

# the polemic

Volume III, Number V

The Pole—Page 2

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

## Lee Wilcox condemned

In reaction to this past week's events leading to and including the appointment of Eddie Knowles as Dean of Students, the City of Troy Department of Housing Code Violations has condemned Rensselaer's Vice-President for Student Affairs Lee Wilcox. Citing flagrant violations of many city ordinances, the city has declared Wilcox unfit for human use.

Among some of the more serious charges were the following: Excess of the city's "Micro-organism per cubic inch of beard count" standard (by more than 5000%), being a fire hazard due to internal grease buildup and a faulty electrical (and neurological) system, PCB contamination, and structural (and mental) deficiencies.

City officials were doubtful that Wilcox could ever be repaired for use, and added that, "seeing his present state and location we couldn't imagine anyone wanting to." According to Troy law, anything condemned must be completely demolished or repaired within one month, or be turned over to



the city to be added to their already huge inventory of rundown decrepit slums.

University officials have said little except that due to their embarrassment over the whole situation, it is doubtful that Wilcox will ever be restored to his former state. Most bureaucrats in the Pittsburgh Building have taken this as a clear indication that Wilcox will soon be relegated to South Troy to wither away his last days

## Iceberg hits West Hall

Last week, during a physics lab (lab 12.69 - Study of Heat Gain Due to Friction on a Refrigerated Body During Upward Acceleration) a 6.974 metric ton iceberg dislodged itself from its tow ropes and rammed West Hall. The lab, which required three burros and one kangaroo to haul the mammoth chunk of frost from the Hudson, through downtown Troy, and up to the Science Center, was intended to study how much mass the berg would lose during the trip. Instead, while being dragged across Eighth Street, it broke away, rolled up the hill to West Hall,

and came to rest in West Hall Auditorium, killing two burros and one TA and severely injuring the kangaroo.

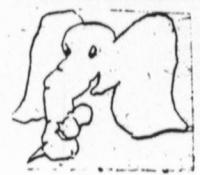
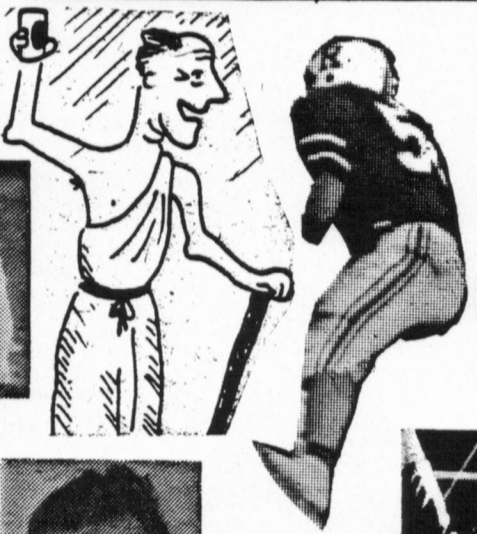
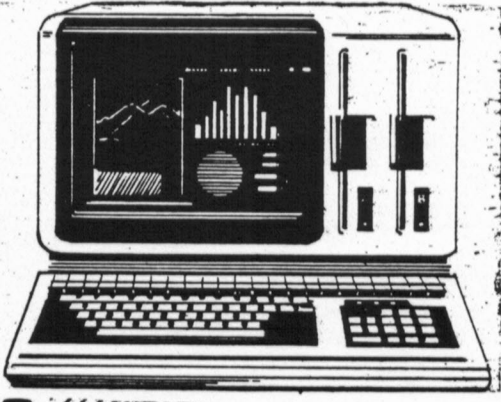
Lab instructor Marry Heiners, who was riding the uninjured burro, recalls, "It was...(wheeze)...horrible...it just didn't...(wheeze)...stop...(wheeze)...sob...(wheeze)...."

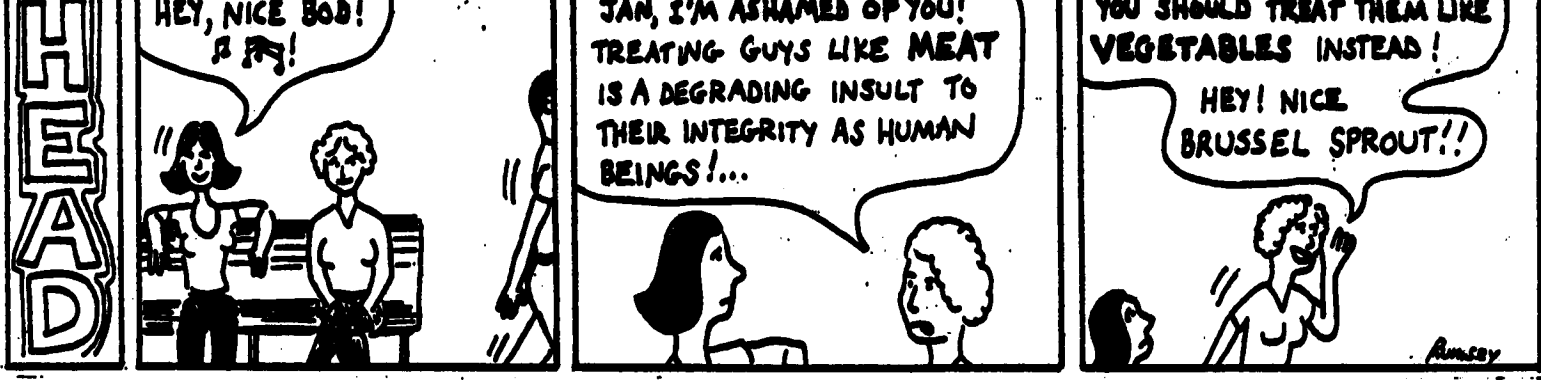
The damage to the building was extensive, amounting to 30 broken windows, three walls, and damage to the George W. Low Memorial Spitoon. When asked to comment, West Hall's architect, James West, said, "Well, at least it didn't sink."

# ? appointed Dean of Students

## CONTEST!

Who do YOU think should have been appointed to the post of Dean of Students? Well, Lee Wilcox really doesn't care. But we at the Polemic DO!! If Mr. Wilcox won't take student input, we will show him our class-- we WILL! That is why we're running another Pole CONTEST!! We want to know who you think should have been appointed Dean of Students, and why.. Send us your ideas in fifty words or less (anyone sending us a response with more than fifty words will become the target of a thermonuclear device, and we're not telling if it's live...). We'll review all entries and pick one, or maybe two, or maybe all of them, and present them to Mr. Wilcox. Or maybe we won't. Or maybe we'll present them to him with that thermonuclear device we mentioned. But we probably will pick out an exceptional entry and award that lucky person a free one semester prescription to the Polemic. Or maybe we won't do that either. But we might, so send your entries today to the Polemic, 202 Wiltsie House, or write to POLEMIC on Myron-mail. As a guide, we've made a few suggestions below. Good luck and good pickins'...





# Masochists to visit Dean

The Rensselaer Masochistic Society (RMS) has announced its intentions to honor Dean Carl Mustardall before he relinquishes his post. All of the details were not released, however the general idea is to bring the entire Sigma Mu chapter to Dean Mustardall's home for a ceremony to induct the dean into the the Society as an honorary member. The procedure of the ceremony is a Society secret although it is rumoured to be based on an ancient pagan fornication ritual involving tree bark and mayonnaise.

When asked as to the motivation behind this decision the group's leader, Donatien Alphonse Fransais, Conte de Sade, explained that Mustardall had been instrumental in the group obtaining club status and union funds (hopefully next year a varsity level team). Dean Mustardall is also reportedly responsible for providing the fledgeling group with a few of the necessary racks, tongs, and pincers needed to truly practice their art.

Dean Mustardall's reaction was enthusiastic. He is quoted as saying: "I am looking forward to the ceremony with whetted appetite."

It should be with trepidation  
That we greet this grand occasion.  
For it's pride the big wigs all exude  
While the students all get screwed.

They almost got us on the location,  
But cash is now the consideration.  
Of benefits we have been told,  
But tuition will rise manifold.

Parking there will be a riot,  
I'd love to see Lee Wilcox try it.  
Important people will have a spot,  
Staff and students don't count alot.

So George will show his building off  
While you and I meanwhile scoff,  
For what will make the 'Tute "the Best  
Is a mammoth 70 million jest.

**LIFE  
IS  
CHEAP.**



**Navy Officers  
Get Buried Fast.**

**UP  
AC**

**NOTICE:**  
All Wednesday  
Night Films Will  
Begin At 7:30 PM  
This Friday.

# Players season to open Friday

Last Tuesday, the Board of Trustees announced the first annual opening of Players season. Licenses will go on sale in the Union on Thursday, and a line is reported to be already forming.

When asked "Why Players season," one board member answered: "Well, we thought it would solve the FAC problem for good, while generating revenue and even creating a new campus-unifying activity, similar to the hockey line."

So as not to render Players an endangered species, and cut off the license revenue, the season will last only one week. The Rifle, Fencing, and Karate clubs will be offering free lessons and equipment for the event.

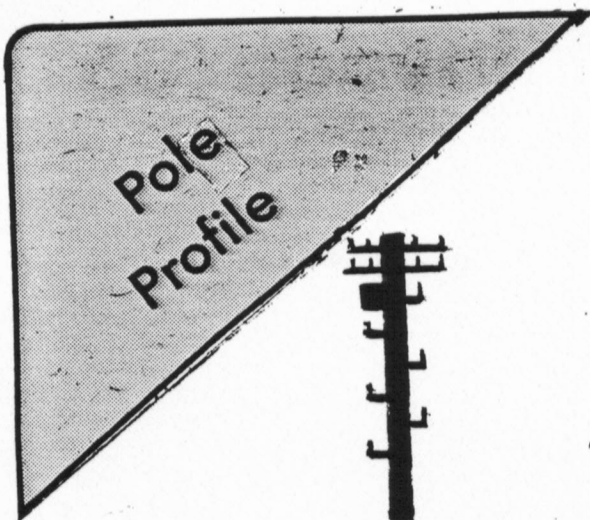
One Players member, upon hearing of the open season, expressed enthusiasm: "Lately, the Players have been having trouble generating interest in their activities. This way the public may more frequently set its sights on the Players."

## MONDAY

was the last day to

## DROP

A CLASS



## Cereal

Dave, with Jon's masterful tactics to guide him, fought as he had never fought before and none could stand before him as he annihilated wave after wave. A high pitched hum began to grow in intensity within the games room as the air virtually crackled with charged particles and ions from the sheer ferocity of Dave's battle. The Tempest machine began to glow white hot and shudder; Jon, until now absorbed in the struggle, backed away as he realized he no longer had any control over his game. A nervous expectant hush fell over all within the games room. Suddenly an ear-piercing scream of pain from the Tempest machine rent the air. Jon, unable to bear the reality of what was happening, collapsed under a ping pong table. At this the people in the games room panicked and bolted for the exit, leaving the cowering Jon alone with the berserk Tempest machine.

A searing blast of heat, so intense that three pinball machines too old to bear the strain incinerated on the spot, erupted from the video game. A figure stepped from the holocaust and fell to the ground in front of the now dormant Tempest machine.

Time passed.

A newly composed and collected Sid and Martha returned to the deserted game room to find only the prone form of Dave and the huddled quivering mass that was Jon. Then Sid noticed a prickly feeling on his skin from the lingering radiation. He quickly told Martha to run but all she could do was stare blankly and mumble something about a strong craving for pickles and ice cream.

## Being Gay at RPI Is like living

## in a closet...

## ...But you are not alone

## We're looking for people who don't think straight.

## The RPI Counseling Center

# Romeo and Juliet

## egged

A hackneyed plot, poor characterization, and a complete lack of continuity generally do not make for a terribly enjoyable play; but such were the ingredients of a well-performed but poorly written play, Romeo and Juliet, which opened Oct. 29th in Albany, and closed that same evening. William Shakespeare, a relative unknown, armed with barely enough thematic material to choke a mosquito, decided to try his hand as a playwright, and subsequently created what may be one of the greatest flops ever written. Romeo and Juliet was intended as a romantic tragedy, but merely succeeds in becoming a vapid melodrama which makes All My Children look like Hill Street Blues.

The real tragedy is that such a fine drama group as the resident company of the Empire State Institute for the Performing Arts would choose such a worthless endeavor as Romeo and Juliet, and get booted off the stage because of it. The audience was so incensed by the inferior work that the actors were forced to abandon the play in the middle of Act II, scene ii, due to a steady barrage of rotting vegetation, garbage, and eggs. The audience became most infuriated when Juliet called to her lover, Romeo (from a balcony, of all places!) with the words "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" This sickly-sweet outpouring of pseudo-sentiment was the final straw which caused the onslaught of leguminous waste. This reviewer rarely walks out on a performance (especially with a \$4.00 ticket), but once that first egg was cast, I left through the nearest exit, knowing that it was all over.

Damage done to the Institute stage is projected at upwards of \$3000. In an effort to recoup their losses, the members of the group will hold a Three Stooges film festival the week of Nov. 1st through the 8th, which is expected to be well attended. I only hope for the sake of English literature that Shakespeare learns from this and his past mistakes, Hamlet and Macbeth, and decides to give up writing altogether.

# Dear George

LGAN

Dear E.-

I bet that I know what you're going to ask me. I bet that you're going to ask where you can go to alleviate the terrible problem that you have of having E.S.P. in reverse, and how you can make it up with your lost friends. Unfortunately, it seems that your ex-friends are gone forever. However, as I recall, there are a few facilities in the states that resources for ridding you of your problem. I suggest that you contact a psychiatrist for the exact locations of these facilities. Also, while you are there, it would probably be a good idea if you talked with him about your guilt feelings over having axe-murdered your boyfriend and your tendencies to do awful things to your dog with a fork.

-George

Dear George-

I have a terrible problem which only you can help me with. After having had radiation treatment on my head for cancer of the earlobe, I find that every time I am around other people, everyone in the room with me can read my thoughts as easily as if I were shouting them aloud. This has caused me a great deal of embarrassment, and I have lost a number of close friends because of it. My question to you, Dear George, is where do I go to alleviate this terrible problem, and how can I make it up with my lost friends.

-E. S. P.

*William Shakespeare did it.*  
*William Lloyd Garrison did it.*  
*William Cullen Bryant did it.*  
*William Grover Shattuck almost did it.*

**Thank You  
 Judy!**



**Help lay the  
 Poly to rest!!**

John H. POLY decomposing.

# the pole

## EDITORIAL SECTION

# the polemic

Vol. III, No. V

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Glue and razor blades thanks to  
S&J Variety c/o JB Paper & Neil

Special thanks to CMH

Good Afternoon, Mr. Phelps.  
The publication you see in front of you is the Polemic. It has no affiliation of any sort with either the Rensselaer Union or the Albany Times Union. Anything submitted will be given a strange look and released to the Troy Sanitation Department.

The staff of the Polemic can be contacted at 202 Wiltsie House, Stacwyck, in person, by campus mail, or Myron-mail.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to read this issue, infiltrate this organization, and turn the editors over to the Polytechnic.

As always, if you or any of your Polytechnic force are caught, the secretary will disavow any knowledge of your activities. This staff box will self-destruct in five seconds. Good Luck, Jim!

# Laura X rapes Blind student's dog

The Intelligent, observant reader has, by now, come to the conclusion that this issue of the Polemic is somewhat longer than our average issue. The average reader, on the other hand, knows that this issue is in reality no longer than any of our other issues. Nevertheless, in an effort to make things fit, the two editorial columns for this week, "Laura X Speaks on Marital Rape" and "Blind Student and Dog Work Together" have been combined into one capsulized editorial, and their headlines combined as per above. It seems unlikely that this editorial combination will bring forth any opposition from our readers whatsoever, as the space and typeset materials which we save translate into substantial savings in your prescription price. In addition, this new format allows our writer to handle two entirely different topics with an equal amount of delicacy and finesse; this renders easier reading editorials and added congruity, as well as the possibility for a more sensitive portrayal of the subject matters dealt with. I can only hope that the concept of combined editorials, after having had its many advantages weighed against its relatively few faults, will be met with enthusiasm. I can also hope that Tylenol stocks will skyrocket.

( Editorial on Page 12 )

# PARANOIA

Pssst -- it's me, Joe Squatto. Yes, I know this column has a different title. That's to keep them from finding me. They are after you too. They're everywhere. Who, you ask? Agents of the Screw, of course. Notice how it hasn't been a big issue lately? Why, I'd bet some of you freshmen out there don't even know about the 'Tute Screw. Oops -- wait a second -- ah, that's better. My disguise shifted. I can't let them find me. If they do, my records will be full of typos (do you know how easy it is to type "F" when you meant to type an "A"?), my advisor will have left last semester, and I'll win a drawing for a free year

( continued on Page 1 )

# Face the Tute Screw

On Sunday, October 31<sup>st</sup>, the Polemic, in its eternal quest for the answer, invited Jim LaPrasta ('Tute GM), Paul Snarlborough, and Lee Pillbox to 202 Wiltsie House for an informal session of **FACE THE 'TUTE SCREW!**

Interviewing these representatives of the Rensselaer Faculty and Administration for the Polemic were a Carrot, a killer tomato, and thirty thousand pounds of bananas.

Polemic: Mr. LaPrasta ('Tute GM), why is Dr. Pillbox cold to the touch?

LaPrasta ('Tute GM): Oh, anyone with any amount of brains knows that industrial slime has a lower specific heat than....

Snarlborough: I didn't know that.

Pillbox: LaPrasta ('Tute GM) is an expert at handling industrial slime. Just ask his wife.

Snarl: But Dr. Pillbox isn't cold to anyone under 15.

La: Just ask his wife.

Pole: Mr. Snarlborough, would you like to comment on the Dean selection?

Snarl: Who's he?

Pill: No.

La: We have a new Dean?

Pill: Of course, don't you read the Polemic?

Snarl: I read the Unicorn.

La: You read?

Snarl: I only look at the pictures.

Pill: The new dean is the best possible choice. We do not need to search outside Rensselaer. We'd never find a more competent yes-man.

Snarl: Yes!

La: We should have involved the students. They make great yes-men also.

Snarl: Yes!

Pole: Wasn't the Dean selection too quick?

Snarl: Just ask his wife.

La: Of course. There was no involvement by anyone else. Ever since Vicky turned Pillbox down he thinks he can do everything himself.

Pill: That's not true! I can't do anything myself.

Snarl: Vicky turned you down? Try Judy. Judy doesn't turn anyone down.

La: She turned me down.

Pill: She doesn't like using tweezers.

Snarl: That's not true! She likes using tweezers.

Pole: Shouldn't the Dean selection incorporate more student involvement?

Pill: I'm involved with a lot of students.

La: From Troy Middle School.

Snarl: I told you Dr. Pillbox wasn't cold.

Pole: Can we get back to the new Dean?

La: Leave him out of it. This is between the wimp and me.

Snarl: We have a new Dean?

Pole: And which wimp is that, Mr. LaPrasta ('Tute GM)?

La: That's intuitively obvious. Dr. Pillbox doesn't have the guts to find out what the students think.

Pill: That's not true! It's administration policy that the students don't think.

Snarl: Yes.

Pill: LaPrasta ('Tute GM) is a thick-skulled Neanderthal who stands in the way of progress. Big Brother will take care of him.

Pole: And who is Big Brother?

Pill: That's confidential.

Snarl: George Low's older brother.

La: You would think that the administration wouldn't leave such an unimportant decision with such a fish-headed toffy-nosed lice-ridden degenerate life form as Pillbox.

Pill: You would think that the administration wouldn't leave such an unimportant position as GM to such a pig-headed, unaesthetic, scummy, low-down puss-ridden leech as LaPrasta ('Tute GM).

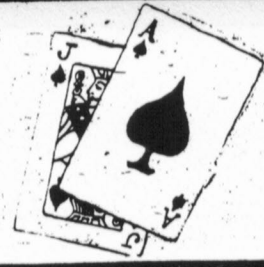
At this point, LaPrasta ('Tute GM) and Dr Pillbox rolled off the table and down the stairs, and Paul Snarlborough went to count clover, effectively terminating the interview. Next time, **FACE THE 'TUTE SCREW** will present invigorating interviews with Vicky and Judy.

## PARANOIA

(continued from Page 5)

of Commons food. The same thing could happen to you. Mmmm -- I'd better close this column now. There's someone eyeing me suspiciously. Doesn't look like a Sagie, so it could be one of them. Or maybe it's that the nose glasses are a bit much, though I doubt it. Good luck and look out!  
(ed. note - join us next week for another panorama of campus life as seen through a narrow mind.)

# Sports



Lee Wilcox met with me, LaPosta, Scott Adams, chairman of the J-Board, and eight other minority student leaders. Wilcox took all of this into account and added it up at the end."

## SCORECARD

minority leaders	8
others	3

### Silly Sports

## Gridsters are taken out to dinner

In a fine example of Coach-Athlete interaction, RPI football coach Bob Douchette took the entire team out to dinner after their 37-7 humiliation at the hands of the Union Wimps. Douchette, though thoroughly embarrassed by his team's performance, had apparently lost a bet with the team quarterback Gary LaDubious over who could eat more salamanders. Douchette actually ate more, but LaDubious was arrested by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation and forced to oversee the hatching of 200,000 salamander eggs, and thus was unable to attend the dinner.

The dinner was held in the third floor lounge of Slocum Hall at Sage, and although it was catered by Daka, rumor has it all the players ate their fill. As for the bill, Douchette was quite open in announcing that he billed the entire evening to the Union, pointing out the previous precedents of Sirliongate and Pizzagate. Said Douchette, "Why not? Everyone else is eating on the Union, and unlike the E-board, we can't be kicked out of office."

In a related story, the Rensselaer Union has announced a new club, the "Diner's Club", for anyone who feels like charging their dinner to the Union. Dues have been set at \$25.00 per semester, for which your group (provided they are all members) are guaranteed no publicity for illegally charging your meals (up to three a semester) to the Union. Details are available in the Union administrative office.

**SWPME** Society of  
White Professional Male Engineers  
Meeting Friday, November 5  
8:00 P.M. at the WCC

## Harriers take Albany

Apparently bouyed by their so-far successful season, the RPI cross-country team stepped to new levels in boldness by stealing the entire City of Albany. Coach John "Rock" Hudson's harriers reportedly considered simply taking over the city in protest over what they feel are improper running conditions, but decided that removing the city altogether would be far more effective.

This action stems from a long series of complaints about safety and the aesthetic properties of the Capital District concerning running in the area. Team spokesmen pointed out the lack of uncongested sidewalks, potholes (and potheads), pollution, and general ugliness as some areas which need attention, but their cries had apparently fallen on deaf ears. When asked why they didn't simply take Troy, one harrier remarked "Why bother? Who'd notice or care? At least with Albany we know that at least Hugh will take some note."

As of print time it was unclear just how the team had accomplished the feat, or where they had hidden their take. Rumor has it though that the city is either stored on a disk pack in Myron, or locked in the basement of the Armory, where Hugh Carey would feel right at home with the PCB's, but the governor was unavailable for comment.

THE ADVENTURES

OF U.T.

THE

UNTERRESTRIAL

*Whiskey*