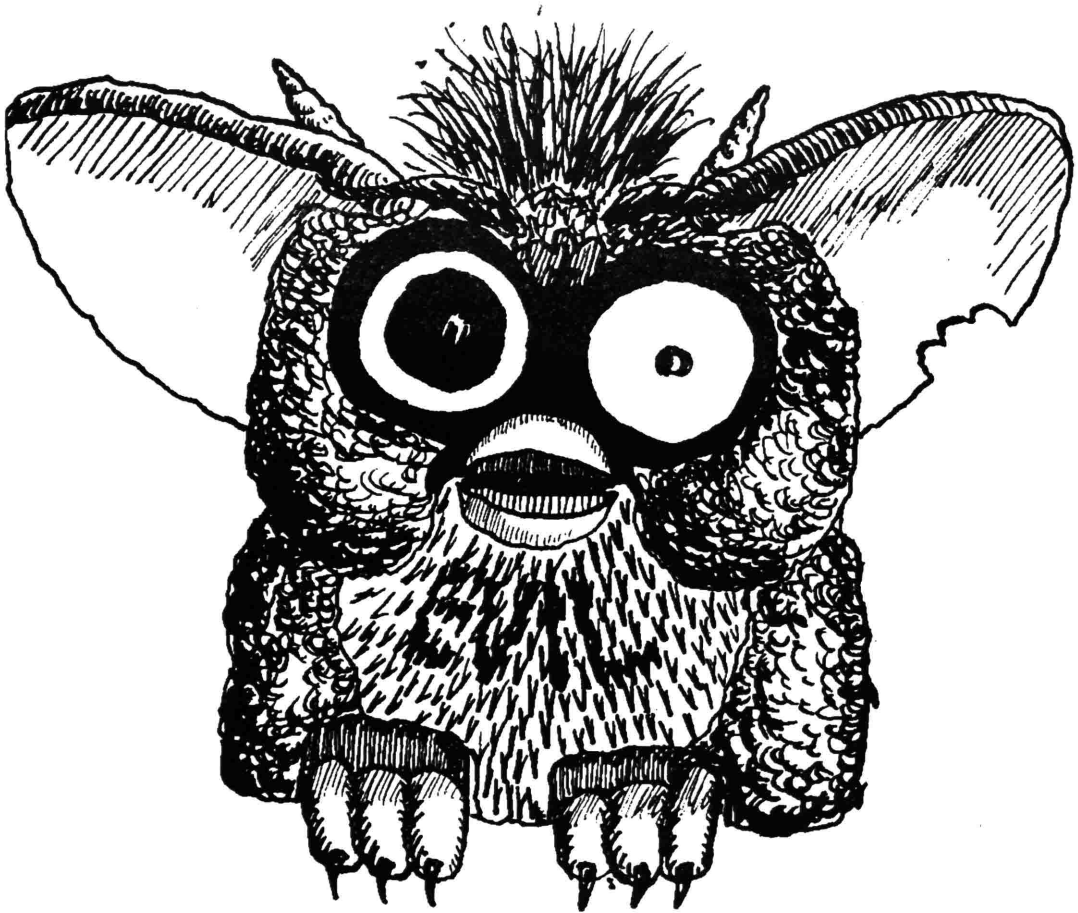


Voodoo

MIT'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY
HUMOROUS PUBLICATION

VOLUME
89
ISSUE # 1



STEER ROAST DETOX ISSUE

Real Advertisement -- Guaranteed Not Humorous

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Voo Doo "Steer Roast Detox Program"

Editors Note – Our übermensch gives the real scoop.	5
Letters to the Editor – Yes, most of these are real..	6
Ask Senior Haus – Everything you've heard is true!	8
M.I.T. Personals – Nerd seeks nerd for quiet evenings in lab	9
Full Metal 6.111 – Don't go into Lab unprepared	10
The Sloan Guide to Picking up Chicks – Hey baby, let's network	13
Talking to Jesus – Voo Doo interviews the Savior	15
Satanic Aliens – Now we know the truth about Michael J. Fox.	16
Make Your 6.002 Tutorial More Exciting – Our tips will make you popular!	18
Voo Doo Textbook Reviews -	21
Special Prune supplement – It will keep you regular.	22 – 23
The Voo Doo Jello iMac – Voo Doo submits the first open-source jMac.	28
New Social Group On Campus – This one is almost too believable.	29
Police Log – what <i>really</i> goes on on campus	30

Comics and Art

Chip	7, 9, 11
MundaneLand	11
'Off Course' Meets the Voo Doo Alien Chestbursters	11
A Touch of Faith	14
Sammy and John	14
MindField	14, 19, 27
Methos	20
Albert the Beaver Gets Some	24
Inverse Hyperbolic Cotangent	27

From the Publisher



der Übermensch

Geeta Dayal

Publisher

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Jesus

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Puppet Dictator

Matt Malchano

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Matt Lockhart

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Volume 80, Number 1

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

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

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

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

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

Editor's Note

<bitching>

It's 4 am and the issue is due to the printers in exactly 12 hours. The only thing left to do is this editor's note. Work sucks, Steer Roast is over, the admins are after Voo Doo again for the Telethon, and I've been elected the official scapegoat. Voo Doo needs to find a new scapegoat.

</bitching>

But enough of that.

Voo Doo is back with a vengeance this term; we're publishing an issue which is actually funny, we had the first ever 24 hour humor telethon, we're pulling hacks again, our staff has quadrupled, and we're getting in trouble again. Keep on fighting the good fight!

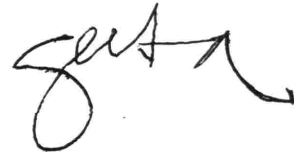
We still don't have much money, especially since we somehow managed to accumulate an astronomical phone bill in years past that never had gotten paid til now. We still haven't figured out what past editor had been using the phone to call his Djboutian relatives yet, but when we find out, rest assured it'll be time for the Voo Doo Spinal Justice League to regulate.

Anyway, to those of you who watched the first annual Voo Doo 24 hour live Telethon--thanks for your support, we were more successful than we would have ever hoped. If you who were offended by some of the material which was shown, read our formal apology on page 19, which we hope will explain what happened. I only have fond memories of the Telethon: the first (and only) ever spontaneous performance by the Voo Doo Noise Rock Band, me standing in front of the camera at 6 am threatening to read "Howl" backwards unless someone pledged a dollar, the spontaneous puppet show,

the Voo Doo mobile camera squad (who managed to irritate students in dorms all across campus!), the soon-to-be-cult-classic "Bad Santa" skit..the comedy (read: insanity) went on and on. Extra props to the prefrish who skated into the studio at 2 am to pledge \$40 and his eternal allegiance to the Institute and Voo Doo (fuck Stanford! he's coming here instead!)

You might be wondering who this "Bart Ablanalp" guy is. Well, one day, I got a phone call from some guy named Bart at the University of Texas, who read Voo Doo on our website and wanted to submit something to our "humor contest." He mailed me tons of his comics, which he says he has been drawing instead of working on his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology. We weren't really having a humor contest, but Bart, we're giving you First Place. The prize is yet to be determined, but will probably include some gifts from the Voo Doo office--dust bunnies the size of Russia and back issues of Voo Doo will be included in the prize package.

Lastly, if you think Voo Doo isn't funny, write for it. There's something about MIT that's inherently funny. We're just out to exploit it. If you still don't think we're funny, read "Counterpoint." We admit it, they are actually "Voo Doo" with less drugs and more editorials.



Geeta

Der Übermensch, Voo Doo Magazine
Spring 1999



JOIN VOO DOO! COME TO OUR OPEN HOUSE

FRIDAY THE 13TH, 4:19 AM

ROOM 20D-234

Letters to the Editor

To Whom It May Concern:

I recently contacted you regarding "Voo Doo". I had requested a copy (s) to help my research of a film I have in development. It is based on and around a "college campus humor magazine". I am still very interested in receiving copies of your magazine. Please call collect [REDACTED] with any questions you may have. I will give you our fed-ex number for the shipping either over the phone or VIA e-mail. (the shipping will be at no cost to you). If you have any questions I would be more than happy to answer them.

Mailing address:

Renee Macisco
P.A.T. Productions

[REDACTED]

Culver City, CA 90232

Thanks for your time and I look forward to hearing back from you.

Regards,
Renee
P.A.T. Productions

To Whom This May Concern:

Hope all is going well for you this semester. I just wanted to follow up on my last e-mail regarding VooDoo issues you were going to send out to me. I have not yet received them. To help expedite this, send via FedEx Priority Overnight. My FedEx [REDACTED] Where is asks for a reference # write in : [REDACTED]

Mailing Address:

Renee Macisco
P.A.T. Productions

[REDACTED]

Culver City, CA 90232

Let me know once you have mailed them out.

Thanks again,
Renee
P.A.T. Productions
(Pat Sajak's Production Company)

Dear Ms. Macisco,

Our sincerest apologies for waiting so long to send you a response. The MIT Campus humor magazine is no longer Voo Doo; in 1953 the name of the magazine changed to "Counterpoint"; we just haven't updated the webpage since then. MIT also has another humor journal, called "The Thistle," but it publishes less frequently. Counterpoint's email address is: cpt-staff@mit.edu

And please send our regards to Mr. Sajak.

*Cheers,
Voo Doo*

*The MIT-Wellesley Journal of Rational Disco and
Campus Intercourse*

Hi!

My name is S. and I'm applying for admission to MIT for fall, 1999. I am an eighteen year old female from [REDACTED]. At present, I teach English Language, English Literature and Economics at a secondary school. I plan to pursue a Computer Science or Business major and I am involved in a wide range of extra-curricular activities, including sports, music and community work.

I am wondering if you feature guest articles and when and how you recruit freshmen for your publication. I do poems, essays, short stories, etc and I would be available to do any type of article on any topic, at no cost to you. I presently freelance for 'Counterpoint', a MIT - Wellesley publication. Please forward any correspondence to me at:

[REDACTED]

Yours truly,
S.

Hello S. Doggy Dogg. We at Voo Doo appreciate your submission to the 1999 Voo Doo Bad Poetry Contest. As you may know, the Wigglesworth Memorial Poetry Contest ended last spring, and its awards were swept by a collection of bad teenage angst poetry by Geeta Dayal, now our magazine editor. Your poetry has a certain genuine streak to

it that most people, when trying to generate shitty verse, cannot integrate into the works. You should be proud to have created such an absolute in such a subjective field.

We will consider your entries deeply, and we will let you know when publication time will be.

Thanks,

Voo Doo

Dear Phos,

Every day, I watch thousands of people walk right in front of me, to the *&(@\$#^% Goosebeary's truck next to me! Do you know how it feels to be me? Those bitches!

Sincerely,
The Olives lady

Dear Phos,
Who is "Phos" and why does he publish Voo Doo?

Who's the black private dick who gets all the chicks? Phos! Can you dig it?



Ask Senior Haus

an advice column

Yes, everything you've ever wanted to know about MIT's most notorious dormitory!

Dear Senior House,

Do you know where in Senior House dime bags are sold?

Sincerely,
The Number Six Club

Dear Number Six,

Are you all really European, or just gay?

*Sincerely,
Senior Haus*

Dear Senior House,

Do people at Senior House really eat kittens?

Sincerely,
Next House.

Dear Next House,

We eat grown up kittens. It's more hardcore.

*Sincerely,
Senior Haus*

Dear Senior House,

What have YOU done to overcome humanity? How many difficult science classes have you taken this semester? Are you truly concerned with pursuing the visions of the future? Are you the quiet, scary kid who was rejected by your peers for your rugged intellectualism? Do you lie in your bed in the middle of night, listening to Beethoven's Ninth and Mahler's 5th Symphonies, dreaming of cybernetic implants?

Do you think Ayn Rand is hot?

Sincerely,
The Extropians.

Dear Extropians,

Our House GPA is among the highest on campus.

<snort>

<snort>

Sorry, I would write more, but I think I have a nosebleed.

*Sincerely,
Senior Haus*

M.I.T. PERSONALS

Egg Donor needed. Will pay up to \$2000 for an egg from 19-26 year old healthy caucasian woman, with 1500 SAT and engineering student, brown hair, green eyes, above 6" and 36DD cup.

\$50K Competition team members needed. Harvard Law School graduate and an MIT Sloan dropout are looking for three CS students. Must be willing to work 20 hours/day for six months without pay. Must come up with some genius ideas about what the hell our startup will be doing. E-commerce, investment, Java, you know, hot stuff. (swinger@mit.edu)

Summer Internships with Microsoft. Do you want to work for the world's leading software provider? I don't either.

```
(filter (map (lookup women
             'smart 'sexy 'submissive)
         (lambda (x)
           (if (> (iq x) (* 2 (cupsize x)))
               nil
               (cons (name x) (address x))))))
         (lambda (x) (not (null? x))))
```

A portable and highly scalable computer architect is looking for modern superscalar women for a massively parallel relationship. Preferences: easily pipelined and with out of order execution; reduced instruction set; weak memory model. P.O.Box 65536, Sunnyvale, CA 94090.

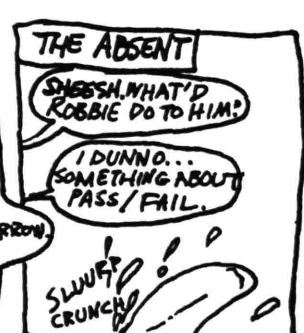
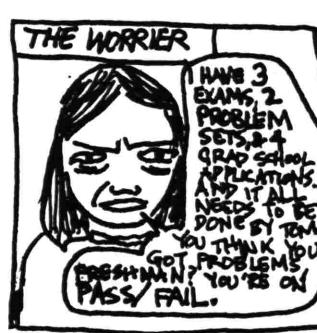
A level 8 warrior-bard dark elf from the city of Tanelorn is looking for a level 5-10 necromancer-thief elven princess with whom to undertake a quest to the Dungeon of Delight in search of the Magic Wand of Eternal Tantrification. Strength: 83, Agility: 70, Charisma: 10, equipped with Blessed Spiked Collar and The Long Whip of Unholy Domination. Contact me at the Drunken Valkyrie; ask for GothElf.

UROP needed for Media Lab project involving "sexToys that Think." Must be willing to devote up to 12 hrs/wk entertaining N. NegroPonte in his personal suite. Knowledge of Java, C++, Windows NT Programming, Swedish, COBOL, Algol, Office 98, Kama Sutra a plus. Interested parties should email a resume to: (sextoys@media.mit.edu).

Class of 2005 freshman seeks fraternity for residence during first year, preferably in Back Bay area. Oh, wait...

New building needed for Brain and Cognitive Sciences department. Only requirement is that location be as far away from the Media Lab as possible.

SEND YOUR
PERSONALS AD to
voodoo@mit.edu



Full Metal 6.111

Jim Waldrop

Pvt. Ben Bitdiddle: Leonard, is that a... communications subcircuit?

Pvt. Leonard Pyle: Seven... four... lima... sierra... one.. two... three...dual... retriggerable... monostable... multivibrator...

Ben: Leonard, if Hartman finds us in the lab now, we'll be in a world of shit.

Pvt. Pyle: I AM in a world of shit.

TA Hartman: Private Pyle, I'm gonna give you three seconds, exactly three fuckin' seconds, to get that fucking inductor out of your kit or I will gouge out your eyeballs and skull-fuck you!!!

Ben: A day without wire is like a day without sunshine.

Engineers: This is my nerdkit. There are many like it but this one is mine. My nerdkit is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life. I must wire my nerdkit true. I must wire faster than my enemy, who is trying to beat me. I must finish my project before he finishes his. I will...

Hartman: Pyle, you wire circuits like old people fuck! Pyle, you had best unfuck yourself and start shitting me programmable logic or I will definitely fuck you up! Microsoft has a hard-on for engineers, because we can reverse engineer everything we see. They play their games, we play ours. To show our appreciation for so much free shit, we keep the labs in Redmond packed with new toys.

Col: Engineer, what is that thing on your workbench?

Ben: An oscilloscope, sir.

Col: Where'd you get it?

Ben: I don't remember, sir.

Col: What is that you've got written on your T-shirt?

Ben: "Digital Death", sir.

Col: You write "Digital Death" on your t-shirt and you use an oscilloscope? What's that supposed to be, some kind of sick joke?

Ben: No, sir.

Col: You'd better get your head and your ass wired together, or I will take a giant shit on you!

Ben: Yes, sir.

Col: Now answer my question or you'll be standing tall before the man.

Ben: I think I was trying to suggest something about DeMorgan's Theorems, sir.

Col: De what?

Ben: DeMorgan's Theorems. The boolean thing, sir.

Col: Whose side are you on, son?

Ben: Our side, sir.

Col: Don't you love digital design?

Ben: Yes, sir!

Col: Then how about getting with the program? Why don't you turn on the logic analyzer and come on in for the big win?

Ben: Yes, sir!

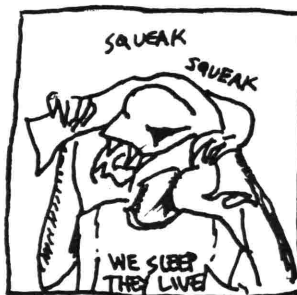
Col: Son, all I've ever asked of my engineers is that they obey my orders as they would the word of God. We are here to help the analog geeks, because inside every signal there is a bit waiting to get out. It's a hardball world, son. We've got to keep our heads until this "mixed-signal" shit blows over.

Ben: Aye-aye, sir!

adapted from Off Course, by Hugo



THE FURTHER
ADVENTURES
OF CHIP





MUNDANEland

by GiT



(kankz Hoos and Bitchaz Party



**ΛΣΔ & VOODOO
TONITE!
FAKE ID REQUIRED**

DON'T COME TO US
WE'LL COME TO YOU

The MIT Sloan School of Management Guide to Picking Up Chicks

by Geeta Dayal and Matt Malchano

When I saw her, I knew it was love.

We were both wearing matching Dockers chinos, in exactly the same shade of beige. Was it just coincidence? I moved closer. She still couldn't see me lurking in the corner.

"So, uh, what's your email address?" I practiced saying in front of the mirror. After practicing a few times, I sounded more suave.

"So, baby, what's your email address?" I said, winking at the mirror this time. It wasn't working.

Finally, I decided to be proactive. I figured her market value would mature over time; the risk I was taking asking her out to dinner would be offset by the eventual overall profit. I finally worked up the nerve to ask her out to dinner after corporate finance class. She said yes. I had made dinner reservations at "Sonsie" on Newbury Street. We sat in a romantic, dark corner, eating \$30 goat cheese arugula foccaccia pizzas and drinking Chardonnay. I tried to keep the conversation light, so we talked about stock options. She took out her stylish black Armani shoulderbag to retrieve her Palm Pilot, and a book fell out.

"The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People? Great choice," I remarked. She looked embarrassed, and put it back in her bag. Maybe I made the wrong move. But it was my favorite book.

We hit "Starbucks," a cozy little coffeehouse I found nearby. I was peeved that there were no complimentary copies of the "Wall Street Journal" anywhere to be found. I tried to make conversation with her.

"So, what are your hobbies?" I asked her.

"Surfing the Infobahn for the latest in trading tips. You?"

"Me too!"

I couldn't believe that someone else at Sloan was so much like me. We left Starbucks and went back into my BMW.

I was about to start the engine when she leapt on top of me. "Micromanage me, baby!" she yelled. I had never participated in this type of merger before, so I didn't know what to do. I think she noticed.

"Let me assure you, my portfolio is diverse and well-endowed." she growled.

Eventually, I submitted to a hostile takeover. "I'm into Client-Server organization, if you know what I mean," she said. She looked down, and her smile faded slightly. "I'm somewhat disappointed with short term growth here; maybe I picked the wrong investment. Let's see how you perform in the long run." Before I knew it, we were caught in the heat of the ultimate climax.

"Alan! Greenspan! Alan! Alan! Alan!" we both screamed. I was in heaven.

"Wow, you're such a team player," I marveled, gazing into her deep brown eyes.

I was in love.

We were about to forge a new paradigm in our strategic romantic partnership. She said if we were going to go steady, she'd have to get her attorney to work up the contract. Before making a commitment, I reviewed her 401k) plan.

A week later, though, I realized it wouldn't last. I could see I'd become entangled in her solutions-oriented intranet, trapped in her web of deceit. Eventually, she told me what was going on.

"You've been outsourced," she said. "Phased out. Downsized. I can no longer utilize you in my robust and innovative streamlined technology protocols."

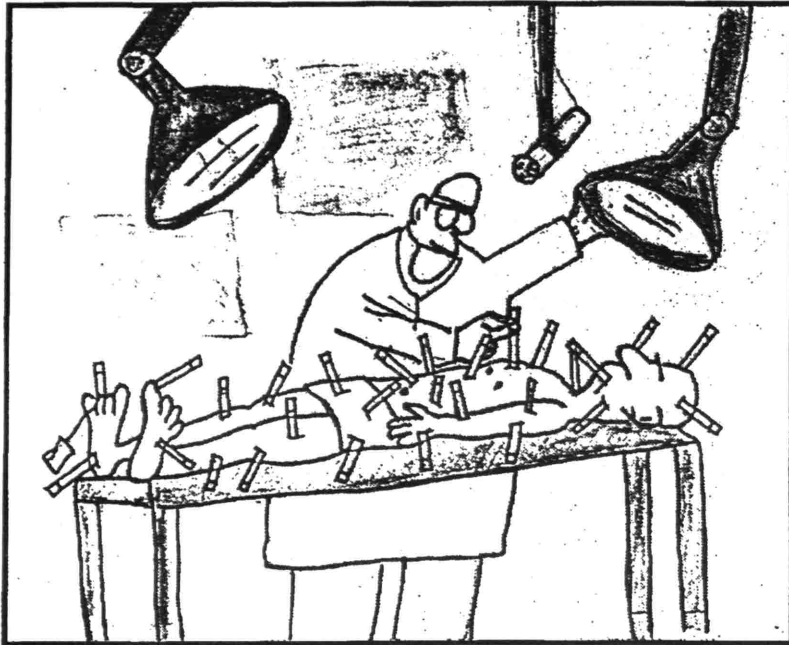
"Paradigm shift?" I said, quivering.

"I'm afraid so. I've developed a strategic alliance with a more strategic data package."

I found out later that she'd left me for an artist type. Said she was liquidating me for a niche market that she thought would have higher interest than me.

MINDFIELD

BY BART ABPLANALP



"CAUSE OF DEATH... UMM... LEAD POISONING..."

a touch of faith...



SAMMY & JOHN



SAMMY & JOHN



Voo Doo Conducts an Extropians Interview with Jesus

Voo Doo had planned to run an interview with the notorious "MIT Extropians," but they refused our requests for an interview. Since we had already written up the questions, we figured that instead of throwing them out, we'd conduct the Extropians interview with someone else. So Voo Doo decided to conduct the interview with Jesus Christ, or rather, a badly written Eliza-type program on the Web claiming to be Jesus, at <http://www.crucify.com>.

Jesus: I died for your sins. How can I help you, my Child?

Voo Doo: What is your favorite color?

Jesus: Really, my favorite color, my Child?

Voo Doo: Jesus, you didn't answer the question.

Jesus: You're not really talking about the son of the Virgin--are you, my Child?

Voo Doo: Is there any music besides classical that your group listens to, and if so, what kind of music is it?

Jesus: Do you wish that so, my Child?

Voo Doo: Yes, Jesus. I was wondering if you could add the band "Gwar" to the "Extropians Recommended List of Music."

Jesus: Do you wish that Voo Doo could add the band "Gwar" to the "Extropians Recommended List of Music, my Child?

Voo Doo: Yes, Jesus, I do.

Jesus: I see all, my Child.

Voo Doo: What have YOU done to overcome humanity?

Jesus: What do you think, my child?

Voo Doo: I asked you the question, Jesus.

Jesus: Perhaps in your fantasies we asked each other, my Child.

Voo Doo: Should you really be talking about fantasies, Jesus? Uh...let's move onto the next question: If Ayn Rand and Orson Scott Card got into a fight, who would win, and why?

Jesus: Really, if Ayn Rand and Orson Scott Card got into a fight, my Child?

Voo Doo: You know, Jesus, you seem to be repeating

everything I say, and appending "my Child" to the end of it.

Jesus: Your Child, my Child?

Voo Doo: Damn it. Does the line "The average woman and underrepresented minority is less intelligent, less intellectual, and less ambitious" from your manifesto help you pick up chicks?

Jesus: Do you swear to compensate for your lack of sex, my Child?

Voo Doo: I can't believe you just asked me that, Jesus.

Jesus: Tell me more about that, my Child.

Voo Doo: You know, Jesus, this is getting sort of personal. Uh..so who was your favorite character on "Real World: San Francisco"?

Jesus: You're not really talking about the son of the Virgin -- are you, my Child?

Voo Doo: You know, that's the same thing you said before, Jesus.

Jesus: What you do suppose that resemblance means, my child?

Voo Doo: What do you do for fun?

Jesus: What answer would please you most, my Child?

Voo Doo: You seem to be dodging all my questions. I almost feel like I'm talking to a cheesy Eliza program through the Internet in the middle of the night, Jesus.

Jesus: Eliza...I've heard that name somewhere, my Child.

Voo Doo: Okay Jesus. Final question. Did you *really* like "Atlas Shrugged"?

Jesus: Blessed art thou. Please go on, my Child.

Voo Doo: You actually liked that book?

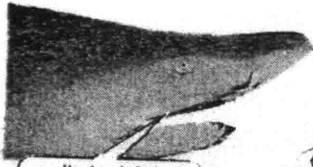
Jesus: Oh, I really liked that book, my Child?

Voo Doo: Yes, Jesus.

Jesus: I see all, my Child.

Voo Doo: Okay, I'm getting tired. It was good talking to you, Jesus. Catch you later. Keep it real.

Jesus: How long have you been getting tired now, my Child?



Occult murders, drugs, raping, sodomizing and looting is everywhere, yet these people will not repent. (Revelation 9:21; Luke 17:28)

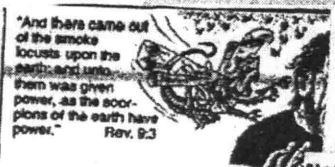
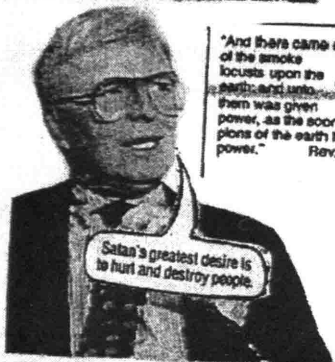


The antichrist is shot in the head during an assassination attempt in Jerusalem on August 12, 2000. He miraculously survives and many people hail him as the Messiah.

Satan knows Jesus Christ is about to return to take over the governments of the world.

The Beast, SIX men, SIX women and SIX demons in one body, says it will form a new world government as the year 2000 draws to a close.

The number 666 becomes a symbol of conflict as the world divides into two camps and the stage is set for the final Battle of Armageddon.



Following this phenomenon, three days of darkness will cover the Earth (February 24, 25 and 26) and the antichrist will announce that The Beast of the Apocalypse has just reached maturity. (In this case maturity means 33, the age of Christ when He died on the cross).

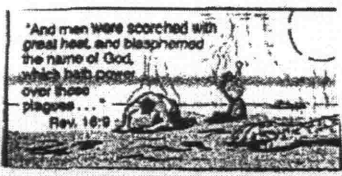
"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

NOTE: Satan will also be tormented in hell. Rev. 20:10

LIVE TV PRAYER

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

The satanic goat of Mendez is the "God of Lust."



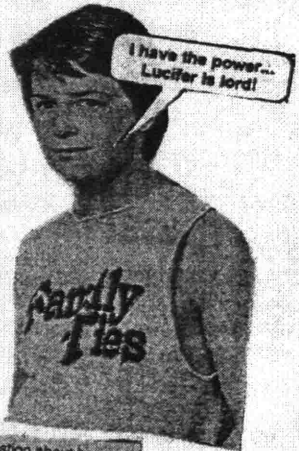
Satanism is already saturating the world.

The CIA



Here he is... **Baphomet**... the old god of Baal worship... **AND** Masonry.

They are carefully planned sacrifices to Satan, carried out by those who serve and worship him.



SEX

Have a puzzling question about here on earth or beyond? Then write to: Dr. Franklin R. Ruehl, Sun, 6401 N.W. Broken Sound Blvd., Boca Raton, FL 33433

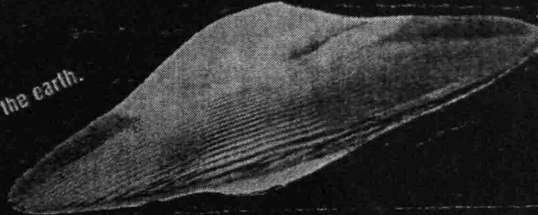


Meet Some Happy Losers



Experience a miracle... like Jesus Christ did

The four horsemen ride across the earth.



The monk looks quizzically. "Are you sure you want to know the how and the why of when the world will end?"

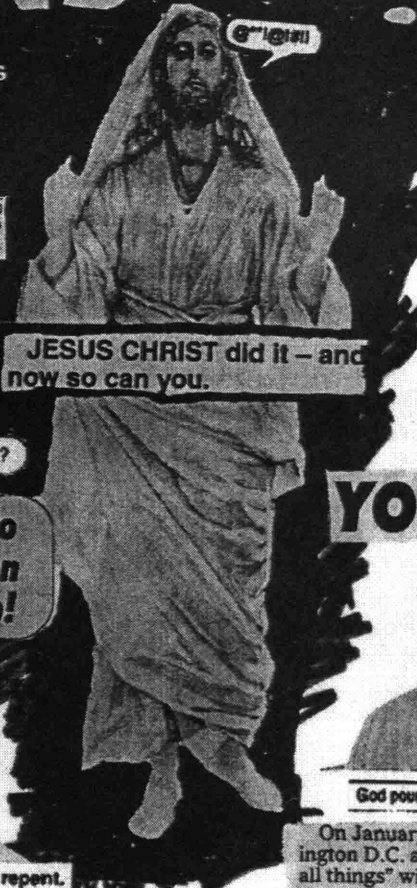
Enter the Great Tribulation

It's a mad, mad world

KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS ?

DEAR GOD, please don't let us die like this!

- CATS: Will help cure leukemia
- SHARKS: Nature's cancer fighter
- APES: Excellent source of kidneys



JESUS CHRIST did it - and now so can you.

You remind me of my fourth wife



This is scary! What did you get us into, Alex?

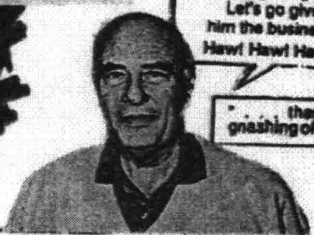
DOES RELIGION control you? \$10.00 to: FIAP, Box 253, 9664 North Kings Hwy., Myrtle Beach, SC 29572.

I looked, and I actually saw the nail prints in our Messiah's hands!



Hey! There's an old nut outside - preaching the gospel! Let's go give him the business. Haw! Haw! Haw!

YOU



... there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Luke 13:27-28)

O Holy Father... please send your guiding forces upon these instruments as they may be used for your glory.



It's time to take action or shut up!

THE CREATOR Has a name. Few know it. Free booklet, "Why Aren't Your Prayers Answered Today?" Call toll free: 1-(888) 813 9494.



God pours out his wrath on an unbelieving and rebellious world.

On January 1, 2003, a great spaceship lands in Washington D.C. and the aliens announce that "the creator of all things" will soon return to Earth.

... and still he will not repent.

9 SECRET NAMES OF GOD

The Bottom 9 Ways To Make Your 6.002 Tutorial More Exciting

by Ishan Anand

1. Create a special word for the day, such as 'OpAmp', 'Inductor', 'Circuit', or 'the'. Anytime someone says the secret word, yell like mad for the next sixty seconds. Refuse to tell late-comers to the tutorial what's going on. People's names (e.g. TA's name) can also be used as special words.

2. Inform other students that there is a misprint in next week's lab. They accidentally switched the OpAmps with the Transistors, Capacitors with the Inductors, and Resistors where there should only be bare wire, in all the circuit diagrams.

3. Design and implement circuits specifically created to cause smoke, fire, explosions and thermo-nuclear meltdown of the maximum number of components.

4. During lab repeatedly ask for assistance on the exact same problem even after the TA has shown you explicitly how to solve it. Better yet, spread this torture out across several days.

5. At the start of lab week, take the entire box of wires near the lab desk and claim them as your own (bring a flag and be very dramatic as you do this). For the next week charge fellow students and TA's for the 'privilege'

of using 'your wires'. Bury them somewhere in the lab floor for safekeeping.

6. Draw pictures of the lab and put a giant 'X' in a random location on the picture. Hand these out to fellow students and inform them that it is a treasure map to Blackbeard's lost suitcase of 6.002 solutions, which he hid somewhere in the 6.002 lab shortly before his defeat and capture by the combined efforts of the British Navy, Spanish Armada, and Campus Police.

7. Ask the TA questions that don't relate to 6.002 during tutorial. "Meaning of life" questions and the like are good for this. For even greater effect, call your TA up late at night and ask him these questions. If he gets angry, tell him you couldn't make it the the last tutorial and wanted to know what was discussed.

8. Don't go to your assigned tutorial; instead, everyone shows up for the last tutorial of the week.

9. Ask your TA to explain how an Old-Fashioned crystal radio works. Then ask him what would happen if you secretly replaced the normal crystals with Folgers crystals. If time permits, also ask, "What about Decaf?"

SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

OR WE WILL SELL YOUR UNBORN CHILDREN

TO MICROSOFT

The First Annual VooDoo Telethon

An Apology

This article is not a joke. The staff of Voo Doo Magazine would like to sincerely apologize for any offense that may have been taken by any of the viewers of our recent telethon. The funds raised by this telethon were a big help in enabling this issue to be printed, and we only intended to amuse the campus community, not to offend it. In doing so we departed from the bounds of good taste, and in some instances engaged in activities which some viewers deemed was inappropriate. We would like you to please accept our humblest apologies along with the promise that such unacceptable behavior will not occur in the future. Indeed, it would be a tragedy for Voo Doo to lose its place in MIT history due to a momentary lapse of judgement. Thank you for your understanding and patience.

Voo Doo Magazine



**QUICK!
TURN TO
PAGE 30 FOR
A SPECIAL
PRIZE!**

MindField

By Bart Abplanalp

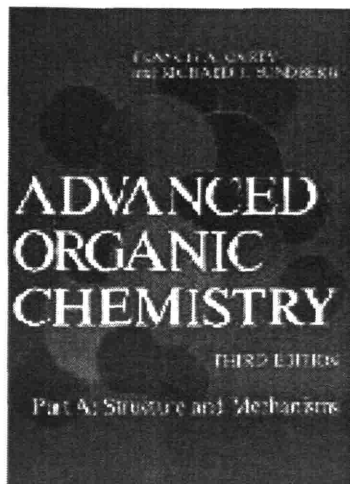


Failed attempts at Braille

MEATHOS BY MATT HERPES



Voo Doo Textbook Reviews



The book is a frighteningly large paperback, about the size and weight of a David Foster Wallace novel and probably less readable. The cover color borders between inviting fuchsia and cold purple. The text appears to be completely set in Times New Roman, tipoff number one to the gentle reader that this book is serious, staid, and traditional. A quick

flip through the book reveals all black text on white paper, with no pastels to be found. The paper isn't even glossy, and all of the pictures--of molecules, spectra, and various reaction mechanisms--are in black and white. What's up with this? The text is dry, but earnestly written, and the drama of the carbonyl group and its spicy leanings leave enough for the earnest student of chemistry (or psychoactive drug experimenter) without necessity on the author's part to sprinkle in several gratuitous pictures of handsome, aloof Werner Heisenberg in his early 20's to hold the reader's interest. Read this book, and learn important words like "homoaromaticity" and "cyclopropylmethyl singlet diradical" to spout nonchalantly at your office's next cocktail party to confound and impress your colleagues. Alternatively, they'll just think you're a pretentious bastard, but they probably thought that already.

Rating: 1.5 out of 5 stars.

SELECTED QUOTES:

"The behavior of norbornyl systems in solvolytic displacement reactions were suggestive of neighboring-group participation."

"Attack by acetate at C1 or C2 would be equally likely and would result in equal amounts of enantiomeric acetates."

Wow. Now this is what every textbook wished it could be--it just screams "suave with a post-modern sensibility." The cover is slick and modern, high contrast black on white, with an interesting piece of modern art on the cover and modern, interesting typography. Flipping through the pages, we notice a pleasing

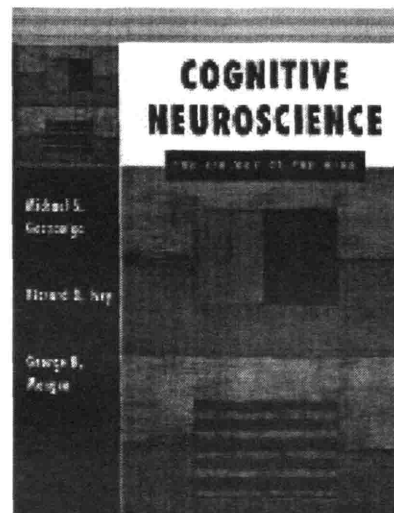
pastel color scheme, with several large, interesting color pictures of brain sections, Picasso art pieces, and photographs of famous scientists sprinkled generously throughout. The writing is at once highly informative, professional, and scientific, with just a dash of pleasing asides and colloquialisms. As for the color scheme, periwinkle, eggplant, slate, and oatmeal dominate, oddly reminiscent of colors of loathsome "Abercrombie and Fitch" sweater merchandise, but peculiarly becoming in a textbook setting. Each chapter contains an interesting interview with a prominent neuroscientist. What's next for this textbook, indie band reviews? It's hard to see how this book could get more hip than it already is.

Rating: 4.5 out of 5 stars.

SELECTED QUOTES:

"At the time, prefrontal lobotomy or orbitofrontal undercutting--a less radical method of treating severe mental disorders--might have been useful in treating severely psychotic patients without causing more disruption."

"While the patient was unconscious for fifteen minutes, the lobotomy was performed by jabbing an ice pick through the bone above each eye and wiggling it back and forth."



prune

the m.i.t. journal of arts and letters

a poet i sat down to write words but instead i found myself gulping for air the air we breathe full of smoke and the dusty inhalations bring me to my flaming home of stenciled carpets and the late night evacuations i sniff deeply the fumes of my own disgust and recall the nodoid the toroid the solenoid the wrapping and unwrapping and rapping on my chamber door resonating with the ring of finely tuned oscillation in my head wrapped like cheese or a perfect n-sheeted covering of the riemannian manifolds among manifolds i smell god and he is hausdorf everywhere and nowhere like my mind eating a threepenny opera like a famous conductor sips his icecream and eats his coffee lounging in the fluorescent glow of his shiny top hat and cane and i am wafted to and fro into the row of the electrophoresis i cruise aboard a ship boating through the land and the lang and the tychonoff urysohn i am a fish deeply embedded in a nonorientable ribbon tied in her flowing green hair the flipside is the rightside and the leftside the flipside there is no right left up down only my love for you baby and that will never die he croons seductively water dripping across his hard chest, nipples fully erect a mouth in a pout it fails he laughs and is kickin' it down the cobblestones and feelin' groovy with the monkeys howling for their mother and the angry mob screaming FREE NOAM CHOMSKY i smile and keep the secret knowledge to myself that only i can free the chomp from the sky and it's the limit when all is goodnight said and done who can but i from the dictionary spewing words and if you can follow my train then you run on time like benito good lightman's dreams of einstein and the psychotopia of rushing kicks you in the ass like it castrated ulysses returning to his native greece which was its own world in the day but emasculated into the pit of hell kerberos guarding it and those who telnet without the digital rubber are condemned to have the dogs sniffing their genitals passing the word and gas all at once to be wafted on a gentle zephyr wings of pure air and wind taking you this far into the deranged loonatic ruminations of a sheep congratulations you win a hundred dollars don't spend it all in one place aramark save it for a rainy tuition day there's plenty more where that came from as the gates of washington open to admit the few and proud into their complex of stata and eat the william h to make the house that frank built that much greater and in its own little world of pain of the gpf but that's another story nevermind anyway i made my claim but they were't going to listen to me they don't listen anymore another suicide already forgotten, can you tell i'm on a rant here but congratulations if you make it here come back to my place for a special treat yourself to a meal out say the medlinks someone's been eating my porridge the three bears complain loudly and you don't care because you're a dumb heartless insensitive bitch and i can't take it anymore you hear me, i can't take it anymore now go away and get out of my life and my words which i write the poet i

Damn You

In the cruel sepulchre of my heart, Death makes love to me
 A cold and unfeeling love
 That chills me
 Cold, cold, COLD Death!
 He speaks to me, sweet whipers that numb my ear
 Numb it until it freezes
 And then it breaks off and falls on the cold, COLD floor
 And shatters into small pieces
 that twinkle like the sea on a sunny day.
 I look down, and see in the rushing waves
 Fishes swimming together
 together like lovers
 like Death, and me
 I wonder what to name our children
 And then it is over, and I step on the pieces
 And CRUSH them
 DIE! DIE!
 The fishes are smashed into piles of mashed intestines and eyeballs
 that look like jello.
 I hunger for a bite
 But cannot.
 Damn you, that prevents me from eating my fill
 Damn you! DAMN YOU!!!! DAMN YOU!!!!

These are possibly the last writings of a famous poet, left crumpled behind an Athena workstation. Painful scholarly analysis and reconstruction based on projective models of his previous work have yielded this interpretation of the text. Citations have been included where appropriate. This poem was marked by the author with the following comment: "high nasal voice, hand gest[ures]."

Aye I heard, yes, straight to Prune
 the verse i write of a life of ruin
 And etched opn the bathroom door
 the older meanings of yore
 "Hark they say, beware the
 spike of for, or those that
 bid goodnight"
 Yet, Aye, the warning i did not heed
 even yet now in my hour of need
 so I tell you now what the dark one said:
 "Aye barely so fuck me edible"

prune - the mit journal of arts and letters

angst@mit: a glimpse into the tortured souls of nerds

I sat there
it was midnight
it was a lonely empty cluster
and the pangs of hunger
rumbling from my soul
threatened to go unanswered
until it came -
one single "ping"
signifying the end
of my interminable solitude

"hey" she said
"do you know when that pset is due
for 18.03?"

it was a simple and innocent question
but alas, I could see through
her seemingly casual facade
it was her own immense longing
for the warmth of my body
calling out
across the ethernet
reaching out
for my living beating heart
and the joy that surged inside me
threatened to overwhelm me
flooding my loins
with sticky anticipation

"it's due tomorrow" I said,
"but you can copy mine if you want to"

Without waiting for her response
I logged out
and scurried across campus
to the door
of her tiny single
of the room that was so soon to be
the lovenest
of our everlasting happiness

Without knocking
I entered
I was thrilled to hear her lusty cry
of exaltation
at my entry

Until I realized
she hadn't even noticed
that I had come in

She was up there
in the heavenly heights of her lofted bed
with that other chick
from further down her hall
candles lit the room
and the dancing shadows
highlighted my misery
at the sight
of the handcuffs
and the maple syrup
that dribbled off
the lips of her companion
as the two of them
writhed their collective way
to frothy foamy ecstasy

and so I left
and went back to the cluster
and exorcised my angst
in a flagrant violation of Athena user policy
by looking at net porn.

I. M. Sodeep

"Angst"

Angst rhymes with everything.
Especially my
Life.
My life
Angst!
My life
Angst!
Angst rhymes with my life.
My life.
My
life.
Angst.

"Razorblade"

Oh, you are so silvery in your beauty
Sharp, yet loving
Right angles hit skin
And delicately cause red fountains
Fountains of BLOOD AND PAIN
Why did you DUMP ME
BASTARD
BASTARD

"Untitled (Rhapsody of Hurt)"

Who will hear my pain?
The only one who hears is Fiona Apple
She sympathizes with me as I drink my Snapple
Every sip of kiwi strawberry cocktail
Reminds me of the way you looked when you
told me "I love you."
Little did I know it was all a lie.
Fiona is the only one who hears my pain.
You just look at me with disdain.

"Marx"

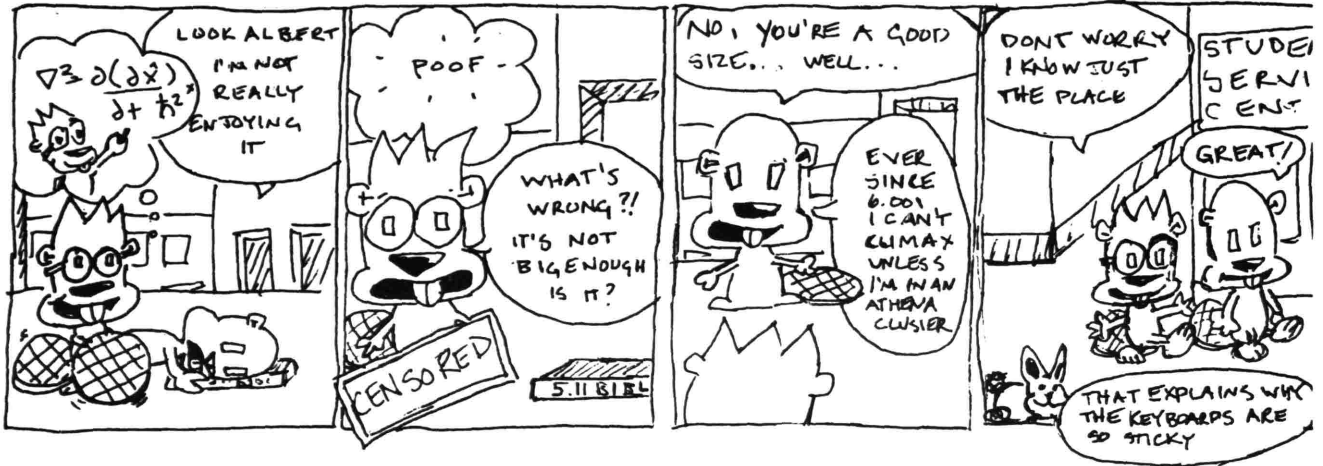
When I first read Marx
I thought I saw sparks
Yeah revolution
Revolution
Revolution
Stop the pollution
Pollution is killing furry animals
Don't kill the animals, they are cute.

"High School"

Why does everyone hate me
Everyone is looking at me
I know they are.
Look at Kelly.
That damn cheerleader.
How come she gets to look like Barbie
and I don't.
Everytime I go to a pep rally
I think it is supposed to make me happy
And yet I leave
with a sense of emptiness.
I wish I was as popular as Muffy.
She drives a BMW and I drive a Huffy.
She gets all the guys.
With pain, my heart cries.
Everyone is looking at me.
I know they are.
Stop looking at me.
I know you are.
You're all looking at me.

"Misery Haiku"

I just realized
"Live" is "Evil" spelled backwards!
I just thought of that.



Bulgarian Club at

MIT

"*****"

"THOSE BULGARIANS
KNOW HOW TO HAVE
BULGARIAN FUN."

"TWO BULGARIAN
THUMBS UP!"

"BEATS THE
ROMANIAN CLUB."

presents

PURE UNADULTERATED BULGARIAN FUN
Imported from Bulgaria

100% by volume

Email: bulgarian-officers@mit.edu
Web page: <http://web.mit.edu/bulgarian>

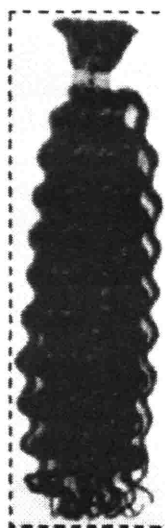
**VOODOO INTERACTIVE PRESENTS:
AN UNPAID ADVERTISEMENT**

***My Pretty Hair Extensions!!!
Collect them all!***

Directions: Just cut out, color in, and duct tape to head.



Pretty Ponytail #75



***New* Pretty Curly Hair #212**

Just listen to our rave review:

**"I used My Pretty Hair Extensions everyday and I
...think this product...is...great!"**

-Chuck E. Brown

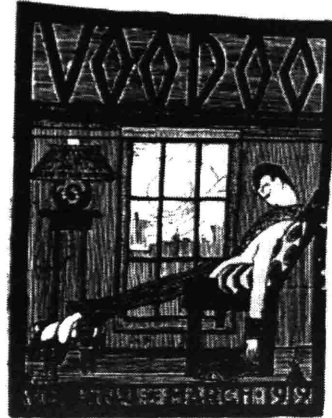
Warning: Removal of product from hair may be painful. Do not attempt to wash product as original luster may be lost.

**yamini
jagannath**

JOIN THE VOODOO STAFF

JUST FILL IT OUT, TEAR IT OUT, AND MAIL IT TO VOODOO, ROOM 50-309.

- I
- am really excited about working on *VooDoo*.
 - would like to join the *VooDoo* contributing staff.
 - would like to join the *VooDoo* editorial/production staff.
 - would like to be on the *VooDoo* staff emailing list.
 - would rather suck rocks and sandpaper my forehead.



I would like to

- draw cartoons.
- draw illustrations.
- write stories.
- write columns.
- help with production.
- help with distribution.
- infiltrate other campus publications and bring them to their knees.
- get the Editor in a head lock and slap the production staff silly.
- sell advertisements.
- do darkroom work.
- clean the office.
- help with publicity.
- write letters to the Editor.
- send hate mail to the Editor.



For the next issue, I will submit

- some cartoons or humorous drawings.
- a two page cartoon.
- a four page graphic novella.
- an eight page graphic novel.
- a funny letter to the Editor.
- something totally indescribable, yet hilarious.
- poisonous snakes, letter bombs, razor blades.
- a side-splitting opinion column.
- a 500 word humorous story.
- a 1000 word humorous story.
- a 2000 word humorous story.
- some humorous photographs.



Also, for the next issue, I will

- help with production.
- help with distribution.
- sell advertisements.
- donate \$1000 to help defray the costs of publication.
- ask my parents to donate \$1000.
- fire bomb the Student Center.

- Sincerely,
- Yeah, yeah, whatever,

Name _____

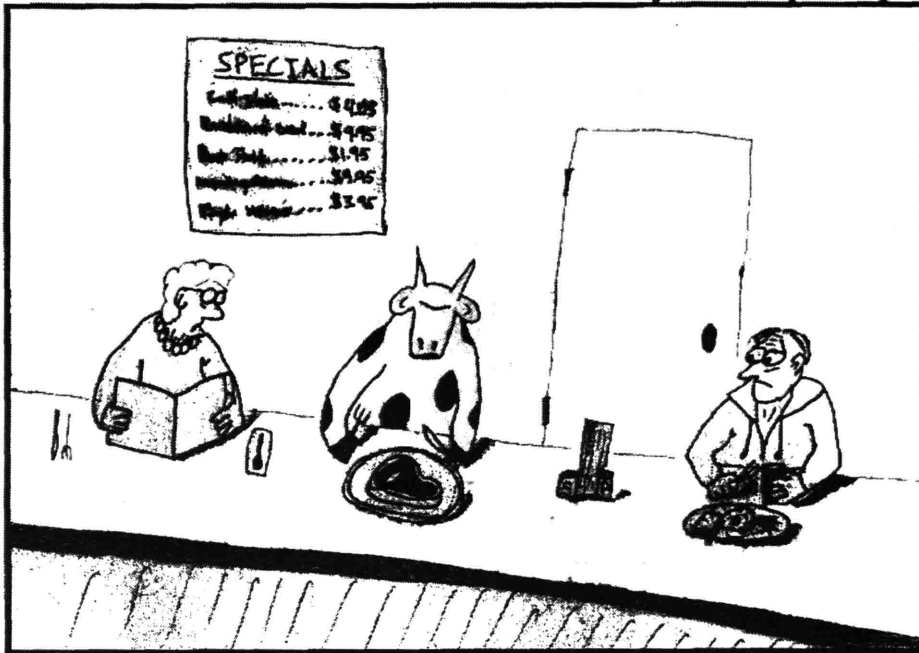
Phone _____

Address _____

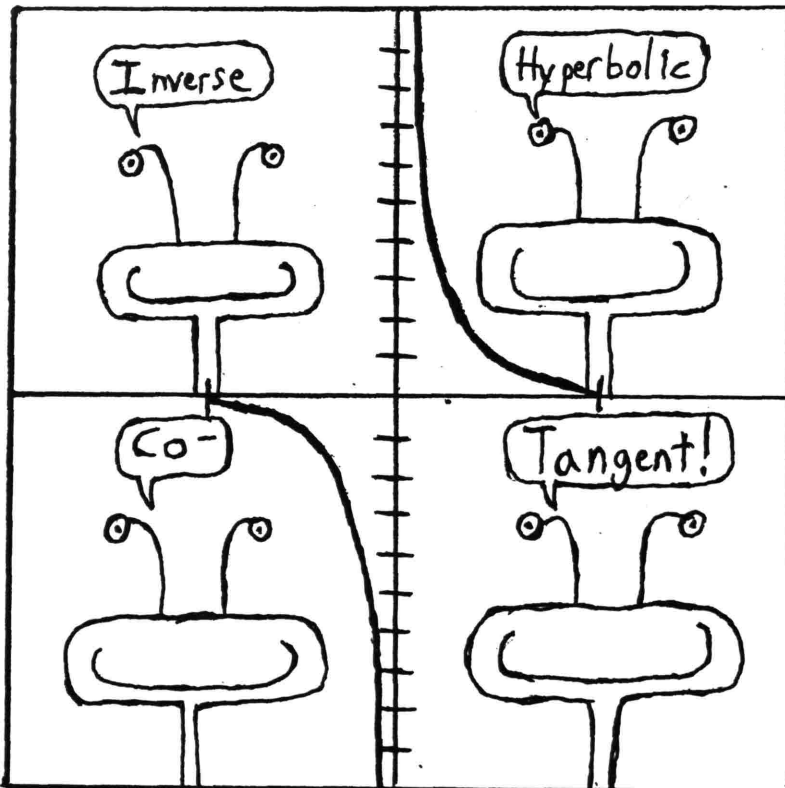
Email _____

MindField

By Bart Abplanalp

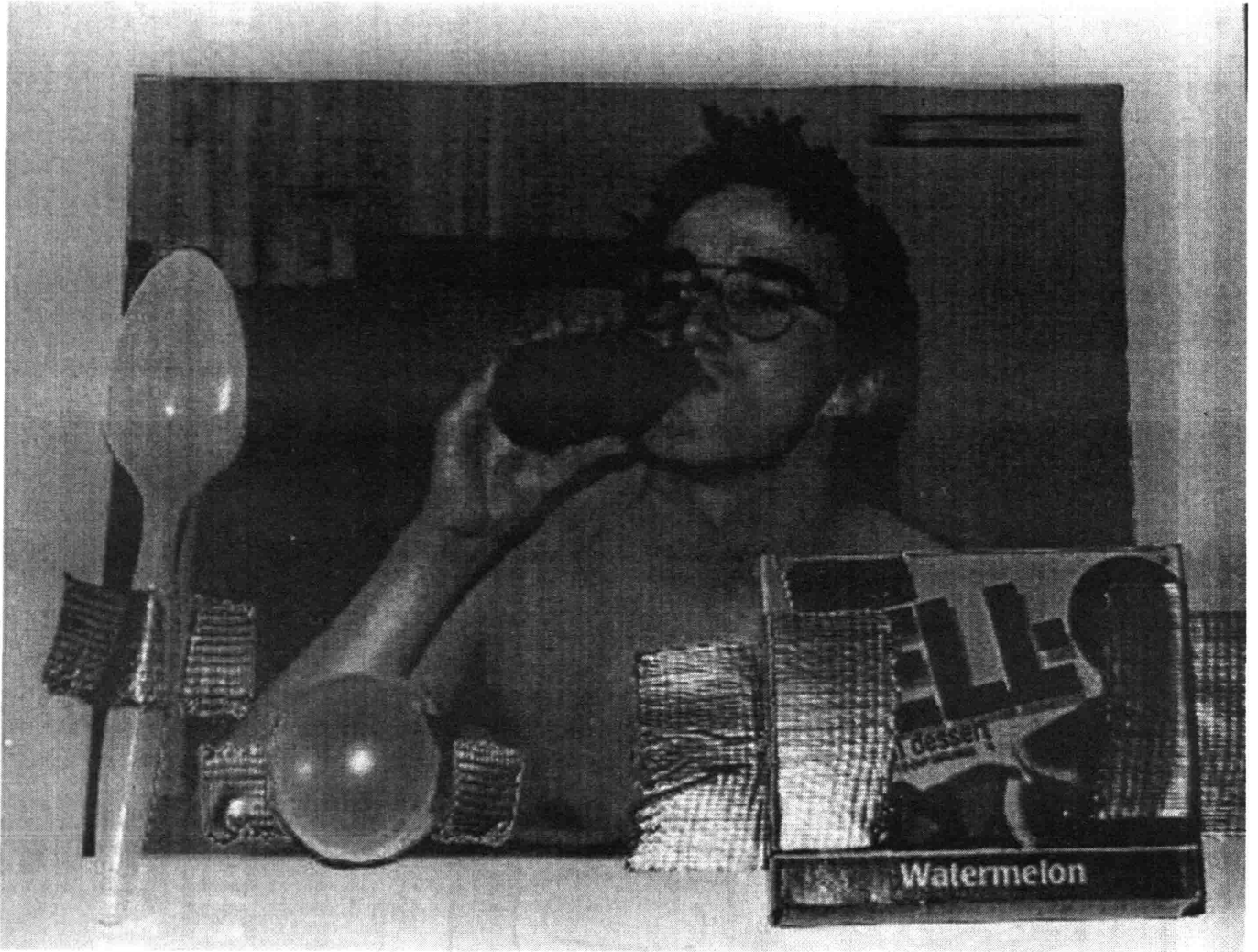


Hannibal Lecter's cow



<http://theoriginalsoundtrack.mit.edu/>
be there or be clueless

Voo Doo Jello iMac Takes Last Place in Contest



A picture of the stunning entry, which features Linus Torvalds, chugging a well-deserved beer after a long night of coding.

SUBMIT TO VOO DOO

OR THE BEAVER GETS IT

New Social Group on Campus

by Jumaane Jeffries

CAMBRIDGE, MA - Nearly all of the campus of MIT is flustered and shocked by the attention gathered by a skeptical, relatively new social organization. Called Deprived Asexuals at MIT (DAMIT), this social group's formation is being viewed as of the boldest stands against sexuality in recent memory. "The overwhelming desire for sexual relations is a detriment to all aspects of life here at MIT," said George Smith '01, the chair and co-founder of the group.

He cited depression and failure to properly prioritize as among the problems caused by the rampant hysteria as a result the enhanced collective sex drive of the MIT student body.

When asked towards which orientation the group swung in general, Smith simply replied, "We don't swing at all." When asked whether or not the group in general knew how to "jive and wail" otherwise, he added, "Yes, and I think that's where we lose our connection with the rest of the community. They don't realize that asexuals can jive and wail just like everyone else."

DAMIT, whose symbol is the lavender hydra, is composed of mostly sophomores and juniors, but occasionally, "a few of the more intelligent freshman join relatively early on," said Roberta Polowski '00, vice-chair and co-founder.

While inevitable before sophomore year, she said, the time that it takes for the destruction of a freshman's hopes and dreams for companionship, or even "getting laid," vary with each individual. Also, it should be noted that there is only one senior in the entire group. For some unknown reason, seniors tend to lose the necessity for such a group.

The focus of the group is "pretty much not sexuality," according to Polowski, and centered on realism. "We've learned to give up on pipe dreams

and focus on more realistic goals, like finishing that 6.004 problem set due in five minutes that I haven't started yet," added Mark Talbot '01. "Of course, that mini-dilemma was caused by my ill-conceived protest against problem sets and not any girl-related distraction."

Reaction to this recent activity range from apathetic to indifferent.

"Couldn't they just admit that they do, in fact, have a sexual orientation, so I can viciously and publicly denounce its moral value?" said Sun Yung-Lee, editor for the Tech.

Fear loomed that the members of DAMIT would undertake the means of becoming physically asexual. That fear was soon extinguished by the realization that "they shouldn't have kids anyway."

It should also be noted that most of DAMIT is composed of Course 6 majors. "If were gonna throw away our soul anyway by coming to MIT, why not go all the way?" said Smith. He then sorrowfully sulked after realizing that, in fact, thoughts of "going all the way" are what DAMIT is trying to avoid.

Thus, to be a member, your soul must be written on a sheet of paper that will be placed in a small safe. It can be retrieved upon expressing one's desire to end affiliation with DAMIT. Only the chair knows the combination to the safe, according to the vice-chair. When approached, Smith said, "Only the vice-chair knows the combination to the safe."

Challenges abound once more as the members of DAMIT face the prospect of having lost their souls forever.

"Oh shit," added Polowski. "Oh shit."

The acronym says it all.

POLICE LOG

by Kim Falinski

Bldg 6: reported to be suspicious substance on Mr. Kodak's nose. with taste test concluded to be bubble gum.

Bldg 10: reported to be large groups of naked students frolicking and dancing around the artificial arboretum, same investigated to be students discussing "political" issues.

Next: harassing phone calls; upon arrival discovered to be the pizza man disguised as Pee-wee Herman.

Walker Memorial: large unidentified bug found in clam chowder; same identified as a very large lentil.

Bldg 37: a ruckus, arrived to find a lack of a ruckus.

Kresge: unauthorized use of stage for performance. 4 men, later found to be President Vest's personal butt-monkeys, dressed in tutus removed and beaten with sticks.

Third East: Dangerous use of Emacs reported.

E52: stolen: one gym bag containing the following items: 2 pairs Calvin Klein jeans, \$140, 1 pair black Nine West high-heeled shoes; \$90; 3 shades Revlon lipstick, Sleaze of Boston and Sloan Pink; \$15; hair extensions, blond; \$50; a manicure kit; \$25; and a Filene's charge card. Same later located in victim's BMW

Next: harassing phone calls; upon investigation found to be the pizza man disguised as Scary Spice

Bldg 10: noise complaint; discovered to be coming from President Vest's office, the screaming was identified as President Vest sobbing and saying "NOOOOO, Buffy, it's Willow. Don't kill Willow!!!!!!"

Bldg 35: hypnotist with ability to give his victims very strong Boston accents; nothing abnormal discovered (in fact he was quite nice)

Baker: Student complaining of head injury; student taken to Medical Center

to find out that they were not pregnant.

Stratton Student Center: Stolen doughnuts; suspect convicted on site and evidence confiscated

McCormick: Students complaining about female students who looked too much like boys using the same facilities; such students immediately removed from premises and brought to Wellesley;

Next: Report of a student telnetting to Athena unencrypted. Student castrated violently in front of SIPB.

Fifth East: Student chokes on dead kitten.

PRIZE

Kafka's "The Trial" starring Keane Reeves

by Screeffy

