

The Spike Spinoff

Orientation Issue

August 2006

Orientation Calendar

Sunday September , 2006

All adults leave.

Monday September , 2006

6:00 AM—Blowing of conch. First assembly on main beach. Establishment of rules, Election of leaders.

8:30 AM—Classes begin.

12:00 PM—Forage for food.

6:40 PM—Building of huts.

7:00 PM—Mixed Company “a Capella” auditions begin.

8:00 PM—Sunset, bedtime for littluns.

Tuesday September , 2006

4:00 PM—Deadline for meeting with advisor.

Sunset—Faculty Lecture, “Examining Logistics of Free-

dom: Does Beastie Exist?”

8:00 PM—Movie night “Mr. and Mrs. Smith,” co-sponsored by SGA.

Wednesday September 22, 2006

Afternoonish—Power struggle.

Sunset—Destruction of island by fire.



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Why I Came to Swarthmore

By: John Fowler '10

I faced many hardships as my high school's vice president in eleventh grade. First, I found that even in secondary school I faced a large and unruly bureaucracy that seemed

nearly stymieing in its intensity. And even worse, whatever my cohorts and I passed as a student government had to be approved and looked over by the principal. But the greatest challenge came when I tried to en-

act a school-wide recycling program.

I knew that with the school wide recycling program I would have to not only change policy but culture. I met with representatives from the school

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Why I Came to Swarthmore

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store as well as my faculty advisor, Persis Duquesne to hammer out details. I even distributed and collected a poll for the student body, which I handed out during assembly. It would take everyone's support to pass this bill, and 92% approved of the idea.

Meanwhile, I was crowned district Math Champion and my mom and dad drove me to Binghamton to collect the award.



The Spike Compound

And I had to prepare for three APs, English, Physics B, and Calculus AB, which took up much of the time I had left over from being captain of the Trivia Bowl team. I seemed to be swallowed up by all sides of the world. One day I even fell asleep during dinner. It was macaroni and cheese.

But it pained me to see pictures of pollution dot the evening news. I knew that the pain and suffering of Mother Earth dwarfed my problems, however huge they seemed to me. So, I powered on with my proposal, which I

wrote up in May and had approved as the final act of the 52nd all-school student government. I would begin to implement the recycling program first thing next year. Yet as the fall months passed, the ubiquitously placed recycling bins were misused and overall trashed. Despite the team's best efforts, and many pleas at school assemblies, the program floundered. I admit this mistake because I know at Swarthmore the students will not be apathetic. In fact they already have a recycling program! I chose Swarthmore because I know here I can improve myself, but more importantly, I can improve the world.

W\W Spikes of Wisdom \W

Hi, Spike! I'm really excited to start college, but I'm worried about the academic situation. I met some of my peers online this summer, and they all seem so nerdy. Will I fit in? Can I make it here?

Confused in California

Well. First of all CiC, welcome to our prestigious college, you're not an admissions mistake. You're just not very bright. Instead of grieving over this fact, learn to accept it. There are ways to "make it." See the professor after class. Walk her cats if it makes you feel better. Yet, like a bad metaphor these overtures, while well-meaning, will ultimately fall flat. The only solution, work hard. Work harder than you considered possible before coming to college. Work so hard you can confidently stand up in your deserted dorm room on a Saturday evening and eye those other troglodytes out-

side your window and yell, "I don't need you and I don't want to come to your stinking drunk-dance party!" This has never happened to me.

Spike, how can I make the most of Swarthmore academics?

Pam in Pittsburgh

For a tiny college, Swarthmore has an amazing amount of academic resources. So many, in fact, that odds are you'll end up overlooking a few—basically, there won't be enough time to take advantage of them all! But there are a few under-the-radar advantages of our hyperintellectual environment that you really shouldn't miss out on. For example, Swarthmore has over a dozen *lady professors*.

I know, I know—it hadn't occurred to me to take a college

level course taught by a lady, either. But then, junior year, I thought, "What the hay, maybe a dame *can* teach English just as well as a regular professor." So I swallowed my pride and enrolled in Victorian Minds/Gothic Bodies. Having a lady professor tell me "what's what" definitely took some getting used to, and I'm not saying it's not *different*. But except for those five days a month (wink, wink), my L-prof was pretty darn rational and even astute. So don't be afraid to try something new. There might even be a lady professor in the Natural Sciences before you graduate! Just make sure to get a *real* doctor when you go to Worth.

Spike writers received two Fulbright scholarships in the past two years. They didn't even apply.

Summer Diary

June 11, 2006

11:30 a.m.—Call from a telemarketer about the Pittsburgh Symphony. Get up. Make mental note to add number to national “Do Not Call” list.

1:00 p.m.—Really got up this time. Prepare breakfast of eggs, toast and imported sausage.

1:30—Finish Cheerios.

1:45—Wikipedia Chu Mei-feng, the Taiwanese politi-



It is not Christmas in summer, usually.

cian caught up in sex tape scandal.

2:15—After long search admit unable to find the video online.

3:30—*Tea with Mussolini* on TBS.

5:30—Call tech savvy college friend David to catch up. After long conversation, find he does not have the sex tape.

5:50—Write post about long dislike for older sibling on college forum.

6:00—Realize it’s rather too personal. Edit it.

6:02—After further thought, and one rather insensitive reply

from “sailorman22,” delete post altogether.

7:00—Personal message from “Crossedcountry88” about missing post. Delay reply.

7:20—Dinner with mom. She asks about recent increase of “spybots” on computer. Defend internet usage.

8:12—With redoubled effort, look up internships online.

8:13—Chu Mei-Feng returns to mind. Wonder about internships in Taiwanese politics.

Swat Facts

Mark P. Rogers, a Swarthmore incoming class of 2010 member has already reached some form of notoriety among internet cognoscenti. One of the very first web-celebrities, he created “Nick, the Dancing Man,” an internet property bought during the height of the tech boom by an enterprising venture capitalist for an undisclosed sum.

Famed fashion company Abercrombie and Fitch did complete a 2002 photo shoot outside Sharples cafeteria. The group used graduating physics majors as models, stating later in a press release, “It was like a chemical reaction!” in a misguided attempt at humor. The

photos were later scrapped for unclear reasons.

Join Spike!

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Underground tunnels. Ask your Campus Advisor.

Signs He Won't Be Your Friend after High School

1. He didn't call you this summer. Well, he did. But only to sell knives.

2. Instant messenger conversations last an excruciating two hours and consist of at most twelve lines. You have completely stopped using instant messenger.

3. Every time you tell him you're going to Swarthmore he asks, “Where's that

again?” with the same dumbfounded expression.

4. You had a short relationship in high school.

5. In June, he legally changed his name, just to start college off “on the right foot.”

6. You were his first.

7. He places three novels in the “Favorite Books” section of his Facebook profile. These are the same three you both had to read in freshman English. You wonder if he ever read anything else.

8. When signing your senior year yearbook, he wrote, “Have fun at Skidmore!”

9. He told you as much.

Spike

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—About Us—

Since being gently midwived into this world in 1994, Spike magazine has grown into an *enfant terrible* that appears once a semester to jolt the Swarthmore campus with a much-needed dose of satire and absurdity (or so its writers would like to believe). We here at Spike are purveyors of all manner of cheap gags, fake poems, comics, fiction, and occasionally even serious essays. The staff meets weekly to brainstorm and deface Phoenix property, and is always looking for more blackhearted cynics and jovial prop comics to add to the ranks. For more info or back issues, contact:

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We're Online!

<http://www.sccs.swarthmore.edu/org/spike/index.html>

From *Large Craft Scribblings*

Poem #132

By: Sarah Maynard

in 1998 i lost my virginity to a violin

But in 2000, dancing with a cellist he took me to his room. Attacked my secret garden with a picket fence. Andrew. Andrew. Andrew. Andrew. Andrew. You were meant for third chair.

Poem #12

Stephen said this is the absolute worst magazine ever as he clutched the rejection letter to his flannelled chest and scattered his look to the heavens, diffracted in perspiration that seemed

like tears.

And I bit him editorially.

The Aquarium

First the fish hit

Streaming blood like a deep fried fist.

“Turtle.”

Summer Vacation

By: Paul Waters

Four anchovy and pineapple pizzas, extra cheese. To go. Three slices of cheese. Flat crust. One pep. Cheese. Two slices. Onions and bell peppers.

We don't have bell peppers.

Bukowski?

Not in this slice?

Bless you. Canadian Bacon.

Only American. Will that do?

Just pepperoni. Salads?

Yes. Yes. Yes!

Wisdom?

Buried deep within our cheese-swathed crust.

Sarah struggles with her mortality.

Paul hates Sarah. Not this Sarah, but another one. From high school.



We've never been here, really.