

# Intra-crust Rations

October 16, 2003

## Let's Do This Like Brutus

The swing is designed for butts, but not more than three or so, maybe four if they are Slims. Actually quite a bit of, concrete, thought and effort went into maximizing the answer to the question of how many butts and of what velocity may be thus supported. Joe has suggested that to be as equitable as possible, butts that only serve to filter Bush's media should not take up properly swingy spots in the armadillo's domain. Various suggestions were made about commissioning an urn so that we can all keep our butts together and not get too cold once they've been put out. I for one like to just use my legs.

We all wish that the Amish Luciferous could pepper the print with cyclic permutations of similar people, but another smudged icon is now powdered and gilded with the stern grimace of Sam Friedman, for he will sort out the Green Room pilgrims.

I hope someone will give me the proper historical pun that makes sense of what will shortly be the oligarchy of Condom Czars. You too can be king! Just calvar through the Student Care Center and grab a fistful. Whenever you find yourself there or even if you make a special outing with your favourite taikonaut. Cause we need them.

For those of you who patched a pumpkin and perhaps some of those who did not, there shall be a Contest, as that is always the way of things, and ye shall be pitted against one another, the victor lofted upon the shoulders of all good citizens and the rest feasted upon by the feral beasts of the Savannah. Sharpen your Gladius. But not too sharp. They're not designed for that.

The cats from Jackson Park made a movie with more than a few good men and ate some awards with it. I think you will enjoy the film, which addresses all kinds of things related to human sexuality. What do those fuzzy numbers know? Kent 107. october 22. 7:30 pm  
int Dining:Survey(\*you){if rand() return(plane\_ticket)}

## Let's Do this Like Buddhists

This may all be yesterday's egg salad if Adi's friend solves the world's problems by beaming energy from the moon(!) to Dairy Queen's in your neighborhood near you, but there was some concern with reappropriation of fooding eligibilities. It's a tricky issue, instituting communism in capitalism in communism in Aramark (A nameless, faceless Corporation! :)). The first thing for every one to determine is how much they need. You will need several charcoal pencils to do this properly, which then implies that you can't really call what you've done proper by the standards you set yourself out with. Last year we put 'em all in a magnetic field and saw at the end of the quarter  
<1<sup>st</sup> year> = \$400 (BART) leftover.

A linear approximation is probably fine for most of you; one pencil will suffice, but remember that the 45<sup>th</sup> quesadilla is the killer. Diminishing marginal utility.

Until then, it would be most comfortable for everyone if those without extra food ate their own and didn't pester the unaffirmed sharers. But let us not forget that there are only so many gallons of ice cream that you can eat before your meal plan is phoenixed first week, and that soon you too will desire the efficient use of our resources, so that we may in the end laugh at Gutman (who "built Palevsky") and her plans and play with some grass in the park.

I would like to take this opportunity to propose and a large dinner trip to BJ. Once it has been confirmed that they can take your Bartlett points for a BJ meal, we should all go and experience the first maternal thing that cradled me as I emerged from my egg into the College. There are many practical advantages to dining at BJ occasionally.

Someone should tell Dan that if he doesn't leave Shoreland soon they'll tear it down on top of him. Or maybe just lease it out to Mr. Magoo. Sherry tells us that there will be new dorm behind BJ and it will satisfy all of her elaborately constructed euphemisms of architectural ineptitude. Duck and Cover!

On a more important note: in the Tug O' War we have once again seen our architecturally sound compatriots in BJ fall to the conniving and under-handed pink-and-purple menace. Word on the street is that Dodd-Mead has video documentation of Henderson's impropriety in the final tug, but the Powers that Be (not Jeremy) would have none of it. Dodd-Mead has declared vengeance and Seren suggested that perhaps we through in for the Good Guys. If anyone has friends in Dodd-Mead or an ear to the winds of the Midway, keep us clued in as to how we might effect the righting of this soiled IHC event.

Not going to IM sports games that you signed up for is not only the first straw in the collapse of our sporting machine, but also loses the house money if we are unable to recover our deposit due to forfeited games. The kitchen fairies bought Scotch-Brite pads, which I believe for purposes of color are (anti-symmetrically) blue. All kinds of fun announcements from the food people: Indian food, fresh OJ, "What is supernova?", WHAT IS SUPERNOVA?, steamed vegetable, Whirl (it's \*vegan\*), more seafood, lasagna, pork chops, Blue Plate Special, applesauce (ok, way too much enthusiasm for applesauce). The Flag is Back, Ted plays Jazz at bookstore for books, There will be no TV Czar.

**Down**

1. good
2. trick
3. fire
4. Tyler's temperature
5. Pool Balls (new?)

**Across**

1. How to get there.
2. treat
3. fine (still)
4. A double sighting
5. house warming "gathering"

Rick Kutowski: 773-704-6000. Must be over 18. ask Burke or just call for the hell of it.

*Therefore the sage acts without doing anything...*

*When her work is done, she forgets it.*

*That is why it lasts forever.*

--Tao Te Ching, ch. 2