

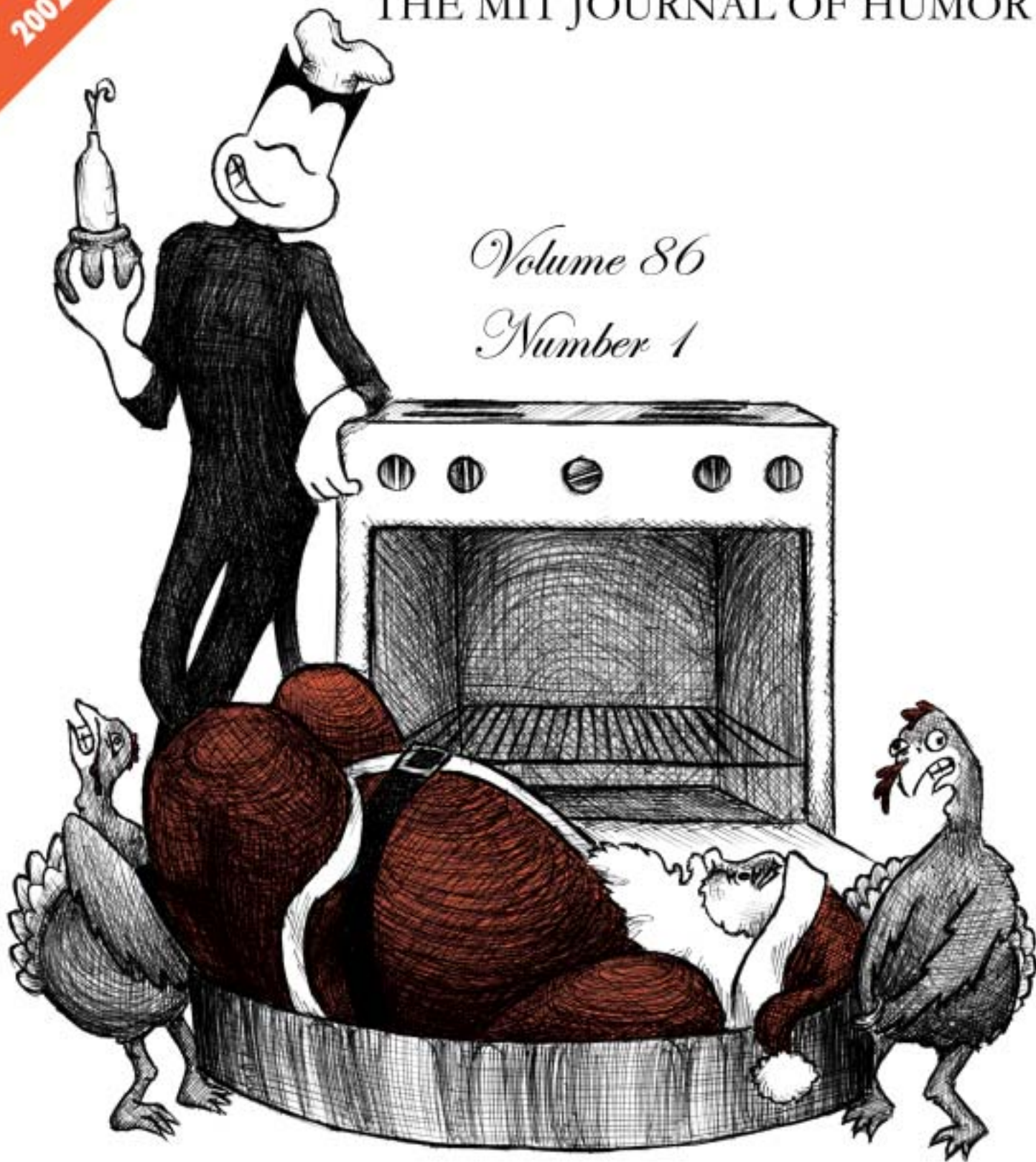
2002 HOLIDAY ISSUE!

# Voo Doo

THE MIT JOURNAL OF HUMOR

*Volume 86*

*Number 1*



ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS THAT GOT SOMEONE FIRED, PART ONE:

# PUT A TERRORIST IN YOUR TANK.



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# In Reprehensible Revelry Voo Doo:



## Letters To The Editor — page 6

*All the benefits of being on our mailing list, without the spam. Or is this the spam? You be the judge.*

## The Daily Voo Doo — New Era Of MIT Administration Policies

### Concerns Grades, Stress, Drugs, Sperm — page 8

*One of these things is not like the others. That's right, it's no fun showering your loved ones with grades.*

### Voo Doo Holiday Greeting Cards — page 10

*Crass commercialism without the commerce.*



### Book Notes: An Interview With Steven Pinker — page 12

*The real deal behind the cock meal.*

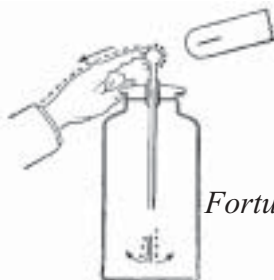
### Other T-Shirts MIT Banned From The Coop — page 14

*Cultural clothing deemed unnecessary, since bureaucracy is one-size-fits-all.*



### The Devolving MIT Campus — page 16

*See why MIT's the first college ever to be diagnosed with leprosy.*



### LiveRune — page 18

*Fortunately not live in the sense of having to be in the same room with them.*

### The Missing Page Of HowToGAMIT XXXI — page 20

*Honestly, is there anything you need to know about this place that you can't just learn from Voo Doo?*

### New Course Offering: 21M.776J/11.187J Hip-Hop Laboratory — page 22

*Eminem was once a skinny white geek just like you. Well, maybe not exactly. He probably bathed.*

### Point-Counterpoint: Multicultural Activities — page 24

*Why can't people just get along? Deep down, are we all Marvin Minsky or something?*

### Advice And Activities From *The Tech* — page 25

*Exactly how many satisfied gorillas **can** be wrong, anyway? There must be some threshold.*

### Campus Police Special Bulletin — page 28

*That's not a BIG KNIFE. This is a BIG KNIFE. No, wait, that's my penis.*



### Voo Doo's Realistic Friendship Chain Letter — page 30

*Voo Doo ethics lesson #672: It's OK to be insincere as long as you're mocking at the same time.*



## From the Publisher



Graven Image

Andrew Brooks

Cuisinart

Kelly Clancy

Consumer Advocate

Anand Patel

Carpal Big Dig

Mateusz Malinowski

Magical Mystery Tortoise

Dan McAnulty

Dominatrix

Mariana Baca

Fucking Lizard

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

**Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron** (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. It doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going to get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNobel Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/submissions welcome. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.

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

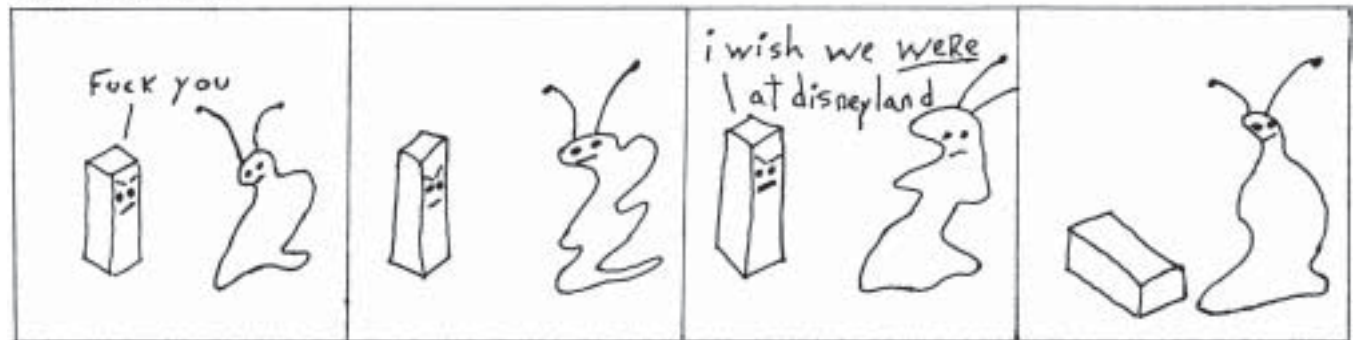
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>  
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

# EDITORIAL DISCHARGE

OK Voo Doo faithful, welcome to another issue of our abominable journal. The old Voo Doo feeling's certainly here again — 30 hours awake and counting, trying to summon my last reserves of hatred to write this last piece of spite, that will never be read by anyone besides the prosecuting attorney, in time to make the printer pickup deadline, when all I have left to hate is being conscious. That reminds me of something, though. Well, besides the fact that I wrote this exact same editor's note last time, so if I'm going to be a broken record why don't I just cut and paste the tripe and save myself the bother. No, I don't want to waste any more ink complaining about the despair and insanity of being Voo Doo editor — we get what we deserve, after all — but I wanted to address in advance a concern I anticipate many will have, if not now then after they've read this issue. The answer is yes: we know we are going to hell for this one. We've got our fucking bags packed. Wrath gin: check. Sunscreen for Hate Beach: check. There ain't no god damn random shoe searches on this flight, which is just as well, 'cause our ASICS Gel is 100% plastic.

I mean, let me clear something the fuck up. We got a lot of letters this time around complaining that Voo Doo doesn't have the light-hearted feeling that it once had, that it's become a bitter and cynical screed whose attempt at masquerading as a humor 'zine is only rivaled in its looseness by the Walker Bush clan's half-hearted endeavours at passing themselves off as something other than remorseless alien hybrids. I didn't run any of those missives in the letters section, because we wrote them to ourselves. That's right, motherfuckers, not only do we know what you think of us, but we know that you are too christ-gobblingly indolent to even tell us, so we have to do it for you. Well, let's get this one thing straight: contrary to popular belief, we are not a bunch of sociopathic loners sitting around in our red-illuminated War Rooms nursing some kind of vague grudge against humanity. We are a bunch of sociopathic loners sitting around in our red-illuminated War Rooms nursing very specific grudges against humanity, and we see no reason in maintaining the flimsy veneer of jocularity that has been the only thing concealing Voo Doo's jaded streak since time immemorial. If we can't make you laugh, we'll make you cry! Or at least shiver nervously! Hate and love are two sides of the same coin! MIT's only intentionally

BRICK & SUBSY



OFFENSIVE publication rides again, and I for one hope we interfere with your work and normal activities!

Ah, that felt better, and now I've even got both eyes open. Maybe after that, the rest of the issue can come as a relief. Just don't get too comfortable — the Voo Doo rampage is real, and it's only going to get more berserk from here. This term saw the long-sought-after return of the infamous Voo Doo party, featuring special guests Treachery, Angry Johnny & The Killbillies, and all the way from Phoenix, Arizona, the mighty Minibosses. It saw the Voo Doo issue coming out not only before finals week but before Thanksgiving, a development unheard-of in these years of Millennial torpidude. And perhaps most unsettling of all, it even saw a bunch of psyched freshmen write for Voo Doo — and prepare yourself for a shock here — without having to be personally begged by me or promised luxury intoxicants. (Such promises are less enticing than they sound, anyway — at Voo Doo, name brand model aircraft glue is considered luxurious). What a curious fucking development, eh readers! With Voo Doo in these capable and energetic hands, I'll wager that your ennui-scattered attention will be held by what we have in store.

So what's on the horizon? This coming Spring term will see the equally triumphant return of the Voo Doo Telethon, if I have anything to say about it. At this rate the Spring Voo Doo issue may even get filled before whatever deadline I make up, so get your submissions in early. IAP is not too early — remember, vitriol never goes out of style. And at long last, we'll be running a contest for real, bona fide, non-imaginary Voo Doo T-Shirts. I imagine these blazons of rancor will be guaranteed not to be put on display at the Coop. Send your designs to the usual addresses opposite — if yours is selected, you'll get a couple for free and some other Voo Doo goodies besides, as well as the satisfaction of contributing a little more dissonance to the world. Join us!



Zoz

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An  
unprecedented  
50% shirrate!

Dear Voo Doo,

I never went to MIT, but I read the news, and I have to ask you a question because it seems like you are the only people who will give it to me straight. What the fuck is up with all these lawsuits MIT's getting? It's like MIT is some kind of fucking slot machine that never stops paying out! Forget the MIT Blackjack Team, having anything to do with the place is better than Vegas. Please tell me what the fuck kind of operation you people are running, or at least how I can cash in, I don't have any children.

Sincerely,  
Greg James

Dear Greg,

*We at Voo Doo share your concern with the situation. I can't comment on the way this place is being run any more than we already do in our pages, but allow me to point out that MIT is actually more like the anti-Vegas. See, if you're smart you have to pay MIT, but when you're stupid it ends up paying you. Perhaps this is some new variety of community service; after all, science cares. In any event, Voo Doo is not sitting idly by as the situation unfolds — we're planning on settling with Fiji ourselves, and having some "alcohol talks" of our own.*

*Thanks for your interest,  
Phos*

Dear Voo Doo,

Are you still taking story submissions for any more issues? If so, could you take a look at this 750 word story please? It's the tale of a squirrel who has been through as much as a forest creature can go through in her life.

*[Story deleted out of kindness]*

Sincerely,  
Jack Davis

Hi Jack,

*I found your story very moving. I think it would be perfect for the special Voo Doo issue we have in the works, devoted especially to the tortured and angst-ridden lives of hibernating urban mammals, entitled "Rune". The address for the guest editors of this 'concept issue' is rune@mit.edu and I encourage you to send your manuscript to them as soon as possible.*

*Regards,  
Phos*

To All Current Voo Doo Slander-mongers,

I must say that I am very disappointed with this past issue of Voo Doo. While many of the egregious cockfaults have already been mentioned by other community members, I fear that some were missed.

I was particularly incensed and disturbed by the "Undergraduate Association databite" on page 13.

The obviously phallosexual semiotics brought vagina-shaped tears to my eyes. I am sure that others are feeling exactly as I do but remain silent because of semen-induced apathy, semen from the jizzblowing mouthstuffers that are your pens. What is the difference between "pens" and "penis"? Only the letter "i", which stands for the insertion of your phallic phallus to pervert the freedom of speech in this country. In protest I will no longer use the letter " ", replacyn what should have been yn that blank wyth the letter "y".

To begyn, Y am offended by the portion of my budget dedycated to "whyppts". The cocklyness of these ytems ys blatantly obvyous. Small and uncut-shaped, they bryng pleasure and dystract you from realyty wyth the substance they contayn.

Theyr pleasure/cost ratyo ys obvyously so much hygher okay fuck I can't do this.

All I'm trying to say is that whippits give you more bang for your buck than (most) prostitutes. The percentages of whippits and "discretionary bush" should be reversed. Due to cost, the bush only comes into play for the occasional trip to Chinatown.

While bush is certainly better than nitrous, it is much more appropriate to use the same funds indirectly on alcohol for the UA Interns during Council meetings. This accomplishes the dual goals of teaching them about the sexual disinhibitions that alcohol brings on (academic goal) and giving them a night away from their vibrators (student life community building goal).

I have included a list of more appropriate ranking of expenditures for your perusal:

- Alcohol for UA Use (see above). Condoms also. (This cost is equal to "UA interns" + "discretionary bush" = ~50%)
  - Whippits (~30%)
  - Chinatown (~10%)
  - Admin-approved lube (~9%). Note that this was added only after it was determined that the cute one from the Student Services Center counted as an admin. It helps improve "student/admin relations".)
  - Penny loafers and ass-hugging white jeans (~0.9%)
  - Finboard allocations to student groups (0.1%)
- Thanks and have a phallyc day,  
+>Josiah "Josiah D. Seale" Seale

Dear Josiah,

*Thank you first of all for your updated budget information, it's refreshing to see a politician that's so open about fiscal matters and I'm sure all of our readers are feeling really fucking enlightened right now. It's also interesting to observe how skilled diplomats justify their maneuvering, in this case*



with respect to alcohol above — with the appropriate wording, I'm sure you could justify replacing MIT Medical with an enormous vending machine for pregnancy tests and Prozac. Actually, that's a really good idea, and you have my permission to use it.

Anyway, I digress, so let me turn now to address the earlier part of your message regarding our perceived insensitivity to issues of penis hatred. We at Voo Doo understand and appreciate your concerns, and while not politicians ourselves, we are getting better at saying things like that with a straight face. We are spearheading the creation of a steering committee to produce a document that defines exactly what we mean by ambiguous words like "cockslapping" and "dickbashing" that are constantly bandied around at this Institute. Are they acts of violence against wimmen, or against penises? Or are they simply a solitary act of self-love? We hope this report will go some way towards resolving these issues, as well as the other questions you raise.

Turgidly yours,  
Phos

Dear Mr and Mrs Voodoo,

The holiday season is right around the corner, and that can mean only one thing: holiday shopping. But with rising fuel costs and the tightening economy, this season might just be a little less jolly than usual. While the children are wondering what Santa will be bringing them, you're wondering where the money for the holiday ham will be coming from. We at First Financial know that these times can be tough, and we'd like to help make this holiday the best ever. With our new, low interest loans and reduced equity mortgages, we can help get you the resources you need to make your holiday dreams come true. We also offer a no annual fee credit card, and will give you a fifty dollar bonus for transferring your balance from any other credit card you may have. Just because the government is tightening its belt, it doesn't mean you have to

as well. Just fill out the pre-approved application below, and your ticket to economic freedom will be in the mail before Santa's bags are packed.

Wishing you a happy holiday season,

Hillary Jones  
Senior Vice President  
First Financial Bank

Dear Hillary,

These deals sound pretty attractive on paper, but then again, so does Rupert Murdoch. Some concerns immediately come to mind; for example, will the loans be able to be used to cover the, uh, full range of goods and services that the average Mr and Mrs Voodoo require over the holiday season? Mr Voodoo is less concerned with tucking into the holiday ham as he is with making sure someone's chowing down on his rock'n'roll ham, and it had better be a white Christmas — Mrs Voodoo's shaking and screeching really flattens the Yuletide cheer if she doesn't get her "Christmas snow". The credit card transfer bonus sounds great, but for reasons I don't want to get into, our existing card's balance is only in North Korean Won — will that be acceptable? It would certainly be convenient for us if so. Anyway, maybe we could discuss these matters over a couple of drinks some time? I have some belt-loosening tips of my own that I'd like to share with you.

Looking forward to glazing that ham,

Phos

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**77 Massachusetts Avenue, Room 50-309**  
**Cambridge MA 02139**  
**USA**

the adventures of  
**MIT Alumnus!**



THE DAILY



VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"MIT's Boldest And Archest Newspaper"

# New Era Of MIT Administration Policies Concerns Grades, Stress, Drugs, Sperm

MIT is ushering in a sweeping array of new policy reforms concerning student coursework, mental health, caffeinated products, and faculty tenure.

## Grading Policy Changes

In October 2000, a special faculty subcommittee on Freshman Pass/No Record Grading, led by Professor Charles Stewart III of political science, recommended a freshman spring semester grading policy of A/B/C/NR. MIT originally scheduled that these recommendations take effect in Spring 2003, but last week the special faculty subcommittee's findings were overruled by an extra-special administration subcommittee made up of top MIT Corporation officials. The new grading policy appears to be a fiscally conservative reaction to a wave of recent lawsuits made by parents wanting to hold MIT responsible for their child's declining physical and mental health. Administration elites have dubbed the new guidelines "Pass/No Lawsuit." The administration subcommittee on Freshman Pass/Whatever concluded that Drop Date should be put off until two weeks before final exams for all students, and from now on MIT should no longer keep a record of dropped classes. With the exception of a lone economist, the six-member panel was comprised entirely of lawyers, each of whom appeared to be missing a joint from a finger on the left hand and a tattoo with the cryptic string "BACOW '72."

## Hardcore/Softcore

The concerns about student stress have prompted MIT to implement three additional initiatives: a stress prevention program, a labeling scheme for all classes, and a new Course 6 concentration.

According to the November 2001 final report from the Mental Health Task Force, MIT featured a 69% rise in hospitalizations over the past 5 years. The task force concluded that MIT Medical is understaffed, at least in the personnel category of "competent". In an attempt to curb the history of poor management and negligence exposed by the task force's report, MIT Medical has initiated a comprehensive stress prevention and

management counseling course. The new program has received mixed results, with 3 of the 7 enrollees having committed suicide within the first two weeks. Chancellor Philip L. Clay previously appeared skeptical of the ability of the Institute to prevent suicides on campus, quipping that MIT Medical "couldn't prevent a log from drowning." However, when asked if the treatment program might be responsible for increasing suicide rates, Clay asserted, "Listen, asshole, you need at least twenty test cases before large number theory can be statistically applied to determine the presence of a trend. Want to help us make up the numbers?"

For the purpose of providing students with more information about the stress levels of coursework, as of Fall 2003 all Institute classes will be labeled in the MIT Bulletin as being either hardcore (HC) or softcore (SC). Expected time allotment per week per class is 20 hours for HC classes and 6 hours for SC classes. The new labeling scheme shifts liability away from the Institute, since students should be able to more accurately gauge their chances of survival at the beginning of term. Students will be limited to taking two HC classes per term, but sadomasochists can choose to take more by petitioning the Committee on Academic Performance (CAP) for an evaluation beating.

Along similar lines, the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science will soon offer a new concentration: 6-4A. In this trying economic recession, when only 1 in 3 Course 6 graduates can annually make \$50,000 working part-time compared to 2 in 3 two years ago, MIT graduates other than former Voo Doo editors are facing actual unemployment. Course 6-4A will emphasize basic systems administration, and will not require 6.001 or 6.002. The new concentration will allow many weaker Course 6 students who only selected the major in hope of cashing in, as well as many humanities majors who would otherwise not consider a career working with

computers, to graduate with a prestigious MIT engineering degree. Head of the EECS Department, Professor John Guttag, summed up the new concentration as "allowing students who are clearly wasting their time and our resources in Course VI to be shuffled off into easier classes, without the Financial Aid Office having to worry about whether they can repay their loans when they leave."

Although most parents are applauding the Institute's "kindler-gentler" policies because of deeply-felt insecurities in their ability to instill values during the roughly first two decades of their children's lives, not all members of the MIT Community agree with these positive endorsements. One jaded MIT alum, Jack Florey, remarked, "MIT kids are smart. If we know what a Fourier transform is, we sure as hell probably know if what we are doing to ourselves is bad for us or not. Hey, face it, the pro-lifers make overly broad generalizations: life is not always a beautiful choice." During the following ten minutes, the alum began to loudly scream—apparently as a response to severe but unpredictable pain—at the top of his lungs, "Ahhhh!" while repeatedly interjecting "fucking bitches!" in brief, intermittent outbursts. Florey then shotgunned three cans of Guinness before passing out peacefully in the Senior House courtyard.

## Caffeine Prices on Campus Increase

In perhaps the most openly hostile policy to student life since the all-freshman-on-campus decision, the MIT Administration, on advice from the Council on Substance Abuse at MIT Medical, announced last week that it plans to curb caffeine use on campus on the basis of evidence that the drug increases anxiety. Its first action on this matter has been to triple the price of all caffeinated products on campus. When asked about the direction of causality for this anxiety, Clinical Instructor in

*Continued on next page*



# Stimulants and self-stimulation

*From previous page*

Psychiatry Kristine Girard at Harvard Medical School replied, "I like pretty rainbows, don't you?" The proceeds from the caffeine price hike will go towards an undisclosed university expense. When UA President Josiah Seale asked if this undisclosed expense was "Chuck Vest's whores," the Office of the Treasurer replied "no comment." When the Council on Substance Abuse was asked about the potential tradeoffs caffeine restrictions would have on the abuse of other stimulants—ephedrine, methamphetamine, methylphenidate, and sweet, sweet, saccharin-flavored amphetamine mixed salts—a representative retorted, "We've never heard of any of those things. And why are you drooling?"

One anonymous, but concerned, administrator from the Division of Student Life believes that students who abuse caffeine are drug addicts who need treatment: "How could students be under so much stress that they abuse drugs? I don't remember needing uppers to help me stay awake when I was studying communication at Morehead University. Clearly, the drug has taken hold of the minds of these children."

Student rioting and hoarding have already started. A Sloan MBA tried to corner the local caffeine market by hiring young Roxy toughs to rape and plunder, but most of the African-American and Latino youths were disabled by a visiting student from Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The sniper, whose name has not been released yet by the police, proclaimed vociferously "God bless the Second Amendment!" to traumatized onlookers before his arrest.

## **Capital Campaign Fundraiser Leads to New Tenure Requirement**

In perhaps the most openly hostile policy to faculty life since the increase in the national drinking age to 21 pressured administration officials to create alcohol restrictions at academic events, MIT has created a new requirement for the already grueling goal of tenure: sperm donorship. Although similar proposals at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Stanford have incited faculty rioting, MIT scientists view the new policy more favorably since the Capital Campaign earlier this year established the MIT Nobel Laureate Developmental Bank, the world's largest collection of Nobel laureate genetic material. Every Nobel laureate currently or previously on the MIT faculty has donated sperm to raise money for their department's ongoing research. One MIT Nobel laureate in chemistry commented that the program would not have been possible without recent biopharmaceutical technological advances. This laureate, who asked to remain anonymous, told us that "Before I began using sildenafil citrate, my last sexual movement came in the 1970s."

Led by their Nobel masters, most members of the MIT faculty view completion of the new tenure requirement as both an honor and an obligation. Local politicians have also made inquiries about making their own contributions to science, but an Institute panel of established biotechnology entrepreneurs viewed the market and scientific value of Ted Kennedy's DNA as limited at best.

From now on, faculty members who win the Nobel Prize will be honored by the MIT Community with the Donorship Ceremony in 26-100. The LSC projection booth will soon

be equipped with a permanent storage locker filled with pornography, vibrators, and Viagra. The next time a member of the MIT faculty wins the Nobel, the laureate will likely ingest an aphrodisiac before beginning to lecture on his field of expertise. Once the drug takes effect, the laureate will stop lecturing, walk up the steps of 26-100, and enter the Holy Donorship Booth to make yet another valuable contribution to science while the audience waits until he is finished. Upon hearing the description of this proposed ceremony, Lecturer in Ancient History Steven Ostrow commented, "Caligula would be proud."

Announcement of the new tenure requirement has brought fresh new charges of gender discrimination against MIT. These complaints, however, are largely without merit. Women on the faculty will not be required to donate sperm to receive tenure. Although the new requirement may be focusing too much attention on the male reproductive system, one prominent female scientist at MIT is already prospering from the sale of her own gametes. Professor Ann M. Graybiel, Walter A. Rosenblith Professor of Neuroscience and 2001 National Medal of Science recipient, has agreed to sell her eggs to the Prince of Brunei at a cost of \$10 million each. While Professor Graybiel is currently in her late 50s and has already reached menopause, she wisely viewed her genetic material as valuable in her younger days, deciding to preserve several dozen eggs at Brigham and Women's Hospital. When asked about the exorbitant cost of her eggs when compared to the \$25,000 per Nobel paternal load, Professor Graybiel replied, "Economics. When you compare the number of eggs a woman discharges in her lifetime to the 300 to 400 million sperm per male ejaculation, my eggs are a bargain. It's simple supply and demand."

*News summary compiled by the Voo Doo Minister of Propaganda.*

## **BREAKING NEWS**

### **Workers Freed At Last From Stata Center Rubble**

Collapse Not Noticed For Weeks

### **Massachusetts To Receive \$1.5B Defense Windfall**

State-Of-The-Art H-Bomb To Be Detonated In Downtown Boston

### **New Student Life Consultant Hired**

IFC To Learn How To Wipe Own Ass

### **Despite Terrorist Threat, Bush Still A Cock**

## **COMMUNITY NEWS**

### **"Dorm" Drug Paraphernalia Prevalent All Over Campus**

"Dorm Needle" Found at Next House

### **Marilee Jones Succeeds**

IHTFP Eliminated, Replaced With IHMJ

### **E-Tablets Big Hit With 9.01 Students**

Previous Classes Only Received PCP-Dusted Brownies To Make Subject Tolerable

### **Twinkies Having Sex Cited As Evidence Of Drug Use On Fifth East**

# Voo Doo Holiday

*To the sorry loser staying on campus for the holidays:*



*I'm so sorry you couldn't get home  
Since you spent all your cash getting stoned.  
Now your dealer vacations  
As you idly flip stations  
And your parents still sit by the phone.*

*No presents for you, nor good cheer  
Your "friends" are a twelve-pack of beer.  
While your pals celebrate  
You sit home with no date  
And drunkenly wait out the year.*

*At last when you wake the next day  
You find to your abject dismay  
You have puked all around  
And your pants can't be found  
Aren't you glad you decided to stay?*

*To the student seeking dorm-room nirvana:*

*As the holidays approach, I urge you to look around your room for signs of life,  
signs of happiness,  
signs of faith,*

*... signs of the chicken outlet  
I left there last term.*



*Consolation: to the objectivist  
going home for the holidays*

*It's hard going home every Christmas  
With mom acting sappy and gay.  
Surly, you feel, and you show it  
As you coldly brush family away.*

*You only trust reason and logic-  
Why can't they just understand?  
Just stroke your Fountainhead upstairs  
And let Mom's sheets be damned!*

# GREETING CARDS



To the M.F.T drop-out:

So... this is the last M.F.T card you'll be receiving. We're all proud of you for trying so hard and really giving it your all. And we just want you to know that prematurely departing one of the world's most exclusive institutions doesn't have to be all bad. Just think of all the money you've saved. Antidepressants cost a shit-pot of fucking cash these days.

Yuletide sentiment / Inspiration:

When the other children made fun  
Of your tiny wiener,  
You always thought first  
Of that brave red-nosed reindeer -

"Just as Rudolph's red nose  
Led Santa's bold sleigh,  
The void between my legs  
Shall not lead me astray!"



And now, these years later,  
You'll extract your revenge,  
For in your three sexless decades,  
You've earned four PhDs and a worthless M.Eng.

Now with knowledge in hand,  
You'll step into the light,  
Loose a deadly biogen and cry:  
"Merry Christmas to all! And to all a good blight!"

To the home-bound student stuck in the airport:

When life gets tough,

And you think that the insurance salesman next to you can't possibly get any more personal with his questions about your turn-ons and sexual orientation,

Just remember that you are in a beautiful place with flying cars and soaring dreams.

And when you gently wake from this delusional fantasy in the lap of your friend,

Just remember that insurance salesmen don't usually carry bananas in their pockets.

Good Will  
Towards Man





# Book Notes: An Interview With Steven Pinker

The following is the transcript of *Voo Doo* reporter Erica Blair's interview with Steven Pinker, the Peter De Florez Professor of Psychology. He is currently on leave from the Institute to promote his new book, *The Blank Slate: The Modern Denial of Human Nature*. Previous books include bestsellers *How the Mind Works* and *The Language Instinct*, as well as *Love in the Locker Room: Case Study of a Winning Montreal Canadiens Season*. The interview took place in Pinker's NE20 office at 4:20p.m. on November 11.

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Erica Blair: Good afternoon, professor. Before we begin, let me congratulate you on the success of your newest book.

Steven Pinker: Thank you, Erica. Sales of *The Blank Slate* are doing quite well.

As an academic, I feel it is my responsibility to educate people. I'm just happy that my message is reaching the scientifically illiterate public.

EB: I have a lot to ask, so just bear with me. Please feel free to go into as much depth and take as much time in answering as you would like. If after the interview you feel that any of the questions are unfair or too controversial, just tell me, and I'll leave them out of my article.

SP: Oh, I have nothing to hide. One huge problem with academia is self-censorship. Thousands of scholars with their heads stuck in the sand, afraid to say something politically out-of-line because it might prevent them from getting tenure. Please ask me anything. I already have tenure.

EB: Quite courageous of you, professor. Glad to hear your support of free speech. Now, exactly how many teaching assistants have you slept with as a professor at MIT, and how many of these were advanced undergraduates "working it" for a recommendation?

SP: Excuse me?

EB: Just kidding. That was just an icebreaker to relax you.

SP: Very relaxing. Most reporters have no sense of humor. Which campus publication will this interview appear in again? I want to know who I'll be suing for slander next month.

EB: We at the *The Tech* maintain high standards for reporting as well as humor.

Now, more seriously, let's start by having you comment on passages from your newest book. Are you ready?

SP: Yes, but only for real questions. A friend at Yale was fired last year for "inappropriate tutoring."

EB: Writers write about what they know. In the chapter on culture you write, "Members of *Homo sapiens* ingest everything from maggots and worms to cow urine and human flesh. They bind, cut, scar, and stretch body parts in ways that would make the most perforated Western teenager wince. They sanction kinky sexual practices like teenagers receiving daily fellatio from younger boys and parents arranging marriages between their five-year-olds." So, which of these cultural practices do you have the most experience with: food fetishes, masochism, or fellatio from five-year-old grooms?

SP: Masochism, I suppose. Scars from playing hockey. Do you like hockey?

EB: No. But speaking of hockey, have you ever been accused of having a Canadian bias?

SP: What do you mean by "Canadian bias?"

EB: On page 188 you write, "People in all cultures distinguish right from wrong, have a sense of fairness, help one another, impose rights and obligations, believe that wrongs should be redressed, and proscribe rape, murder, and some kinds of violence." Such a statement seems quite absurd to anyone growing up in the United States during the "me" decade of the 1980s or the "rape me" sexual movement of the early 1990s. Seems like your abnormal upbringing is influencing your psychological research, that's all.

SP: The US and Canada are not that different. I believe the concepts of justice and community are just as popular here as they are anywhere else in the world. And I've never heard of "rape me." Can you please refer me to articles that discuss this movement?

EB: Whatever. Let me move onto my next question. A member of the Course 9 faculty told me that your next book will be more autobiographical and...

SP: Why yes! My next book...

EB: ...and will feature mostly poetry. My source told me the working title is *How My Cock Works*.

SP: How my what works?

EB: *How My Cock Works*.

SP: That's preposterous! Why would any respected academic... this interview is over.

EB: What do you mean?

SP: What do you mean "what do you mean"! This isn't a real interview. All your questions are unorthodox, there's sexual innuendo everywhere, and nobody in his right mind would ever name a book THAT.

EB: I'm sorry. My source must have been bad. I should know better than to listen to neuroscientists gossip about the cog guys in the department. Isn't the title a reference to the brain-teaser book *The Chicken from Minsk*?

SP: I don't believe your act.

EB: Please, let me continue.

SP: No. You're wasting my time.

EB: If I don't finish this interview by the end of the day, the... the... *The Tech's* Chairman will have me beaten! [*sob*]

SP: Oh, well... hmmm. I still don't trust you. But just in case you are as naïve as you say you are, you can continue as long as you don't insult me again.

EB: Thank you. Let me dig through my questions to make sure the next one is a good one [sob]. ... Finally, here! This is my favorite question, but it's controversial like the others, because it's a critique of your teaching methods. Is it okay for me to ask it?

SP: Go ahead. I can take constructive criticism. I am but a humble MIT professor.

EB: I've interviewed many students who have taken your 9.00 class. Even though you've won over much of the lay public with your popular nonfiction books, MIT students complain that you oversimplify human nature, and, frankly, most think you are pretty arrogant while you teach. How do you respond to such observations?

SP: Oh, I can see that. Someone who tries to summarize what it means to be human, must, of course, seem to be at least a little arrogant. But, as my newest book shows, I am as well read and knowledgeable in the vast discipline of social science as anybody else is.

EB: Uh, but, but...?

SP: But what?

EB: In your chapter on violence, you say

that one of the reasons the U.S. crime-rate shot up in the 1960s was because a larger proportion of young men began entering their crime-prone years after the baby boom. But a University of Chicago economist showed that the baby boom shifted crime rates by, at most, only 1% per year.

SP: Which economist?

EB: Steven Levitt.

SP: Never heard of him. He wasn't a part of the "rape me" sexual movement, now, was he?

EB: I don't think so.

SP: You are a habitual liar. Get out of my office.

EB: But I need to finish this interview.

SP: Get out! Get out! Get out!

EB: I'm desperate.

SP: Get out, before... I show you how my cock really works!

EB: Okay. Unzip.

SP: Huh?

EB: Unzip yourself while I take my leather pants off. Reporters at *The Tech* uphold the same motto as our role models at *USA Today*: we'll do anything for an interview or a pie chart.

SP: The bottom drawer of the filing cabinet is filled with condoms.

EB: Whatever. I'm an old-fashioned gal. And on the pill.

SP: All right.

[handcuffs clicking]

[sexual intercourse]

SP: Goal!

EB: [sigh]

SP: Didn't you...?

EB: Nowhere close.

SP: Are you s-

EB: Of course I'm sure.

[silence]

EB: I need to go.

SP: Don't you have more questions to ask me?

EB: That's okay, I think I've had enough. You're just too...

SP: Just stay.

EB: ...Canadian.

[door slams]

SP: [crying]

*Steven Pinker groupies can continue to follow the Master of the Obvious self-promotion tour with upcoming interviews on National Public Radio and BBC World Service. But seriously, shouldn't you be doing something important with your life?*

the adventures of  
**MIT Alumnus!**



Earlier this year, there was some outrage as it was revealed that a flunky at the Admissions Department had asked the Stratton Student Center Coop to remove an IHTFP shirt from display, as Dean of Admissions Marilee Jones is "trying to get rid of that". What is perhaps more surprising is that this was not the first time MIT had attempted to pressure its faithful merchandise purveyor. *Voo Doo's* intrepid team of break-and-enter specialists, led by the indomitable G. Gordon Phosphorus, scoured administrative offices in the dead of night to bring to light...

# OTHER T-SHIRTS MIT BANNED FROM THE COOP



the adventures of  
**MIT Alumnus!**



*"Communications Breakdown"*





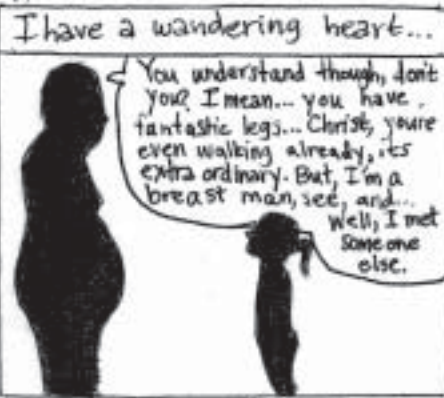
I have no stories of childhood love. No stories of exquisite yearning. I have no stories of moon-pearled hair; the unbearable arch of an eyebrow; the cruelty of a fallen eyelash. I have no stories

Nabokov's 'Lolita' expressed everything that wasn't in me. So, I've taken it as my own. I am Alan Alan; I am Humbert Humbert; though I fear I can never live up to the beauty of that man's obsession,

And, though I am alone, insufficient, I feel... positive, somehow, that I need only my Lolita, some divinely wretched little creature to catalyze my transformation; to spark that which I feel must have always existed in me...



That is to say-- I want to pound some unsuspecting fat load.





# DEVOLVING MIT CAMPUS

IT MAY NOT BE TODAY. IT MAY NOT BE TOMORROW. BUT ONE DAY, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF STANDING ON A CAMPUS THAT YOU BARELY RECOGNIZE. SURE THE CLASSES WILL STILL SUCK, BUT ALL THE THINGS YOU DEPENDED ON AND LOVED WILL BE GONE. THE END OF RUSH WAS THE FIRST SIGN; BELOW ARE SOME OTHER HARBINGERS OF THIS DARK DARK FUTURE.



AS THE ENVIRONMENT BECOMES MORE INHOSPITABLE TO LIFE, PEOPLE WILL RETIRENT TO MUTATIVE STRUCTURES LIKE THIS BUNKER/FARADAY CAGE; THEIR DESPAIR WILL BE KEPT IN CHECK BY NO-MOR-SUKIDE® BRAND NINJOS, WHILE THE ELECTRICAL INFRASTRUCTURE BEGINS TO RESEMBLE CALCUTTA.



Dress will be the most noticeable change. Men will go from suits to sombreros. Women will no longer be permitted to wear slacks and must learn the Mexican hat dance.

NW82 Pacific Street



W79 Sarsons Hall

W34 Zeiger Sports & Fitness Center

here be dragons ...

ALL GO AMER...  
PAY THEIR \$200 STUDENT ACTIVITIES FEE



WATCH OUT SECOND CO THE BEATLES

THE WESTERN END OF CAMPUS WILL BREAK OFF FROM THE REST OF MIT AND FALL INTO THE CHARLES. MAYBE IT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED — SERIOUSLY, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU VISUALLY CONFIRMED THE EXISTENCE OF NEXT HOUSE?



- Administrative & Administ
- Masked Men and Dea



YUPPIES WILL SPREAD THEIR DECADENT, EUROTRASH CAFE LIFESTYLE THROUGHOUT THE LAND, SPARING NO ONE!

PRIMITIVE CULTURES WILL RISE AGAIN, ERECTING GRANDIOSE STRUCTURES IN PRaise OF FALSE IDOLS

DEUS EX CHUCK

3

4

rain & Cognitive Sciences

...MUST... BUILD...

was screaming 'Oh, no!'" — Carmen Electro

Nude dude

THE EAST CAMPUS PROJECTS  
This multi-phased 4 to, 000-square-foot complex will incorporate

NEW ANTI-FAT LAW

FOR THE MIND OF

Memorial Drive

Administrative

Diabetes Trials

Other

-MIT



From: Rune editor  
To: All staff  
Subject: Rune goes online

Dear all, what with the ongoing litigation due to the numerous eyestrain and nausea related lawsuits stemming from Solar's layouts, there's no way we're going to be able to afford to publish the printed Journal of Arts and Letters this year. :( However, this just gives us a chance to show how avant-garde we are by taking Rune online, in a format that has become the gold standard for self-absorbed, exhibitionist nerd angst! So I invite you all to join us at <http://liverune.livejournal.com/> in contributing electronically to this year's issue.

## LiveRune's LiveJournal

### [Most Recent Entries]

Below are the **15** most recent journal entries recorded in [LiveRune's](#) LiveJournal:

#### **Ode to High Art**

For a long time  
Under the hills of solitude  
Christy and Dalia  
Kissed under the trees.

Run away from your fears  
Unleash your wildest dreams  
Never forget that once you thought  
Even strangers can love thee.

**Current Mood:** *poetic*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

#### **friends**

Can everyone post their lj screenname here so that I can add you to my "friends" list? I want to feel like I actually have some. Isn't that the whole point?

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

#### **some haikus**

I.  
I used to smoke black  
cigarettes beneath moonlight  
to be dark and angst

II.  
puppies play in pools of  
crystal clear water and they  
always make me cry

III.  
I have a big knife  
which I use to cut and slice  
only bread and myself

[\(1 Comment | Comment on this\)](#)

I was thinking, instead of looking for people who write well, lets just publish all this terrible poetry someone concocted in five minutes? I mean, it won't read any different than last year's Rune.

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

#### **hey**

I just wanted an excuse to use the mood quixotic, because it sounds so sophisticated.

**Current Mood:** 😊 *quixotic*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

my bicycle  
was stolen last night  
by the moonlight.

— theft

**Current Mood:** 😡 *angry*

[\(1 Comment | Comment on this\)](#)

#### **note on text**

please, refrain from capitalization when typing. i know people capitalize their i's out of habit, but please, proper poetry never has any capitalization rules whatsoever. otehr things to noet is that this is a livejournal, and the use of spellcheck and correftion of tyops is claerly optional. dont make me look like the only one who is too lazy to rpress the spellcheck button on the livejournal client.

**Current Mood:** 😡 *pissed off*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

dripping softly  
are my tears  
onto this page.

he was cruel  
he left me for that bitch  
the rose by my  
window is red  
as is my heart

bleeding for him  
he left me  
last night.

— "tears"

**Current Mood:** 😊 *happy*

[\(3 Comments | Comment on this\)](#)

#### **layout**

**Our font should not be the same size for each entry. I mean, I know it would look formal and give the illusion that we have some layout skillz, but really, we can be so much more artistic by modifying sizes every other stanza or page.**

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

#### **minimalism**

I feel so depressed.

**Current Mood:** 😞 *depressed*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

**on photographs**

random cute pictures of my pets which I took with my point-and-shoot are acceptable artistic photographs, right?

they are just so cute! That always means it is Art.

**Current Mood:** *artistic*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

**squirrels**

Can I post a weird story from the point of view of a squirrel here?

Quality publications such as Voo Doo would not take it so I thought... maybe here, you know.

Please. I feel emotionally connected to rabid furry animals.

**Current Mood:** 😄 *crazy*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

**Freshman Freeverse**

Woe to me.  
I was once a valedictorian  
And now I cannot manage a 90  
on my problem set  
Screw pass/fail  
I want to be neurotic  
I miss my parents who used  
to be at my beck and call  
I want to be self-important  
My problems are unique to myself  
It is my first time not being the best in  
the world.  
Pity me please.

I would like to thank the wonderful freshman opinion columns in *The Tech* for this inspiration. I mean, like, they really are so very true. Everyone must care about the problems of a

freshman falling from her pedestal. Of course, her self-important views apply to us all.

**Current Mood:** *egocentric and gorgeous*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

**Message from the powers to be**

Thrilling is not a mood available in livejournal. However, morose is one. It's a sign: we must contain angst at all times.

**Current Mood:** 😞 *morose*

[\(Comment on this\)](#)

**Current Rune Posters**

Our current Rune campaign is subtle, creative and eye-catching. This does not fit with previous versions of the Rune publication, and our audience is likely to be confused. I propose we make some trite and boring posters instead. Otherwise, we would have to deliver a quality publication. Signed, random Rune member

**Current Mood:** 😏 *horny*

**SUBSCRIBE TO REUSE-SEX TODAY!**  
% b1anche reuse-sex -a \$user



As you may have noticed if you're new here or can otherwise still pick up a book without having to check in for therapy, some pair of goody-two-shoes dorks spent their summer resurrecting How To Get Around MIT while everyone else was out having a life. Not only did these humorless tools expand the name from HowToGAMIT so people can't even enjoy the simple pleasure of making "gay" jokes about it anymore, but they lost *Voo Doo's* contribution somewhere along the way. Young apprentices, our advice to you is too important for us to allow it to disappear into oblivion. So, philanthropists that we are, we hereby sacrifice valuable space in our own publication to bring you...

## The Missing Page Of HowToGAMIT XXXI

666

MIT Reality

### MIT Reality

#### Survival

Freshmen arrive at MIT happy. But within days the denial goes away for all but the delusional. Face it, your life sucks. You're failing classes, significant other ran off with some Harvard asshole, and Mommy and Daddy are threatening to take away allowance money because your UROP didn't win the Nobel. And now you're out of drugs. You don't know what you want to do with your life anymore. You feel completely alone and are contemplating swallowing cyanide from chem lab, or swallowing your professor's cock just to pass. You think nobody loves you, right? Think again.

Here at Voo Doo, we understand young lost souls. You may have lost faith in yourself, but we haven't. So don't panic, and put that dick down. Your innocence is priceless to us. Before you lose all hope, keep the following alternatives and advice in mind:

1. **Plagiarize.** How well read is your thesis advisor, anyway? And isn't he too busy doing his own research to give a shit? But be smart about it. Don't just use any old report you find online, because then it will take only seconds using Google to reveal your ingenuity. Instead, use MIT Libraries Document Services at <http://libraries.mit.edu/docs/> to order some obscure dissertation from a Southern college that your elitist fuck of a professor has never heard of. Avoid scientifically and politically outdated papers like *Cold Fusion: Technology of the Future* or *Genetic Flaws in Jewish Recombination*. The South shall rise again.
2. **Sell out.** Two options depending on your demographic background:

*Option A: Sell out to Whitey.* Major in Course 15. You'll make a fuck ton of money, plus being in classes full of dumb MBAs who sold their souls years ago will improve your self-esteem. Try not to kill everyone in the room after the word "synergize" is used for the second time.

*Option B: Sell out to Brownie.* Major in Course 22. But pimp it and relax, unlike all those other nuclear engineering majors, and take at most two classes a term for the next six years. Pay off your loans by selling your services to the Axis of Evil. You'll have a fuck ton of money and a harem. Set off nukes in random uninhabited places in hopes of winning Voo Doo's Prankster of the Millennium award. Keep in mind you'll have to remove all body hair and wear latex gloves for the rest of your life to avoid detection by the Defenders of Reality who chose Option A instead.

3. **Moderation is masturbation.** Take ten classes every term, "C" as many as you need to, and get the fuck out of here as soon as you can. Graduate laughing.

During this time of instability, remember to stay away from tall buildings. And keep those pristine lips virgin for the Voo Doo staff. We love you.

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*HOW TO GET AROUND MIT XXXI*



**Captain Rape**

Yarr, it's been a long day at sea, and still no raping in sight!

HMM... (thought bubble: fish)

HMM... (thought bubble: seagull)

Oh Yeah!!! (thought bubble: Captain Rape)

**Captain Rape**

I'm gonna rape me some octoPUS!

Blar Har! It's all BOOGLY!

RUM

I guess that's better, Time to get it on!! Here comes the Capt!

**CAPTAIN PLANET AND THE RAPEEERS**

Captain Rape, He's a Hero! Gonna take consensual sex down to zero! He's a raper, magnified! and he's raping for his cocks' pride!

Damn that Captain Planet! He's got all those hot litt'luns in his Rapeteers squad. I'd like to give them a proper rape-a-thon!

The Power (to Rape) is Yours!

HMMMMM...

Captain Rape

**Captain Rape**

in

**MOBY COCK**

MMMMM, that cabin boy be up to some mighty good deck swabbing!

I'd like to batten down his hatches!

What's that in me pants matey? I spy the white whale!

Oh no! Not Again!

Thar She Blows!!!

## New Course Offering: 21M.776J/11.187J

# HIP HOP LABORATORY



Spring (2-8-2). After the unprecedented success of the laboratory component of 21M.775 (Hip-Hop), the MIT music faculty have made it into an expanded, full-length laboratory course, where interested students will be able to combine analytical skills with a novel hands-on experience to heighten their understanding of hip-hop culture. The course will employ the newly-renovated facilities at the Compton

Laboratories in Bldg. 26 to tackle the fundamental questions in hip-hop, such as recurring memes (e.g. "If this gonna be that type of party, I'm gonna stick my dick in the mashed potatoes"), the quest for Benjamins, the significance of the number 40, and proper respect for the playa upstairs, among others. Prerequisites include a Benzo, a paralyzing fear of The Man, and some experience ballin'.



Crucial to the proper understanding of hip-hop is the Hip-Hop Nerdkit, which will accompany you in your explorations throughout the term. It contains everything you will need to emerge yourself in the world of hip-hop: phat rhymes, paint, assorted bling, and other items — all in a straight thuggin' case.







POINT-COUNTERPOINT

Multicultural Activities



Culture is so fun to explore!

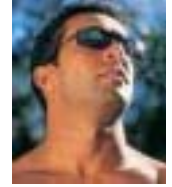
Edward Glyne

Wow, aren't multicultural activities the most idealistic and cool celebratory events? I'm just so happy to be able to love and learn about that which I am not. Isn't it totally radical? I cannot even conceive how humans cannot enjoy that which is totally foreign to themselves. Some people think the differences between cultures are insurmountable and reasons for prejudice, persecution, and concentration camps, but I think they're totally sweet!

Hispanic week was *super bueno*, man! I went to a lot of activities that taught me more about the *muy interesante cultura* that is Spanish culture. I celebrated *el Dia de Los Muertos*, which translates to "The Day of the Dead." Sounds scary, but it's actually *super divertido*! That means "super fun." Upon that day, lots of Spanish folks have an all-night vigil and dress up as skeletons, but they're happy skeletons, and they visit the cemetery to remember their passed loved ones. It's a social glorification of death! I never had that growing up!

I also ate a lot of different Hispanic dishes, like tortillas. Drop the Chalupa and make yourself privy to some REAL Mexican food! Taco Bell might taste better, but when it comes to representing a culture 100% authentically, the place is more like a Taco Hell. Nobody likes hell, right? *Ay caramba*, if they do!

Anyway, Hispanic week is just one example of these wonderful celebrations that will change our discordant American society into a totally cohesive amalgamation of heterogeneous peoples! It's the American dream! I can't wait for Kwanzaa, and Ramadan too. African-American History Month is going to be 28 straight days of pure cultural enlightenment! No work for me that month. I've begun watching BET and those foreign TV channels also. English is the only language I really know, but TV can still teach you a bit about a culture if you stare at it long enough. I know our nation's sordid past is filled with Japanese concentration camps, slavery, and lots of persecution of other peoples, from the Polacks to all those inebriated Irish immigrants, but I really believe we are making progress towards a utopian appreciation of other cultures. I think it's just amazing!



Culture can blow me

Michael Roberts

Something about me is that I hate all other peoples. You'd think that I would like to discover otherworldly traditions, but you're horribly wrong. To be honest, I'm having enough trouble keeping up with my own stupid customs. Every fall I celebrate Oktoberfest by eating a Brockwurst with my Grandma. What's the point, I ask you? Does eating a Brockwurst once a year make you German? If it did, why should you give a damn?

Fact: I live in a country called America, and in this country, we citizens believe in a concept called freedom. Once in elementary school I was forced to do a project about a different culture of my choice. You call that freedom? I just handed in a piece of paper that said "Screw Other People!" I guess that's just the way I am.

Most of these multicultural activities going on are purportedly optional, but when you are assaulted head on by flyers proclaiming "Free Hindi Curry Night, Don't Have A Cow, Man!" and "Native American Casino Night" you can't help but become ever-so-slightly assimilated into an alternate social subgroup. What if I WANT to have a cow — in your foreign face, man?!

And what's up with all these alternate culture radio stations? When you're scanning the airwaves, you don't want to stumble inexorably upon some other culture's idea of music. When I want Spanish singing, I'll turn to my Ricky Martin CDs, thank you very much!

Perhaps you think I'm too particular. Maybe you even think I'm prejudiced, or a little misanthropic. Well, did you go to all those multicultural events last time there was a multicultural week near you? Do you eat at a different ethnic restaurant every night? I bet you just eat hamburgers and American cereal in the mornings, just like me. You think I'm messed up, but what you don't realize is that, essentially, you are me. Deep down you're saying the same thing that a young prophet once said: "Screw Other People!"

BRICK & SUBSY



ADVICE

# Ask Arista

*Ask Arista is an advice column written anonymously by a monkey in building 68, and is as serious as a car accident. The identities of all parties are unsettling.*

Dear Arista,

I'm having a crisis of faith. The more I learn about science, the more I doubt the existence of God. What should I do?

—Doubting Thomas

Dear Doubting,

Easiest question ever, fucker. Kidnap God's wife and Science. Force them to have sex at gunpoint, thus grinding away the distinction between Religion and Science in a seething fleshpot of ripe vulgarity. Worship their offspring. Only then, of course, God will have to be a big man, who won't take none of that woman shee-it; he has to get back at his whore for sleepin' around. So he gets up off his chair one night, shouts over to the bitch, says to her, "I'm a-goin' into town to get me some pootie-tang." This real fine-looking young peach catches his eye, and he starts getting with her right on the bar because he's God, and he can do that. In conclusion, everyone gets more ass than you.

—Arista K.

But god is a womyn.

—D.T.

I am kicking you in the balls.

—A.K.

Dear Arista,

My problem set sodomized me, and now I think I have gonorrhea. I'm scared. What should I do?

—Discharging Double-E

Dear Discharging,

Dude, it's really not an issue that you have an STD because you never have sex anyway. We swear you don't. But just in case you REALLY need some, God's real fine-looking young peach is generally available. We hear she gets around quite a bit. Also, man, maybe your trouble isn't that no one will have sex with you anymore. Maybe it's that you're going to DIE soon. Ever think of that, bitch?

—Arista K.

Dear Arista,

I sodomized my problem set. Does this make me gay?

—Jumpy Jock

Dear Jumpy,

No. Problem sets are female, or at least transgender. Your particular problem set is a nubile nymphette named Christine. Every integral sign is one curl of her flowing blonde hair. Every e is one of her breasts. She has 1,651 breasts.

—Arista K.

# Smoking Crack

By Michael Snort

PHARMACIST

This experiment produces lungfuls of thick, exciting smoke. I like to generate this smoke when I want to see my room crawling with variegated Smurfs, and basically every other fucking time of the day or night.

*Warning: This trick involves fire. If you're an average reader of The Tech, you are probably not qualified to operate simple incendiary devices. The majority of MIT administrators are highly proficient at this trick and may help you on request. Don't perform this trick in an area with black walls or coloured lights, as it will cause imbeciles to make spurious correlations. Use your common sense, because after doing this trick it won't be around much longer.*

## Materials:



Crack rock (freebase cocaine, as pure as possible — no "Drano cut")

Cigarette lighter

Container in which to heat the mixture

Small containers such as ziplock baggies for "smoke generator" storage

## What to do:

The cigarette lighter you can get at a supermarket, and the crack rock you can actually buy in Chinatown (I think they use it for paying bitches or something). It's sold in small lumps, and it can usually be found in the red light section. Some vendors will accept favors in lieu of cash payment.

Place one of your rocks in the heating container. A glass pipe is the preferred method, but a soda can works just as well. You will soon find out just how inventive you can be. I usually take a piece of aluminium foil, put the rock near one side, and roll the foil into a loose tube that I can huff on.

To generate the smoke, apply a LOW heat to the heating container until the rock melts and starts to evaporate. I'm not kidding — use only enough gentle heat to melt the rock. You don't want to damage that primo shit and have to choke down that filthy dick again so soon. Inhale and hold your breath!

Dear Arista,

I wanna mock Simmons some more. Is that still cool? I still really fucking hate it.

—Enraged Aesthete

Dear Enraged,

No, dude, it's not cool anymore. It's not cool at all. It hasn't been cool since, like, 1843. We, on the other hand, mocked Simmons when mocking was real. When Simmons was real. We mocked it so bad that we tripped over our fucking petticoats and fell headfirst into Abraham Lincoln. That's how real it was.

—Arista K.

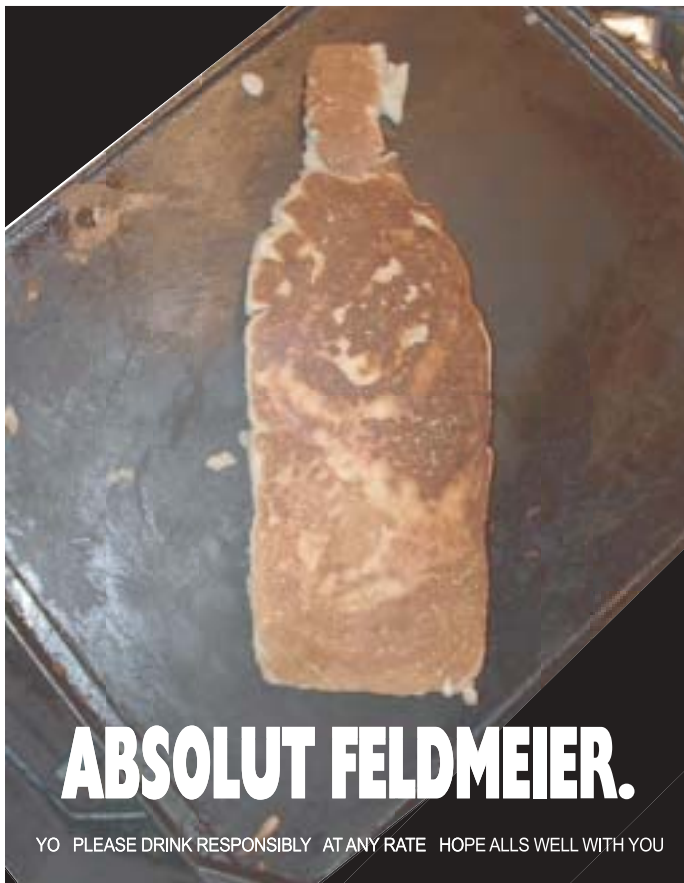
*Would you like a mundane answer to a stupid question? E-mail your question to <embezzle@the-tech.mit.edu> along with your credit card and social security numbers.*



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10. International Foxy-Boxing Federation-approved Jello™ wrestling arena
9. Kegeliciser-robics classes with the other Richard Simmons
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3. Fishbowl II underwater Athena cluster
2. Combination indoor ultimate frisbee field and skeet range
1. November Games sauna



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## SPECIAL BULLETIN



### The Police at MIT

*Motto: We Don't Give a Shit Unless We Can Arrest You For Taking Stuff Off Reuse*

ISSUED: November 12, 2002

Please be advised that on November 10, 2002 at approximately 3:30 PM, a resident of Next House was a victim of a burglary. The victim reported he was skipping 8.01 recitation to masturbate and observed an unknown male taking \$1.25 from his wallet that was on the floor by his pants. The victim then confronted the suspect and asked him: "Dude, what the fuck do you think you are doing, since when is dick-in-the-hands the international sign for 'rifle through my fucking wallet', you kleptomotherfuckin'-bastard?" The suspect, who was obviously neither a twinkie nor a resident of Baker House, replied he was "looking for Baker Hall".

The victim proceeded to chat with the suspect, while they both walked towards the room of the victim's RBAA (residence-based associate advisor), to leave a sweet note on the white board regarding the fact that he was being robbed. The RBAA (the witness) was in, so after a nice cup of tea, the victim and the witness then walked the suspect to the front door of Next House, to allow him to escape in an orthodox direction. When they arrived at the exterior door the suspect attempted to run but the victim was wiping his lotioned-up hands on the suspect's jacket. The suspect removed his jacket, and dropped his pants in an attempt to stun the victims. The victim instead noticed that the suspect had also stolen his cubic-zirconia-studded cock ring, and proceeded to give chase along with the witness. As they ran between Next House and Tang Hall the suspect brandished a BIG KNIFE™. The suspect stated that he would hack them into little pieces and eat them in broad daylight if they continued to follow.

The victim and witness describe the suspect as follows:

**Black baseball hat — \$19.99**

**MIT maroon varsity jacket from the Coop — \$50**

**White long sleeve button down shirt from A&F — \$27.50**

**White casual pants from Banana Republic — \$46.30**

**New Balance sneakers — \$70**

**Male, 5'9", blond hair, who wants to rob and murder you — priceless.**

There was a delay of approximately 3 hours from when this incident occurred to when the victim actually reported it to the Police. The Police at MIT state that it is extremely important that members of the community report no cases of suspicious activity or actual crimes promptly, because then we actually have to help. From any Institute telephone; dial 100 or 3-1212 the next day, during regular business hours, when we know you are either asleep or in class.

The Police at MIT Crime Prevention Unit advises the following:

- Keep your dorm room door closed and LOCKED at all times — especially while you are in your room. Open doors allow people to socialize, which is just another word for criminal conspiracy. Doors should only be unlocked in the very rare event of SEX, so that others can partake in witnessing the event. If you happen to be insane and wish not to sleep in your room, be sure to lock yourself out in the hopes of using it as an excuse to weasel your way into someone else's to mack on them during the night.
- Do not give chase to someone. You are likely to be too stupid to catch him, unlike our Special Sleep Patrol, which is equipped with stun donuts.
- Please don't steal or carry BIG KNIVES. If you do so, you might be committing a CRIME.
- Be the best possible witness for the police. The more you're willing to lie, the better.
- Your money or material things will be confiscated by and distributed among the police.
- It is up to you to reduce crime — we do not do shit in this regard. Go ahead and check, we wrote our own job description, clever dick.

If you have any information, free blowjobs, bribes, etc. please call the Investigations Unit at 3-2563 (F-CKME). If you wish to provide a service anonymously, wear a bondage mask and email the Investigations Unit through cp-hornyfrosh@mit.edu. The headers of the message will be stripped and the message resent to cp-hotbondagechicks@mit.edu. If you still can't get any, try reuse-sex@mit.edu (see ads on pages 19 & 26).

BRICK & SUDSY









We all know and despise them. Sappy "friendship" e-mails, notoriously sent by chronic forwarders. Everyone they know in the To: line, spawning a cascade of equally noxious replies, until you associate the word "friendship" with the desire to smash someone's skull in with a shovel. Though it isn't for the same reason, we at *Voo Doo* feel much the same way. So next time you get one of those mawkish, multiply indented messages, don't reach straight for the gardening implements — hit back instead with:

## Voo Doo's Realistic Friendship Chain Letter

Subject: Friendship (Read the whole thing and be sure to send it on!)

Everyone always tells every one of their friends they'll be 'Best Friends Forever', but to be honest, do we really mean it? You might be best friends one year, pretty good friends the next year, don't talk that often the next year, and don't want to talk at all the year after that, or, if you're like me, just go straight from point A to point D and skip all those middle steps. So, I just wanted to say, even though I never plan on talking to you again in my life, you are *\*special\** and you have made a difference in my life. I look up to you. I respect you. I *\*truly\** cherish you. No, really, I actually kind of mean all those things.

Send this to all your friends, no matter how often you talk, or how close you are, whether or not you really have these feelings for them, and don't forget to send it back to that very special person who sent it to you. Let old friends know you haven't forgotten them, and let new friends know what they're in for. Remember, everyone needs a friend; even if it's just a fair weather friend, it's better than nothing. Someday you'll feel like you have no friends at all; just remember this e-mail and take comfort in knowing that somebody out there cares enough to send something like this to someone like you.

Don't be afraid to tell someone you love them, even if it's not true. The more you practice now, the better you'll be able to do it when the real thing comes along. Have you ever decided not to become a couple because you were so afraid of losing what you already had with another person? Your heart decides who it likes and who it doesn't. But you can tell your heart what to do. It knows who's boss... but when you least suspect it, or even when you don't want it to, sometimes it will fail you.

Have you ever wanted to love someone with everything you had, but then realized that you didn't have anything? Or thought the other person was too smart to fall for it? Too many of us get stalled because we are too afraid to pretend to care too much... for fear that the other person will figure us out, or rat on us to someone else. Have you ever loved someone and they had absolutely no idea whatsoever? Or fell for your best-friend in the entire world, and then sat around and watched him/her fall for someone else? That's because you weren't convincing enough, and the only way to get better is through practice.

Have you ever denied your feelings for someone because you thought you'd get in trouble? We tell lies when we are afraid... afraid of what we don't know, afraid of what others will think, afraid of what others will do to us when they find out. But every time we tell a lie, we get better at lying. Life is all about risks and it requires you to jump. Don't be the kind of person who has to look back and see if someone's looking, just do it.

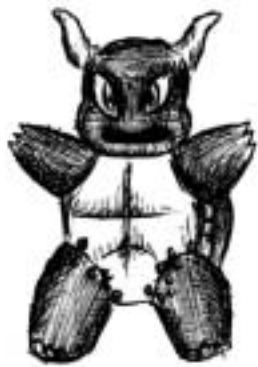
.  
. I'll be there  
. When no one is there for you  
. And when no one really cares about you  
. When the whole world walks out on you  
. And you're alone  
. I'll be there  
. When the one you care about the most  
. Hates your stinking guts  
. When the one you gave your heart to  
. Feeds it to her piranhas  
. I'll be there  
. When the person you trusted betrays you  
. When the person you share all your memories with  
. Goes away and forgets to give them back  
. I'll be there  
. When all you need is a friend to listen to your babbling  
. And your whining  
. And your complaining  
. When all you need is someone to catch the ball you dropped  
. I'll be there  
. When you forget your medicine and  
. Your heart hurts so bad  
. You can't even breathe  
. When you just want to curl up and die  
. I'll be there  
. When you start to cry  
. After someone hurts you  
. When the tears just won't stop falling down  
. I'll be there  
. So you see I'll be there until the very very end  
. This is a promise I can make  
. If you ever need me  
. Just give me a call  
. Tell me how bad you need me and then  
. I'll be there  
. To watch.

.  
. Send this to all the friends that you have... all the friends that you've lost...  
. to all the friends you've lost touch with... all the friends you've insulted and  
. talked about behind their backs; to all the friends you've never actually had but  
. wanted so bad you stalked them secretly, to all the people who thought they were  
. your friends but really weren't, send this to them just to tell them that you will  
. be really be there for them... this is not a chain letter... just a letter from  
. the heart of one friend to another... just a sincere letter saying what you really  
. think, or want to pretend to really think... and don't forget, send this back to  
. the person who thought enough of you to send this.

.  
. Sincerely,

.  
. I mean really, trust me,

.  
. Your FRIEND Phos.  
.....



Wartortle

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# VOODOON

Gotta Catch 'em All!



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**A Voo Doo Guide To The Fad That's Sweeping The Nation!**