

THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

Vol 3, No 2

August 2003

MY SUMMER VACATION

By Rachel Senturia

It all started when I got off the plane. Cameras and film crew, microphones, and lighting equipment stampeded towards me. My phone suddenly beeped indicating a text message: Please proceed to baggage claim; your mission will start accordingly. Vexed, I continued to baggage claim since I had to go there anyways. Although when I got there I was thoroughly surprised to see that the baggage claim had been set up in such a manner that to actually get my bags, I had to climb a rope and walk across a swinging ladder high above a tank of electric eels. A man rushed towards me hooking me into a safety harness. Three, two, one, the whistle blew and I found myself out whistle intuition running towards the rope and hurrying as fast as I could to retrieve my bags. Upon completing my mission I was handsomely rewarded with a visitation permit to see my mom.

As we traveled home I asked my mom what exactly had occurred in the airport terminal. It turns out my summer vacation was commissioned into a reality television program. As you can imagine, I was shocked. How could my parents have sold our family out to corporate networks? As it turns out, our exchange for giving away our souls for the summer was a lifetime supply of Britney Spears merchandise, an extreme makeover, and 3500 dollars. After discussing this, sometimes even yelling, we finally reached home. I was getting hungry being that I hadn't eaten since the morning. Our dinner table was lavishly set up and a butler even brought us our food. However, when the lid came off the china plate, I found myself staring at two monkey eyeballs, and wild boar intestine. Scrumptious!

There was so much commotion upstairs I could hardly have a decent conversation with my mom. I decided to go upstairs to see what was going on. As I walked into my bedroom I found the source of my problems. A homophobe and a gay man were arguing about having a messy room. I believe the homophobe didn't want the gay man's underwear on his side of the room. But I wasn't really paying attention because something else caught my eye in the other room next door. I peered in. As if I couldn't be surprised anymore, I was looking at a threesome hookup. But before I had to time to question the situation, much less blink, I was whisked away by the production crew who had another test for us. The situation was quite awkward, as me, the homophobe, the gay man, the slut, the frat boy, and the other bisexual girl stood facing our host, who looked surprisingly similar to Jeff Probst. Weird, I thought, Didn't he host Survivor? Turns out, I was right. We were told that the man standing next to Mr. Probst was a bachelor who may or may not be a millionaire. Our challenge was to correctly choose his sexual orientation, figure out if he was indeed a millionaire by giving him a stylish makeover all while living on a beautiful island, and dating him for four weeks. Daunted by the task at hand, I decided that I needed some sleep. I crawled into my bed and turned out the light, still able to hear the raucous down below me.

What a day. And to think I was only at Penn less than 15 hours ago. So I ask you, how was your summer vacation?

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HANDICAP HOUSE:

They Just Don't Make TV Like They Used To

By GA David Jackson, 80's TV Expert, 90's Pimp, 00's Hustla

GA Dave likes twins. Who the hell don't? But, more perfectly, GA Dave wants to see the twins played by the same actor. And, even more so, he'd like to see them kick the everliving crap out of each other. Now, that is a noble cause. So sit back, relax, and enjoy a nostalgic look at Knight Rider and the Dukes of Hazzard. Enjoy!

For those of you who don't know me, I'm Dave the GA in C section, and I'm a huge fan of 80's TV. What does that mean exactly? Well, it means I randomly break into odd theme songs of shows that were in syndication sometimes before you were born. My love of classic shows such as Knight Rider, The A-Team, The Dukes of Hazzard, Different Strokes, and Silver Spoons (to name only a few) often leads me off on somewhat bizarre tangents of thought. Most recently I have been wistfully longing for a formulaic show that could inspire mounds of enthusiasm for an episode in which the evil twin (or possibly the good twin) of one of the main characters comes around bringing on the need for a two part episode or even a TV mini series (of which there are far too few in today's society). Long gone are the days of the epic struggles between good and evil as David Hasselhoff playing Michael Knight is forced to face his evil twin and arch-nemesis Garthe Knight (played by David Hasselhoff with a pencil thin mustache). What could be finer than the ultimate manifestation of sibling rivalry as brother duels brother each in his own signature vehicle (in Michael Knight's case, he is in KITT aka the Knight Industries Two Thousand and in Garthe Knight's case he is in an almost indestructible 18-wheeler called Goliath)?

Even after this masterful episode that kept everyone riveted to their seats the creators of Knight Rider had not yet played their trump card. They once again wowed us with the incredible two part episode in which KITT faced his evil twin KARR in a battle to the death that once again brought on the question: if KITT can battle his evil twin car brother KARR by himself and constantly has to save Michael Knight's life, what is the purpose of having Michael Knight in the show at all? I could go on and on, but you see my point I hope. They just don't make TV like they used to.

However, it was not always a good character whose evil twin came around to create high class drama. The creators of The Dukes of Hazzard brought us a different perspective on this tried and true theme. For those of you who have never heard of The Dukes of Hazzard, it is one of the best formulaic sit-coms of all times (neglecting the years that Bo and Luke were supposedly on the NASCAR circuit but were actually just in contract negotiations forcing the introduction of the other cousins Coy and Vance). Every episode includes Boss Hogg aka Jefferson Davis Hogg, the county commissioner of Hazzard County, creating some illegal scheme that did not work out and then trying to pin something on the Duke boys to get them thrown in jail. Well, in one such marvelous episode, Boss Hogg (aka Sorrel Booke, a Yale trained actor) is in the middle of one of these schemes when his good twin brother, Abraham Lincoln Hogg (also played by Sorrel Booke) shows up to foil Boss Hogg's plan again. It turns out that while Boss Hogg is always scheming, Abraham Lincoln Hogg is always doing good. Ah, the yin and the yang, the good and the bad; now you begin to see the true mastery of these episodes. The polarity of the brothers is further emphasized by Boss Hogg's white suit and white Cadillac vs. Abraham Lincoln Hogg's black suit and black Cadillac. Folks, they just do not make TV like that any more. Those were the good old days of TV when such a simple show would have kids talking for weeks before and after. Well, I've already long surpassed my legal limit for space, but just know that if 80's TV holds a special place in your heart like it does in mine, then you've got a forever friend in Stouffer C section.

Wizard of Odd:

TAKE THAT BROOMSTICK AND SHOVE IT

By James Schneider, ST Editor and Munchkin Playa Hata

During Manager training the staff of Stouffer College House was treated to a Wizard of Oz Sing-A-Long. As painful as it sounded initially, my worst fears were only confirmed. Thankfully the Nichols children were forced to stay home. Because it's been quite sometime since I had seen this movie, and perhaps the same is true for you, I offer to you the unabashed bashing of the worst classic of all time.

WARNING: Those with heart conditions are strongly urged to read on through the pain.



I cannot tell you how much I hate the movie, *The Wizard of Oz*. The pure pain that this horror flick inspires, the terrifying gusto with which aficionados sing the words and the demonic munchkins are enough reason to revile this flick. But it most sickens me that this “classic” is in fact, not suitable for children. With messages like, “The witch is dead, the witch is dead” gleefully crooned by the midgets. And, with characters about as lucid as a crack addict, I ask you the following. What the hell was Victor Fleming (director credit, 1939) thinking when he served up this nasty bite of Dunkin Donuts (Munchkins™) cruelty?

Weapons and violence prove to be one of the most pervasive themes in the movie. A witch is murdered by the protagonist, Dot. But it’s okay because she was wicked – but who decided that? Oz is rife with disturbing broomstick imagery. The tin man, though seemingly harmless enough, wields an ax. And, even though the lion claims to be cowardly, he keeps threatening to attack. “Put ‘em up, put ‘em up!” Instead of celebrating the lion’s pacifism, he’s seen as an outcast. These are not the kind of values that should be given unto children. After all, as Cable Guy Jim Carrey bemoans, “Reality isn't *Father Knows Best* anymore, it's a kick in the face on a Saturday night with a steel toe grip Kodiak work boot and a trip to the hospital bloodied and bashed.”

A famous scene shows the scarecrow, a man with no innards – and seemingly lacking a heart like tin man, but anyways – tells the hapless Dorothy that “some people go both ways.” Perhaps progressively thinking, Fleming thankfully put this one a foot or two above the heads of most children.

Dorothy, who many children idolize by copying her fashion sense and her affectation, trips on drugs. Yeah, you know the scene. The four seeking the wizard stumble through an opium field, with “pretty flowers.” Right before she passes out she looks downright fizzled up!

The witch and her winged-monkey minions are scary as all get out. There is a scene where one of the film crew hung himself. And, everyone knows that you may play *The Dark Side of the Moon* along with the movie. I guess that the one redeeming factor is that I never have to watch this hellish gore fest again. Thank you and goodnight!

DON'T BE A STOUFFER GHOST:

Avoiding the Infamy of Being "That Guy"

By Andy Wilkowski, Mayer 209

After living here for a few weeks, everyone should have heard of the "Stouffer Ghosts" (The stereotypical Stouffer residents who live here for years, but no one ever sees). Unfortunately, they do exist. I've met many people over the last three years who said that Stouffer was so damn quiet. It's not! And it shouldn't be. We have a great group of people here, and even if you're shy, you'll get to know lots of interesting people if you take a few simple steps.

If you want to know some basic ways to get involved in our community, here's what to do at Stouffer:



1) Leave your doors open!

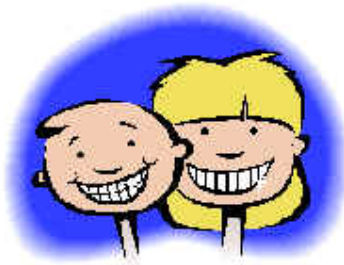
This is the single most important thing you can do to keep from being isolated. Other residents will stop in and say hi. Also, when you are walking around the halls, introduce yourself to anyone whose door is open.

Freshmen, get a fork from dining: it's the best doorstep for Stouffer rooms!

2) Participate in Stouffer Activities !

Most planned house events are really fun! Not all are for everyone, but try to make an effort to attend as many as you can. It's a great chance to meet other residents and bond with those you know.

- * Go to coffee every Wednesday at 10pm. Amy makes great cookies!
- * Go to fellow's night on Thursdays. Meet cool Profs and get great desserts.
- * If you have an idea for a section or house event, we can make it happen!



Tell your Steering representative or your GA because Stouffer has the money to do what you want!

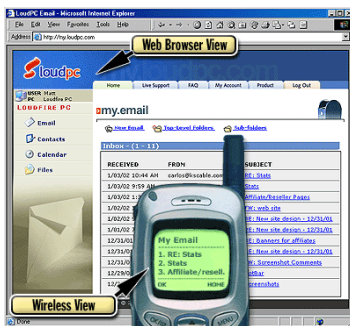
3) Stay in touch!

Emails are a pain, but they often let you know about cool stuff. Always check out the posters that James puts everywhere: they're often important. Read our newsgroup (upenn.dorm.stouffer) which is a free forum to talk about anything you want. It's funny and kills time. (If you need help getting set up with newsgroups ask an ITA)

If you are only living in Stouffer or Mayer for the biggest undergrad rooms on campus or you just want to lock yourself away then you're missing the whole deal! We are lucky to have the smallest, most tight knit college house at Penn. It's only been a week and I've already seen

tons of people coming out and getting involved. **DON'T STOP!**

Hope to see you all around. My door's always open when I'm in, stop by and say hello!



QUOTOLOGY: THE STUDY OF PEOPLE AND THE DUMB QUOTES THEY MAKE

"I love Justin Timberlake." – Some anonymous girl living in 153E

"Me too! Why do you think I, like, have his whole album?!?!" – James

ITA LIST:

A Grouping of all the people who make our lives easier, one keystroke at a time

ITA	Room	Phone #	Email
Hae Chu	209 McKean	4175523	hae@wharton.upenn.edu
Daniel Donovanik	Off_campus		ddonavan@seas.upenn.edu
Jared Feiger	Off_campus		jared@sas.upenn.edu
Keren Friede	Mayer Hall 304	4177550	kfriede@sas.upenn.edu
Corey Hulse	Stouffer 229C	4176717	cshulse@wharton.upenn.edu
Shehab (Wren) Kabir	Mayer Hall 712	4174909	skabir@wharton.upenn.edu
Zach Kromer	Mayer Hall 501		kromer@wharton.upenn.edu
Kimberly Ku	Stouffer 129c	4176628	ktku@sas.upenn.edu
Aung Naing	Off_campus		aung@seas.upenn.edu
George Nesterenko	Stouffer 137C	4176608	gnestere@wharton.upenn.edu
Johnnie Thomas	Mayer Hall 712	4174909	jothomas@seas.upenn.edu
Marcus Thomas	Off_campus		thomasma@wharton.upenn.edu
Derek Wai	Stouffer 225C	4176597	dwai@seas.upenn.edu
Natalie Ward	Stouffer 120B	4176684	naward@seas.upenn.edu
Lu Zheng	Stouffer 253E	4176614	zhenglu@sas.upenn.edu
ITA MANAGERS			
Mijung Yun	Mayer 314	4177503	miyun@sas.upenn.edu
Nicole Li	Mayer 314	4177503	nnicole@sas.upenn.edu

A football.
Here's a big tip for you:
if you become a professional
football player,
you get paid millions
of dollars to run into angry men
and beat your wife!



9-11

By Mahendra Prasad

I was walking up the steps out of the Capital South metro stop; and I realized that it was getting close to 9:00AM, and I needed to rush to get to work on time. I began to walk at a speedy pace. Today was supposed to be the first day my boss, Rep. Harold Ford (Penn College Class '92), would see me work, and I didn't want him to get the impression that I was some sort of late slacker.

I came into the office and sat at my desk and began working. As I was working, the office TV, which the legislative assistants and legislative director usually kept on C-Span to keep track of House Sessions, was blaring some CNN. I didn't pay attention to it. Then one of the legislative assistants came up to me and said something along the lines of, "dude, some plane just hit the World Trade Center." I started thinking to myself that this was some sort of accident or lunatic. It was probably some dude in a cropduster or some other small plane. I didn't think much of it and kept working.

However, a little later I realized that virtually all of congressman's staff was glued to the tube. I was like, "what's goin' on?" And I found out that the other tower was struck and I was like "oh shit." In the meantime the congressman had just come from a breakfast meeting and mentioned that as he was walking to his office, he had seen a smoke cloud rising across the Potomac River in Virginia. We soon found out what that smoke was; CNN reported a plane crash at the Pentagon. All hell broke loose.

After the Pentagon was struck, we had no idea what was next. CNN began reporting that there was a car bomb explosion at the State Department; the Washington Mall was ablaze; smoke was reportedly coming from the White House. Was the Capitol Hill Complex next? Capitol Hill, the tallest building in DC, was just too obvious of a target for a missile plane. Congressional staffs were dismissed; however, I was stranded, miles from home, because the metro system was shutdown.

I told the congressman my predicament and he offered me a ride home because it was on his way. The congressman's chief of staff, myself, and the congressman got into his car. Everybody was totally unprepared for this situation. We were getting virtually all our information regarding the events from the congressman's car radio. The congressman's chief of staff was standing on his seat through the sunroof to watch for planes in the sky. Traffic, as you can completely imagine, was totally jammed; cars were moving meters per minute. Everybody knew the Pentagon got hit just across the Potomac River and nobody wanted to be in downtown DC. I feared that if there was a car bomb nearby, there would be no escape and no way to get help for wounded.

Eventually, by chance, the Congressperson caught sight of another congressperson. We stopped and he began talking to her. We found out that several congresspersons set up an ad hoc meeting at a nearby hotel. When we got to the hotel, the congressman told me he couldn't drop me off, and gave me money to get a cab. But of course, no cab was gonna worry about trying to get me home; they wanted to get the hell out of there! None of the taxis would take me. So I stayed at the hotel with the congressman. We were keeping track of the events, just like most Americans, through the TV. As time passed, the top leaders of congress eventually got in touch with the rest of the members. They told them to meet at the Capitol Police Headquarters. So I went to the Capitol Hill Police Headquarters.

At the headquarters, approximately 100 congress members/senators were in attendance including House Minority Leader, Dick Gephardt, and Senate Pro Tempore, Robert Byrd. Much information that had been (understandably) hastily reported by the press was clarified. The State Department, White House, National Mall, and every other site within DC the city were secure. Fighter jets were patrolling the DC airspace to defend against any attacks. It was a great relief to sense that I was relatively safe and I went home; but it was tragic to hear that estimates of expected death tolls were as high as 20,000 people. Fortunately for all of us, the death toll was not nearly that high.