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FREE, AS IN BEER

Eat, Sleep, Blow Your Mind

Ruby Spring
Contributor

The air on the tarmac was intensely hot and humid, made heavier by the sinking sun, but after three weeks I was used to the climate, barely sweating in long pants and a t-shirt. We loaded ourselves into the last shuttle, and as it rumbled slowly towards the airplane, I closed my eyes, savoring the last moments of my first experience of Ghana.

I'd never felt like such a foreigner in my life. Our team of eight from Olin and Babson consisted of the only light-skinned people around. For the first time ever I was the extreme racial minority, a humbling, indispensable experience for those who are used to being the majority. Everyone who saw us, on the street, in our hotel, at markets, at work, would stare, smile, and shout in a friendly tone, "Obroni!" the Akan word for foreigner. Ghanaians are extremely friendly and welcoming to foreigners. Many times a day I was asked my name, shaken hands with (bonus surprised smile if you knew the Ghanaian handshake), and jokingly teased by total strangers.

We weren't exactly the

only light-skinned people around. Billboards and storefront advertisements were full of white and light-skinned black people. Mannequins showing off Ghanaian clothing and busts wearing straight black wigs looked anything but African. Ben Linder, our trip leader, told me about the skin whitening creams sold at many Ghanaian drug stores. I can't make any judgments or conclusions here based on these few observations, but I am compelled by them to do some serious thinking and research.

But what was I doing in Ghana, anyway? My team and I were working in Kumasi, Ghana, for QueenTech, a social venture that began in (and is still part of) Affordable Design and Entrepreneurship (ADE), a senior capstone and design depth course at Olin. QueenTech collaboratively designs and builds small, low-tech cassava processing machines for women entrepreneurs in Ghana (maybe other places in the future too!). I'll tell you more about our work shortly, but it will really help to have a few contextual tidbits for you to chew on. Ghana is such a different place

and culture than ours that to try and convey even my shallow and incomplete notion of the place in anything more than a list would require a novel, but even incomplete, bulleted context is better than none, so here you go.

Money: Ostensibly, \$1 \approx 4GHS (Ghanaian Cedi). However, costs can differ by orders of magnitude depending on where (and who) you are. You can buy the same meal for 40GHS (\$10) at a restaurant in the Accra airport or 1GHS (25¢) at a chop bar ("chop" means "to eat" in pidgin English) in a village. As an obroni, you have to be wary of being charged an "obroni price," a very real and arguably fair (because we are rich) phenomenon.

Aesthetics: Everything looks unique, hand-made, and full of vibrant colors and patterns. This was pretty refreshing and eye-opening coming from a place obsessed with matchy-matchy everything. If I thought the Olin campus looked sterile before...

Food: It appears to my naive self that the most common hot meals in Ghana consist of a large amount of starch and a small a por-

continued on next page

tion of meat served with a sauce or soup. You eat with your hands, using pieces of the starchy food as a sort of utensil for the sauce. The starch is a form of either plantain, yam, rice, or cassava (a large, white, starchy tuber known as yucca in South America). The meat is either chicken (often slaughtered locally that very day—there are chickens everywhere), fish (bought covered in flies at the market), or goat (also everywhere, and only used for meat—the idea of drinking goats milk to Ghanaians is like drinking pigs milk to us). Hardboiled eggs, the vegetarian substitute for the piece of meat, are boiled for about thirty minutes and have a pale grey yolk. If you are a strict vegetarian, tough luck, as most of the soups and sauces come with small pieces of fish flaked into them no matter what you say or ask for. If you want a snack, there's fresh fruit, plantain chips, and twenty different kinds of savory and sweet fried dough carried around on top of women's heads everywhere you look.

Religion: I know little of the intricacies of religion in Ghana, but it is of so much importance to Ghanaian culture that it deserves some mentioning. Most Ghanaians are Christian. Many shop names consist of Christian sayings and blessings such as "God's Glory Bakery" or "Jesus Saves Chainsaws," and I've seen paintings of a bloody Christ overlaid with local food advertisements. Taxis and tro-tros (minibuses) often have

a blessing painted across the rear windshield. However, a few Ghanaians still practice their ancient traditional religion, Akom. Christianity and Akom practices are sometimes synthesized and coexist in interesting ways. For example, village chiefs, who are their community's leader, represent the traditional Akom religion, although the community members are usually all Christian.

Funerals: Funerals are a big deal in Ghana. Invitations to large funerals are actually advertised on billboards with the age of the person, a portrait, a date, and a Christian blessing. Funerals are often very big, and people wear black and red. Sometimes, for reasons I don't know, the hosts will hire professional mourners to attend. I remember seeing several funeral processions in Ghana where an ambulance, siren blaring, was used as the hearse.

Toilets: I used six different kinds of toilets in Ghana! There were US-style toilets, bidets, nice ceramic squatting toilets, squatting pit-toilets, elevated squatting pit-toilets, rooms with a hole in the wall, rooms with a hole in the floor, rooms with a channel along the wall and then a hole in the corner. My personal favorite is the nice ceramic squatting toilets, as squatting is much better for your health, and you don't touch anything with your naked bum. I really wish we had those in the U.S.

Cars: Drivers in Ghana are pros, by a certain definition of pro. When you're in

a taxi or a tro-tro, you see a hundred near-accidents around you per minute, and none of them actually happen. It's like each vehicle is an extension of the driver's body, and everyone is jostling and pushing against each other to get where they're trying to go, but no one gets hurt. The only traffic rule that really works is stoplights. Honking is constantly used to communicate your presence and intentions to those around you. You rarely see a new-looking or sparsely occupied vehicle. Ancient, battered tro-tros and taxis dominate the streets, most of them full to the brim with people and baggage. Most vehicles are European or Korean, all are diesel, and a Ghanaian acquaintance told me many are rejects from countries with smog control.

Pollution: In the cities we visited there was trash everywhere. There is no organized public waste system, so everyone collects their trash into piles and just burns it, any time of day, right there on the street with people all around to breathe it in. There is no smog control for vehicles either, and most vehicles produce very thick, stinky exhaust that is often dark grey or black. I sometimes wore a handkerchief over my mouth and nose while we were driving because the fumes made me nauseous.

Alright, back to Queen-Tech. We had ambitious plans for the trip: beginning the process of incorporating in Ghana, introducing a

new machine design along with new tooling to build it, repairing four machines in four villages, building a relationship with Womomentum (a non-profit that supports women entrepreneurs), beginning a rental agreement for a new workspace, holding a TIG welding workshop for our fabricators, creating and implementing new fabrication workflows, and a million other tasks of varying size and importance. We had eleven days.

Each day I would wake up at 6:45 a.m., throw on dirty work clothes and boots, knock on the doors of those who weren't up yet (I was the Project Manager for the trip), and head to a breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast with Lipton tea or instant coffee with evaporated milk. Around 7:40 we'd all cram into the tro tro for a hot, bumpy forty-five minute ride to Intermediate Technology Transfer Unit (our partners, headquarters, and fabrication shop). On the first day we arrived at ITTU, there was a lot of smiling and shaking hands. Most of us were meeting the people who build our machines for the first time, and we were all very excited. For Ben Linder and Michael Resnick (our other trip leader), this was a reunion full of big hugs and loud greetings. We got to work immediately, some of us heading into meetings or doing computer work in our workroom, others in the machine shop.

We accomplished a lot of things in those eleven days, each day packed with

surprises and novel experiences. We would work our butts off from 8:30 to 5, sometimes later, then bump and honk our way back to the guest house for a cold shower, an interesting dinner of not-quite-at-all-what-we-ordered, and two to three more hours of work in a lounge with one light bulb and a ceiling fan that violently threatened to tear itself apart with every revolution. Thoroughly exhausted and satisfied in the way only hard work can bring about, we would all drag ourselves off to bed somewhere between 9 and 10.

In ADE, we don't just travel to work in our little niche and ignore the rest. We travel to have the mind-opening, humbling, incredible experience of living in a culture and place that is not our own. One particularly memorable experience was a tour of Cape Coast Castle. When our work at ITTU was done, we packed up our gear and drove six hours to Cape Coast Castle, one of the many slave castles built and ruled by European occupiers. We learned that during the triangular trade of slaves and raw and manufactured goods between West Africa, the Americas, and Europe, Cape Coast Castle held thousands of slaves for up to six weeks in pitch-black dungeons directly underneath the castle's Christian church. The slaves remained shackled at all times, and food was thrown in on them from above. Discoloration two feet high on the walls indicated the level of human

feces when the dungeons were excavated in 1920. The governor of the castle would select young women slaves to rape, and if they were "lucky" enough to get pregnant and give birth, they were set free. There's a pitch-black tunnel that led the slaves from the dungeons to the waiting ships, so they never saw the light of their homeland until being loaded onto the ships through "the door of no return." Sharks learned to follow the ships, as many dead and living slaves were cast overboard to lighten them. A moment of confusion and shock for me was seeing the room connecting the dungeon to the tunnel, where apparently there had been a great rock shrine where Ghanaians came to worship their traditional God of fertility before the castle was built. Here we stood, in what had been an ancient holy site of worship that was destroyed and turned into a channel for dehumanized people to drag themselves through, for the cruel white men with their own church built right on top of it. I could scarcely believe the hypocrisy and irony of it all.

Now I'm home in Berkeley, California, sitting at the kitchen table, typing this article. I admit it's really lovely to be back. But since coming home I've been appalled even more than usual by the luxuries that my friends, my family, and I take for granted I've actually been quite ill since returning from Ghana, and although I knew taking a hot bath would help me

feel better, it took a couple days to convince myself it was ok to use the water and energy to do so. A friend of mine just bought a dress for a price that could feed some families for a year. How can I feel comfortable with things like that? I can't.

More and more I see my future lies in both comforting the afflicted, and afflicting the comfortable. I want to stress that both are crucial to a just and sustainable world. While efforts to

improve the wellbeing of the majority are widely accepted and supported, efforts to say, "Hey, why do all the rich people feel like it's okay to endlessly consume and plunder this planet we all share?" are largely restricted to vague political discussions and failed mini-revolutions. And by "rich people" I don't just mean the richest one percent in the US. I mean the richest one percent in the world, which are mostly people like you and me. Olin

College's average starting salary is in the world's top 0.5 percent, and even the U.S. poverty line makes the richest twenty percent. I ask you to consider your life, look deep within and ask yourself if you are doing everything you can to minimize your own impact and help those with none. I know I'm not, but I'm working at it every day. It's hard, fun, satisfying, and possible, and it can start as soon as you are willing.

Out of the Ashes: Chapter 9

Leon Lam
Contributor

"Your comrade," Zhenjin says, "was exceedingly difficult to put down."

The plainsman looks eyes with you again, disgust and anger still simmering in the depths of his gaze. But there is also grudging respect and curiosity and determination – *teach me more about your kind*, his eyes demand. *Teach me how you think, how you act, how you fight.*

Teach me, so one day I can kill you.

You nod. "And his body?"

Zhenjin goes still for the briefest of instants. You tune out murmured conversation and clinking cutlery and steady breathing until – *there it is* – his frantic heartbeat echoes in your ears.

"We burned it," he re-

plies, looking away from you. *He's lying.*

You nod again. "Thank you for telling me." Zhenjin shifts his weight slightly and opens his mouth to speak, and...

Something *calls* to you, a faint spark of power at the edge of your perception. You answer in kind, closing your eyes and drawing on your Shard—

~~~

Image and sensation flash past one after another, almost too fast to follow. You run through the forest, cool air in your lungs, loyal hound at your side, twigs and branches and leaves crunching beneath your feet...

You hack away at a massive oak, arms burning with the exertion – something deep within the wood strains and creaks and snaps, and the

tree begins to fall...

You stand at the base of the Tower, and all around the trees are red and gold with the colors of autumn (*but it was winter when you arrived, white and cold and so silent*)...

You train under the watchful eye of your master (*but you have never seen her in your life*)...

You join the war, bearer of the sixteenth Shard. You slip into tents and murder savages in their sleep, revenge for everything they've taken from you (*but you were lucky, weren't you? far from the front, family and friends safe and sound*). On the last day of your life the tent is empty and the howling starts and there are teeth and claws and fangs ripping at your flesh and you fight but they—

*(no this isn't right, it can't be right)*

They—

No.

~

With a silent scream of effort, you tear yourself from the swamp of memory. That is not who you are. You never did any of those things. You were not killed in battle. You are not Sixteen. You are not *Johannes*.

*I am Forty-Seven, you tell yourself. I have crossed the sea on a mission – to serve and protect Lord Anselm during his talks with the Reshanese. I made it through the war.*

*I am alive, you tell yourself. I am alive.*

You open your eyes, and barely a moment has passed in the Imperial banquet hall – nobody seems to notice what just transpired.

Nobody except Zhenjin. He looks at you, wide-eyed, reaching up to his heart in disbelief, and you put the pieces together. Ambassador Yesui's quiet confidence in her ability to negotiate with the Reshanese, her odd choice of bodyguard, Zhenjin's refusal to tell the truth...

*The sixteenth Shard was never recovered, you remember your superiors saying. We will need a replacement soon.*

"What," you ask very quietly, "have you done?"

"It was *you*," Zhenjin growls, getting to his feet. "You killed my father." His fists are clenched in rage, and his eyes burn with otherworldly fire.

*Your fire.*

**THE PLAINSMEN HAVE DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE**

**– ONE OF THEIR WARRIORS WIELDS THE POWER OF YOUR FALLEN COMRADE. WHAT WILL YOU DO?**

**1. [Appeal to his honor. The Shard is a warrior's weapon like any other. It belongs with Johannes' kin.]**

**2. [Tell him the risks. He has not been trained as you have; the strain of bearing the Shard will kill him as surely as any blade. It belongs with you.]**

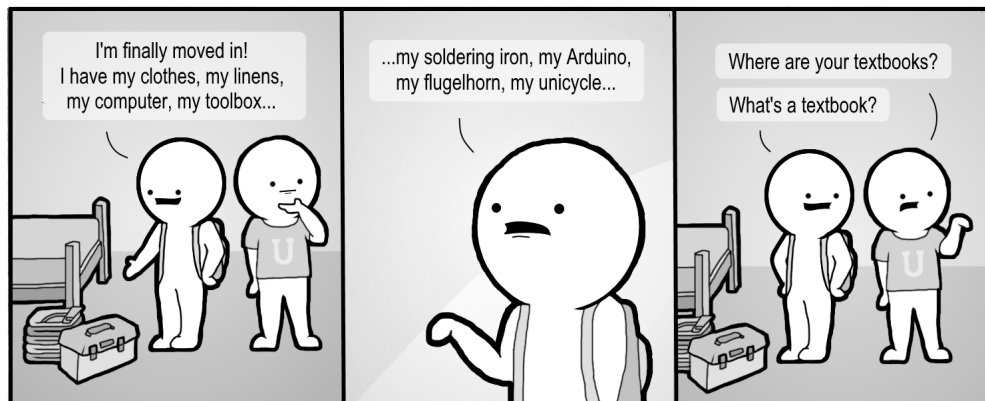
**IF NEGOTIATIONS FAIL...**

**a. [Duel him. You are stronger and more experienced, but he will not give up the chance to avenge his father. Kill him and retrieve the Shard.]**

**b. [Let him be. His guard is up, and the banquet hall is packed with witnesses. A better opportunity may arise later.]**

# "Imposter Syndrome"

**Jeremy Ryan**  
Contributor





# Defense of the Mercator

**Justin Kunimune**  
*Contributor*

If you've ever dabbled in cartography, geography, cultural imperialism, or that one scene from *The West Wing*, you've probably heard of the Mercator projection. If not, you've certainly seen it. The Mercator projection is the most common map projection for general-purpose world maps.

What is a map projection? "Map projection" describes any method of rendering the surface of the Earth onto a plane for easy viewing and storage. Because the sphere has curvature and the plane does not, any projection must have distortion in it, and because of the Hairy Ball Theorem, that distortion must always be

extreme somewhere. Since it is mathematically impossible to create a perfect map of the Earth, there is much ongoing debate about which projections are best in which contexts. In such debates, to the Mercator projection is typically pointed as an over-used, obsolete projection. It is, in a manner of speaking, the Comic Sans of map projections. Today, however, I seek to change the negative perception of Mercator by demonstrating that not only is it better than many of its commonly cited alternatives, but is actually the best map projection for many modern uses.

Firstly, why do people dislike Mercator? As previously stated, every projection must distort something. In Mercator, this is size. Land-

masses near the poles appear much larger than those near the equator. The most commonly cited falsehood present in a Mercator map is the size of Greenland relative to that of Africa – Mercator shows them as roughly the same size, whereas Greenland is, in fact, 14 times smaller. This distortion is necessary to preserve what Mercator is designed to preserve: loxodromes.

A loxodrome, or rhumb line, is a line of constant bearing. While it is not the shortest path between two points on the Earth's surface, it is the simplest one for sailors navigating with charts and compasses. In 1569, therefore, with this user group in mind, the Belgian Gerardus Mercator designed his projection such that loxodromes rendered as straight lines. Furthermore, the angles of loxodromes on the map matched their bearings on the Earth, such that sailors could calculate the bearing in which to sail with a Mercator projection and a protractor.

Over time, as European explorers, Mercator projections in hand, took over the world, Mercator became the de facto standard projection for all world maps, be they for decoration or education. As a result, many laymen began taking its distortion for truth, believing that regions near the equator were in fact as small as they appeared on the map. Because regions near the equator tended to be poorer than regions near the



Figure 1: The Mercator Projection

North Pole, this faulty mindset came to be criticized as cultural imperialism.

To be clear, the fact that Mercator's Europe appears so large compared to Africa is a coincidence, not an intentional slight to non-Europeans. Cartographers across the world acknowledged the overuse of Mercator and, over the centuries, proposed many alternatives in an attempt to disperse the misconceptions caused by it. None were successful in overcoming Mercator's tight grip on society.

In 1973, however, one Arno Peters claimed to have the solution, a revolutionary new projection that perfectly preserved the sizes of countries. This map, according to Peters, was the only "area-correct" map, with "absolute angle conformality," "no extreme distortions of form", and "total... distance-factual[ity]".\*

Cartographers were unimpressed. Some might even say they were Galled. Peter's projection, a simple cylindrical equal-area projection, was by no means original. The exact projection had already been described in 1855 by James Gall, and it differed only in aspect ratio from the also preexisting Tobler World in a Square (1986), Balthasart (1935), Trystan Edwards (1953), Smyth-Craster (1870), Behrmann (1910), and Lambert cylindrical (1772) projections (*shown on page 9*).

Whether Peters knew about the existence of any of these maps is a matter of debate, but there is no uncer-

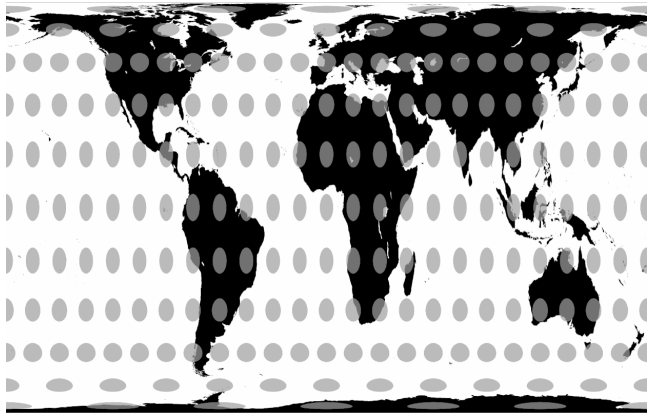


Figure 2: The Gall-Peters Projection

tainty that most of the things he claimed about his "invention" were completely false.

The only area-correct map? There are dozens of named equal-area projections, most of which, such as Tobler's hyperelliptical projection, are more accurate than Gall-Peters. Absolute angle conformality? Gall-Peters is by no means conformal; that is a specific term reserved for the elite likes of Mercator, Stereographic, Pierce Quincuncial, and a few others. No extreme distortions of form? Landmasses near the poles are distorted beyond recognition, and landmasses on the equator are twice as tall as they should be, a factor that arguably borders on "extreme". Total distance factuality? The only correct distances are East-West distances along the standard parallel, which Peters chose as 45 degrees. While the Eurocentricism present in Mercator is a coincidence, it is harder to argue the same for Peter's arbitrary choice of the standard parallel that intersects most of the Western world. Other popular claims,

that North-South lines run vertically and East-West lines run horizontally, are true of all cylindrical projections, including Mercator, and pose no real benefit by themselves.

Despite all this, his campaign worked. The "Peters World Map" spread like wildfire, fanned by Peter's compelling case of falsehoods and the world's burgeoning dislike for Eurocentricism and cultural imperialism. It even continues to be popular today. In 2001, it was featured prominently in an episode of *The West Wing*. The Oxford Cartographers officially sanction the Gall-Peters projection. Just this May, new legislature here in Boston required public schools to use the Gall-Peters projection to teach geography.

But enough about the Gall-Peters projection. The fact that its main competitor is awful doesn't make Mercator any better. There are still hundreds of projections from which to choose, and compared to those, the Mercator is still outdated and biased, right?

I direct your attention to Google Maps, perhaps the most-viewed map in the world. While Google's choice of the Mercator projection may seem a simple case of ignorance, Mercator is objectively the best projection for online map applications for the same reason it was objectively the best for naval explorers pre-GPS: loxodromes. If lines of constant bearing are straight lines, then the angles at which they intersect are also constant, both on the sphere and on the plane. This means that perpendicular intersections on Earth look perpendicular on the map.

Furthermore, because Mercator is cylindrical, North is always up, East always right, etc. This is not prejudice; this is convention. Navigation is significantly easier, especially for those not well versed in maps, when all maps of the same area face the same direction.

Together, these properties mean that a Google Maps user can zoom into the image and see their location mapped out with no distortion of shape or direction, and have that image match exactly any other local maps they might own. Who cares about size distortion when users will rarely look at an area bigger than 100 kilometers? Any other map projection would be incompatible with Google Maps, as either North would change direction unpredictably based on the user's location, or streets would skew, making it difficult to compare the map to the user's surroundings. For

this reason, Mercator holds and deserves a special place in our internet culture.

Perhaps the most useful quality of Mercator, though, is its status as an anathema. People like few things more than something about which to complain. Mercator has long been the first thing novice cartographers learn to dislike. I realise that, if my case was successful, I may have damaged this property for you. Worry not. If you need a map projection to truly hate, and the Gall-Peters projection is not ugly enough (controversy aside, it's not *that* bad of a projection), then look no further than the space between the pool room and the mail room, where a Van der Grinten projection hangs for the college to see.

The Van der Grinten projection, National Geographic's projection of choice

from 1922 to 1988, is often confused with Mercator. Make no mistake, though. Loxodromes are not straight lines on Van der Grinten, nor is North always up. Invented in 1898 by Alphons J. Van der Grinten with the intention of reducing the distortion of Mercator, this projection fails on practically every count.

While the distortion present in Van der Grinten is technically less than that in Mercator, Greenland still looks almost as big as Africa, and by changing the shape of the map from an infinitely tall cylinder to a circle, Van der Grinten destroyed all of the useful properties that made Mercator popular. Alaska, displayed on Mercator with a disproportionate size but reasonable shape, appears on Van der Grinten even more disproportionately large and stretched dis-

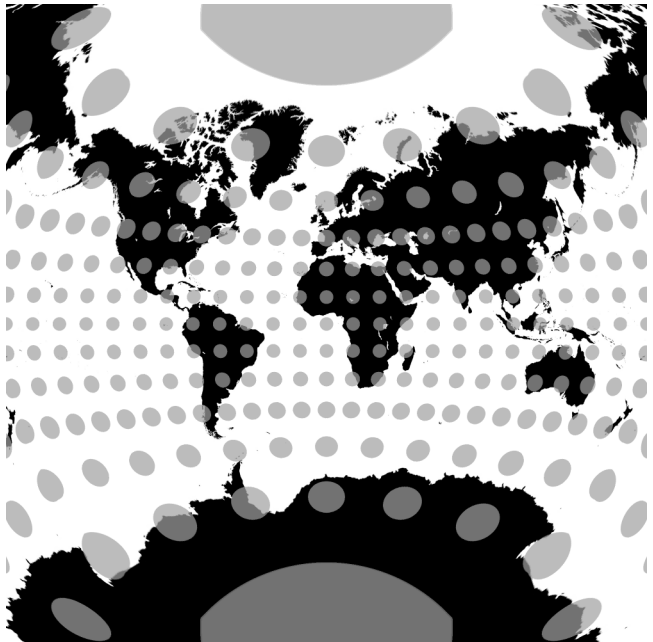


Figure 3: The Van der Grinten Projection

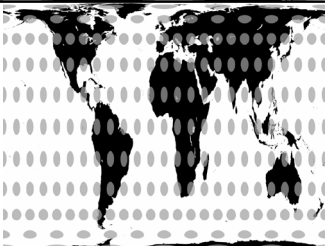
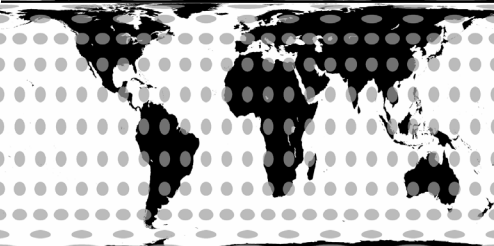
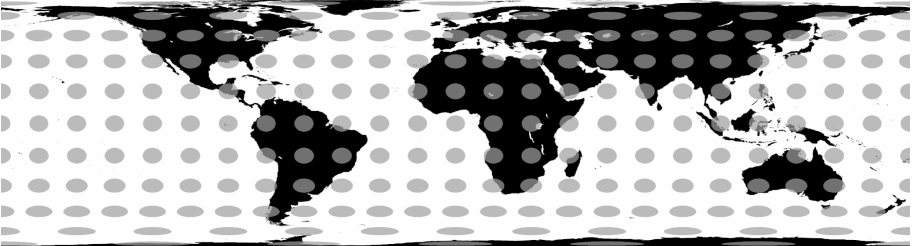
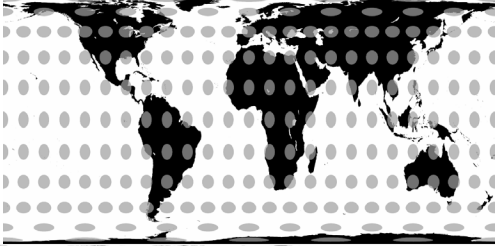
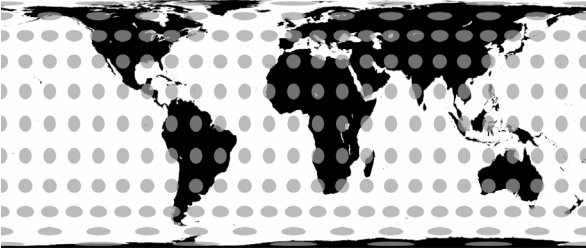


proportionately tall. On the bright side, Van der Grinten's Europe appears with less distortion than it does in Mercator.

While the Mercator Projection is far from the best projection and is certainly overused, several of the projections designed to fix its problems are just as, if not more, problematic. Furthermore, its current place as the butt end of most map projection discussions is undeserved. Mercator has no place in a geography classroom, but it is the only projection for online map-

ping services, and holds an important place in our history. With all of this in mind, I hope that the next time you hear someone complain about Mercator and extol Boston for switching to Gall-Peters, you rise to Mercator's defense and remind them just how awful Van der

Grinten is in comparison.  
*\*Citation note: Wikipedia's Gall-Peters page shows these phrases in quotes with citations, but I have been unable to find the publications that these citations reference, so take that as you will as far as the credibility of these quotes.*



(left to right from top)

Figure 4: Berhmann

Figure 5: Tobler World in a Square

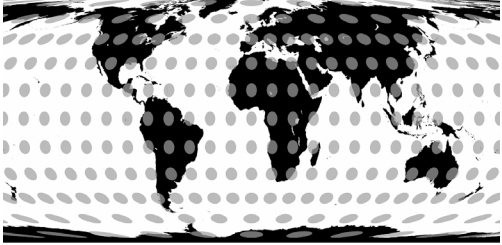
Figure 6: Tristan Edward

Figure 7: Lambert Cylindrical

Figure 8: Smyth-Craster

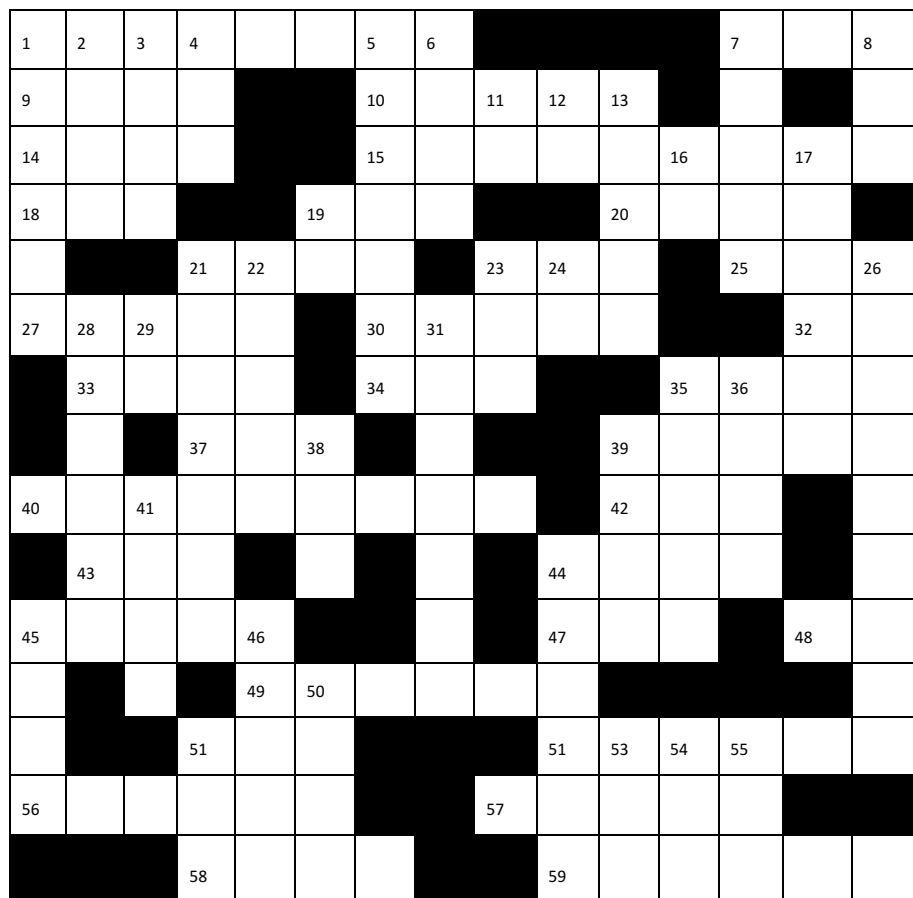
Figure 9: Balthasart

Figure 10: Tobler Hyperelliptical



# Crossword Puzzle

Please feel free to write in or take this copy of Frankly Speaking if you want to complete this crossword puzzle. If the paper you're reading has already been written, there're roughly 100 floating around the Dining Hall. The answers can be found on our website at [franklyspeakingnews.com/2017/09/crossword-puzzle](http://franklyspeakingnews.com/2017/09/crossword-puzzle)



## ACROSS

- 1 Smarty
- 7 Mars day
- 9 Christmas phrase
- 10 Irritating type of voice
- 14 Online craft market
- 15 Aware of (two words)
- 18 Tattle
- 19 How many to tango?
- 20 Slowly stop
- 21 Unusual
- 23 Long time
- 25 Bland color
- 27 Sing on a hill

- 30 Depends on
- 32 To \_\_\_ or not to \_\_\_
- 33 Break, in music
- 34 Back muscle, abbr
- 35 \_\_\_ Alto, CA
- 37 Many
- 39 Stuff to sell
- 40 Oliners
- 42 Brew
- 43 "I win this hand"
- 44 Pesky biter
- 45 Margaret's nickname
- 47 TV trial of the century judge

- 49 State known for rain
- 51 Mediation? Just do this!
- 52 Shiny yellow
- 56 Skill
- 57 Skirmish
- 58 Getting up there
- 59 A new model

## DOWN

- 1 Power
- 2 Littlest bit
- 3 Bird house
- 4 Clever
- 5 Writing vessel before

ball point pens  
6 tiny  
7 Weasel type  
8 Property  
11 Way to soften a question  
12 Express sympathy  
13 Grassy places  
16 Exist  
17 Can't  
19 Unix translation  
21 Relaxing  
22 Popular Food Network  
celeb

23 Consume  
24 Working  
26 Ointment for cuts  
28 Fruit  
29 First state in the Union  
abbr  
31 Jewelry  
35 Diet type  
36 Geometry 101 calcula-  
tion  
38 Homer's neighbor  
39 Disney bigwig  
41 French coming-of-age

film  
44 Digit  
45 Sound to get someone's  
attention  
46 Opposite of 57 Across  
50 Nerve network  
51 My love waits for me  
beyond it  
53 Hooray to Juan  
54 Cool light  
55 \_\_\_, *Daylight come and  
me wanna go home*

# Horoscopes by Drunk Editors

**Virgo (Aug. 23 – Sept. 22):** If you think you shouldn't, you probably *really* shouldn't. Or you could do it and see what happens.

**Libra (Sept. 23 – Oct. 22):** Paranoia is a survival mechanism designed to keep you from being eaten, stabbed in the back, or poisoned.

**Scorpio (Oct. 23 – Nov. 21):** Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead. Not that we endorse murder. Or suicide. Or even threats. We endorse nothing, nor are we endorsed by anyone. It's a complicated legal thing.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22 – Dec. 21):** Curiosity did kill the cat.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22 – Jan. 19):** Sometimes having seven different contingency plans is a good thing.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20 – Feb. 18):** You are going to have a wonderful week. It will feel like you're walking on clouds, like the birds are singing just for you. Think about buying a lottery ticket. Profess your love to your secret crush. Take up that hobby that you've always previously failed at. There is no losing for you. It's like being King Midas, except that you won't find yourself accidentally killing the ones that you love when they give you congratulatory high fives. Like being Achilles, except your mother knew that tongs existed and was able to thoroughly dunk you in the River Styx. Like being the Chicago Cubs making it to Game 7's 10th inning to finally end a 108 year dry streak. In short, there is nothing that you cannot do this week. Play your cards right, and it could go down in the history books as one of the single

greatest weeks in human history. Don't let this opportunity go to waste. You could solve world hunger. You could find the cure for cancer. And if you think this is all too good to be true...

**Pisces (Feb. 19 – March 20):** Put it back down. Walk away slowly.

**Aries (March 21 – April 19):** Foolhardy decisions are for fools. Not that you're a fool...

**Taurus (April 20 – May 20):** Don't do it.

**Gemini (May 21 – June 20):** You can never look over your shoulder too often.

**Cancer (June 21 – July 22):** Reevaluate your options.

**Leo (July 23 – Aug. 22):** Bulls shouldn't play in China Shops.

# "Hello World"

**Jayce Chow**

*Editor in Chief*

I'm not a programmer, this is just what all the programming courses I've ever taken have asked me to start off typing. Bad nerd humor aside, hello.

To the first years and visiting students, welcome to Olin. I'm sure you've heard that far too many times over the last week, but allow me to say it once more. And to everyone else, welcome back.

This is Frankly Speaking, Olin's unofficial, student-run newspaper. Up until a few weeks ago, literally run by one student (hi, I'm Jayce). There's nothing wrong with having one student do all the production; there aren't any deliberations over differing opinions, meeting times don't have to be rescheduled when someone can't make it, etc. And thankfully, Sophia Nielsen has offered to help with the production this year.

**HOWEVER**, it would be absolutely wonderful if more people could get involved in the paper. I'm graduating

in the Spring (and no, I will not be back for an additional semester next Fall, God willing), so even if Sophia is still wants to work on the paper, it would be nice to be able to distribute the workload.

If you have any interest in editing articles, laying out the print edition, uploading content to the website, or printing, folding, and distributing, **come talk to/email me**. (We're not a club and therefore don't have a snack budget, but candy could hypothetically be provided).

In other, non-recruiting news, y'all should write and/or draw for Frankly Speaking.

We will print virtually anything. A full set of guidelines can be found on our website at *franklyspeaking-news.com/submit*, but the short and sweet version is that we accept articles, opinion pieces, comics, drawing, stories, etc.

We do ask that all submissions be thoughtful of and respectful toward the Olin community. Any attacks on identity, be they

racial, gender/sexuality, political, mental or physical health, socioeconomic status (for example) may be considered hate (as opposed to free) speech, and may not be printed.

Final say of print lies with the editors.

One change to submissions this year is that we will **NOT** be accepting anonymous submissions.

If you're going to share your opinion with the community, have the guts to attach your name to it. And if you don't want to have your name published with your statement, maybe you should reevaluate how strongly you feel about that statement.

Now that we've gotten all that fun stuff out of the way, get involved with Frankly Speaking. It's always cool to see your name in print, whether you submitted content or helped produce said content.

Patiently awaiting a flood of emails,

Jayce

## Want to write for Frankly Speaking?

Send us your articles at

JAYCE.CHOW@STUDENTS.OLIN.EDU

Or check out the website at

HTTP://FRANKLYSPEAKINGNEWS.COM

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