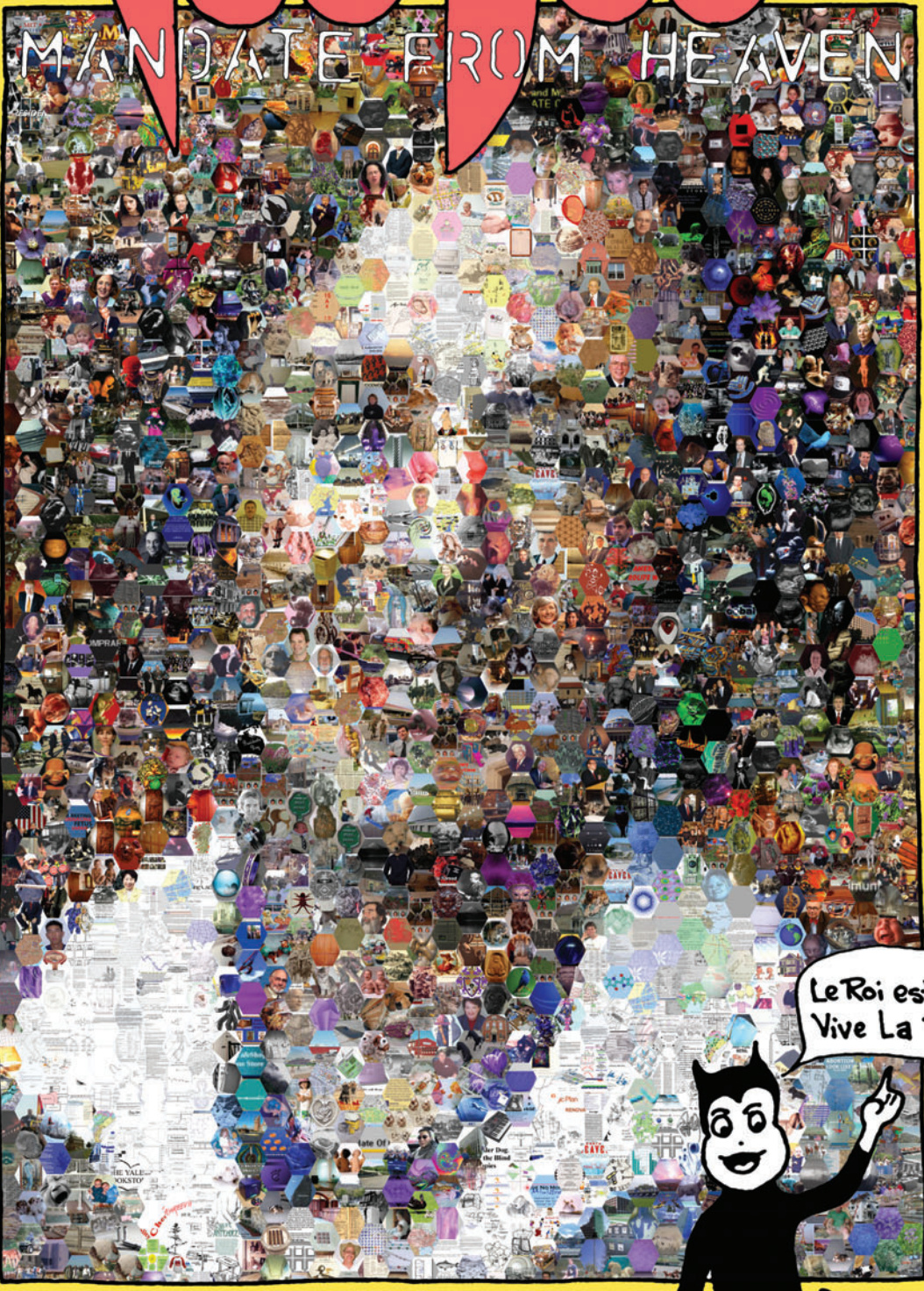


Volume 90
Issue 1

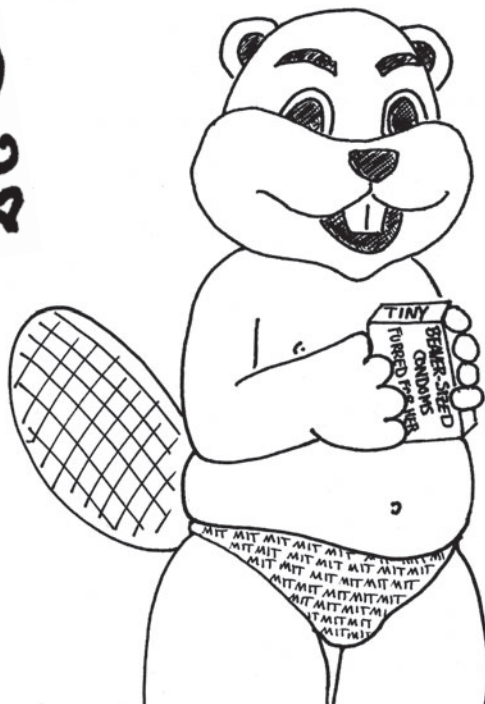


MIT's Only Intentionally Humorous Publication



Method #1: Try roleplaying new scenarios or revisit the classics.

Love Your Beaver?



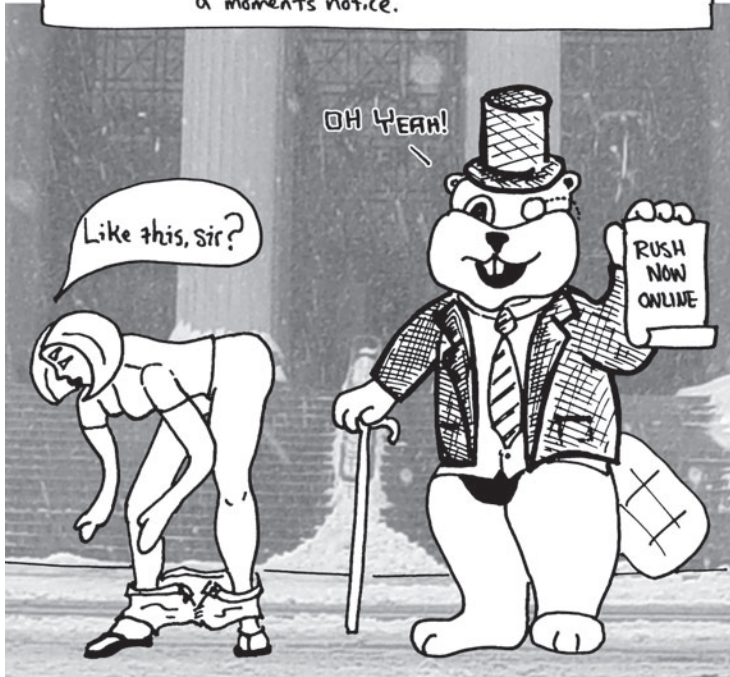
Let's Play "Coffeehouse."
You plead for the reinstatement of the Student body's power to influence the Corporation.
I'll pretend to listen while I sodomize you for \$140k.

You brought lube, right?!



Method #3: Invest money in the problem. The more something costs, the better it must be.

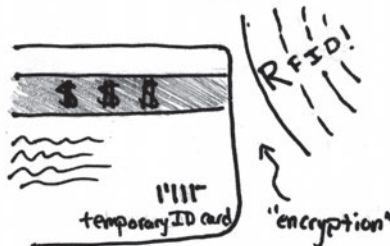
method #2: take up yoga. the added flexibility will help you drop trou & grab your ankles on a moment's notice.



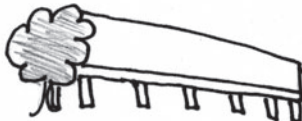
SIMMONS
\$80M



STATA
\$285M



TECH CASH
ØxCA8387E



STUDENT LIFE
.... WHAT LIFE??!
\$200-

IN WELCOME THE NEW SUCKER VOO DOO



Letters To Phosphorous — page 6

Whining is the new black. You goth motherfuckers.

The Daily Voo Doo — New "Collaborative" Athena Clusters To Encourage Collaborative

Clusterbation — page 8

Group wanking's not just for ec-discuss anymore.



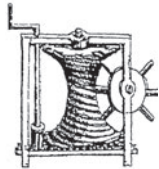
Institutional Wisdom — page 10

Note to Dr. Hockfield: Please do not read this one.



A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To Lobby 10 — page 11

This is where the people who do a lot of drugs come in really handy.



Baby, Don't Fear The Beaver — page 12

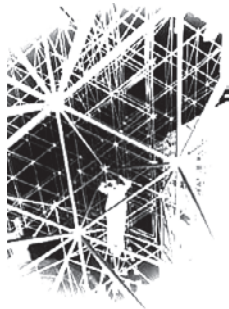
The burning will pass after a visit to Medical.

Porn-Counterporn — page 14

Political commentary has never been so revealing.

The MIT Media Lab Presents The Gershen Field — page 18

Barren wastelands are not just for third-world countries anymore.



The Continuing Adventures Of Transistor Man — page 20

If you think these are funny, you probably rode the 8-bit bus to school.

Cruft Safari — page 22

Trust us, we know.

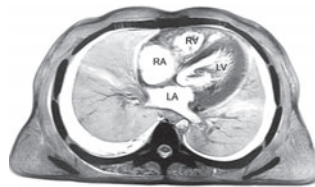
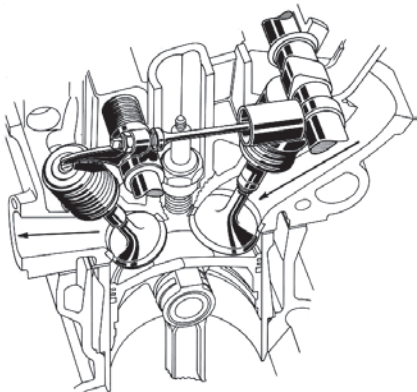


Top 10 Things Not Offensive Enough To Make It Into Voo Doo — page 26

Notice your mom's not on the list.

Voo Doo Book Club — page 28

Ten out of ten "red states" agree: reading is gay. Marry a book before it's too late!



From the Publisher



Barefoot and Pregnant

Amanda Wozniak

Poltergeist

Andrew Brooks

M-Lite

Mark Feldmeier

Totem Pole Delight

Mateusz Malinowski

Soccer Hooligan

Josh Lifton

Sisyphus

Laura Nichols

Unwequited Wuv

Amittai Axelrod

Mister Cracker

Mike Brown

Publisher

Phosphorous

Contributors

Amittai Axelrod

Blake Brasher

Andrew Brooks

Mike Brown

Mark Feldmeier

Grace Kenney

Josh Lifton

Matt Malchano

Mateusz Malinowski

Kenneth Nesmith

Laura Nichols

Dennis Perepelitsa

Bruno Sugai

Malima Wolf

Amanda Wozniak

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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 Rag

"As it is on earth, let it be so in heaven." While Chuck Vest is expelled from our halls and Hockfield welcomed with IHTFP love notes and dome-shaped cakes presented by starry-eyed freshmen, Zoz has let drop the ancient tools of power into my hands. I have been gifted with back issues of Gin Soaked Comix and a mysteriously sticky keyboard, and while my rule may be brutal, violent and short — it shall also be just. Do not despair, Avid Reader, this issue of VooDoo is embued with all the spirit and vigor of its forebears.

It hasn't been easy: after three solid days of redeeming the irredeemable submissions and listening to Zoz mutter about vaginas as he monopolized the layout computer, anyone would go mad. But our misfit band of loyal contributors slaved through the nights without affection, nourishment or gin — no thanks to those slackasses in Towers. Cunning, courage and incredible good luck has produced a yeild of surpris-

ingly high-quality comics and scathing criticism that might even be funny. It helped that everything about MIT is a joke these days. You have but to stretch out your hand and the rotting fruit of the Corporation's labors will splatter upon your palm.

If MIT were any more of a brand, freshman would have the clit logo laser-inscribed on their buttocks while waiting to be issued their first unsecure MIT identification cards. The tarrifs on student life remain a staggering \$200/year while it's doubtful that even half of the student body is technically living — and not zombies mindlessly playing Halo2 and calculating if they can make more money by majoring in Course VI or by majoring in 18 and selling themselves to roving hoards of Investment Bankers.

Everywhere I look students are doggedly persuing the brass rat, hunched over from anticipating the swift and inexplicable blows of loving-punishment from our administrative parents. I myself should

rightfully be tooling, and methinks I see the Spectre of the Dean of Disciplin haunting the corner.

While, from the perspective of cruft, MIT is forever approaching the event horizon of Hell — the freshmen can't tell the difference. These hand-picked fresh and tender morsels know MIT only as that which is before them. As for the rest of you: don't like that your dorm gets fined if assholes go on the roof? Unhappy that the Course VI labs are closed on the weekends? Pissed that Orientation is a rotting corpse, left to us only to mock the glory that was once Rush? Get off your asses and be proactive — we cruft are too old to carry your banners. We're only good for sitting back and reminiscing how hardcore we were at your age.

And for you freshman, do you want a happier, lighter MIT where cuddly bunnies run around and give everyone the Special Hug? Come and write for VooDoo, and all your dreams will come true.

WØZ

—WOZ

ABORTED NAZI FETVS



LETTERS TO PHOSPHOROUS

Hi, starting a ZBT chapter here at UConn, wanted to know if you could send me some rush sayings from shirts and/or pictures of rush shirts and any other ideas you may have. Thank you for your time.

Joseph Reinholtz

Hello Joe,

We gathered together the cream of our crop of staff writers together and plied them with liquor until they waxed loquacious about the halcyon days when men were men and fraternities were wet. Here's the resulting compendium of witty sayings that we here at VooDoo have always wanted to see proudly displayed on a fraternity shirt.

I Jerk Off

Ask about our magic pills.

Fathering a better tomorrow, today.

Resume Builder

Lay me. Please?

Best of luck with that,

—Phos

Phos recently lost his RA-ship as a result of an unfortunate incident involving his advisor, a goat, and a bucket of 15-minute epoxy. In order to remain at the Institvte, he was faced with a hard decision: sell plasma, bone marrow and his left kidney or TA. Thinking it an easy gig, Phosphorous T. Cat signed on to teach the unwashed undergraduate masses figuring he might at least get a chance to clean up with the coeds. Judging by the aneurism-inducing daily letters from his students, however, it may not have been the wisest choice.

Hey!

I was just wondering if the test scores are back yet. I know we just finished it a few minutes ago, but i figured you are all, like, the best TA's ever and would prolly have it done by now! ;> im just worried that if i dont do well enough in this class that i might have to drop it and it would be better to know sooner rather than l8r dont you agree??? Thanks so much! UR the greatest!

<3 <3 <3 teri <3 <3 <3

Ms. Zuckerman,

I can certainly understand the trepidation which accompanies the long wait while a four person staff grades 250 exams! Your email was so persuasive, we graded your exam first! Based on the results, I have taken the liberty of approaching your academic advisor. Attached is a copy of the Institvte drop form as a PDF — signatures and all. Have a great semester!

—Phos

I saw the way you were looking at me in class. It's not hard to tell with the way you tense when you're at the blackboard and feel my eyes on you — you have the burning hots for me. Who can blame you? With my sculpted muscles rippling under my fraternity letters, my chiseled ass and rugged, manly features — I'd fall in love with me too if I weren't heterosexual. Your prim button-up shirt and tight pants do nothing to hide your boyish charms, and those chic glasses and coordinated combat boots speak volumes. You need it bad, and I can give it to you... can you give me what I need?

—monkey

Mr. Seale,

I regret to inform you that I date neither students, fraternity brothers, nor closeted meterosexuals. That's three strikes and you're out! Perhaps a change of major to Course 4 is what you need.

Best of luck with that,

—Phos

Hi Phos,

Thanks for being really nice about giving me extensions all term. Sorry to bring up this kind of stuff again. I have a 6.123 quiz on Thursday morning, and really need to study hard for it—it's the first Grad-F class I've ever taken, and it's taught by Muffy, whom I work for and who plans to fund my MEng (if I get admitted), so it's really in my best interest to do well in her class. So could I please have an extension for all my work and my writeup?

Oh and on top of the 6.123 quiz is also the fact that I am on a 7-day fast—for spiritual reasons—that I will be breaking on Thursday morning. So I have been feeling unusually weak, physically—I know this might sound weird, but it's true.

Thanks and God bless, Phillip.

Phillip,

You had to play the disturbing religious card, didn't you? Well, I've just done a line or five and am feeling benevolent — besides, I don't want to get called up on any discrimination charges I'm sure you'd be able to fabricate. You have four days — get it done or fail, this isn't Harvard.

—Phos

Hi Phos,

I really don't think I'll be able to show you my project working by tomorrow after all. I'm really sorry. After missing your class on Thursday, I was in lab all afternoon on Friday and I started what I was supposed to do for last week—then it suddenly seemed not to be working anymore. Lab was closed yesterday as usual, so I couldn't do anything. I also got a much-needed extension from Muffy for the quiz which I'm taking tomorrow too, so I've been studying for it since last night—yeah, spent the night here—and still have a lot to study. Could I please have another extension?

Thanks, Phillip.

Phillip,

You can have an extension when a 6" high tentacle monster emerges from my sigmoidal colon and presents a poster on compensating the inverted pendulum. Even if I gave you an extension, you'd probably just blow the extra time with some of that freaky Jesus-weed I hear is getting imported from Tijuana. I hear the Virgin Mary cries bloody tears for slackers like you — still, you might want pray a little harder for that intervention.

And before you even ask, there's not a chance in hell you're getting an 'A'.

Best of luck with that,

—Phos



Phos, So what the fuck was that shit with Problem 7 on that problem set a few weeks back? I've been trying to figure it out, and the test is only a few hours from now. I figured I'd better know this crap cold if I'm going to spank the exam like a fucking newborn. Help a brother out!

bill

What up my brotha! The shizzle to yo' quizzle is that the definite integral is the anti-derivative over set bounds, with a constant factor determined by the boundary conditions. Now, go forth and make that quiz your bitch.

—Phos

dear phos,

i don't normally like to ask for help so im not sure wether this is appropriate or not, but i've been having some Out of the Ordinary problems lately and i thought that maybe you could give me an extension on last weeks pset? i probably should halve talked to you about this sooner, but i thought i could handle it: you see im taking this other clas and it has TONS of work, im always hosed. theres this big project due and i dont think i can do it all. daddy's always on my case about how i have to do well, the pressure makes me cry sometimes. he says i'll lose my credit card if i dont do better. i only got eight hours of sleep last night, and i swear i can see wrinkles under my eyes, and its really starting to sress me out, and i think thats just making it worse, so id like to just take a day off and see if it goes away. i want it all to go away. also, i was wondering about those other problems sets this term. i know i havent turned many of them in, but i was wondering if i could turn them in late, too. i swear

this will never happen again, ill do really well on the final tomorrow and youll see. thanks so much, youre the most understanding TA ever.

—kate

Dear Kate,

Oh, you poor thing, that's so awful! You probably need to be restricted to bed rest. Luckily, your concerned project partners confided in me about your condition. They say that you've been out of sorts and possibly dangerous, so don't worry, I'll give you all the time you need to finish your work. How about a two week extension, you can hand everything in when you get back.

Give the orderlies at McLean's my love, and if you pinch Sparky they'll give you extra sedatives.

—Phos

Sir/Madam,

I was consulting the class guide and came across your course. Is your class A-centered? I'm very interested in the material outlined in the course description, but I can only take classes where I have a high probability of getting an 'A' as I'm applying to medical school this year.

Sincerely,

—Joseph

Joseph,

It is now!

Sincerely yours,

—Phos



Please address all correspondence to:

Phosphorous Cat, Voo Doo Magazine
77 Massachusetts Avenue, Room 50-309
Cambridge MA 02139
USA

THE DAILY

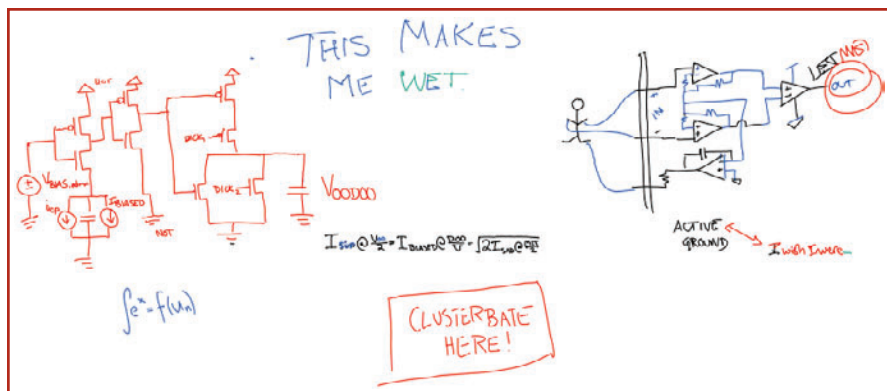


VOO DOO

Est. 1919

"Up To The Second-Hand News"

New "Collaborative" Athena Clusters To Encourage Collaborative Clusterbation



ABOVE: Found on the "interactive multimedia whiteboard system" m56-129-ltx.mit.edu, an example of the new levels of cutting-edge onanism students are now able to achieve.

RIGHT: A clustergasm to last a thousand years? Taken by his fortunate lab partner, this amateur photograph shows a student enjoying the rich environment for collaborative clusterbation that has been provided by MIT's technological largesse.



The Campus Police would like to remind you to take care and lock up all your valuable possessions this holiday season.



OPINION

Date Rape Down 80% Since Release Of Halo 2

Guest Column by the Counterpoint Staff

You know, it used to be like, totally possible to land a date on no-notice and get laid, omg NP! But, like, all of my regular friends always seem to have "something" better to do. Like I'm not the best thing going? Hello! I practically set the bar at this school. It always used to be, like if a girl wanted some rough sex, all she'd have to do is head over to a party or go on that double date with the guys from the house down the street. And now? It's like a total desto... deste... like a total wasteland. The social scene is, like, six feet under.

Halo 2 is, like, totally a menace to society.

All the good men are hidden away in their rooms, going on and on about multiplayer. Hello? As if we girls don't take multiple inputs? Everyone left to see on campus are those creepy guys in lab — they're the whatchamacallits, twinkies? I think they all live on 5E and do drugs. Is that in Next House? I mean, wtf, who does their own work at this point in the semester? This is the time to play, with enough time for the bruises to fade before heading home to Daddy. And, like, Halo 2 is totally ruining it for the rest of us.

HEADLINE NEWS

Child Elected President of IFC

8pm Bedtime Revoked

Torching Of Random Hall Scheduled For 2006

Insurance Profits Earmarked For Luxurious Faculty Spa

Walker Dining Closed Forever

Sources Reveal "Get Rat" Subroutine In Call To "Make Food"

Infinite Corridor Floods

PhysPlant Discovers Toilet Clogged With All Our Hopes & Dreams

IN BRIEF

A Moment of Silence For Ocean Engineering

Take a moment during this holiday season to think upon those who are less fortunate. Raise your bottle of Jack and sing the Engineer's Drinking song in a minor key while Course 13 walks away into the cold dark night.

IS THIS YOU?



IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH FUCKING UP THE UNITED STATES, THINK AGAIN.


R REPUBLICAN VOTING
Inappropriate for All Ages





BEATINGS BEGIN THIS WEEK.


Pursuant to the Wanker Control Act (17 U.S.C. Section 666(q)), statutory punishment can be as much as 30,000 punches in the face per Republican vote, and up to 150,000 boots to the crotch if the voter has an I.Q. over 50.


INSTITUTIONAL WISDOM


 MIT's new president, Susan Hockfield, hasn't fucked over the student body, but she hasn't taken office yet, either.


 President Hockfield's daughter comes across as a poised, smart and mature youngster. She'll make a fine addition to the MIT community... and my pants.


 Hockfield the Younger is only 13. She's likely to see enough hairy naked Twinkies during the next 4 Steer Roasts to either make her go to Wellesley or move to Fifth East.


 The P.E. department continues to charge students to take their "classes", despite the already hefty "student activities" fee that gets diverted into the Z-center coffers. Even the sight of buxom sorority chicks in spandex can't balance out this administrative ass-pounding.


 Chuck Vest announces plans to publish his memoirs. Rumor has it his book will include insightful commentary on returning science to the domain of the working man, along with tips for increasing your endowment (ALL NATURAL) and monolithically crushing student culture.


 Since moving to the 1st floor, the W20 Games Room makes money hand-over-fist. When asked if this means that the 24hr Coffeehouse would be re-opened and funded with the gameroom profits, CAC officials responded, "We're satisfied with SaveTFP's use of the space." They promptly resumed rolling around naked in piles of quarters.


 The new bar in Building 32 is convenient and swank. But who the fuck installs a concave wall in a bar? (No Beer Engineer, that's for sure!)


 A new 7-11 is scheduled to appear in Tech Square. Students looking for anal-leakage inducing "food" on the eastern side of campus need no longer mourn the loss of Walker Dining.

 Residents of Waffle House recently lost their housing for throwing a party. Adding insult to injury, Chuck Vest announced plans for No Fun On Campus by 2008. Swift enactment of the new initiative is targeted at preventing students from cheering upon his much-anticipated departure.

 Counterpoint staffers can't write, can't take pictures and can't convince cute Wellesley chicks to take a ride on the Meat Wagon. Why the hell is the ASA still funding that rag?

 VooDoo staffers move from Towers to Clusters. While the new Open To Submission campaign is geared towards recruiting undergraduate correspondents, trends suggest that the current student body is too apathetic to give a shit. Will **you** prove us wrong?

 The new lounges in the Athena clusters encourage nitwits to eat, sleep, and talk loudly while others try to work. Plus, each one comes with a brand-new Windows machine. Can you feel your IQ drop?

 ...but at least the cushy seats provide welcome relief for the sweaty buttocks of chronic clusterbators.

LEGEND		
		
rocks	ambivalent	sucks

A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To Lobby 10...

Hello, Gentle Reader. We at VooDoo wish to present a delicate question to your seasoned sensibilities. Tell us, which is more ridiculous: MIT Pro-Life supporting Zoz "baby eater" Brooks to spite Planned Parenthood, or the UM0K competition itself? In an effort to unravel this mystery, we shall hold our own mock UM0K, and see who wins the long-coveted title, "Utterly Moronic Obesity of Krap". So close your eyes and come with me to a land not so unfamiliar, and a time all too close for comfort — Lobby 10 a few weeks ago...

You will know it is time to turn the page when you hear Chuck Vest's disembodied voice manifest such pearls of advice such as, "Bend over and take it, suckers." Let's begin now.

The din of voices becomes louder and louder as you approach the lobby. That which, from a distance, sounded like the baying of sheep condenses into the tumultuous shouting of students, raging at the travesty before them. You had known the competition would be running, but had expected nothing like this. To your left stands Cheri Diddler, the head of MIT Pro-Life. She's doing an erotic strip tease to garner the funds needed to counter the vile, filthy blood-money that flows like a river into the Planned Parenthood donation jar. As passers-by stuff twenties into the top of her woolen ankle socks, which are lasciviously exposing a full two inches of leg below the hem of her skirt, you turn away. You turn and look to where the only theoretically unbiased APO conglomerate are gesticulating wildly as they try to attract your attention. First casting up the horns of the beast, then wielding their leathermen, they culminate in chanting, "k0re! k0re! kore!" Inexplicably, you hear inside the eerie ululations the unspoken zero in "k0re." When over-emphatic demonstrations cause man-breasts to jiggle, you tear your eyes away.

With a shiver running down your spine, you put your head down and thrust your hands deep into your pockets, intent only upon escape. But with your first few steps, your fingers tread upon the

loose dollar in your pocket, and you wonder if you can't turn the travesty of UM0K to your advantage. The six foot tall thermometers adorning the lobby show the running balance of each competitor's funds. For all the commotion the on-lookers are making, the levels have been evenly matched for hours. With the Krap ending in fifteen minutes, your dollar could be the deciding vote. Exercising your God-given right to choose, you raise your voice and call out, "Excuse me, but which of you is the fatter stack of crap?"

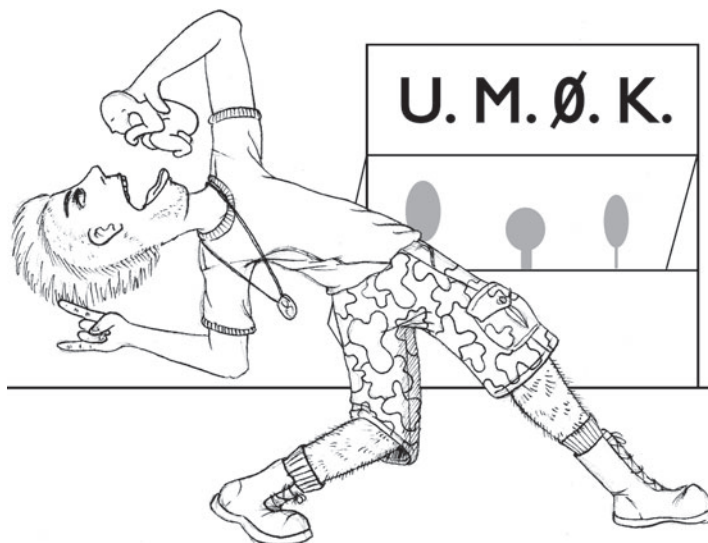
"Give it to me, give it to me," screams the unadulterated Cheri. "I will tailor my ideals and whore out my soul to make any point you wish. I'll support a man who believes in full birth abortions so that, when I meet my maker, I can tell My Lord that I did what was necessary to stop those wicked, wicked miscreants at Planned Parenthood. How dare they take advantage of emotionally

wracked women to further their goals of population control and personal happiness? We all know that God intended us to breed ourselves into a state of utter anguish before the second coming."

"Oh, I'll give it to you alright," you think as you are pulled towards the APO side of Hell. If it was still the "Ugliest Manifestation On Campus," competition, there would be a clear winner. Instead, all you're left with is the bastardization of another once-noble MIT tradition, with a smelly twinkie telling you how to Hax0r your way to salvation. They begin self-flagellation with network cables and fashion a ball gag from a blinking bouncy ball from the last career fair.

"Not only are we 3l33t, but we haven't showered in weeks," one of them cries. "Yeah! If I showered, it would wash off my sharpie tattoo of a self-referential function in LISP! Then I'd lose my charm with the ladies!" As he begins to drop trou, the better to explain the function, you take the dollar out of your pocket and hand it to Larry Benedict — who has been watching all along. "Sir," you say, "I'm going to grab my ankles and you're going to do what you do best. Then at least, for the first time since I came to this damned place, I'll feel like I'm getting my money's worth."

BEND OVER AND TAKE IT, SUCKERS.



BABY, DON'T FE

Sports at MIT... What does it look like to you? Is it determined, or deterministic? Stoic, or static? Aggressive, or passive-aggressive? Impressive? Excessive? Ridiculous? No matter what you might think of MIT sports, you now definitely can't say that they haven't had money wasted on meaningless cosmetic changes like every other aspect of campus life in recent times! That's right, concerned that MIT's traditional sports logo was not "aggressive" looking enough, the benjamin-burning wizards that brought you Simmons Hall, the Stata Center and the new MIT logo have aggressively thrown your tuition dollars at the hapless beaver! Created by some New York marketing company that'd be lucky to distinguish the Institute from the Autofellatio Barn, the new logo will soon be here to induce cringes in a focus group near you. But the road to slick, vapid symbology is strewn with obstacles, and it turns out that these corporate sleazoids knew more about MIT than we first expected! Once again, courageous Voo Doo agents have raided the back rooms and the back doors of the corridors of power to bring you... the rejected designs for the new MIT sports logo!



MIT PATHETIC WEAKLINGS

REJECT: Resembles introverted serial killer type



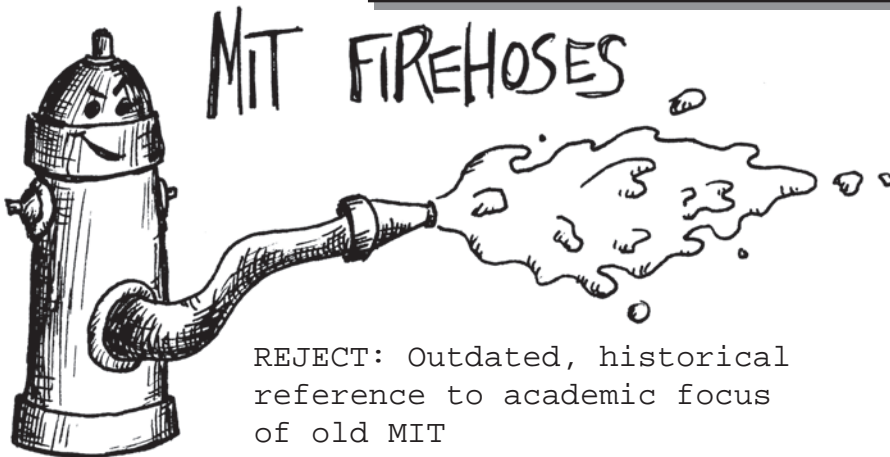
MIT LOCO PARENTI

REJECT: Administrator focus group found too terrifying



MIT TOUCHY TWINKIES

REJECT: Does not promote healthy physical or moral lifestyle



MIT FIREHOSES

REJECT: Outdated, historical reference to academic focus of old MIT

AR THE BEAVER



MIT VERY ANGRY ANTHROPMORPHIC
BEASTS

REJECT: Encourages weirdos
and may promote suicide



MIT CONSOLATION
PRIZEFIGHTERS

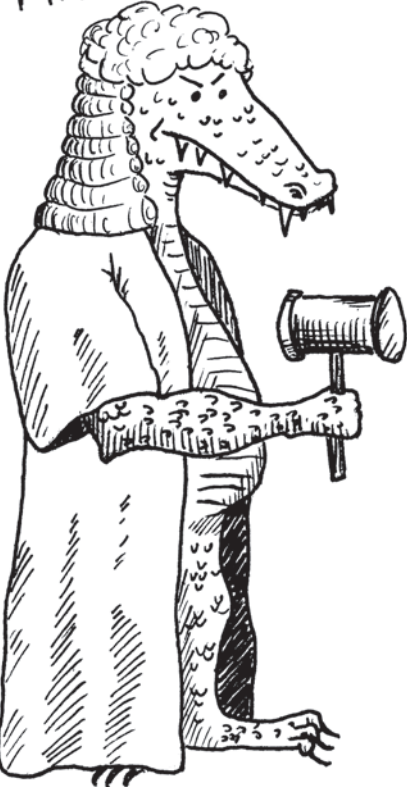
REJECT: Implies that
everyone's a winner

MIT PUSTULATORS



REJECT: May compromise
secret DoD biological
weapons funding

MIT LTI-GATORS




REJECT: May violate copy-
right of G. Gordon Liddy



MIT NOCTURNAL
ATHENIANS

REJECT: Too many people
know what the ancient
Greeks did at night



MIT APATHETICS

REJECT: Logo
should represent
ideal as well as
reality

PORN-COUNTERPORN

The War On Iraq

We Must Remain Firm In Iraq



By Ron Jeremy

The recent penetrations in Iraq are a welcome relief for the average red-blooded American, whose soul throbs for freedom and justice. In his veins course the desire to protect the precious seeds of liberty which have been squirted deep within the stony wombs of countries

like Iraq. When Lady Liberty's first advances were rebuffed and her beautiful flowers destroyed, it was only appropriate that she strap on the love missile of democracy and fill the gaping holes of the rebellious populace. These reticent individuals deserve nothing more than to be beaten like naughty schoolchildren who, having learned first pleasure, defile themselves until the wickedness coats their thighs and soaks their heavy undergarments of repression.

The thrustings must continue, deeper and deeper still, until every crevice has been explored by our tool of righteousness. Not until we can look down upon the open cavern of Iraq's freshly plundered bowels will we know the true sight of freedom. Only then can we wipe the sticky residue of fear from between our legs and move on to the future that America was destined to have. A future where we can strut around openly, brandishing our national cock proudly as it glistens in the sweltering noonday sun, as the whole world looks on with a sort of penis envy unfathomable by today's man. Five, four, three, two, one, oh yeah!

Iraq Needs Money Shots, Not Gun Shots



By Jenna Jameson

Something begins to pulse deep within me when I hear of the "ecstasy" of Iraq. I become filled with a disgust I have never known before, at the sight of American militaristic jism slowly oozing from the fresh headwounds of Iraqi babies.

Where is the love and compassion I was taught to cherish as an American youth? My parents' tender caresses of my gentle openings are a lesson I would like to show the whole world. Let us turn the other cheek to Iraq, let us teach those who despise us how to love us. Let us first place our tongues on their wounds, then lick them sensually clean, moving lower and lower, until all they can see is our gorgeous full plume of blonde hair moving gracefully up and down on their needy shafts.

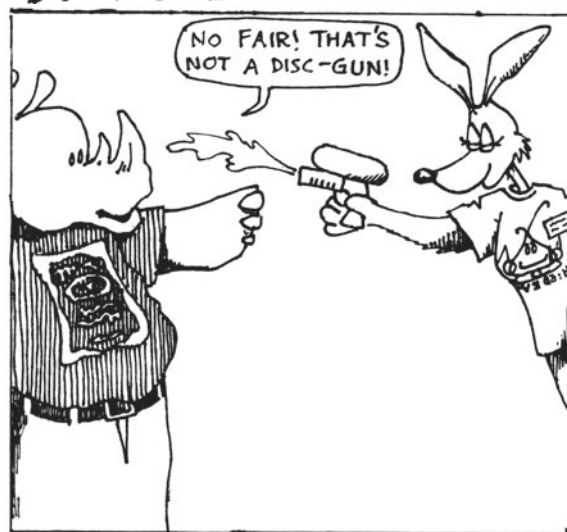
It is said that one can attract more flies with honey than with vinegar. Why therefore should we not slather ourselves with a gooey and sticky coating of sweet, sweet honey, and entice the world with our luscious flesh? Within no time I'm sure we will find their wanton bodies on top of ours, returning our favors of pleasure, and then we can both embrace the fiery passion that has hidden itself deep within our psyches. Unleashing a torrent of pure bliss as our hips buck uncontrollably towards heaven, reaching for the orgasm which shall bring us all to the warm afterglow of peace that god himself only knows. Ohhhh, yes. In my face!

Twinkies



Twinkie haute couture

Twinkies



An (accidental) twinkie shower



Connections to help you through life.



Have you been hitting too many kegers and going to too many Sox Riots to pass your classes? Press the FratStar Bible Assist Service button for immediate grade bolstering. Follow up with the Alumni Connections option and land a first class investment banking job in no time. Thanks FratStar!

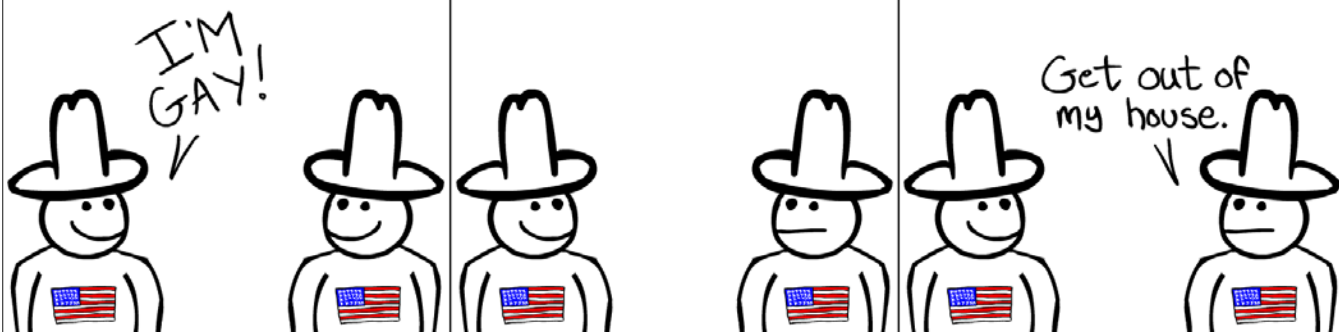


Have you been caught pissing on cars or been busted throwing things at a rival house while smashed? Have you gotten your face smashed for choosing the wrong girl at the party? Never again! Through the FratStar network, a brother is only a moment away. Press the emergency backup button and your dedicated brothers will be on the way to save you from your own irresponsible behavior. "FratStar saved my life!"

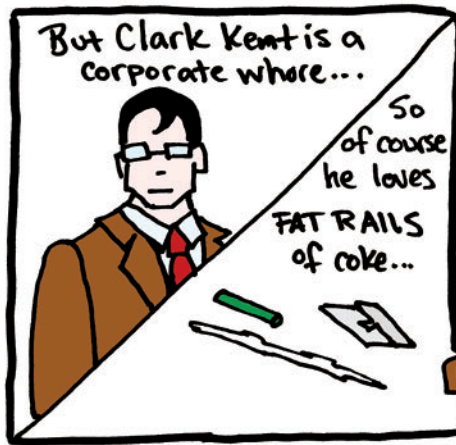


Tired of nights lying in a pool of vomit on the stairs? Count on FratStar to force feed you water and dump you on a basement couch to baste in your own precious bodily fluids until you come to. You're never alone when you have FratStar.

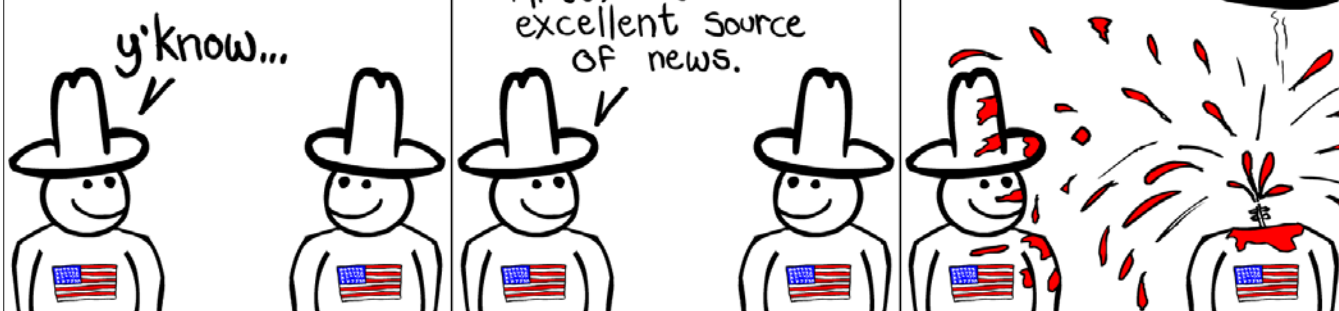
Why I Hate Red States



NEVER SUBMIT THESE AGAIN.

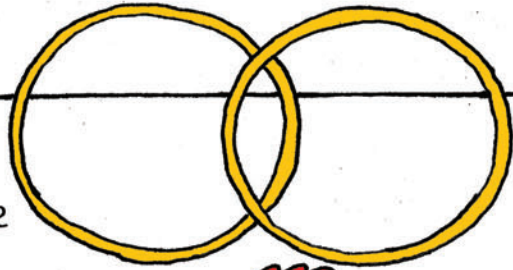


Why I Hate Red States

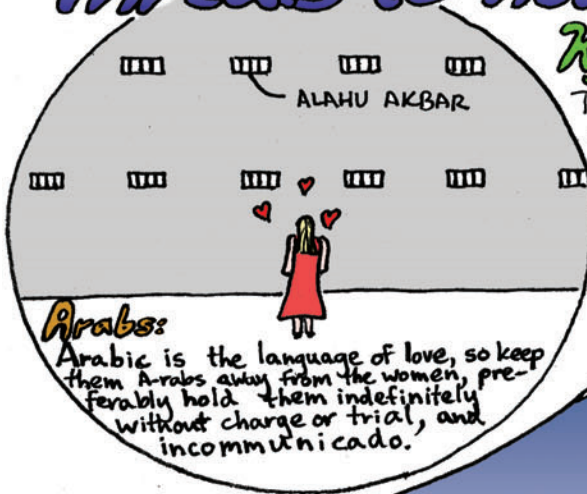


Ripley's Believe It or Not

You thought that after Kerry's defeat you could rest easy, but all 700 members of the 700 Club agree on these Top Five



Threats to Heterosexual Marriage



Arabs:

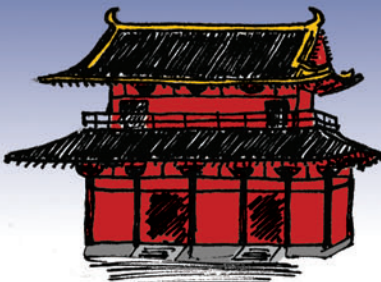
Arabic is the language of love, so keep them A-rabs away from the women, preferably hold them indefinitely without charge or trial, and incommuticado.

Kyoto Protocol:

That's right — "Kyoto" means "Big Gay Wedding" in Japanese!

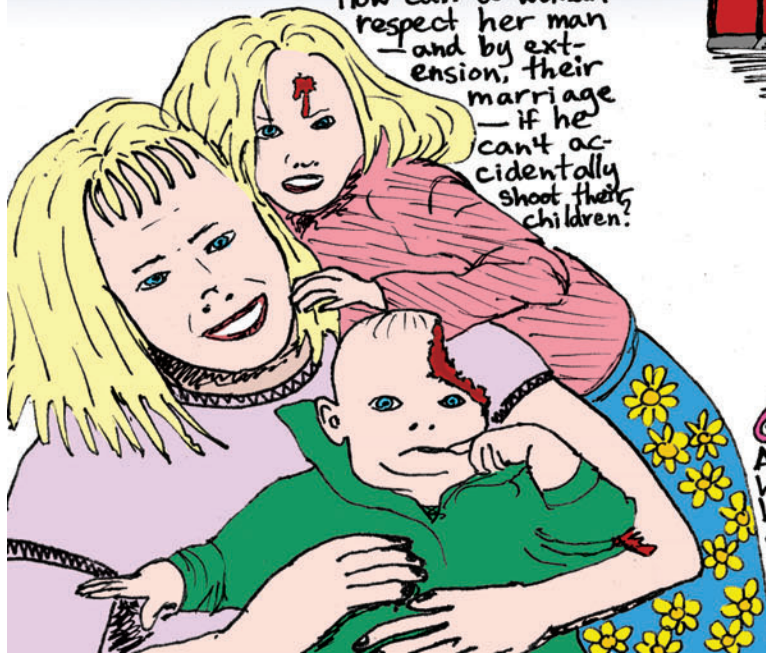
Taxes:

If Government gets any bigger, they'll start telling you who to marry — and they'll force everyone to have an abortion!



Gun Laws:

How can a woman respect her man — and by extension, their marriage — if he can't accidentally shoot their children?



Gays:

Achtung, White Man! With their Gaydar, Queer eye and other super powers, gays are unstoppable. And now they're out to steal your land, your money, and your women — BELIEVE IT OR NOT!



The MIT Media Lab Presents

The Gershen Field

The Media Lab's long-awaited new expansion facility officially opened today, bringing to a close four years of anticipation. The expansion is located on the former site of Buildings E10 and E20, at the corner of Ames and Amherst Streets. The Cambridge Historical Commission granted permission for demolition of these buildings in 2000.

The new facility is an extension of the existing Wiesner Building (E15), which houses the Media Lab and the List Visual Arts Center. The Wiesner Building, designed in 1985 by I.M. Pei and Partners, is a center of media and arts on the MIT campus and incorporates the work of several well-known artists. The new expansion facility is an empty lot overgrown with weeds and littered with jersey walls.

In an official naming ceremony earlier today, Media Lab director Walter Bender unveiled the facility as the "The Gershen Field," named after Institute Professor Neil Gershenfeld, who was last month added to the 'Scientific American 50' list of research and policy leaders. Gershenfeld was instrumental in bringing about the new facility, in very much the same way The Emperor was instrumental in bringing about the Death Star. MIT president Charles Vest was on hand to lend his iron fist of approval:

"The Gershen Field is a bright jewel in the cock ring of MIT's architectural diversity and the Media Lab's long history of inflated egos, late-nineties accounting practices, and corporate whoredom. Bring in the monkeys, please."

When asked about the reasons for the delay in opening the facility, Bender responded, "The tim-

ing just wasn't quite right. We wanted to wait until everything was perfect, and I think we've achieved that. The rebar and I-beams left over from E10 and E20 took longer than expected to cultivate the rusted urban look the designers originally envisioned. Also, last year's harsh winter really stunted the growth of some of the larger weeds. We knew the time was right, however, when a bum native to the Cambridgeport Saloon area spontaneously migrated to The Gershen Field to set up a trash fire." Marvin Minsky, one of the Media Lab's most famous denizens,

offered an additional reason for the delay in opening The Gershen Field, noting that "it takes a fuck long time to snort the amount of coke you can buy with the kind of corporate sponsor money we had."

Construction of the facility, undertaken by general contractor George B.H. Macomber Company of Boston, went smoothly once demolition of the old buildings finished. Residents of Senior House, located across Amherst Street from The Gershen Field, reported minimal disturbances due to construction. Alex Werbos, UA senator for Senior House, said, "They'd occasionally drive a bunch of pickup trucks and vans into The Gershen Field late at night, do some digging, and then leave before sunrise. You could usually find a couple of corpses missing their hands and teeth the next day, but the noise and traffic disruptions were kept to a minimum."

Residents of East Campus dormitory, located across Ames Street from The Gershen Field, were more apprehensive. "We were really concerned about what it would do to our view. Once we could see



the weeds peeking over the 8-foot tall construction fence, though, our fears were put to rest," said EC resident Maria Shriver. Kabir Mukaddam, another EC resident and one of the organizers of last year's infamous and much-debated "Ghetto Party", added, "Finally, a place to throw a proper party!"

Although The Gershen Field falls under the domain of the Media Arts & Sciences Program in the School of Architecture, it has certainly affected other departments. The Sloan School of Management, located down Amherst Street in building E52, heartily welcomed the expansion facility, noting that it will provide a more spacious venue for their students to smoke crack, which will hopefully help alleviate the overcrowding experienced behind the dumpster of the 100 Memorial Drive apartment complex parking lot. Course 11, the Department of Urban Studies and Planning, the Media Lab's poor cousin also in the School of Architecture, is vying for their own expansion facility, hoping to annex the empty-lot-turned-fake-park on the corner of Main Street and Mass. Ave.

Although The Gershen Field officially opened today, the Media Lab has been busily moving some of its occupants in since August. Initial occupants of The Gershen Field consist largely of long-time Media Lab doctoral candidates who were informed in a surprise announcement last year that their funding was terminated.

The Gershen Field not only serves as a space for Media Lab researchers, but is itself a Media Lab project. In a rare appearance, Media Lab founder Nicholas Negroponte introduced the project as the "Distributed Quantum Building of the Future that Learns," saying that the project has already revolutionized corporate bankruptcy law in several countries. He also cautioned that the project is still in its infancy and won't be complete until flashing blue LEDs are added to The Gershen Field in late January 2005.



A HEADS-UP DISPLAY FOR RIOT POLICE

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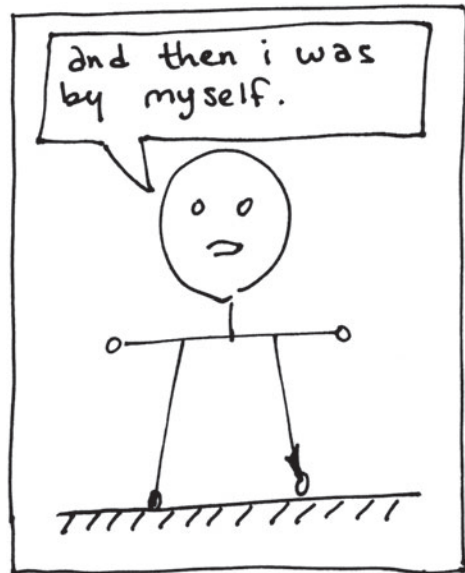
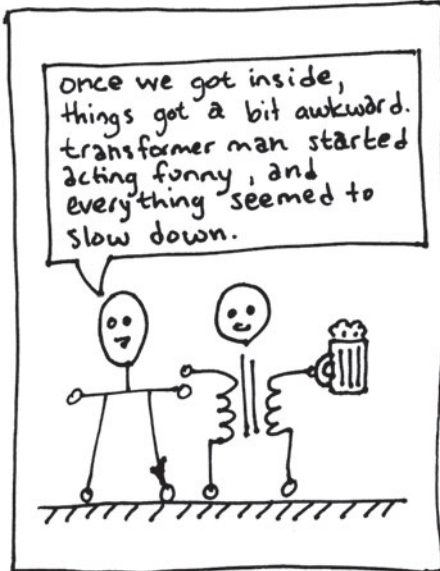
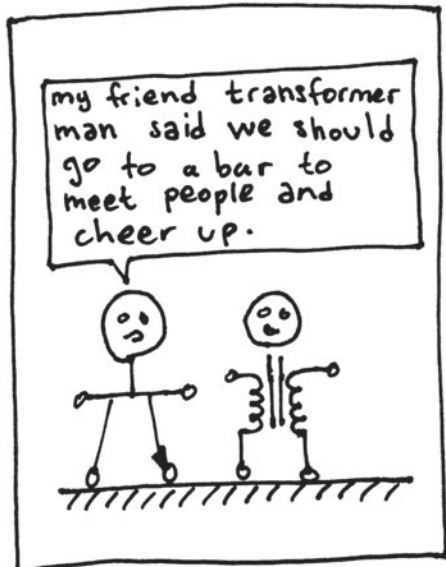
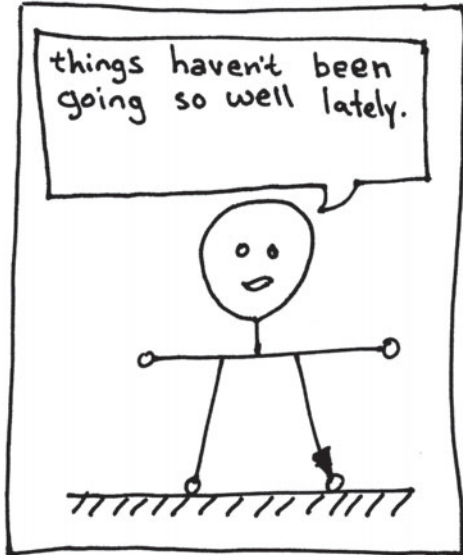
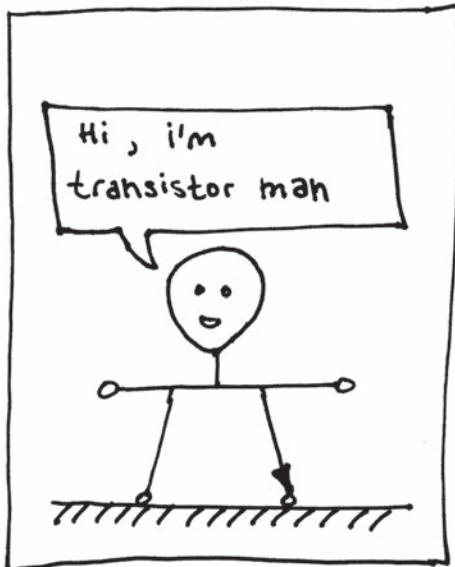
YANKEES FAN +10

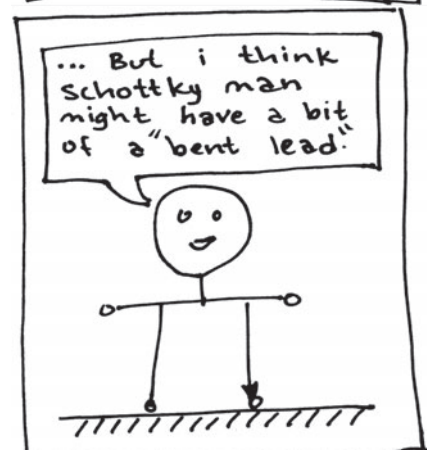
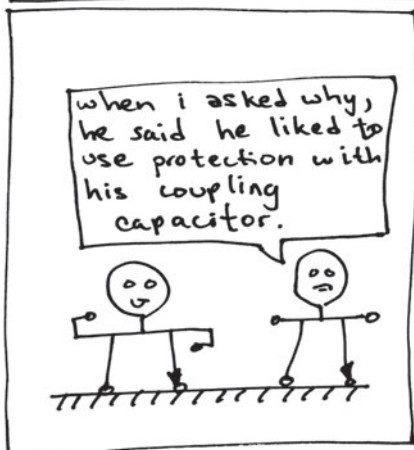
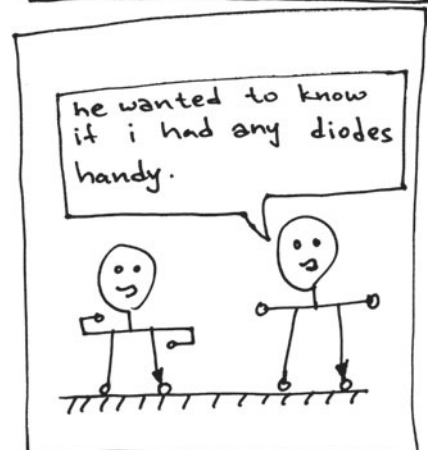
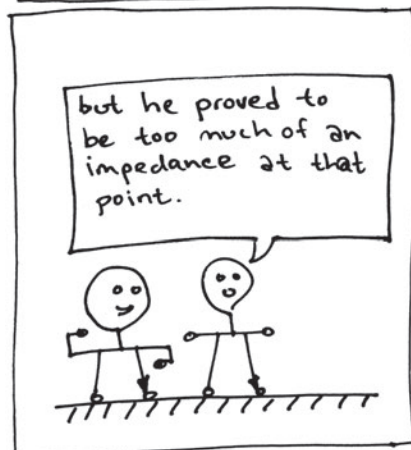
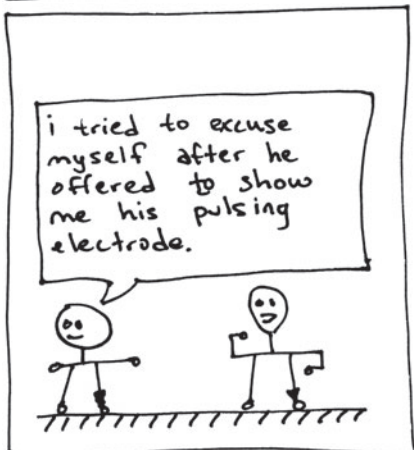
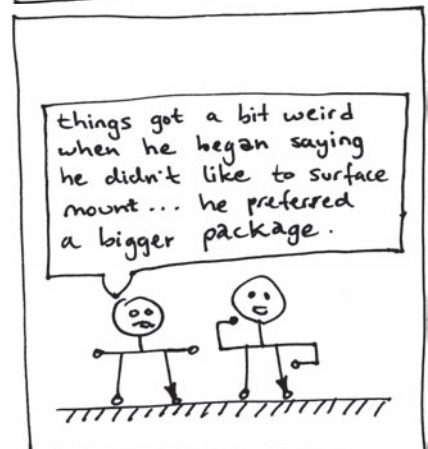
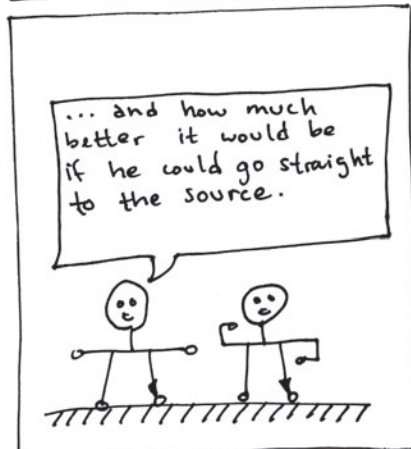
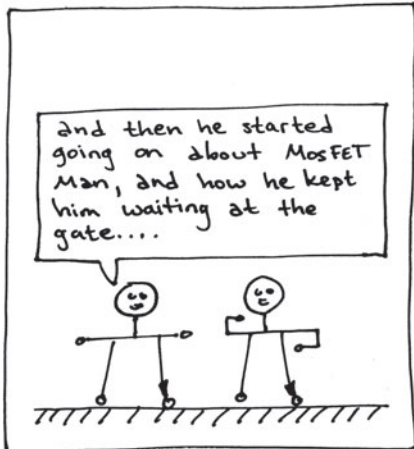
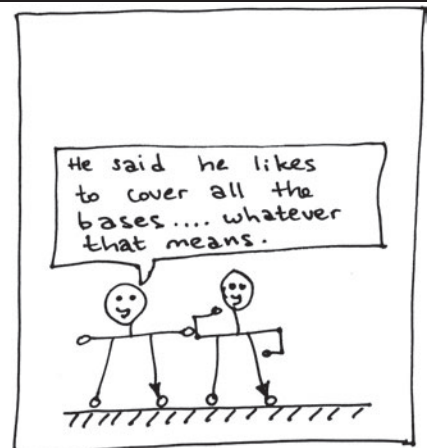
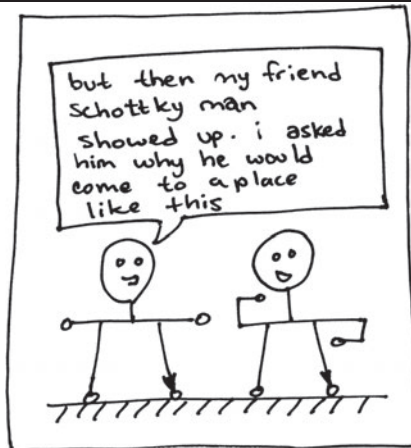
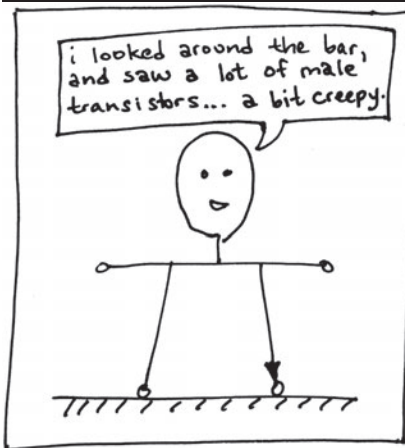
SOX FAN -15

MIT PRICK +5

EMERSON STUDENT !!! REPLAY !!!

HEAD OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS -50



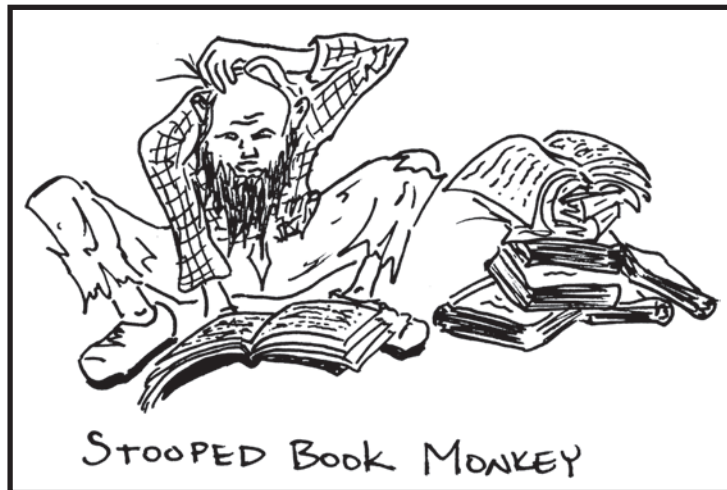


It's time for a magical adventure through the enchanted halls of MIT. Let's go on a:



Sub-Basement Gnomes

MIT's vast labyrinth of interconnected underground tunnels supports a large variety of craft. Despite their abundance, gnomes are rarely seen by the average Millennial due to their secluded environs. While not difficult for a determined basement miner to find, they may not actually register your presence, as many can't actually sense you through the thickets of body hair or are too busy finalizing their grand unified theory to realize their corporeal state. See also sub-species *Stooped Book Monkey*.



Ungraduables

You probably know from firsthand experience that this diploma factory cranks out a surprising amount of morons. But what does that say about the people that fail? Maybe they failed chemistry 3 times or are on "mental leave". You'll meet a surprising amount of them since they tend to hang

out at MIT forever. Since they aren't taking classes (and probably don't have a job) they can spend a lot of time hanging out, drinking, partying, and tempting you to try to convince your parents to support you for the rest of your life. Distant cousin of *20th Term Grad Student*.

Extra-Curricular Dominatrix/tor

Is it just me or is everyone in your ASA-approved extra curricular club over 30? They usually can't make friends with 'normal' adults, so they hang out in circles where they're seen as the status quo. Luckily the student groups these craft are in aren't likely

to be the kind you are going to join to pad out your application resume for Google and Microsoft summer internships. You'll see these craft at the student center, where they will be voting on ways to spend your student life tax. Occasionally surfaces as alpha male of *Sub-basement Gnomes*.

Slime Factory

If you are a nice single freshman (straight) boy (or lesbian) you may wonder why you can't seem to meet a nice single freshman girl. The Slime Factory has somehow captured the attentions of the other half of your dream of bliss. Maybe they just have more free time than you, or more money to take her places, or are more experienced. It's actually likely they just have way less shame. Plying freshman girls with lies and alcohol is something you haven't resorted to yet. Take consolation in the fact that there's no way that her father likes her boyfriend. Maybe he'll shoot the Slime Factory when he finds out that the guy dating his 17 year old daughter is 32. See also the sub-species *Bandi-legged Skirt Chaser*.

Mailing List Troll

Maybe they were cool or important or something once upon a time, that could be why they think their opinion still matters! Their 'keen social commentary' and 'witty' writing style are a dead giveaway. These cruff are harder to keep away than the kind you meet in person, since you can't physically beat them. Even if you could, they wouldn't go away since they always know better than you and you're just a misguided freshman. If the phrase "back in my day" appears in an email from this cruff, you'll have spotted them for sure.

Infiltrating Cuckoo

She thinks she was misplaced at Wellesley and should have been admitted to MIT. Honestly, Marilee Jones just misread her application, that's all. There's a paradox involved here: this cruff thinks she's smart but likes coming to MIT because



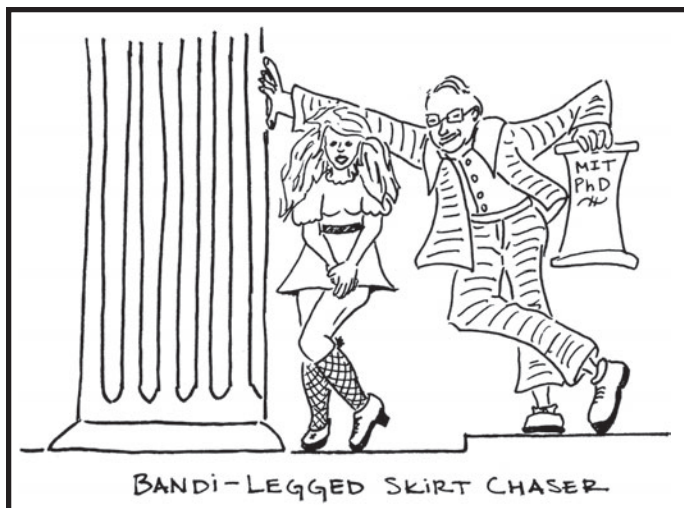
she can out-compete the local girls on the adorable-bimbo factor. They may give themselves away by admitting that the reason that you haven't met them before is because they don't go here, and will ask what you have heard about her on mailing lists she can't get onto by sleeping her way in. Spot this sort of cruff by the fact that they give out an MIT list email address, not their username. Known to form symbiotic relationships with *Slime Factories*.

20th Term Grad Student

How many years of grad school is too many? This is the burning question you have to ask when you meet this cruff. You can spot them by their curriculum vitae, which will be about 4 pages long even though they are still a student. Maybe they're not technically cruff, but many people with far less academic units under their belts are, so where is the line drawn? Maybe they'll graduate one day, but they're likely to turn into lifers. Under no circumstances should you let a 20th Term Grad Student try to explain their thesis to you. You do not have time to listen to this crap. See also the sub-species *Hibernating Couch Slug*.

Joe Cool TA

So your TA keeps showing up at parties you go to, getting really drunk and telling awkward dirty jokes in front of your friends. What are you going to do? If you tell him to fuck off, he'll make sure you get an F in 3.091 or 2.001 or whatever, if you don't you'll be stuck with him for the next semester. The best way to avoid Joe Cool TA is to spot him early. If your TA asks you about "happening parties" tell him you are a right wing Christian who doesn't believe in drinking or kissing before marriage, and that you think dancing is a sin. Or tell him you live at Random and play a lot of collectible card games at your parties. Whatever it takes. See also the cross-bred *Slime Factory / Joe Cool TA*.



We were sent this from the North-West side of campus. Let's all hold our hands in a moment of silence. If these kids are our best and brightest, the art of the flame war is dead. Long live the new graphical flame war!

=====

OMG, I totally found this email archive that some jerks in my dorm forgot to password protect. These guys are always getting down on the house and former UAP Peter Scrotum, and they're constantly setting stuff on fire. It's a real hazard. But you should check out the stuff they send each other! These guys think they're elite, but they're just immature! It's UN-believable, you have to read it.

Oh shit, I've got to call my Mom now. l8r!

-Jeff

=====

To: fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: kitchen-nazi@mit.edu
Subject: kitchen

Guys,

I don't know how the rest of you were raised, but in my country we fucking *wash* our dishes rather than letting them rot in the sink. Whatever the fuck that 3-week old pot of chili was growing ATE THROUGH STAINLESS STEEL. Holy christ.

I've taken a flamethrower to the sink and cleaned the stove. I also re-washed the dishes that were on the tables and put them away. If you make me do that again, I'll come to your room in the middle of the night and stab you in the scrotum.

-nazi

=====

To: kitchen-nazi@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: spanky-frosh@mit.edu
Subject: Re: kitchen

Nazi, you're such a fucking girl. Are you going to wear a pink tutu next?

-spanky

=====

To: spanky-frosh@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: kitchen-nazi@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: kitchen

See attached.

-nazi



=====

To: kitchen-nazi, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: dr-dalsim@mit.edu
Subject: Re: kitchen

Nazi,

Just take a baseball bat to spanker frosh over there. It's a lot cleaner than stabbing, and we know how you like it clean.

Oh, and spanky, I know you won't listen anyway but...



- Dr. D

=====

To: dr-dalsim@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: biggus-dickus@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: kitchen

As much fun as playing with baseball bats can be, baseball itself is a dumb, boring sport for old men who like to stand out in the sun and wear too-tight pants.

-dick

=====

To: biggus-dickus@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: dr-dalsim@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: Re: kitchen

This coming from a guy who apparently can't tell the difference between an animated girl and a real one.

-Dr. D

=====

To: dr-dalsim@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: biggus-dickus@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: kitchen

Of course I can tell the difference between an animated girl and a real one! Take that, Cali Cutta!





To: crufty-alum@mit.edu,
fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: whiner@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: cease and desist

Oh yeah?



To: whiner@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: crufty-alum@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: Re: cease and desist

Oh, you've got me on the ropes!



To: whiner@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: peanut-gallery@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: Re: cease and desist

Whiner, if I get one more email from you, I'm knocking down your door and sodomizing your UPS.

nutz to you, bitch!

To: peanut-gallery@mit.edu,
fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: whiner@mit.edu
Subject: Re: Re: Re: cease and desist



This is what I think of your Opinion

To: fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: kitchen-nazi@mit.edu
Subject: apologies

Gods, what a monster I've created. In order to make it up to all of you, I'm leaving now on holy hajj to Canada. Once there, I shall devour all the Canadian Jews in the manner of my forbears, riding our great country of their Northern Socialist Influence once and for all. Since I may get hungry along the way, I'm taking Whiner with me.

-nazi

P.S. see attached.



=====

To: dr-dalsim@mit.edu,
kitchen-nazi@mit.edu, spanky-frosh@mit.edu, biggus-dickus@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: whiner@mit.edu
Subject: cease and desist

Will you guys just shut the fuck up? Nazi cleaned the kitchen, bitched like a woman and that was that. For the love of sweet baby Jesus, some of us have work to do. Very important work, and you're filling up our inboxes with your inane crap.

-w

=====

To: whiner@mit.edu, fort-apathy@mit.edu
From: crufty-alum@mit.edu
Subject: Re: cease and desist

Whiner, Really?

sniff *sniff*

-die Kruftmeister



=====

=====

Top Ten Things Not Offensive Enough To Make It Into VooDoo

Dear Loyal VooDoo Reader,

We've been wondering why we haven't had any decent submissions to VooDoo of late. We get a quarter ton of material each semester, but most of it lacks that special something which miraculously transforms a mediocre Tech article into a top-notch VooDoo masterpiece. Before you ask, it's not the proper use of punctuation, grammar or dramatic storytelling that these submissions lack — we're fresh out of those, anyhow! Nay, it is the strategic use of highly offensive material that these offerings lack. Offensive material is like nuclear waste: a little bit makes a successful terror bombing that much more devastating. In an effort to educate our readership towards higher levels of submission, we have compiled the following list of previous submissions which tried, but failed, to get published. Only now that they have lain at the wayside long enough can their stories come to light. After these stories have been told, we will show you how to turn your regular ideas into thoughts worthy of VooDoo with nothing more than a Bic ballpoint pen.

10. "Bad Dog" Comic Strip

This was a strip involving a "bad dog" that would eat a student's homework. The student, after being berated several times by the professor for not turning in the homework, and eventually being called a liar for using such a clichéd excuse, turns in the feces produced by the dog as a result of eating his homework. This strip had a number of good qualities to it. First, it dealt with fecal matter, an ever-popular joke amongst twelve year olds and VooDoo staff members everywhere. Secondly, it had an MIT student being raked over the coals by a professor. And finally, it had a grotesque ending. Ultimately, the problems with it were less conceptual and more practical. It is very difficult to convey feces appropriately in the comic form. To remedy the situation, a different ending would have been more appropriate. Perhaps the student could have forced the feces back into the dog and pulled his problem set out the other end. Or after having just caught the dog eating the problem set, he could cut the dog open and deliver a

bloodied solution to the professor. Or, in a final twist, the dog could be shown raping the MIT student, just to drive the metaphor home.

9. "Crack Whore Sally"

This was such a lovely feature, a story about a thirteen-year-old girl who is addicted to crack and sells her ass on the street to make money. It has the tried-and-true VooDoo principle of three offenses per strip: in this case, drug abuse, pedophilia and prostitution. So where did this one go wrong? First off, it's a written article, and we all know that no one actually "reads" VooDoo, much as you are not reading this now. If a comic strip takes less than ten seconds to digest it might get looked at. So, for a written submission to make it in, it must either make the editor roll on the floor with laughter, or give her good whacking material for a week. This did neither, and we really have no idea why. Better luck next time.

8. "All The President's Men"

Wow! Let me just say that this one should have made it in. It was mostly due to the incredible amount of good material we had for the issue at the time that it didn't. It was a comic strip about the gay orgies held by President Bush during his first few days in office. It had the three offensive things: homosexuality, orgies, and President Bush, but failed in one key way: it had no punch line. The number of submissions we see that have such promise, but fall short due to the Achilles heel of not having a punchline, is quite substantial. A comic can not rest on its concept alone; there must be a one-liner at the end to really seal the deal, and leave an impression on the reader. A possible finish for this one could have been a "money shot" involving real

tax dollars "hard" at work. Or Bush Senior could have entered the room and joined the orgy, bringing the offenses up to four (incest) and rendering a punchline obsolete.

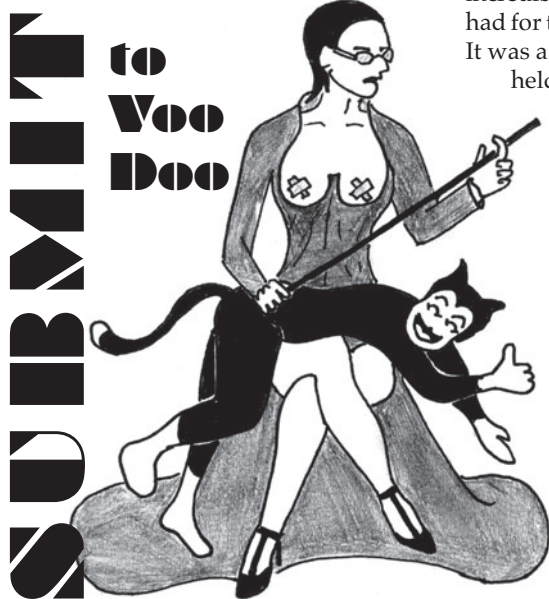
7. "The Adventures Of Mary Jane"

This one would not even have made our top 100 list if it wasn't for the fact that it had an incredible story line and was impeccably drawn. If you thought potheads were as boring as celibacy, this little girl would prove you wrong. And the six pages of full-color illustrations were extremely professional. Alas, it only featured drug use by an underaged girl. There was no third offensive thing, so, sadly, we had to flush it down the toilet like Chuck Vest's stash when the cops came to take Becky to the hospital. It would have been so easy to throw in plagiarism or something, but sadly we were too busy smoking up to do that. 4:20 dude!!!! Huh... huh... huh. What was I talking about?

6. "The Anal Avenger"

A porn shop owner by day, a sadistic vigilante by night — what could be more American? The juxtaposition of the two characters was phenomenal. It had drugs. It had violence. It had sex. It had those little after-dinner mints you get at chain restaurants that want to seem hip and trendy but are really just Wal-Marts in disguise. And speaking of which, the political commentary was really biting, but in that good sort of way, like when my boyfriend nibbles just behind my ear. Oh, that can be sooooo good, because I know what's coming next. He will reach around and slowly start massaging my midsection... I just cant wait till his hand goes lower. I start pressing my pelvis forward, becoming more demanding with each passing swoop of that powerful hand. Oh, how the need grows, why won't he go any further... and then... oh... never mind. I can't remember why we didn't accept that one...

OK, we lied. We didn't really have 10.



NEWSFLASH!!



Earlier today, police stopped a roving band of homosexuals from raping your children.



Iraqis held a parade today for U.S. Marines, thanking them for saving Baghdad's only McDonald's from Islamic suicide bombers.

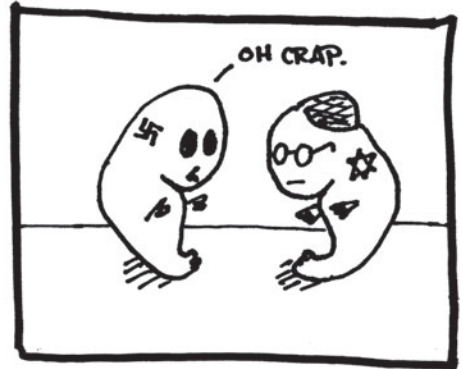
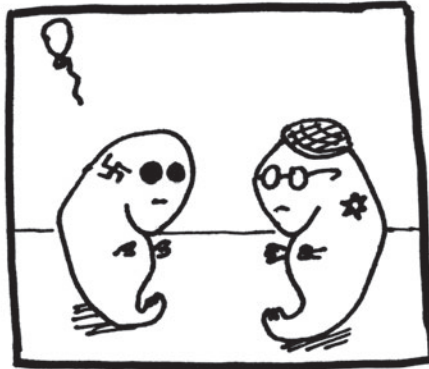
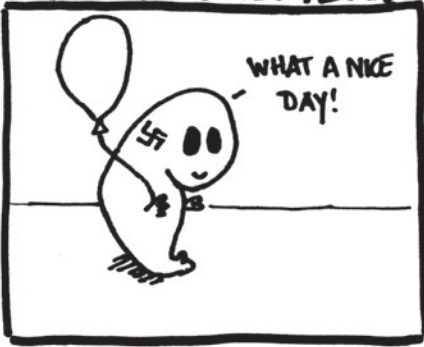


President George W. Bush's new economic reform policy is putting money in your pockets for the holiday season

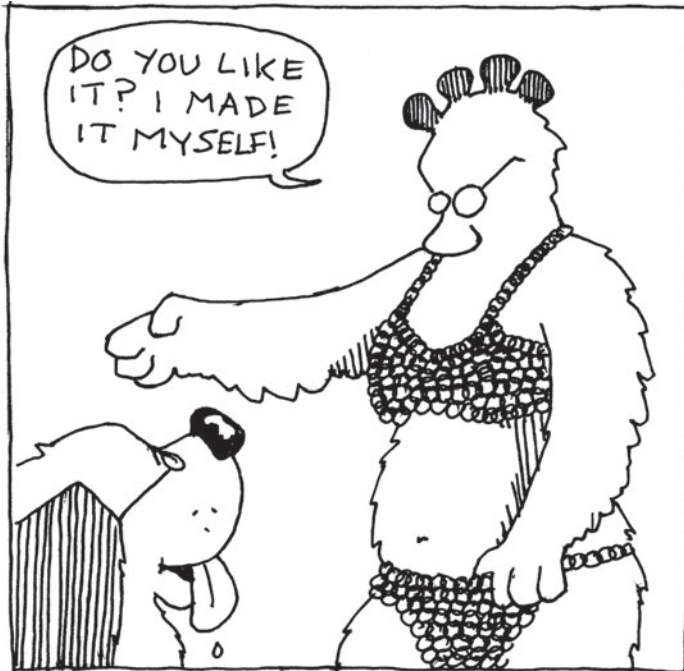


Jesus rescheduled his second coming for thursday, citing a full schedule on wednesday. It looks like you sinners have another 24 hours.....

ABORTED NAZI FETUS

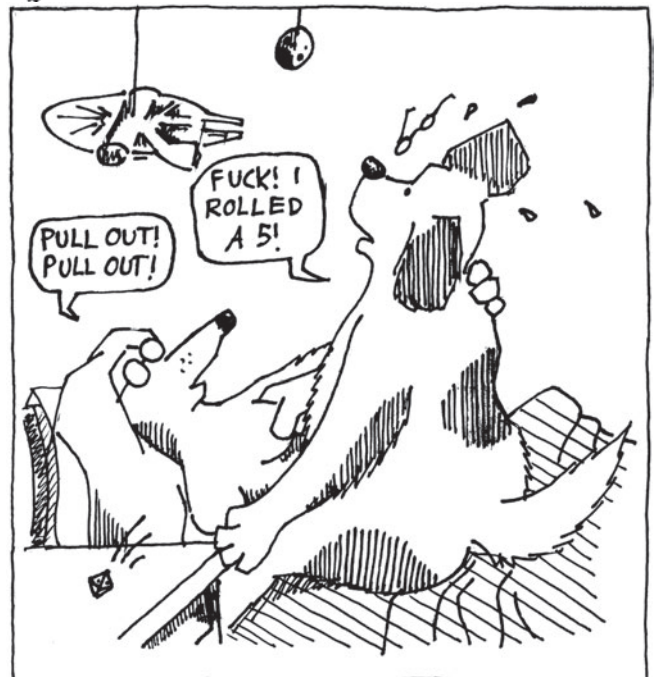


Twinkies



Twinkie lingerie

Twinkies



Twinkie Contraception

VooDoo Book Club

Recommendations for Winter Break/IAP

Ernest Hemingway
Breasts Like White Elephants
Penguin Classics
\$10.95

A semi-biographical account of a man's struggle to escape his loneliness, which is time and again complicated by bouts of compulsion and alcoholism. Based on Hemingway's short but memorable big game hunting trip among the native Twinkie people of Fifth East, during their annual fertility festival, this is a tale that is sure to shock and amaze. By poignantly portraying moments of orgasmic happiness alongside life's deepest lows, *Breasts Like White Elephants* is a masterpiece, true to "Papa's" legacy.

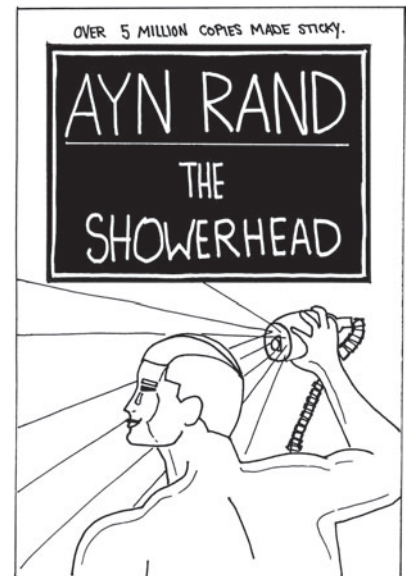


Orson Scott Card
Scott Krueger Saga: Krueger's Game, Speaker for the Dead, Culturecide
Tor Science Nonfiction
\$24.95

Along with *Snow Crash* and *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, the Scott Krueger Saga is a must-read for every MIT student. Recently re-released in a new definitive edition, the books now provide ever deeper insight into the souls of the main characters, including the mysterious Speaker for the Dead, Chancellor Larry Bacow. As important today as when it first surfaced in 1997, Krueger's story is sure to influence MIT student culture (or lack thereof) for years to come. Own it today and cry!

Ayn Rand
The Showerhead
Spluuume Books
\$9.99

Follow master wankitect Howard Roark as he singlehandedly takes on the collectivist, laughingly one-dimensional New York art world to push his grand vision of individual creation. Then, at night, follow him home and under *The Showerhead*, where through ritual self-abuse, he beats home the point that before you can say "I love me," you must be able to say "I." Now in its 60th year, the book has unfortunately become firmly ensconced in the literature and in the left hand of every Course Six wanker from here to Kathmandu.



GOD VS. THE INTERNET! EPISODE 2: CRIME & PUNISHMENT

Brought to You
By: ADBUSTERS!

BUY OUR MAGAZINE,
You Consumer
JACKASSES.

IN OUR LAST EPISODE...
God got wicked
Pissed and
banged some
chick



YEE HAW!

And this bangin'
made a little
girl with
magic powers!



But God wouldn't
pay child support,
so some chick
married the Internet



BUT JESUS FEARS
THAT BABY
CHRIST CAN'T
CONTROL HER POWERS!



HEY DADDY-O, SOMEONE
BOUGHT THE HOUSE
NEXT DOOR
OMIGOD!
THAT IS
SO SUPER!
LET'S
VISIT
THEM!



Knock
Knock



SIMULTANEOUS
GASP!



Howdy...
NEIGHBORS!
AMUHUHA
HAAAA
HAHA!



THIS HELLA SUCKS
I HATE THE
INTERNET!



WE'RE SO
BRINGING THIS
UP AT THE
NEXT BLACK
MEETING



THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY...



FELLOW HAPPY ACRES
RESIDENTS, WE CANNOT
LET THE INTERNET
LIVE AMONG US.
WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE
THINK OF THE CHILDREN?

Hmm... The White
Christian in me
wants to help God,
BUT THE CAPITALIST
IN ME WANTS
TO HELP THE
INTERNET...



WE MUST ASK THE
HIGHER POWER!



MR. President,
God wants
the Internet
to move out of our
NEIGHBORHOOD.
WHAT
SHOULD WE DO?



HMMMM...



BOMB
IRAN.



WANNA
BUY SOME
WOOD?



SIX HOURS LATER



FUCKING
INFIDELS.



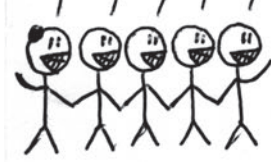
MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED!



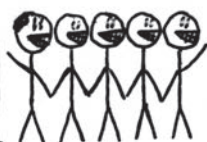
YOU'RE ALL
FUCKING
IDIOTS.



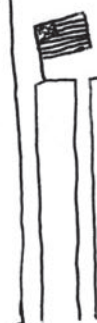
CREATIONISM!



QED.
BRAVO,
GENTLEMEN



SON, WE'RE MOVING.
THESE POOR DUMB
BASTARDS ARE ON
THEIR OWN.



NEVER
FORGET!



DANGERHOUSE COMICS!

BLAKE MAA



© BLAKE BRASHER 2002

by malchano.

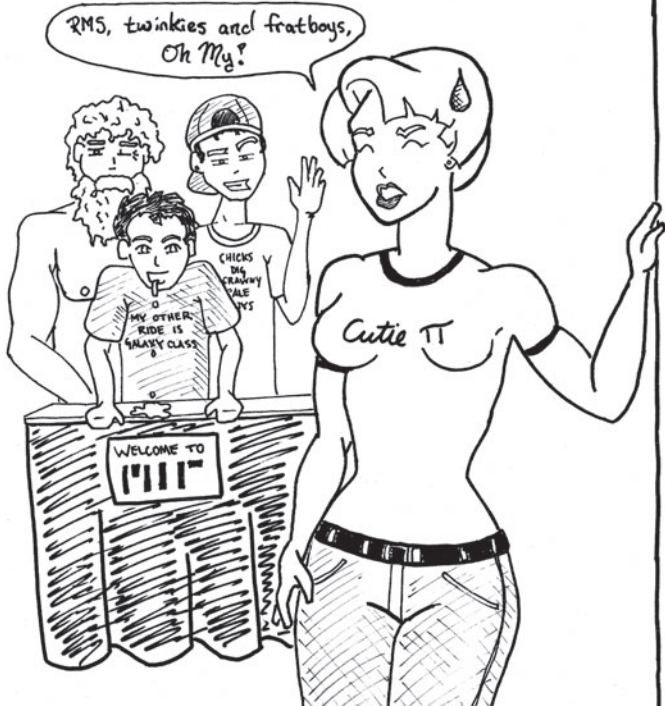
MALCHANO MAN 2020



© MATT MALCHANO 1994

by blake

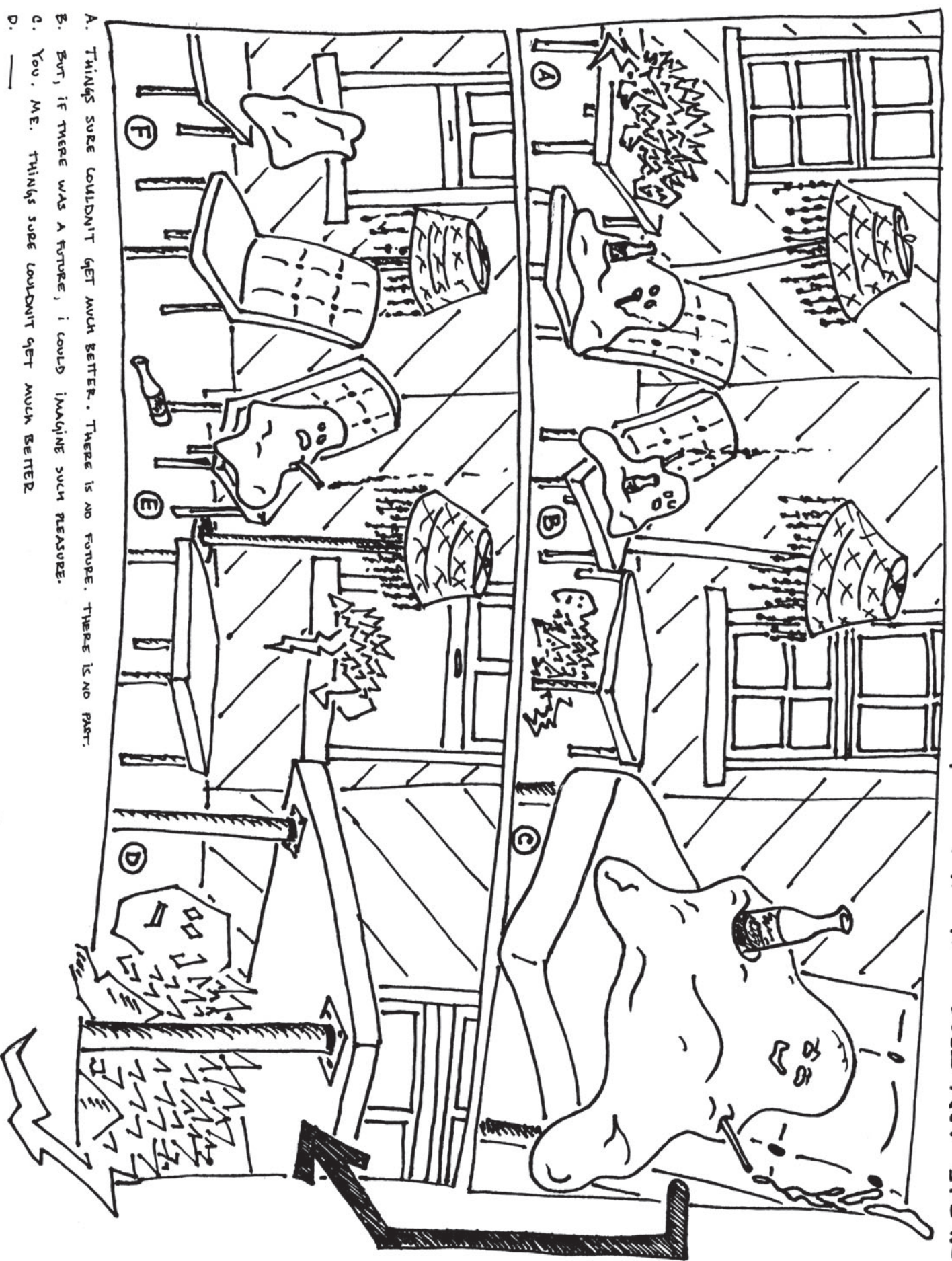
The recent increase in the male:female ratio only theoretically improves your options.



MIT's latest merchandizing scheme goes awry.



BLOB & PORCUPINE : ALL PHRASES SAID BY BLOB, AS PORCUPINE DOES NOT SPEAK



A. THINGS SURE COULDN'T GET MUCH BETTER. THERE IS NO FUTURE. THERE IS NO PAST.

B. BUT, IF THERE WAS A FUTURE, I COULD IMAGINE SUCH REASSURE.

C. YOU, ME. THINGS SURE COULDN'T GET MUCH BETTER

D. _____

E. HEY... WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING... WE'RE PRETTY HIGH UP. [PORCUPINE JUMPS AWAY]

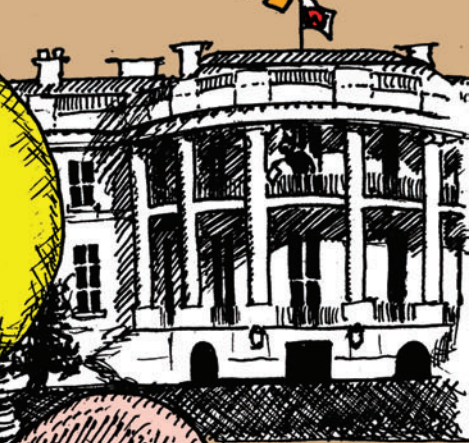
F. OH..... I NEED A BOOST.

FACE IT
WE'RE FUCKED



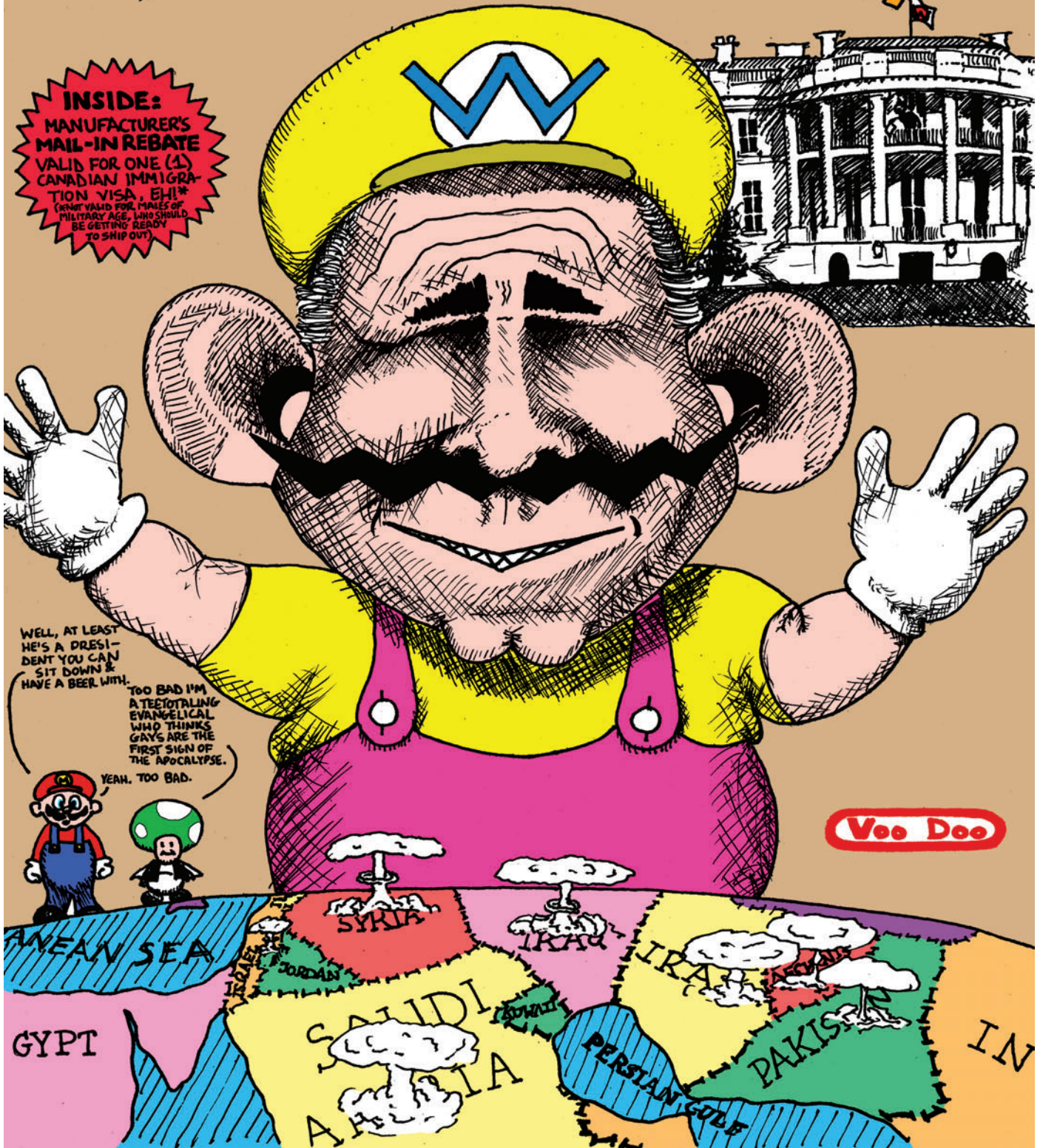
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU SIMPLE
SOLUTIONS TO LIFE'S COMPLICATED PROBLEMS

WARIO WORLD 2: - FOUR MORE YEARS -



INSIDE:
MANUFACTURER'S
MAIL-IN REBATE
VALID FOR ONE (1)
CANADIAN IMMIGRA-
TION VISA, EH!*

(RENT VALID FOR MALES OF
MILITARY AGE, WHO SHOULD
BE GETTING READY
TO SHIP OUT)



WELL, AT LEAST
HE'S A PRES-
IDENT YOU CAN
SIT DOWN &
HAVE A BEER WITH.

TOO BAD I'M
A TEETOTALING
EVANGELICAL
WHO THINKS
GAYS ARE THE
FIRST SIGN OF
THE APOCALYPSE.

YEAH. TOO BAD.



Voo Doo

