

VOO DOO's



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EDITORIAL

Attention Freshmen:

Now that you've been through Rush Week, the whole secret can be told. M.I.T. is not a college, not a university, not an institute of higher learning: it is a conspiracy to make William Barton Rogers the Emperor of the Earth. It doesn't matter if you learn this secret now or later -- you are already programmed, you cannot escape.

From the time you entered high school, your movements were traced, your actions monitored by M.I.T. field operatives. You were selected as one of the few thousand out of millions who would be guided toward the application process. Throughout your four years you were molded as a potential member of the conspiracy.

Do you remember a trusted adult friend who encouraged you to apply? Perhaps it was a guidance counselor, or a minister, a teacher, a boss, a scout leader. These people were all M.I.T. agents. If you had been deemed unworthy, you would have been told the opposite -- don't apply, you won't make it. And you wouldn't have, because M.I.T. knew already whom it would admit.

A few thousand are selected each year to apply. Approximately 1500 are wanted, and all will be automatically admitted. The other thousands are chaff, allowed to apply for the sake of appearance only. They will never be admitted. M.I.T. loses five hundred of the 1500 to other schools. They have not yet been indoctrinated; to force would to blow them here be our cover...[typesetter's note: here our Editor collapsed to the floor in a quivering heap] -- A.M.

STUDENT SURVIVAL SET



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KEEP MOM & DAD HAPPY

Parents like to keep a watchful eye on their kids' progress and performance in school. They'll be pleased and proud each semester when you send them a copy of this handy do-it-yourself grade report.

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Student Survival Set



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Use our do-it-yourself grade report, and suddenly tuition payment becomes a nonessential extravagance. If your parents pay the bill, simply get your refund from the Bursar's office and send mom and dad this convenient financial statement.

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MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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HAD **ENOUGH?**

When you're ready -- tomorrow or four years from now or in 15 years -- you'll leave school and enter the real world. If you've carefully followed the directions in this Student Survival Set, you need a bit more help. First, your sheepskin. Don't Xerox this: Pay a little extra for a quality print job, so you'll have a diploma you can be proud of.



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This diploma does not indicate that the above named person attended school or received a degree.





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Fall 1987 10

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY You deserve an enthusiastic letter of recommendation from your favorite avuncular professor. No need to trouble the prof; just use this readymade note. To Whom It May Concern: I am pleased to say that <u>Your Name Here</u> is a former student of mine. I would urge You to waste no time in making this candidate an offer of employment. I can assure you that no person would be hetter for the ich. In my oninion, you L Can assure You that ho person would be better for the job. In my opinion, would be will be very fortunate to get this bergo will be very fortunate to get this person to work for you. As a Nobel laureate, I most As a Novel laureale, 1 most enthusiastically recommend this candidate with no qualifications whateoover and idate with no qualifications whatsoever. All in another sav enough good things about With ho guallilcations whatsoever. all, I cannot say enough good things about this candidate to make too high a this candidate to make too high a recommendation. Sincerely, PN/t&d Student Survival Credit: Chronicle of Higher Education Set

TECH TYPES

by Charles Hong

Once the new collegian has settled down, registered and perhaps bought his books, his first great question will form up in front of him: all those other students...oceans of would-be scholars just like him...wow, but what about them?? The day of the diploma mill is upon us. In the old days, Socrates would only accept as many students as he could march across a relatively small cow pasture. Some universities use huge cow pastures simply to feed and house their students....

This huge clan of modern students has a wild and chaotic cross section. My old buddy Socrates wanted all his boys to know geometry. A good portion of today's young collegians, however, don't have all the powers of arithmetic nested behind his foreheads. Why look at all those braindeads whose only numerical exercise is keeping track of times they got trashed...Gad! That's what they're letting into our universities nowadays. Fortunately, MIT has been relatively free from such fate, partially by actively recruiting for a more diverse student body (Remember, this is just a "let's pretend."). As result MIT now has a dizzying variety of students, although they tend to share lofty SAT math scores. So we at *Tool & Die* will try to lift the fog around the inevitable question: How can I see my way through all these MIT students?

And here it is, a pictoral survey of the MIT crowd. Delineated in pictures rather than prose, partially for the benefit of those for whom the written word is an enigma and partially for the benefit of those of the literati to whom this tortured English is most insulting. Do bear with us.

> A common species around this great Eastern technical school. She arrived with her hair done, but has since lost the art (compare with #5 and 8).



Beware of this type. He is flaky. He simply has to be a militant vegetarian, a mystic or a charter member of the Hari Kamikazee cult. He probably doesn't like The Cosby Show.



A generally harmless type. Has been known to work diligently and doesn't smell until Friday morning.



Very easy going, perhaps not so diligent student. Usually owns a 200 watt stereo and a 3 watt mind. He's friendly and does not bite.

4.



Not to be confused with her fellow denizen of the Eastern technical school (see #1), this particular brand did not arrive with her hair done (She thought she was a male at the time. Others did too).

6

A consummate loser, he hates the Russians, Jews, Iranians, Blacks, Asians, gays and MIT women; he's the fellow who writes all those graffiti on the Student Center bathroom stalls. He's a latent homosexual.



8

Get your gnurdy hands off her majesty, truly a god's gift to MIT! Her beauty and social grace are simply stupefying. A member of a sorority, she prefers to date a dozen or so guys at a time. She can usually be found in the west tower of McCormick.

Others

There are many more types at MIT, but I simply don't have the space to draw them all. So here's just a brief description of some.

Class Officers: Outline is vague, nearly invisible once elected.

Official Minority Types: Fearful of retaliatory boycott led by Jesse Jackson, *Tool & Die* chooses not to make fun of this group.

Unofficial Minorities: Considered a "nonminority" here, but not in the Real World, they face a peculiar identity crisis. Political Types: Vastly outnumbered by the apathetic preprofessionals, they are a lonesome bunch. Because they are so dogmatically vocal and obnoxiously inclined to blow whistles (at Commencement ceremonies), you can easily tell who they are, but you can't tell them anything.

Finally, the people who bring you *Tool & Die*: Having misspent their youth at the Institute, they harbor a twisted sense of humor...Hee...Hee...Hee...

TECH TUNES

My college, MIT Land of the PhD Of thee I sing...

Place where tuitions rise Students all bleary-eyed They're getting their brains all fried For their class ring...

The Sounds of Science

Hello darkness my old friend I'm staying up all night again Because a problem set that was assigned Left its formulas within my mind And the problems that were planted in my brain, still remain Within the sound of science

For many years I've walked alone Infinite corridors of stone I tooled forever and I tried to pass While my ears were filled with lectures on laser light, and eight-bit bytes And all the sounds of science

And in the lecture halls I saw Ten thousand people, maybe more People writing while they were sleeping. People hearing without listening People taking notes that no one ever shared, for no one cared About the sounds of science

"Tools!" said I, "You do not know, Science like a cancer grows Hear my words that I might free you! Transfer out of MIT, you!" But my words like dropping spheroids fell Overwhelmed by the sounds of science

And one student sat and stayed Over his problem sets he'd slaved And I asked him why he kept writing For that GPA he kept fighting And the nerd said "The secrets to profits are written on these blackboard walls, and lecture halls..." He whispered in the sounds of science

Recursive Subroutine

In the town I went to school There lived a man from MIT And he told us of his life In the land of subroutines So we wrote some program code In Pascal, or Lisp, or Scheme And we saved upon the disk Our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

All our pointers are declared Many arguments are also there And the code begins to run...

We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

As we compile from memory Every line we write is error-free Comment lines are in-between In our recursive subroutine

We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines

We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines We all live in recursive subroutines recursive subroutines, recursive subroutines...

by Anthony Schinella

The Anthem of M.I.T.

O, say can you see By the dawn's early light All the souls who have worked On their technical schooling? Problem sets, bits and bytes -Through the perilous night O'er the textbooks we pored While so frantically tooling... And the students' blank stare, Keyboards clacking somewhere Gave proof through the night That the nerds were still there

O say does that sun still rise o'er MIT, And shine upon the tools in that same library?

The Mutation Rock

I was sittin' in my cell, just a-hangin' out at home When I heard this rockin' noise from the ribosome I looked for the enzymes, but they all were gone They were rockin' and a-rollin' in the operon!

Let's rock! Let's rock! Everybody in that whole cell block, They were doing the Mutation Rock!

(Let's do the insertion!)

Well the plasmids,

they were jumpin' and a-swingin' about And the transfer RNA, it was all runnin' out Now, the genomes tried to stop 'em but they never got the chance

Let's rock! Let's rock! Everybody in that whole cell block, They were doing the Mutation Rock!

(Frame shift to the left!) (Frame shift to the right!) (Everyone, back in phase)

The nucleotides ran wild, it was gettin' real dense And the codons wouldn't read, they were all missense The repressors called for order, but there wasn't none there

Let's rock! Let's rock! Everybody in that whole cell block, They were doing the Mutation Rock! (Do the dimer!)

There were mutagens and antigens all over the place And half the chromosomes, they were out in space The phages were just smilin' and a-lookin' real placid

Let's rock! Let's rock! Everybody in that whole cell block, They were doing the Mutation Rock! (Everybody do the inversion!)

Well, I ran and found myself a non-transcribed date, And we began to pair, and then to replicate And I knew that this party, it was gonna go on

(Do the crossover!) (Okay, let's all replicate!) (Hey, no conjugation in the aisles...)

Mutate! Mutate! Everybody in that whole substrate, They were saying they were gonna mutate...

