

Photo-Collage: Summer @ SP



Super People who make Brunch and Orientation possible
(In the back, Monica is feeding Alex as she smiles for the picture)



Alex's invisible music hand
at the Acoustic BBQ



Residents at 9th floor's Dinner & Dessert
Notice Johnna (6th floor) eating while still in line



Roland followed by an angry crowd... good running motivation!



Daniel sailing with Catherine, Meredith, Ying and half of Nathan



"Where in the World is Carmen San Diego?" Party

Photos by Daniel Myers
(unless he's in the photo)



Who in the world is dancing with my girl?

The Sidney-Pacific Newsletter

SPeaker



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Rock n' Roast BBQ

SP Executive Council

Robert: sp-president
Ben: sp-vp-info
Matt: sp-vp-reslife
Alex: sp-vp-resources
Jane: sp-hallchair

Newsletter Team

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sp-newsletter-chair
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Printed by CopyTech

Most names: "Daniel"

Community Notices

Get Involved at S-P!
Did you enjoy orientation and plan to stay at SP next year? Read the webpage and get a gift in your mailbox. Also enter you in a raffle for prizes like hats and gift certificates! Look for the "Get Involved at S-P" link at s-p.mit.edu

MIT Women Engineering Students

Expand someone's horizons this IAP. Be a role model and encourage middle and high school girls from around the nation to pursue engineering in a "one week, all-expense paid presentation tour. More info at <http://hkn.mit.edu/wi>. Application deadline Fri Sept 29.

20% discount at Pacific St Cafe - Limited time only!!!
MIT students get 20% off all prepared food with Student ID Valid through the end of Sept.

Eat cereal? Help improve the S-P Movie Library!

Kellogg's is giving a free DVD for every 5 coupons from the back of their cereal boxes. The S-P Movie committee is collecting coupons obtain movies for our movie library. If you have an extra coupon or two, please drop it off at the front desk for mailbox 239B or email sp-inventory-chair[at]mit[dot]edu

Featured Events

MIT Career Fair
Sept 21: 11am-5pm
Johnson Athletic Center

The MIT Class of 2007, Graduate Student Council Over 250 employers from every discipline and degree are looking to hire YOU for full-time and internship opportunities!

SPTV Family Feud Coffee Hour
Wed Sept 27 9:15pm
@ Multi-Purpose Room

Join us for a special coffee hour featuring a game of Family Feud! Come watch contestants from the residence community square off to guess answers to (sometimes wacky) survey questions. Members of the winning team get a prize! To sign up, contact Mark at sp-sptv@mit.edu

Edgerton Bake-off
Thurs Sept 28: 7pm
Edgerton House, Large Lounge

All MIT graduate students are welcome to enter their favorite dessert recipe and then sample other! Cambridgeside Galleria gift certificates will be awarded to the best desserts. Contact eha-grad-coordinator@mit.edu



Fairwell to Brian, thanks and we'll miss you.



It's a color edition, gotta have colors!

Keep your privacy

Some of us may or may not know that the Registrar's Office holds all the information on us down to our underwear size. Well, perhaps not to that extreme, but they do know a lot. That information can be placed on the web for public availability.

Usually, organizations offer an opt-in option, allowing their members to give consent to release this information to the public. This release can be limited to organization members or the public in general. In our case, our school's system use the opt-out option, therefore if you have no idea about this, then all your information crap is available. To make things worse, you cannot simply go onto Websis and check a box to opt-out. No, you have to print a %#@% paper, fill it out and hand it in. Yes, you read it right, there is no online form. Print, Fill, Walk and Hand in.

In times of identity theft and ridiculous spamming, how is it possible that they do this? By default it should not be shared. Download the form by going to websis.mit.edu (for newbies, you need security certificates) and go to Biographic Records and go to the last option: Request to withhold bla bla bla. Idiots. You can read about it from this link: https://student.mit.edu/cgi-docs/sppsadr_hlp.htm#confid

Piece of Mind

Last Sunday, at about 2:20am, I was a victim of discrimination. This was surprising not only because it happened in downtown Boston (where God knows there are enough freaks to draw the attention away from a normal looking guy), but also because of the reason. I'm a Mexican Jew, who studies at MIT, but I was not discriminated against on grounds of illegal immigration, anti-Semitism or even anti-Nerdism ("You said you go to MIT? Then what are you doing out this late? Don't you have to be studying or something?"). It would've been more respectable if this had been the case, because I would've had a reply to shut the offender off. But I had no reply; I would've done the same in his shoes. This is what happened. I was clubbing with some friends in Boston's theater district. At about 1:40 my friend suggested to leave early, because it can get pretty impossible to find a cab when a million half-drunk people are trying to get home after a night of party (I don't consider the fully-drunk people as competition for getting a cab). Everything was going according to plan, except that one of my lady friends had the brilliant idea to get a pizza before taking a ride home, with the argument that it would only take a minute. "Nothing takes a minute". I thought, "Especially not to that snail-looking guy who's preparing the pizza. He looks like he's going to freeze completely any minute now". Next thing we know, we're laughing and eating, with no regard for time or for our ride back home. Surely enough, when we were finally ready to get a cab, it was too late. It is so disgusting to watch the smiley faces of those who already got a cab, knowing that you will probably walk home. With the empire-state-sized heels that my lady friend was wearing, however, walking was a luxury we could not afford. In the middle of this dense atmosphere of drunks and smokers, I was standing with my hand up in a permanent cab-calling position while my lady friends were taking a break from the torture they call shoes. In the opposite side of the street, a soap-operator wannabe was parading half of what nature gave her, also trying to get a cab. Finally, an empty taxi approaches. I look at the driver. He looks at me. He looks at her. She looks at him. I look at her (with that

cab's mine' written in my face). She looks at me (with 'we'll see' written in hers). And at about 2:20 am, I was a victim of gender discrimination. I could not offer the driver long, naked legs and a sexy voice. Hormones win, I loose.

*Daniel Klein

*Hormones win,
I loose*

New column by Adam...

Stream of craziness

I really want to write an article for this newsletter, I wanna be one of those guys who writes one every month, I can be the Panamanian correspondent, it seems like they need a new person writing, I can write a stream of consciousness type thing, what if I call it "stream of craziness", I mean, that's what it's really gonna be, because there's so many crazy thoughts in my head on any given day, I really want to watch Lost right now I'm at a very important part in the show but I'm waiting for my lost companion that I watch Lost with... Don't be afraid of the world coming to an end it's already tomorrow in Australia, Vito is priceless and should be exempt from the new S-P-only-residents-inside-the-gym rule, que estara haciendo mi hermanito ahora? estara viendo tele? Pokemon? Megabots? quizas Yugioh? Do I dream in Spanish or in English? People ask me that all the time, I

*Do I dream in English
or in Spanish?*

think that the best answer to that is if I'm talking to a person that speaks English then I'm dreaming in English and if I'm talking to a person that normally speaks Spanish I'm dreaming in Spanish what about research ideas or problem set solutions that come in my dreams? Probably in English, when I was back home probably in Spanish maaaaaaan I'm soooooo ADD or inverse ADD, whatever I have something, I can't believe I read this today, if you SPELL OUT all the positive integers in order starting at 'one' the first time you will use the

letter 'a' will be at 'one thousand', then again, it's not too unlikely, you just need one, two, three, etc. and twenty, thirty, forty, etc. and hundred to not contain the letter 'a', that's it, I'm kind of lazy, I guess I should start writing my new column now.

*Adam

Sometimes it's fair to say...

I hope they die

The following came from a friend's email, it's a true story that happened to a friend of a friend of mine, really. Read ahead while holding your liver on your hand: >>so long story short, sat went out to downtown louisville, had actually a pretty good time, on the way back to the car i get on an elevator with my buddy and there are 4 dudes and some chicks there too... guy grabs girls ass... girl slaps guy after he called her a whoooa.. guy wants to punch girl so my buddy steps in and tells him that is he really gonna punch a girl.. so the guy immediately starts punchin my friend with one of the other guys, me tryin to figure out in my drunken happy mode that i was in what the fuck is going on, i recieve about 4 punches before i see that this dude and his friend who i never spoke to and never even acknowledge start hittin me. Well one, i dont know how to fight and two these guy were big, so i decide to cover my face, whats left of it, and just got a pretty fuckin good beatin. the security guards thougth that i was fighting my friend and you know smart as they were, they let all that the other dudes go... went home cuz my face wasn't as swollen, next day i figure i should go to the hospital, and when im there i find out that i have a fracture in my face, they kept me for about 6 hours and now im skipping a few days of work and have some sweet hydrocodone to chill with. >>Helmut Drews

What followed were pictures of his swollen face, an x-ray and a picture of a model to make up for the previous nasty pics;



Stealing candy from SP!

The saying "like stealing candy from a baby" has always struck me as strange, maybe even despicable. First, what did the baby ever do to you? Second, why can't you get your own candy? Last and most importantly, what kind of jerk does this sort of thing?

This musing came to me when I was thinking about the type of things that make you go hmmm...that's pathetic.

I recently learned of some thefts that have occurred in Sidney Pacific.

In one case, a pair of athletic shoes was taken from one of the dryers, leaving the rest of the clothing behind. In another case, an HD cable connecting the new Xbox360 on the fifth floor was stolen, and a different, lower quality cable was installed in its place. This second example struck me as particularly low because it suggested premeditation, and someone with his or her own entertainment equipment wanting something nicer...something that belonged to someone else.

*What kind of jerk does
this sort of thing?*

Housemaster Roger Mark was equally disturbed, saying, "These thefts are only manifestations of serious character flaws." He reflected that a person who steals a pair of shoes or a cable is the same type of person who will engage in scientific misconduct, even fraud, swaggering along the edge of what he or she can get away with.

Presently, security measures are being applied to help prevent such thefts in the future. With this article, the best outcome would be if the perpetrators read it and were shamed into returning the stolen items. Of course, it is also possible that the perpetrators are not Sidney Pacific residents or perhaps cannot read good. Whoever they are, I hope, as a Sidney Pacific resident and newsletter reader, you will have increased awareness.

Awareness that thefts do occur at Sidney Pacific. Awareness that you can report suspicious people or activities to the front desk, night watchman, house manager, or housemasters. But most importantly awareness that Sidney Pacific is a wonderful place to live with excellent resources, activities, and lots of people making these things possible.

Such thefts not only eliminate the physical item from our ownership but it also undermines the time that people have invested doing their laundry or setting up first-rate entertainment systems. So if you see someone with exceptionally clean, gray Nike running shoes with orange trim, you can let Sidney Pacific know exactly what kind of jerk does this sort of thing.

~Jane

Eternal Sunshine of the Idiotic Mind

I generally consider myself a good person. I separate my trash into garbage and recyclables, turn off my wipers at the toll both when it's raining and I don't go cow tipping. But there are sometimes when some of my harmless actions avalanche rage in other people. I was driving back to Albany, where I'm interning with IBM and the only thing to do is cow tipping (though I still refrain from doing it), when I went through a toll booth. Having traveled back and forth from Albany to Boston all summer long, I had amounted a pretty hefty lump of coins from toll booths. I pull up and give the guy about fifty coins and tell him it's \$3.60. He looks at me, without even extending his hand out to reach, and asks me if I believe that place is a dumping station. I had never heard the term before, but assumed he was pissed at me giving him change. How could I dare giving him my spare

*I certainly didn't give him the
coins to challenge his intellect*

change when HE is the master and commander of dispensing change?! I told him again it was \$3.60 and that I could wait for him to count it. Let me point out that it's 6am and no cars in sight, so it's fine. He then tells me not to insult his intelligence! At this point I don't understand what is going on, he's the one wearing the toll booth uniform and I assume counting coins should pose no problem to him. I certainly didn't give him the coins to challenge his intellect! Perhaps he can't count a few coins and listen to National Public Radio at the same time, or perhaps he is gifted and counted the coins as displayed them in my hand. He asks me if I have any paper

and I tell him I got those coins from the toll booths and I'm giving them back. As a matter of fact, I had enough singles in my wallet to spend a week at a strip club! He then takes them and dumps them in his tray without counting. I then ask him what's wrong, coins are also valid currency! So he then tells me I'm a clown. I had heard of pie in the face humor but coins in the face humor is a new one for me.

Maybe he was pissed that if every driver starts giving change, then they can replace him with a machine that can count the coins in a fraction of the time it takes him to complain about getting change. The whole time I kept my foot in the accelerator in case he tried to attack me. It was too early to get in a fight and I don't feel like getting deported for attacking a state employee. Besides my girlfriend was angry at me for picking a fight at the supermarket with a guy who bumped into my cart the day before, so the toll booth fight who be a hard one to justify. I'll probably write an article about the supermarket incident in a later issue. Anyways, he tells me to leave because he has no time to waste with me, at the same time the wind blows some tumble weed across the toll lanes. I finally told him to enjoy his day and I keep driving. I thought of all the comebacks I could have said. I go on and at the next toll I ask the operator what's more annoying, a large bill or a bunch of coins. He tells me that if by that I mean tougher, then the large bill, because they are always in need of change, especially early in the morning. Finally someone who makes sense! I just keep driving and forget about it; while the other miserable guy stays behind waiting for more cars to pick fights on... or counting coins! I guess he's right, I'm a clown, indeed very accurate, but he surely cannot infer that from my half a pound of change!

>Daniel

Sudoku Puzzles - Fill out each puzzle with numbers 1-9 so that each row, each column, and each 3x3 square has one of each digits.

EASY - for newbies or those who forgot how to play...

9	4	7		6		1		
		5		8		2		
6	8			5		9		
	1		2			5	8	
5			8		4			2
2	7		6				3	
	6		3				4	1
	2			9		5		
	5		6			2	8	9

EVIL - You think you're tough?! Are you up for the challenge?

5		2		8				
9	6	1			3			
				5	9			6
7	8	5						
							3	4
		3		4	9			
			6			8	9	3
				2		4		7

Source: www.websudoku.com

Top 10 Things to know at SP...

10. Read the newsletter every month
9. It's SP, not S&P or SidPac
8. Don't drop weights at the gym
7. Use SP website to look-up people
6. Put your trash outside your door
5. Shuttletrack.mit.edu
4. Coffee hour 9 pm every wednesday
3. Repair requests: <http://s-p.mit.edu/resources/repair.php>
2. Shortcut over the train tracks to football field. (Over, not along!)
1. Don't open your door if there is smoke in your room

Use these 10 wise things at your own risk. Cross train tracks to go to football field, not Mass Ave, use Albany St instead. Send all constructive criticism and hateemail to sp-newsletter@mit.edu