

THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

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JOHN TESH'S MISSION EXPOSED:

Tickle **E**very **S**ingle **H**uman

"James, it's about time we tell everyone about us..." – Resident Hottie Beth

"Don't I get a say in this one?" – Rachel

"What you say?" – James

"Yeah, hi. It's me again. I think Resident Hottie B. wants James." – Brooks

"Don't I get a say in this one?" – Former GA Jen Felton

"Not after the way you treated me last Wednesday." – James

"My tongue is on strike." – Brian, *distressingly NOT out of context*

"I'm really good at pinching corners." – Cathy, A section, *cutest Steering proposal ever*

"I'd pay for her to go to college. She is soooo cute!" – Nikki, *might just be obsessed*

"Did Steering give you any good quotes for the Tribune? Yeah, I think it did." – Anne

"It's the Rolls-Royce of dildos." – Brooks, *discussing Mark's Christmas present from F-section*

"I whip and beat them." – Former GA Jen Felton, *school teacher at large*

"You know James; I wish you had considered me as your resident hottie." – GA Laurie

"Ok, I'll save a special dance for you at the semiformal." – James

"I only hope to rise to the challenge like Anne Johnson and Jen Felton." – GA Laurie

"She's not on any porn sites...thankfully!!!" – GA Rodney, *should remember the context*

"Yup James – and you are the hottest guy of the Jebus believingity." – Rola, *hot muslim*

"This really tastes like hobo piss." – Andy, *Colt 45 with no zigzags*

"Drink your piss, Andy." – Erin,

"You would do her right?" – Claudia, *distressed at her own words*

"Yeah I would." – Rola, *likewise distressed at her own words*

"Wait, I don't want people to think I'm a lesbian...I mean know." – Rola

"Can you focus on me here...I'm pretty resident hot myself." – GA Lisa

"What about us?" GA's Beverly and Kirstin, *wishing they were Hotties B. and K.*

"I'll never come again." – Former GA Jen Felton, *making last appearance in ST*

The Art of Sprawl

By Rachel “Super Sprawl Master of the World” Senturia

You thought you would never be caught. You tried to run. You tried to hide. But it hunted you down, spear in hand, chillingly gliding around your doorknob, up the walls, slithering around your legs at 3 am. You fall on top of the bed, arms tangled, legs drooped, almost dropping to the floor, and yet oh so comfortable. You are a victim of Sprawl.

Sprawl? You say. Who the..? What the...? Calm down. It's OK. Emergency vehicles are on their way. Sprawl is part of life; a natural tendency to completely lose control of all muscles and succumb to gravity. The anesthesia doctors administer during operation, yeah, that's right, it's liquid Sprawl.

There are many different kinds of Sprawl, most of which you probably are familiar with, but do not know the formal names or definitions. Basic Sprawl, as defined above, also includes the prerequisite that at least two limbs must be off the bed or apparatus upon which you have Sprawled. Not too much effort should be exercised while trying to assume the correct Sprawling position, but rather, let the natural Sprawlity of your body guide your Sprawl. Get extra Sprawl points by leaning your head upside down and inducing a blood rush. Excellent!

For the truly talented, there is SuperSprawl. This involves the normal aspects of Sprawl but to a slightly more emphasized effect. In other words, SuperSprawlers try to let gravity completely dominate their every move. In most cases, the pressure in the atmosphere (pounds per square inch) becomes much too much to lift a hand, much less an entire body. In this way, SuperSprawlers seem to defy the laws of physics. Remember, $F=ma$! SuperSprawl can also include another human being. SuperSprawl yourself all over someone else's Sprawled body. That's the kind of Sprawl I'm talking about, baby!

Hypothesize for a moment: What if you don't want to Sprawl? Well, your only option is the Anti Sprawl Ball. This details curling up into a fetus position, just more ball-like, and tightly holding your arms and legs. Ideally, your ball should be so small that it is able to fit in other people's pockets (I have yet to deal with giants). While us true Sprawlers find the Anti Sprawl Ball mostly annoying, yet relaxing at times, many novices' like to start out here because Sprawl may seem a bit intimidating.

Many people like Sprawl so much they concede the desire to want to Sprawl more often than is naturally allowed. That's OK. Sprawling can commence upon command. Say "Sprawl" and watch as people just drop what they're doing, drop to the floor, drop their hands, and then lie. It's like the rain...except for not.

Now that you are versed in the etiquette of Sprawl, I invite you all to go out and enjoy all that Sprawl has to offer. Sprawl when you are tired. Sprawl when you are awake. It don't matter! Sprawl like you have never Sprawled before, and I guarantee this world will be a better place because of it. Take that world hunger! Don't hog the Sprawl, share it with your friends and family. And most importantly, when you are in the act of Sprawling, do not think about your work, the test you failed, a death in the family, or the absolute horribleness that defines your life. Just Relax.....and Sprawl.

PASSIVE VOICE:

An Article to Be Read By All

By James Schneider

When a writing class is had by you, words are spoken by a teacher to the effect that the passive voice should not be used by you. “Jebus” is said by me. “Why should the passive voice not be used by humans?”

Perfectly articulate and understood by humans is the passive voice. Sentences written or spoken by people in which the subject of the sentence is made the object are passive voice sentences.

Ok, enough of that.

The difficulty in writing passive voice sentences arises from the fact that from an early age English-speaking humans are taught to make sentences: Subject-Verb-Object. Unfortunately, this strict and boring form does not allow for the creativity and mirthfulness of the passive phraseology. Why be limited to statements like “Let’s have a good time!” when “A good time is to be had by humans!” remains a viable and sound option.

Humans spend far too much time placing the import of the sentence on the actor over the action. Obviously someone is acting on the object; otherwise you would not have said it. The passive voice allows for sentence prioritizing. Do not tell me what you are doing; tell me what is to be done by you.

We are all Penn students so the ego thing may get in the way of a task like shifting all speaking into passive voice. Everyone with a cell phone – so basically everyone except me, Brooks and Claudia – is likely too good for the passive voice. Those who feel that they are so important that they need to be reached at any moment would never be the ones shifting the sentence’s focus off of them.

A change so drastic as to affect the entire structure of the English language is proposed by me. Speaking in the passive voice always and the active voice rarely should be done by humans. Vainness and the need to be the sentence’s focus are not had by me. Perhaps it is because the traits of passiveness may suit the personality of me.

I suppose that for the sake of clarity, and for the time being – until I can impose my own ideas of language structure onto the world – I will continue writing only in the active voice. That is, except when I am trying to prove a point, as in a few of the above paragraphs.

Like a savory virus, the passive voice will steadily wriggle and infect your sentence structure with beautiful bliss. “A good time is to be had by all!” shall replace “Let’s have a good time!” in the coming days and weeks.

So, you’ve gotten to see how truly disturbed the inner workings of this human’s mind are. However, most of my self-promotion and propagandizing operates under the Sleeper Effect. So that, in 2 weeks time you will remember the passive voice rocks, and you will forget that I am full of it. Rocking on should be had by you-mans!!!

MY NUTS ARE ON YOUR CHIN

...By the lyrical gangsta himself...Eazy Mo-f'n E
Actually by Andy Wilkowski

Alright, so James gave me this title and said write a page for the ST...

So none of you are old enough to remember the well-hung squirrel ... so what? Neither am I! Only heard of him through Stouffer lore and now it's gotta get passed on. In Stouffer Down Under there was the very graphic painting of the well-hung squirrel.

(Imagine a huge 'hwang' on this guy)



Two years ago Stouffer dining hall was the largest feeding place on campus and we Stoufferites rested secure that they wouldn't tear down our residence above the place that fed the quad. The food was at best worse than the nastiest shit you've eaten at Commons this year. Being lazy as we are, we always went to Stouffer or Little Stouffer and either got a bowl of cereal or left empty stomached. Thank god they closed that dirty hellhole down. I do miss chasing cockroaches across the floor next to my table and yelling "get back on my plate!" and the squirrel meat, but real food has its merits. Stouffer Down Under should be a bowling alley again. Phil?

Ok, it's two minutes later and I have no idea what the hell I was saying.

So Gwendolyn Brooks (The Gangster of Love) had a radio show on WQHS with the Space Cowboy and Maurice called Delicious Pimpin' (later Babble On). One of the flyers featured this rodent and Charlie's Angels (when the bad remake movie came out ...) and the quote was "These ladies know where he keeps his nuts." They had listeners all over Macedonia and ... ok, it was just like five of us in Stouffer, but damn if we didn't get the inside jokes.

Anyway, Stouffer is no longer for the four Fs or the ghosts. Let's create some new and interesting tradition here!

- Andy, STOSTM and Editor of articles about nuts

GET YOUR GAME ON: A first-hand account of Penn sports

By Claudia Patane

I was cold. I was wet. I had eaten a foot-long pretzel and a slice of awful pizza but I was still hungry. I couldn't feel my nose. I watched as James tried unsuccessfully to unwrap his fingers from around the handle of my umbrella where they had frozen shut. I was at the Penn-Harvard game that took place this past Saturday. I am a sophomore who had never before Saturday been to a home game. Yes, yes I know. I should be ashamed of myself. But until Saturday morning I had never had any desire to watch an entire football game. I had never even watched a whole one on TV before. I had never had any intention of going to this game either. I had gone to sleep the night before planning to wake up at a decent hour, work out a little, and then hit the books for a nice rainy Saturday afternoon in the warmth of my little Mayer apartment. But something happened that morning. Something that would change my day forever.

I awoke to the sound of the phone ringing at quarter to ten and the voice on the other end said six simple words. "Hi. We're at Franklin Field...Come." I barely had a chance to recognize that the voice belonged to Andy W. before it was gone and I was left standing in the middle of my room in my teddy bear pajamas with a serious decision to make. Should I go to the game or not? The sound of the excited voices of the many Penn fans, who had awoken obscenely early on a Saturday morning to show their enthusiasm for Penn football to the country via ESPN, had reached me through the telephone and I felt something inside me change. Suddenly I had to know. I had to see what all the fuss was about. I had to know what it meant to stand in Franklin Field with masses of my fellow Penn students and cheer for hours, throw toast after third quarter and sing the traditional songs with which I was only barely acquainted.

I stumbled for a moment. I saw my books lying there on the floor. I knew I would experience guilt later if I abandoned them now. But in the next moment I was trading in my teddy bear pajamas for a pair of jeans and several layers of warm shirts. The last thing I did before leaving my room was call Matt's cell phone to find out where I could find the proud group that represented Stouffer at the stadium since I didn't know how crowded it would be. When he picked up I heard him say "Hello. Claudia? Hold on". Then he rejoined the thunder of voices that was chanting "Asshole!" When they were done his voice returned to the phone and he told me where I could find them. That was it. If there had been any doubt remaining it was erased when I heard those voices shouting in unison. I had to see for myself.

The game was awesome. We crushed Harvard. I couldn't always see everything because of the umbrellas which made it more difficult than usual for us short people to see. However when I felt the bleacher under my feet start to tremble from the other fans jumping up and down on it I knew good things were happening. After a while the rain only added to the fun. Everyone huddled together and formed a little village of umbrellas and we did our best to protect each other from the rain and the cold. It was completely worth it since we got to watch Harvard get humiliated while the best their fans could shout at us was "Safety school!"...pathetic, really. I chanted, sang, and threw toast with the best of 'em. And when it was over I did the last thing I had expected to see myself doing when I went to bed the night before. I stormed the field. It was fun. I was proud of myself since I only got trampled on a little bit. For anyone out there who has never been to a game before take it from me. It's awesome and completely worth it. It might be too late to get into football this year but it's an experience you must have.

ANY MAIL IS FAN MAIL, EXCEPT WHEN IT'S HATE MAIL
STOUFFER TRIBUNE STEPS ON TOES...

Hey James,

*I'm ticked off! First, you published the revision of my article along with my original.
Second, Josh stole my idea, but at least no one won the prize ... Oh yeah, and third, I did
submit another legitimate article!!*

*However, you didn't give me \$5.00 even though I wrote that amazing full page article on
toast bitches.*

Piss off, Tribune!

- Andy, former senior writer STOSTM

FORMER GA JEN LEAVES THE ST!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If I am to truly move on from the devastating encounter with former GA, Jen Felton I need your help. Regularly starved for material, I look to the past...what was good before will be good again, right? Well, lawsuits and general bickering have forced this editor to de-Feltonize the Stouffer Tribune. With a few last cheap, but nevertheless, accurate shots at "Hot for Teacher" herself, I move on. So, help me recover by sending anything to **Jschnei2@sas.upenn.edu**. Thanks.

Late November - December Birthdays

November

Michael Bowen (15)
Soohee Hwang (15)
Deron Gursoy (17)
Andy "Shoeless"
 Poenicke (18)
Jonathan Miller (19)
Arman Anvari (23)
Kristen Henry (24)
Mijung Yun (25)
John McCarthy (26)
Meaghan Macpherson (27)
Joseph Ilisco (28)
Elizabeth Thomas (28)

December

Maayan Laufer (3)
Fatemah Kadivar (4)
Elizabeth Hernandez (6)
Hye-In Yoon (7)
Patti Kangwankij (9)
Thomas Smith (9)
"Resident Hottie"
 Beth Hagovsky (11)
Marcel Pratt (12)
Jennifer Tan (12)
Molly Frisinger (13)
Jared Feiger (15)
Alexander Lorton (15)