

the polemic

Volume III, Number VI

The Pole - Page Ho!

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

Exclusive Pole Interview : Santa

At the Colonie Mall this week, this reporter had the opportunity to interview St. Nicholas, the man known to children as Santa Claus. The following are excerpts from the conversation. The subject matter may be inappropriate for children, expectant mothers, or people with weak hearts.

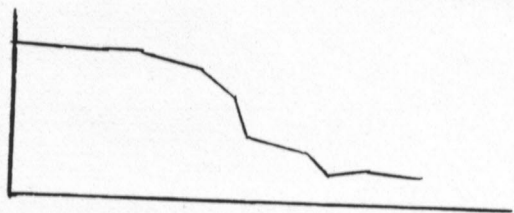
Polemic: Hello.

Santa: Hello, nice to meet you. Ho, ho, ho!

Pole: Enough small talk, isn't it true that you are infact a user of illicit substances, a veritable junkie?

Santa: I've swear I never used the stuff. Ho,ho (half-hearted and obviously insincere).

Pole: Here is a graph of the value of the gifts I've received for the last 10 years:



Why the sudden drop off in 1975?

Santa: Production costs, transportation, increase in world population, infl...

Pole: Yeah, right. Mr. Nicholas could you tell me why your elves are so merry? Why are you so jolly? Why does Mrs. Claus appear so listless? Why do your reindeer fly.

Santa: Well, uh ...

Pole: Is it true that you've started shopping at Curtis Mathes and Fay's? Why, Mr. Nicholas, why? Is the white stuff on your suit really snow?



Is this the vein of the future? Must Santa stoop to this to handle the Christmas 'Rush'. Reaction.

Santa: Well, uh...

Pole: Do your Christmas presents really come from the North Pole? Instead of milk and cookies should the children leave heroin and a syringe? Well, Mr. Claus? Speak into the microphone please.

(Continued on page E)

Santa Shot Down in Communist Atrocity

Last week the Russians were, once again, forced to admit a mistake. The United States Department of Defense reported that the Soviets shot down Santa Clause as he flew over Asia last week.

During the attack, which was waged with the latest Sidewinder reindeer-droppings-seeking missiles, Donner and Blitzen were both badly wounded. They are currently in St. Nicholas' Hospital where they are both listed in guarded condition.

The Official Russian News Agency TASS acknowledged the mistake and announced at an international press conference that, "We thought he was a threat to our security, a Korean passenger plane or maybe a spy plane. We tried to radio him but he did not respond. Then following the policies which the Americans have set forth, we sent a plane up there to look at him. He was wearing a uniform, however; so we nailed him with some missiles. As you can see, it was all just a big misunderstanding."

The President of the United States made this statement: "The use of ground-to-reindeer missiles is in direct violation of the SALT II treaty. How can I negotiate with them after this?"

When asked if the reindeer would still be able to deliver gifts at Christmas, Santa said, "Oh, I'm sure they will. Just give them a little magic corn and they'll do anything. Ho, Ho, Ho."

Santa Sues Stores To Save His Reputation

Last week in a surprise news conference, Ann Bulancechaser, the attorney for Santa Claus, announced that St. Nicholas has filed several lawsuits.

According to Ms. Bulancechaser, "Santa is very upset about recent advertising which suggests that his toys are not still made at the North Pole. Consequently, he is suing Fay's, Bradless, and Curtis Mathes for misrepresentation, libel, and copyright violations. Each suit is for the sum of 10 million dollars.

"The ads in question," she continued, "each show footage of a Santa shopping at their stores and imply that he is purchasing Christmas gifts. St. Nicholas has many witnesses who will confirm that he still makes all of his toys in his workshop. We will be calling Rudolph and Blitzen to the stand as expert witnesses."

Representatives of all of the stores have refused to comment.

(Continued from page M)

Santa: OK, enough. I confess. But, please let me explain. When I first started, I just had a small route. But, Christmas caught on and soon I was faced with production and transportation problems. At this time a gentleman named Winter Warlock approached me with a solution. He offered me a substance which he called magic corn. He said it would make my reindeer fly. Christmas was approaching fast and I had no idea how I would deliver all of the presents to all of the people.

So, against my better judgement, I gave my reindeer the corn. It worked like a charm too. It even made Rudolph's nose glow. With that corn, my reindeer could go all the way around the world in just a few hours. And, when I saw the happy faces of all the children, I thought I had made the right choice.

Although my transportation problems were solved, I still had to make millions of gifts for the children. I had to make the elves work long hours. At first they accepted it, but, soon they were talking of a "job action". So, I slipped a little of that corn in their milk and they were singing and dancing again.

The pressure on me was enormous though. I had deadlines to meet, letters to answer, personal appearances. So, yes, soon even I tried some.

Recently, though, I've had new problems to face. Reindeer sleep all day, the elves are always twitching and their production is down.

Polemic: Do you have anything to say to all the children who have idolized you for years?

Santa: Yes, I'm sorry. I did it all to live up to your expectations. You put too much pressure on me, I just couldn't deal with the fame. Being a Saint is hard work. (sob)

Santa was also unavailable for comment. He is on a business trip to Columbia.

Mrs. Claus however did have a comment. "Santa was not buying toys at these stores, he was just doing research. OK, maybe he did make some purchases, but they were just things that we needed around the house: garbage bags, light bulbs, and toilet paper."

Mrs. Claus also maintained that the toys are still handmade by elves and delivered by flying reindeer.

More as it develops.

Jingle Hell

Dashing 'cross the 'Tute,
I am late to class.
O'er the bridge I go,
Falling on my ass.
Chimes on Union ring,
Making spirits slight,
What fun it is to bag a class
I've got the test tonight!

Refrain

Oh, jingle hell, jingle hell,
We are at the 'Tute;
Tests are hard, the food is bad,
The girls are not that cute.

Oh, jingle hell, jingle hell,
We are at the 'Tute;
Tests are hard, the food is bad,
The girls are not that cute.

A day or two ago,
I went to take a test.
I knew the stuff so well,
I thought I did my best.
I got the test today
It's worse than I can say,
I guess next year I'll be
enjoying life at SUNY-A!

Refrain

Oh Little Town of Troy, NY

Oh little town of Troy NY
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy waste and rubble loom
Green roofs of RPI.

Yet in thy dark streets roameth,
The students all in fright,
It's finals week at Rensselaer
And no one sleeps tonight.

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with reams of Polys,
Blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah, blah blah.
'Tis the season for their follies,
Ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha, ha ha.
Club we now our gay alliance,
La la la, la la la, la la la.
Print their names in their defiance,
Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah, nyah nyah, nayh nyah.

Now they are called L A A R,
La la la la la, la la, la la.
But we know queers are what they are,
Blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah, blah blah.
One of them is named Dave Torrey,
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha ha.
But that's only half the story,
Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah, nyah nyah, nyah nyah.

Look in the office of UPAC,
Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
Homosex'uals aren't what they lack,
La la la la la, la la, la la.
With their club and speaker's forum,
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha ha.
It is hard now to ignore 'em,
Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah, nyah nyah, nyah nyah.

Troy Police Are Coming to Town

You better not speed, You better not crash,
You better not tailgate and cause whiplash.
Troy Police are coming to town.

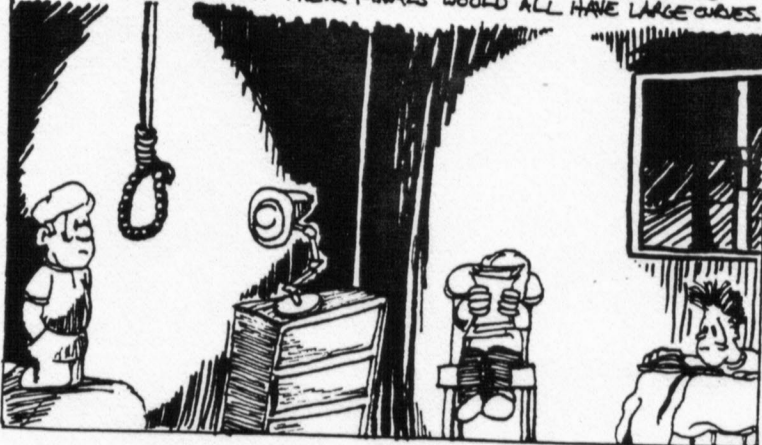
They're making a deck of tickets they've dealt,
For all those Troylets who wore no seat belt.
Troy Police are coming to town.

They see you when you're driving,
They know you've had a few,
They know you have no license,
So you know where they'll throw you!

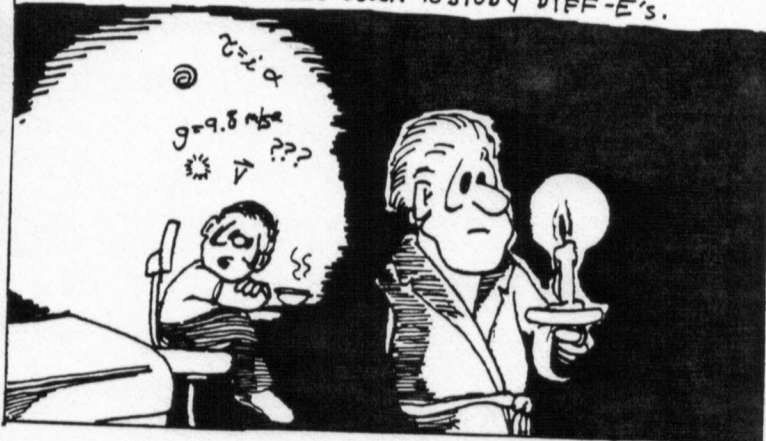
They drive their fast cars, with flashy red lights;
Make a quick left and watch them go right.
Troy Police are coming to town.

They're grateful to us, the students of Troy,
To always get caught and keep them employed.
Troy Police are coming to town!

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL ACROSS THE TUTE NOT A CREATURE WAS SLEEPING, NOT EVEN A NEWT. THE STUDENTS WERE HUDDLED DOWNSTAIRS AT RESERVES IN HOPES THAT THEIR FINALS WOULD ALL HAVE LARGE CURVES.



THE FRESHMEN SAT UP AND STARED AT THEIR BEDS WHILE COFFEE AND PHYSICS PLAYED GAMES WITH THEIR HEADS. IN BATHROBE AND SLIPPERS AND LONG BVD'S I HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN TO STUDY DIFF-E'S.



WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEARD SOMEONE KNOCK, SO I PUT DOWN MY BOOKS AND LOOKED AT THE CLOCK. AT A QUARTER TO THREE I DON'T EXPECT GUESTS, ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN TOOLING FOR TESTS.



I OPENED THE DOOR AND TO MY SURPRISE A CURIOUS CREATURE LOOKED ME IN THE EYES. HE WAS SHORT AND FAT, WITH A SUIT WHICH WAS RED, A WHITE BEARD AND LARGE GLASSES ENCIRCLED HIS HEAD.

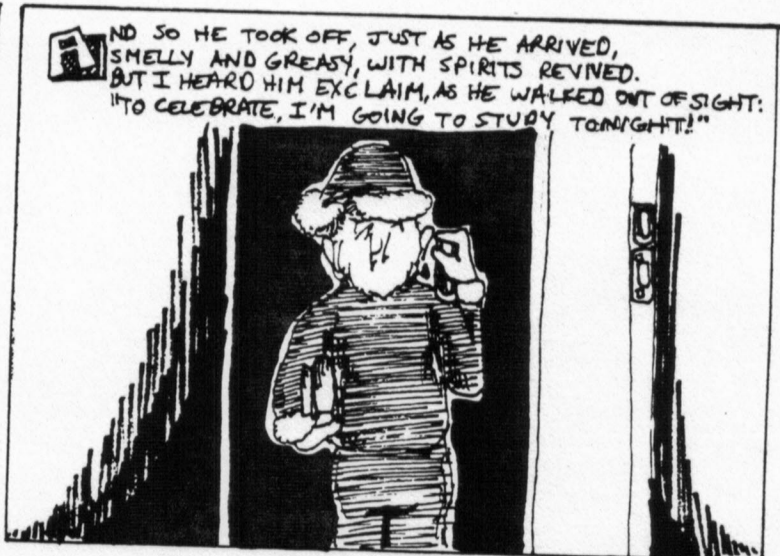
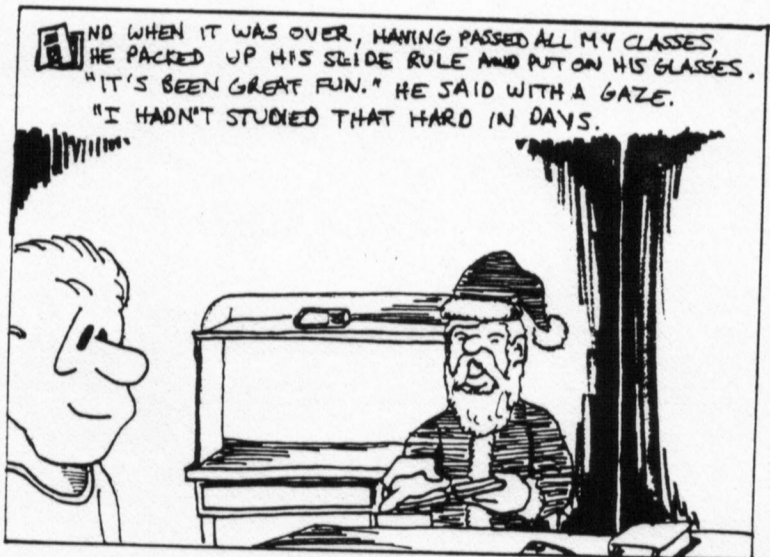
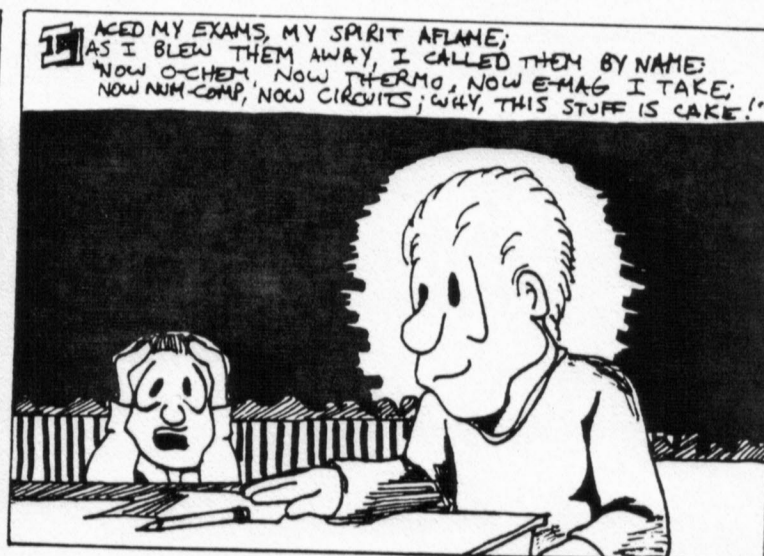
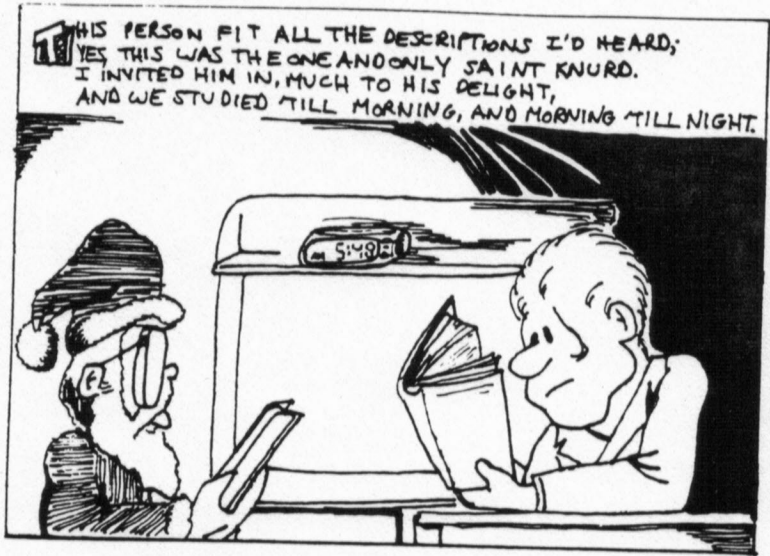


HIS CLOTHES WERE TOO LARGE AND HE NEEDED A SHOWERING HIS HAIR FULL OF GREASE AND HIS SMELL, OVERPOWERING. "GOOD EVENING," HE SAID WITH A JOLLY OLD SMILE, "PERHAPS I COULD COME IN AND STAY FOR A WHILE?"



DO YOU'VE SEEN FROM YOUR RECORD YOUR DOWN IN THE DUMPS: YOU NEED LOTS OF HELP TO PASS THERMO AND LUMPS." AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, A VISION APPEARED OF A FAT, JOLLY MAN WITH A GREASY WHITE BEARD.





The First F-Test

The first F-test, the proctors did say,
 Was to certain poor freshmen on pavement they's lay
 On pavement they'd lay, under the JEC,
 Having jumped from the eighth floor so vectors they'd be.

Faster, faster, it's such a sure fate
 Negative vectors accelerate

The first F-test the shepherds were scared,
 The sheep were so nervous hoping they would be spared,
 Hoping they would be spared, the poor Renss'lear sheep,
 'Cause the woman are scarce and the livestock is cheap.

Baah, Baah; Oh little Bo Peep,
 Now we know why she lost her sheep.

We TAs From Orient Are

We TAs from Orient are,
To give tests we've travelled so far,
Lumps and Circuits, Thermo, Emag; We
look like we're dipped in tar.

Refrain

Oh, Math and Physics we all teach,
In Swahili we all preach,
Ever grading never aiding
Students who for points beseach.

For our fun our students we fail,
At our office do-or they quail,
"Here's some joints, now give me points,"
Don't they know we don't inhale?

Refrain

Some day when we've had our fill,
We'll go home the US to kill,
Building Hondas, ICs, computers
Beat you we Chinese will.

Refrain

The Twelve Days Of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My TA gave to me:

Twelve percent a-failing,
Eleven vectors leaping,
Ten times more tuition,
Nine ROTCs marching,
Eight finals Friday,
Seven Senators sleeping,
Six Sagies laying,

FIVE DAYS OF QUICHE!

Four falling knurds,
Three French pucks,
A two-faced Wilcox,
And a 'Tute Screw in the CC.

The Christmas Prong

Textbooks roasting on an open fire,
Notebooks sizzle there as well.
Yuletide carols being sung by the Pole,
Hoping that prescriptions will sell.

Everybody knows a 3.0 and no projects due,
Help to make the season bright.
Half-crazed kids with exams in the morn
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that failure's on its way,
It is a sure fire way to kill a holiday,
And every physics knurd is gonna try,
To see if vectors really know how to fly.

And so we're offering this free advice,
To those who in the Commons eat:
Although it's been done many times many ways,
Burn your textbooks, and cheat.

Let It Blow, Let It Blow, Let It Blow

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,
But my bed is so delightful;
It's just a lecture you know
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow!

I really don't feel like going,
And the A-Team will be showing;
Since labs are always so slow
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow!

It is getting so late at night,
How I hate to knurd out in this dorm.
The infirm'ry is close in sight,
There I could stay nice and warm.

My spirit is slowly dying;
With my grades I should be crying.
It's only an F-test so
Let it blow, let it blow, let it blow!

the pole

EDITORIAL SECTION

the polemic

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Special thanks to CER

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The Little Dumber Boy

Come, they told me	(pa rumpa pum pu
We're a prestigious school	"
We have a hockey team	"
We have a laser lab	" " "

You will be happy here	"
People will hire you	"
So there aren't women here	"
People will hire you!	" " "

So the school's in Troy	"
We're near Schenectady	"
So the weather's cold	"
People will hire you!	" " "

I guess I'll have to come	"
No one else wanted me	"
Can I have financial aid?	"
"Sorry, no can do"	" " "

"Will you come anyway?"	"
I guess I'll have to come	"
No one else wanted me	"
No one else wanted me	" "

I guess I'll have to come	"
I'm so dumb.	"

Harry the Physics Teacher

Harry the physics teacher,
Had a very raspy breath;
And if you ever heard it,
You would say he's fighting death.

All of the other teachers,
All had sinuses so clear;
They never know old Harry,
Never knew the taste of beer.

Then one foggy finals night,
Alan came to say,
Harry come down to the Rat,
Drink some beer and have a chat.

Now Harry breathes so normal,
Alcohol his wheeze did hush;
Now there is just one problem,
Harry's turned into a lush.

Architects' Song

(Sing to *Here We Come A-Wassalling*)

Here we live a project-ing, within the Building Greene;
Here we stay escaping reality obscene.

Architects live in Greene,
For five years we won't be seen,
By the rest of the students here we always are ignored,
It's a major that has to be endured.

We won't make lots of money, and a job we might not see
But we had fun while building the boats for HRC.

Architects live in Greene,
For five years we won't be seen,
With our projects and studios we always have been here,
We're insane but we always have been here.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas (II)

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
Father wore them for weeks and they needed the air.

The children were nestled twelve in a bed,
We didn't have pillows they used each other's heads.

With I in my kerchief and Ma in her cap,
She looked like a peasant and I felt like a sap.
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I swore at my wife, "What the hell is the matter?"

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tripped over her slippers, hit my head on the sash.
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But jolly Uncle Charlie and a sleigh full of beer.

A little old man so lively and quick,
Was helping Uncle Charlie who had just gotten sick.
He couldn't feel a thing from his head to his shoes,
He had presents for everyone: booze, booze, booze.

He said, "Let me in, now be a good man,
I've had too much to drink and I must use the can."
I went to the door but it all was in vain,
For the pants of his suit showed a widening stain.

The puddle beneath him as he turned to go
Came not from his breath melting the snow.
I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
"I'm going to Elda's, it's open all night!"

You Better Watch Out

You better watch out, you stay in your seat,
Even though it's so easy to cheat.
The TAs are watching for you.

You look at your feet, the writing's so neat,
Make sure they don't detect that cheat sheet.
The TAs are watching for you.

They'll see you when you signal
The answers on page four,
They'll find the notes you've carved
Into the boards within the floor.

So, You better watch out, it's so hard to beat,
Getting good grades means you have to cheat.
The TAs are watching for you.

Sports

Silent Night

Silent night, finals night,
Students knurd, deep in fright,
Ugly virgins forget about sex,
While they study their Mechanics text,
Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!
Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!

Mrs. Clause A Nymphomaniac

Santa kissed Mrs. Claus goodbye and boarded the sleigh for another Merry Christmas. It would be the standard fare: he would zip right in and out, bringing joy and good tidings to all and brightening so many young childrens' hearts. So with a mighty "Ho Ho" his sleigh and his gifts lifted from the ground and into the darkening sky.

A few hours later, Santa was in the United States, after travelling through most of the world. But the night was young, and the lights and decorations of one small house invigorated him. He descended the chimney, all bright and cheery, and dusted himself off. To his surprise a little girl was waiting anxiously.

"Why hello, little girl," he said with a sparkle in his eye. "Have you been good this year?"

"Uh huh . . . real good. I been a good girl, Santa," she replied.

"Well then, Santa will just have to see what he has in his bag for you." He smiled and pulled out his list, found the girl's name and looked in the bag. But the gift was not there. He called up the chimney for the elves to take a look. A few minutes later they called back, "no luck."

A tear formed in the little girl's eye, and Santa, too, became depressed.

"Well, I'll just have to go back to the North Pole, seeing you were such a good girl, and get you your gift."

The girl lighted up, as hope leaped into her heart.

"I'll be back before the night is over," he called and ascended the chimney.

Santa rushed his deliveries, racing undaunted through storms and snow. Finally he was done, having only to pick up the little girl's gift and return to spirit her christmas.

Upon arriving home, things were strangely quiet and deserted. "Well, I've never been back so early, and everyone is probably tired after all that work," he thought, walking towards the house.

Yet he heard strange noises from within the house, and screams of pleasure and pain in Mrs. Claus' voice.

"I wonder what could be going on inside," he thought.

We Wish You a Sharpened Tute Screw

We wish you a sharpened Tute Screw,
We wish you a sharpened Tute Screw,
We wish you a sharpened Tute Screw,
And a foreign TA.

Good tidings we bring for you and your test,
Finals week is cancelled so we all can rest.

Now if you should all believe us,
Now if you should all believe us,
Now if you should all believe us,
We'll sell you a bridge.

Bad tidings we bring for students and all,
Finals Week is over; we'll see you next fall.

He opened the door and headed for the bedroom, where he stood, mouth wide open. For, on the bed, 29 naked elves were swarming all over Mrs. Claus' body. She seemed in ecstasy, as did the elves, who were performing acts Santa only witnessed on the small VCR in the elves lounge late at night. He fumed, then screamed. Everyone looked up, and screamed in unison.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Claus.

Santa quickly ran outside and pulled a hatchet from a stump, and raced back in. Meticulously he butchered the elves, chasing them across the grounds and through the building. Bodies and heads lay everywhere and screams could be heard echoing throughout the wilderness.

Santa returned to his room only to find Mrs. Claus gone. He raced outside again, to find his wife and a reindeer in a very peculiar position. Rudolf's nose was lit up brighter than ever before.

Santa raised his hatchet . . .