

# TUNNEL VISION

**your weekly source on the  
tech dumps and RPI tunnels (and RPI, sometimes)**

**Boo!**

-By I-

**S**pooked? Did I get you? Hope you had a great Halloween! We here at Tunnel Vision wanted to get into the Halloween spirit by giving some issues a special surprise. Be careful when you open your issue, you never know what you'll see!

We've got a solid lineup for you guys this time around, though unfortunately S.S. Illite has not been able to finish their section for this issue. Hopefully they'll be back at it for issue #12, though!

What's new in the box(es) talks about some film dropped in the DCC dumps, plus a submitted find! State of the Art has more doodles from Starbucks, plus we've got news on the trench in front of E complex!

Tunnel Vision: Out of the tunnel's got a short story for you all, and, Subterranean Homesick Blues has a review of The Money Store by Death Grips, and last but not least the EXTRA page this week's got more info on the hotdog eating contest that never was, unfortunately.

Hope you all enjoy this fortnight's Tunnel Vision, so sorry we're late!

**Tunnel Vision: Out of the Tunnel:**

-by West Virginia

**O**h my god its a short story!!! A flash fiction piece by yours truly. . .

...Read more on Page 4

**What's new in the box(es)**

It's Quiet... Too Quiet

Plus - DCC film reels

-By I-

**P**

aper is what tech dump boxes are made of. This time on What's new in the Box(es), we're not talking about paper. We're talking about film! Literal film reels have been dumped into the DCC, you can probably still have a look for yourself if you go!

Plus, a reader-submitted find: Star Wars on VHS? Cool stuff, be sure to check it out in this fortnight's What's new in the Box(es)!

...Read more on page 2!

**State of the Art:**

More doodles!

Plus - PDS installed for North complex?

-By I-

**O**

ver the past few weeks, there has been a whole lot of art in the Starbucks notebook. There's really way too much of it to even begin to fit in this fortnight's section! Hope you all are enjoying the coverage on this thus far, and be sure to have a look for yourself!

In other news, it appears that the latest and greatest Potato Delivery System (PDS) is being put into the trench in front of North. One of the world's longest potato cannons was seen propped up over the course of the past 2 or so weeks.

...Read more on page 3!

**Subterranean Homesick Blues**

-By π

**Y**

ou ever carve a pumpkin and start wondering if it's listening to you, have you lost close relationships because they keep stealing your bars? Do you see spiders crawl on your skin but vanish when you look at them? Do you see the same people stalking you every morning but every time you change your route they find you and stare...

. . . shed your skin and regain your momentary lapse of reason on page 7!



# WHAT'S NEW IN THE BOX(ES):

## IT'S QUIET...TOO QUIET

-by I

The tech dumps are *really* slowing down now, I found that over the course of a semester this usually always happens around the middle. There has been pretty much nothing in the JEC, LOW, Cogswell, the MRC, or the VCC, of note in the past 2 weeks, though there were a few things here and there.

Despite this, we still have had some great finds in the DCC, almost making up for this lack of stuff. Plus, in the Sage of all places, 'Soft Windows' for Power Mac was thrown in the bins around the distribution of #10, neat stuff!

We'll see what the future holds, be sure to have a look at the film if you have a chance!

### FINDS OF THE WEEK: FILM REELS + VHS STAR WARS!

The find of the week this week is a ton of film, super 8 and other formats. Super cool, I personally have never seen or handled actual film reels, that's why the tech dumps are so great to look through!

In other news, a reader, whistler, submitted news that they found 3 VHS tapes of old Star Wars movies in Carnegie! Very cool stuff, I wonder how long it's been sitting there for. The Phantom Menace, The Empire Strikes Back, and Return of the Jedi were the movies found.

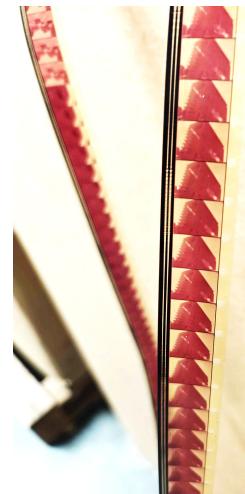
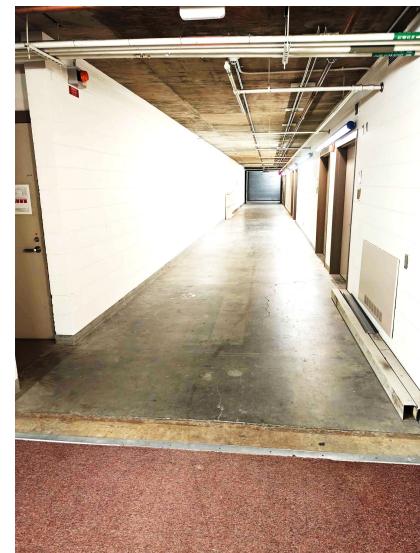
### WHAT'S ACTUALLY NEW IN BOX(ES)

DCC	Sage
This was a very interesting week for the DCC. There were so many film reels, very interesting stuff to see, I wonder if they came from a class, and if so, when that class was?	Of all places, Sage almost never has anything new, but this time around a rather interesting find showed up: 'Soft Windows' for Power Mac. See picture on the right!
JEC	Other

Not much at all, the contents were swished around a lot over this past 2 weeks, though it seems nothing was found even then. Though, a little while ago there was a digital video receiver, rather quickly taken but still interesting nonetheless.

Sage:  
MRC/Cogswell/VCC/LOW:  
Nothing, really. MRC got some AC water pumps, and some DVDs with titles on them such as 'My Train' and 'Fast,' who knows what's on that?

PLUS: On Halloween, a Sony CD stereo was tossed in the MRC! It even has some CDs and an iPod dock?! Cool!



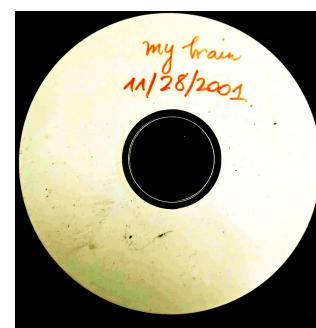
A cinematic shot of cinematic film.



If you were to stretch this roll of film out all the way, it would reach the moon. True story!



Star wars VHS tapes!  
Picture submitted by a reader, thank you again, whistler!



You wouldn't download a train would you? This guy did.  
(Text reads 'my train 11/28/2001')



# STATE OF THE ART - STARBUCKS EDITION: STARBUCKS DOODLE BOOK, PDS INSTALLED FOR NORTH HALL

-By I

How did you guys do on the Korok hunt? I got 108th, 5 koroks (oof). Still fun, though!

In other news, a quick blurb about the tunnels, unfortunately still no new stuff. Though more specifically from last week, someone wrote 'Long Live the Wall,' figured it's noteworthy enough to share.

This time around we've got a lot to show you all, there was a ton of art, way too much to show in just one page, so here's a snippet of our favorites, plus art from around campus! If you would like to share your own art/doodle in this section, be sure to contact us!

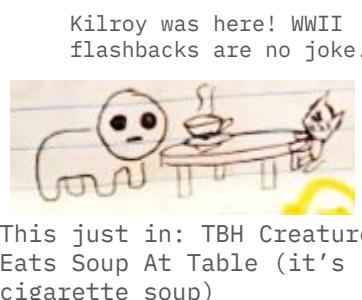
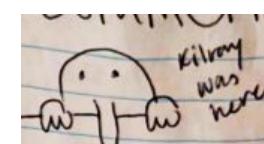
Hope you enjoy this issue's State of the Art - Starbucks Edition, see you next time!

**PLUS - EXTRA:** The extra page this week fits in this theme, I think. Did you all hear about the hot dog eating contest that was supposed to take place on Halloween? Turns out, it was cancelled. Read more about it on page 7!

This is the official Tunnel Vision Smoking Area.



Got art you made or want to share? Unhappy with our coverage? Find something interesting we should report on here? Use the google form on the right (QR code) to submit art, comments, and/or news!



(Left)  
A couple  
of  
seasoned  
smokers  
enjoying  
this new  
state of  
the art  
(heh)  
facility!



This just in: TBH Creature  
Eats Soup At Table (it's  
cigarette soup)

Thoughts, Comments, Doodles?

(Right)  
Doth my eyes  
deceive me?  
This was in  
the JEC  
tunnels! If  
you haven't  
seen him, you  
have now!

HAVE YOU  
SEEN HIM?  
now you have :)

Stoned Cat joins its many cousins in the doodle book!

A 2D cat was spotted tormenting the local 2.5D dog (by Sage). It was seen walking the fence Claiming the library as its territory, experts recommend staying out of its 2D plane to stay safe.

you're SO tea --

Someone spilled the tea... and it came ALIVE?!? (tea stain on right)

RIP My Calc 2 grade

The among us still lurks among us...

THE ONE PIECE... IT'S REAL!?

## Potato Delivery System (PDS) Installed For North Hall

The world's first Potato Delivery System, or PDS as known professionally, has been revealed to be the cause of the trench being dug in front of North Hall.

Beginning work around September 22, the pipe has finally been laid. Tens of feet of pure potato cannon power will soon be buried under Sage Ave, for use by North Hall residents.



According to sources, this move comes after the Commons burger petition earlier this semester. North Hall students will now have "free access to all the french fries, mashed potatoes, and potato chips they will ever need," once the pipeline is opened.

RPI is also attempting to break the world record for largest potato cannon, though it is unclear when this will come to pass.

# **TUNNEL VISION: OUT OF THE TUNNEL**

## **IGNORING ALARMS**

**By WEST VIRGINIA**

At 5:10 am his breathing slowed. At 5:15 am it stopped completely. At 5:16 am his lips began to turn blue and brain function slowed. By 5:21 am, after 6 minutes of his brain cells being starved of oxygen, he died.

Outside in the dark, leaves are starting to fall. I open my eyes, wiping the crust that's collected in them and check my phone. 4:32 am. Noises emanate from the hallway. I'm suddenly aware of the layers of sheets and blankets that have me trapped in bed, arms pinned to my sides. I flail around, kicking the blankets to the floor. The sheets under me are drenched in sweat. Sprawled out on the bed I feel a crisp breeze blow in from the open window. The breeze hits the beads of sweat on my skin, immediately I start to shiver and watch as goosebumps ripple across my arms and legs. I shrivel up into a ball and pull one of the discarded blankets back over me. I rub my face into the pillow, momentarily comforted by the cool fabric. My bladder cries out, begging me to get down the hall. I oblige. Head pounding I open the door to find Leo, shirtless with boxers and socks on. The pounding moves to my chest. He's standing at a 45 degree angle, grabbing at the walls on either side of the slim hallway as though if he just tried hard enough they would no longer be flat but instead have arms that could reach out and hold him up.

"Leo?" I croak, my voice hoarse and my throat dry. He doesn't respond. He lifts his head up for a moment and I meet his eyes. I laugh, disregarding the emptiness behind them and the voice in the back of my head telling me that something is off.

"I think you need to go to bed, sleep this off".

Last year, in the old apartment we were awoken one night by this horribly shrill noise and I remember having no idea what was going on. The sound overwhelmed all of my senses and I cried out. Suddenly his arms were around me. He whispered in my ear that everything was going to be okay and I just remember feeling so safe. Half asleep I kept my hands pressed against my ears until it was over and sleep consumed me once more. It wasn't till the next morning whilst we were having our morning smoke and chatting with our neighbor did I realize it was a fire alarm.

"Well what did you think it was?" Leo asked me through a chuckle.

"I had no idea, it was too loud, I couldn't think" I responded, taking a long drag from the menthol perched between my fingers and stared off into the distance.

Leo turns and heads for the stairs. I glance quickly at the bathroom door, it's ajar with soft and warm light pooling out, illuminating the hall. I follow Leo downstairs. I step into the living room and see the aftermath of last night's events. Declan is passed out on the couch with a full glass of water clutched in his hand. He's bathed in a faint purple light as Roku City rolls by on the television. What was once a cardboard case of Coors now lies shredded in a corner and the 24 cans belonging to the case are strewn across the room. I think of the easter egg hunts at my aunt's house in Vermont from when I was a kid and watch as Leo throws himself to the ground, crawling on his hands and knees clumsily digging around in the debris. I step over to the kitchen where empty pill bottles lay out on the table next to a bong and a baggie of rolling tobacco. One of my charcoal gray plates sits next to a rolled up dollar bill. I lick my finger, trace over the plate and then over my gums. I turn back to the living room. Leo has given up scouring the floor and is now shaking out the blankets on the couch. Declan awakens slowly as if in a trance but is still somehow holding the glass of water. He sits up, takes a sip of water and places the cup on the ground resting his head in his hands, elbows on his knees, moaning slightly and rubbing his temples. I glance at the time on the tv, 5:05 am. Leo shoots up suddenly, victoriously displaying a single pink pill. He pops it into his mouth and darts back up the stairs. In doing so he knocks over the glass Declan placed on the floor. I quickly grab the glass and bring it over to the sink. I don't bother to look for paper towels. I know we don't have any. I grab a t-shirt that's been sitting in the corner by the tv since Friday night and throw it over the spill before it can reach the carpet. Crisis avoided.

**BOO!**



**YOU JUST GOT JUMPSCARED!**  
**(RIGHT?)**

# SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES

-π



Listening to *The Money Store* by Death Grips is like being tear gassed in a hardcore show in the 6th layer of hell. It is a dystopian reflection of the malice that the internet has oozed into our modern lives. Stefan Burnett (MC Ride), Zack Hill, Andy Morin installed a malicious virus into this record that once it lodges itself into your brain, never lets you go.

Noise sculpted with intention, adrenaline distilled into art. Ride's vocals sound like someone bellowing the apocalypse through a megaphone made of rust and feedback. Hill's drumming is manic, inhuman, like he's trying to physically fight the beat into submission. And Morin's production is delirious. Like a cold, digital fever dream of loops that warp, sirens that never resolve, and bass that feels taunts you into bursting your eardrums.

"Get Got" opens and the distortion of the drums immediately sends you into fight or flight. Ride's flow comes in but it is less rap and more incantation, paranoia mutating into rhythm. Suddenly everything is swallowed by these alarming synths while Ride's unintelligible testimony lulls you into a hypnosis. By "The Fever (Aye Aye)," that unease explodes. The drums are all violence and velocity, while Ride spirals through mantras that sound like a phantom trying to convince themselves they still exist. It's exhilarating and nauseating in equal measure.

That's the addictive pull of *The Money Store*: like a bad salvia trip it's paranoia distilled. "Lost Boys" sounds like cyberpunk dread set to percussion recorded inside a collapsing factory. "Hustle Bones" is the sound of a riot in your bloodstream and tear gas in your lungs. And then there's "I've Seen Footage," a terrifyingly perfect pop song built from surveillance anxiety and internet fatigue. It shouldn't be this catchy but its iconic refrains of "I STAY NOIDED I STAY NOIDED, I STAY NOIDED, I SEEN FOOTAGE" makes sticks to you like a brain eating amoeba. Only they could make a song screaming about digital trauma and police brutality danceable.

Every track teeters between collapse and transcendence. On "Punk Weight," the opening is a chipmunked corrupted vocal sample that collapses into a bass so crunchy you feel like your speakers are bursting, while "Double Helix" sounds like it would be playing in a underground strip club in a cyberpunk red light district, with haunting calls emerging out of the distortion. There's no emotional release here, just escalation. Each song ends mid-sentence like the group is too beserk to focus their rage on one thought.

Then there's "Hacker," the album's curtain call to arms. It's the sound of Death Grips triumphantly setting the world on fire. Ride howls, "IM IN YOUR AREA" and it lands somewhere between a threat and a promise. The song builds and builds until it dissolves into static, like the signal finally eats itself. It's a terrifying but perfect song that encapsulates our modern day. A swan song for silicon age.

What makes *The Money Store* so addictive isn't just its aggression, it's its precision. Every sound, every glitch, every burst of distortion feels deliberate and hand crafted. This isn't noise for shock value; it's a conversation. Death Grips understood something that most artists only gesture at: that the modern world already sounds like this. The album mirrors the overstimulation, the dread, the constant dopamine-fueled churn of brain rot that many call life. All only 2 years after Instagram was invented.

For a generation raised on scrolling and overload, *The Money Store* feels like home. It's a reflection of the internet's darkest corners, of the way online culture cannibalizes itself faster than we can process it. It's punk that mutated into code, hip-hop with its skin ripped off, a manifesto for the post-everything age.

# Extra: What happened to the hotdog eating contest?

-By I

This Halloween at 5 PM, in front of Sage Dining Hall, there was supposed to be a hotdog eating contest, run by the RPI Ski and Snowboard club. If you have seen posters like the one on the right around campus lately, and wondered what happened, you've come to the right place! We got in touch with the president of the Ski and Snowboard Club, Ethan B, to tell us what actually happened.

Planned to be a fun halloween event, posters were hung, and hot dogs were bought. 120, to be exact.

Then, 2 days before the event, the RPI Risk Management team informed the Ski and Snowboard club that this event was not allowed to be held. It turns out that this issue was escalated all the way to President Marty himself.

The reason given behind this decision was that the school is not insured against choking. The team cited a case from 2021 in which somebody in Tufts University choked to death during an eating contest, and the school was sued for millions of dollars. It turns out that the 'no eating contests' rule was already a campus policy, it just wasn't communicated well enough to clubs. This resulted in a RPI sports team reportedly getting into trouble for their own eating contest a few weeks ago, in fact. All this led to the event being pivoted to a game show, serving hot cocoa instead of hot dogs, yielding a smaller than expected crowd. The President of the Ski and Snowboard club called it "very much a letdown."



A picture of the event is seen above. A guy in a hotdog costume stands in front of a sign saying "LET THEM EAT HOTDOGS." Hot cocoa is seen over to the right.



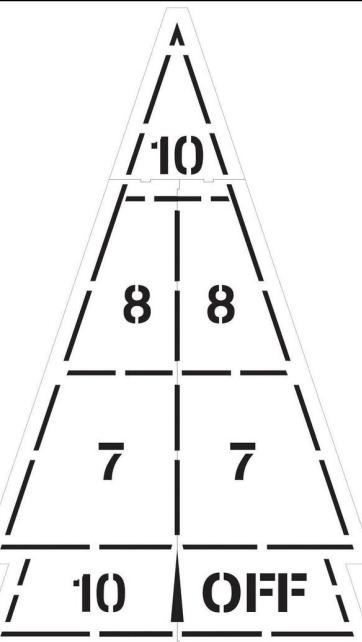
One of the interesting things that arose before the event was the formation of an organized opposition to the event, calling themselves *Hotdogs Against Humanity*. Posters like the one on the left were posted all across campus, recruiting hotdogs to fight for their rights.

If you wanted to join the "Weiners of this revolution," you could scan a QR code linking to a google docs doc with meeting details. The plan was to meet at the '86 field at 5, then march to the hotdog eating contest, picket signs in hand, and hotdog costumes on. According to them, 'WE as hotdogs are TIRED of our kind being butchered for sport. Word must be spread of the truly sadistic nature behind these events!'

Unfortunately, we at Tunnel Vision were unable to see the event for ourselves, but we did manage to find a picture of the event on the Ski and Snowboard Club discord server, under the first image. It sounds like the Weiners of the revolution also didn't show up, because, y'know, there weren't hotdogs.

It's too bad this is how it turned out. Imagine what could have been! Hotdogs Against Humanity vs the Hotdog Eaters sounds like a battle for the ages. Alas, maybe someday!

# THE LAST PAGE: PUZZLES N' STUFF



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

Sudoku courtesy of  
[puzzlegenerators.com/Sudoku.html](http://puzzlegenerators.com/Sudoku.html)

Enjoy the classic game  
of newspaper  
shuffleboard above!

1	2	3	4	5
6				
7				
8				
9				

## ACROSS

- 1 Spanish throne?
- 6 [with 1-Down] RPI sentiment after last weekend's Blackout hockey game
- 7 Shared apartment, for short
- 8 Pose to pray
- 9 Taste, sight, e.g.

## DOWN

- 1 See 6-Across
- 2 Green feat: hole \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 Bedsheet material
- 4 Veins of ore
- 5 Small lizard

What other puzzles (n' stuff) would you like to see here? Submit your suggestions (or in some cases puzzles) to us using the QR code, email, or on our website!

Thank you very much to whistler for creating this issue's mini crossword!!

Answers for last week's crossword will be posted to our website!

Before we go, roll the credits:

- I, 'CEO' of Tunnel Vision Weekly
  - S.S. Illite, The Geologist
  - West Virginia, Tunnel Vision: Out of the Tunnel writer
  - π (Pi), Mediterranean Homesick Blues Writer
  - K and π, Logo design based on logo by I, which was based on a logo by Virginia
- Thank you all for your help!

Disclaimer: The front page blurbs and internal sections are written by each respective author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Tunnel Vision.

...And that's all, folks! Thank you all so much for reading so far, I'm really glad you picked us to be your source for all news tech dump and RPI!

Be sure to check out our website, [tunnelvisionweekly.neocities.org](http://tunnelvisionweekly.neocities.org) for more Tunnel Vision goodness, including an online tech dump listing, a FREE game, past issues and current issue supplements, and more!

**We'll see you on 11/17 with issue #12!**

12			4		13	37
					6	14
					7	49
10	9				18	42

Number nonogram #6!