I’m going to take the time to tell you a little about my new favorite game on campus: WRPI Roulette. Every time I get into my car, I tune the radio to 91.5 FM to hear just what interesting music is playing. Some days it sounds like a chair pushed down some stairs, sometimes like obscure cat tail-pulling. Most days, however, it’s something that I either cock my head at or ask the DJ for the song name so that I can listen to it repeatedly, and thus it sets in my head. In fact, the consistency is so weak with WRPI that it’s difficult to guess what kind of song comes next. It’s great! It’s like putting random ingredients on a pizza and seeing how it tastes. Sometimes it’s good, sometimes not, but you love the fact that you tried. Speaking of loving the fact that you tried, this issue is full of surprises. For starters, we have a feature on the best and worst of RPI this year. I already gave my ‘Best Radio Station in the Area’ award. So flip a few pages and check that out.

Some days it sounds like a chair pushed into my car, I tune the radio to 91.5 FM to hear just what interesting music is playing. Some days it sounds like a chair pushed down some stairs, sometimes like obscure cat tail-pulling. Most days, however, it’s something that I either cock my head at or ask the DJ for the song name so that I can listen to it repeatedly, and thus it sets in my head. In fact, the consistency is so weak with WRPI that it’s difficult to guess what kind of song comes next. It’s great! It’s like putting random ingredients on a pizza and seeing how it tastes. Sometimes it’s good, sometimes not, but you love the fact that you tried. Speaking of loving the fact that you tried, this issue is full of surprises. For starters, we have a feature on the best and worst of RPI this year. I already gave my ‘Best Radio Station in the Area’ award. So flip a few pages and check that out.

Then come back and finish reading the memo. Then go through the rest of the issue. Perhaps you’ll find news on the ‘86 Field or an article about road tripping. Either way, it’s been a fun semester. I hope all you readers do well on your finals and have a wonderful, enjoyable, productive summer. Thanks for reading.

~Dan

=:-(

By Dan Scheffler

Memo from the Editor:

Broadcasting On All Frequencies

Starter & Waldorf

The Ampersand Awards

Best photo caption of the year

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16 Selections

Published fortnightly while classes are in session by the students of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. All submissions for selections are due the Monday before publication. Please see our webpage: http://sw.union.rpi.edu for more information.

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`86 Redux: Designing RPI’s New Front Yard

by John Wallace

Recently, the School of Architecture hosted one of its design charrettes. The term ‘charrette’ derived from a practice of the École des Beaux-Arts during the 19th century, refers to the completion of a project in a tremendously compressed span of time. At the École, upon the arrival of the deadline, a small cart would be sent around the studio to collect the projects; in many cases, students ran alongside— or climbed onto—the cart in order to finish their work. Past charrettes at RPI have touched on a variety of issues; most recently sustainability on campus. This year, however, the topic addressed was perhaps the broadest, most immediate one yet: the historic 96 Field.

During a 40-hour period during the latter half of Grand Marshal Week, six teams of students were called upon to create what Mark Mistur, associate dean of the School of Architecture and an organizer of the charrette, called ‘your ideal 96 Field.’ Mistur further noted that the end results of the charrette—and the underlying concepts—would be studied by the administration to create a ‘collaboration of concepts.’ Some may view the concept of a charrette peculiar, if not outright masochistic; however, in this case, it fostered the sorts of imaginative ideas so frequently overlooked during a long, extended process. Indeed, the charrette is not the norm in any American architectural program. The intensity and clarity of the work generated reflects the intensity of the process.

From the beginning, it was evident that large, permanent buildings would not be allowed on the field, which, for nearly a century, has served RPI as a space for athletic, ROTC, and general campus-wide events; however, smaller buildings in the same general fashion as the old Clubhouse (the first Student Union, replaced by Lally Hall and demolished in the 1930s), would be acceptable. This did not prevent several groups from devising some other bizarre concepts during the Thursday evening brainstorming session, such as a wave pool, dairy farm, or retractable roof. After the introductory meeting and brainstorming session, the students were split into six groups, each headed by Architecture professors. David Riebe, one of the team leaders, reminded his group that the charrette ‘was a big deal; on this campus, long-term development plans rarely involve the School of Architecture . . . but we are an architecture school. That’s what we do.’

By Friday morning, evidence of all-new ideas and concepts were clearly apparent: the buffet tables set up in front of the windows of the second-floor gallery had been picked clean, and heaps of tracing paper, pencil shavings, and bassword littered the floor. Most of Thursday night had been given over to planning the overarching strategy for each group; throughout the following 30 hours was devoted to elaborating on this strategy. One group decided to shift the main axis of campus from the Public Safety-Ch.I-JEC corridor to the path running through Quad. Another decided to carve a habitat for an endangered species of butterfly out of the large, empty-paved area near the former scoreboard, and yet another chose to bring a borough south from the neighboring mold; all the while, usualy empty plaza in front of DCC. Each group created dramatically different responses to the same general question: “Given a historic ex-football field, what would you do to it to preserve it as an open space?”

Despite the general lack of sleep, as Friday became Saturday, the groups continued working at a feverish pace in order to finalize their documents and models, continuing to add little scale trees and correct sketches and presentation notes right up until 2 a.m., when the jury—comprised of President Jackson, Provost Palazzo, and Vice Presidents Berman and Rounds—arrived.

During the presentation, the jury, President Jackson especially, made a variety of thoughtful comments—and compliments—toward the various design proposals; the President noted that all of the plans could ‘bring life into a space . . . where there currently is none’, effectively engaging the entire campus. The presentation and critique was a striking sight seen far too infrequently at Rensselaer; a meeting of the minds between student, faculty, and administrator in order to address a situation close at hand in a mutually beneficial manner.

Indeed, at the heart of the CLASS Initiative lies a strong desire to unite members of the Rensselaer community at all levels; the charrette process was a true example of this concept of a ‘concurrency of talent.’ The fact that such collaborative efforts (though somewhat less intensive than the charrette system) are normal in the School of Architecture makes it an ideal and worthy prototype for CLASS.

desired result. Indeed, as a senior member of Dr. Jackson’s Cabinet remarked some time ago, “The closeness of the School of Architecture is something we would like to emulate and expand upon throughout the rest of Rensselaer through the CLASS Initiative.” Such change, however, will take years, if not decades, to enact, though the studio culture of a school of Architecture develops naturally through the very organization of such a school, generating such cohesion anywhere else will require many iterations—and some time—to achieve properly.

By holding a serious charrette focused on such an important campus location, the School of Architecture and RPI’s administrators have thoroughly broken the mold; the charrette process had not had much involvement in the design of the Rensselaer campus before the EMPAC contest. Admittedly, senior faculty drew up the plans for the East Wing of the ‘87 Gym, and an Architecture grad was partially responsible for the JEC— not, generally speaking, a promising endorsement. However, since Dr. Jackson’s arrival at RPI, the School has had a much greater role in shaping the campus, and it has repeatedly opened these opportunities to the RPI community at large; the “We welcome all members of the Rensselaer community to generally” was first used in a sign on most posters generated by the School of Architecture.

None of the work put forth by the School of Architecture during the charrette will, in all likelihood, be built as planned. However, the final result—which Provost Palazzo tentatively dubbed the ‘Great Park of Rensselaer’—will almost certainly contain elements of the plans put forth by those whom Dr. Jackson termed ‘focused, brilliant, hardworking, and creative”: the students, faculty, and administrators who took the initiative to become involved in a unique process yielding brilliant results.
CLASS Change

by John Wallace

Ever since the tension-charged CLASS Initiative student discussion meeting in late January, a group of RPI student representatives have been touring the schools whose programs are considered “role models” for the CLASS Initiative; most notably, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Middlebury College, and Yale University. Recently, this group presented their findings.

MIT, Middlebury, and Yale all have residential commons clusters similar to that which RPI hopes to create through the CLASS Initiative, but a variety of serious differences exist between all four institutions. In both Cambridge and New Haven, real estate is extremely expensive; many students gravitate towards on-campus housing to save money. Middlebury is located several miles from towns of any consequence; off-campus residential infrastructure is essentially nonexistent. RPI is located in the midst of a former industrial town with generally abundant, inexpensive off-campus housing.

RPI’s dormitories are also generally different from the commons model present at MIT, Middlebury, and Yale, whose dormitories tend to be clustered around small-scale dining halls. RPI’s dormitories are scattered across campus. RPI’s dormitories are also low-density, with the exception of Quad, Freshman Life, and E-Complex; most notably the RAHPs, as well as decrepit ones (North Hall and E-Complex) will have to be removed and replaced by higher-density dormitories closer to campus. North Lot would be an ideal place to construct a residential complex and underground parking deck. The expansion of the Health Center will also be crucial. Residential costs will also need to be brought under control, as many RPI students can find cheaper housing in Troy, they will gravitate away from campus.

What truly sets RPI apart is its severe lack of on-campus residential and support facilities. Until the construction of Biotech, for instance, the Student Health Center was situated in a building added to make long-term investments in campus infrastructure—not just create commons. The needlessly traumatic housing lottery process was instituted in the 1960s to replace a sign-up system alarmingly similar to Hockey Line; at the time, it was only supposed to be in use until the opening of the Peoples’ Avenue Residence Facilities, an “adaptive reuse” of an old Catholic orphanage. The oil crisis of the 1970s—as well as the discovery of major structural problems—led to the demolition of the Peoples’ Avenue Complex, and RPI’s plan to house students in something resembling a French castle was quietly forgotten.

For CLASS to succeed, RPI will have to make long-term investments in campus infrastructure—not just create commons. In both Cambridge and New Haven, real estate is extremely expensive; many students gravitate towards on-campus housing to save money. Middlebury is located several miles from towns of any consequence; off-campus residential infrastructure is essentially nonexistent. RPI is located in the midst of a former industrial town with generally abundant, inexpensive off-campus housing.

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Spontaneous Saturdays

Travel Tips to Get Away from Troy
by Kat Foley

If you don’t have access to a car, you can stop reading now before you get too depressed about your inability to escape this office and the Hudson. If you do have access to a car, read on for adventures less than a day away.

Woodstock Museum
Location: Bethel Woods, NY
Distance from Troy: About 3 hours
Cost: $13
For those of you who don’t already know, America’s epic concert did not actually take place in the town of Woodstock, but in Bethel Woods. The location is still a concert venue, with huge grassy knolls rolling down to the stage area and a memorial to the famous event. The museum is the coolest site paying tribute to everything about the music festival from concept to cleanup. It’s a must-see for any music lover, and you shouldn’t definitely go ready to argue music and politics with aging hippies and bikers.

Saratoga Springs
Distance from Troy: About 45 minutes
Cost: Free
You can get your fortune told, learn some voodoo, or just get your face painted. There’s a pirate museum, a witch trials museum, and other crazy (but semi-historical) tributes.

Plotter Kill Preserve
Location: Rotterdam, NY
Distance from Troy: About 20 minutes
Cost: $8
This is the prettiest hike in Upstate NY. After crossing a river and hiking two miles, you reach a set of three waterfalls, as large as 60 feet. Bring a map of the park, your camera, and waterproof shoes.

Storm King Sculpture Park
Location: Mountainville, NY
Distance from Troy: About 2 hours
Cost: $10
Nothing says relaxation like wandering around 500 acres of outdoor art. With over 100 large-scale outdoor sculptures, a visit to Storm King Art Center is a little more entertaining than a normal old hike. Bring a camera for the makings of a greatFacebook album.

Saratoga Springs
Distance from Troy: About 45 minutes
Cost: Free
It’s seven in the morning, the sun is just dragged myself to Biotech. I sleepily fumble around my cabinets, trying to get the bars and clubs downtown. Buy a drink for a 5th grade student.

Apple Picking at Goold Orchards
Location: Castleton, NY
Distance from Troy: ½ hour
Cost: $8
I roll down the road Pick-Your-Own. If you live in Upstate New York and you haven’t been apple picking, you are missing out. You can go to any number of Upstate New York’s apple orchards and pick your own apples (all different kinds), enjoy apple cider (regular or hard), apple cider donuts, apple pie, and all things apple. I am an apple-picking nut, and my personal favorite is Goold Orchards, because they have the best apple cider donuts, the nicest orchards, and aren’t too far away.

Montreal
Distance from Troy: 4 hours + crossing-the-border time
Cost: Going to Montreal is like a cheap trip to Europe. The city’s got a distinct flair of “foreign.” Everyone speaks English, but will speak to you first in French. Part of the city are old and paved in cobblestone. “Free Quebec” can be found on the streets. The city itself has great food, nightclubs, bars, and museums. Ottawa and Quebec City are cool too, but Montreal is the Awesome Canadian City prize.

Seven to Six
A Day in the Lab
by Dance Cook
It’s seven in the morning, and I just dragged myself to Biotech. I sleepily fumble around my cabinets, trying to get into the building. To get to my office, I walk past a sign taken straight from District 9 except edited down to 2D. I throw my stuff down and head to the lab to begin my eleven-hour day of terror.

I meet my research professor, Dr. Barquera, at the shaker to grab the cultures that we’re going to supersplice. I ended up in the Barquera lab by a recommendation from a friend. He knew I was interested in microbiology and suggested that I talk to him. After meeting with him and discussing our mutual love for all things microbes, I had an undergraduate research project.

We head downstairs to the microbiology core, inoculate the one liter of skim milk to measure the initial cell count, and put them in the big shakers to grow. By the time we head back upstairs, it’s been almost eight and Oscar saunters in.

Oscar is a post-doc who pretends to be a big meanie, but on the inside he’s really just a giant teddy bear. He makes fun of everyone around him, but it’s all in jest. Between him and Mike, it’s like a part of the graduate student tradition. There are all kinds of pranks and jokes going around the office. There’s a picture of Oscar the Grouch in his trashcan on the door to the other office. For a while there was also a graph on the wall that plotted number of days versus coolness. Everyone in the lab was plotted in various places, with Oscar at the corner of the bottom left. Dr. Barquera at the very corner of the top right, and myself in the top right quadrant. In addition to people from the lab, other characters such as Vida, Oprah, and Buddha were listed.

While my cells are growing downstairs, I head to the lab with Oscar to start purifying my cells from a previous growth. My hands are shaking from hunger, and Oscar keeps asking if I’m nervous. When I respond that I’m just hungry, he asks me why I’m blushing, to which I respond that I am not—I have rosy cheeks. He got quite a kick out of that and from then on called me Roxy Cheeks. (He got quite a kick out of that and from then on called me Roxy Cheeks. Until he found out I’m from Dallas. Now I’m Roxy.)

As we continue our procedures, Dr. Barquera comes in to ask how things are going. Her interactions with Oscar are always enjoyable as it is a mix between her Spanish, Irish, and English. Dr. Barquera playfully scowling, and Oscar laughing.

We finish up our work in the lab and walk back to the office. I spend the rest of my day working—watching old episodes of House, M.D.—and checking my cells every half hour to make sure they’re growing properly.

Around 6 PM, my day comes to an end. I bust my cells open, collect their insides, and freeze them. I then head home to eat some much-needed food.

Beer Review:
Tripel—$5.99 (11.2 oz.)
St. Bernardus

by Hawthorne Drasher
Since we are once again on the precipice of summer, it’s time to change the styles we stock our beer shelves with. Usually I neglect the process of swapping burly beers for lighter ones, but in some cases you can make the appropriate substitutions without sacrificing flavor. One such example brings us to Belgium for the tasty—and more seasonally appropriate—treat known as the Belgian Tripel.

The Belgian Triple is a strong, golden ale that features the spicy, boozy complexity of stronger Belgian Ales but has a lighter, more translucent, goldenrod color with some yeast swirling around from the bottle conditioning. The beer poured into a snifter, is a very nice, a replica of a working brewery.

Saragossa Springs
Distance from Troy: About 45 minutes
Cost: Free
The Saragossa Springs Triple is another one of those examples. The triple is stronger than the typical Belgian Ale but has a lighter flavor profile. The Saragossa Springs Tripel is a strong, golden ale that features the spicy, boozy complexity of stronger Belgian Ales but has a lighter, more translucent, goldenrod color with some yeast swirling around from the bottle conditioning. The beer poured into a snifter, is a very nice, yellowish straw color.

This beer was created with the balance of light, summer body, and more traditional Belgian flavors in mind. Each sip is an adventure through citrusy orange peels, refreshing wheat malt, and spicy fruit notes that lingered on the tongue. Overall the drinker here, this brew managed to create a very pleasant frothy mouthfeel. While the floral flavor of the hops was light and clean, its primary flavors managed to survive long enough to knock me onto the next sip. As the beer warmed, a light hoppiness emerged which further added to the overall complexity. The end result was a beer that was very drinkable and still managed to convey a sense of recent alcohol and a whole bunch of spicy flavors into a refreshing beverage.

Starter & Waldorfs

Volume 9 Issue 12

4 May, 2010

Starter & Waldorf
Over the past year, Statler & Waldorf has kept its eyes peeled for the best, the worst, and the least interesting sides of campus that RPI has to offer. Congratulations to all the winners. Expect your prizes in the next week.

Note: Don’t expect your prizes in the next week. Or ever.

Most Self-Deprecating Form of Transportation: The Scooter
You know who you are. Riding a scooter gives you the eye sore of a unicycle without the onlookers’ hope of you falling over and dying. Just stop. What are you, twelve?

Most Irritating Abbr.: StuGov
Seriously? StuGov? It has the same first syllable as Stupid and Stew. Avoid use in conversation unless absolutely necessary, when it should be pronounced “Stuguhv.”

Best StuGov Official Named Michael Zwack:
Michael Zwack
Mr. Zwack is by far the best Grand Marshal currently holding that position.

Fun Fact!
Michael Zwack has currently served 7 percent of the next GM’s term!

Best On-Campus Housing:
Greene Building
The Greene Building provides the most affordable refuge from the awful, awful workload that RPI gives us. Here you can rest away from your work, eat pizza, and generally get away from it all. You even have your own library!

Best Professor:
Dr. Mohamed Boudjelkha
Since it is virtually impossible to know all professors in all majors, we gave the award for best teacher that almost everyone could have. Prof. B. is one of the most comprehensive, straightforward, and learned professors at RPI. His knowledge of Differential Equations is such that he doesn’t use notes for his lectures anymore. While he may be short on answering questions, he is always able to convey when the method of solving a problem is “hopeless.”

Most Creative Fusion of Corndog, Hamburger, and Stale Breakfast:
Sage Dining Exhaust
Soon to be bottled and sold as Sizzle: The Essence of Tofu Tim.

Best Ten-Year Anniversary Alternate Title:
Shirlapalooza

2010 Ampersand Awards

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Best Ten-Year Anniversary Alternate Title:
Shirlapalooza
Best New Club: Mizuno 5-Iron
With a 27-degree loft and a 60.5 lie angle, Mizuno's 5-Iron offers the best ball control of any club on the market today. With its leaps and bounds in muscleback technology, we feel that the 5-Iron from Mizuno is, hands down, the Best New Club this year.

Person Most Likely to Hold-Up a Check-Cashing Building at Gunpoint for $40,000:
Provost Robert Palazzo
We're not saying that he held it up. We're not saying he had any reason to hold it up. We're not even saying we think he held it up. We're just saying it's much easier to hide behind a moustache.

Best Recruiting Job
Seth Appert
For his work on Jerry D'Amigo, Bryce Merriam, Brandon Pirri, Marty O'Grady, and CJ Lee.

Most Astounding RPI Victory on Opposite Day:
RPI 7–Princeton 0.

Best Musical Named after Bodily Excrement:
Shit! The Musical
"Man, I heard the Players are putting on a great musical this year."
"Is it better than Shit!?"
"Unlikely."

Semester of the year:
Spring Semester '10
Runner-Up: Fall Semester '09

Most Unintentionally Hilarious Submission to S&W:
I'M MATT DALLAS.
The sheer gall of this signature blows most women into orgasm. The man who, being MATT DALLAS, sent in the only submission for our first caption contest, left nothing to the imagination with his bright, capital letters. The legend spread to such an extent that "I'M MATT DALLAS" briefly became the official S&W theme song. (To hear the song, visit http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jiDEAkoUR_E) Thank you Mr. DALLAS.

Biggest Fuck-Up:
RNE

Most Useless Committee:
RNE

Worst Acronym:
RNE

Most Puppies Actually Strangled:
RNE

Most Likely to Recreate the 2000 Florida Recount:
RNE

Worst Group to Give an Award To:
RNE

Issue 9.2 Caption Contest Winner:
I'M MATT DALLAS.

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“Is it better than Shit!”
“Unlikely.”
I was kind of a weird kid. I hung out with a few friends who played hospolec or beat up other kids. I would spend the fun afternoon hours of QVC a day, or smelling people that passed me by, or trying to convince my parents that they were too soft, or convincing them to go out and construct shrines to Roger Ebert’s beautiful jacket. I blamed it all on growing up in the suburbs and being insulated from anything real that had to do with fashion. They blamed it on the doctor who refused to perform an abortion at seven months after birth. I guess there was a lot of blame to go around. In no case could you say that I was a normal child. Nor even a normal person. At least not by Jim Tatalias’s Long Shot: After The End. I was grown back from the dead like Dick Clark on New Year’s Day. But I understood, working at a fourth time this week you haven’t come into work. And the days you do actually go to work, you’re drunk, and convinced that you’re actually a standup comedian. But I understand, working at a Wendy’s is obviously a high stress job, filled with decisions with huge consequences. It just must have never even crossed my mind. It was just too late in the game for me."

* * *

Dear Sof,

Flirt with MF TF until I change MF to AF tomorrow.

Reschedule abortion.

Plot the demise of MF BFF Heatier, that will be fun.

Hard lemonade.

Sunbathe of the Quad while Ted does MF.

P. S. You’re adopted.

In other news, your two siblings were killed when their math lab exploded, your three dogs were dug up and got hit by the same car, your father is having an affair with some pregnant drug dealing bitch, and it looks like someone stole your car last night.

Happy Birthday, Love,
MOM. PS. You’re adopted.

---

**LONG SHOT: After The End**

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Peace Out, Bitches

by Kat Foley

peace out

I hit this mess. I only have a few weeks of my senior year left, and I’m exhausted. As a freshman I envisioned my senior self would have a 4.0 GPA, an impressive résumé, money in the bank, and my dream job lined up right after graduation—coasting to the finish line in perfect systematic form.

Ha.

I don’t even have time for senioritis. And I certainly don’t have it all together. But that really doesn’t bother me. I’ve learned a lot in this frantic stumble towards my diploma—most of which didn’t take place in a classroom. Learning to machine a cannon, design a clean-burning stove, fly a blimp, and run a fuel cell from compost was kind of awesome, but that was nothing compared to what happened outside the classroom.

Some parents and professors will tell you to “focus on your studies” during your freshman year. The activities you take up for fun are inherent to your survival. But that wasn’t the case for me. I had forgotten how to laugh. The people I went to meetings, I ended up laughing so hard that I cried, where minutes before I had forgotten what ROC means when they say “Class-A”.

The RPI Bubble

by Nikhil Deshpande

The world is becoming continuously more globalized, and with the spread of information and the increasing advancement of technology (damn you, Moore’s Law), we are coming in contact more and more with those outside of our own personal worldly scope. Taking the initiative to become at least aware of worldly happenings pays off in dividends, and can even help one to understand the viewpoints, wishes, or needs of those from the outside world, and only after I began reading The Times did I begin to realize how important it is to be up-to-date on worldly affairs.

But there was something to be said about my peers in high school: while I was humanly possible, I’ve drank oceans before, I’ve studied more than I thought possible. RPI has so much to offer in terms of diversity. Every single person you meet is humanly possible, I’ve drank oceans before, I’ve studied more than I thought possible. RPI has so much to offer in terms of diversity. Every single person you meet is humanly possible, I’ve drank oceans before, I’ve studied more than I thought possible. RPI has so much to offer in terms of diversity. Every single person you meet is humanly possible, I’ve drank oceans before, I’ve studied more than I thought possible.

I have wrinkles that weren’t there before, I’ve suffered more than I thought was humanly possible, I’ve drunk oceans of tea and coffee. So yes, this school has kicked my ass, but I wouldn’t change a thing about my experiences at RPI.

In my experience here, people have created this wall between themselves and the outside world, and they like to keep it that way. And herein lies the problem. The world is becoming continuously more globalized, and with the spread of information and the increasing advancement of technology (damn you, Moore’s Law), we are coming in contact more and more with those outside of our own personal worldly scope. Taking the initiative to become at least aware of worldly happenings pays off in dividends, and can even help one to understand the viewpoints, wishes, or needs of those from the outside world, and only after I began reading The Times did I begin to realize how important it is to be up-to-date on worldly affairs.

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And by the way, my morning routine still begins with The New York Times and a cup of tea.
Brain Storm
by Alex Franz

Forming:
Fine particulates unite into a cloud;
A piecewise framework, suspended mid-air
Morphing and rearranging into something more

Grasping:
My hand passes through your ghostly body
Seduced by your beautiful, intellectual form
Damp from your misty, sensuous tease

Yearning:
I wish to lose myself completely with you
And explore every detail of your innocent soul
Devoting my senses to your perfection

Growing:
As thunderclouds build up over water
The light suddenly darkens, landscape foreboding
Destructive power charging within

Destroying:
Many past notions give way to your fury
At last mature, you strike me with insight
Shocking excitement embodies perfection

Sunlight burns through the ferocious storm
Particulates free to form once again

Youthful Admiration
by Matt Lavallee

Your mind boldly goes where others
Its age cannot even dream of or comprehend -
The Captain Kirk of your generation.
Nothing escapes you; you process
What seems like an infinite amount of
Information to be stored away for the
Proper moment, just like dear old
Mr. Spock.
I watch you run around aimlessly,
Absorbed in your own universe.
Some call it ADHD or life without direction,
But I see the beauty of your imagination
For what it is. It is blissfulness,
A care free attitude of the developing
Brain of one of the future’s
Greatest minds.
You are indeed unique, there is no
Questioning that, sometimes to the point where
Even I question that we are related.
But that just adds to your charisma,
Your inability to accept no or impossible,
To refuse to let your dreams be grounded
As you dream of a world involving
Space travel.
I see resemblances of you in every
Futuristic movie I watch and every
Science fiction novel I read. I
See a flawless image of you, standing as
The creator of Isaac Asimov’s
Robot Empire. Dream big for all
The times I couldn’t, or wouldn’t because I
Was too grounded.
Ignore our frustrations when everything
Is a less than subtle reference to
Star Trek. Keep playing your saxophone
To the orchestra of J.J. Abrams, because honestly,
We are just channeling our jealousy of the
Fact that in this harsh reality my brother
Still manages to maintain the strength
To Dream.

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Dear RPI Guys.....

By Angie Ohman

The ratio as a number is very good, you see;
for attention, dating, and a free meal;
There are three of you to every one of me;
But it’s the opposite ratio I’d rather steal.

I love my guy friends, I really do,
but don’t push the friendship please;
Uncomplicated friendships, I have only a few;
And I never want to lose these;

If a girl says ‘hi’, say ‘hello’ back;
It’s what normal people are supposed to do.
But don’t confuse a conversation for reason to attack,
A smile doesn’t mean she likes you;

Most of us here, we have enough creepers,
I can’t fit my count on two hands.
And as time goes on, it only gets worse;
No matter how hard I try, the number only expands

We’re not saying we deserve so much attention,
It’s not that we’re trying to be proud,
We just don’t understand the abundant affection,
That happens whenever all these crazy guys are around.

Commenting on every Facebook status we create,
It’s not a good way to stay under the radar.
We know every one of them isn’t that great.
And we don’t care as much who you virtually are.

I’m sure you’re probably a really sweet guy,
Just let us get to know you as such.
But when you come on too strong we just say goodbye,
Because excessive attention is just much too much.

Give us a chance to just have you as a friend.
Believe me, your patience is virtuous.
Maybe we’ll even like you in the end,
But until then, please don’t press us.

Futile Fight

By Kyle Raveno

I lie in wait till the morrow
Still be I, counting further more
Seconds tick past in Anticipation
Waiting for my Designed Provocation
to Burst Forth from Silent night
and awake Completely in the utmost Fright...

Screaming Forth my Shriek Piercing Warning
All Shall Tremble and Heed Here This Morning

Awake and scan through bleary eyes.
as anger slowly seeping between us Rise.
with Fury Still Clouding Your Gaze.

LASH OUT!

With the utmost Resolve:

Fist Flying
... and Aim Be True
... .

Alas I Am Defeated...

AGAIN!

you hit the

SNOOZE

Dear RPI Guys.....

By Angie Ohman

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... and Aim Be True
... .

Alas I Am Defeated...

AGAIN!

you hit the

SNOOZE
Amanda Palazzolo

is an RPI junior majoring in biomedical engineering. S&W congratulates her for winning the RPI Photo Club’s Hue & Saturation Photo Contest with her Lady Bug photo (top left corner of the next page).

I have been exploring photography my entire life, but never really discovered my passion until I joined the Photo Club at RPI. I started learning about film, and was instantly hooked. Film photography allows you to be deliberate and methodical, and at the same time you get those “accident” shots that wind up being your best. The process is physical and organic—it’s susceptible to so many mistakes and risks, but that’s why there’s so much more value in the result. I mostly find inspiration in nature and traveling, and lately I’ve been getting into medium-format film.
LAST EXIT BEFORE TOLL

&