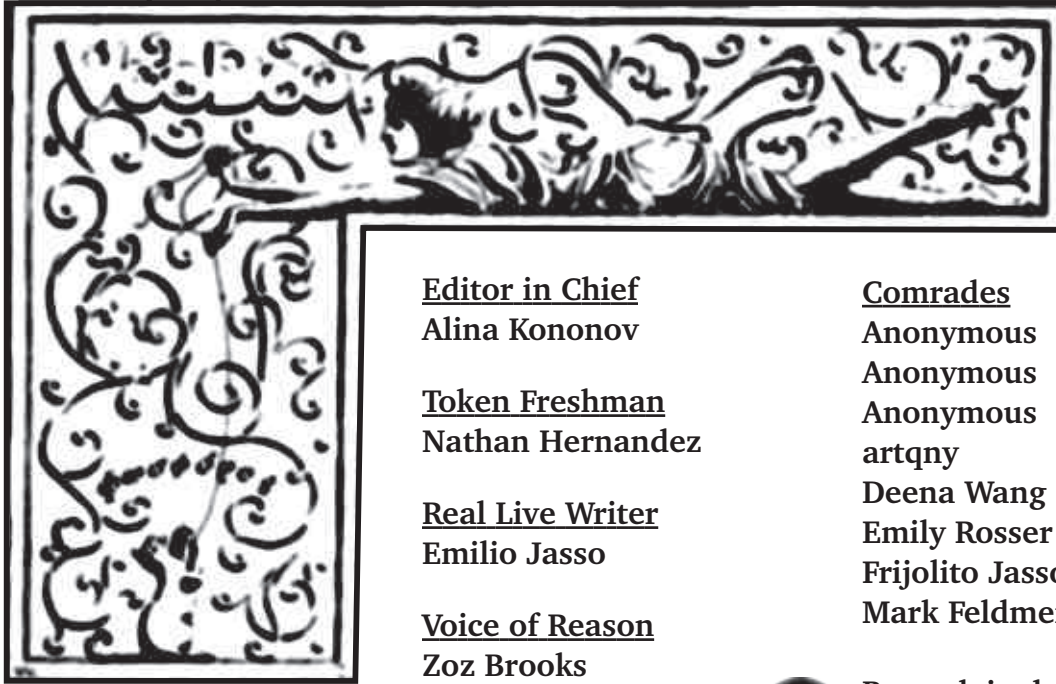


# Reigns Supreme



Volume 99  
Issue 3



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# EDITORIAL

Dear Voo Doo readers,

Why do I have to write an editorial? Which of my predecessors had the idiotic idea of filling an entire page with worthless ramblings? Why do I feel compelled to succumb to this foolish tradition?

Why does anyone ever do anything? We could all be running around naked in Brazil, picking coconuts from palm trees and basking in the fertility of Mother Nature. Instead, here we are — pursuing a rectangular piece of mushed up fiber, pointlessly slaving away towards a pointless job with a pointless existence.

Why do we do it? Because continuity is comfortable. Fitting into a mold crafted by generations before us is all that can shield us from the bitter disappointment of a vast, indifferent universe. But what do I know? I'm a cog in the man's machine just like everyone else: studying hard, absorbing propaganda, writing this damn editorial, and pretending to enjoy it all.

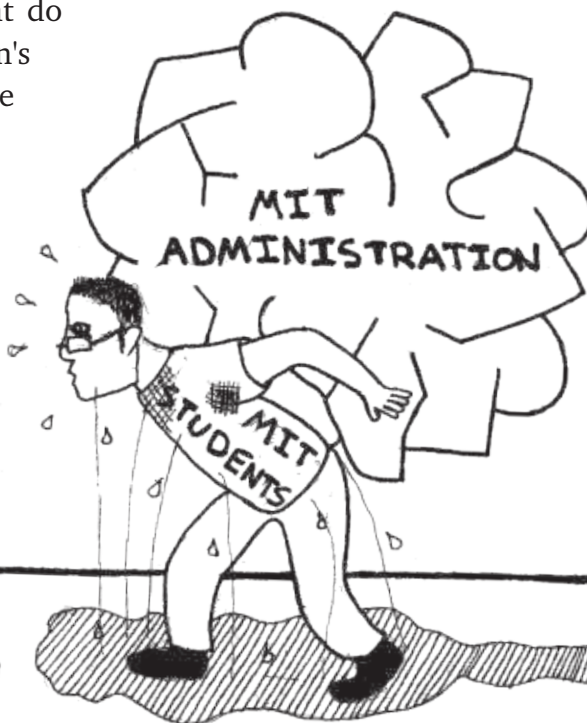
Well, whatever. I guess if I'm going to write this, I should put away my

pathetic angst (I would have been cast in Twilight, but I have more than one facial expression) and actually say something about Voo Doo.

We've had a bit of a rough year. I won't go into details, since a lot of you know what happened; I'll just say that it's hard to focus on writing jokes and dicking around when you have to fight off a vendetta at every step of the way. But we're a determined bunch, and it will take much, much more to thwart us.

Strength comes in numbers, so if you like what we do, please support us! We're just starting a subscription program — fill out the form at [web.mit.edu/voodoo/subscribe](http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/subscribe) to get future issues delivered right to your mailbox! Please also consider joining our mailing list ([voodoo@mit.edu](mailto:voodoo@mit.edu)), coming to of-

ice hours, and/or submitting a piece of your own. We accept submissions year-round from any MIT affiliates on any topics — email [phos@mit.edu](mailto:phos@mit.edu) for more information.



*Alina*



# Hack, Pun, Tool

Q: What do you call a Bexile masturbating?

A: Rust jacking.

~\*~

I hear spousal abuse is a real problem amongst live-stock. Cows often have to deal with bullish husbands.

~\*~

My friend heard I had a sinus infection. He said, "Watch out. I heard those repeat after two pi days."

~\*~

I asked four couples to tell me when to stop. Alas, I kept on going, as I couldn't understand a term in eight.

~\*~

If I ever study music, I'm going to write a three part thesis about wavering between notes. It will be a veritable trill-logy trilogy.

~\*~

A physicist, biologist, and engineer walk into a bar, discussing technological this, that, and the other. An administrator, relieved from the arduous task of twiddling thumbs, approaches them: "AHA! Show me your IDs!" The three, engrossed in intellectual conversation, did not notice him.

~\*~

Fork sore and plenty beers ago, our foreheads brought filth upon this cum-puss, a new rag, crass in concept, and deduced from the fact that all jokes are crude and evil.

~\*~

You might have trouble telling time when you're very drunk, and if you're paying too much attention to the time, you don't notice how drunk you're getting. In Boston, these uncertainties are limited because each bar's over at two.

~\*~

Q: How did the hipster burn his tongue?

A: He ate his soup before it was cool.

~\*~

The British only like certain teas, like Earl Grey. That's all this one English guy ever drinks. He always leads me on, but will never go out with me. It's reliable – he's a certain tease.

~\*~

I always thought the head of the Charles was a fellatio joke told in a Shakespearean way. "But Hark! For the Head of the Charles became so full of wonder that all within the short arm's reach were soaked in spray."

~\*~

1: If you look up the word "cat" in a dictionary, you may find a slang verb meaning to vomit. Perhaps we should use it more often.

2: Can you use it in a sentence?

1: Sure. People waiting to pay at the cash register are in a fee line. That cat joke is so bad, it made me cat!

~\*~

Q: Glasses don't have eyes. How do they look?

A: Generally, clear with a lip at the top and a thicker base. Sometimes they'll have a design cut into them or painted on.

~\*~

Although not all problems are solvable, they are all soluble — at least with enough alcohol!

~\*~

Good luck on flannel exams! The cool cat what passes them is a plaidy-pus!

~\*~

Mother: Get a job, you lazy bum!

Son: Well, what kind should I get? A blow job, a nose job, a nut job, or a book of job?





## DEAR PHOS,

*I find myself submitting this letter to your deplorable publication as a last resort, for The Tech and other more respectable news sources have turned away my message. I write to you fully aware that you shall heavily mock my opinions. However, I am certain you shall print my letter in jest, thereby ensuring that my voice will be heard by the denizens of the Institute.*

*Since my arrival in Boston, the "City upon a Hill", or rather, the city intended to be an exemplary model for all by its Puritan forefathers, I frankly have been appalled by the conduct I have witnessed. In particular, I have found the activities of MIT students almost criminally sinful, especially their traditions and events.*

*In mid-September, the campus was abuzz with talk of the "Reawakening" that was to occur when the clock struck midnight and Friday became Saturday on the fifth floor of the east parallel of the dormitory "East Campus." I was extremely excited for this event, which I assumed existed to promote the salvation offered by Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Admittedly, I did have a few qualms – I was rather perplexed because I was (and after the events of that night, am very much still) under the impression that this dorm, and especially this particular floor, were very much not aligned with Christian and moral values. I had heard most unsavory rumors about the attitudes concerning bedroom matter and whispers of a tolerance for unspeakable acts between persons of the same gender. However, in order to meet my potential fellow brothers and sisters under God with open arms, I decided to attend what I assumed would be a wholesome interaction among children of Our Lord.*

*All I can say is that I have now witnessed debauchery of the most base level. I saw partygoers partaking in the devil's drink, all the while relishing their*

*sin. There were intimate interactions between individuals who I doubt have taken an oath before God together. There were groups of multiple persons encroaching together upon the territory rightfully belonging to marriage. There was much dancing, but instead of songs of Christian fellowship or Gospel hymns, the DJs were playing obscene songs rife with phallic references. Those dancing were much too close to each other – one couldn't even slip a Bible between some pairs. So much for leaving room for Jesus!*

*Seeking to escape the depravity before me, I made my way down the hallway toward a lounge where people were congregating. Perhaps these acts of primal revelry were merely coincidental; perhaps I had found my fellow believers. For a brief while, there was a glimmer of hope – people were talking about the "sacrifice," which I believed referred to the cross carried by Jesus. However, upon the stroke of midnight, a startlingly pagan ritual commenced. I could not see well, for my line of sight was obstructed, but it is my understanding that a virgin was sacrificed – his heart eaten on a makeshift altar in the center of the room.*

*Never before have I laid eyes upon such a heinous act. It underlines a fundamental problem inherent in the nature of the university as a whole: the student connection with God is severely diseased and sometimes even nonexistent. I hope to address this issue in future correspondence with you if you can find even a little sympathy for my cause. For now, I leave you and the rest of the student body with a simple message. God is always watching and sees your sins, but He is willing to forgive.*

*Sincerely,  
A Concerned Christian*

Dear Concerned,

First of all, I protest your assertion that The Tech is a more respectable news source than Voo Doo. Have you seen the length of their correction section? They're better at spreading rumors than news! Worse yet, half of their crosswords mix clues, grids, and solutions from different puzzles! How hard is it to copy something from "Stan Newman's Crossword Land?" Well done submitting this missive to a proper audience, though. It is best to avoid The Tech if you wish to reach sinners; one must sin to be funny, which is why The Tech's comic strip writers are pretty much the only people on campus guaranteed to go straight to the kingdom of heaven.

Nevertheless, we must disagree with your characterization of 5th East. If you think 5th East is a sinful place, you should go see what they get up to in the Maseeh dungeon! To the contrary, 5th East is a place that is actually downright Biblical. Was it not the furies on 5th East that gave us the story of Jack Daniels in the lions' den? Jesus himself rode triumphantly into Jerusalem on an ass amongst his palm-waving supporters; at any given moment someone on 5th East is riding ass while onlookers flagellate with their palms. In some ways, 5th East is even more conservative than your Lord and Savior: while Jesus was placed naked on the cross, the Children of Florey are renowned for their devotion to cross dressing. Perhaps this dedication to the five days from the last supper to Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection is what bestows each individual from this hall the title of "Fifth Easter."

You yourself should heed the words of Jesus when he said, 'Judge not lest ye be judged!' Jesus was a man who knew how to party — did he not curse a fruit tree and turn water into wine, as those on 5th East turn humble fruit juice into accursed Florey punch? Remove the wooden pole from thine own anus before tending to the logs of others! Remember that Jesus preached turning the other cheek. You should spend more time at EC parties and perhaps, if you're lucky, you'll get both your cheeks turned out.

In Christ,  
Phos

Hi Phos,

*The Tech* heard that Voodoo is currently under a Title IX investigation. Would I be able to schedule an interview with you next week about Voodoo's future, should they find the complaint valid?

Best,  
*The Tech* Reporter

Hi Thetech Reporter,

*Voo Doo* heard that Thetech is currently reporting on The Title IX investigation over *Voo Doo*. Would I be able to schedule an interview with you next week about the article's errors, should it go to press?

Best,  
Phos

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## The Columbian Exchange

For nearly a century-and-a-half after its founding, MIT struggled along in the managerial dark ages, hidden away in the urban riverlands of southern Cambridge and unexposed to the advances made by the greater administrative societies. However, a great visionary, who was bold enough to declare the academic world round, aspired to find a more direct route to the East. He hypothesized (creative thinking is dangerous for those of the bureaucratic world) that it was possible to journey to the land of Harvard without sailing around the Horn of Brown-Nosing or through the Gulf of Elitism.

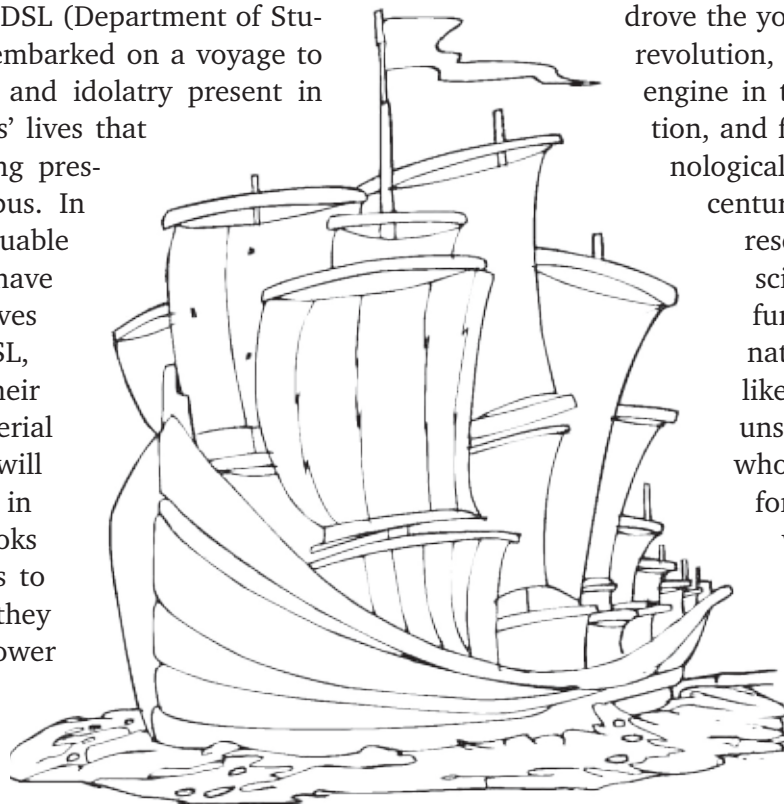
With a rusty gutter cleaner in one hand and a stack of mandatory medical leave forms in the other, he set out from Columbia with three ships full of bureaucracy on his journey. He found, however, that his trajectory landed him at MIT and upon seeing the primitive authoritative state, wished to spread the word of homogeneity and cookie-cutter model students.

This Columbian Exchange has quickly manifested itself in the form of the DSL (Department of Student-Loathing), which embarked on a voyage to eradicate the heathens and idolatry present in every aspect of students' lives that had a particularly strong presence in the East Campus. In return for this invaluable service, the savages have surrendered themselves completely to the DSL, giving total control of their lives to their managerial masters. It is divine will passed down for ages in administrative textbooks for these poor heathens to be subjugated that they may know a greater power

and escape the eternal suffering awaiting them if they had continued without guidance.

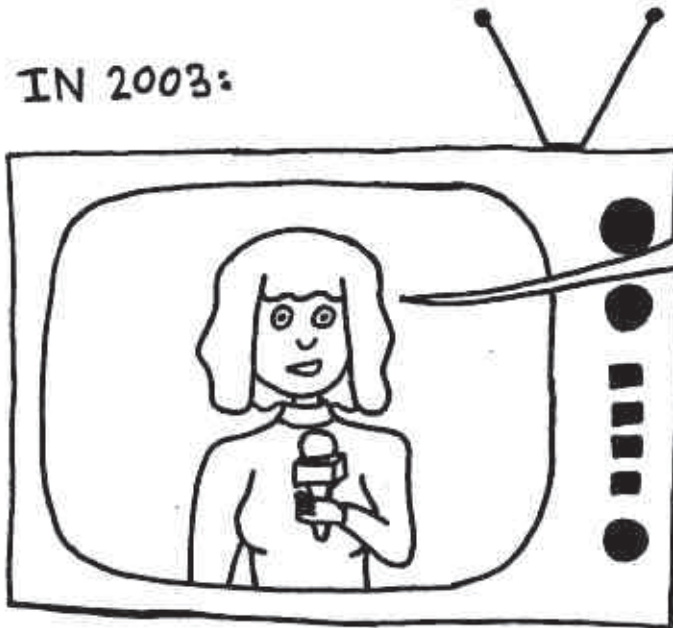
Yet not all parts of this so called "Columbian Exchange" are positive, for from Columbia there come new venereal diseases. The worst is "masee-philis," which has quickly spread through its favorite followers and has manifested itself in ill temperament, a slow deprivation of personality, and the appearance of having the rush hour traffic of the Mass Turnpike crammed up one's bunghole. It truly spreads like wildfire, raging across West Campus, consuming all of its dormitories, now threatening to jump the great barrier of Mass Ave and infect the natives beyond, whose immune systems are weakened by the harsh treatment of the Master.

It may seem like the itinerant engineer may be better off without this oversight, but be assured that the case is not so. It is the building up of society by administration that has allowed us to reach this golden age. Administration drove the yoke in the agricultural revolution, powered the steam engine in the industrial revolution, and fueled all of the technological advances of the last century. Now cutting edge research in managerial science promises to further propel our great nation into an era the likes of which are yet unseen. Pioneers are whom we have to thank for our country, our world's triumphs. Pioneers like Colombo, Our Dear Leader.





IN 2003:



It is rumored that Iraq might possibly have some weapons of mass destruction, maybe. Let's nuke those mother fuckers! Go Dubya! Yeah, go MURICA! We blindly attack anyone who is rumored to present even the most minor of threats!

IN 2013:



There is compelling evidence that the Syrian government is using chemical weapons against its own people. Maybe Congress will do something about it... Can you pass the popcorn?

P-SET PONY!



HE'S A BIT OF AN ASS, REALLY...

## Third Generation GradRat Revealed

On September 5th, 2013, the GradRat ring committee unveiled the design of the ring that will adorn the supple and hard-working fingers of the next five years' worth of graduate students. As only the third design of its kind to have ever existed, the long-awaited third-generation GradRat spurred much arousal in the various departments. "The phenotype of the third-generation ring has the potential to give us a wealth of insight about ring genetics and the relative dominances of various design alleles," reported a graduate student in biology. A particle physicist added, "The third-generation ring could introduce several modifications to the Standard Model of ring physics. My lab is already planning to test its interactions with the two previously known rings in a ring accelerator."

Eager to crowdsource the plethora of inevitable scientific discoveries, several Voo Doo reporters attended the ring's unveiling. Below is a detailed and complete description of the new GradRat design. Please email [phos@mit.edu](mailto:phos@mit.edu) any scientific conclusions made from these data!

---

On the bezel, the Beaver sits in a cage lamenting the impossibility of escaping from this dam Institvte. Instead of sitting on a dam, the cage floats in the river, symbolizing the graduate housing crisis. Inside the cage is a bottle of Adderall and a rolled up twenty dollar bill — the only things that can help the poor beaver graduate on time. It appears to have started a small fire using a piece of parchment marked "thesis," over which cooks a cup of ramen (chicken flavor), representing the time burned up on a thesis that will ultimately be ignored by the general public. The beaver's tail is branded with "IHTEFP," but since the usual meanings of the acronym are "too undergrad," it was decided that the graduate version would mean "I have to fart poop."

Three "beaver buddies" are swimming by, having already graduated from various Ivy League schools

whose programs are less rigorous than MIT's (represented by ivy leaves floating in the river). They are celebrating their graduation with champagne and strippers (3 male, 2 female, 1 in moose costume). The beaver buddies are all grabbing hold of paddles, presumably stolen from the main beaver, who is up shit creek without one.

Although there was much contention over the inclusion of a commercial logo on the GradRat, the Ring Committee ultimately decided to adorn the top of the bezel with the Dropbox logo, but reduce it to a much smaller size in order to appease those who objected. Its small size also allows space for the inclusion of the Apple, Facebook, Twitter, IBM, Tumblr, Microsoft, Dunkin Donuts, H&M, Google, Oracle, Mathematica, General Motors, Shell, Bing, Yahoo, Ask, Walmart, Ikea, Craigslist, Green Day, and Disney logos. The Linux penguin was not included because it looked "too phallic." Apart from being instrumental to graduate students' daily lives, these companies paid millions of dollars for the advertisement space, which will go towards the construction of more corporate office buildings in East Campus.

The degree shank is customizable by major. The website includes a drop-down menu where the user can select whichever major he or she would like to say he or she earned with a matching icon for each one. For example, course 6 is represented by a spreadsheet and tears. Course 3 is represented by a pelican coated in crude oil and tears. Course 18 is represented by a stock ticker and tears. Course 15 includes a beer. There is also a fill-in box for the amount of caffeine consumed during the student's tenure at the Institvte (in units of gallons per day). Below the degree icon is a robot-monkey, representing the valued time put in by any undergraduate researchers (UROPs) who assisted with the graduate's work. The robot-monkey wears one of five costumes, as selected by another drop-down menu: Princess Leia, Doctor Who, Velma, Captain Kirk, and moose. However,



the robot-monkey must always wear a hat with the logos of Motorola, Sprint, and Nokia.

The Cambridge Skyline depicts several buildings where graduate students spend most of their time, including Old Ashdown (now Maseeh). After much deliberation, it was decided to show no windows on the Green Building because hacking is “too undergrad.” On the east side of the Skyline, two high-rises, one with a strand of DNA and one with a Windows logo (again), symbolize the MIT2030 plan to gentrify Kendall Square and surround East Gate with corporations instead of constructing

more graduate housing. Grad students stand outside, queuing the “cry” app on their iPads to celebrate the widespread use of apps and the startup community.

---

Overall, we think this cycle of GradRat will be a great success. Congratulations to the committee that worked so hard to make it! We recommend you purchase a few rings for yourself, even if you’re not a grad student at MIT. We suggest selecting a course 8 PhD. It looks pretty neat.





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## Voo Doo moves to Bunker Hill Community College

After 94 years of serving the MIT student body, *Voo Doo* has decided to leave the Institute. The current plan is to move their office piecewise to their new home: Bunker Hill Community College.

Some of their most valuable worldly possessions, including a Springfield Oval toilet paper dispenser, a three foot tall Van de Graaff generator, and a giant, star-spangled, papier-mâché penis, have already been packed up. "We would have moved the case of Bombay Sapphire by now, but we need that to get the job done," said Phos, the Publisher.

When asked what instigated the move, Phos answered, "People like us simply aren't welcome at MIT anymore. We were being harassed and discriminated against by students and administrators alike. Due to the stress, one writer developed a drinking problem, swallowed his cat alive, and choked to death. It's been a very rough year for all of us."

*Voo Doo* staff prepared documentation of ten harassment cases and presented the list to the Student Activities Office (SAO). The most egregious case occurred when the Undergraduate Association's Finance Board repeatedly attempted to censor the magazine by withdrawing all of its funding simply because they disliked the content. An anonymous UA spokesperson accused *Voo Doo* of "using hyperbole, sarcasm, and absurdity for humorous purposes and inadvertently causing some members of the MIT community to believe that someone could potentially find the content offensive if it was worded differently or had different artwork."

However, since the perpetrators of the harassment themselves felt personally offended, SAO officials shrugged their shoulders and said "you're shit out of luck." A junior working at the magazine as a copy editor said, "once we realized that it was double-jeopardy to press charges against someone who felt offended, we kind of threw in the towel.

It's impossible to compromise with people who refuse to give up anything and who are offended by others having opinions different from theirs."

Phos added, "We at *Voo Doo* have realized that despite all the hype, MIT is no longer a bastion of wisdom and free thinking where intelligent people can engage in open discourse or spread ideas that inspire others to think for themselves. Perhaps one day, the Institute will grow embarrassed of the oppressive environment it is creating. When other universities and research institutions start realizing what a joke the 'arts' are at MIT, the Institute will probably try to save face by dropping a bunch of money on really bad art for some new show pony dormitory."

"Until then, *Voo Doo* is moving to the most forward-thinking college on this side of the Charles River. Bunker Hill Community College has no qualms about art or student expression and actually encourages it. Have you been to their campus? There's art all over the buildings. It seems that the artists mostly just like to write their names really big in spray paint, but hey, it's better than MIT. I think there's also a performance piece going on titled 'smoke crack and then urinate on things.' It's not the most original, but again, it's better than anything MIT has done to support the arts recently."

*Voo Doo* plans on retaining their name during the transfer, but changing their tag-line from "MIT's Only Intentionally Humorous Publication" to "BH-CC's Only Publication." "It'll save us thousands of dollars on printing in twenty or thirty years," says Phos.

When told of *Voo Doo*'s planned departure, members of Thetech's Public Relations department said, "Listen, this is off the record and everything, but we're glad. Without them to compare us to, people might start thinking our comics are funny and that we right good [sic]."



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made by Craftsman and sold at Sears, we've heard

**USELESS COUPON!**

**SOME KIND OF GAUGE**  
- Numbered dial w/ black needle  
- Higher numbered area in "danger" red  
ITEM 198906  
**\$9<sup>99</sup>**  
REG. PRICE \$2.99



**USELESS COUPON!**

**16" MANUAL CHAINSAW**  
ITEM TXS1974  
**\$79<sup>99</sup>**  
REG. PRICE \$49.99



**USELESS COUPON!**

**8-OUNCE SOLID BRASS CARPENTER'S DREIDEL**  
ITEM 82930  
**\$14<sup>99</sup>**  
REG. PRICE \$9.99



**USELESS COUPON!**

**50-FT GARDEN HOSE/ EXTENSION CORD COMBO**  
Do not get cord wet.  
ITEM 50WZZZ  
**\$29<sup>99</sup>**  
REG. PRICE \$13.99





**USELESS COUPON!**



**LASER-GUIDED PAINT BRUSH**  
 - In 2", 3", 4" widths  
 - Laser pointer accurately guides user towards surface to be painted  
 - Warning: Remove cats from room when painting

ITEM LPB973  
**\$14<sup>99</sup>**  
 REG. PRICE \$7.99

**USELESS COUPON!**



**MORON LAMP**  
 ITEM 131385  
**\$8<sup>99</sup>**  
 REG. PRICE \$1.99

**USELESS COUPON!**



**MUPPET-GRADE FELT WORK GLOVES**  
 Choose from Big Bird, Ernie, Cookie Monster

ITEM 13PB569  
**\$6<sup>99</sup>/Pr.**  
 REG. PRICE \$3.99

**USELESS COUPON!**



**KEY-SHAPED FOLDING MINI-MACHETE**  
 Add tiny, useless key-knife to keychain and completely forget about it until TSA agents discover it the next time you fly.

ITEM PN1814  
**\$2<sup>49</sup>**  
 REG. PRICE \$1.99



**12 HP, 4500-WATT NOISE & FUME GENERATOR**

Be the one a-hole in the neighborhood who overreacts to a half-hour power outage after a summer thunderstorm. Or take it camping and destroy the peace and quiet for everyone around you. Runs on peculiar gasoline/diesel formula (which you mix yourself!) for maximum noxiousness.

ITEM 451245W  
**\$319<sup>99</sup>**  
 REG. PRICE \$249.99

**6' X 8' RICKETY ALUMINUM GREENHOUSE**

- Assemble in an afternoon
- Disassemble the next afternoon after citation from Homeowners' Association
- Barely big enough to turn around in
- Cheap plastic sheeting punctures with pine needles, heavy rain

ITEM GR710519  
**\$349<sup>99</sup>**  
 REG. PRICE \$299.99



**HAZARD FRAUGHT TOOLS**

THE **EXACT SAME CRAP** AT THE **EXACT SAME PRICES** AS IN LAST WEEK'S FLYER, JUST ARRANGED DIFFERENTLY!

# Illinois Tornadoes Conspiracy

On November 17th, 2013, a series of deadly tornadoes ravaged the state of Illinois. Upon examining the circumstances of that tragic day, it becomes obvious that the events were a conspiracy intended to open our eyes to an even worse forthcoming tragedy.

First of all, the tornadoes occurred just five days before the fiftieth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination in Dallas, TX. There were six fatalities due to the tornadoes, and only one in the assassination. What is six minus one? FIVE, just like the number of days between the two events, proving that there must be a connection between them.

But what might this connection be? On November 22nd, five days after the tornadoes and the anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination, the average temperature in Dallas was 44 degrees Fahrenheit. Who is the 44th president of the United States? OBAMA. The tornadoes were obviously meant to warn us of the future assassination of the president.

Sounds like a stretch, huh? Well let's think for a second and see if this is really "just a coincidence." How many letters are in Obama's name? Oh right, five. That's right. FIVE. How many letters are in "five?" FOUR. Does FOUR look familiar? Maybe try 44. Maybe if I say 44 degrees Fahrenheit, it might ring a bell?

Furthermore, the map of tornado locations and disaster area counties clearly forms a gargantuan penis hanging from Chicago. Obama originally hails from Chicago, and as the first black president, he is bound to have a bigger penis than any of his predecessors. All of the evidence clearly points to the same conclusion. And if you're still skeptical, think to yourself — how many letters

are in "penis?" I know.

Okay, you might be thinking, "so we know there's going to be an assassination, but when is it going to happen?" Well, let's THINK for a minute, use our heads. Ever heard of OBAMACARE? Could it BE more obvious?

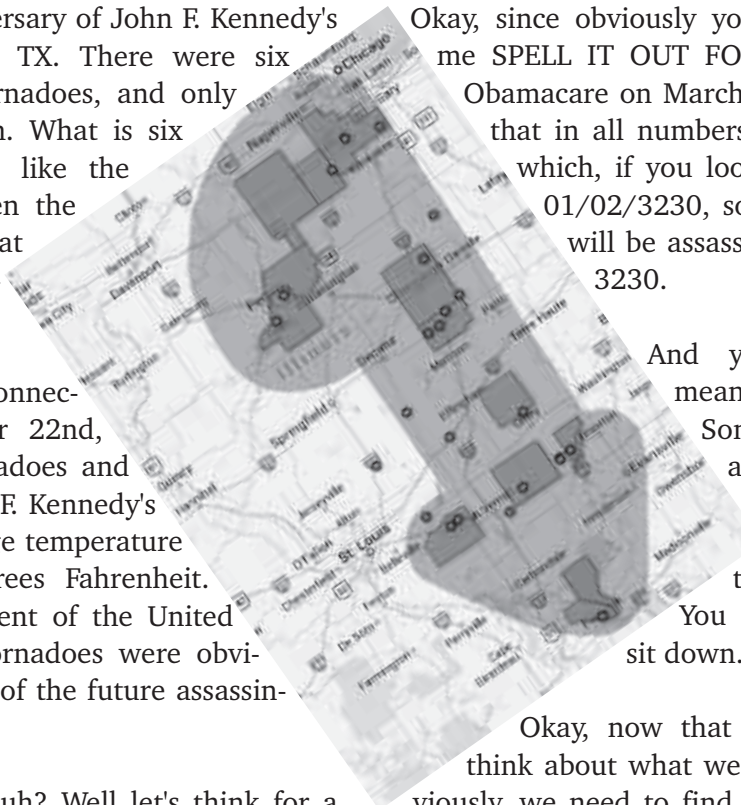
Okay, since obviously you're fucking stupid, let me SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU. Obama signed Obamacare on March 23rd, 2010. If you put that in all numbers, you get 03/23/2010, which, if you look at backwards, makes 01/02/3230, so we know that Obama will be assassinated on January 2nd, 3230.

And you know what that means. That's right, folks. Some time between now and the end of Obama's time as president is the invention of time travel. Holy shit, right? You may need a minute to sit down.

Okay, now that you've sat down, let's think about what we can do about this. Obviously, we need to find out who's making time machines and stop them, because they're the assassins. Why ELSE would you make a time machine unless you wanted to kill the president? It's rhetorical, but I'll tell you anyway. No reason, okay? Okay.

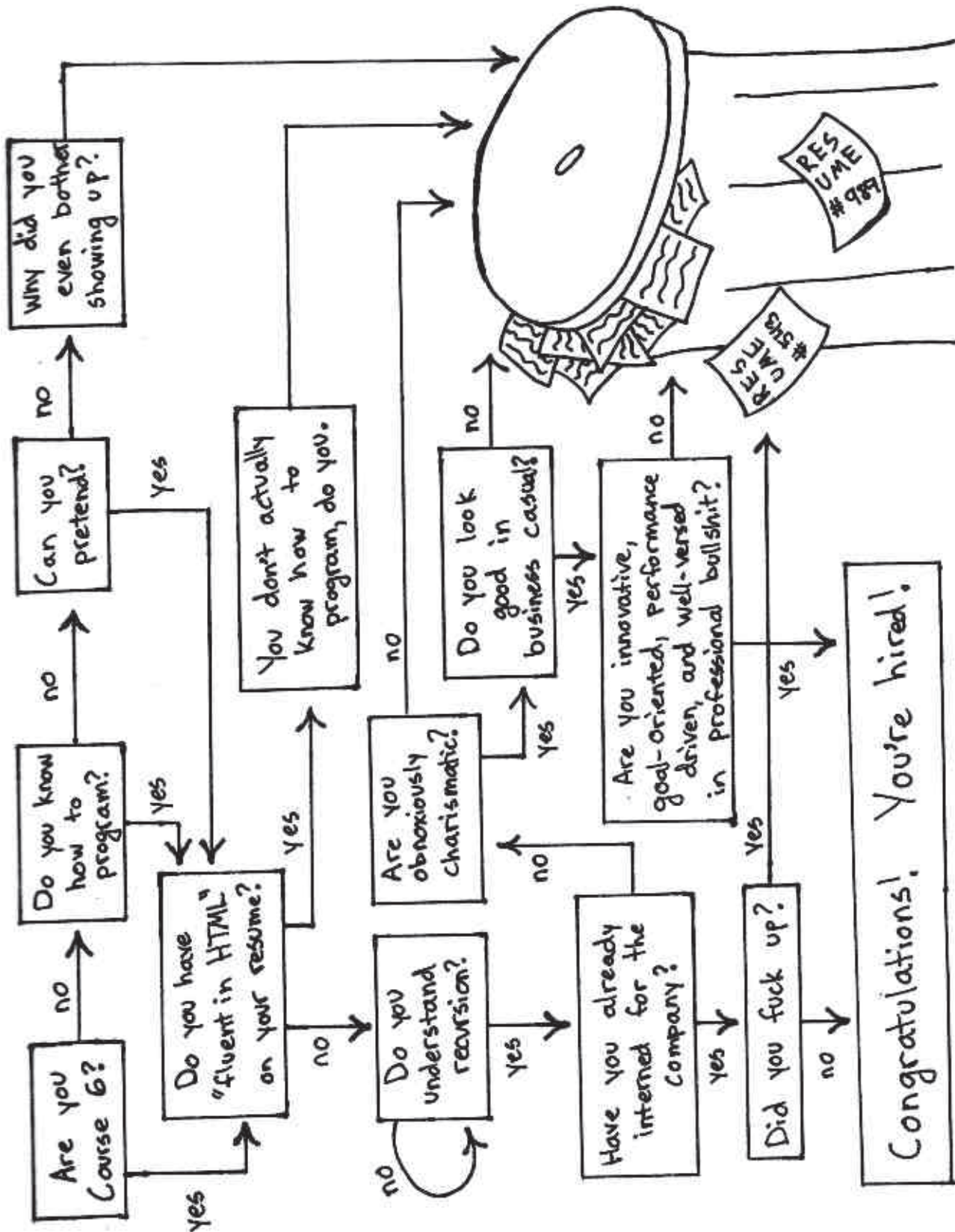
But that's a suicide mission. They always work in teams, see, so that if one of them dies, they just go back in time and kill that person's murderer. It's impossible. So basically, it's fate. Ever heard of physics? Bullshit. Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

Anyway, I can see you're not listening, and you don't want to help anyway, so I'm gonna go back to my meth lab in the basement. You can't come.





# Career (Fair) Path for MIT Students







# How to Campaign for Class Council

## A step-by-step guide for freshmen

- 1 Make a facebook page.  
*"omg its not for realz if its not fbo!"*
- 2 Invite all of your friends to like your page.  
*"if theres 1 thing i care about, its your godam election!! toadz!!!!"*
- 3 Make vague and compelling campaign promises.  
*"ill... uh... im cool... and ill... uh... do things and stuffs"*
- 4 #HASHTAGS  
*#they can never be 2 numerous or 2 longgggggggggggggggg*
- 5 #MORE HASHTAGS  
*#for the sake of #  
#because #turnup definitely didn't make me retch*
- 6 Post "funny" pictures to the class facebook page.  
*"LOL!!! look @ this pic showing how quirky and hilarious i am!"*
- 7 Draw advertisements on the sidewalk with chalk.  
*"hm i wonder why no marketing company runs ads on the floor"*
- 8 Make helpful posts reminding everyone that voting is still open.  
*"thanks :D i like totally missed the last 10 posts!"*
- 9 Take the free bags of crap Dunkin Donuts puts out every night and pretend you bought them for people.  
*"OMG words cannot describe your generosity!"*
- 10 Work your candidacy into every conversation.  
*"im sure you value this interaction and have noooo ulterior motive"*

## "Voo Doo Reigns Supreme"

dear diary <3

the government shut down today :D

well, actually, it like shut down a few days ago :/... but i didn't know until today, when i went to my job interview and found out they weren't hiring because, apparently, their division wasn't working that day. and when i asked "hey, why isn't you're division working today," they were all like "because we're SHUT DOWN" and i was like "really??" and they were all like "yes." and then they told me that, actually, the whole GOVERNMENT was shut down! i know right?

anyway, i think it's great, because now i don't even NEED a job. i mean, i was going to be all official and stable and stuff, but now i don't need to! i'm going to live so wild and free, you won't even believe.

this is the beginning of the beginning.

toodles,  
rory

dear diary <3

my apartment is practically overflowing with cool stuff, you won't even believe. i should show you some pictures.

i ditched my gross old furniture and got all this nice new stuff at the store down the street, you know, the one vinnie used to go to on tuesdays? just to window shop or whatever? no idea. anyway, i can't BELIEVE there was anything left! i'll bet a lot of people haven't even started looting ;) suckerzzzz ^o^

anyway, i'm feeling tired from carrying all of this furniture up the stairs (still broken, i know, right? when will dave get off his fat-landlord-ass and get around to fixing that, like, what's his deal even??).

toodles, I'm going to take loooooong dip in the new jacuzzi.  
Rory

dear diary <3

i'm starting to think that a lot of people might not actually know the government is shut down right now. i mean, you think they would, but i didn't even hear until i applied for a special government job (being fancy me, you know me). i'll bet all those fancy-pants business whatevers in their uptop offices and their combed hair and suits and jackets and shit haven't even HEARD about it!

which is hilarious, when you think about it. basically, it's like this big secret and only i know ;) well, also, like the other people working at that place. but i'm not going to tell anyone else. and you better not either diary.

you better not! srsly!  
rory

dear diary <3

the strangest thing happened today, like, when i totally didn't even expect it!

all the power. it just. stopped. like, it didn't work. i thought my massage chair had just broken and i'd have to go steal another, but then i saw my indoor fountain wasn't working either and all my clocks were doing that blinky thing they do when they don't have power anymore, so i knew i didn't have power. at all.

i went upstairs, to see if the jennings had any power, but they totally did and they were all like surprised to see me or whatever. because i never go up there because they smell. like old people and cats. or old cats.

anyway, it turns out, like everyone else had power, so this was some weird just-my-apartment thing i thought, but then i found out it was DAVE. he'd shut off my power.

because i called dave and was like "hey dave, my power's not working, fix it make it work again" and he was like "i did it on purpose" and i was like "why would you do it on purpose dave?" and he was like "because you didn't pay your utilities bill" and i was like "whatever, sucks to be you!" and just hung up. i laughed so hard.

## "Voo Doo Reigns Supreme"

he probably doesn't know the government's shut down and NO WAY am i gonna spill the beans to DAVE. what a loozer.

since he's OBVIOUSLY going to be a jerk and not fix it though, i'm gonna take care of it. i got all this cable at the store, and i'm gonna run it through the jennings' apartment. they, like, won't even know.

dear diary <3

people keep giving me the weirdest looks when i go "shopping." i mean, i'll bet it looks pretty weird to them, someone coming in and taking all this stuff and giving like zero fucks about who sees it or whatever, because there's nothing anyone can do to stop them!

this one guy today was like "hey, stop you thief! i'm calling the cops!" but i was like whatever, and i gave him the finger. loozer. i'll bet he felt dumb when he reached the cop answering machine and heard them say "hey sorry, we're not working because there is no government"

(what a loozer)

rory

dear diary <3

the pounding won't stop. these men in suits keep banging on my door and they have, like, all this official equipment and they keep hitting the door and saying "open up"

it's a good thing i got all this reinforcement security stuff.

see, i was prepared for this, i thought EVENTUALLY people might try and pretend to be all official and try and "bust me" for "theft" so i planned ahead and rigged up all this stuff.

i'd like to see them get through my LAYERS of bullet proof glass and attack dogs.

i'm gonna take another bath and relax a bit, maybe it will take my mind off the banging.

rory



dear diary <4

so it turns out , my security premiter is pretty good, liek, so good, ievne i cant' get out. iwlich is okay i thnxk because i have enough foood in here to keep up for a while. i think they'll get treid and stop poudinng i because it's hredhard tfor theufor them to do to stepsto.

diarytdid i even terell idsndid i ever tell you you're my best firned friyou're my best friend.

?

anwywa i'm gonna tak anedoanother jacoozi.

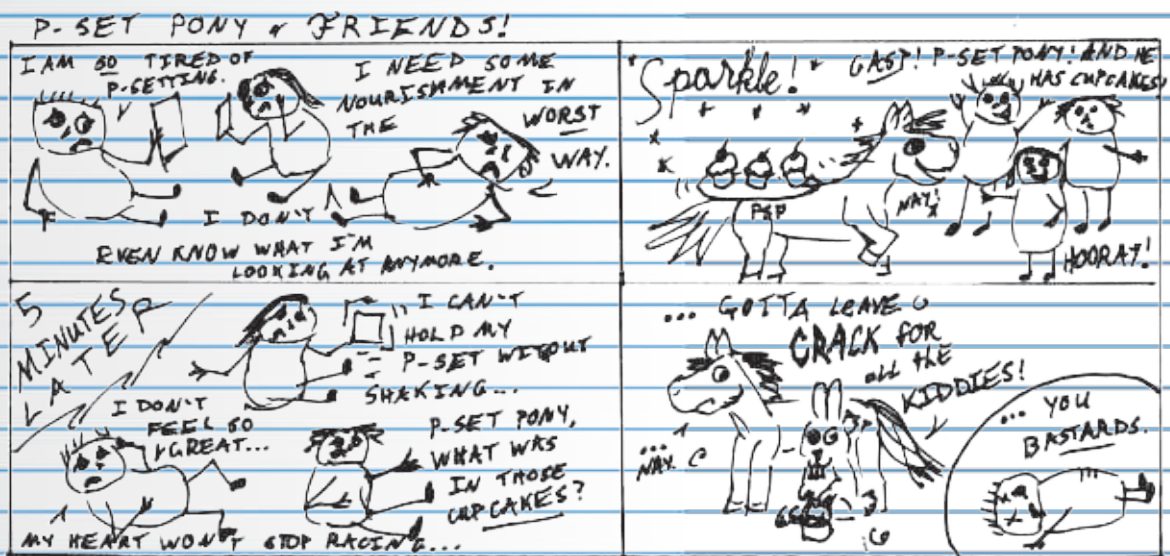
rory.

dear diary <3

so i guess the government isn't shut down anymore. i guess i have to stop drinking now and hope for the next government shutdown so they can't run any background checks on me. should be in a couple months.

xoxoxoxox

rory.



P-SET PONY & CRACK RABBIT... A DEADLY COMBO.



# Join Voo Doo

## CORRECTIONS



In an article from last Friday's issue about the funding of the student humor magazine *Voo Doo*, an informal harassment complaint about captioned comics was mistakenly referred to as a "Title IX complaint," and a subheading mistakenly said that the Undergraduate Association (UA) investigated whether the magazine had committed Title IX violations. The UA only discussed whether to continue funding the magazine. The article also incorrectly said that the Association of Student Activities (ASA) brought the complaint before the UA's Finance Board (Finboard), when in fact Finboard, some of whose members are also part of the ASA, acted unilaterally.

The article also made several errors regarding the allocation process: Five (not four) council members objected to the current cycle's preliminary allocation, and the quarterly (not trimesterly) allocations were delayed by about two weeks (not one). The condition that *Voo Doo* representatives meet with Finboard and the Student Activities Office was unrelated and applied two funding cycles ago (not during the current cycle). Mark DiVincenzo and Jaren D. Wilcoxson of the General Counsel (not R. Gregory Morgan), recommended against using this condition for future cycles. The May 2013 meeting between Finboard and *Voo Doo*, which was also unrelated to the harassment complaint, took place before (not after) summer allocations were released. Cory Hernandez (it is the treasurer of the UA and a former (not current) Vice-Chair of Finboard).

The article also mistakenly referred to *Voo Doo*, magazine editor Alina Kononov, and the Finance Board as "Voodoo," "Kononov," and the "Financial Board," respectively.

MIT's only intentionally  
humorous publication.

# Phos' Christmas List

Name	Naughty or Nice?	Wish List	Assigned Gift
BAKER	NAUGHTY	FREE MESSAGES	SECURITY UPDATES
BEXLEY	NAUGHTY	A PLACE TO LIVE	PRITCHETT, OR 7.6 SQFT/PERSON
BURTON-CONNER	NICE	GOOD OLD-FASHIONED COLLEGE FUN	WHITE-WASHED WALLS
CAMPUS POLICE	NICE	MORE STAFF	PUBLICITY
CHANCELLOR GRIMSON	NAUGHTY	A DRY CAMPUS	SHUNTED TO THE SIDE
DEAN COLOMBO	NAUGHTY	HOMOGENOUS DORMS	25% COMPLETION
DEAN HUMPHREYS	NAUGHTY	MORE POWER	CONSTANT TINGLING IN THE NETHER REGIONS
DINING HALL DINERS	NICE	MEALS LESS LIKE AIR-LINE FOOD	LINES MORE LIKE AIRLINE SECURITY
DORMCON	NICE	SOME CREDIT	A \$4000 RETREAT
EAST CAMPUS	NICE	A STUD FINDER	HALF A BAGEL WITH BUTTER AND LOX
FRATS	NAUGHTY	CRAZY PARTIES	STRICT ASSEMBLY LIMITS
GRAD STUDENTS	NICE	A BREAK	THIRD MONTH OF MATERNITY LEAVE IN COURSE 6
MASEEH	NAUGHTY	CULTURE	A TYRANNICAL HOUSE TEAM
MITIMCO	NAUGHTY	MORE COMMERCIAL SPACE AT MIT	FEWER MILLIONS IN THEIR MULTIMILLION \$ SALARIES
PHYS PLANT	NICE	HIGHER SALARIES	HIGHER UNION FEES
PRESIDENT REIF	NICE	A GOOD FIRST YEAR	LOOKING GOOD COMPARED TO HOCKFIELD
RANDOM	NICE	STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY	BRICKS FALLING ON THE SIDEWALK
THE TECH	NAUGHTY	UNILATERAL CONTROL OF CAMPUS MEDIA	ENOUGH TYPOS AND ERRORS TO FILL A VOO DOO ISSUE
UA	NAUGHTY	COMPETENCE	INCOMPETENCE
VOO DOO	NICE	GOOD CONTENT	WHAT YOU SEE HERE



IN REALITY, P-SET PONY HAS VERY FEW MARKETABLE SKILLS.





## Local Administrator Admits Position is "Less than Satisfactory"

*A shocking tell-all on the dirty underside of the white collar — not quite struggling, mildly irritated, dreadfully coffee stained, and covered with layers of dandruff*

CAMBRIDGE, MA — Blood is in the water after shocking allegations came to light regarding the labor conditions of institutional administrators in a still breaking story termed "bureagate." In an unexpected press conference called late Sunday evening, whistleblower Hugo Oro de Fez revealed some of the hushed secrets kept by senior management at MIT. Calling the situation "deplorable," Oro de Fez described the "lack of creative outlets" and "isolation" inherent in the allocation of a private office for every worker, going as far as claiming that the workplace was "not the ideal."

"I'd leave, but I can't go," a visibly affected Oro de Fez said, "I've got a mortgage, a time-share, two Mercedes, and three kids to put through MBAs to worry about." He likened the method used to trap administrators in their jobs to those tactics employed on illegal immigrant workers: "They know we can't leave and get a job with better wages — and we know it too — so we've got to make do. A lot of people say, 'Why don't you just go and get another job even if it's not necessarily a step up on the career ladder?' The problem is, it's not that simple."

The records leaked by Oro de Fez indicate that the Institute has

failed to hold the recommended bureaucratic trainings at regularly scheduled intervals, leaving most employees today with the same skillset they had when they first joined the Institute. One nervous administrator who spoke on the condition of anonymity reported, "I still do all of my presentations on boards and make memos with a typewriter because I simply don't get these new systems. I don't think I could get another job if I needed to." This case, says Oro de Fez, is all too common. The seasoned manager says that as many as three quarters of administrators are "bereft of any skill that would make him/her employable in the modern job market."

Forced by the realization that a slip-up resulting in dismissal would mean long-term unemployment and possibly necessitate turning to manual labor jobs,

**" I'd leave, but I can't go. I've got a mortgage, a time-share, two Mercedes, and three kids to put through MBAs to worry about. "**

many staff members have resorted to drastic measures. An anonymous source tells us that the pressure makes it difficult to focus on being productive or doing anything significant. To combat

this, she says she takes brisk walks down The Infinite in high heels, trying to look important and purposeful. "It doesn't really help with actually getting things done," she admits, "but it helps keep my spirits up."

Oro de Fez believes that many cases can also be attributed to a lacking sense of purpose or responsibility felt by many workers. "Associate Dean!?!?!?" he exclaimed, extremely agitated, "So many F—— Associate Deans! What the hell does an Associate Dean even do!?! And don't even get me started on all of the 'Sub Assistant to the Assistant Associate Dean bullcrap. Seriously, what the F——!?!'" The whistleblower points to this as a chief cause of many institutional problems. "How can you be creative when you don't even have real responsibilities to apply your creativity to?" he asks.

This very same question has been plaguing the Institute in recent years, resulting in the creation of positions that have pseudoauthority. For example, the Residential Life Area Director

(RLAD) position cropped up out of the blue in spring 2013. In a leaked e-mail, the Dean of Student Life conceded that “the RLADs don’t have any real importance or responsibilities, but the vital part is that they think they do. They can be held up as

less welcoming workplace.

Welcoming or not, Oro de Fez says there isn’t much of a workplace anyway. According to the bureaucrat, the private offices provided to every employee stifle workplace interactions and lead

said that a yearly trip would “make people feel like they belong” and that “larger offices would mean workers could hold small social gatherings in order to combat isolation.”

Met with much skepticism from the press, Oro de fez queried the

**“ I was putting mayonnaise on a fried chicken sandwich with bacon and onion rings, and she remarked that I should be more careful about what I eat. I couldn't believe it! ”**

poster children for other administrators to convince them that they have a purpose.” “It’s a step in the right direction,” Oro de Fez yields, “but there are still far too many instances of administrators who have nothing to administrate.”

Oro de Fez touched on several other workplace issues, detailing the troubles associated with each one. He claims the reduced price gym memberships available to employees, encouragement of healthy dietary habits, and wellness seminars create an environment that “praises only healthy practices and shows disdain for alternative lifestyles.” He points to an incident with a former boss: “I was putting mayonnaise on a fried chicken sandwich with bacon and onion rings, and she remarked that I should be more careful about what I eat. I couldn’t believe it!” It’s incidents like this, he cautions, that lead to a

to loneliness. “One of my suggestions (that surprisingly hasn’t been ignored) is to create administrator lounges.” Scheduled for Summer 2014, after Bexley has been demolished in favor of more parking space for employees, renovations shall transform the current undergraduate major lounges into social space for management staff. “It’s not like they’re ever used for anything other than kinky sex,” an irritated Oro de Fez stated, refusing to take any other questions regarding the plan. “The point is,” he continued, “while some things have been dealt with, many of my reports and propositions remain unaddressed.”

Among those of his proposals to be ignored or completely disregarded were suggestions to fund an annual administrative retreat and to expand office space further, at the expense of labs and classrooms. The administrator

group: “What is the purpose of the institute, if not to serve its administrators?” In its current form, he claims, MIT is too focused on research and academics and should instead shift the spotlight to its administrative staff. “What we ought to care about is the people that actually make everything tick.”

While the strong-willed reformist is still hammering out the details of his final draft of a course of action for the Institute, he let it slip that he favors a “20% budget reduction for student life, academic and research related programs” and wants to instead allocate the money for “employee-related affairs,” hoping to “optimize the performance of our bureaucracy.” This and several of his previous proposals have taken fire from multiple sides. For now, the outcomes of the marauding administrator and his daring plans are still undecided.

# James "Big Jimmy" Roberts, Sr. Memorial Scholarship Fund

Preference Given to East Campus and Senior House Residents



Current Status: \$193,000 from over 300 donors  
Scholarships are being awarded!

Final Goal: \$500,000 for a Fully Endowed Scholarship  
Will fully support one student for one year

Help us continue his legacy of helping the students for whom he cared so much. Donation forms and instructions at Senior House desk.

Donations can be made through the Alumni Office, Mary Kate Thompson, Mark Feldmeier, or Zoz Brooks



**THIS SUMMER AT MIT:**

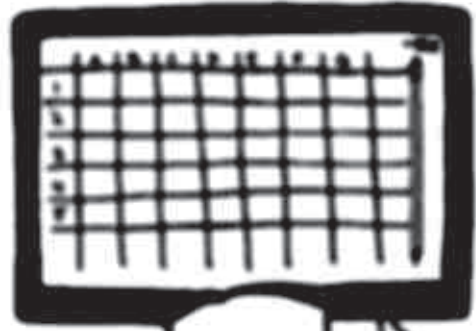
UGH, MY VROP IS SO BORING. I ONLY DO SIMULATIONS.

MY VROP IS MORE. I ONLY FILL OUT EXCEL SPREADSHEETS.

WHEN WILL WE FINALLY GET TO DO REAL WORK??



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