

THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

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It was a storied and picturesque four years. I laughed, I had fun, I have cried for the entire last month. Entering Penn, I saw myself as just another person who wanted to go to Penn for my whole life, just another Long Island/ Jersey/ Pennsylvania resident who wanted “diversity,” just another boy-gone-wild, I have since realized that I am not just anything. I am Penn; I bleed red and blue. For Anne, I am Zack Morris. Ask anyone.

I have been to every sporting event that matters (to me) – and even some weird ones. I’ve hit up basketball (men’s and women’s), football, track and field (men’s and women’s), women’s water polo, synchronized swimming and volleyball (men’s and women’s). I have gone to nearly every Penn activity, participated in every event I could and truly been all I could be. I have lived in Stouffer for four years – Comm manager for two, ITA for one, drunkard for 1... 2,3,4. Hey Day, Feb Club, Clash of the Classes and Flings. Matches up nicely with Pennacle, Leadership Retreat and three semesters of Steering? More than I could shake a stick at.

So, what can I ask from you now? I have begged and pleaded all a y’all for four semesters looking for articles. I want The Stouffer Tribune, the name that transformed The Stouffersphere into a newsletter legend, to continue – in all its glory. “Pulse” has got the beat on it. He’s my protégé in as many ways as are rational, logical and... yeah, cool. I’ve even groomed him into a 34th Street Editorship position – he hopes.

Let’s focus, though. There is something that I need. I need something to fill the gap that Anne’s overly generous position of Communications Manager once occupied. That’s 15 hours of blood, sweat and Halo! Every week. For two years. Minus the last few weeks when the budget started to run out thanks to me... ahem, overcharging hours. I need a job. Does anyone know anybody? I’ll scratch your back!

I’m not stuck in the past, however. I’m looking to the future. I’m looking forward to a career path and a destination unknown. I’m scared to the point of Endel-izing my pants, but I try not to let on.

I have no more class. I turned in my last paper before this article was written. I am just a man waiting. May 17th I am no longer a Stoufferite. I’m nothing to nobody. Yikes! I need a Jay-Oh-Bee!!!

Sure, I’ll look back to Senior Week, a final-less finals period, three-day weeks and surely Penn. But, one of the biggest losses in my life will be the Stouffer Community. Stouffer has been my personal Rushmore.

I’ve gotten more t-shirts than I can count. Andy and I won the foos championship. I’ve had some of the best friends I could imagine. Plus a bitchload of enemies. I hate you! Love to the rest! Thanks if you are here.

Shout-outs, in a very particular order, to everyone on my buddy list – in that order. You know that’s all the people I care about.

Peace, Love and Beam. I enjoy at least a third of you.

James Schneider, Editor-In-Chief, signing Corey Hulse into SCH.

P.S. Sob. Sob. Sob. You son-of-a-bitch. Where are my pants?



How to play “O-Mok”

By Eugene Kim

There are a two reasons for me writing this article... 1) Corey’s penis shrinks 0.37 millimeters every minute he waits for a Stouffer Tribune Article*, 2) I want to help you all look cool and professional around one of these Asian “Go” tables. And 3, I need an excuse to put a picture of me up. Now there’s this game called “Go” which involves black and white pieces and capturing “land” on the grid which lines this wooden board. Wise Chinese like Pai Mei, William Hung and the Wu-Tang Clan are often pictured playing this game and it looks pretty cool. However, after getting destroyed by my dad a few times, I gave up and the average Tribuner would probably be too busy to master it. SO there’s this other game that is called, in Korean, “O-Mok” (I don’t know how to spell it in English, so I’ll just sound it off) and it’s very simple: make 5 in a row! You can make them diagonally, horizontally, as long as they’re five in a row. The only rule is that you can’t have 3 straight crossing 3 straight (so you can’t make a plus sign, +) but you can have 3 straight crossing with a gap between one.

O
 OOO ILLEGAL!!
 O

O
 O OO LEGAL!
 O

Of course there’s strategy involved, but it’s mostly great practice for keeping a sharp eye and mind...in the above picture, I am somehow

getting my ass handed to me by Shirley in Japan House (by Fairmont Park).

I live in West LA, so if you’re going to be in the city of Los Angeles this Summer, email ekkim@wharton OR IM me at “dubrosis” if you want to hang out or receive a free tour!

** Incoming Editor’s Note: There is no change whatsoever in the state of my loins regarding this publication. The only thing that does change is the size of my heart. It shrinks two sizes when you do NOT submit to the Tribune and grows three sizes when you DO submit. Help my heart, continue to submit to the Tribune.*

Wawa : God :: Stouffer : Lack of Writers

We serve “hoagies” in Wawa, NOT “subs”

By “Nom de Guerre”

So it seems we are lacking in writers for the Stouffer Tribune. Very surprising, I'm sure.

Well then. There's a big truck outside the window making loud noises and I don't particularly feel like working right now anyway, so I may as well write something and oblige the editor. Right?

Right. Screw finals.

But perhaps writing for the Stouffer Tribune instead of working is actually being morally correct. I mean, if you write for the Tribune you're contributing to the community, and you're benefiting the entire college house, not to mention making the editor happy – always assuming people think your article is worth reading. You are putting words on a page in order to brighten the lives of however many other people live in this dorm. If you study for your exams, on the other hand, you are helping only yourself. In fact, if the grades are on a curve, you are actually hurting other people, since the more prepared you are the more likely it is that you will be higher up on the curve, and will thus force someone else down. If you study for your exams, you might very well be responsible for your peer failing a class. They will be kicked out of the University, or at least put on academic probation and it will be ALL YOUR FAULT.



I suppose that would make the Wawa truck a sort of Stouffer guardian angel, preventing us poor college students from spending our time constructively and keeping us on the right path, that straight and narrow road hedged all around with the snares of personal ambition and a misplaced sense of duty.

Of course, if you extend the analogy that means Wawa is God. Which means pro-business legislation is actually a form of Holy Law. Huh?

The Stouffer Tribune:
Under New Management
(actual e-mails from residents)

Corey,
Tell people your e-mail is
jschnei2@sas' and you'll get
your contributions. The masses
are confused by your new
tyrannical rule!
- Andy

Mr. Hulse,

Hope you get more
submissions.

Best,
Kevin Lau

The 34th Street Review That Wasn't

By Corey Hulse

So as you may know/not know/not care I write for 34th Street. Well, James, who is a Street Editor in the film section, assigned me to see the new Jennifer Garner film 13 Going On 30. So, I wrote the following review of the film, but it got cut down by the managing editor and I had to do a more "traditional" re-write. Well, because I have the editorial POWER (mwhaha) of the Tribune now, I present to you the rejected 34th Street article:

Oh my god, I like, totally relate to "13 Going On 30", the new film by Gary Winick. So you have thirteen-year old Jenna Rink in 1987 (Christa B. Allen) who is so like me because she's got braces and she's trying to fit in with all the cool girls in school. She loves Poise Magazine and dreams that one day she can work for them. Well, at her birthday party her best guy friend Matt Flamhaff (Jack Salvatore Jr.) brings her wishing dust and when she wakes up, she's in 2004 in an apartment on 5th Avenue in New York City!

So, like, she's all freaked out because she doesn't know what's going on, because she's thirty years old now (Jennifer Garner) and then this GUY walks out in just a towel. Like, he turns out to be her buff pro-hockey playing boyfriend (Samuel Ball) and I almost saw his privates! Ohmygod, it was like so gross. Her best friend is Lucy Wyman (Judy Greer) and she was the coolest girl back in high school. Well,

Jenna and Lucy are now style editors of Poise Magazine! Like wow! But the company is in trouble and they need to come up with a new look, fast. The editor-in-chief is Richard Kneeland (Andy Serkis), the same guy who did the voice of Gollum in Lord of the Rings. Orlando Bloom is such a total hottie!

Anyway, Jenna starts to really love being thirty. She has a huge closet with so many shoes and all these dresses and she's just so pretty and I want to be like her. She gets so excited when she puts on this one dress and this other girl says she looks good and she says, "It's because I have these wonderful boobs!" I hope that my boobs start growing soon. Then maybe Joey DiVango will notice me!

Jenna then tries to find Matt, who's also all grown up now (Mark Ruffalo) and learns that they stopped being friends when she was thirteen. Well, Mark is a professional photographer now, and they get back together to do a project to save the company! I really hope Joey will ask me to go to the movie with him.

The whole movie is very funny and it's not your normal chick flick, because Jenna really captures what it's like to be a thirteen year old trapped inside a thirty year old. Although the storyline is totally predicable, it's still a feel good movie with good acting and an entertaining premise. It won't turn out to be like a classic like Tom Hanks in Big, but it's still a good way to get a cute guy to take you out on a Friday night. Joey, PLEASE call me!

Here at The Stouffer Tribune, we will publish ANYTHING. You may call it desperate, I call it FREEDOM of the PRESS.



I love myself!

Oh Hammock, I Love You So

By: Eva Marie Harris

My best friend attends school in Birmingham, Alabama. Last Winter break, I visited her school-subsidized apartment. “Impressive,” I remember exclaiming. “The shiny, new white building, filled with apartments for two people, was impressive. Nice kitchen and living area, with a small breakfast nook. Two spacious, separate bedrooms that lock, with two individual bathrooms at that. Memories of accidentally walking in on people in the C-section bathroom, of avoiding the slimy hairballs in the shower and ending up crashing into the mildewy shower curtain flooded my brain. Eek.”

Fast-forward a few months. I was lying in the hammock outside, trying to enjoy the outdoors while focusing on Locke – not an easy task. My cell phone rang, my friend and a welcome respite from studying. She asked what I was doing and I told her I was enjoying lazy-ing around on the hammock, trying to ignore the burnt Chinese food smell emanating from Beijing. “You have a hammock?” she exclaimed. “Of course we have a hammock,” I replied, “and grills, park benches, a volleyball net and basketball net outside, too.” Now, she had visited my residence in Hill House a few years back. She was skeptical. She referred to The Pit as The Hole From Hell. She enjoyed counting the roaches scurrying across the dirty blue tile on the floor.

I assured her I was not lying. Stouffer had all of those amenities (and more!) but, alas, we had shared bathrooms and tiny rooms with no real closet space.



“Who cares,” she said. “At least you have fun stuff to do, so, like, you can meet people” [I swear, she has a, like, problem saying like]. “Yeah, I guess,” I agreed.

A week or so later, it hit me: so that's why I'm coming back for a third year to face hairballs, males at the urinals with the door open and light bulbs that might inflame whatever is on your top shelf.

Stouffer's a special place – nice people, air conditioning, carpeting and so much more. Though I am looking forward to a nice respite this summer in a bed that isn't so small that I smash into the wall while tossing and turning on the crappy mattress, decent food (no, the Diner does not count) and more than one window in my room, Stouffer's as close as you can get – especially at Penn. Have a great summer and all of that but don't complain too much about this place we call our Residence Hall. For, at least in my mind, it's more than a Residence Hall, it's a home. But I'd be happier if we had more than one hammock.

BECOME AN ITA! GET ALL THE GIRLS!*

Hey Corey,

Can you please put a piece in there about the House hiring for ITAs next year? Work-Study students especially. No prior computer experience necessary. Chose own hours, good pay, etc.

Thanks,
~Nicole

Dear Corey,

For the next Stouffer tribune, would you mind writing to advertise ITA program so that people will apply? Doesn't have to be long.. let me know, thanks a lot

Mijung

Things I enjoyed about being an ITA

- 1) Free early move-in
- 2) Cool training on REAL computers
- 3) Food at selected meetings
- 4) Being known as "That Cool Tech Kid"
- 5) Impressing people with your knowledge of http, ftp, ram, DDR, CPU, ROM and other acronyms that no one else understands!
- 6) Sit in the computer labs, play on AIM and get PAID for it
- 7) Pretty good pay for a work-study job
- 8) ITA Bonding = cross dressing and acting out scenes from *Titanic*
- 9) Free lifetime supply of Ethernet cords
- 10) Only YOU will know the code to get paper out of the computer lab cabinet!



*"I will lift this Ethernet Cord
with my BARE HANDS"*

Apply today at <http://www.rescomp.upenn.edu>

All students are encouraged to apply, but work-study students are preferred. ITA's will have to move in early to take part in ~~secret sacrificial rituals involving fire training.~~

*CONGRATS TO **GEORGE NESTERENKO!** He was recently voted MVITA (most valuable information technology assistant) by his fellow ITA's. George received a free Ethernet cord and the admiration of all his fellow peers.

* Being an ITA only allows you into chicks' rooms. It does not allow you to get with them in any way, shape or form. Believe me, I have tried and failed. Apply today! They give you free food!