

# THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

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Well,

The pie is all gone. Guess the year is over. We've had a lot of fun at the ST. And, by we've, I mean I've. It would have been nice to see some more contributions, though. Well, I guess that just does her, wraps her all up, finishes the year with a Lebowski quote that no one but my friends and I get.

- James Schneider, ST Editor and the best thing since porn

"That's stupid." - Rachel

# THE DISTURBING REALITY OF RACISM AT PENN:

## Reprinted from the Daily Pennsylvanian Opinion Column

**By Michelle Chikaonda**

"It's a gorilla!"

My walking slowed momentarily; for a second, I hoped what I heard was, "It's a girl!" because my androgynous dressing has often made people believe I am trying to be male.

But then I heard:

"It's a gorilla... yep, it's *definitely* a monkey!"

All my doubts as to what this young, white and intoxicated male had just yelled at me, a black female, vanished.

Saying nothing, I continued walking, in shock as to what I had just heard. Had I just heard it? At Penn, that beautiful place where racism doesn't exist?

Apparently so.

Brief history lesson: the racial slur "monkey" comes from the belief a long time ago that "because of their high cranium, blacks were close cousins to primates." Monkey as a derogatory term is also defined as "inferior or menial... used to refer dismissively or contemptuously to underlings or errand-runners, etc."

When this inebriated, Spring-Flinging man yelled out "monkey," he definitely did not mean it as a compliment.

I have a problem with the belief held by many Penn students that racism doesn't exist here because if it didn't, then what happened last Saturday night shouldn't have happened. Hell, I would love to believe that racism doesn't exist here: I'd love to believe that being at Penn shields me from the real world.

However, that night's events told me one thing – we have a long way to go.

Racism and bigotry are the odorous, unattractive next-door neighbors we all continually hope will move out. Some people at Penn sincerely believe that racism and bigotry have already packed up and left; when asked about them, they scratch their heads in confusion, thinking that they have long fled for the hills.

"Bigotry? Naw, we don't know him – try a couple of houses down the road."

"Racism? I've got neighbors who've been here since the '40s; maybe they can tell you something... I think he moved out in 1965. We don't know him either."

But racism and bigotry didn't move out; they never moved out. They still live next door, feeding off the "video ho" images of black women, nurtured by pictures of black men as drug-pushing, gold-toothed thugs. When they excrete, their fecal matter manifests itself as a white person crossing the street because a black man is walking in his direction, or a white person calling a black woman a "gorilla" and a "monkey" because it serves as some twisted form of amusement.

Racism and bigotry are right here.

What convinces me that racism is a concrete reality at Penn is the fact that the perpetrator of this offense had enough nerve and bravado to call out such a racial slur on a crowded street in an area that is most definitely Penn's campus. Granted, he was drunk. But this doesn't absolve him of his culpability – the fact remains that he still said it. His words didn't lose their malevolence just because he'd knocked back a few beers. They still bit, hard. And I can't excuse that kind of offense against me or my skin color – under no circumstances can I do that.

Penn prides itself on its diversity and multiculturalism; yet, there are still people who will yell unquestionably racist remarks on a crowded campus street and know they will go unchallenged. I get exhausted at times, always feeling I am on a racial warpath, only to have its existence subsequently denied; to have people tell me that this warpath is my own creation and that black people just need to get it together and stop complaining.

Well, let me post a challenge to those people: when you are 6 years old and you have to sprint as fast as you can back to your house because the boys next door are hurling stones at you while yelling "brown sugar"; when you see your father's face spat on and called "nigger"; when you have insults like "monkey" and "gorilla" hurled at you because of your race – come back and talk to me.

Otherwise, I don't want to hear that racism doesn't exist, and certainly I do not want to hear that it is "out there," but that Penn is the exception.

***Because it is alive, and it is well.***

## MAN VS. MACHINE: WHO CARES

*By James Schneider*

...Checkmate! An exhilarating match to be sure; emotions ran deep, sweat liberally soaked your brow and underarms, and your heart had beaten with the ferocity of 1000 drums. Meanwhile, your brilliant opponent, a chess genius in his own right gleams at you with a metallic luster more befitting of a toaster than a guru. The crowd assembled in your midst expected to witness a feverish display of chess wizardry: Man vs. Machine. The question of superior mastery of the art has just been answered, but when it comes down to it, the question is irrelevant, or at best ill-conceived.

Consider the two outcomes of playing a silicon-chip encased in a shiny, silvery-enameled tower. If you checkmate a machine, what have you proven? You might just as well have unplugged "the poor guy." That type of innovative solution in itself proves human superiority: the engineer's preconception assumed that your opponent had to be switched on. His software "never saw it coming," nor could it ever have the capacity to anticipate or react to something so illogical. In a slightly fairer match, winning stands as a testament to your hard work and dedication, but in both examples you have proved only that you are more calculating than an appliance. And had you thought to unplug it earlier everyone could have avoided wasting a Saturday morning with such idiocy.

Second possibility, you lose. Your best efforts to match up to the automaton failed and you are forced to return to playing high-caliber human adversaries. Your hours spent studying almost innumerable possibilities, viable position after viable position, have landed you in Chess Life as the person who lost to a team of IBM engineers. In the aftermath most people miss the coverage, and after a few weeks your closest friends stop razzing you for losing to what amounts to little more than a supped-up vacuum cleaner. Other chess geniuses never think less of you, and admire your willingness to go head-to-monitor with a hunk of metal. At least, that's what they say to your face.

Given the possibility to compete with a human opponent of exceeding aptitude or with a computer like Deep Blue, the former holds a far more appealing challenge.

Computers function as useful, if occasionally frustrating tools that operate only as effectively as their preprogrammed design. Computers lack the capacity to grow beyond their design, to learn in a purely human sense, or to experience emotions like love, fear, or joy. The cold, desolate exterior parallels the interior's whirring fan and steady-firing electrical pulses. Computers are merely seldom-faltering automatons which logically eliminate faulty possibilities in split seconds.

Humans are wondrous machines in their own right. Neurons fire electrical signals that enable us to breathe, think, and create beautiful, everlasting structures and art. Watching your opponent's facial expressions and sensing their own throbbing heartbeat meld with every other intangible piece of the situation to justify the popularity of games like chess. Pitting one champion against another follows from basic human nature, and it is only in the spirit of competition that individuals can truly achieve greatness.

In some sense a computer is the near-perfect realization of man's desire to simulate human thought. In another, it is a collection of transistors, wires, and internal architecture. Irregardless of my philosophical connection to my PC, the beating heart within a living opponent stands as enough of a reason to challenge a fellow human.

When operating at an expert level, a person functions much like a computer. The opening moves of famous strategies can be recited from memory even by relative novices. For professional, ranked players full matches between talented individuals stick in memory. For the most gifted of those players, the likelihood of error and/or blunder decreases to a minute level. The spectacular thing is that people have emotions, computers don't. Every game does not play out the same; in fact, it's nearly impossible. The nuances of every encounter facilitate individual growth, development and experience. Each person's life is enriched by the encounter, each gains something out of it. A computer wouldn't "know" the difference.

**I'd rather play a person. Go ahead; it's your move, Kasparov.**

OH SWEET MEMORIES...I FORGOT YOU EXISTED:  
A LIFE & TIMES: A YEAR IN STOUFFER COLLEGE HOUSE

***“This is a great idea, and I hope that all of us will send in some sort of message – no matter how short -- to remember the year by.” – Phil Nichols***

- "James is hot. Way to make me the mushy girl already. :)" – *Danielle Qi*
- “You probably didn't even know that the Managing Editor of 34th Street lived in your building, 'cause I'm always at the office doing work. Yeah.” – *Daniel McQuade*
- "You're a wonderful boyfriend. How many girlfriends do you have? How do you keep them all straight? – *Bret Sanner*
- “Hey Stouffer, by the time you read this, I'll probably be gone, since I have no exams (neener neener neener). But I'll take this moment to thank all of you for a great 3 years here. A special thanks to all the ITAs who had to poke around in my cobweb-filled computer every time it crashed. You guys are all geniuses. And to all of Stouffer for tolerating my growing conservatism, except for whoever tore down my Bush posters- you suck. And Lisa, my best GA- SEE YOU AT GRADUATION, BABY!!” - *Megan Collins*
- Greetings from across the River: To all of you juniors, my C-section freshmen in particular, congratulations on your Hey Day. May your senior year be a blast! Good luck on finals, everyone! Hope you're all heading off to have fun, exciting, and restful summer vacations! - *Former GA Jen*
- Also, former GA Kate (and husband Jose) are due to be parents of baby Isabella any day now, if not already. – *Former GA Jen*
- To my floor: I enjoyed getting to know you guys this year. Thanks for making my job fun. I really will miss you. - *GA Kirstin*
- I just wanted to say thank you to the Stouffer community; it is indeed a group of fine men and women required to convince me that it's a good idea for me to live in a dorm (I know, I know Phil, it's a college house not a dorm). I enjoyed meeting all of you and enjoyed being a part of this community. I don't know where I'll be next year but you should be able to reach me at [harscheid@friaralumni.org](mailto:harscheid@friaralumni.org). Take care and long live the Stouffer Tribune! All my best. - *GA Bob*
- Stouffer: It's been a great year! Thanks for being such a great community to live in.  
To Mayer 6th floor and the Stouffer Outdoors Crew - you guys were awesome friends, and I don't know what I would've done this year without you all!!! I'm hope we'll all continue to be great friends for years to come...:) – *Danielle Qi*

**It's funny, but, I never got to fill this page.**

**“That's not funny.” - Rachel**

## SPRING FLING DESERVES AT LEAST A PAGE:

### **A SPECIAL RETURN TO THE TRIBUNE, POST-BARBEQUE STYLE**

"James, this is like your dream...Vixen, Hottie, and Felton in one room...but hey, why aren't we in the Tribune anymore." – Dorm Vixen Laurie

"Why didn't you play basketball today at the 3 on 3 tournament, James?" – Resident Hottie B.

"I did." – James

"Well, I guess you didn't play that well, cause A section won...we're gonna get the \$200." – Resident Hottie B.

"Yeah, of course your psyched...that's more than you can make in a whole night." – James

"Oh my God! What!" (slaps James) – Resident Hottie B.

"Sorry, sorry...that's a little less than you make in a night." – James

"200 dollars! (slap) I can make a lot more than that in a night with my skills." – Resident Hottie B.

"Yeah, James would probably pay like 400 or 500 himself, wouldn't he?" – Former GA Jen Felton

"Yeah right. He wouldn't even pay 20 bucks for a calendar with us in it." – Dorm Vixen Laurie

Being Wasted is not a Waste: Top 10 Lessons Learned from Fling

**By Lisa Brignoni**

- 1) Bacardi 151 stings like a motha
- 2) It's not the walk of shame if it's after 1
- 3) Acrylic paints work well on a NY ID
- 4) Professors appreciate you being in class on Friday even if you are wasted
- 5) Your mother WILL call you while you're funneling
- 6) Don't trust people when they say, "This will only hurt for a second"
- 7) This is the only time when Penn is the envy of Princeton (Haha...j/k)
- 8) Humans cannot fly
- 9) Guys shouldn't major in finance because they can't properly measure risk and expected payoffs. (ie. Spending \$420 on a potentially platonic date for 2 hours when they can buy a hooker for \$100/hr)
- 10) On Sunday morning it's best to wake up, take care of your hangover, and then frantically search the web for any "evidence."



Michael Sanders is Big Pimpin' down in ENYCE...or West Philly. Now, that's gangsta.

# Write for the Summer ST!

Editor Knows No One Will Do This But Asks Anyways!

As the most ambitious ST move to date, the Editor brings you a weekly, page-long account of the goings-on of the lives of Stoufferites. If it is just me, well, hey, man, you know...but it would be cool if other people sent some stuff in. [Jschnei2@sas.upenn.edu](mailto:Jschnei2@sas.upenn.edu)  
Show me some chiller font, baby!

## 5<sup>th</sup> Month Bearing-of-Child Days That End in Day

### MAY

Stefan Kolata (2)

Rhiannon Haddad (3)

Peter Aquart (4)

Paraskevi Kontogoni (6)

JAMES SCHNEIDER IS 21 (6)

Steven Saviano (8)

Jordan Farkas (9)

Jennifer Kim (9)

Melanie Smith (9)

Evelyn Yip (9)

Linda Dong (14)

Stephenie Park (15)

Bret Sanner (16)

Matthew Herrington (20)

Mark Licurse (22)

Angela Walker (22)

Felicity Paxton (22)

Michael Hoffman (23)

Lisa Ngov (23)

Rola Alkhatib (24)

Byron Kho (24)

Patricia Maloney (24)

Jamie Moore (26)

Grace Su (26)

Christopher Lee (28)

Cai Wang (28)

Joseph O'Neill (29)

Parth Patel (29)

Brooks Oppenheimer (31)

