

the polemic

Volume III, Number III

The Pole -- Page A

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

Board dies in Oppressano case

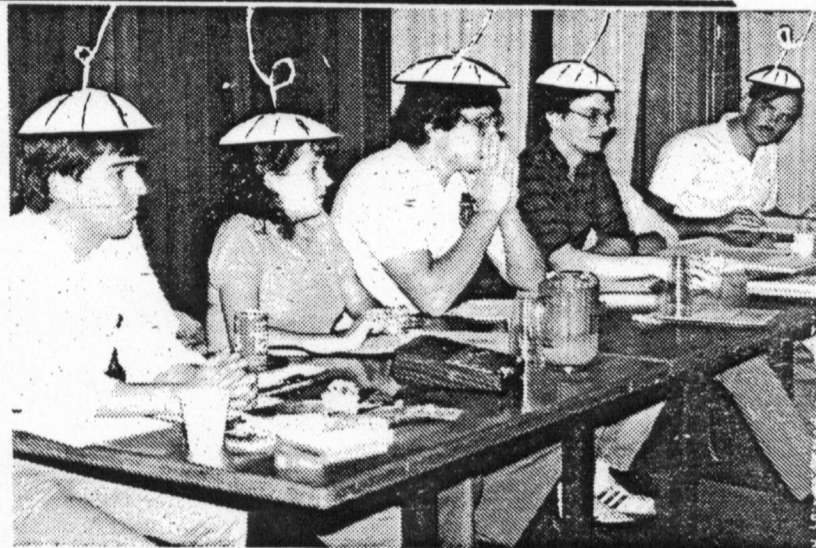
In an unprecedented move, the entire Joint Board died just after announcing the verdict in the recent E-Bored vs. Oppressano case. According to our impeccable sources, the Joint Board hasn't reacted so violently to a case in at least a few years.

The cause of their group demise is as yet unknown, although the Board was rushed to the Infirmary for autopsies within minutes of their expiration. Wild rumors are flying about the deaths: That their heartbeats suddenly synchronized and the resulting resonance gave them cardiac arrest; that they all had eaten in the McNeil Room that evening; and even one that, after the decision against her, Ms. Oppressano fixed them with the "Evil Eye". Our staff psychic claims he foresaw the deaths, and that they were by electrocution; however this theory is given little credence.

"A terrible coincidence," was what Ms. Oppressano called it. "They were completely incorrect in their ruling," she went on, "but they probably shouldn't have had to die for it." The E-Bored was somewhat more dismayed. Commented PU Morbid Hardski, "Now we have to wait for a new Board to be appointed. This will really slow down the dozen or so cases we have pending - and more being filed every week. What are we to do?" At this point Morbid broke down into rage and had to leave the room.

"A disgrace!" is what Judicial Affairs Dean Dave Thomas had to say. "Such action constitutes a slap in the face of the entire judicial process at

(Continued on page L)



THE JOINT BOARD is shown here connected to a 12-million volt source, shortly before their unexplained deaths.

'Death Issue' a grave mistake

Should never have been undertaken

Editor's note: This article was delivered to us by our resident mystic, Bonzo the Benevolent. He claimed that in a dream he read the front page of an upcoming Poly and saw this article on it. Since the last time we refused to print one of Bonzo's articles, chicken livers mysteriously appeared in our underwear, we have decided to run his story.

"Recently, the Polemic, a publication put out independently by a group of RPI students, published what it called its 'Death Issue'. Predictably, the majority of the response to it has been that of astonishment and anger. The most vocal of the angered people are the Society of Dead Students (STIFF).

(Continued on page C)

APiE rushes dead

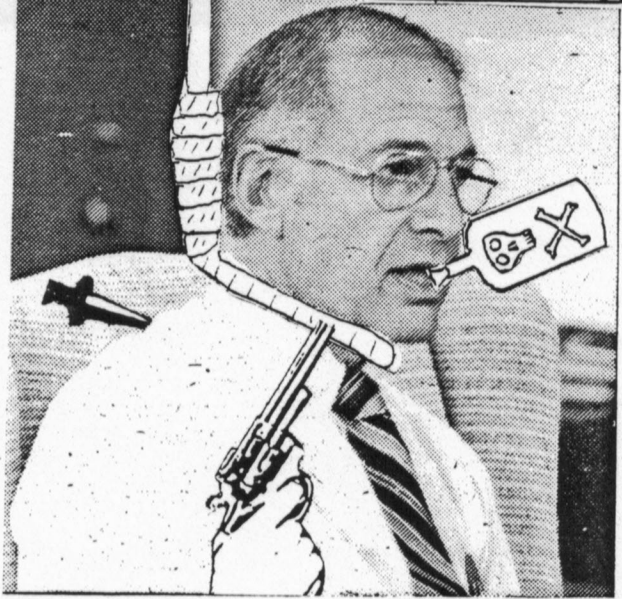
In a surprise move, APiE, one of RPI's foremost fraternities, recently announced its intention to begin rushing dead students. This decision was brought about for a variety of reasons. According to John W. Heineken, Rush Chairman for APiE, "The dead at RPI have been ignored for years. Because of tough competition and increased expenses, we have found it necessary to search out new areas for pledges. And where better than the dead?"

"Since we are the only frat rushing the dead, we should get many new pledges out of it. Besides, dead students will make ideal brothers. They are quiet, they don't eat much, they are very neat, they can sleep anywhere, and, let's be honest, they're a lot of fun at parties, especially when you get 'em bombed. The only problem we anticipate is that dead people are notoriously lazy. But, that can be dealt with."

The campus reaction to APiE's announcement has been, for the most part, positive. "I think it's a great idea; it's about time," said Dave Fallen, Editor-in-Chief of the late Unicorn. "I can't wait for their parties!", stated an editor of the Poly, who requested anonymity. "This is a triumph for (weez) dead rights all over the world. I'm very pleased that the RPI dead are finally getting the respect they deserve," declared Harry Moaners, the faculty advisor for the RPI Dead Student Alliance.

Since this policy was instated, APiE has had great success in recruiting. Last week, on Monday alone, the frat gained seven new pledges. According to Heineken, "As long as this school continues to give F-Tests, we won't have any problems."

Poly Decomposing Wants You!!



GEORGE LOW was found dead in his home today. The suspected cause of death was suicide induced by grief over poor financial decisions.

George dies

RPI President George M. Low committed suicide today after learning of the disappearance of over 85% of the institution's financial holdings.

President Low left a note which included a detailed account of his dealings with his five-year old business advisor, Butch M. Bezzler. Apparently, the young financial wizard tricked Low into giving him a signon ID which allowed him access to records which only the Board of Trustees had previously been able to obtain.

Among the files stolen were records concerning RPI's dealings with such sordid organizations such as Bezzler Inc., The Help Keep Cute Lab Animals From Being Subjected To Hideous Tests So Humans Can Be Cured Fund, and Daka.

A witness to this fatal error in judgement stated, "That little monster came barging into George's office and demanded a computer account with enough pages to run acm:earthplot. George offered to get him his own ID, but no, he wanted George's and went into a tantrum until he got it."

The Pole's crack investigative reporting team quickly probed into this latest scandal, but could not locate young Mr. Bezzler. They did, however, question Myron, RPI's IBM 3033 computer, whose only responses were: "Invalid MTS Command" and "Access Denied".

Death competition

Last week, after the first bout of F-Tests, the annual meeting of the Vector Club convened atop the JEC. However, the VC's major, and only, moneymaking activity -- the traditional diving contest -- had to be canceled for the first time since its establishment in 1977, due to a complaint from the Laboratory for Noise Control Research. The laboratory asked that the VC "find another method of self-extermination." Said Prof. Sparton, director of the lab, "The screams and thuds were really screwing up our tests."

Tom Enasni, a lifetime member of the VC, proposed that a new contest be established (the only non-conformist thing he had done in his entire educational career, or, for that matter, that any of them had ever done), and that the diving contest be replaced by a general death contest. "The new contest," explained Tom, "will be judged on originality, taste (good and bad), and, of course, quietness." (Editor's Note -- Tom is currently a member of the rebel movement in Luxembourg.)

Quickly agreed upon, the contest began, the members of the VC scurrying off, humming the theme to "M*A*S*H", to do themselves in. Two, however, forgot where they were and, in their excitement, ventured too close to the edge of the roof, quickly finding the open air elevators (down only). However, they were happy to actually find a fast elevator on the RPI campus.

Stan Daed, seizing the opportunity to be the first, raced into the Rath and broadcast to the gathered company that the drinking age had been raised to twenty-one. However, he failed miserably, as everyone was watching MTV and thus failed to notice him (except for the two security officers who summarily arrested him for violating the Troy noise ordinance).

(6.5, 0.2, 8.0, 8.0, 2.80)

Peter Yzarc strapped himself to the two blades of the Crinitoid, and called upon the elements to whip up a storm.

(5.3, 4.7, 6.1, 9.9, 0.1)

Stephanie dePraw decided to throw herself in front of a moving car in downtown Troy. However, after four days she died of boredom -- there are no moving cars in downtown Troy.

(3.1, 1.4, 1.5, 9.2, 6.5)

Ishvod Aitnemed tried to drown himself in the Hudson -- he broke three ribs.

(3.2, 1.A, C.3, 8.6, D.1)

Richard Citanul went on the Bobby Sands diet until he was able to get through to IPAC -- services will be next Tuesday.

(1.4, 1.4, 2.1, 3.6, 6.2)

Hsu Tun went to the other extreme and decided to force feed himself with the Commons food; he died within four minutes.

(2.7, 1.8, 2.8, 1.8, 2.8)

Phredd (I'll never conform if it kills me) QNLN caused the controversy in the contest when he donated himself to ROTC as a Firing Squad practice dummy and proceeded to argue that he shouldn't be penalized in points, because he wasn't making the actual noise. The argument was cut short, and also solved, when the members of the firing squad all decided to take up archery.

(2.3, 0.2, 5.8, 5.1, 9.3)

The winner, and only surviving member of the VC, was Adam Driew, who was, and still is, sitting under the Congress St. bridge under the assumption that if Troy could make one bridge want to commit suicide, well, maybe.... Because of his originality, Adam's next of kin will receive the unused portion of his personal computer account, as well as an all-expense-paid trip to Beirut, Lebanon -- plane tickets courtesy of Korean Airlines.

historic DOWNTOWN TROY WANTS



YOU DEAD!

Playhouse hosts dead puppies

A celebrity troupe of reknown truly unprecedented at RPI is coming to the RPI Playhouse. Arranged by UPAC, (Unpopular Performers and Concerts) the Dead Puppies group of Doctor Demento fame will be appearing during a series of shows next week (Look for posters for exact times). Their trainers will be leading them in hilarious and awe inspiring feats, including their most cunning stunt, "taking them for a drag," and other original material including the all new skit, "Puppy Love - Necrophiliac Bestiality."

Says chief trainer Lorne McMahon, "This act'll kill you! These are the best sons of bitches I've ever worked with!" However, in a more grave tone, he added, "The audience has got to be careful not to applaud too loudly. One audience ruined the show by making enough noise to wake the dead."

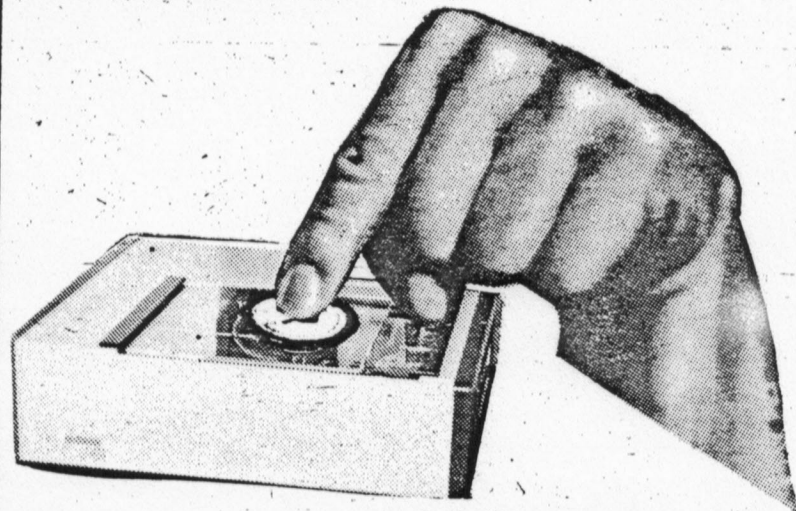
Dead dorms increase

With the increased size of the freshman class, so has the number of deaths increased. Between the Daka casualties and the JEC vectors, Bray Hall, designated a Resident Facility for the Increased Comfort of the Dead Student (also known as a "dead dorm" or "morgue") last year, is no longer enough. After much heated debate, the Office of Housing and Residence Life recently announced that the nearby Crockett Hall will be renovated to be more suited to dead students.

Plans include: a large refrigeration unit in the basment to cool the entire dorm, establishing the first floor as an all-female corpse area, and further dividing the rooms so that more corpses can be admitted though each will have less space. Reflects Housing Facilities Supervisor Roger Folly, "Though the new occupants of Crockett will almost certainly be less ...um... animated, I'm sure everyone will agree that they will be better behaved, and all-around better students."



**Before We Put You In Charge
Of The World's Most
Sophisticated Nuclear
Training,
We Put You Through The
World's Most Sophisticated
Nuclear Equipment.**



**Navy Officers
Get Buried Fast.**

Institute kills

In a surprise news conference, George Low today announced plans for a new student service at RPI. This program, tentatively named "Project Slaughter", is designed to solve some of the overcrowding problems present in the dorms and classrooms.

The major portion of this program consists of a counseling service intended to advise suicidal students. According to Mr. Low, "Since the 'I'm A Vector' incident, there have really been no novel ideas in the area of suicide. That is to say, if you are going to kill yourself, why swallow a bottle of pills, when you can jump off of the JEC, eat DAKA soup, join the Outing Club, or go to a room party. We are not, of course, actually encouraging suicide; our official position is that we're dead against it. Ha-Ha."

Although Mr. Low claims that "Project Slaughter" does not recommend suicide, this reporter has found differently. This year, twelve people have actually called the number for "suicide counseling" and all of them are now dead. The surprising thing is that three of these were wrong numbers.

This, however, is not the only evidence which points to the fact that it appears that the administration is trying to eliminate students. Low also announced that plans have just been approved to mount a springboard on the roof of the JEC and to allow the elevator to go to the eighth floor.

Additionally, the Psychology department has been asked to help with the preparation of F-tests. In the future, students will take tests laden with subliminal and subconscious suggestions. Typical problems will include items like: "What was Johnny's velocity at the moment he hit the pavement?" and "Assuming that 60% of the force was transferred to the knife, how far will it penetrate?"

But, there's more. The price has just been lowered for the Daka 20-meal plan, supervision of frat parties is at an all-time low, and, finally, Low has just granted all ROTC activities the freedom to hold maneuvers anywhere on campus. (Rumor has it that Burdett Avenue will become a firing range.) Some unconfirmed sources even claim that the construction near the Sage Building is, in actuality, caused by the installation of a mine field.

About To Take That Final Step?



Call 266-GORE

POSTERS advertising the newly-implemented "Project Slaughter" have been popping up all over the campus.

Dies . . .

(Continued from page A)

RPI. If they weren't dead I would have them removed from the Board!" Carl Underdog was also less than pleased, since the job of notifying the next of kin was left to him. Said he, "Yeah I guess being dead makes them alumni. Fat chance they'll ever donate money to this place, though." All in all, the Administration seemed appropriately upset over the matter.

In an unrelated story, the freshmen dorm representatives reported a rise in the quality of food being served at the Commons. Responded Director of Food Services Pat Donner, "That new meatloaf did seem to go over pretty well; we'll try to keep up the good work."

What all this evidence points to is obvious. The Admissions Office accepted too many people for the College to handle and the administration is now trying to solve this problem. According to one RPI official, who asked remain nameless, "By the end of the year, the freshman class should be down below 1000".

Insist That Students and Faculty Join Us In Moving Our Dead to the Sage Building

Re-dedication of the Sage Building

honoring trustees

and unveiling tooth plaque

Death . . .

(Continued from page A)

"STIFF is made up of dead RPI students. These students come from all minorities, and a few majorities, too. They feel that the Polemic has gone too far this time, and should be disbanded. As steps toward this action, STIFF has circulated petitions to various dead people on campus, initiated a case against the Polemic with the Ded-board, and even taken some counter-discriminatory actions themselves, foremost of which is the banning of Polemic staff members from death.

"When asked about these measures, the Editor-in-chief of the Polemic, MKEJGK (who wishes to be known as MKEJGK) said, 'Frankly, the actions of STIFF don't worry us a bit. The petition might amount to something once they find a cure for rigor-mortis and get some signatures. The Ded-board is another joke -- if they can't stand up, how will their case do? Finally, the ban on death doesn't inconvenience anyone on the staff; we weren't planning on dying for at least a semester, and they should have the ban lifted by then. All in all, we don't have much to worry about.'

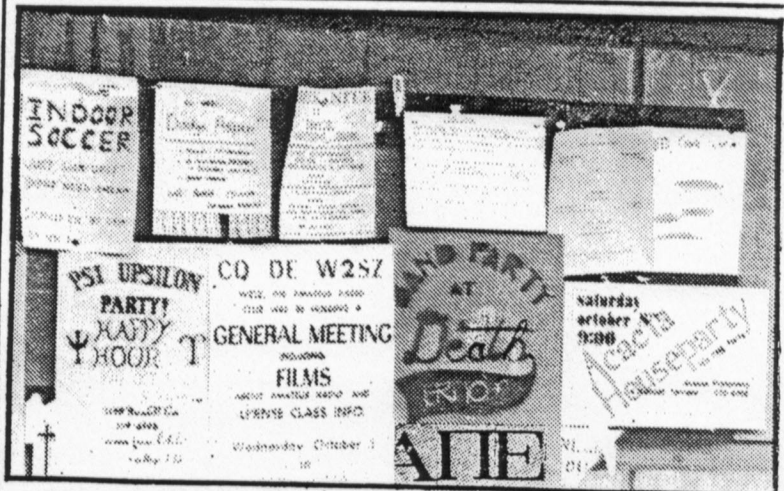
"Spokesman for STIFF, Stan 'The Deadman' Dunce (who seems to be the only member of STIFF still capable of talking), sums up STIFF's position by saying, '...We've got them ... They can't .. win ... Sooner or .. later, they .. have to come .. over to ... our side ...'"

Engineers drop dead

Sometime during the night before the last Physics F-Test, several RPI students were carried off by large birds and dropped over campus. Swift-minded Security personnel quickly carried away the corpses, leaving only chalk tracings as evidence of the gruesome event.

The creatures, rumored to be the infamous Meiner birds, are suspected of being responsible for other such ruthless attacks on freshmen who ridicule inoperative Physics demonstrations or skip Physics lectures altogether. The birds are known to attack only the night before F-Tests; among their main weapons are fear, surprise, and an almost fanatical devotion to Halliday and Resnick.

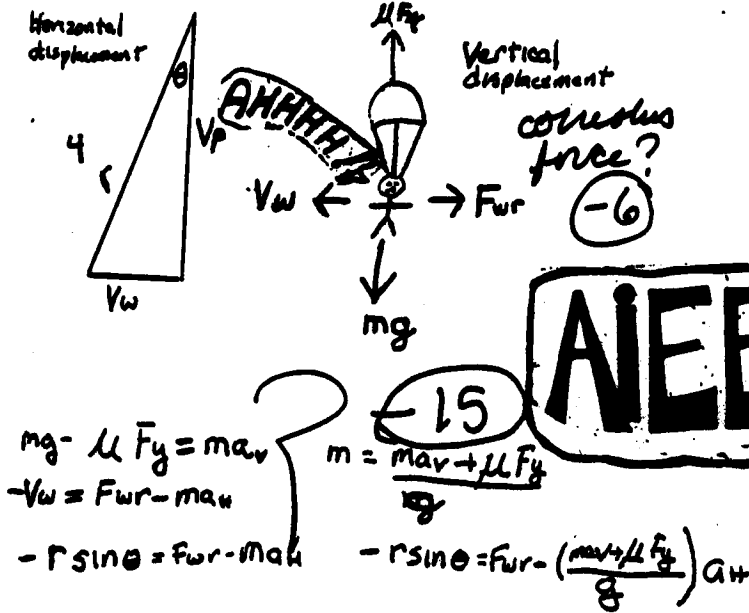
There is only one way to stop these beasts; they must be captured alive and held captive in CC308 between the hours of 12:00 and 1:00 on a Tuesday or Thursday.



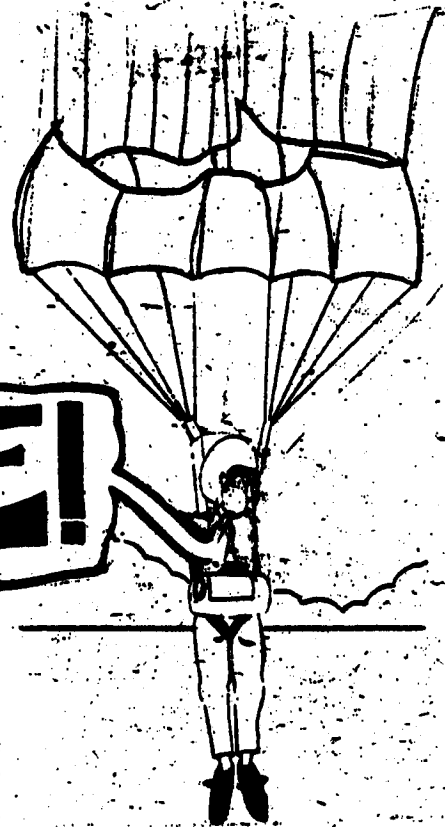
ATE FRATERNITY advertises a recent Dead Party. Details on Page N.

Be a vector!

come
on
down!



NEEE!



Are you dead??

Have you ever been so exhausted that you've just said, "I'm dead"? Well, we at the Pole have written this little test to see exactly how dead you are:

- 1) Do you remember when Doc Pall was a "young lad"?
- 2) Do large chunks of skin fall off your body exposing internal organs?
- 3) Have you eaten more than six meals a week at the Commons?
- 4) Has the E-Board brought you before the J-Board?
- 5) Have you been dropped from a high altitude by a Meiner bird?
- 6) Do you like to sleep with your head in the bottom of the sleeping bag?
- 7) Do you like to be buried at the beach?

- 8) Have you ever tried to shut yourself inside a wooden box?
- 9) Do you often find yourself upset because the song "Taps" didn't make "American Top 40"?
- 10) Do you remember when the Unicorn was funny?

Scoring:

If you answered yes to one of these questions, you're not quite dead yet.

If you answered yes to two to four of these questions, you're dead, but haven't been for long.

If you answered yes to five to seven of these questions, rigor mortis has probably set in.

If you answered yes to more than seven of these questions, you are more dead than humanly possible.

How to Kill the new phone system

RPI, one of the most technologically advanced schools in the world, has recently installed on campus one of the most technologically advanced phone systems in the world. This has inevitably led to 'Tute students, some of the most innovative, imaginative, persistent, bored, and dead students in the world, figuring out silly things to do to the new phone system.

This, in turn, has led us, one of the most public service oriented, non-Union affiliated humor publications on campus, to publish a list of silly things you can do with the IBX phone system. Here it is:

<u>Number to dial</u>	<u>Effect</u>
#*113	tells you your number
#*313	says, "Ni!"
#*216	says, "Private!"
6636	sounds busy signal
#*204	masochist's hotline
#*264	translates all messages into Hindu (for all you 'Tute purists)
#*214	says, "MELN!"
#*367	reports the number of the person that has forwarded all his calls to you and replaces his dial tone with #*204
#*219	says, "Invalid!"
#*129	variation of abbrev. dialing Automatically calls home and says, "Hi, mom. Send money. 'Bye."

#*5 the secret line that RPI graders use to determine your final grade ('Tute screw hotline)

#*374 sounds the same as the test tone if your phone is being tapped by fascist administration personnel (Paranoid's hotline)

*#200 test tone

Note: some of the above effects are not easy to achieve, in fact, a few require the use of much imagination and just a pinch of an hallucinatory substance.

Dead! From Troy, New York It's **Father Guido Sarcoma**

Saturday
Oct. 8
\$2.50
w/RIP ID
(more at the door)



Two Shows
8 pm &
10:30 pm

Tickets available at: Music Shack
RIP Student Union
RIP West Hell Auditorium
Sage Avenue, Troy
For more info,
call 266-DEAD

OATMEAL

It was a dark and stormy night...

The writer felt a surge of apprehension as he contemplated his assignment. "Why do they have to do a Death issue, anyway?" he thought, "they're just asking for trouble." He looked at this installment's outline: nothing about Pete and Sandy, no word about Olga's amazing change of face, only a sick episode involving the BARE slasher and...

The slasher woke with a start. He knew he had something to do, and deadline was rapidly approaching. He got out of bed, slipped into his tight-fitting outfit -- his 'uniform of the trade', and went out the door. BARE was dead that time of night, so there was nobody to notice him (if there had been, there would have been another 'job' to do).

As he slipped out into the night, he checked his bearings -- there was Stacwyck, right up the hill behind the Field House. The route to Wiltsie was unmarred by an encounter with Security (that, too, would have meant another 'job'). Approaching Wiltsie, he noticed that the writer's light was still on -- this was according to plan; he wanted a confrontation, not a simple delivery.

He didn't make a sound as he master keyed the door and slipped into the dark apartment. He switched on his flashlight and swung it around the spotless room... "Damn! Wrong apartment." he thought while quickly retreating to the hall.

This time, he paid attention to the room numbers; 203, 201, 202. "Here it is," he thought, "Now that writer gets what he's been asking for!" Judging by the light under the door, he decided against a silent entry, and went for the dramatic. "CRASH!" went the door as it was kicked open. The person at the typewriter turned and said what everyone says when they are alarmed by a door being kicked open, "!?"

"I have something for you," said the slasher, carefully putting himself between the typist and his escape.

The writer then said what everyone says when they are confronted by a strangely dressed man who is aiming a

"Dead baby" Contest

Have you ever heard a "Dead Baby" joke? You know, the disgusting and perverse riddles that even the Polemic has more class than to print. Well, we at the Pole find them sick, offensive, depraved, distasteful, repulsive, unsavory, loathsome, vile, foul, abominable, nasty, noxious, obnoxious, despicable, horrible, dreadful, wart-causing, repugnant, morbid, execrable, nauseating, boarish, pathetic, more than flesh and blood can bear, enough to provoke a saint, and, of course, icky. Hell, they're enough to make us want to feed the fish. In short, we love 'em.

So, we're holding a "Dead Baby" Contest! We've got the ultimate Dead Baby joke, but no punchline. So we're looking to you, our dedicated, if comatose, readers, for an answer. Well, here's the joke:

"How many dead babies does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

Yes, we know it's a toughie, but we're offering prizes that will make it worth your while to enter:

First Prize: A Polemic prescription for the Spring semester (and one dead baby).

Second Prize: A Unicorn subscription for the Spring semester (and five dead babies).

Third Prize: A Gorgon subscription for the Spring semester (and a truckload of dead babies).

We're waiting anxiously for your responses. Send them to:

Pole "Dead Baby" Contest
202 Wiltsie House
via Campus Mail. The deadline is Oct. 31, so don't be "late".

long pointed object directly at them, "!?"

"My colleagues and I feel that you deserve this," the slasher said as he closed the distance between them and put the writer out of commission..

the pole

From the Graveyard

Why death?

DEADITORIAL SECTION

Stiffbox

Volume III . No. III

Deaditor in Chief
MKF JGK

Managing Deaditors

WMK PJK REB

Stiff:

KED, ACS, EAL3, CJH, ALF, CDB, ALG, BHD, RIP

Business Mangler: WMK

Special Thanks to CMH

Howdy, and Welcome to the Polemic Death Issue. Why a Death Issue? Well, that's explained in another article; this here "Stiff Box" is here to introduce to you our stiff and to acquaint you with the Pole.

Well, it's just like the (late) Unicorn, right? Dead wrong! For one thing, we're under ground, and completely unfunded by the Rensselar Union as well. We publish this thing every fortnight or so; and while they last you can order your Pole prescription for only \$2.00 for the rest of the semester, which includes this and 4 other issues. You can send checks and Slavs for your Pole to:

The Polemic
202 Wiltsie House, RPI

Things are looking kinda dead here at the Pole offices but you too can liven things up (and support the Troy Sanitation Department as well). If you would like to contribute to us, join the stiff, or know any five foot blonde Swedish necrophiliacs - drop us a line at the above address, or send us a message through Myron to "Polemic."

Since the release of this issue, we've received countless inquiries concerning our subject. "Why death?", they ask. "Why not?", we reply. It gets rather tedious.

Death is a part of life, people! If we can't laugh at it, we're in big trouble. It's not something we can escape, so we'd better learn to live with it. We're not laughing at dead individuals, or at people being hurt by death, what we're doing is taking a serious topic and poking some fun at it.

Secondly, who's going to take us to the J-Board? Dead people are generally not very judicially active. In fact, only two of the current Supreme Court justices are dead. And if we do get in trouble, what are they going to do to us? Kill us?

It seems like I've written myself into a dead end, so I'll just leave you with a piece of wisdom by a prophet named Martin Mull, who said "Life is Better Than Death". Maybe that's the whole point of this issue. Maybe subconsciously we've been attempting to convey a positive feeling towards life by showing how glad we are not to be dead. Maybe. Then again, Naaaaah! Death's just a funny topic to sick individuals like us, and if you don't like it, then die. That'll show us.

And that's the name of that tomb.

Requesting that Oppedisano be fired "would have made the E-Board and students look hawk-ish and severely limited the things we want to accomplish this year," Tanski asserted.

"Furthermore, if we don't make a solid effort to make our opinions known, no changes or improvements are ever going to occur."



Laura Tanski, PU

letters to the deaditor

Dear Deaditor,

Over the years, the Polemic has assaulted just about every faction on campus. Everyone from the President of the University down to Daka has gotten it. But, as of yet, you have not attempted to offend the RPI dead population. I resent this discrimination and demand that it be stopped immediately.

--An enraged corpse

POLE: O.K., it's stopped.

Dear Deaditor,

The first issue of the Pole was hilarious. But, the second issue was even better. How do you do it? How can you consistently write funny articles without running out of ideas? Anyway, I just want to say that the Pole is the funniest publication in the world right now, in my opinion, of course. Keep up the great work.

--Ron Reagan

Dear Deaditor,

I died last week and my funeral is tomorrow. I don't have a thing to wear. What should I do?

--Dead and embarrassed

POLE: Have a closed casket service.

Dear Deaditor,

The following is a partial list of those people you viciously attacked in your last issue: 1) the people of Troy, 2) anyone ever considered for a Nobel prize, 3) George Low, 4) Albert Einstein, 5) Myron, 6) Ronald McDonald, 7) Barney Pike, 8) John Grassven-dor, 9) Jeanette, 10) Russell Sage, 11) George Low, 12) Laura Tanski, 13) George Low, 14) Laura Tanski, 15) Howdy Doody, 16) Wyle E. Coyote, 17) Olivia Newton-John, 18) Wayne Newton, 19) Isaac Newton, and, of course, 20) the Women's Basketball Team.

They are all very, very upset. Your hearing will be Tuesday Night, and you will all be expelled on Wednesday. Thank you.

--The E-Board

POLE: Come on guys, we were only kidding!

Dear Deaditor,
Shhhhhh!!

--A victim of the plastic explosive method

Dear Deaditor,

I'm a lonely but voluptuous 5-foot blonde Swedish Nymphette with alabaster thighs. I'm looking for a 5-foot-five brunette Irish Satyr with alabaster thighs. Can you help me?

--Inga

The following letter was submitted and not printed by the Polytechnic.

Editor-in Chief, the Polytechnic

Dear John,

In the October 5th issue of the Polytechnic, PU Laura Tanski "...Admitted that the Unicorn disbandment 'leaves a void' in humor on campus," and also said, "'Hopefully a new humor magazine will fill that void.'" Well... We feel that this is being grossly unfair to all those aspiring humor publications already in existence at RPI. Take the Gorgon (please). The fact that a literary magazine exists at all on the RPI campus is a joke in itself. The Poly should also be a bit miffed that Laura hasn't yet recognized the hilarity of its writing style --especially since Laura contributes so richly to that humor each week in "Derby". Not to be outdone, Mary on her part was exquisite last week --imagine ANYONE defending the Senate!

The more serious publications on campus, including ourselves and the Engineer, laud these attempts at jocularity by the Poly and Gorgon, which are consistently more funny than the Unicorn was anyway. Given these two publications on campus, and the judicial proceedings of the past few weeks, we see no "void" of humor at RPI. There is no need to hope for a new humor magazine on campus. The Judicial Board is not suppressing humor on campus, they're adding to it. Laura, you're adding to it. Why, we have a veritable glut of humor at RPI. We can't stop laughing.

Sincerely,
The Polemic

sports

Not in the Box Yet

By MIKE HEARSE



It's not apathy

There has been much criticism lately about the lack of spirit at RPI sports competitions. The recent "Homecoming" has drawn a particularly great deal of flack, due to the fact that Union fans outnumbered RPI supporters nearly three to one. Some claim the lack of quality teams results in little psych for RPI sports, while others blame the academic load and suggest switching to the Ivy League.

I have found, however, that neither of these reasons are the case. Through the miracles of investigative journalism, I have uncovered an incredible fact: over three quarters of RPI sports fans are dead.

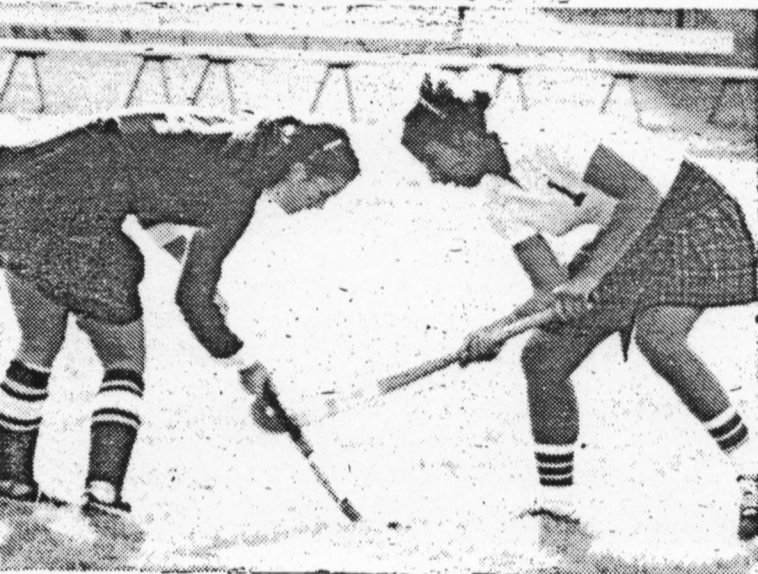
No, I don't mean they might as well be dead for all the cheering they do; I mean they actually are dead. Gone off to another place. Past their expiration date. Rigor Mortis has long since set in. Dead. This explains the silent stands, the wimpy cheers, the lackluster expressions you so often see in the gallery.

"But," I hear you ask, "Where do they come from? How do they get to the games?" I looked into this, and found some shocking facts. Some of them you see every day. Called by many names, they are commonly known as "professor". Some of them also go by the name of "senator".

The majority of them, however, are simply stored away when not in use. If you watch the '86 Field before a game, you'll see the grounds crew setting them up. Some they prop up in the bleachers, little RPI pennants clutched in their cold fists. Some are leaned against the walkway balcony at the JEC, facing the field. And some are clad in jerseys and put right on the field! Then, after the game, the grounds crew cleans 'em up, and puts them away until the next game.

So the next time you're at the game, look around. The guy next to you - has he moved all afternoon? Does the Pep Band look a bit droopy? Come to think of it, have you been feeling real lethargic lately?

Stickwomen stand still



IN A FLUKE ACCIDENT THIS WEEK, Engineer forward Jay Mansfield was beheaded by a soccer ball.