maggot-breath, and We don't want to see any fucking Eunuchs. We don't care if they can juggle flaming rodents.

*Toady:* Some of them CAN, Your Imperialness.

*King:* [calmly, in a low-volume voice] Don't test Us, Toady. How about that artist fellow We heard something about?

*Toady:* [Gulps] Yes, sire. There is a rather famous artist staying here in the castle this week.

*King:* [Intrigued] Really?

*Toady:* Yes, Your Majesty.

*King:* What does he do?

*Toady:* Well, sire, he paints portraits of women, beautiful portraits, renowned throughout the land. He

is said to have God's own eye for detail.

*King:* How about other lands?

*Toady:* Excuse me, sire?

*King:* Is he famous in other lands, too?

*Toady:* I'm not sure, Your Majesty.

*King:* Why not, Toady? You're supposed to know these things. Don't We pay you enough?

*Toady:* No,...I mean, yes, sire, of course you pay me enough. In fact, I'm actually quite sure that he IS indeed famous in all the world.

*King:* What about Tunisia?

*Toady:* Excuse me, sire?

*King:* What about Tunisia? We'll bet he's not famous in Tunisia.

*Toady:* I don't know, Your Majesty.

*King:* Well, Toady, you JUST said that this artist is famous throughout the world. And now you say that you don't know if he is famous in Tunisia. We'd hate to think that you were making this shit up.

*Toady:* Oh, no, Your Highness. I was not making it up. It is just that he is so famous, and his portraits so beautiful, that it seems like he MUST be famous throughout the world, and if he is not, then the world is really missing out on the greatest artist, Your Majesty.

*King:* Nice save, Toady.

*Toady:* Thank you, Your Majesty.

*King:* You're welcome. So anyway, summon him to Us, Toady.

*Toady:* Of course, sire. (Motions for a guard offstage to summon the artist.) May I ask what you wish to do today, sire?

*King:* We are going to have Our portrait painted.

*Toady:* [Shocked and frightened] Sire?

*King:* You heard Us, maggot. We want to have Our

portrait painted.

*Toady:* But sire, excuse my rashness, sire, but may I suggest not having your portrait painted by this particular artist?

*King:* Certainly not. You JUST said that this artist is renowned for his beautiful portraits, and that he has an extraordinary eye for detail.

*Toady:* Yes, sire, but...

*King:* So We want to have OUR portrait painted. We want to see how accurately he paints a portrait of Us.

*Toady:* Sire, that is an excellent idea. I'm just worried about the artists of the past.

*King:* What do you mean?

*Toady:* Well, sire, every time we have an artist staying at the castle, you have them paint a portrait of you, and every time, you have them executed.

*King:* Yes, and with just cause! They all paint beautiful portraits of how thin and handsome We look. That's not what We want at all.

*Toady:* Yes, sire, but...

*King:* And if a so-called "artist" can't even get a subject's weight right, or any of the facial details right, then they have no right to go around calling themselves artists, right?

*Toady:* Yes, sire, but...

*King:* Allow Us to finish! That was only because they painted completely inaccurate portraits of Us. We know We don't look like the portraits they painted. Look at this one. (Pulls out a painting from behind his throne.) In this one, We are a young, suave, handsome devil with blue eyes!! Blue eyes?!?! Everyone knows We have brown eyes, and We know We are no handsome devil.

*Toady:* Of course, sire.

*King:* And look at this one. [Pulls another painting out from under his throne] This one is just a painting of Our throne.

*Toady:* But sire, you asked this artist to paint an honest portrait of you, and he was afraid of insulting you.

*King:* Rubbish, Toady. He was just no real artist. This doesn't even look like Us.

*Toady:* It wasn't intended to, sire.

*King:* When We commission a portrait of the king, We expect a portrait of the king, not a picture of a bloody throne.

*Toady:* Of course, sire.

*King:* If it looked like Us, We would accept it. He had no reason to fear insulting Us. We WANT an honest portrait. We want history to remember Us as We really are.

*Toady:* Of course, sire. I just worry that you will have this artist executed as well. He is rather famous. It would be a shame for Your kingdom to lose him.

*King:* If he paints an accurate portrait of Us, then We will not lose him.

*Toady:* Yes, Your Majesty.

[A young man is thrown in from offstage, apparently by one of the guards. He is carrying a case.]

May I introduce the young artist Munet.

*Munet:* [Bows graciously] I am most humbled to be in the presence of Your Majesty.

*King:* Of course you are. We are delighted to meet an artist of your renown. Now, to get right to it, We would like a portrait of Ourselves.

*Munet:* You want me to paint a portrait of you both, sire?

*King:* Of course not! I was speaking in the Royal We!

*Munet:* [Nervously] Yes, Your Majesty. Of course....

*King:* Is there anything wrong?

*Munet:* Er....It's just that....I'm not sure I have my paints, sire.

*King:* May We ask what that case is you brought in with you?

*Munet:* Excuse me, Your Highness? .....Oh,...this case?

*King:* Yes.

*Munet:* Ah ... well ... these are my paints, sire.

*King:* We see. Alright, then, you have your paints.

Then get right to it.

*Munet:* Sire, is there any particular style you want me to paint in?

*King:* No, whatever style you usually paint in. Just make sure it's an honest portrait of Us.

*Munet:* Your Majesty?

*King:* Look at these paintings. [Takes out paintings again] This one is one of a handsome devil, and We know We are no handsome devil.

*Munet:* Yes, Your Majesty.

*King:* What?!?!

*Munet:* Nothing, Your Majesty.

*King:* And this one, [points to another] this one, We just don't know. It's a painting of Our throne. We asked him to paint an honest portrait, and he was afraid of insulting Us. He was afraid if We saw an accurate portrait of Ourselves, We would be insulted and have him executed.

*Munet:* Yes, Your Majesty. I'm afraid you do have that reputation. I've heard that 237 artists have been executed thus far.

*King:* Is that right, Toady?

*Toady:* I believe the count after last week was 256, sire.

*King:* Ah, yes. Last week was a busy week. Well, We have NOT seen one single ACCURATE portrait of Ourselves to date!

*Munet:* And, sire, if you did see one,...

*King:* We would be elated. We want history to remember Us for as We really are.

*Munet:* Excellent, Your Majesty! [opens his case, pulls out a canvas and his paints, sits on the stool, and puts the canvas on the easel. He starts painting.]

*King:* Good. I'm glad. So, Toady, what do you have for Us later on today?

*Toady:* Well, sire, we always have the Dancing Eunuchs.

*King:* You know? We are in a good mood now. Maybe the Eunuchs will be alright.

*Toady:* Yes, Your Majesty. And they are always good at cheering you up.

*King:* INDEED. [Munet walks up to the King and looks closely at his face.]

What are you doing?

*Munet:* I am just examining for details, Your Majesty.

*King:* Ah, of course! We have a feeling this painting will be THE ONE.

*Toady:* Your Majesty?

*King:* The one to remain forever. Let posterity remember Us the way we really are. Let this painting hang in the Hall of Kings forever.

*Toady:* Yes, sire. That would be excellent.

*King:* Of course. Artist, aren't you done yet?

*Munet:* Your majesty?

*King:* [Stands up] Aren't you done your painting yet?

*Munet:* No, Your Majesty. I'm not QUITE finished.

*King:* Well, hurry it up. We have Eunuchs yet to see this morning, and then We have to...Toady. What do We have to do later?

*Toady:* Lunch, sire.

*King:* And then We have to eat lunch. And then We have to go horseback riding.

*Toady:* Your Majesty, I meant to tell you. Your personal horse, the only one strong enough to carry you?

*King:* Yes?

*Toady:* It collapsed last night. It had a broken spine, Your Majesty.

*King:* No matter. Have them buy Us a new horse.

*Toady:* Of course, Your Majesty.

*King:* Aren't you done YET?

*Munet:* Well, Your Majesty, normally, I would take longer to put the finishing touches on the painting.

*King:* Quit your excuses, and show me the painting.

*Munet:* Yes, Your Majesty. [Walks up to him and shows him the painting.]

*King:* Amazing! . . . . Outstanding likeness!



*Munet:* Thank you, Your Majesty.

*King:* This is the ugliest man We've ever seen on a painting!

*Munet:* Your Majesty?

*King:* This looks just like Us.

*Munet:* Thank you, Your Majesty.

*King:* You got all of the warts exactly right, and the liver spots, too.

*Toady:* He has an amazing eye for detail, sire.

*King:* We see that. Toady, have him executed IMMEDIATELY. [Toady motions to guards.]

*Munet:* Your Majesty?! [Guards enter and start to escort Munet out.]

*King:* We can't have THIS kind of portrait in the Hall of Kings for all time.

*Munet:* But you said you wanted an honest portrait!!

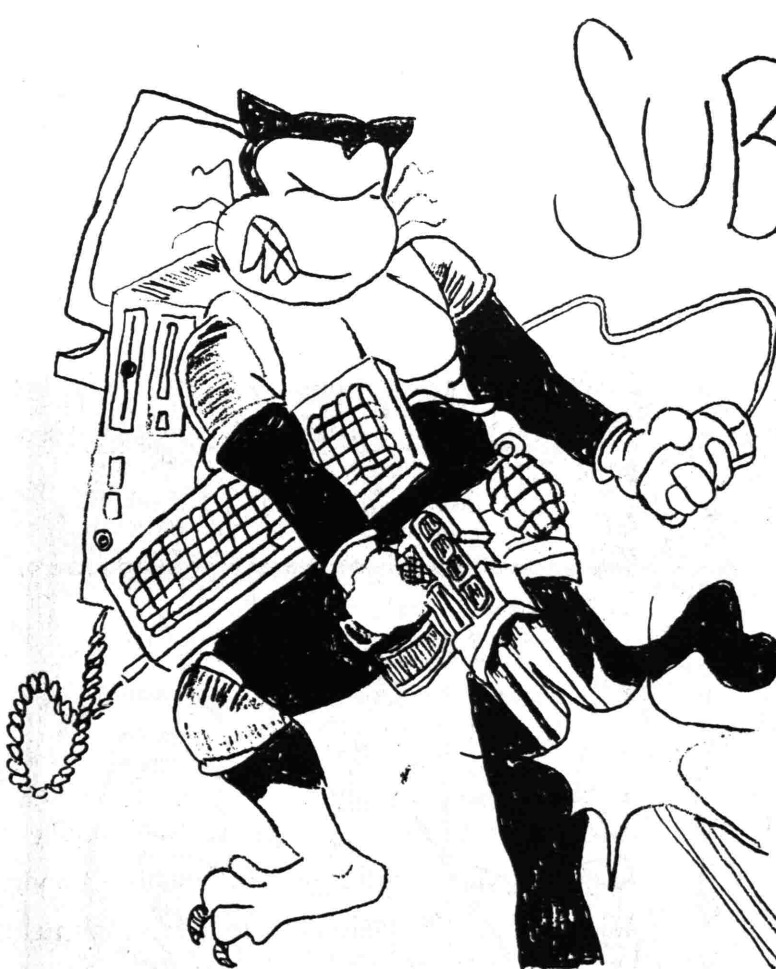
*King:* Ah, you just addressed Us, and you said neither "sire" nor "Your Majesty." For that alone, you must die!

*Munet:* But sire, you tricked me.

*King:* We did no such thing.

*Munet:* [Being dragged out] Bloody fascist! Anachronism! [Munet exits]

*King:* Ah, now, Toady, summon the Eunuchs. We could use a little cheering up.



# SUBMIT!

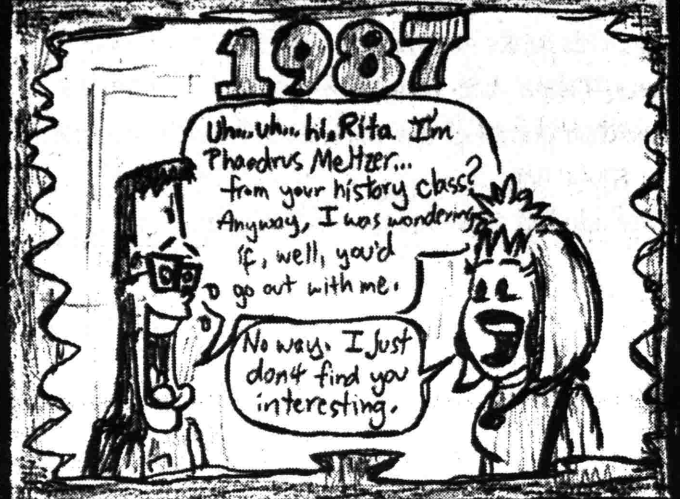
MAKE NEW FRIENDS, GET BETTER GRADES, AND KEEP YOUR HAMSTER FROM BEING BLOWN AWAY... ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS IF YOU SEND US YOUR SUBMISSIONS!

INTERDEPARTMENTAL  
Voo Doo  
Walker RM 50-309  
MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

SEND TEXT SUBMISSIONS TO:  
voodoo@mit.edu

\*if you submit, we'll blow away your roommate's hamster... or your roommate, if you ask really nicely...

# { YOU, ME, THE KID } Set-Theoretic Pick-up Lines



## Jehovah's Witless (or "Hank is always right")

Sketchy Albedo writes:

This morning there was a knock at my door. When I answered the door I found a well groomed, nicely dressed couple. The man spoke first:

"Hi! I'm John, and this is Mary."

Mary: "Hi! We're here to invite you to come kiss Hank's ass with us."

Me: "Pardon me?! What are you talking about? Who's Hank, and why would I want to kiss his ass?"

John: "If you kiss Hank's ass, he'll give you a million dollars; and if you don't, he'll kick the shit out of you."

Me: "What? Is this some sort of bizarre mob shake-down?"

John: "Hank is a billionaire philanthropist. Hank built this town. Hank owns this town. He can do what ever he wants, and what he wants is to give you a million dollars, but he can't until you kiss his ass."

Me: "That doesn't make any sense. Why..."

Mary: "Who are you to question Hank's gift? Don't you want a million dollars? Isn't it worth a little kiss on the ass?"

Me: "Well maybe, if it's legit, but..."

John: "Then come kiss Hank's ass with us."

Me: "Do you kiss Hank's ass often?"

Mary: "Oh yes, all the time..."

Me: "And has he given you a million dollars?"

John: "Well no, you don't actually get the money until you leave town."

Me: "So why don't you just leave town now?"

Mary: "You can't leave until Hank tells you to, or you don't get the money, and he kicks the shit out of you."

Me: "Do you know anyone who kissed Hank's ass, left town, and got the million dollars?"

John: "My mother kissed Hank's ass for years. She left town last year, and I'm sure she got the money."

Me: "Haven't you talked to her since then?"

John: "Of course not, Hank doesn't allow it."

Me: "So what makes you think he'll actually give you the money if you've never talked to anyone who got the money?"

Mary: "Well, he gives you a little bit before you leave. Maybe you'll get a raise; maybe you'll win a small lotto; maybe you'll just find a twenty dollar bill on the street."

Me: "What's that got to do with Hank?"

John: "Hank has certain 'connections.'"

Me: "I'm sorry, but this sounds like some sort of bizarre con game."

John: "But it's a million dollars, can you really take the chance? And remember, if you don't kiss Hank's ass he'll kick the shit of you."

Me: "Maybe if I could see Hank, talk to him, get the details straight from him..."

Mary: "No one sees Hank, no one talks to Hank."

Me: "Then how do you kiss his ass?"

John: "Sometimes we just blow him a kiss, and think of his ass. Other times we kiss Karl's ass,

and he passes it on.”

Me: “Who’s Karl?”

Mary: “A friend of ours. He’s the one who taught us all about kissing Hank’s ass. All we had to do was take him out to dinner a few times.”

Me: “And you just took his word for it when he said there was a Hank, that Hank wanted you to kiss his ass, and that Hank would reward you?”

John: “Oh no! Karl’s got a letter Hank sent him years ago explaining the whole thing. Here’s a copy; see for yourself.”

John handed me a photocopy of a handwritten memo on “From the desk of Karl” letterhead. There were eleven items listed:

1. Kiss Hank’s ass and he’ll give you a million dollars when you leave town.
2. Use alcohol in moderation.
3. Kick the shit out of people who aren’t like you.
4. Eat right.
5. Hank dictated this list himself.
6. The moon is made of green cheese.
7. Everything Hank says is right.
8. Wash your hands after going to the bathroom.
9. Don’t drink.
10. Eat your wieners on buns, no condiments.
11. Kiss Hank’s ass or he’ll kick the shit out of you.

Me: “This would appear to be written on Karl’s letterhead.”

Mary: “Hank didn’t have any paper.”

Me: “I have a hunch that if we checked we’d find this is Karl’s handwriting.”

John: “Of course, Hank dictated it.”

Me: “I thought you said no one gets to see Hank?”

Mary: “Not now, but years ago he would talk to some people.”

Me: “I thought you said he was a philanthropist. What sort of philanthropist kicks the shit out of people just because they’re different?”

Mary: “It’s what Hank wants, and Hank’s always right.”

Me: “How do you figure that?”

Mary: “Item 7 says ‘Everything Hanks says is right.’ That’s good enough for me!”

Me: “Maybe your friend Karl just made the whole thing up.”

John: “No way! Item 5 says ‘Hank dictated this list himself.’ Besides, item 2 says ‘Use alcohol in moderation,’ item 4 says ‘Eat right,’ and item 8 says ‘Wash your hands after going to the bathroom.’ Everyone knows those things are right, so the rest must be true, too.”

Me: “But #9 says ‘Don’t Drink,’ which doesn’t quite go with #2. And #6 says ‘The moon is made of green cheese,’ which is just plain wrong.”

John: “There’s no contradiction between 9 and 2; 9 just clarifies 2. As to 6, you’ve never been to the moon, so you can’t say for sure.”

Me: “Scientists have pretty firmly established that the moon is made of rock...”

Mary: “But they don’t know if the rock came from the Earth, or from out of space, so it could just as easily be green cheese.”

Me: “I’m not really an expert, but I think the theory that the Moon came from the Earth has been discounted. Besides, not knowing where the rock came from doesn’t make it cheese.”



John: "Aha! You just admitted that scientists make mistakes, but we know Hank is always right!"

Me: "We do?"

Mary: "Of course we do, Item 5 says so."

Me: "You're saying Hank's always right because the list says so, the list is right because Hank dictated it, and we know that Hank dictated it because the list says so. That's circular logic, no different than saying 'Hank's right because he says he's right.'"

John: "Now you're getting it! It's so rewarding to see someone come around to Hank's way of thinking."

Me: "But...oh, never mind. What's the deal with wieners?"

Mary blushes. John says: "Wieners, in buns, no condiments. It's Hank's way. Anything else is wrong."

Me: "What if I don't have a bun?"

John: "No bun, no wiener. A wiener without a bun

is wrong."

Me: "No relish? No Mustard?"

Mary looks positively stricken. John shouts: "There's no need for such language! Condiments of any kind are wrong!"

Me: "So a big pile of sauerkraut with some wieners chopped up in it would be out of the question?"

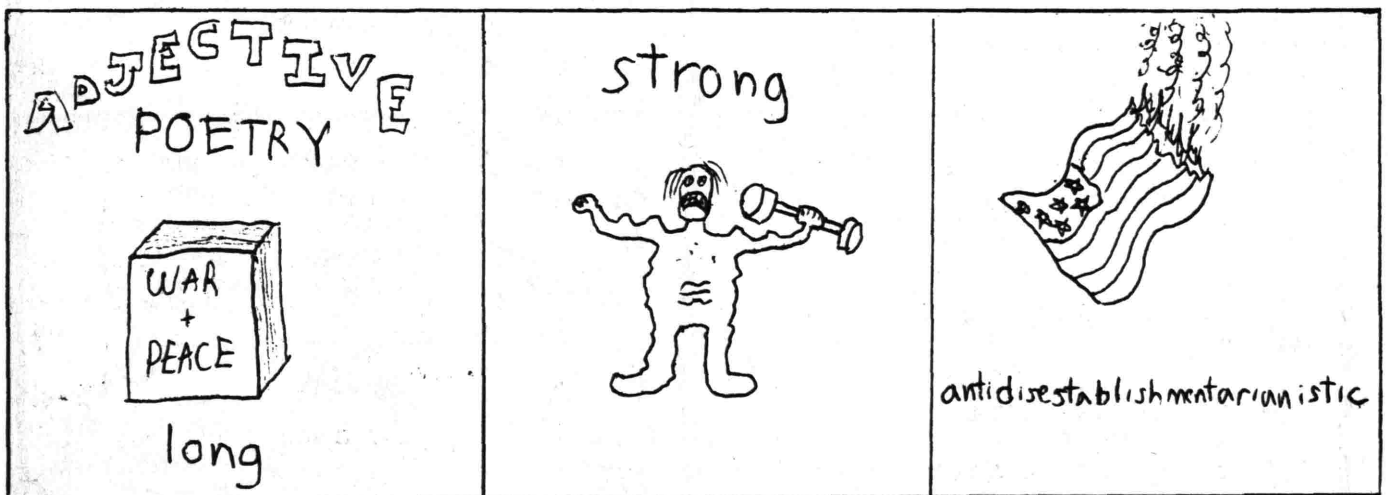
Mary sticks her fingers in her ears: "I am not listening to this. La la la, la la, la la la."

John: "That's disgusting. Only some sort of evil deviant would eat that..."

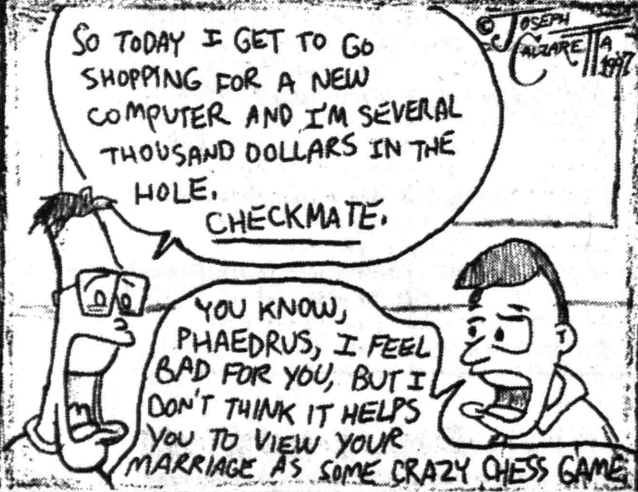
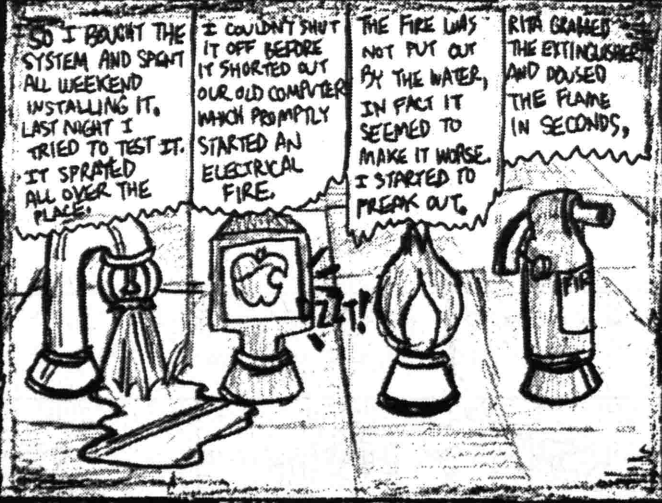
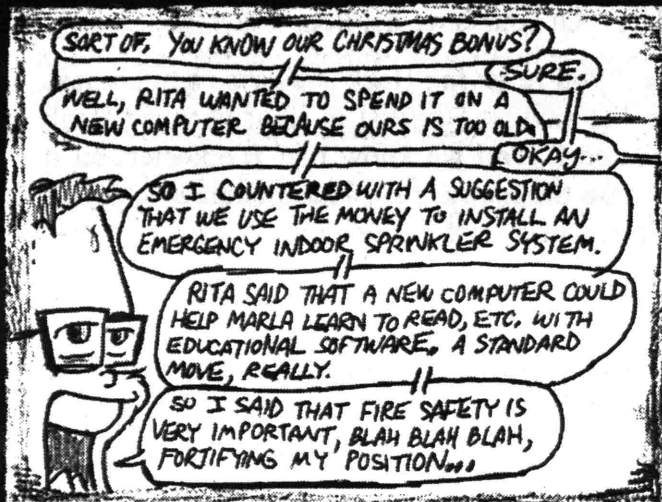
Me: "It's good! I eat it all the time."

Mary faints. John catches her: "Well, if I'd known you were one of those I wouldn't have wasted my time. When Hank kicks the shit out of you I'll be there, counting my money and laughing. I'll kiss Hank's ass for you, you bunless cut-wienered kraut-eater."

With this, John dragged Mary to their waiting car, and sped off.



# YOU, ME & THE KID: DEEP BLEW



# PUBLIC ENEMY #1: CIA

In 1966, CIA was up and becoming the largest corporation in North America. By the late 70s, the Agency had become the largest corporation in the Western Hemisphere, with ITT (one of CIA's thousands of proprietary companies) having put in every phone line in Central and South America. By the late 1980s, CIA had finally reached its goal, by becoming the largest corporation in the world, with agents, operatives, proprietary companies and assets (witting and unwitting) placed in every kind of business imaginable, from dry cleaning to insurance and air transport to astrophysics, art dealing and the circus. CIA has its people in every country, in every domestic and foreign government agency and university and college campus. In 1990, the Berlin Wall came down, not because CIA won the Cold War (its still going on), but because CIA had reached its goal of becoming the New World Order, by securing the globe for its own agenda, and because it could afford to play with KGB out of bed (they've always been in bed together). Thus, the perfect illusion has been created. By switching the gameboard and rearranging mirrors, CIA is just covering all of its bases and further encrusting its own status quo. By advertising that it is starting afresh, when in fact, it has only succeeded in removing itself from the behemoth it has created (in the public's eyes only), CIA is trying to bury its infamous past and present itself as a virgin government agency with a clean sheet. Don't be fooled by CIA's bullshit! The likes of John Deutch and George Tenet got to be DCIs because they are champion dissemblers, and inspite of what they say, CIA is still the doberman pincer for the billionaire club 300, the military industrial complex, the Texas oil and Space industries and the Eastern Banking Establishment. CIA's Chase Manhattan Bank, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Information Agency are just three of thousands of CIA fronts and conduits for CIA money. CIA's black hole budget is unfathomable. The Agency's accomplishments make Stalin look like a bogeyman. [redacted] up and smell the coffee! Inspite of what the villifiers in the Media say, [redacted] flush our democracy down the toilet on November 22, 1963 (with the help of U.S. Army Intelligence). Your Congress has been co-opted since the sixties, when Capitol Hill was wired by Bernard Spindel. CIA has subverted every vestige of social and democratic change for a half a century. CIA has co-opted every branch of government and turned the Injustice Department into just another facade of institutional illegitimacy, and been largely responsible for turning the last seven administrations into nothing more (or less) than puppet governments. The Agency has undermined the journalist profession since day one and turned the mainstream media into a sophisticated propaganda machine that keeps America in the delusion that it is still a democracy (if it ever was). And until CIA, the Pentagon and the Media are accountable for their roles in the assassinations of the sixties (JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King Jr, et al), and the three-decades-plus long coverups in those crimes (the Media), [redacted] security blanket will always be the sphinter muscle. Until we The People move the Injustice Department to get off of its big crack to do something about it, the only justice the American People will ever get, is what falls through that crack. Our votes will just remain hollow gestures, symbolic tokens of the American delusion that is called democracy, and the last rattlings of a vestigial petrified collective stupidity. [redacted] long as we support Academia's left-hemisphere linear thinking fascism, and cower to IRS' extortion, we are just slaves to the economy that CIA is the front man for. Unless every American throws-in his or her sabot into the crypto-fascist pseudo-judeo/Christian Capitalist Machine, this planet is doomed to live out its existence in George Orwell's 1984 Revisited ditto. A good start would be to begin today to [redacted] tien the Injustice Department with a civil action: suit against CIA (and the Pentagon) (and Congress) for the cost of the Cold War (about 4 billion dollars a year times 34). This is the only kind of vote that will make a difference. Quit gofer'n it, golf'n it, go-cart'n it and guzzlin' it, and make your own ripple in your own creative way. (this is what responsible citizenship is about). As Thomas Jefferson said in 1779, "God forbid we should be twenty years without a rebellion." Cut the crap, not the crack! Timothy Leary beat them with love and humour (they didn't get it and they [redacted] didn't deserve it). What they need is a good stink bomb. A good ol' "who me?" just might curl their nose hairs and flush-out the spooks. Is there a spook in your family?

SHARE COPY FAX MAIL POST E MAIL INTERNET

## Ask Bob

by bob

Bob,

I have a beautiful Grey's Zebra that I keep in my woodshed. It's a wonderful addition to my placid, suburbanite neighborhood. Unfortunately, my neighbors have become quite jealous. At first they merely drove by slowly after work to catch a glimpse. Then they started coming over to "chat" a lot, but I knew it was only to see my zebra. Then came the periscope in their backyard. I wasn't too bothered by that, but I was disturbed when they started tracking my zebra via a global positioning system. Recently they've been breaking into my woodshed at night and taking him back to their yard. When confronted, they assured me they were merely "borrowing" him. What should I do? Would I be better off with a giraffe?

Concerned Pet Owner

Concerned,

Wow, are you uptight! Loosen up. An overt obsession with your neighbor's zebra is a cherished part of our national heritage. Didn't your parents ever teach you to share? Have you ever considered seeking professional help? Maybe it's too late. I recommend Mr. Rogers, you freak.

Your Neighbor,

Bob

Bob,

Wazzup?

Chuck

Mr. V.,

Thanks for writing! I love the way you run the

place. But what's up with the artwork? Guess you can't get enough big black blobs. And what about the *Thistle*? They can't stop sucking!! Anyway, say hi to the woman for me.

Your Disciple,

Bob

Bob,

Can erythromycin really make you pregnant?

MIT Medical

Interested,

The old sailor's adage goes: Red sky at night, sailors delight, red sky at morning, sailors take warning, and you know what that means. However, there is currently legislation pending to change that. I'll keep you updated.

You're nuts,

Bob

Bob,

I am a physics Professor who happens to have a show on MIT cable. After several banner seasons, my ratings have fallen a tiny bit this year. Well, actually, I've lost quite a number of viewers. In fact, my own family doesn't watch any more. Would a large clock strapped around my neck help? Or perhaps exotic dancers. I feel a whole new dimension could be added to the show if I paired up with a crime-fighting, problem-solving raccoon. It's important to give the students real life examples of physics involving small furry mammals. Am I way off the mark? I'll try anything short of allying with the Borg.

W.L.



Desperate,

After watching a couple of your shows I've noticed some trends in your material, the primary one being physics. In fact, you seem to have this unnatural obsession with physics. I mean, physics is interesting and all, but enough is enough! You might want to try branching out into chemistry or biology or theology. I don't know about the raccoon, but I've heard Volkswagons are making a comeback. To deal with your bad breath you should try Mentos: The Freshmaker™. To enhance your public image you might also want to do some community service. Maybe you could sell commercials. I'd buy one.

Slave to the Power Ring,

Bob

Bob,

My best friend since sixth grade has recently been under a considerable amount of stress at work

and home. He has begun dressing up as a clown to cope with his problems.

Do you think I should get him into counseling, or just write to columnists asking for advice?

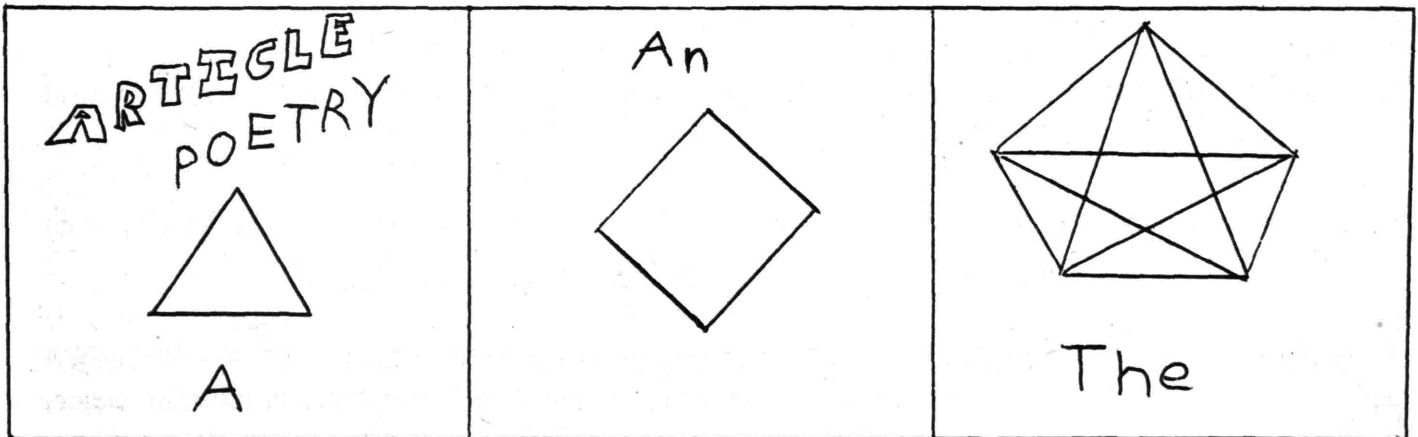
Concerned Friend

Immortal Enigma,

Yo! Tell me what you want. What you really, really want. Your fiendish disguise can't last forever! Don't you know that Homey don't play that? I have half a mind to move to Paraguay to escape your senseless rambling, but I'll probably just add an umlaut to my name instead. And I ain't pulling your chain no more! You're a super phreak with a silent q! Smokin' my fly homey biatch! I rock this Kampus! Your mom is a silly putty slug and your dad is a Salisbury steak! Take that, photon boy!

Love,

Bob



## **Top ten future accidents that will result in banned activities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology**

10. Frederick J. Hootin '98 of East Campus uses coffee and Mountain Dew to remain awake for 87 straight days with the intent of finishing his thesis. He collapses on the morning of the 88th and hallucinates until his heart explodes. *Result: Caffeine banned at MIT.*
9. Louis M. Foohey G squirts grapefruit juice into his eye while eating at Lobdell and dies three days later from a cornea infection. *Result: Citrus banned at MIT.*
8. Ernst Greber '02, a pledge at a Beacon Street fraternity, is wearing his first pair of baggy pants when he has inexperience-related difficulties navigating the Killian Court steps. He trips and falls to his death. *Result: Denim banned at MIT.*
7. Carol Prytupski '00 of Senior House is taken to the Med Center for intestinal ruptures. She dies the next day from internal bleeding. *Result: Anal sex banned at MIT.*
6. Yim Lon G is fixing a burnt-out light in his Ashdown room when faulty wiring gives him a deadly shock. *Result: Light bulbs banned at MIT.*
5. Steven Fuhz '01, of a Comm Ave fraternity, impales himself on a sharp instrument while fumbling around in an unlit lab. *Result: Darkness banned at MIT.*
4. Anders Andersen '03, also of a Comm Ave fraternity, slips on a wet bathroom floor and cracks his head open on a toilet. *Result: Porcelain banned at MIT.*
3. History repeats itself as Steven Smythe '05 slips on a wet bathroom floor and cracks his head open on the tile next to the cardboard toilet. *Result: Water banned at MIT.*
2. An unnamed MacGregor student accidentally shoots a wad of semen into his roommate's mouth during a bout of vigorous self-pleasure. The roommate chokes to death. The case is treated as a criminal homicide. *Result: Masturbation banned at MIT.*
1. Unable to eat fruit, drink life-giving water, wear comfortable clothes, obtain sexual pleasures, or live in well-lit environments, students kill themselves in droves. *Result: Suicide banned at MIT.*

# Now Hiring...



“Aieeyaaarrggh!...  
...You flushed what??!!!”

Your lab partner still doesn't know the difference between **rmm** and **rm**?

Teach 'em right!

Become an Athena Minicourse Instructor!

ATHENA® is looking for students to work as  
**Minicourse Instructors**  
Starting in IAP 1998

If you are:

- An MIT student -- grad or undergrad
- An Athena user, and want to learn more about it
- Available for **two weeks of paid training** during IAP

If you want to:

- Improve your presentation skills
- Earn money
- Teach minicourses each semester and during IAP and R/O week

...this is the job for you!

**Prior Teaching Experience is NOT Required**

To request an application, or more information,  
please write to **<training@mit.edu>**

