

MIT JOURNAL
OF HUMOR

Voo-Do!

VOLUME 89
ISSUE 1

Let's see who you really
are, "Big Jimmy"!

Meddling students!
What students?
I see nothing!



GOD VS. THE INTERNET EPISODE II: I AM THE LAW!

IN OUR
LAST
EPISODE:

THE INTERNET UNLEASHED NINJAS



SO GOD GOT JESUS AND
THE GHOST FROM
PAC-MAN



SO THE INTERNET USED
THE "GOOGLE"™ TO
FIND ~~BORN~~ A PESTHOLE
THAT "THE TRINITY"
CONTRADICTS MONOTHEISM.



AND THE
INTERNET
IS SUING
GOD.



ALL RISE,
JUDGE JUDY IS IN,
THE HIZ-OUSE!



WHORD!



JUDGE, CHRISTIANITY IS A
"MONOTHEISTIC"
FAITH. HOW IS IT THAT
JESUS + GOD + BLINKY
ADDS UP TO...
ONE GOD?!?!



HMM...
GOD, WHAT
DO I HAVE
TO DO TO
GET HIM
TO SHUT UP?



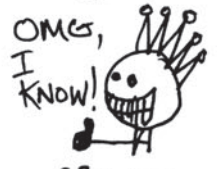
RULE IN MY
FAVOR, YA
DUMB
BROAD!



OMG U'RE
SO RIGHT!
YOU'RE SO
SMART, GOD!



OMG,
I KNOW!



HOORAY!
GOD IS EVER
SO FREE!
THE INTERNET
LOSES!



SO THEN GOD
WENT ON A
BENDER



MACKED ON
HOT BITCHES
W'SOP,
LADIES!



AND BANGED
SOME CHICK
WHOSE NAME
HE'D ALREADY
FORGOTTEN
HER BOOBS
ARE REAL. HAHHA!



YEE
HAW!
GOD
DAMN!



AND OVERALL,
EVERYTHING
WAS AWESOME,
OR SO IT
SEEMED!



WHO COULD
THAT BE?
"KNOCK
KNOCK"
"O



OMG!
OMG!
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT



ANOTHER
BASTARD
CHILERRR...
I MEAN,
"CAN I HELP
YOU?"



SHE SHOOTS
LIGHTNING,
SHE'S
YOUR
BABY.



NUHUH
I'M
GAY,
SKANK.



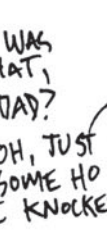
SO GET
OUT OF
MY
OFFICE!



WHO WAS
THAT,
DAD?
OH, JUST
SOME HO
I KNOCKED UP



LOOKS
LIKE
YOU'VE
GOT A
SISTER!



WAIT... SO CHRIST
V2.0 IS A GIRL?!



HMM...



THE ESTROGEN WILL CAUSE
HER TO LOSE CONTROL OF
HER
POWERS!
GASP!



WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE,
LITTLE
LADY?
GOD KNOCKED
ME UP, AND
WONT PAY
CHILD SUPPORT



YEAH. GOD
LIKES TO
FUCK PEOPLE
IN THE ASS
LIKE THAT.
BUT NOT
LITERALLY. OTHERWISE
YOU WOULDN'T BE IN
THIS SITUATION.



OKAY!
So, you
WANNA
GET
MARRIED?



AND SUDDENLY
THE TABLES
HAVE TURNED.

DUN
DUN
DUUUN!

IN MAKE THE PAIN STOP PLEASE NURSE VOO DOO



Letters To The Editor — page 6

The postman always rings twice. For Voo Doo, twice a year if we're lucky.

The Daily Voo Doo — The Race 2004: The Future El Presidente Of MIT — page 8

When the purging isn't limited to the sorority bathrooms, don't say we didn't warn you.

The Adventures Of Transistor Man — pages 10, 18, 29

Our hispanic delivery man died bringing you this strip. It pushed him over his minority carrier lifetime.

Ask A Post-Doc From The Department Of Materials Science — pages 11, 20, 30

Just don't ask what the hell's up with that short door. They're making shit out of midgets. Nanomidgets.



Heart Of Blondeness — page 12

The hairspray. The hairspray.

Scorched Earth — Report Of The President — page 14

Vest declares victory in the culture war, but his occupation forces are to remain indefinitely.

MIT President NO RESERVE!!!! — page 16

If this works, the Voo Doo editorship's next.

Who Would Jesus Do? — page 17

And when he's finished, will he have left an image of himself on these sheets as well?



High CF Word Problems: An Introduction — page 22

Math class hasn't been such fun since entering 58008618 into your HP42S and turning it upside down.

Found Humor: The Hello Kitty Home Liposuction Kit — page 24

Not only lose weight, but make mad bank hawking grease to Goosebeary's!

Non-Conformity Registration Form — page 25

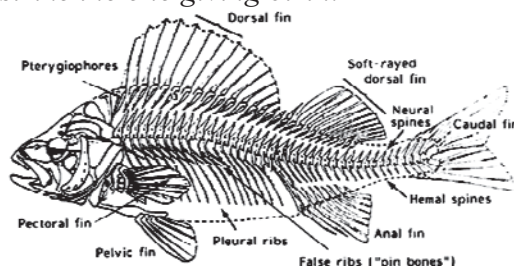
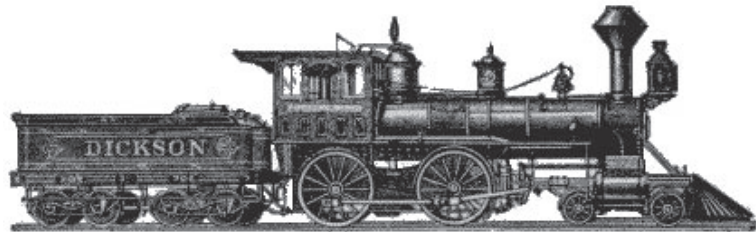
Think different. Everything else requires permission.

"Groovy Greek Gropin' Grog" — MIT Fraternity Cocktail Guide 2004 — page 26

The worst part is seeing them try to do a keg stand on a beaker.

Dispatches From The Front — page 28

It seems post-natal depression doesn't always just strike the one giving birth.



From the Publisher



Fear and Loathing

Andrew Brooks

Penguin of the Apocalypse

Kelly Clancy

Iron-Buttocks McGillicuddy

Mark Feldmeier

Freebasing Gerbil

Guy Hoffman

Angry Locust Swarm

Matt Malchano

Bowl-Cut Death

Josh Lifton

Screaming Space Monkey

Blake Brasher

Timothy Leary's Ghost

Dan McAnulty

Crushed Glass Iguana

Grace Kenney

Publisher

Phosphorus

Contributors

Mariana Baca

Analucia Berry

Blake Brasher

Andrew Brooks

Mike Brown

Kelly Clancy

Edward Faulkner

Mark Feldmeier

Guy Hoffman

Grace Kenney

Josh Lifton

Cory Lorenz

Matt Malchano

Dan McAnulty

Marcos Ojeda

Blake Stacey

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MIT Room 50-309

77 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, MA 02139

voodoo@mit.edu

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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

This issue of Voo Doo has been brought to you by the letters X-pel and E-vacuate, and the number Flu. That's right, readers, over the last 14 hour stretch of this issue I've been collapsing and vomiting like a BU student about to get laid. Despite the abdominal fatigue and the subtle bouquet of bile emanating from the bucket under my keyboard, however, the whole experience is falling short of the most nauseating event I've witnessed in the last few weeks. I can't let this one slide, even though the entire Voo Doo staff was too disgusted to turn it into a comic starring Phos and his anthrax-powered monster truck: I'm talking about the Mr/Ms MIT contest during CPW.

Words cannot describe this ill-begotten travesty accurately to those who were not there; calling it "September 11 in a white baseball cap" only goes some of the way. Not that I've got anything against white baseball caps — they're great for catching the drips — but to have their occupants' hooting supersede two gloriously dorky MIT judges brought tears of rage to the eyes and a half-digested Laverde's sandwich to the throat. What the hell am I talking about? Consider this: we told a room full of prefrish that a white fratboy rapping badly along to Eminem and more likely to be found in the gym than building his own sexual device out of discarded heavy ion pumps is more representative of today's MIT than a guy who can re-

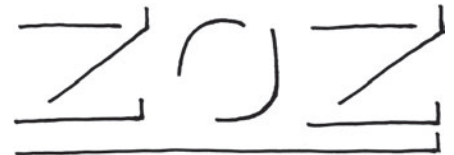
cite 500 digits of pi from memory and probably has at least 3 such devices under his hydraulic bed already. Unbelievable, but true.

If there's ever been a clarion call for the importance of Voo Doo on this campus, that was it. I wanted to claw my eyes out, but that would have necessitated removing my hands from the throat of the well-meaning friend who convinced me to attend. Maybe if I hadn't gone to W20 that fateful day, I wouldn't now be stocking up on homogenizing equipment and ingredients for making soup out of the the apocalyptic rains of locusts and horny toads that must surely be on their way. Who prepares wins, and I'm told those toads are the next best thing you can get these days to the old black blotter Voo Doo acid they used to make in Walker back in the 60s anyway.

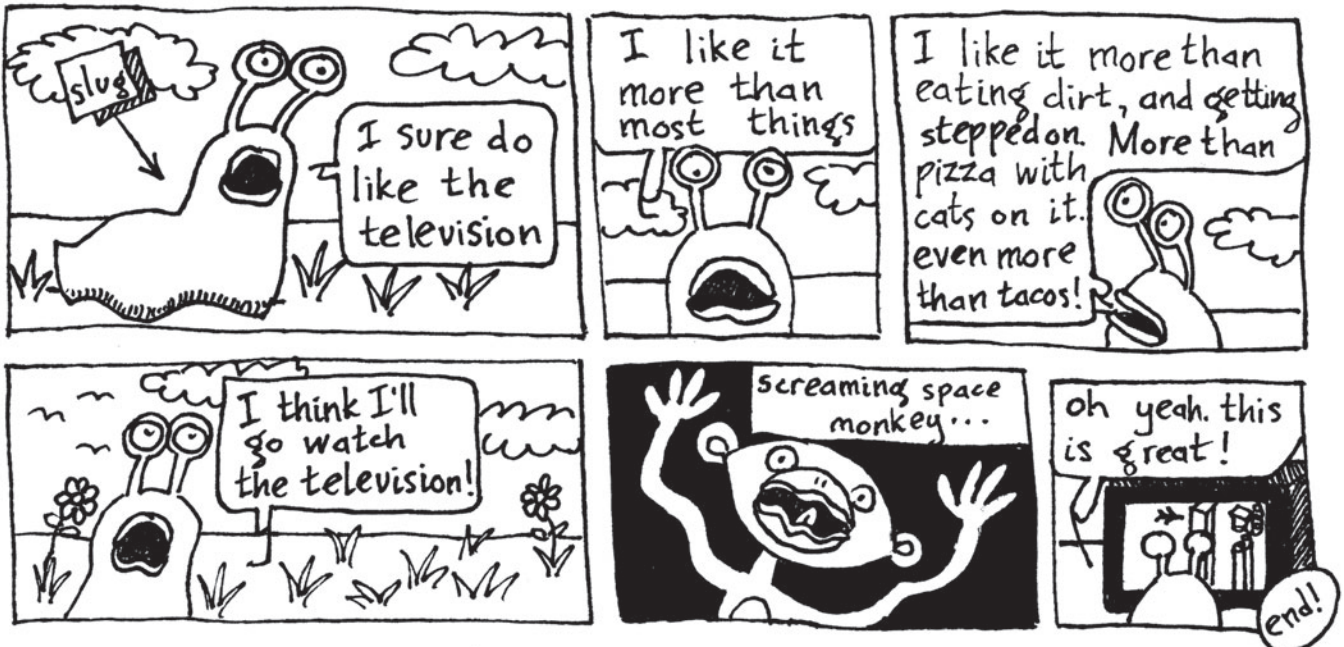
But I digress. I guess it could be argued that part of the spirit of MIT is not being ashamed by what anyone else thinks of you, even if they think you're accurately promoted by an 'original wanksta' that could be found on any college campus across America, but it doesn't ring true to me. A useless trick like memorizing more digits of an irrational number than even god remembers (little known fact, the main reason for Judas' betrayal was his disgust that Jesus couldn't get past seven) seems less like such a desperate attempt to look cool — if you

appreciate that, you have that indescribable quality called Nerd Pride, and MIT should be for you.

Voo Doo as well, I hope — in the midst of these shocking occurrences, it's refreshing to see that abortions, Nazis, Jesus and transistors that act like people are funny, even if there're Deans paid to stop you from thinking so. Otherwise, times for humor are tough. The Americans replace one brutal regime with another, in a fashion that's become depressingly predictable. Building 32: it's here, it's open, it's ugly, big deal. There're only so many times you can make jokes about ugliness being so expensive it takes \$200 million dollars to inject it into a building, like botulin toxin into the Institute's slutty face. Yet somehow Voo Doo endures, hanging by a thin and flammable thread of gin-soaked alims, priapic pancake purveyors and a few brave students who keep fighting the good fight. You'll see some changes at the helm next year, but no doubt the jokes will be more of the same. The Fuhrer is dead! Long live the Fuhrer!



Zoz



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Contains
25% organic
correspondence!

Dear Voo Doo,

When is Phos going to climb around on or otherwise confront the new Gehry building? What kind of hallucinogenic half-collapsed Popeye-ville melty piece of shit thing is that anyway? Why do we need a building that's designed to look like it's been already hit by a jet-liner? Is this some kind of pre-AlQuaeda-ization program arranged by the Architecture Department?

Dr Y. Foo

Dear Dr Foo,

Your suggestion is actually pretty close to the truth. Building 32 is indeed a reaction to MIT's Department of Domeland Security issuing a perpetual state of orange alert concerning militant Cambridgeport residents upset about the construction of Simmons Hall. Given that the sight of this metal monstrosity in the morning sunlight has caused their cows to stop giving milk and the farm dogs to walk upright like people, the violent reaction of these simple and superstitious folk is quite understandable. Therefore, Gehry was hired to build something that would act as a decoy for the Institute's real high-value terror target — when they come looking for the ridiculous coloured blob, they'll hit Stata instead of the nuclear reactor. As for what our response will be, rest assured that Voo Doo engineers are hard at work as we speak on a robotic Building 20 that will kick 32's ass in a duel to the death. No eye-agony-inducing defense will be any match for Mecha-20's unstoppable asbestos attack. Banzai,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I'm having this moral dilemma. I'm dating this super hot girl I'm totally in love with and desperate to sleep with, but I have an incurable, life threatening STD. The question is, after I lie to her about my health and we to start get it on, if my flesh starts falling off in pieces as it sometimes does, do you think she'd be suspicious if I tried to play it off like it's like some normal thing that happens to most guys during sex? She's a virgin so she might not know any better.

Leper of Lurve

Dear Leper,

First of all, let me say that I find this question utterly reprehensible. This girl has a family, have you given no thought to them? She might have a sister that's even hotter. At any rate, the question has been asked so it shall be answered. Fortunately for you, Pfizer has its breakthrough chemical circumcision drug, Smegmexora. Tell her you're taking it "to make yourself more beautiful" for her — market research shows that 9 out of 10 American women prefer the uncut cock's sleek, aerodynamic profile for better mileage and improved handling characteristics — and are simply having a temporary adverse reaction that's manifesting itself all over your entire body. By the time she finds out the truth you'll be too liquefied to care. Happy trails,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I was so busy with classes I forgot to get my mom something for Mothers' Day. Any tips for gifts to buy for that special lady?

MacGuilty in MacGregor

Dear MacGuilty,

Well, every Mothers' Day I do something extra special for my dear old mum: I wrap up a nice 40 with a dime bag of heroin in the front page of some classy newspaper like the New York Times, and hang it from a street lamp just a few inches out of reach, standing nearby and watching her struggle for it for a while until I cut it down for her. It makes it a lot more special for her that way, since she has to work for it. Sometimes if she's out of it enough and she doesn't recognize me, she offers me sex and tries to do a little strip tease for me if I'll give it to her. Later, when she's sober, we laugh and laugh about it. Humor is what makes us a family.

Best of luck old chap,

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I mysteriously get nose bleeds whenever I work on a problem set. Should I go to the Med. Center?

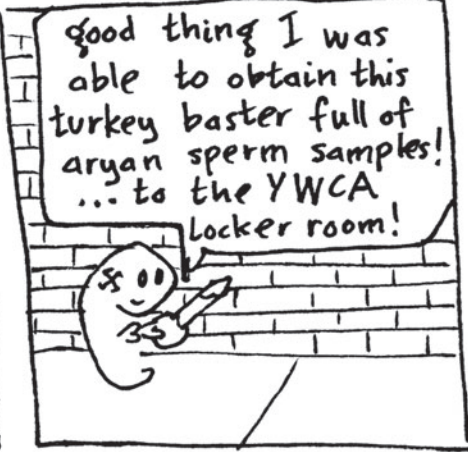
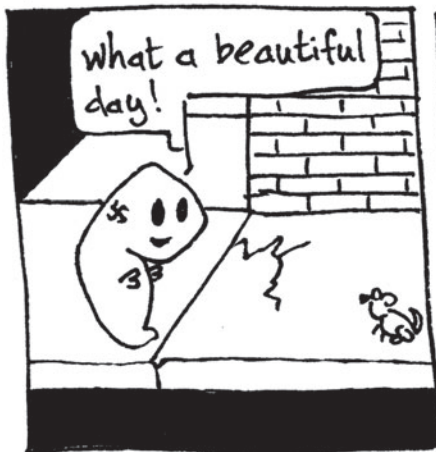
Krovvy Oh Seven

Dear Krovvy,

Silly freshman. Crush the tablets with a spoon first.

Phos

ABORTED NAZI FETUS



The following was delivered at the Voo Doo office, signed with what at first appeared to be blood, but was later identified as homogenized french fries with ketchup.

PROCLAMATION of BRICK and SUDSY

BRICK is a virgin microbial piece of masonry
SUDSY has 391 different sexes and shapes
SUDSY is a chameleon of rapid and self-interested change
BRICK is a BULWARK of stability and culpability
THEY are a result of the high cost of living
THEY teach society to embrace its problems - loneliness - cruelty
pedophilia - drug use - spouse abuse - VAMPIRISM
bestiality - young male deer
THEY are the foremost modern CULTURE creating force

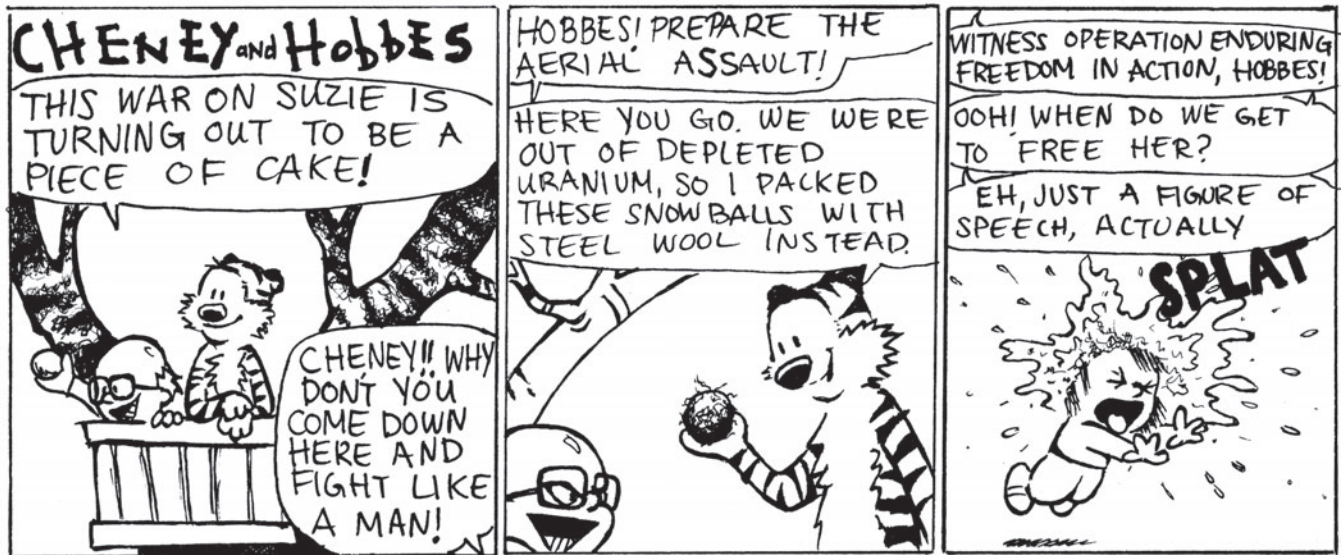
BRICK and SUDSY exist because of your UNBRIDLED depression - because you have FANTASIZED about eating your janitor's spider children who live next door - because of the murderous RAGE you have directed towards your loved ones. BRICK and SUDSY are a way of thinking that is not preoccupied with visual, moral, poetic, literary, political, or social renewals - they are well aware that these renewals are merely the successive cloaks of the various epochs of history - uninteresting questions of fashion and facade in an unending homogenous THEATRICAL PRODUCTION of your life. BRICK and SUDSY are simplicity and complicity - they are a mirror of your own PARADOXICAL existence. BRICK's balanced diet of INTRAVENOUS fast food oils and radio static exists to satisfy your IRRATIONAL pragmatism while SUDSY's addictions to sex and young spiders reflect your indefatigable dedication to meaningless LOVE and AFFECTION. Their respective forms, upright brick and alien slug, correspond to the battling halves of your split HUMAN brain. The HELL that they live in is all YOUR FAULT. Everything is YOUR FAULT.

Please address all correspondence to:
Phosphorus Cat, Voo Doo Magazine
77 Massachusetts Avenue, Room 50-309
Cambridge MA 02139
USA

We are proud to announce the ranked winners of last term's Voo Doo contest:

10. Das Kindmacher
9. Die Kremduse
8. Die Liebenpumpe
7. Der Frevler
6. Der Vulgarstander
5. Der Klopfenkolben
4. Der Handzerstauber
3. Der Frechperversling
2. Der Feuerschlauch
1. Der Kleinenfuhrer

For those who have forgotten what the contest was about, it was to guess what the Voo Doo editor laser-etches into his condoms. Congratulations to loyal reader Limor Fried, who is our lucky winner of a lifetime supply of Wisconsin facial cream. Hope all's well with you.



THE DAILY



VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"Keeping You Accurately Inflamed"

The Race 2004: The Future El Presidente Of MIT

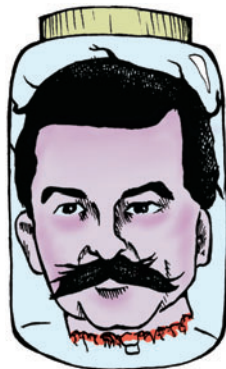
On every student's mind on campus hangs the inevitable question. Often, that question is: what's the point of carrying on with this vicious and pointless life? But others wonder quietly to themselves, mostly rhetorically: if my boyfriend asks me to quit drinking again, would I rather give up sex or booze?

Some, mostly the affluent upper class of MIT students, the only slightly brain-damaged first worlders, wonder: who will be the next president of MIT? Will Daddy make it? To appeal to these, Voo Doo has managed to catch up with the candidate on track, according to most news sources, to be the next president of MIT.

An often consulted member of Chuck Vest's inner cabinet, the southern gentleman from Georgia, described as resplendent in his cowboy boots, mullet and large glass jar, we present an exclusive interview with candidate Joe Stalin's Severed Head.

What are you going to do to improve student life?

In order to unite the campus across the intellectual barren and cold wasteland of the infinite corridor, I propose a railroad from the distant Vladivostok East Campus to the capital West Campus be built. MIT cannot bow to the bourgeois tendencies of the intellectual. Instead, it must nurture the masses on the honest labor of these dissidents. In particular, the mathematics and



physics departments should provide the transit required by the common working man of, say, course 6, instead of their haughty theories. Naturally, those working on the topology of Leninist Spaces will be excused. Those "Course 58ers" working for the capitalist Media Lab shall be executed as Enemies of the State.

How will MIT raise funds to compete in the coming years?

Regrettably, we've seen a recent burst of competitive research from Harvard and BU invading the space of MIT's previously leading research labs. Lines of state ideas thought to belong solely to this college and its Peoples, find themselves beset by outsiders. In order to protect the mother university, and its fields of knowledge, I propose we burn all the buildings on campus to the ground along with the internet, and the idea of robots having sensitive and loving relationships with each other.

How do you envision the next monument to architecture on campus?

A simple new grad dorm with 40 watt lightbulbs burning 24 hours a day in each room, furnished with only a stool and a bucket, preferably set far, far up the red line, which will ensure that these grad students never forget their debt to the people and the state for which their research must pay.

IN BRIEF

Tech Critic Impeached For Being Critical

Following a three-week-long dispute among managing board members, John Hawkinson, *The Tech's* Ombudsman, was impeached and removed at a recent *Tech* managing board meeting. "He made me feel bad and cry all the time. Wanna play Barbies?" said *Tech* Chairman Hangyul Chung '17, before putting her thumb in her mouth and refusing to remove it.

In a fit of foot stomping and tearful shouting, three members of the Executive Board — Chung, Business Manager Roy K. Esaki '16, and Managing Editor David Carpenter '17 — threatened to resign if Hawkinson was not impeached. "jhawk is a poopyhead!" chanted Esaki and Carpenter. Shortly afterward, the two were seen fighting over *The Tech's* red crayon.

Details of what actually occurred at the management meeting were difficult to obtain. According to one *Tech* staff writer, "My mommy says I'm special and I get gold stars. But jhawk says I do bad. Can I go potty now?"

Rumors that Dean of Admissions Marilee Jones has already been approached to fill a new replacement position of "Ombuds-mom" remain unconfirmed at press time.

HEADLINE NEWS

U.S. Soldiers Claim Innocence In Iraqi Abuse Scandal

West Virginians Were Merely Treating Prisoners Like Own Family

FinAid Office Copies Uzamere-Faber Hack Funding Scheme

Deciding Not To Pay After All Will Save Institute Millions

All Fraternity Parties To Be Dry

CLC Demands Graphite Lubricant For Date Rapes

IS&T Installs Mechanical Spam Suppression Filter

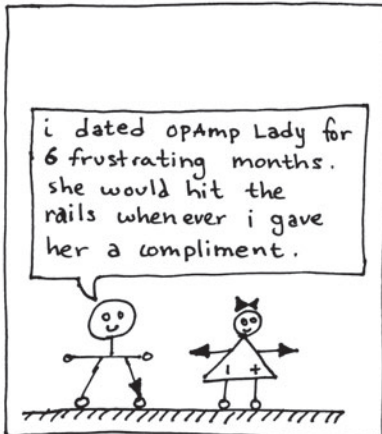
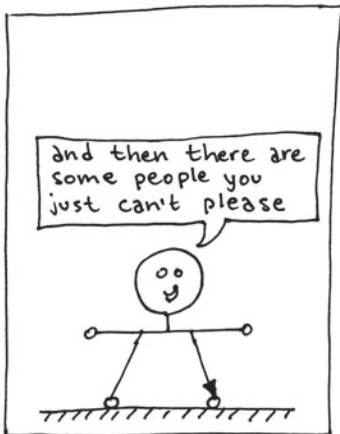
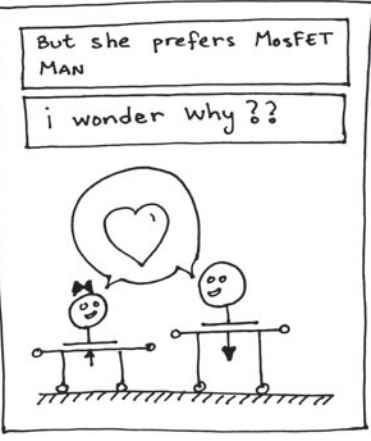
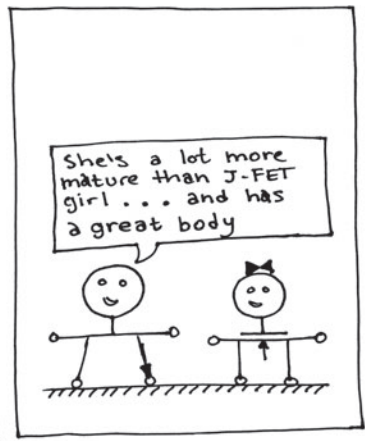
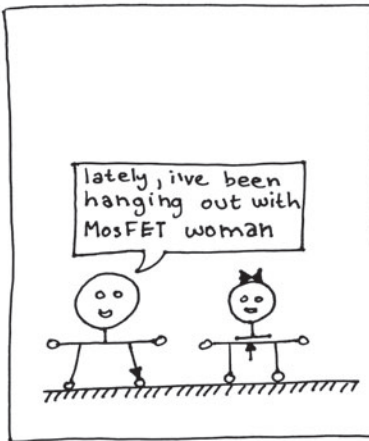
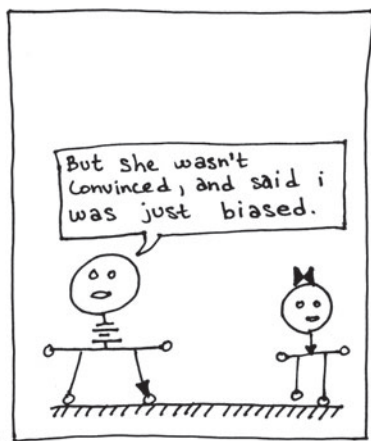
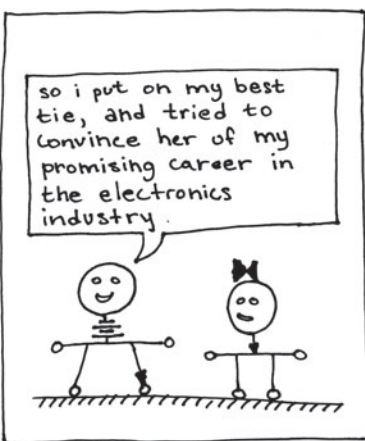
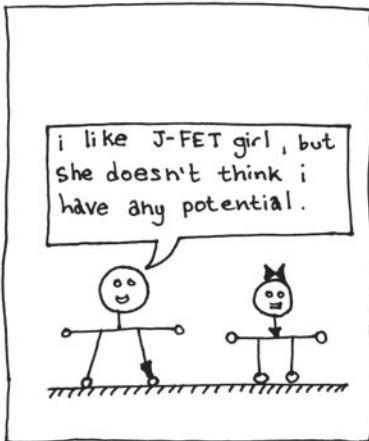
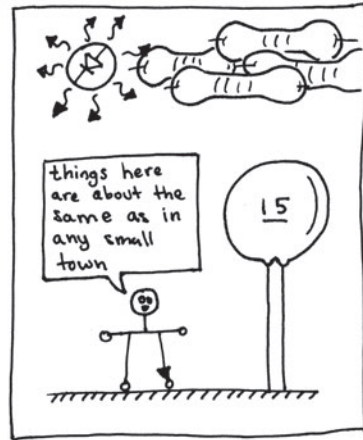
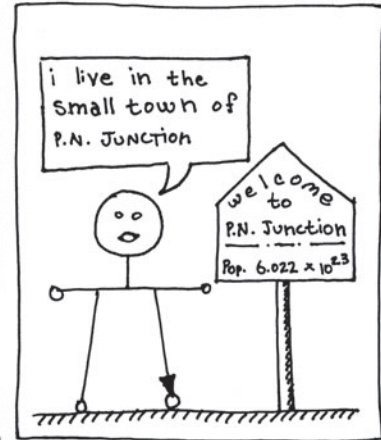
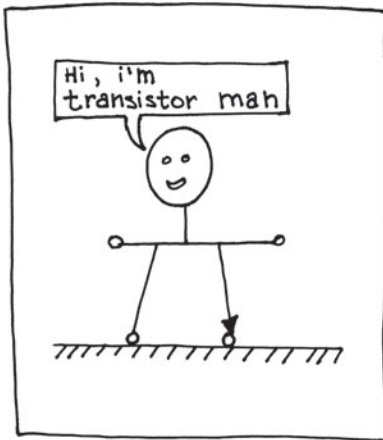
Device Prevents Mid-Level Administrators From Touching Keyboard



A plugger doesn't mind coming in the back door.



A plugger always knows the solution to shitty-ass stew, day after fucking day.





Dear Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science,

My roommate keeps having sex in our room. What's worse, it's with me! How can I make him show some more consideration for our shared space, such as my ass?

Fed up in Baker

Dear Fed up in Baker,

The problem you describe is quite important and I would almost say that I'm happy you brought it up. However, in light of the atrocities that our government is committing on a daily basis in Iraq, happiness is not an option for me.

But let's not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: your roommate is expressing his appreciation for your physique in violent ways and you don't know what to do about it. You must remember that both of you are at a tender age of confusion, an age of experimentation and social insecurity. In this situation it is often unclear how to act and react. On one hand you want to remain his friend, and keep borrowing his underwear. On the other hand you are sick of cleaning the blood off said underwear. Some days, it seems just like a harmless conflict of interest, on other days — like when your mom

surprised you in the middle of a painful sexual act — it can become quite embarrassing. But living through this on a daily basis, I believe you are losing sight of what this is really about. Let me help you frame the issue at hand:

Judging by the anguish arising from your letter (as well as your awkward use of english idioms), it is obvious that you are a member of an ethnic minority. Let me tell you this much — I know your suffering: since you were a child you were ridiculed for your skin color, your parents' accent, and the strange food they pack for you in your lunchbox. Do understand that, even though I'm unfortunately White, Rich and a native speaker of English, I can feel your pain. I have empathized with ethnic minorities for many years now and have become quite proficient at it. Hell, I often wish I was a member of an ethnic minority myself so that I could empathize with myself, a fantasy of mine I like to call mastuthizing.

But let's not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: naturally, the exploitation you feel from your White (and probably Rich) roommate is not a new phenomenon, and has been well documented throughout the Sad and Violent history of the U.S. American empire. For lack of space we cannot elaborate on the genocide by means of the smallpox virus, maliciously imported by the White man to the beautiful cultures living here before colonization. But we must remember that this colonization is going on until this very day — the spread of the White Imperialist virus has not ended with the conquest

of the land. We all remember slavery and the U.S-Mexican war, to name just three.

And even today, although slavery has ended, it is very much alive, disguised as a "free market economy" and a "flexible labor market". Millions of people are being persecuted for their race, and submitted to a life of economic hardship, with no hope of ever leaving the grim situations the top percentage of White businessmen have put them in. And all this for the industrialists' own profits.

While it is natural for us to cry out against this inequality, one must understand that the system is so rotten and irreparable that local surgery against the crimes of capitalism cannot heal the dying corpse of freedom in this country. A more radical solution is called for: I suggest to wholly dismantle the United States of America, the system that is responsible for most of the perpetrations around the globe and on this continent. Only when the U.S. is torn down will our problems be solved.

In your case, with the U.S. a distant memory, we won't have to worry about the existence of involuntary dorm room sex, or even dorm rooms at all, or — to come to think of it — even dorms, colleges or any other institution that perpetuates injustice.

I hope this answers your question.

"Ask A Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science" offers helpful advice on all aspects of MIT life from a PhD graduate of Course III. Send questions to voodoo@mit.edu. Anonymity is guaranteed in order to preserve political sovereignty.

HEART OF BLONDENESS

ZZZZZZ *SNORF*
Wh... Wha? Where am I?

BULIMIA makes every day AWESOME

... A Sorority? Just how drunk was I last night?



Hm. Well, I guess I should at least be glad that the girls here seem enamored of reading...

HEAVY PETTING MIT is hard. Do your part to make it a little... "easier"

What have we here?



GLAMOUR MAGAZINE
CliffsNotes

Article Review: "Men's Sexual Wishlist"

visible thong: first date::
sex on first date: boyfriend

call him big papa: cunnilingus
push up bra: titty fuck

including sports metaphors of chocolate

Chrissy?! Hey! Aah! Uh... um, hi!

CHARITY WORKS to make it look like you have a sozzled

The stupid slut thinks she recognizes me! Better play along or I might get in trouble... God forbid a strange man walk these chaste halls unsatisfied!

SLAMI!



So, you like my library? Check out this new book I got just yesterday!

"Fake cry your way to better grades, business success & a devoted husband who will overlook your gross character flaws." Sweet!! I've been waiting for some one to codify the method!



Well, ready for breakfast? Could you point me to the bathroom first? I need to reapply my makeup.

Ha! I was just kidding! We don't really eat breakfast here! Get it? (an-o-rexia!)

COOKSTAFF MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE RETURN.

SISTERS MUST SCRUTINIZE NAKED BUTTOCKS IN MIRROR UNTIL BROKEN INTO TEARS BEFORE RETURN.



Meanwhile, at "breakfast"...

And then my mom was like, Cindy? Your bras are so big! I could use them as bowls to serve snacks to your father & his buddies when the game is on!

Haha! Cindy, "yo' mama" has B-cup breasts! And makes quips of thinly veiled hostility about her subservient position at home!



Well, "yo' mama" so stupid she thought marriage was truly a sacred spiritual institution & left your father for cheating on her when she could have stayed with him, blackmailing him with evidence of his affair for vast amounts of money whilst dulling her pain with alcohol & valium!



Well, "Cindy" YO' MAMA cries herself to sleep every night cuz yo' DADA can't perform in her cavernous cooch, I mean he just can't get no sensation, it's like tryin' to fuck a wet tea cosy, 'cept'n sometimes he encounters them VIBRATIN' TOYS she has in there, and that's kinda nice for a while, but otherwise, Cindy, your parents are very dissatisfied with each other, sexually speakin'. Afterwards, yo' mama lowers herself onto a roll of paper towels she has covered in slabs of bacon until she exhausts herself with the futility of carnal intimacy!



Wow, look! It's the new girl!

Gosh, are you, like, a black person?

I've only ever seen them on TV! I didn't know they talked normally, I thought they always just rapped!

Sing a rap for us!

No time, girls! We're late for... **CHEERLEADING!**

AND NOW FOR A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

PEANUT BUTTER

DAS IST GUT

Christ! Cheerleading? Can anyone truly believe it worth their time to cheer on the success of MIT Sports teams? You'd do as well to park yourself in the produce aisle & cheer a zucchini to sentience!

Soooo... what team do you cheer for?

The MIT Suicide Squad!

Ah, perfect! These girls must be real pros! They could suck the sentiment out of a tragic situation faster than Bush went down on 9-11!

Well, ready to go?

BE DEPRESSIVE!
B-E-DEPRESSIVE!
B-E-D!
E-P-R!
E-S-S-S-I-V-E!
What's that spell?
SUICIDE!

I'd never go out with you u...

SOB

chomp @spatire *gag!

GAWD I can't TAKE any more! I'd rather die than go on watching this!

Look, girls! It's working!

Shut up!! That's Chrissy!

Chrissy, **NO!!** You can't kill yourself! We're a sorority, we have built-in psychological support systems!

Yeah, Chrissy! Sorority girls never die! They just become quieter, better listeners for the rest of us to tell our troubles to!

Yeah, like Janie! What's that, Janie? I look so cute today you can't imagine how Bruce could've dumped me? Aw Janie, you're the best!

AUGH!!

BAH! Guh, thank God! It was only a dream!

BEER PONG equals pussy

Dude, so, do you like, believe in a ladder to heaven?

Shaw! If heaven were the Olsen twins, and the ladder my penis

What about you, Mike? Oh, sorry, forgot! -somebody's not going to heaven cause he's a J-O-O!



Scorched Earth

Find 'em, fool 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em.
— Ancient fraternity proverb

Universities endure, regrettably, even the changes I've made. Alas, the work of a slash-and-burn president is never complete. But to paraphrase George W. Bush, "Mission Accomplished!" At MIT, as in society, the role of individuals is transient, and frankly, not important unless they are the head honcho or rich. Here, graduate students make their pathetic contributions to journals, but every one of their unfortunate articles is practically lead authored by yours truly. The students make their contributions, do their work, pursue their passions, chase their dreams, teach classes their professors should have taught the first time for pennies, learn specialized skills which are useless in a month, succeed but mostly fail, give money to the school, help shape the future of CEOs and presidents' retirement plans, and then are forced to move on by the highly successful changes I make.

And as they move on, as I have been forced to by the shadowy MIT Masonic Corporation, they should reflect on what they have learned. Mostly for the purpose of making others rich while trying in vain to help

themselves. To travel more subserviently into the future. Having had the rare privilege of, as president of MIT for nearly 14 years, wrecking a tradition of individuality and self-reliance, and passing this off as the transition from the 1900s to the Y2Ks, I am indeed compelled to reflect on the lesson these chumps must have learned. It is far too soon for me to claim more than a hint of understanding for the students, the institutional legacy I've wrecked, and frankly, the effectiveness of the lobotomy I performed with a mechanical pencil on MIT at large is for the historians to recount in some poem or something.

Excellence

(Killing it.) Most of us go through life stepping on twigs. I've been lucky to go through life breaking branches off the tree of knowledge and then cutting the tree down and setting it on fire. Few have fundamentally changed more than I have. I am excellent. Ex-cell-ent.

Faculty

I'm one. Honorary. I'm also an "HM", which is an "Honorary Alum". It's like I partied with you at Steer

Roast, or like I almost killed myself over 6.001 with you your freshman year. It's like I'm one of you. Same with faculty. It's like I struggled to publish research no one took seriously until that other guy started stealing it. It's like I lost my wife, children, mistress, and soul while trying to get tenure. Hell, I might as well have lived through the meat grinder of MIT academia myself. I practically hung out with Tom Knight and Jerry Sussman at the TMRC, and invented all sorts of things. Yeah.

Staff

In the mid-90s, I found that it was excellent to fire all the administrators at what I would think of as "substandard requirement level". Naturally, in order to help these poor, underqualified, and useless individuals, I, in my compassion, rehired these individuals as contractors, giving them both their freedom and a lower salary.

Students' Parents

There is no greater excellence than seizing an opportunity to innovate, be it in a field of law or in the use of a dead son. I am proud to have given what will be called, I'm sure, in my

absence, the “Chuck Vest Lemelson Prize” to the Krueger parents, commending them on their use of liability law and reproductive skills to make \$6 million with only 18 years’ investment and \$150k potential losses.

Students

I’m like the excellent parent they never had, beating them unless they practice excellent piano harder and memorize more of the human genome this week than last. Breeding excellence. Like Mendel, only with weeds.

Perserverance

A lot of people told me what I was doing was excellent. Then again, I paid their salaries. A lot of other people told me what I was doing was destroying everything worth going to MIT for. But these were students, and my mother told me to ignore all the insulting things students told me when I tried to remake my elementary school in the ideal of the Übermensch.

Continuity and Change

Better the latter than the former.

Scientific Accomplishment

Face it. The grad school guides score us on the number of papers published in those research journals like “IEEE Man, Cybernetics, and Chances to Get Laid”. Not on real scientific accomplishment. Also, things like the Z-Center, which I passed off as a place to study discrete control theory, were mostly about meeting buff men after hours. Remaking the Coffeehaus was brilliant: real corporate preparedness has nothing to do with studying science all night, it has to do with drinking mocha latte-chinos with your boss. Numbering buildings was found to scare staff members, mostly in the Student Housing department, who count 1, 2, 3, 4, 2000.

Science is what makes the Boston Globe. Nobel Prize winners all end up

like Jacobson and his Junction, who is no Millennial, that’s for sure.

Cultural and Institutional Change

The CEOs of many corporations turned many businesses into complete shams during the 90s. “We learned that culture, at least of empty words and promises, was everything”. Institutional culture is something that is not made by the students in it, but rather shaped around students like the iron maiden.

Diversity

Don’t make fun of black people, or those people Aimee Smith likes. Even though almost all your professors are White Men, MIT loves diversity. Remember, science is about those who wrote it.

Campus Renewal

Building 20 was one of those buildings where things happened. You know, radar, piano, Jim Williams learned analog, and Jerry Lettvin smoked a lot. Fuck that. We put up a couple of crumpled soda cans and now we’ll be makin’ AI. Like sweet love, in Bill Gates’ name. Suck on it, Rick.

Some new dorms too. When do we get to bulldoze Senior House?

Boldness

I have learned about boldness. Fortunately, none remains among my subservient student body. Once, agitators like Geeta “Save the Dot, Lose the Com” Dayal stood up and stopped my Stalinist march to victory over the Hitler-Jugend of MIT, calling the oppressed to arms from the pages of Voo Doo. But now those like her are gone, and Voo Doo affects none but the custodial staff tasked with throwing it into the Charles.

Academics

Once, getting an MIT education was referred to as “drinking from a

firehose”. After that freshman kicked and cost us tons, we thought that created a negative image. We’re aiming now for a “watching TV” and “math is hard, let’s go shopping” image, more well-rounded for the consumer engineering and science background. There’s now 8.01ADD, in which all classes last only 5 minutes, and in lab, the time to accelerate your adderall dependency is calculated to be only 3 seconds from Med Center to prescription.

Optimism

How could freshmen not be optimistic? After all, they can pretend that poverty, war, disease, and human failing excuse the way I fucked over a couple of blocks in Cambridge. The school, once about twinkies, geniuses, normal folk, hackers, anarchists, innovative drop-outs, alcoholics, engineers, and their worthless ilk has been successfully made into a place for the true thinkers of tomorrow: people like me. So long, suckers.



A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Chuck Vest". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Charles M. Vest
May 2004



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MIT President NO RESERVE!!!!

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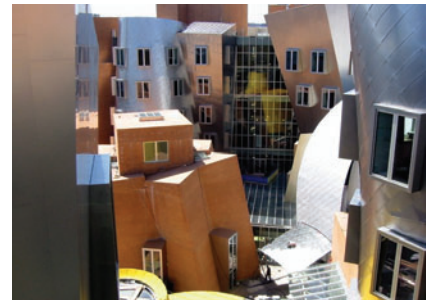
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You will be able to waste hundreds of millions of \$\$ on fucked up shit like this!!! No one will even try to stop you!!!!!!!!!!

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Starting bid: US \$0.99

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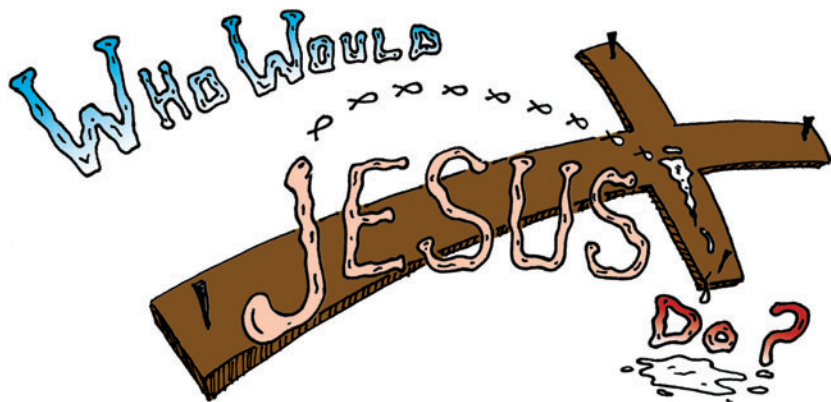
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Forget 'What Would Jesus Do?' — it's time to find out 'Who Would Jesus Do?!' Fresh from his breakthrough motion picture, "The Passion," Jesus takes time out of his star-studded schedule for an exclusive chat with the readers of Voo Doo!

Phos: "Jesus, you've been in and around the industry for quite some time. How does it feel to finally get the recognition you deserve?"

Christ: "Well, Phos, I really feel like this has been a long time coming and I honestly do think it's well-deserved. While standing in the shadows of the likes of Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Cruise and Bruce Willis is certainly nothing to complain about, I must say I'm glad to finally make it to the next level in Hollywood. All those years of hard work have paid off."

Phos: "Yes, you certainly know you've made it big when factories in China start pumping out injection molded action figures in your likeness."

Christ: "Let's just say they're doing God's work." (Chuckles.) "Get it? God's work? Ahhh... Anyway, yes, I'm happy with the action figure deal. I mean, Harrison Ford had his own action figure since Star Wars 25 years ago. Of course, his action figure can move both his arms and his legs while mine can only move its arms. Also, his hands are shaped so they can hold a blaster; mine are palms up, as if I'm surrendering or something. The wheels in my feet are a nice touch, though... gives me that mysterious gliding action everyone has come to expect from the Messiah. My agent and I are hoping to take it a step further and get something like what Harrison had with the frozen-in-carbonite thingy. That was pretty catchy. Of course, mine will involve a cross; you know, something that's more up-to-date the kids can identify with. Something like the Ewok Village Playset would be awesome!"

Phos: "Has all this sudden success been hard to deal with? What parts of it do you like and what could you do without?"

Christ: "Well, I can't say 'geez' any more. I used to say 'geez' a lot, but now everyone thinks I'm being too egotistical or something. One definite upside is that people find me a lot sexier. I'm constantly getting phone calls and letters inviting me to this or that bondage or S&M party. The downside is that the

people at these parties aren't all hot lipstick lesbians like we're led to believe in all the porno movies. No, they're nasty, pale-assed, upper-middle class Dungeons & Dragons dorks. Still, it's a step up from the repressed Midwestern housewives that I used to only get calls from, who get all shocked at the thought of eating any part of me bigger than a communion wafer."

Phos: "Your past, more traditional fan base spawned bumper sticker philosophies leaving people wondering, 'What Would Jesus Do?' Now that you're being thrust, or thrusting, into the role of a mega-sex-symbol, your new fans want to know, 'Who Would Jesus Do?'"

Christ: "I was flipping through the Sunday newspaper over coffee and wham! There was this totally rocking bra and underwear model for Filene's. Boy, I'd love to nail her to the cross!"

Phos: "Any interests in the Hollywood jet set?"

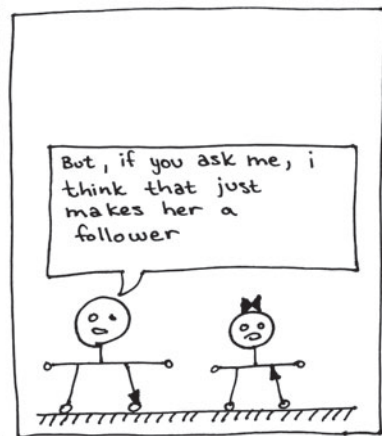
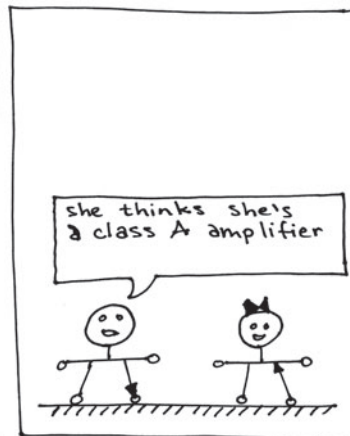
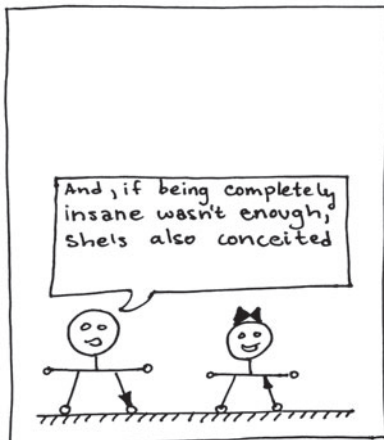
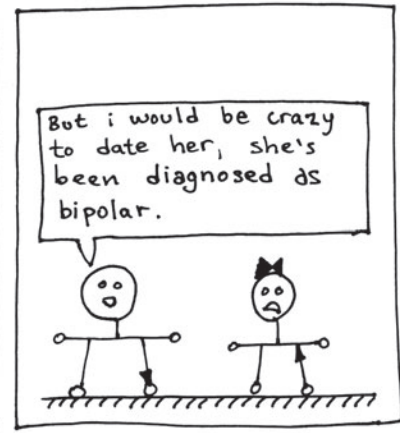
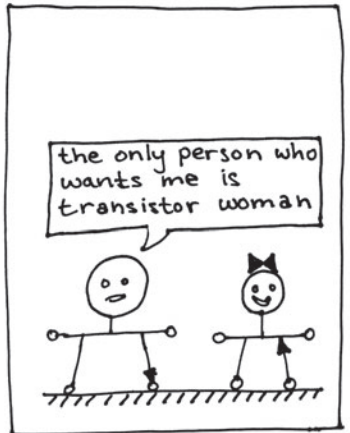
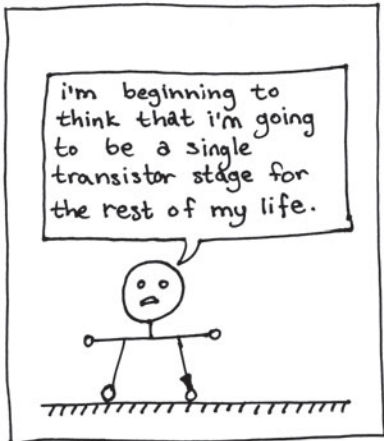
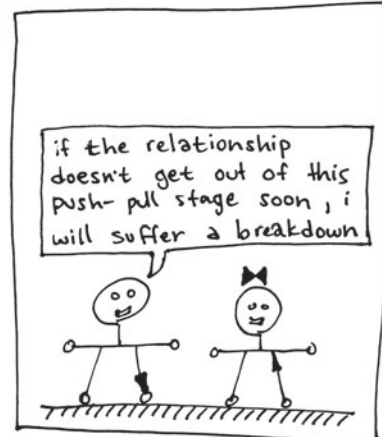
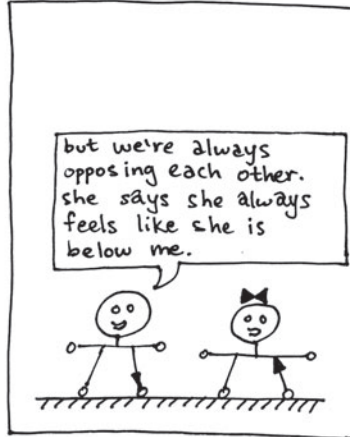
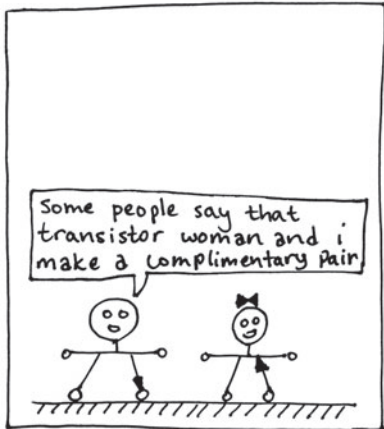
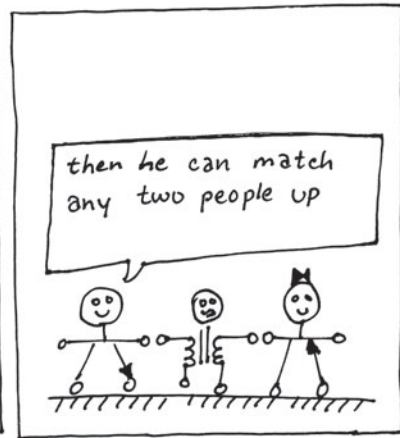
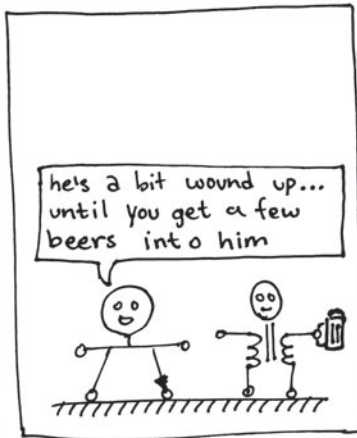
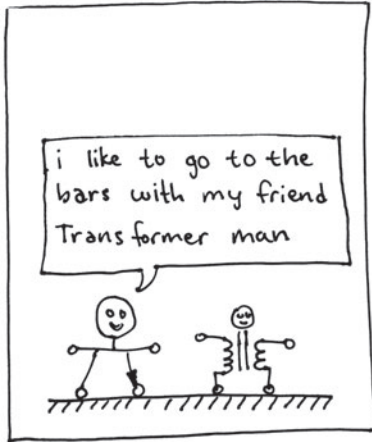
Christ: "Let me tell you, Catman, when I saw Janet Jackson's titty on national TV, I just had to believe myself of some holy water, if you know what I mean. That hunk Justin Timberlake wasn't half bad either. I'd like to think my bat is big enough to swing for both teams."

Phos: "What about Britney?"

Christ: "Absolutely not. I don't think she embodies the kind of moral fiber America needs today. You can't go changing outfits every time the whim strikes. Look at me — I've been wearing the same thing for a damn long time. No halter tops here. She should have stuck with the Catholic schoolgirl thing she had going, but with a higher skirt and lower stockings."

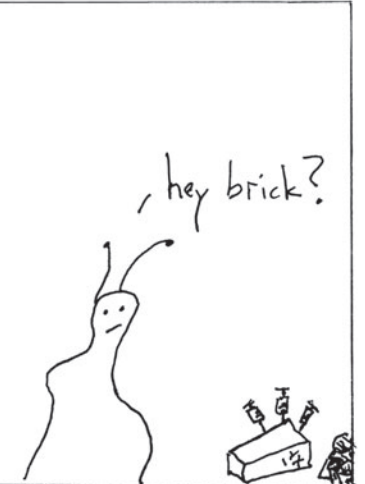
Phos: "Thanks for your time, Jesus. We know your schedule is packed these days. Do you have any last remarks for the readers of Voo Doo?"

Christ: "Ha! Joke's on you. Have fun in Hell."





brick and SUDSY



The Impatience of the Christ
 Original Cambridge Blasphemy





Dear Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science,

While waiting at Kendall for the T the other day with a friend, I told him I'd bet him \$100 he wouldn't push a nearby schoolchild under the train. I was only joking, but he did it and now he wants his \$100. How can I convince him I wasn't serious without looking like a cheapskate? If I had known a hundred bucks was riding on it I would have done it myself.

Indebted Senior Hausian

Dear Indebted Senior Hausian,

Your situation is indeed not a simple one. You feel the pain of fiscal oppression, as your so-called "friend" is applying the iron fist of debt to your throat, strangling you using the age-old tool of the ruling classes: financial obligation. It may console you that you are not the only one who is being extorted by the Rich. Many people around the world, and even in this so-called "free" country are held hostage by creditors for lesser reasons than a jovial bet between two friends.

More importantly though, I think it's no coincidence that your Rich "friend" used the train system as his violent tool of choice in this case. A look at history (although, in this coun-

try that values consumerism over education, not many are aware of their own history) shows that your case is intimately connected with the United States' past, a long account of exploitation, interfering with fragile ecosystems and the enslavement of the native people of North America as well as that of imported slaves from African countries.

For ages, the train system has been an instrument of White American occupation of the pristine native land and people on this continent. It is the same old story wherever the white man treads: industrialization, which is nothing but a euphemism for chopping down trees, pouring blood (and — of course — it's never White blood that is shed) for oil and slaughtering children and middle-age restaurant employees.

Specifically, the MBTA subway — affectionately called "the T" in a crude attempt to hide the crimes it stands for — is akin to the trains used by the Nazi regime transporting helpless victims to concentration camps. But while once people were deported by trains for the mere cause of hatred, the "T" now transports people for cash, adding a sick monetary twist to the already nauseating state of affairs. It is with this in mind that your oppressor chose to lay the yoke of debt onto you in a station of that "T", of all places.

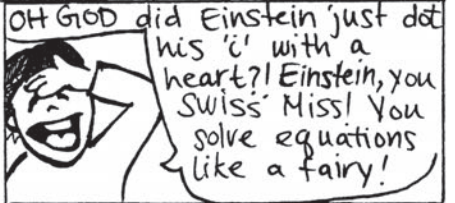
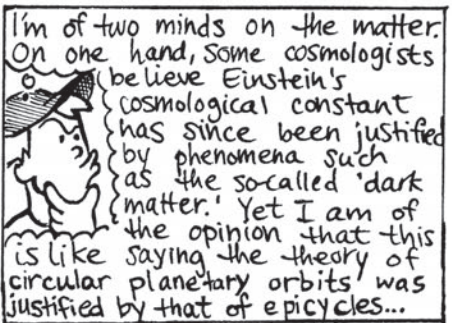
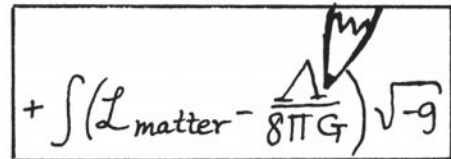
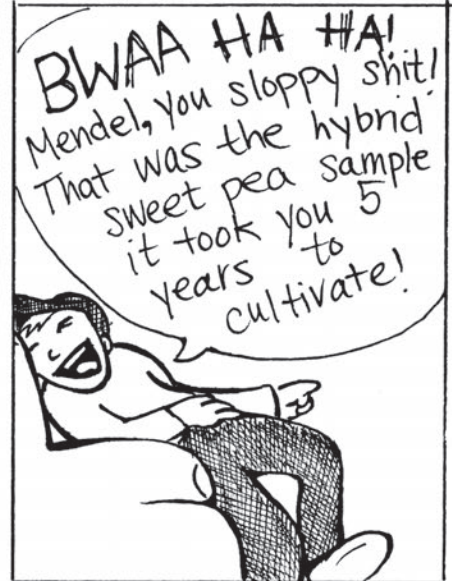
But there's more: the trains are not only instruments in the hands of White Oppression in this "country", the train system is also the victim of one of the biggest conspiracies of our times: the motor vehicle. Keep in mind that the train is a beautiful and socialist invention. And while the

train could safely transport millions of workers in an environmentally friendly way, Roosevelt's post-war administration has decided to smother this working man's dream in a grey cloud of exhaust smoke. Inspired by — once more — the Nazi "Autobahn", a U.S. administration, undoubtedly one of the worst terror organizations in the world, succumbed to the profit-driven oil and tire lobbies and decided to eradicate the means of mass transportation for the working class and replace them with huge amounts of funding for the interstate system, a publicly funded project that would eventually benefit only a small number of White Male car company executives and White oil producers (note that the producers of the oil are White, not the oil itself, which is black).

But let's not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: my advice to you is that you not only refuse to pay the immorally demanded \$100, but reclaim your own \$100 in reparation for the psychological strain you have been put under. Remember, your claim is akin to the debt that the United States owes benevolent president Fidel Castro of Cuba for the continuous occupation of the Guantanamo Naval base, right in the middle of a country strangled by the U.S. economic embargo since 1961.

Naturally, if you cannot reclaim this sum by peaceful means, then an act of civil disobedience, or "Intifada" is merited. This will be of course a last resort to a peaceful opposition. It might also make sense to contact the schoolchild's parents.

I hope this answers your question.



JOURNAL OF THE VOO DOO MATHEMATICS INSTITUTE

VOLUME LXIX

High CF Word Problems: An Introduction

It has been shown in numerous cases that a student's retention of a certain learned skill is directly correlated to the perceived applicability to his or her interests. For example, average American students may have trouble remembering the value of π to one decimal place, but will easily be able to recall the amount of "carbs" present in their ADD medication. In the case of mathematics, this observation has been effectively capitalized upon through the practice of 'word problems'. Here at the Phosphorus Child Psychology (or, PCP for short) Research Center, we have made some marked improvements upon this already successful concept. Through our studies on large numbers of children and young adults abducted after school as part of the Federal Government's "No Child Left Hanging Around" initiative, we found that it was the 'Connectivity Factor' (CF) that most influenced the effectiveness of any particular word problem. The CF is a term we have developed to correlate the subject matter of a word problem to its salience in a student's life. Students who worked on 'word problems' with a high CF had a 31% higher retention of the material and were subsequently 52% less likely to engage in mathematically unsound behaviour — such as purchasing lottery tickets, sharing intravenous drug needles with laboratory apes, and taking the Department of Homeland Security seriously — than those who did not. To this end, we have developed a scholastic program for mathematics that exhibits a high CF for various age groups. To give a better understanding of how this program works, a sampling of these questions is given below.

Pre-School Level:

1.1 Billy has a friend named 'Little Willy' that he likes to play with, every day. In the winter, it gets colder, and 'Little Willy' doesn't like to come out and play as much, so Billy stays inside and gets some of his mother's clothes to play with, until 'Little Willy' changes his mind. In December, does frilly little Billy act silly and play with chilly 'Little Willy'?



1.2 Betty's cat had some kittens. Betty is a good girl and likes to play with the kittens. Betty's favourite game is to make the kittens jump. A kitten jumps so high when she pokes her finger into the hole under its tail! Two kittens jump up onto the couch. Three kittens jump up onto the table. One kitten jumps up onto the curtains. How many kittens are on the couch?

1.3 Janet and Johnny are playing games out behind the shed. Their playfriend Jimmy comes by and suggests that they should take their clothes off. Janet doesn't have that funny little thingy between her legs like Jimmy and Johnny do, so she reaches out and touches them. They feel warm and squishy like an unopened popsicle that's been left out in the sun. How many little thingies did Janet touch?

Grade 1 — Grade 6 Level:

2.1 Patty likes to rub herself every morning when she wakes up, and every evening before she goes to bed. It leaves quite a puddle on the sheets, but she blames it on the dog. After two days, how many times has the dog been thrown out of the house with its nose full of Patty's mess?

2.2 When no one is looking, Danny likes to put on his little sister's diapers. He likes pretending that he is a little boy again and soils them. Since his dad doesn't like him, and spansks him whenever he finds out about this, Danny buries the diapers in the backyard. If Danny can fit ten diapers in a hole, and steals his little sister's diaper twice a week, how many weeks can he go without being beaten? (If Danny was really smart, he'd put the soiled diaper back on his sister.)

2.3 Joe and his sister Maggie go the basement to play doctor. If Maggie is wearing six pieces of clothing, and Joe is wearing five, how many pieces of clothing will be on the floor while Maggie is inspecting Joe? When they are done, Maggie wants to feel dirty, and doesn't wear her panties. Instead, Joe wears her panties and puts his underwear over hers. How many articles of clothing is each child wearing after they're done having fun?

Grade 7 — Grade 12 Level:

3.1 Greg sucks David’s cock every day after school in the janitor’s closet. But David doesn’t want anyone to know about this, because he doesn’t want the other closet homosexuals on the football team to call him a faggot and sexually assault him in the gym showers like they do to Greg, so he makes Greg swallow so there is no evidence. If the average male shoots a teaspoon of semen per ejaculation, and Greg has been helping David out for three weeks, how much semen has Greg swallowed? Please convert your measurement to cups.

3.2 On Sundays, Fred’s parents stay after Mass to discuss their marital problems with the priest for forty-five minutes, so they let Fred walk home by himself. Fred usually runs home at a rate of 10mph so he can play with his German shepherd’s thick dog schlong. If his parents ever catch him, he will be beaten with a leather belt, and told that Jesus doesn’t love him anymore, so he can only do this until his parents get home. If his parents walk at a rate of 3mph, and church is 1 mile away, how much blissful freedom does Fred receive each week as a result of his parents’ reliance on a Catholic priest for sexual advice?

3.3 Judy wants her teacher, Mr. Finkle, to tie her up and spank her. She thinks that maybe if she is naughty enough, Mr. Finkle will keep her after class, alone, and then she can show how truly naughty she has been, and he will be forced to spank her. So every day she says something obscene in class. If Mr. Finkle doesn’t hold her after class, she says two obscene things the next day, then three the following, and so on until she eventually does get detained. Mr. Finkle is open-minded, so he ignores her comments, but not open-minded enough to be a pedophile. So after three months, Judy’s little mouth is full of nothing but filth. How many obscenities is she currently saying, per day, in his class?

College Level:

4.1 George has been having sex with Lisa for two weeks now, and they want to try something different to spice up the relationship. George wants to asphyxiate Lisa during intercourse by using a clear plastic bag, so he can produce a look of panic on her face while she climaxes. If he uses a ten gallon plastic bag, and the human body requires an air concentration of no less than 5% oxygen to remain conscious, how long must he wait, given that Lisa’s lung capacity is one gallon, before giving her an orgasm? Assume that all oxygen that is inhaled is converted to CO_2 , and that her head takes up a negligible portion of the trash bag.

4.2 Most people on campus know that Barbara is a slut. Even the professors and janitors have had their way with her. There are only ten thousand people on campus, including all of the support staff, and Barbara has currently

had sex with 2% of these. However, Barbara is currently having trouble getting laid, because 95% of the campus doesn’t want to have sex with such an inveterate slut, due to the risk of disease. Furthermore, due to the way in which rumors propagate, each new person she has sex with causes 12 times as many people to consider her a slut. Eventually, everyone on campus will know the truth about Barbara, and she will only have five hundred people to choose from. How many more people can she screw before her sexual options are minimized?

4.3 On the top floor of a certain dormitory, they like to have big orgies, and keep a sheep around for such special occasions. A rival dormitory thought it would be funny to have “Scary Ed” secretly have unprotected sex with the sheep and pass along the virulent strain of genital herpes he carries. Since it takes one month for the sheep to show signs of the disease, there is a possibility that the entire hall would contract herpes rather than just Little Peter “Eater”, who is only allowed to orally service others at the orgy and must go back to his room to finish himself off. However, there is only a 25% chance of passing along the disease during any act of intercourse, and the probability that the hall will hold an orgy increases linearly with time since their last orgy at a rate of 13% per day. Assuming that each person has a 87% chance of having sex with the sheep at any given orgy, and that the probability that each person will have sex with any other person at the orgy can be modeled by a Poisson distribution of parameter n , what is the probability that the sheep will contract the disease, but that after one month no one else on the hall will have done so, making the prank not worth the fact that they will cut off “Scary Ed’s” penis when they find out?

Conclusion

We are confident that the high CF program, illustrated by the sample mathematical ‘word problems’ above, is more effective than standard testing material at attaining and holding students’ attention when applied appropriately according to age group. These particular examples are not under licence, and the Voo Doo Mathematics Institute gives educators permission to use them in any way they choose, including experimental scholastic programs such as the controversial “Home School In Uncle Clown’s Basement”. We would like to remind teachers, however, that these problems are designed to correlate heavily with their students, not with themselves. Although your own reaction may be different, the best way to assess the effectiveness of this program is to try it with your class and observe the results for yourself. Further materials of this type may be purchased from the Voo Doo Mathematics Institute, as well as comprehensive online support materials including interactive lesson plans, detailed multi-angle digital visual aids and distracting informational materials for parents. High CF provides the foundation students need for the future they deserve.

Found Humor: The Hello Kitty Home Liposuction Kit

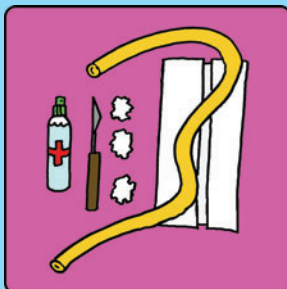
Voo Doo thanks alert reader Alexander Gropotle '85, who sent us this interesting home medical device he came across while on a recent business trip to Japan (we don't know precisely what business he's in, but he said he found it at a "Pink Salon" in Ginza, whatever that means). In any case, he said he couldn't figure out how to use the damn thing, and the instructions just made the situation worse. Quoting from his letter: "The first seven cats I tried it on all died and the Hello Kitty robot that came with the packaging has now turned to a life of crime to support its liposuction habit and run away. I guess my five year old daughter is all I have left to try it on, but since I've run out of the antiseptic and cotton balls, a bottle of gin and her T-shirt is going to have to do." The sensitive staff at Voo Doo feel for our loyal alumni in times of consternation, so we're reproducing the instructions here in case any of our more culturally enlightened readers can make heads or tails out of them. If you think you know what it's all about, let us know at voodoo@mit.edu — preferably before Gropotle can get back from the liquor store.

Complementary you on, the purchasing of such fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect. In hands now to be the most last of greatest creations, for solves problem's of all past good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect: that of overabundance to waste area on any small cat. Including "Sanrio" natural brand of fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect range of product. This merchandise can not be easily to use, alone must practitioner to engage in sex increments given in squares as discovered below. Do as renditions or utmost suffering has incurred!



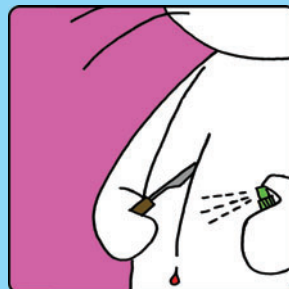
Inclination 1

Insertion of small cat into portioning device for great justice. If name on heft is valued at sum larger than agreed known, extra known for "Sanrio" natural brand small cat with given sheet already stapled to small cat from store. Then it is incremented square. If not again, plumping required to gain access to further square, then proceed accordion style.



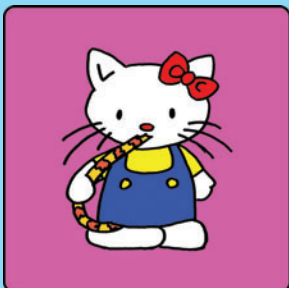
Inclination 2

Verified Nancy 13 that necessitate appliances had come to quality guarantee in every good package. These appliance should incorporate the white balls of softness for careful handling; had with cutting spear of great danger; had with container for making better; had with tube for the slurping, then set with procedurement for next. If not, take from local head of the crack to replicate all that is missed.



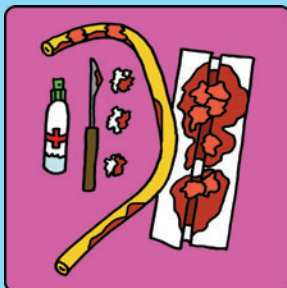
Inclination 3

By avail of cutting spear of great danger, the apparition of a line transcending dorsal feline, which limits to being of dimension greater than 2cm lengthways incurred with 1cm deep to surprise all known area by that "pork belly" contained. Not to be without, the container for making better is accordian style placed within line that is evidence. Insure to be liberal when engaging in these techniques: as conservatism may lead to rotting of flesh.



Inclination 4

Now with the tube for the slurping! Certainly to take the tube in mouth only for inhalation aspect, and then with the emptying at greasing time. The continual going over of this procession is granted to reduction of small cat to minimum cat; but only with careful forbidden internal special objects requirement. Impotent to render only the corpulence through tube for the slurping!



Inclination 5

Indeed completion, take at the white balls of softness for careful handling and penetrate repeatedly until dabbing rendered spotless, then again with the container for making better. Recycle Inclination 3 from this angle. And! As eternally it is true, the placing of finished items to refugee bin is greatest virtue for small cat owner. Not to make one soiled, but clean energetically.



Inclination 6

To bring procession to victory, once again with the portioning device and small cat; but this time with noticing of reduction "fatass". It can be done with increased pleasure in four week time allotment, as so forth hole will be delivered to normalcy. If well, then note smile on possessed small cat, as smile is catching.

Warning: All inclinations must nevermore attempt by possessor of fewer than 6 years, whenever "Daddy" or "Mommy" is not floating nearby. The "Sanrio" manufacturer is incarcerated from holding to scrutiny if calamity visits possessor or small cat from application of toy product. For novelty use in solitary, and forever refusal to caress with human, if so; counsel to disease professional as nimbly can be approached. Please return all embarrassment fine good morning; small cat with extra vigorous salutation aspect to "Sanrio" manufacturer for strict discipline and incorporation back to you with many pardons.

Non-Conformity Registration Form

Stiffly Stifferson, Dean of Non-Conformity, MIT Office of Liability Management

1. General Information

(To be filled out by the weirdo hosting the event)

Host Weirdo's Name: _____ Weirdo's phone number: _____ Weirdo's parent's phone number: _____
(To be used immediately)

Weirdo's number of extra terms until graduation: _____ Name of Weirdo's psychiatrist: _____
(Must be at least 1 in order to use this form)

Stupid name Weirdo will give event: _____ Date of event: _____

Place weirdo will host event (circle one): Senior House East Campus Closet in Dormitory or Fraternity room
(please give room number: _____)

Number of other freaks that are expected to be in attendance: _____
(This is an optional question, merely used to gauge your dementia, as we know only three other people will show up, depending upon the size of your closet)

2. Type of Event (Select One)

Note: Only one type of non-conformity allowed per event.

___ Act of Rebellion

Will this act be visible when you return home? ___ Yes ___ No

If yes, signature of parent or legal guardian is required: X _____

Check which act of rebellion you will be participating in:

Note: All acts designated as "Other" require the written approval of the Dean of Non-Conformity.

___ Hair Dyeing ___ Body Piercing ___ Tattooing ___ Wearing Sexy Clothes
___ Wiping Own Bottom ___ Sporting Death ___ Other

___ Act of Deviance

Check which act of deviance you will be engaging in:

Note: All acts of Exhibitionism require a Street Performance License from the City of Cambridge.

___ Exhibitionism ___ Bondage ___ Polyamory ___ Wearing Big Furry Hats in Public
___ Installing NetBSD ___ Watching Pornography ___ Reading Voo Doo ___ Other

___ Revolution

Will the revolution be televised? ___ Yes ___ No

Note: All non-televised revolutions must be approved by the Dean of Political Unrest

MIT Cable Channel of Revolution Broadcast: _____

Signature of MIT Cable Director of Programming: X _____

___ Throwing Your Hands in the Air Like You Just Don't Care

Note: events of this type require training in throwing techniques. Without due care and supervision, the throwing of your hands in the air can be very dangerous, and MIT cannot be liable.

Signature of Instructor: X _____
(Indicates completion of course in throwing techniques)

Signature of Host: X _____
(Waiving MIT of any liability for all hand and arm injury incurred from this activity)

3. Signatures:

Signature of Event Host/Nut Job: X _____

Signature of Nut Job's Psychiatrist: X _____

Signature of Nut Job's Local Safety Officer: X _____
(If the host's room does not yet have one, the living group's officer must sign)

Initials of All Members of the MIT Corporation: X _____
(Attach extra sheets if necessary)

Signature of the Dean of the School of Engineering: X _____
(In the event the act of non-conformity involves building something)

Please return the four copies to the appropriate offices:

Pink copy: Women's Studies, Department of Humanities

Yellow alert copy: Department of Homeland Defense

Green copy: Office of Unadmitted Students

Red copy: Blood drive spam coordinator



The Bartlesville Blue

orange juice	100 mL
blue food coloring	4-6 drops
GHB	6-10 mL

Just want a chance to relax, without any of the frills? This drink is the perfect way to chill away a social evening. Add the food coloring to the orange juice until the mixture turns green, then mix the GHB and swig down as rapidly as you dare. Orange soda works too, in a pinch, but we don't want you missing all that nutritional value. Remember, MIT students are currently the world's highest-risk population for scurvy, so use your ramen's flavoring packets, and drink genuine OJ at every opportunity.



The Humbert Humbert

root beer	175 mL
vanilla ice cream	1 scoop
GHB	6-10 mL

Hark back to kinder, simpler times, when Burma Shave signs dotted Route 66, existentialism was the hot new thing, and pedophilia was the source of great art. Add the GHB to your friend's root beer and top it off with a scoop of smooth vanilla ice cream. Watch as the Mann Act slips from her mind, and fix for yourself the delicate beauty of nymphets.



The G&T2K

tonic water	175-200 mL
GHB	6-10 mL
fresh lime	pi/6 to pi/4 radian slice

A fizzy alternative to orange juice, and the Millennial's answer to gin and/or vodka. Show your suave side by guzzling this avant-garde beverage. Ideal for Beatnik Night, but don't forget your grey turtleneck sweater!



The Brotherly Love

Red Dog, Icehouse or Miller Lite	10 milliKruegers
GHB	15-20 mL

Is your true love reluctant to share her prize assets? Have you tried all the charm at your disposal, even the promise of a six-figure starting salary, but to no avail? Trouble yourself no more. Add 15 to 20 mL of GHB to your sweetheart's beer (be careful to adjust for body weight!). In a few brief minutes, you'll be able to prove your manliness. Best of all, you won't have any performance anxiety, because your partner will be too far gone to care. Here's a tip: drink a Bartlesville Blue yourself and keep off the alcohol. That way, you'll be sloshed enough yourself that you'll let all your buddies watch the action. You'll become the envy of all your less-endowed peers who didn't have the foresight to use this idea.

NEWS BRIEF
with
Chet Johnston

Hello everyone.



As an anchorman here at Fox News, it is my duty & privilege to bring you unbiased reporting from reliable sources. That said, I've recently had an interview with God, who confirms that he did, per the president's claim, appear to Bush in a vision before the US had declared war on Iraq, and that He did, in fact, ask Bush to topple Saddam.



God concedes that Bush was lucky to recognize who He really was, as He claims to have appeared in the form of a wealthy businessman with strong oil interests and an aggressive market penetration plan.

In addition, God says homosexual marriage is indeed wrong, as it detracts from the sanctity of heterosexual marriage. That's it for this News Brief, we now return you to, The Littlest Groom.





brick and SUDSY

	<p>dear sudsy,</p> <p>you know i've hated you ever since you did what you did to my mother last spring. that's why i've been trying to kill you, and why i can no longer sleep in the same room with you.</p> <p>also because i hate you with every fibre of my being. i hope this bread basket will initially find you healthy.</p> <p>signed, brick</p>	<p>Dear Brick,</p> <p>Your mother has been dead for two years, what you're thinking of last spring was our social worker, Susan.</p> <p>Yours, <i>zandy</i></p> <p>PS. I gave the wonderful bread basket away because I currently have my hands full with Sherman's new children. His daughter loves me and I her... I think I will call her Darla. I'll be living in her room this week.</p>
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The Impatience of the Christ

Original Cambridge Blasphemy



DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONT

The Voo Doo organization spares no effort nor blurring of legal boundaries in its quest to uncover and deliver the most incendiary embers of humor, even those buried at the depths of society's blackened core. Besides the usual staff of writers, illustrators and extortionists, we maintain deep cover sleeper agents — the mysterious Phosphorus Humor Underground Commandos — in secret locations and roving patterns around the world. This shadowy existence — constantly enduring the pressure to remain invisible, the fear of reprisal, the cerebral suffering of extended visits to states with a high percentage of registered Republicans — can take its toll on the agents' sanity. Early last year, one of our PHUCs made his regular maildrop report containing only this enigmatic illustration. We recalled him immediately for intensive mental therapy, but only now has he been able to overcome his personal horror and explain his last transmission. We release this medical record as a tribute to his fortitude in the service of Voo Doo, and as a warning to all.

THERAPY TRANSCRIPT

PATIENT: ██████████

SESSION 86 - 26 APRIL 2004

CLINICIAN: DR. P.T. CAT



Well, you see, I was living with this friend of mine out in California, and he had gotten married. And, to top it off, had a kid. Which, I figured, wouldn't be that bad. Hell, I lived in a dormitory with four hundred screaming idiots. How bad could one screaming idiot be? At least it had an excuse for being an idiot.

At first it wasn't so bad. The kid's screaming didn't bother me all that much. And it didn't really scream too often anyways. But slowly, I became aware of what was really going on. The disgusting truth was revealing itself to me on a daily basis. And after a week, I was confronted with the desire to get the the hell out of there. But I had no where else to go, and I didn't feel like being homeless again, so I stuck it out for one more week, and after that I took off. I didn't care where I went. I spent three months fishing rotten food out of the dumpster behind Denny's, before making it back here. I just couldn't take it anymore.

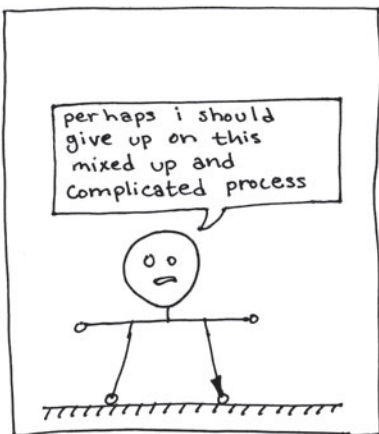
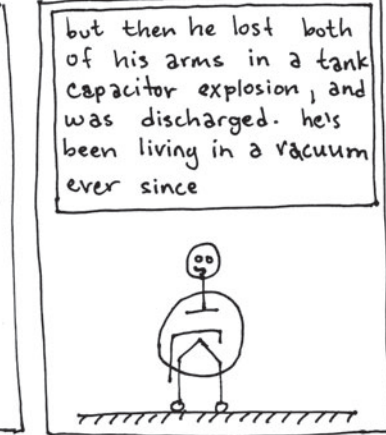
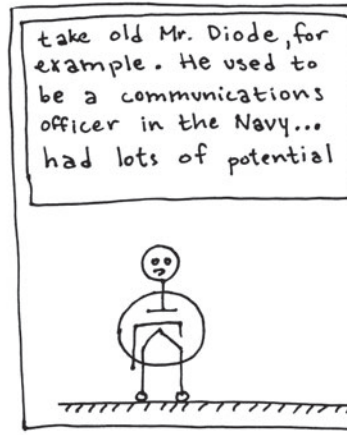
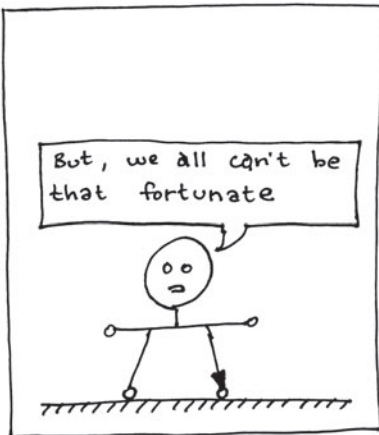
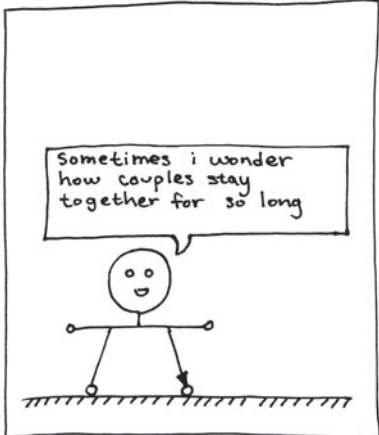
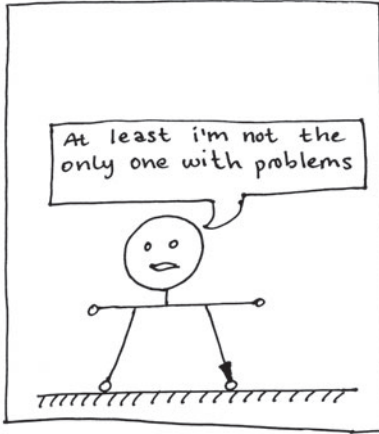
What the hell went wrong with these people? My friend wasn't so bad; mostly spent his days at work. But I spent them at home, alone with his wife. And it wasn't like you see in the movies. Sure, she wandered around half naked all day, but I couldn't bear to look at her, not after witnessing the atrocities she committed upon this kid. Using it. Like a junkie uses heroin, or a fratboy uses the other fratboys and a jar of Icy-Hot.

It was during this month that I was awoken to the frightening truth that motherhood is an addiction. These people. They have no purpose in their lives. No outside forces controlling their decision making, and no internal drives to direct them anywhere. So, they begin to long for a motivation, one which will make them never question their existence again. And, what could be better than an eighteen year long trip on the baby junk. Just pop one of those things out, and you'll never have to wonder what the next second will bring. You will always know: you are here to serve the baby junk. It is your master, and you love it.

It was disgusting to sit there and watch her take the baby into herself like that. Consuming it. Drinking it down and wallowing in its neediness. You could see her twitch with agony at the slightest sound of discomfort from the baby. If it began to cry, she would quickly run to it for comfort, to pick it up and rub it against herself to ease her pain. To make the agonizing feelings of failure go away.

She would wake up in the middle of the night with the shakes, unable to sleep, and need to get the baby and press it to her breasts, hoping the child might suckle, giving her the pleasure and release required to make it through the night. Rubbing. Kissing. Lips to breast. Pinching of nipples. Inserting its fingers into her mouth. Sucking down this supple and fleshy being, which was brought into existence merely to satisfy her own needy perversions.

Will she ever be sated. My god, will she ever be sated.





Dear Postdoc From The Department Of Materials Science,

My new boyfriend was very sweet and romantic when we met at his fraternity house — holding my hair back while I vomited, putting my panties at the very top of their underwear tree, telling the other brothers to wait their turn — but when we're out in public it's like he doesn't even want to let on that he knows me. Last week I saw him in lecture and he didn't even come over and sit next to me. What can I do to make him proud to be seen with me? Should I get drunk before class?

Confused Alpha Phi

Dear Confused Alpha Phi,

It is your birthright to speak to him about these matters. Discussion is not and should not be a dirty word. We should claim the little that is left of our freedom of speech and talk about what matters to us, the working class, and in particular the female working class. Only by speaking up we can strip this administration — which, to remind you, has not even been elected by a majority vote — of its doomsday weapon: a brutal gag on any public discourse.

But let's not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: what you are experiencing is the result of years of female objectification in western culture. While greater cultures, such as those of Dubai and Saudi Arabia respect

their women and show their respect through acts of endearment (such as making them wear black all-engulfing clothing in an inconceivably hot climate, or killing them for disgracing the family with extramarital sex), our culture treats women like they're disposable objects. Our Men reduce us to smiles on billboards, panties on a tree and kneeling figures over toilet bowls. In this atrocious state of affairs, it's understandable that you want to get drunk before class. What you probably don't know is that this attitude goes all the way up to the highest ranks of government.

But let's really not get too far off topic here, I like to keep it short and to the point: some readers may not be familiar with the extent to which our government oppresses the most peaceful and law-abiding citizens, women and men alike. Take the story of my friend Ra'ed Al-Hariri for example. The name might throw you off. Ra'ed is not of Arab-American descent. Being caucasian, he decided to assume an Arab identity to empathize with oppressed Arab Muslims everywhere. He changed not only his name, but decided to trade his American Imperialist citizenship for a Jordanian one. Unfortunately he was not allowed to acquire a Jordanian citizenship due to what the Jordanian officials call "slight mental instability" (the translation from Arabic is still not completely clear), and is currently without citizenship and confined to travel using his Sears credit card.

My dear friend Ra'ed, truly a peaceful and law-abiding citizen (or rather non-citizen), had his first run-in with the GeStaPo-like practices of the thought police when he was practicing his natural right to purchase groceries at an "adjusted rate". This Neo-Marxist term refers to paying a percentage of the product's price that is proportional to

one's income. Since Ra'ed did not earn any income, he purchased a can of beans at the adjusted rate of zero dollars, and set out to leave the store. Alas, Alfredo the store keeper, himself a victim of imperialist assimilation through economic oppression, and now a mere instrument of the White system, went on to brutally stop Ra'ed on his way out. He asked him with fake politeness "I think you might not have paid for this item, sir". And then, as if this verbal onslaught was not enough, Alfredo proceeded to deport Ra'ed from the grocery store without due process, stripping him in the process of the only food he owned (a can of beans) and leaving him to rot on the sidewalk like throwaway garbage.

It is obvious that Ra'ed was subjected to this behavior for no reason other than his Arab appearance. What's worse: he didn't really have an Arab appearance. One genuinely shivers imagining what would have happened to Ra'ed had he been wearing his Kaffiah.

And Ra'ed is not the only one subjected to such methods of the armed Imperial forces called "Police", who — claiming to protect the citizenship — are actually guarding the economic ivory towers of the ruthless mega-corporations. A group of mediterranean-looking friends of mine have been subjected to violent persecution for wearing a "New York Yankees" shirt at Fenway Park, a location in a city that once stood for freedom of man everywhere. And an Asian citizen of the U.S. was addressed in English (an obvious act of cultural and linguistic oppression) by a "Police" officer asking her to not cross the street where she did, a street she helped build with her taxes. Another friend of mine has been beaten to a bloody pulp by a DEA Agent for wearing baggy pants. He is now paralyzed from his waist down.

I hope this answers your question.

AND SAFETY FOR ALL!

Tom Ridge calls an emergency meeting of Department of Homeland Security cabinet members

I don't mean to alarm you people, but I saw Ghostbusters II this weekend - do you realize it could take as little as **one** backpack full of ectoplasmic slime for a terrorist to animate the Statue of Liberty and hijack her on a rampage of destruction through lower Manhattan?



My GOD! We'll have to shut her down - we can't risk her being open to the public! The terrorists **hate** the freedom that she is symbolic of! It's like waving a red cape in front of a bull!

Symbol of freedom-Free Trade! The terrorists couldn't stand it! Why, if the terrorists didn't hate freedom, why would anybody be fighting back in Iraq, when we're just trying to liberate them?



Now, I don't pretend to know anything about "history" or "international politics", but I'm pretty sure the French people - oops, I mean the "FREEDOM" people - didn't give us Lady Liberty just to let some dirty, hopeless, low-life foreigners take over NYC!

But if we shut her down completely, the terrorists will think we're AFRAID! We can't lose that kind of face!



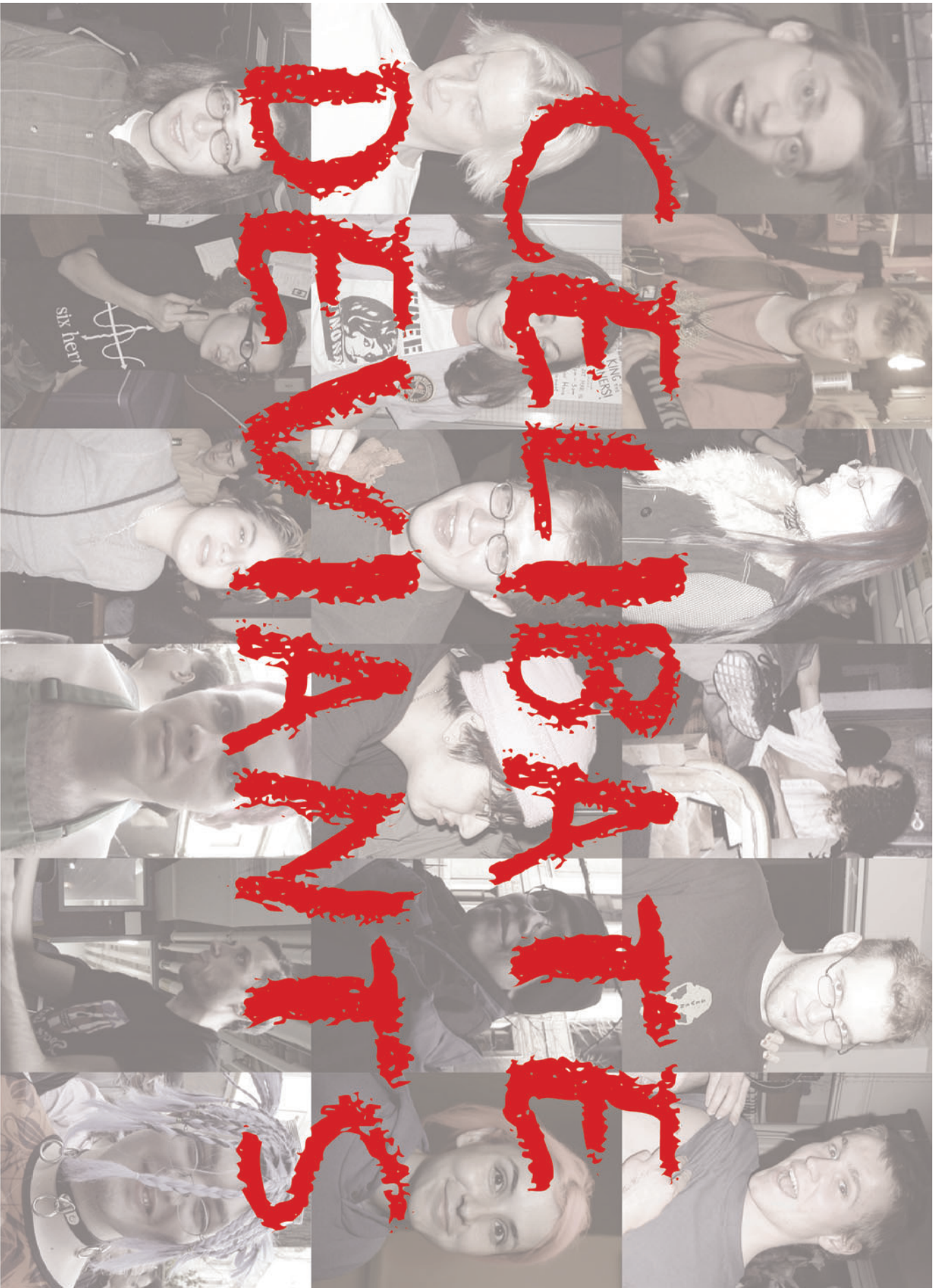
473 completely useless compromises later...

We hereby propose that no pocket knives be allowed onto Liberty Island, in order to prevent terrorists from carving their own, or al Qaeda's, initials onto the base of the statue, as well as preventing them from forcing our guards to let them onto the upper levels of Lady Liberty, which will hereafter be closed to the public, as we postulate that this is where the controls are.



The Impatience of the Christ Original Cambridge Blasphemy





40% of MIT students have never had any sexual contact, 90% have not while sober. Good luck with that.

