WELCOME TO THE INSTITUTE...

YOU’RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT HERE.

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Welcome,

So, you want to be an engineer?

You want to be one the people who makes the world work. Someone at the forefront of human society, a master of the myriad enigmas nature has set before us, an unraveller of the vast and intricate mysteries of our universe. You want the freedom that comes from knowing that yours is a brilliant mind, capable of solving any problem set before it. You want to win the respect of your fellow man and the gratitude of a public bettered by your ingenious toil. You want to be worth something.

This place will make you an engineer.

But it will not be as you think. . .

There is no honor in this; no thanks, no joy, no glory, no hope, no rest or end. All that awaits you here is tire and toil, humiliation and fear. The friends you make here will do nothing to ease your loneliness and the one you lie down with during the brief shivering lulls in your endless struggle will not know who you are, nor care to ask. This is the Path of the Engineer, this is the path you have chosen. At its end lies only arrogance, a desperate faith in your own infallible brilliance, that you know better than God, because all that suffering had to mean something.

It had to mean something . . . Right?

This is the Path of the Engineer, this is the path you have chosen.

Fly, child. You cleave to terrors you cannot fathom.

Joe Seaward,
E.I.C. VooDoo Magazine
SUBMIT TO VOODOO

FIGHT THE POWER
"Help!"

He he, yeah . . . we get that a lot.
Academics

Academics here fall into three basic categories, Science and Engineering, Humanities and Architecture, and the Sloan Business School, outlined below.

Science and Engineering: (Courses 1-10, 12, 16-18, 22, CSD, BE, ESD, HST) It's all pretty much the same grueling, meaningless struggle to answer obscure questions nobody cares about, it really just depends on what units you want to do it in. Or, if mixing letters and numbers is a little too much for you, you can do Course 18 (Math, straight, no chaser) and forfeit the last clinging pretense that anything you do will ever contribute to human society.

Humanities and Architecture: (Courses 4, 11, 21, 24, CMS, STS) Humanities degrees from MIT: great at parties, lots of laughs.

Sloan School of Business: (Courses 14-15) World's second most respected degree in Whorology/Ass-kissing. Tuition will be $40,000 per year to learn the sort of brown-nosing skills that got you in here in the first place. Oh yes, AND YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHA!!! But, I kid, I kid . . . that's the tuition no matter what major you pick.
SUBMIT TO VOODOO

FIGHT THE POWER
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
Housing

Freshman housing (i.e. dorms) are divided into three major categories. The descriptions of each individual residence hall have been sorted into their respective category for your convenience.

East Campus

Proof that drugs will not expand your mind.

EAsT camPUS: An eclectic mix of individuals who express their creativity, passion, drive, and individuality by all dressing in black and making jokes like the "EAT PUS" one above. Oh, you didn't get that was a joke? Jokes are "funny" where you come from you say? Ah, yes, well . . . Welcome to the Institute . . .

Señor Haus: The dorm that answers once and for all the eternal question: "So, how often does a furry have sex with his oven mitt?" A strange and odorous kingdom, where "high" is a lifestyle, communism applies to sex toys, and masturbating isn't a sin, it's a contest.

Bexxley: Formerly the largest manufacturer of LSD on the east coast, now the biggest collection of tight-asses on East Campus. Except once a year when they emerge to cover the campus with jokes about killing babies, ass-fucking, and invitations to "watch [them] rail your mom." "Jokes" here (in case you couldn't tell) is used in the Institute sense, not the "funny" sense.

West Campus

Get a window seat on the Yawntrain to Snoozeville so you catch a glimpse of all that lovely, pristine concrete. Now 100% clue-free!

Baker House: See Burton Conner House.

Burton Conner House: See Macgregor Hall.

McCormick Hall: See Macgregor Hall but pack it with hoes.

Macgregor Hall: See New House.

New House: See Next House.

Next House: See Simmons Hall.

Simmons Hall: See paint dry on a turtle at the DMV.

Random Hall

Oh, THAT dorm.

Random Hall: Warm and fuzzy twinkie culture. Which is to say they are a bunch of smiling, friendly people who all think you are beneath contempt because you don't prance around in tights and cloaks swinging floppy foam swords at people and shouting about your "+4 Cock of Boning." Shame on you.
SUMLIT TO VOODOO

FIGHT THE POWER
A Brief History of Hell

In 1845 William Barton Rogers was a stodgy young go-getter and the chairman of the faculty at the University of Virginia, a post awarded to him for his ruthlessness as the university's professor of natural philosophy (i.e. Course 8.) That year he was forced to close the school for a week due to riots:
"Please, just shut up!" they cried.
"I don't care how to find the resistivity of narwhal blubber!" they protested.
"We just want to go to sleep!" they whined.

Shocked by such anti-intellectual bigotry, Barton fled to Boston to a more convivial (read: alcoholically sedated) environment.

Once in Boston, Barton could not forget his roots. He stood on a street corner with a bell and chalkboard shouting equations and assigning decades of homework to passers-by. In this way, he acquired a small following of loyal, over privileged masochists who, not having to do real work for a living, needed something to keep their minds from turning to the dark, roiling void where their lives should have been. Then, one day a footman entered the governor's office . . .
"A Mr. Baht'n 'ere ta see ya, sah."
"Who's 'ee an' what's 'ee wahnt?"
"'Ee's that crackpoat all'ays 'ollerin' onna coannah."
"'Ollerin', 'bout Goad?"
"Nah, math."
"Hmmm. . . Didn' we jus' fill pahta the Chahls wi' a big pile'a shit?"
"Aht's right, sah."

On April 10th, 1861 the governor, grinning broadly, signed the act to incorporate the Massachusetts Institute of Technology ("Ha ha, 'Massachusetts Institute of Technology," ain't atta pissah?".) and William Barton Rogers was hauled off to the Back Bay Landfill to found the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a huge pile of garbage, a momentous beginning memorialized by the recently erected Ray and Maria Stata "Oh my God What the Fuck is That!?!?!?!!" Center (Bldg. 32)

Fiscal problems plagued the young and smelly university. Harvard's President, "President" Eliot, offered to merge with the young MIT and save it from financial disaster, thus instigating the bitter rivalry the two colleges share to this day. But the fanaticism of Barton's followers would not be daunted and at the May 1882 graduation he mounted the podium amidst thunderous applause. His years as an MIT professor had given him phenomenal powers of windbaggery. He spoke for nearly a week until he collapsed on the podium and died, amidst thunderous applause. Brigadier General Francis A. Walker, MIT's then president, was heard to remark on the occasion: "Puh, pansy."

After Barton's death, a number of subtle, clever fiscal policies such as suddenly doubling tuition (a practice both colleges share to this day) allowed the fledgling hellhole to haul its way out of the muck of Back Bay and onto it's current site
on the Cambridge side of the river. William Welles Bosworth, an MIT trained architect, was chosen to design the new campus. "Ugly" and "gigantic" were chosen as the main architectural motifs, an MIT tradition immortalized in Bosworth's Main Campus, and carried into the new millennium in the recently erected Ray and Maria Stata "That Shirt Pile Cost How Much?!?!!?!!" Center (Bldg. ??)

Since it's founding, MIT has spawned numerous important research programs and spin-off laboratories including the Instrumentation Lab, the Radiation Lab, Draper Laboratories and Lincoln Labs, responsible for a vast array of technologies which have since been developed to change the very structure of human society and kill millions upon millions of people; but for a long time they didn't have computers in them so, whatever.

In the 1950's computers were huge, expensive machines used only for serious research (as opposed to the cheap, hand-held wonder devices of today, which allow anyone, anywhere, at anytime to access pictures of a monkey washing a cat.) But some members of the MIT Model Railroad Club started programming all willy-nilly, sneaking into university buildings in the middle of the night; and thus the computer hacker was born. Some called them "rebels," others called them "smelly," but most people agreed that it was the Sixties and that they were far too baked to have any opinion on the matter. While the world outside was full of turmoil and conflict and people with lives, these sweaty techno-heroes soldiered on, meeting in basements past twisting passageways, holding dark, punch-card cabals where their they would carry out their grand and subtle schemes to hack into the nation's most secure databases and fill them with ASCII boobies. So it was, a "hacker's paradise," until at last, someone (or ones, rather,) not knowing what horrors it would lead to, invented the Internet and the personal computer. "These are great!" one hacker exclaimed. "Now I don't have to walk all the way across campus to masturbate!"

Which pretty much brings us to now: the pinnacle of human civilization and technological achievement where you, the Nobel Laureates of the future, do not have to walk all the way across campus to masturbate. Of course, should you decide otherwise, you will be a proud follower of another MIT tradition: clusterbation. Welcome home.
SUBMIT TO VOODOO

FIGHT THE POWER
Glossary

Admin: (1) Short for Administrator. One with limited power and boundless ego; the student's natural enemy. (2) Someone with no life.

Alum: (1) Short for alumnus or alumna. Can often be seen haunting the frat houses *crusting* on underclassmen. (2) Someone with no life.

beaver: (1) The Institute's ill-chosen mascot. (2) A word written on the chests and asses of MIT's female athletic uniforms. (3) Oh . . . just look it up . . .

Chancellor: (1) Admin position, currently held by Philip L. Clay, responsible for overseeing all aspects of student life, education, and research policy. (2) A position once held by Adolf Hitler.

clusterbate: To masturbate in an Athena cluster. Some tools boast of having clusterbated in every single one of The Institute's 17 public-access Athena clusters. Watch where you sit . . .

crust: (1) n. Short for "crusty alum." (2) v. The act of an upperclassman, grad student, or crusty alum trying to make it with a freshman. Watch where you sit . . .

defrosh: The process by which a *frosh* becomes a *tool*, similar to the chrysalis phase in bugs and the decomposition phase in meat.

frosh: (1) One such as yourself; a freshman; the larval phase of the adult *tool*. (2) Also used as the plural because "froshies" sounds gay. (3) Someone who is about to have no life.

furry: (1) One who is sexually aroused by anthropomorphic/cartoon animals, like the ones in children's cartoons. See: http://www.agnph.com/images/jesus-pika.jpg, a proposed Senior House mural. (2) Someone with no life.

Hell: Take a look around, get comfy, you'll be here for awhile.

Jaques and Yulia Lipschitz *ugly-ass* Courtyard: The courtyard enclosed by building 14. Also called the "frosh pond" on account of its tendency to fill up with rain and drowned freshman.

loser: One to whom the fates have been unkind; one who is doomed. See: a mirror.

(the) Milk: A carton of milk that expired in 1994. The most honored resident and most fitting mascot of Random Hall.

MIT: The world's premiere technical school; a particularly innovative form of torture. Your new home! See Hell.
**Phos:** Affectionate nick-name of Phosphorus T. Cat, the VooDoo mascot and scampish champion of the people.

**policy:** The primary weapon of the Admin in their struggle against students and sense.

**postdoc:** (1) One in that awkward phase in a tool's life cycle after a PhD and before reality. Some tools have been known to extend this period until the end of their natural lives, sometimes by metamorphosing into a professor. (2) Someone with no life.

**prefrosh:** (1) One caught in a kind of purgatory; one whose actions might yet save them from damnation. (2) A tool egg.

**professor:** (1) The tool's most mature form, renowned for its near-infinite long-windedness and sadistic hatred of free time. (2) Someone who has foregone a life for health benefits.

**reality:** (1) A strange and storied place in which most tools cannot survive; a place where sleep is a nightly occurrence, relationships are not founded on objective criteria, and there are more important things to have than good grades. (2) Not here.

**REX:** Residence EXploration. Formerly "Dorm Rush." That magical time at the beginning of the year when each freshman visits all of his or her potential living communities so that they can introduce you to their milk.

**sleep:** A mythical substance similar to the Golden Fleece; the eternal goal of the tool, seldom found and quickly lost. Reputed to abound somewhere in reality, whose denizens are even said to sometimes possess it for hours at a time.

**Sport Death:** The philosophy of Senior Haus that "only life can kill you" (whatever the fuck that means.) A call to be hardcore party animals, fresh on the lips of people who spend their free time making databases out of their sexual activities and masturbating to philosophy books.

**student life:** In general terms it refers to a time in a young person's life free of parental supervision and is usually associated with experimentation and a redefinition of personal boundaries. Here, it is an oxymoron.

**TEAL:** Technology Enabled Active Learning; an alternate spelling of "gay."

**The Tech:** Students' primary weapon against reasonable opinions, accurate humor and "facts."

**tool:** (1) v. to study. (2) n. One who is easily manipulated by the government or other corporate powers; a pawn. See: loser. (3) Derogatory: one who studies too much; an MIT student. (4) Someone with no life.
**twinkie:** *Derogatory*  (1) A nerd scorned even by other nerds for their nerdyness; one into role-playing to the point where to call someone a D&D player is to call them a fool; someone who has memorized staggering amounts of minute details about vast mythologies without understanding any of them  (2) Someone with no real life and several imaginary ones.

**VooDoo:** Primary weapon of students in their struggle against *Admins* and the criminally lame.
SUBMIT TO VOODOO

FIGHT THE POWER