Joan, Have you heard of Tool & Die?

Could this be a sexual innuendo?

I've finally found humor at MIT!
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 them here would be to blow our cover...[typesetter’s note: here our Editor collapsed to the floor in a quivering heap] -- A.M.
DISCLAIMER
Any resemblance of these documents and forms to real or fictitious documents and forms is purely coincidental. These documents and forms are not intended for actual use by any persons, real or imaginary. These documents and forms are presented solely for the purpose of satire.

DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER
Any resemblance of the above disclaimer to genuine, fictitious, or imaginary disclaimers, is entirely coincidental. The above disclaimer should not be considered legally binding. I am not a lawyer, and I don't play one on TV.

DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER
Any resemblance of the above disclaimer or disclaimer disclaimer to genuine, fictitious, or imaginary disclaimers, is entirely coincidental. The above disclaimers should not be considered legally binding. I've only been in law school for a week — what do you want from me?

DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER
Any resemblance of the above disclaimer, disclaimer disclaimer, or disclaimer disclaimer disclaimer to genuine, fictitious, or imaginary disclaimers, is entirely coincidental. The above disclaimers should not be considered legally binding. If you can read this, you've just been eaten.

Fall 1987
3
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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TERM</th>
<th>COURSE NUMBER</th>
<th>GRAD</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
<th>GRADE</th>
<th>TOTALS</th>
<th>RATINGS</th>
<th>ACAD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grade explanation on reverse side

Fall 1987
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.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
BURSAR’S OFFICE
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02139
STUDENT ACCOUNT STATEMENT

BILLING DATE:

TO PAY BY MAIL
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO:
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
POST OFFICE BOX 4117
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02211

YEAR COURSE
STUDENT ID NO.
AMOUNT ENCLOSED

PLEASE DETACH AND RETURN WITH REMITTANCE TO INSURE PROPER CREDIT

FALL SEMESTER

DATE DESCRIPTION OF CHARGES, CREDITS AND PAYMENTS AMOUNT TOTAL

PREVIOUS BALANCE AS OF 7/14/87 6,380.04
ADJUSTED BALANCE 6,380.04

WE HAVE ADJUSTED YOUR BALANCE TO INCLUDE

STUDENT ACTIVITY WAIVER FEE 1,204.30
PRRO RATED LIBRARY FINES 598.27
CONDO AQUISITION CHARGES 745.02
PAYMENT IN LIEU OF TAXES 1,714.79
TAXES 85.68

BALANCE SUBJECT TO FINANCE CHARGES 10,718.10

WE ADDDED CHARGES OF:

FINANCE CHARGE 8,896.03
ANTICIPATED MOTOR VEHICLE VIOLATIONS 150.00

TOTAL CHARGES 19,764.13

NEW BALANCE 0.00

PREVIOUS CASH PAYMENTS TOTAL CASH PAYMENTS TOTAL CREDITS BALANCE SUBJECT TO FINANCE CHARGE FINANCE CHARGE TOTAL CHARGES NEW BALANCE

6,380.04 0.00 19,764.13 19,764.13 19,764.13 0.00

UNDER THE BURSARY PAYMENT PLAN YOU MUST PAY AT LEAST THE MINIMUM PAYMENT DUE BY THE PAYMENT DUE DATE SHOWN ON THIS STATEMENT. IF THE TOTAL PAYMENT DUE IS NOT RECEIVED BY THE INSTITUTE ON OR BEFORE THE PAYMENT DUE DATE, A FINANCE CHARGE OF 83% PER MONTH (AN 1000% ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE) WILL BE IMPOSED ON THE UNPAID BALANCE. (STUDENTS NOT ON THE BURSARY PAYMENT PLAN ARE EXPECTED TO PAY IN FULL ON OR BEFORE THE DUE DATE OR BE SUBJECT TO A 150% MONTHLY LATE PAYMENT FEE.)
CLIP 'N' USE

FREE use of any AT&T Telephone
(local or long-distance calls)
with this coupon
Present to telephone owner
at time of use.

M.I.T. Campus Only offer ends 9/1989

M.I.T. Macrocomputer Center
FREE liquid nitrogen cooling system
when purchased with
any two-ton supercomputer in stock

"We're the biggest in town"

Continuing Students:
25% OFF M.I.T. tuition with this coupon
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.

STUDENT SURVIVAL SET

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE FACULTY

HEREBY CONFESSION ON

Your Name Here

THE DEGREE OF

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE

IN

SCHOOL

IN RECOGNITION OF PROFICIENCY IN THE GENERAL AND THE SPECIAL STUDIES AND EXERCISES PRESCRIBED BY SAID INSTITUTE FOR SUCH DEGREE GIVEN THIS DAY UNDER THE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE AT CAMBRIDGE IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

This diploma does not indicate that the above-named person attended school or received a degree.
CLIP 'N' USE

1 FREE "date" with male or female of your choice from our catalog 24 hours a day

Campus Escort Service (formerly of Brown University) Call 555-1212
"We will escort you in your home or outside"

Any elevator ride "down"
1/2 OFF
with this coupon
good at any location
(full rates apply for ascending trips)

80% OFF eyeglass repairs if we are responsible for breakage

the Coop Optical

Ask about our competitive rates on auto glass.

Fall 1987
You deserve an enthusiastic letter of recommendation from your favorite avuncular professor. No need to trouble the prof; just use this ready-made note.

To Whom It May Concern:

I am pleased to say that Your Name Here 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 better for the job. In my opinion, you will be very fortunate to get this person to work for you.

As a Nobel laureate, I most enthusiastically recommend this candidate with no qualifications whatsoever. All in all, I cannot say enough good things about this candidate to make too high a recommendation.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

PN/t&d

Credit: Chronicle of Higher Education
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.

1. 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).

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

3. 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. 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.
5. 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.

7. This is the ROTC type. He's macho, tough and athletic. But because he cannot control his intestinal gas emission, he shies away from girls in favor of getting drunk with his buddies.

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 "non-minority" 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

by Anthony Schinella

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...
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...
Join the 'FREQUENT SCHOLARS CLUB'

Bump up a letter grade in any M.I.T. course after three semesters' paid attendance.

Mail three expired term stickers and $2.50 cash to:

offer ends 9/1989

FREE APPLE COMPUTER

with the purchase of any 6-pack of beer

(coupon good only at our M.I.T. Student Center location)