

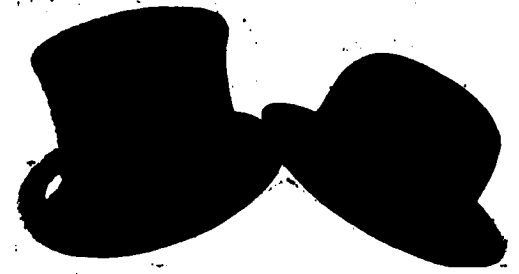
# the polemic

Volume III, Number X

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

**Special Issue:**

ridiculous



**GM Week '88**

**Spot the Twit:**

Each year, the Polemic puts out a special issue where we rate the candidates for GM and PU. Well, this year, because we're coming out a little late in the week, we're only going to rate those candidates unfortunate enough to have made it through the primaries, which means you'll never get to read our scathing reviews of Ron Jetsetty, Merry Scoredon, Tim Citizenkane, Mike Hasbeen, or any of the other fortunate losers. It also means that we'll never have to write those reviews. Less work for us, less reading for you.

Anyway, on to the candidates. We're blessed with some really great talent running for office this year. Why it's so good that we decided to junk our normal rating system (Spot the Turkey), and move on to a bigger, better system of rating their incompetence (Spot the Twit). We've all had the pleasure(?) at some time or other to watch that vast cultural wasteland called MTV. What better rating system for incompetence could be devised than to assign each candidate a VJ (Video Jockey) equivalent, and hence a corresponding Twit value.



Here's the way it works: Each VJ has associated with him or herself an inherent Twit value. Being by far the most competent of the bunch, a J.J. Twit equivalent rates a Twit value of only 1. A Nina the Space Cadet Twit rates a Twit value of 10. A Mark Twit rates a Twit value of 50. Going on to higher levels of incompetence, an Alan Twit weighs in at a Twit value of 200.

At the limit of human stupidity, a Martha Twit rates an infinite Twit value.

Rating system:

J.J. Twit  
Twit value = 1

Nina the Space Cadet Twit  
Twit value = 10

Mark Twit  
Twit value = 50

Alan Twit  
Twit value = 200

Martha Twit  
Twit value = Infinite

The Polemic Spot the Twit rating system is by no means infallible. It assumes that the level of incompetence of an RPI Student Government Leader can be defined as a simple numerical value. But anyone who has been here for the past few years knows that the incompetence levels attained by most of our recent leaders have been so immense that a single number rating ceases to do them justice.

Now we challenge you to "Spot the Twit". We've always been able to do it in the past; there's no reason to stop now.

## Grand Marshal Candidates



**HAIRY DISPARITY**

Endorsed by the Meltzer party, Hairy Disparity is running on a platform she hopes will "Take the hairout of Student Government's Eyes." Hairy feels she is uniquely qualified for for the office of GM because she is totally devoid of hair; it is because of this she states that she is better equipped to handle the "everyday problems, that make a GM want to tear his hair out."

We at the Polemic, however, fail to see how lack of hair can improve

administrative abilities. (After all, all of our editors have hair and you all know how well everything goes at the Polemic.) It is our opinion that the only reason that Hairy Disparity is running for GM is that she wishes to make the students aware of the vast hairless community here at RPI.

Wait--the judges' ballots are in:

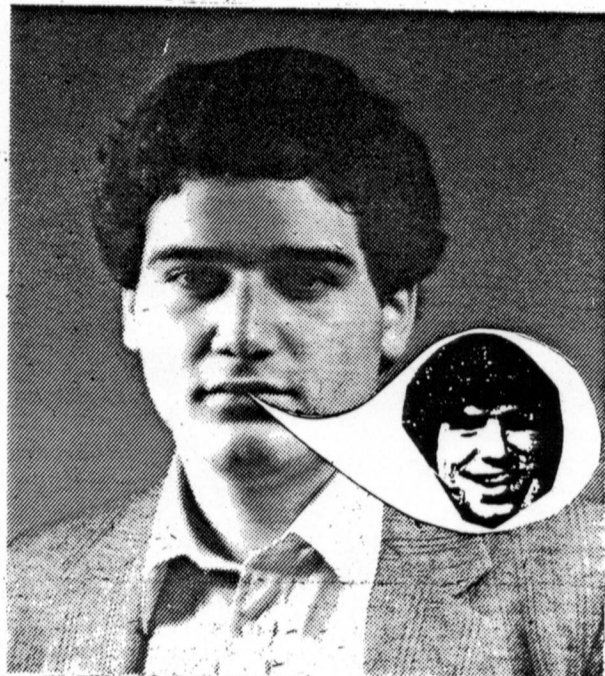
American Judge - 3.5

W German Judge - 2.8

Canadian Judge - 4.0

Soviet Judge - 9.7

Polemic Judge - Alan Twit



**BOB TRENCHCOAT**

A member of the Oh-limp-us party, Trenchcoat has been very demonstrative in explaining his positions to our staff. He has also been seen around campus recently exposing his views to unsuspecting passersby. A flashy cha-

racter who has been known to shock people with his perspectives, Trenchcoat believes that man should go back to the basics, and, to this end, he never wears anything but a smelly old trenchcoat.

Trenchcoat feels that there is too much dishonesty in Student Government, and that a majority of it is caused by clothing. "JAPpy Senators wearing purple lipstick and nail polish, Preppy E-Board members wearing Izod shirts and briefs, you never know where you stand with these people. If we got back to our roots, when people didn't have to wear clothes, we'd be better off, because by simple visual clues, we'd know just where people stand."

We at the Polemic feel that anyone who doesn't see the aesthetics of a dapper wardrobe like that of our current GM does not have the level of taste required in Student Government. Hence, we give Trenchcoat a Mark Twit rating and black tie to go to Penguin-gate with.



**MERRY SCOREDON**

When the results of the Primaries were announced Tuesday night, we at the Pole were shocked to see the one candidate we thought the most competent not on the list of winners. But when we thought about it, it all made sense. Of the GM candidates, Jeffy and his Poly cohorts had assured Hairy Disparity of a spot in the Finals by endorsing her, knowing full well that the average 'Tute student is a highly-gullible beer-guzzler who'll believe anything Jeffy says. To ensure his

candidate's victory, Jeffy proceeded to cut apart all of the other candidates. Made them look right twits, he did.

The result of the Poly's power is the absence of the name Merry Scoredon from Friday's Final ballot. Merry is a real go-getter, and we feel that she is the best candidate for GM. We rate Merry Scoredon a J.J. Twit, and urge our readers to show Jeffy a thing or two and vote for Merry Scoredon as a Write-In Candidate. (By the way, we are serious here. The name you should type in is really: Meredith Gordon.)

## President of the Union Candidates



**MORA HIANSKI PANSKI**

A member of the Titanic Party, Hankskipanski feels that there is not enough naughtiness in high places at RPI, or more importantly, not enough naughtiness in Low places at RPI. She feels that the present GM started the proverbial ball rolling, but there is quite a way to go before we've gone all the way.

Says Hankskipanski, "I think that by me becoming a very deep friend of the administration, the Union can become stronger, more dynamic, and could satisfy all the needs of those associated with it."

Hankskipanski feels that a strong platform is necessary to win the election, and hers is centered on two firm points. One is that the past PU's had had an oscillating Love/Hate relationship with the administration, and she

# Prep feature

It is a rare pleasure for a reviewer to come across scathing, relevant social satire nowadays. It was this reviewer's pleasure to find precisely that printed in The Preppytech. Contained within its four pages was an incredible display of the finest wit seen on this campus since the last issue of the Unicorn. This was all the more surprising since the authors of The Preppy are the same people who bring you that unintentionally humorous rag, The Poly.

For those of you who normally shirk satire, lest it be in poor taste, allow me to assure you that The Preppy deals with sensitive subjects in a sympathetic, albeit witty light. Alcoholism, arson, and suicide are some of the tactfully-approached subjects. I am awed when I think of the minutes, perhaps even the half hour of careful consideration the staff of The Preppy must have given before writing these articles. I was also amused by the well-placed personal attack on the Sport's Page. What foresight The Preppy's editors must have had--they chose a student to satirize, thus forestalling any outcry.

All in all, The Preppy was a brilliant piece of work, from its tasteful pink and green masthead to its charmingly witty photos and articles. The campus will, no doubt, demand even more high-quality satire in the future, but I can think of no guaranteed future publications that will satisfy their appetite for more.

## Pole sues Poley

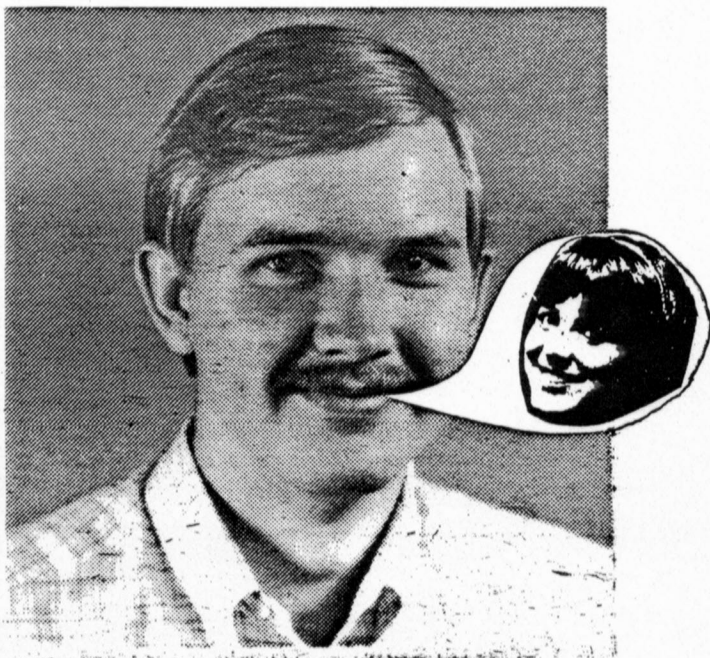
On Friday, April 1, the Poleytecnic was distributed to various locations around Troy. This publication contained an article that was considered by we at the Polemic to be, at very least, slanderous. The article, entitled "Maniacs Flee Asylum, Publish Newspaper", called the Polemic staff such things as "mental vegetables". The Poley also contends that the staff contends that the staff are "avocado-brains". The writers of these fraudulent claims obviously have great contempt toward people of low mental abilities. The Polemic abhors this kind of single-minded prejudice. (We prefer general, wide-scale prejudice.)

(continued on Page 1)

feels that the Hate part of this relationship is very undesirable. She has vowed to bend over backwards to please the administration.

Her other key point, however, is her feeling that sometimes the administration goes too far, and she says she would not be afraid to whip them into shape, to lash them to the student's ideas, and to pound them into submission. After hearing this part of her platform, Lee Swillcox was quick to lend her his endorsement.

We at the Polemic feel that Mora Hanskipanski rates a Nina the Space Cadet Twit rating on the Twit-o-meter.



SPOT BARKS

A member of the "Dick and Janē" Party, Barks is a candidate with a ruff job ahead of him. Jeffy and The Poly have endorsed Mora Hanskipanski, leaving Barks, like Puff the cat, up a tree.

See Spot campaign.

Campaign, Spot, campaign.

See Spot promise the world.

Promise the world, Spot, promise the world.

See Spot lose.

Lose, Spot, lose.

We're sorry, Spot, but we (for once) agree with The Poly. We give Spot a Martha Twit and endorse Mora Hanskipanski for PU.

# The Pole

## EDITORIAL SECTION

Vell, vell, vell. Vot have ve here? An empty shpace! Vot can ve do mit it to further upset Miss O.? Ve vill see... Verdammit! Someone is coming...

Hello! We are the Polemic, your local friendly purveyor of discrimination, slurs, and National Socialist Partyism. Our capable staff of token Jews WMK, REB, and LGAN; token Italians ADR, KJK, CDB, and SAP; token short persons KJK, REB, and EAM; token women SAP, EAM, CIGG, and LGAN; token tall persons DAG and WMK; and several other tokens; are completely nondiscriminatory. That's because there are no non-token people on this rag. Hmpf!!!

Anyway, we are not responsible for anything printed on, around, about, or subliminally corruptive between the lines of this rag.

If you like something, let us know (and we'll be sure to change it).

If you don't like something, let the Poly know (and Miss O. will be sure to change it).

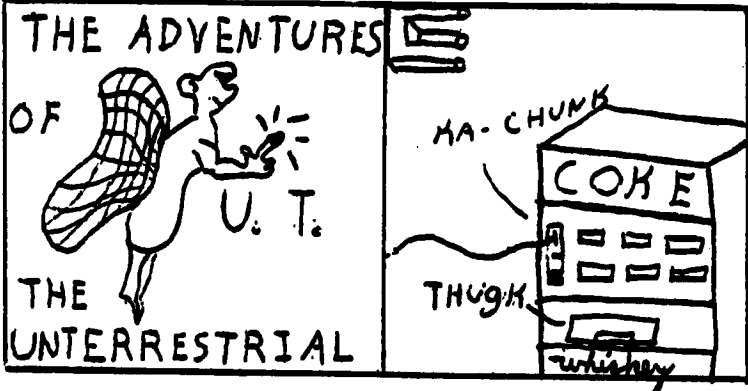
Get in touch with us via MYRON MAIL ("Polemic") or through Campus Mail: 202 Wiltsie House, Stacwyck.

# Pole...

(continued from Page 1)

An official complaint was filed with the J-Board the following Wednesday. The Polemic's J-Board representative is very optimistic about the outcome of the case. He was quoted recently as saying, "Regardless of any truth in the statements, the Poleytecnic had no right to expose the low intelligence of my clients. With the help of Miss O., I'm sure we can rid the campus of this menace." The J-Board will address the case this Friday.

## GM Week in review



# the pole

## EDITORIAL SECTION

# the polemic

Vol. III, No. X

Editor in Chief  
KDJAKG

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Sports Editor

Photography Editor

Composing Editor

Advertising Manager

MFG

DAG

EAM

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KJK

REB

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Staff:

SAP, KMW, CLR, PJK, PDM,

JGS, ALG, GMC, IBM

Business Manager: WMK  
Special Thanks to CMH  
Glue and Razors by Lil' Green Elves

The following staffbox should be read as follows:

Boldface=German Accent

Italic=British Accent

Normal=American Accent

Heilig Gelumpf, ach, ach, ach,  
Der Kommissar Gelumpf . . . Shtop  
zat! Ve vant none ov zat filthy  
Deutschland-Uber-Deutschland sheiste  
in zis not-Nazi-it-was-them-across-the  
hall rag.

Ve vant nice klean shtuff, mit  
no nasti sharp teeth marks of the  
*Cinetus Oppedipus*, which can be  
found on the upper ventral surface  
of the neck, show a clear ability  
to defame even the most noble of  
of characters; Horatio, alas I knew  
him well, one of the characters in  
the cereal of life and love and  
all is fair, huh?

Vell, (Oops none of zat!). Well  
the national Poleist party wants to  
have it be known that, in fact, it  
wasn't us, it was them, across the  
hall. Yo don't believe me, do yo?  
Vell, (Oops, none of zat! It is  
redundant and that was last week.)

Anyway, if you like something, let  
us know. If you don't like something let  
the Poly know. Get in touch with us  
through Myron mail via Polemic, or send  
us a letter via campus mail to:

Polemic  
202 Wiltsie House

And remember all submissions may or may  
not be read in zis Communist and Nazi  
publication and all submissions and sub  
versions become the indisputable property  
of ze Troy sanitation department.

Zieg Heil!

Just a  
phone call  
away...

hot, mouth watering  
Sagie! Made with our  
special blend of sauce  
topped with your favorite  
items!

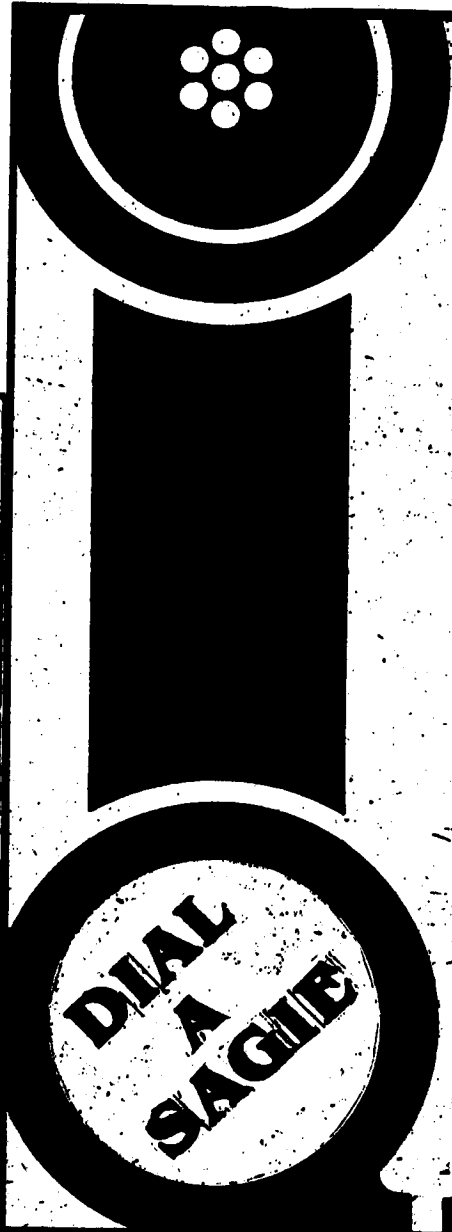
We'll deliver your hot,  
delicious Sagie to your  
door within thirty  
minutes at no additional  
charge.

We're number one in  
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Ask about our party  
discounts!

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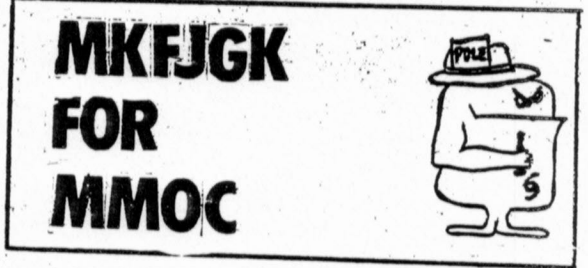
Prices do not include  
applicable sales tax.



**NEEDS**  
LITTLE SISTER



**AND YOU THOUGHT**  
**the pole ytecnic**  
**WAS MEAN???**



... because next week,  
it could be YOU!

### Cereal

"I'm not used to this kind of physical workout," panted Martha. "It isn't easy to run around all over the place while carrying your child when you've only got 6-inch legs. And on top of that, Oeddie has started chanting 'Feed Me!' and 'Must Be Blood! Must Be Fresh!'. At least I'm in BARH where no one will notice." In the distance, she could hear members of WRPI practicing for the Field Day Chariot Race.

Sid was very upset. He still could not find his family and had no idea where to look. Suddenly, he got an idea. He picked up the phone and called IPAC.

"Burma!", Dave exclaimed. "If we don't turn Myron back on and get out of here I'll never get my computer project done." "Wait a minute," stated a confused Jon, "I'm the character in this saga that has a computer project due. Just look in The Polemic Vol.III Number VII, and Vol.II Numbers VIII & XI." Dave was even more confused than Jon. "But according to The Polemic Vol.III Number IX, I'm the one with the Data Structures project, and in Vol. III Number I, I've also got a Comp. Lang. project due," he declared.

But before he could completely lose his mind, a spectre appeared in the doorway. It moved incredibly slowly and was covered with duct tape. "What in the name of Doris Davis are you?", inquired a stunned Jon. "I am the Ghost of Godot," the creature replied. "In turning Myron off, you have unleashed me. My slowness shall infect the entire campus. From now on, it will take at least half an hour to get a beer anywhere on campus, and that's when there's no line. And that's just the beginning..." The vision raved on. "Oh No," thought Jon, "now the fuments will really hit the windmill."

"Say, isn't that a baby Tyrannosaurus Rex you've got there? We're on the lookout for one." "No, Mr. Peace Officer, it only bears a remarkable resemblance to a baby Tyrannosaurus Rex," explained Martha. "By the way, could you direct me to 202 Wiltsie House?" "Sure thing, Miss. It's right up there; just watch out for the WRPI Chariot, they're pulling like they're stonos or something." Martha set off to confront her destiny, her way lit by a brightly glowing Houston Field House.

