



Harkness Autocrat Esteemed Journal

THE TECHNOLOGY HOUSE PERIODICAL

Contents

1. Heidi Finally Gonna Get Some Sleep
2. Evan Just Three Spoons in Trench Coat
3. Jules' Neck-Dragon About to Hatch
4. Lounge Not Very Refurbished
5. All of Budget Spent on Ducks
6. Missing Ricochet Robots Piece Causes Controversy Among Its Box-Mates
7. Wonders Duel Makes Other Games Jealous
8. A Look at the Lonely Life of Aaron Igra
9. Jonathan to Blame for Everything
10. Idea: Bring Back the Sex Dungeon
11. An Ode to AJ's Balls
12. The Second Coming of Jesus
13. Tech House Welcomes New Crop of Lumbersexuals
14. Next Issue of Autocrat Going to be Serious

A Note From the Autocrat

Jonathan Herbst

Dear all, welcome back to a lovely spring and another issue of our newly-esteemed journal, the Harkness Autocrat! The weather has been unseasonably hot but this issue will be hotter, with jokes that range from explicit to unseemly, and photographs of things that would be better left unphotographed (by which I mean the plaid couch in the lounge). Following the major coup of "Writing a bunch of articles and previous Autocrat editors having graduated," I am pleased to inform you that this issue now has a scapegoat and as such does not hesitate to touch on hot-button topics, because it's guaranteed who will be shamed for it. All quotes are given with implicit consent, although perhaps not from the person said to be saying them. With that in mind, and because nobody really reads the bottom text anyhow, I wish you plenty of amusement, and let me know if you figure out the crossword hidden somewhere in it!

Heidi Finally Gonna Get Some Sleep

Jonathan Herbst

In a decision that has been hailed as both "tremendous" and "full of wisdom," Treasurer and Most-In-House-Out-Of-House-Member Heidi '24 has announced that she is going to get some sleep. "It has long been an acknowledged point about yours truly that my most common conversational gambit is 'I'm really sleepy,' but that's about to change. Between the taxing hourly requirement of CS300 and the very soporific Cities and Colonies in the Western Mediterranean, I've been under a lot of stress to drop off at random moments. Recently, even Mario Party hasn't been enough incentive to stay awake, as I learned to my chagrin after waking up two hours into a game with all my stars stolen.

"The good news is that I've decided to go on a little retreat this Saturday to a place called my room. While there, I plan to sleep, rest, and doze. Also on the docket is to snooze and slumber for a while. When I return to the hallowed halls of THouse for the Monday meeting, I'm still going to comment on how sleepy I am, but I'll do so in the comforting knowledge that there's absolutely no reason for me to be tired (and I will be anyways). I'd like to thank all the people who have encouraged me to take this decisive course of action, and everyone who's been with me during this difficult time."

"I'm glad she's decided to do this," said THice THresident and inveterate stew-observer Noah '24. "Recently she hasn't been making a lot of sense and I've been getting a little worried about her. We were working on a figurine of Charizard in a speedo when she suddenly said to me, 'Augustus Glorfinsdeez nuts.' While I appreciate that she continues to make 'deez nuts' jokes, the context for the joke was just a random person's name, I don't even know if they exist or not. Also, I'm pretty sure she was just asleep at the time, and the joke was just a brainstem-level response."

While many have applauded the move, some have

taken it as a sign of weakness. “Those are rookie numbers,” said Tristen '26 when we consulted him on the matter. “I pull all-nighters on every exam, no matter how much of my grade it's worth. Why, I even stayed up for 72 hours straight back when I was in high school. People might call THeidi's decision to sleep more 'wise' or 'not utterly destructive of mental health,' but I think doing that ignores the fact that there's a large population of Tech Housers that are even more short of sleep than she is, and I think it's time we give these people their due. I want someone to see me at 10 in the morning, ask about the last time I slept, and stage an intervention. I want them to make a shrine in the lounge to me, filled with No-Doz and shots of espresso. I mean really, is that so much to ask?”

Part of the move may have come from the decision to make Tech House a “softer” place to live, thanks to the efforts of the Refurbishing Committee SAJJJ (Sage '23, Aaron '24, Jules '24, Justin '24, and Jonathan '25). President Kylie '25 has proved to be an important part of the continuation of this practice, calling the lounge blankets “an excellent choice” and the plants that now grace the windowsills “almost as hot as pink-hair Byleth.” When we spoke to Refurbishing Committee member Aaron about the increased danger that the lounge presents, he admitted, “That's a definite side effect. We're trying to make people feel more comfortable in the lounge but sometimes people end up feeling, well, more comfortable in the lounge. I'm not surprised that Heidi's been falling asleep more, because most of us on the committee have fallen asleep for hours at a time under the new blankets and pillows, and it's having a very problematic effect on our productivity. If people don't get back to the lustrous arms of Linux pretty soon, we're going to have to put spikes in all the couches so that people get a move on – although given Heidi's past experience with immunizations, even that might not be much of a deterrent.”

Though she's stated that she's committed to this bold new plan, it remains to see whether Heidi will follow through with it. “She's got the time, the sleepiness, and the pitch-black room,” said Noah. “Now, we'll just have to wait and see.”

Evan Just Three Spoons In Trench Coat

Jonathan Herbst

To the shock and surprise of THouse, it appears that the notorious Minister of War, Smash God, and Animal Crossing 2nd Amendment supporter Evan '25 has been unmasked as three spoons in a trench coat. “It's really quite a shock,” said his roommate and Saxiest Man in House Jimmy '25. “I mean, I've only ever seen him with his spoons, but I never thought there was nothing else there.”

It turns out that Jimmy was correct, because to the best of our knowledge it appears that Evan entered House last year as a well-adjusted and very human individual. Several sources have stated that they saw him smile, blink, and breathe, while fingerprint evidence has confirmed that he did at one point have hands. Instead, it appears that the spoons were a virus which slowly infiltrated his body, replacing every organ with one made of plastic until there was nothing left. “His very life force was drained away,” said Emma '25, an eminent and much-awarded future forensic scientist. “His late night wanderings and frequent use of the phrase 'Don't worry about it' were actually a cry for help. I'm only sad I didn't see the signs sooner – I could have watched the whole thing play out. That would have been very educational.”

Evan's new form was discovered during CS300, when classmate Jonathan '25 playfully tried to steal a spoon from him. To his surprise, the more Jonathan kept pulling, only more plastic kept coming out of the arm sleeve. Disobeying all classroom etiquette, the intrepid and overly-nosy THouser cut the clothes off of Evan's body and found with horror that it was entirely composed of spoons. “It was the weirdest thing,” said Jonathan calmly after being confronted with this crime against man and nature. “It was like a plastic skeleton, like the kind of thing you make in elementary school with the popsicle sticks and pipe cleaners, but an actual person. Or I guess, not an actual person anymore? At what point does a person... [continued to talk philosophy until we were bored].” Evan continued to live on in house for a long time, even in his new cochlearic condition. According to our DEI Chair Nobody, “It's important that all people feel welcome in THouse. If that means allowing trench coats on the couches and not making derogatory comments about spoons, that's a price I'm willing to pay.” Sadly, the Smash Legend eventually came to a bad fate last Monday, during a watching of the fabulous Tommy Wiseau movie “The Room.” Said Project Manager and Most Chaotic Smile Winner

of 2023 Jules '24, "We were downing the scotchka, laughing about all the images of the golden gate bridge, when suddenly a spoon came on screen. People were tossing them everywhere, and one of them hit Evan – it was a well-aimed shot from his assassin, who we'd inadvertently let into the room. The man staggered back against the couch, emitted a ghastly groan, and then expired. The worst part was that even after he was dead we kept going with the movie, and people even started pulling spoons out of his body and tossing them across the room at each other. It was a grisly sight."

Evan, our house's second favorite fish, we will miss your good cheer and infectious presence. There will be no funeral, but your body will be ceremoniously placed in the back alley to be carried away by the next rains. In lieu of flowers, please send spoons.

Jules' Neck Dragon About to Hatch

Jonathan Herbst

We believed that Jules' swollen lymph nodes were due to their recent bout of strep throat, but according to Zoologist Grimsby McGrimsby, there's likely another cause. "That right there is a Western East Wales Dragon-mark," said the zoologist, inspecting their neck. "You can see the tracks right there, and right there. They're oviparous, but the eggs are actually inserted into the bodies of unsuspecting hosts to keep them warm and safe. I'd say it'll hatch in a couple weeks or so, just in time for finals."

While our hearts go out to Jules and the discomfort this process will cause them, we can't deny that it will be very cool to have a dragon in THouse, and we're all very much looking forward to it.

Lounge Not Very Refurbished Disgruntled

In a remarkable feat of showmanship, despite the forming of a five-person committee and regular biweekly meetings, the lounge is actually not all that refurbished. "I'm trying to remember what they've done," said a random Tech Houser that we passed on the street. "I know they purchased the lights in the window, those are pretty cool. The blankets are nice, and I've heard we're getting more couch covers. And then I think there was something about plants, but they keep falling down and they don't seem to have a good idea where to put them, so that one's a wash."

Though it's led to very little physical change, some members have expressed annoyance for the bureaucratic process that has held up other projects. "All I wanted was a baby grand," said Noah '24, Vice President and Man In Charge Of Holding Things. "I thought it would be fun to put in the lounge, let people tinkle some ivories instead of performing amateur dentistry for a change. So I asked the Refurbishing Committee if we could do it, and they said they'd look into it and promptly didn't. This is what you get for trusting mostly non-officers to do a job. So we formed our own committee called the Piano Committee – which is a much cooler name, by the way – and have proceeded to not purchase a piano, showing you that cutting out the middleman really does work."

One of the best parts of the Committee, or as it's known around THouse, "Refurby," is that it's a learning experience for all people. Most of the learning involves finding out how expensive things are. "When Jules ['24] stood up in meeting and said that they needed more money for the Reffy, I was flabbergasted," said occasional-Refurbishing Committee-eavesdropper Dusan '26. "I mean, we gave them a lot of money, right? Where did they spend it all? Are they secretly burning it in the middle of the night? I was going to say we should have a serious talk about whether there's any embezzling going on, but instead they get pulled into Officer Meeting and given more money. I swear, when I'm House Ppresident the redecorating will be done properly and that will be the end of that."

(Ed. Dusan has not at this time announced a bid for House Ppresident. For more polls and statistics about the 2024 election, please see fivethirtyeight.com.)

**

Sadly, the news of this inexorable bureaucratic slowness has been disrupted by the unfortunate activity of the committee, during which time this entire article is shot to hell because the lounge does, in fact, now look like it has the potential to not be a room in a psychiatric ward. With plants gracing the mantel, rearranged tables, and new couch covers and couch organizations, it is with a heavy heart that we must announce that the lounge does not look all that bad. While we appreciate these efforts to make the region more presentable, we here calmly ask that any future efforts be held up until after the publications of our monthly article, so that we are not made to look like fools.

—The Anti-Refurbishment Committee

All of Budget Spent on Ducks

Abduccor

Out in the west one day there was a sheriff by the name of Tech House. She was the sheriff of a good, law-abiding little town called Tech House: sure they had their little squabbles, but they were good kids. They lived on the very limits of frugality, barely even purchasing new records for their record players, and they'd never gone crazy entirely. She remembered the good old days when they would bring up the human-sized hamster ball at every meeting, just so they could shoot it down. But now...

Wasteland. Sheriff Tech House walked over the barren lands of the lounge, her retractable spurs clinking against the floor. It was barely recognizable. The TV was gone; the blankets were gone; the artwork had tried and failed to be sold at the F@B events. The couches had been repossessed, and now there was nothing left but a small brown side-table in the corner of the room. It was even worse in the War Room – they'd ripped out the carpets, the gamer couch, all the signs on the walls, until it looked like any other room on the Kappa Delta side. Still they would huddle together on a Saturday night, facing towards the wall where the TV used to be and making the old ritualistic motions with their thumbs, but nothing happened. There was no music, no alcohol, no darkness. People spoke to each other little, each blaming the other for what had happened. Across the land there was nothing but an endless sorrow.

In its place? Rubber ducks. Thousands of them, the small yellow avians were strewn from room to room, spewing out of the Amazon boxes they'd arrived in, engulfing the kitchen entirely, drowning themselves in the first floor sink. They saved Duckthulu from the art sale and protectively surrounded the painting with their vulcanized bodies, making sure no human could access the sacred work. In some outskirts of the house where the ducks weren't quite so numerous, THousers tried to turn them into furniture, gluing them together into couch-shaped, questionably comfortable blobs, but with little success. Yes, Tech House (the humans, not the cat) had taken their budget one step too far: in the heat of the moment there was a proposal for thousands of bucks, and in the heat of the moment it was passed unanimously. The House was in debt with no hope of getting back its money, and the ducks were too thick to move through. Stuff Night was abandoned. All talk of Danger Walk ceased. There were no funds to do anything, and when the flour was gone, the officers were reduced to grinding up the small yellow bodies in the hopes of continuing Pancake Sunday, but even that was quickly snuffed

out. Nobody came to the house any more, and none of the in-house members could even leave their rooms – the heavy doors were the last barricade against survival.

There was no choice, Tech House mused to herself. The ducks would have to go. Yes, the humans were sentimental about their prank-objects, but that was what was holding them back. She'd brought it up before, at the last Tech House meeting (where she'd been officially appointed Cheese Whiz, much to her confusion) but they were weren't willing to go forward with it – she would have to do it herself. Drawing out her pistol, she blew across the barrel and then fired a single bullet. The hardened lead screamed its way through the rubber bodies of the nearby ducks, instantly killing all 2,538,601 of them. They lay there on the ground in a tired heap, looking exactly the way they did before she shot them. Tech House gave a mew of satisfaction, then took them out of the building in her mouth one by one, piling them in the alley in the back of Harkness. Only one did she leave behind, and this she left at the door of Ryan '23, her favorite human, as a peace offering. Hopefully they would be smart enough to understand.

From her window on the second floor, President Kylie watched as her lawfully appointed sheriff carried out her weary mission. She knew it had to be done, but she couldn't help it. There were so many fun things they could have done with the ducks. They were such a good idea. If only there had been more time...

From the corner of her eyes (though it might have been due to biochem), she let fall a single tear.

THE END

Missing Ricochet Robots Piece Creates Controversy Among Its Box-Mates

Justin Lasker

PROVIDENCE, RI // A single circular game piece has caused ripples in the otherwise still waters of Technically a House. Over the past year, Tech Housers and Alexes alike have enjoyed playing the puzzle game Ricochet Robots. The idea of the game is simple – guide a robot from its current square on a board to a square indicated by a given token in the fewest number of moves. “Every time Ricochet Robots is taken out, I move to the other side of the room.” One avid fan of the game said. “Honestly, it just feels like homework.” Perhaps overwhelmed by its

mothergame's fervent support, one Ricochet Robots token has shied from the spotlight. "One day, Green Star just disappeared." Red triangle said. "I'm betting they hid in the box for Big Rig 18-Wheeler." [Note from Ed, our editor: "You're just fabricating this quote because you want to bust out Big Rig 18-Wheeler."] [Note from Chris Vanderpool, who was not the subject of the editor's allegations: "The only big rig I've heard of was this year's UCS election."] Other game pieces expressed disappointment with the now-missing Green Star. "They were always a coward." The hourglass said about the missing game piece. "Please do not associate me or any other contents of this box with that imbecile's tomfoolery."

Amidst the stewing controversy, one token confessed their empathy. "I don't blame the kid at all," Blue Crescent said in an anonymous interview. "I mean, life as a Ricochet Robots token is laborious at best. At unexpected intervals throughout the week, the roof of our establishment is flung aside, and out we tumble onto a wooden surface. Next thing you know, you're getting crushed under a plastic butt plug ten times your mass." [Comment from our editor Ed: "It's a robot, not a butt plug. Besides, the robots are too small to function as butt plugs. Or so a friend tells me."] The silver, uhhhhh, "robot" shared a different perspective. "Me, I wish I got more play." They admitted. "All I want to feel are Aaron's caressing hands navigating me around a four-tile board. So I don't understand why Green Star scurried away. If you're reading this, please come back so I can sit on top of you." [Another comment from our editor Ed: "The last line was made up."] [A comment from the writer: "So are you."]

(Allow me, the writer, to go on a brief tangent. If I were Green Star, I'd constantly keep my eyes peeled in case Aaron tries to sneak up on me. According to an anonymous source, Aaron is highly stealthy, especially when his target is wearing AirPods. If you, the reader, are named Aaron, I will successfully sneak up on you before the end of the semester. Unless you're a different Aaron than the one currently in Tech House, that would be an awkward misunderstanding.) [Note from the writer: I successfully followed the correct Aaron a few hours after writing this, although I'm still not sure whether he was playing along.]

While rumors concerning the whereabouts of Green Star continue to circulate, Tech Housers have resorted to unique strategies to keep its spirit alive. When the route corresponding to a Ricochet Robots token is considered trivial by the players, they

replace said token with its missing counterpart. In turn, since there is no physical token to dole out as a reward for winning the imaginary Green Star, players now use a board tile in its wake. "It's certainly a change of pace." One side of one of the board tiles explained. "I must confess, I'm not used to being utilized in such an undistinguished capacity." (At this point in the interview, the other side of the board tile interrupted, saying, "You think you aren't treated with respect? Try having reflective barriers!" To which the first side replied, "Maybe you should reflect on how your lousy attitude is a barrier to having any friends in this box." To which the second side replied, "Wait, I have friends, right?" To which no one replied.)

With so many charged opinions about Green Star and life since its departure, we can only hope that Tech House can find the missing piece in due time.

7 Wonders Duel Makes Other Games Jealous

Dr. Therapist

Although only recently introduced to House, 7 Wonders Duel has already made a big impact. It's used every day by some TH members that are trying to figure out the strategy, and it's even been played surprisingly infrequently at Stuff Night. But its naturally exclusive nature has led to some discontents not only among the humans in THouse, but the board games as well.

"It's a bit too uptight for my taste." Anomia, the quick-paced game with easy additions and subtractions from its player count, chimes in. Itself only a couple years old, the game continues to be a house favorite, but it doesn't seem willing to share the love. "Normally I'm all for introducing new games, but this one's just a bit too structured. It's three stages and twenty cards per stage, so you know exactly how long you're going to be with it at the start. And what's more, it only takes two people at a time, so while everyone else is coming into the room saying, 'whatcha playing? can I join?' the people that are playing Duel can only say, 'No, we're busy, try over there.' I think that leads to some hard feelings, if I'm being honest."

"Open and forward. I like that." Coup, the infamous backhanded card game, whose support from House never wavers. "You can tell everything about that game just by looking at it, there's nothing to declare at

customs, you know exactly what you're getting into. I think it's more fun to be hidden and sly, make them hang on your every word, double-cross at the last moment; I think drama is the stuff of life, but I can see that some people just want a quiet existence. If you're fine with that, I think it's good that you've got that option available. I'm not worried about it taking my humans away from me; it's not the type."

"Pretty mellow." Fog of Love, chilling on the top shelf with a smile on its face. "Spread the love, guys. We got room here for a new little sister. Or little brother, I can't really tell, it doesn't matter much to me. You're all crowded for space down there on the lower shelves, but there's nothing but sky up here. Live and let live, I say – it's good to have another two-player game around."

"It's got some pretty good strategy," adds Aaron '24, often known by his nickname, "Board-game-geekathon." "So it adapts the basic strategy from 7 Wonders, which is already a pretty good game, but it compensates for the deterministic role-play with good availability of replay actions. Increasing the discard value with number of yellows helps to" (Ed. If you want to hear more about this, go talk to Aaron. I'm sure he's got more to say. I just stopped listening about here.)

"Too complicated," declares Spirit Island. "No, I'm being serious. People think I have a lot of components, but at least it all makes sense in context. The joy is in the journey, where the journey is utterly destroying a bunch of plastic white guys who, to be fair, started it first. With this game, I just don't get what they're thinking. Do you want wood? Do you want science? You think you're so cool, so hip and modern with all these different win mechanisms – just deal with straight energy or victory points like everybody else!"

"It's just not fair." Big Rig, that sprawling behemoth of a board game, whose sole interaction with House is that we one time read the instructions for it. "I've been here what, ten or so years? I'm prominently located, people bring me up all the time, but they always flake out on interacting with me. I feel like I'm a joke at this point, like people will just bring me up and laugh, and I hate the feeling that I'm not respected as a game. I've been crying inside for a long time, but nobody notices because they never bother to take off the lid."

And of course, a short statement from Chess.

"Whazzat? There's a new board game? Feels like only yesterday it was just me and Mancala... Oh.. wake me up when it's time for breakfast..."

A Look At the Lonely Life of Aaron Igra

Daily Profit

Once a massive, dominating presence in House, former President Aaron Igra has graciously acceded the position and become a private citizen once more. We sent our reporter Rita Skeeter to learn more.

Sitting in his sumptuous double after waiting for his roommate Noah to come back to unlock it, Aaron seems to have all the trappings of luxury, from a bed to a chair to a fridge in his room. If that isn't enough, the former President will be granted a single next semester in recognition of his years of loyal service, with a luxurious 165 square feet of linoleum and easy access to the stairwell nearby. Yet for all his easygoing charm, the APMA-CS major still carries an air of sadness, and here we imagine why.

Aaron's had a rough childhood. Born an orphan, he was originally raised on liquid nitrogen and had to live inside of a boot for safekeeping. At the age of five he was already the primary breadwinner for his household, a family which included himself and twelve children he adopted, ranging from the age of six to seventeen. These children were not always kind to their adopted father, and occasionally ran away from the stilettos next door, which he'd annexed in order to accommodate his growing family. He lived in one of the seedier neighborhoods on the internet (it only had an http, with no s at the end) and often struggled to make ends meet. At the age of seven, however, he acquired his first set of Magic the Gathering cards, and latched on to them as an escape route. He began playing in tournaments, underground betting parlors, and sex trafficking rings. At one point, a bad play with a Nomad Stadium had him in debt to the Yakuza, but despite his setbacks he managed to get them off his trail entirely. Though he still occasionally gets letters from previous creditors demanding payment, his new position as eminent ex-statesman prevents him from responding back.

With all this in mind, we followed Aaron for a day in his life to show what kind of a man we're dealing with. First he went to class. Then he did some homework. Then he got Dunch. Then he did homework for an hour and a half, only interrupted by a quick break to play Kirby for an hour and a half. Then it was time for meeting, and here he sits not in his old place of honor, but over on the plaid couch, mutinously plotting a rebellion. After meeting is officer meeting, but Aaron nobly attends the Refurbishing Committee meetings instead, thus staying in the loop with the rest

of THouse and his new position to push for change from the outside. Then he decides whether he's still hungry, usually by saying, "Hm I'm still hungry," and then goes to Jo's. After Jo's we don't know what happens – we've never stayed up late enough to find out. As you can see, this sort of regimented lifestyle is the schedule of a man hiding a deep sorrow, a deep burden, and Aaron graciously granted us an official interview to understand why.

TH reporter Rita: Aaron, thanks for talking with us today.

Aaron Igra: Holy shit you just animorphed from a beetle! What are you doing in my room? And what's a woman doing in my room?

TH: Aaron, you decided after this last year that you weren't going to be part of the officer corps, deciding to not even run for any of the positions. What caused you to do this?

AI: I mean, I just thought about it a little bit and decided –

TH: It sounds like you feel maligned and want to take it out on THouse. Have you ever suffered from any long, frightening rages?

AI: No, wait what? No, I haven't –

TH: You're a previous President, and you know all about the burdens of the role. You've offered to share your knowledge with the current President but been turned down. How does that make you feel?

Concerned? Enraged? Scared?

AI: Kylie can do whatever she wants. I don't –

TH: Thanks for that, that's very illuminating. Now, I hear you're the current Minister of Magic TM in THouse. (Not to be confused with the Minister of Magic, oh no, we know what kind of fix that man is in!) Have you played any Magic lately?

AI: Well no, I –

TH: In fact, you haven't played any Magic all year. Is that right?

AI: Uhm, well let me see.

TH: And yet you're still the Minister of Magic, in fact sweeping up the position for the third year running!

AI: Well, nobody else plays and at least I know how, and yeah I'm gonna get back into it soon..

TH: I hear, in fact, that your affections have been placed elsewhere. Can you tell us a little bit about your time with Bridge?

AI: Well, since I'm a retiree, I –

TH: You've been spending a lot of money on this game, I hear! Didn't I see a lovely box of tournament equipment arrive in the mail for you?

AI: Actually, that was sent to us by –

TH: Finally, I want to ask about your felonies. I hear you've been charged with 34, including misuse of campaign funds and falsifying business records?

AI: You might be thinking of a different former president. I want to emphasize that I have not been charged with any –

TH: And there you have it, folks. Once the most powerful man in house, the boy wonder has been swept up into bad ways, playing bridge and living on a knife's edge. At the same time he's sad and lonely but also enraged and contemptuous while appearing to be calm and happy. In contempt of the law, in contempt of House, and in contempt of Trivial Pursuit, the man is desperate and despairing. When will he break under the pressure of not being under pressure anymore? Find out next time on Meeta with Reeta. Now let's Skeeter-daddle!

**** NO EGOS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS PRODUCTION****

Jonathan to Blame for Everything **Jonathan Herbst**

Hello everyone,

As Editor-in-Chief of the Autocrat and official part of House Ami and Jonathan Together, I feel a newfound desire to become a solid, respectable citizen and cast off my previous ways. With this in mind, I would like to sincerely apologize for all my past pranks, lightheartedness, and wacky shenanigans. More importantly, I know that many of these occurrences have caused tension and strain to THouse members, often causing waves of inquisitions and making people restless and inquisitive for weeks on end. To set us off on a clear slate for the rest of the semester, I would like to officially take blame for the following:

I did the ducks. I must have found them somewhere and then I put them around house. There were some on the Mechanics of Flight book and on the remote or something. I don't even remember. I was such a different person back then.

I did the Facilities Maintenance post-its. I'm only sorry about the, like, twenty minutes of sadness that Michelle suffered regarding her room sign, which is pretty rad, and not 3d-printed.

I did the second wave of ducks. I must have found them around house and then I put them in the bathroom. It's common sense. I'm a big fan of the downstairs bathroom, being on the second floor and all.

I did the Discord ducks. Every once in a while I go onto Discord, switch accounts, and Quack. It's funny. I'm funny. I don't know how you guys didn't figure that one out.

I summoned Duckthulu out of the ashes of our previous President. Aaron, if you're reading this, I'm sorry I disemboweled you. And also used your body to create a weird incantation that summoned the Duckmaster from the nether region. Also, how are you reading this? Shouldn't you be dead by now?

I caused Skittles to be all-white for Pride Month. I thought it was a good idea at the time, because then there would only be one rainbow for pride month and I couldn't be a rainbow because it already was a rainbow, so I did that. In retrospect, it kind of sent some messages I wasn't intending.

I did Sci Li Tetris. You've been blaming the previous generations of Tech House long enough. I actually built a time machine and did it myself, using the spare parts that are in the workroom. Also:

I created sand. When I went back in time, I also went to the early days of the creation of Earth. Originally when water crashed up against rocks it turned into glass, but I think I stepped on a butterfly or something.

I ate a banana. This one needs no explanation.

I was the one who sang "Skiss From A Rose" during a capella karaoke. Yes, I realized later this was more similar to the sound of a goat with a desperate desire to be slaughtered, but whatever. I had a good night.

Finally, and in the place of all other things I may have forgotten to mention, I decided that it was a good idea to be a CS Major. For this I can blame only myself.

Idea: Bring Back the Sex Dungeon

Horny

Though cuffing season has come to an end, the springtime is not enough to fill the gaping holes in many of our lives that comes from a lack of intimacy. I know, I know, you're thinking we should save this for our therapists, but the truth is that we'd be a much happier place if we all just engaged in coitus a bit more often. Not only would this help people feel more satisfied and less lonely, I think it would be a great way to bring house closer together and to truly live up

to Brown's tradition of free love. In addition, THouse alums have expressed surprise about the significant lack of drama that has been happening in Tech House, and the jealousies and intrigue that comes from various orgies is certain to bring back this great deficit in our current state of affairs.

For a long time we've been skirting around this issue, making increasingly more suggestive references to "smashing in the lounge" and hiding the anti-sex cat in more and more disreputable places, and I think it's time that we just own up to it. Since both our esteemed President and the previous Autocrat creator, who may or may not have been myself, have mentioned their "lovers" in public-facing messages to house, I think it is only fair to assume that secret liaisons have already been occurring among our constituents. It's easy to see that Mike Williams devices serve purposes besides accessing our own rooms, and given how noisy it is both during and following their usage, I think we can quickly comprehend what the results of this investment have led to. Since none of our doors are truly locked anymore anyhow, do we really need to hide it? We have all the imaginative power of AJ '25 at our disposal, and as Social Chair I know he would be willing and able to prioritize these events as part of the official Tech House socializing.

Anyhow, this gets me back to the main point of this piece, which is that we should restore 009 to its original glory. Not only that, but I think we should expand upon the stained mattress that used to grace its floors by turning the room entirely into a sex dungeon – we could get candles, swings, the whole shebang. Alcohol would of course be allowed in this room and would likely be necessary for its use, although some people might be interested in using it sober, which I support fully. I think we can do this for a relatively cheap price if we're willing to settle for "gently used" items on eBay, and I believe both myself and Sage '23 would be willing to help refurbish the room to make sure this is both a charming and titillating environment. This does mean we wouldn't be able to show this room on House tours, but since people were never really interested in a storage room to begin with, I don't believe it would be particularly problematic. In addition, we wouldn't have to worry about Facilities Management taking back the space or otherwise having problems with it, provided we make clear to them that we'd be willing to share.

I believe that having a unique space for our prospective orgies will make people more at ease about the logistic difficulties of such an event, which I know is the main thing that has prevented us from

implementing it in the past. In addition, we would no longer have to veil our Discord messages in any way with references to “smash” or “chill party” or anything else; all we'd have to say is “009 time!” and people would know exactly what's happening. The room is just close enough to the rest of Harkness that we would worry if people are hearing us without being close enough for people actually being able to hear it, which would lead to an overall heightened experience. However, if people don't like this room choice, we could also conceivably do it in the Cave instead, since we already have the web links on the ceiling to encourage arousal. The main point is that I think having a designated space for our sexual encounters will help it feel not just like something that's happening between any two individuals, but between all of House.

Unfortunately, due to the secretive nature and flexible time scheduling of these proceedings, only in-house members would be eligible to initiate this activity. I'm as disappointed about this as you are, but the good news is that if you're Out of House and happen to see people going at it in one of the rooms when you drop by, you're always more than welcome to join in. If you aren't currently in THouse but have suddenly realized you have a new-found interest in being in house, I'm sure we can talk to Res Life and get something sorted out to maximize your ease of participation – we know how important it is to them as a concept. And while friends of house wouldn't be informed of these occurrences, if they ask to be let into the building and find the person opening the door to be dressed in nothing more than God graced them with at birth, who's to stop them from having an urge and acting on it? I think it would be a good way to learn their names and other important things about them, and might even serve as a good incentive to encourage them to join House in future semesters.

Overall, I believe this is an exciting new opportunity for us to grow closer, satisfy our frustrated sexual tendencies, increase our membership, and add a significant new amount of lore to the wiki. If you're interested, I'd love to help make this a place for us to feel at home in all we do, so be sure to voice your approval at meetings. If you're not interested, or you think it's a boring idea, or you're a prude and don't think it's such a good idea for us to become a polyamorous drama-filled cesspool of unrequited feelings and not-so-free love: well, then (literally) go fuck yourself.

An Ode to AJ's Balls

Secret Admirer

*To AJ '96 '97 '98 '99 '00 '76 '23, MemeLord,
Gardener, Librarian, and House Daddy-Chef*

O AJ art thy balls so mellow,
swollen huge and sickly yellow,
as, pacing floors of polished stone
you hold them, and release a groan.
What ails you so? What pales you so?
Why let you not those large balls go?
To cradle with such earthly joy;
you know their fate, you full-grown boy.

Success you will have not in shrinking them
unless you make plans without overthinking them
to meet a girl, to say hello, and quickly
to the bedroom go.
To have her hold unto your hair,
a single luxurious lock
which (some have said)
must equal size-wise to your –
(because, with those big balls, pray tell
who knows how large the rest must swell?)

Or: maybe you have some disease,
for see the discharge when you sneeze?
Darkened green or ochre brown,
you must have gone too far downtown.
The groan perhaps was one of pain
and not the dream of promised gain.
It aches you so, it shakes you so
this awful fate that makes you so
and now you only one big toe feel,
from the dreaded curse of varicocele.

Though you may find this rather ribald,
we beg you not to sue for libel.
Not many people are thus cited
for how large they are when they're excited.
Remember this is all in jest:
we love you, AJ, big balls and the rest.

*I hereby swear not to indemnify any individual
whosoever includes such phrases as are designed to
mollify my complacency of overactive deactivations
towards general linguistic lingo of jargonized
weaponized warfare. And I love you too.*

-AJ Murphy

The Second Coming of Jesus Christ Will Be A Female Squirrel Dressed in Clothes from the Gala Pop-Up Shop; Invited to Two Seders

Jewish Propaganda

Mmm yeah babies you heard that right, now Christians too can love Christ and go to passover seder. Squirrel fiends heed the word of our lord Jesus Squirrel, lover of Passover.

Jesus squirrel is POPULARE at the passover seder. This squirrel has been invited to two passover seders. Ryan's seder has his parents but Amelia's seder is at Kasser House????? Talking about squirrels, talking about passover, talking about our lord and saviour Jesus Squirrel.

See her at gala, strutting her stuff. See her at passover seder, eating charosets.

Imagine not be crucified. Imagine literally not being Jesus, reborn on Easter Day. Squirrel CAN'T imagine.

It's uncertain how many events she can attend.

It's sexist that Jesus was a man!

This is a poem full of joy, and also sadness. Watch as Passover Squirrel bursts out of Duckthulu's rectum. Next time God has got to do a woman.



Stealing the squirrely matzah, it's Passover Jesus!

Tech House Welcomes New Crop of Lumbersexuals

Hems Chrisworth



Top row: Noah Whelpley, Sage Cowit, Francis Wang.
Bottom Row: Owen Landry, Jonathan Herbst, Tarek Razzaz.

There's something about the autumn that just feels like home. The falling leaves making a satisfying crunch under your shoes, the smell of apple cider and pumpkin pie, the taste of winter on your breath... It's a time to bring out the long sleeved shirts and go tramping through the woods, not to mention participate in the annual Javaspook.

Well, forget about all of that, because it's the middle of April, but the feeling of fall lives on in Tech House's new red flannel outfits. With the new semester not new any more, we're proud to announce that we've finally reached a quorum of lumbersexuals in house to restore the old tradition of making sure somebody's wearing flannel at all time.

"This is very much a tradition," said David Bagdhad '96, who was not consulted. "I agree," said Duluth Macramé '42, who was not yet born at the time this article was published but carries on the tradition in the womb.

"There's something very comforting about red flannel," said Jonathan '25, who owns six different colors of flannel but happened to be wearing a red one at photograph time. "For starters, it's a good insulator but can easily be unbuttoned or the sleeves rolled up if it's too warm outside. It's a long sleeved shirt without being too formal, so I can wear it regularly. Best of all, it makes me look like I actually have muscles without actually trying to acquire them."

"Flannel is a mark of culture," added Tarek '25, whose muscles need no accentuation. "It means being hipster, it means being mainstream. It's important to show the different sides of THouse. Sure there are people who wear Rick and Morty T-shirts, but there are people with cropped stubble and aviator glasses. It's an important way to show that nerds come in all varieties, and we welcome them all."



Who's sexiest in a flannel? Email your votes to autocrat@techhouse.org!

(Ed. Please don't do this. We don't want to encourage body image comparison.

(Ed. And it's obviously Noah. You'd have to beat the man's chest hair back with a weed-whacker.

Plus everyone else is doing something weird with their hands? I'm not sure what they're doing.)

(Ed2. That's not fair. Hand near chin is a pretty classic move. And I really envy Francis' left thumb.)

(Ed. Weirdo.)

Next Issue of Autocrat Going to Be Serious

Jonathan Herbst

Though our quick wit and levity has inspired much hilarity in THouse, as well as our consistent use of the word THouse, I regret to inform you that the Autocrat has come under new management. Yes, it will still be published by your favorite group of mostly-nerdy intellectuals, but now they will be wearing top hats and acting somber. We have become aware of how near the end of the semester is, and will be devoting the final issue (of.. the year?) to a warm and heartfelt sendoff of our increasingly wizened senior citizens. We do not feel that we can, in good faith, include these conversations in a newspaper that shares its space with jokes, puns, good-natured roasts, and bad-natured roasts. Therefore, this serves as an advance warning about the sudden decrease of humor that will flood your life.

Various coping methods may include:

- *Read previous issues of the Autocrat.* Yes, though they weren't written by yours truly, the 2016-2018 issues spearheaded by Matthew Petersen still demonstrate the quirky and nerdy jesting that makes the Autocrat a unique and valuable news source – and many of their articles are perhaps more long-term and require less context than our own.
- *Tear up this issue and use it to feather your nest.* In the words of Justin '23, the more stuff in your room, the merrier! Try adding some much-needed color to your dark, windowless Harkness cells by doing like the birds do and using the paper to build a soft cushion.
- *Paper maché your cat.* Wait, like, with this issue? Or just in general? Regardless, this seems like a bad idea.
- *Okay, well, then use the pages as cat litter.* Show your love for the Autocrat by putting the issues where they belong – under your favorite feline's butt.
- *Use a rubber band to stretch out your mouth.* Prepare your face for the onslaught of solemnity that will befall us in the absence of funny jokes. This will also serve as good practice for the summer, where you will have to live your sad solitary lives until you see our shining faces and shining new newspapers in the fall.
- *Don't use nitrous oxide.* While you might feel inclined to switch to a pharmacological rather than a literary supplement to daily hilarity, the FDA requires us to warn readers that this may result in unintended side effects, such as becoming Genghis Khan, trying to take over the world, and death.
- *Verbally abuse the editor-in-chief until he publishes more jokes.* Speaking out of self-interest, we would prefer if you did not do this, but it probably would be effective. Although the articles would probably be a lot saltier than usual.
- *Send in a poem so bad that we have no choice but to publish funny content to make up for it.* Can't get the meter right? Trying to rhyme "oatmeal" with "Danielle Steel"? Use it as a virtue and send it to the Autocrat, where we'll have to follow through with our guarantee to publish one funny article for every bad poem submitted.
- *Cry.* Always effective.
- *Prepare for nuclear annihilation.* Without the Autocrat, is there really anything stopping it?
- *Stage a coup and run a shadow Autocrat, with its own, funnier issues.* Wow! But I thought you guys liked me? I mean... I have an iron grip and will tolerate no dissension!
- *Take the philosophical view.* In the end, we're all just lonely water-sacks with tapioca-consistency skull-matter floating on a small rock without any free will to change things. If one newspaper in one House in one college in one country changes its content next month, c'est la vie.
- *Come to a deeper understanding of the universe and God's grand design.* Yes, the Autocrat is the purpose for the universe's existence, and though it took a long time to get off the ground, it's here now and it's here to stay. Alternately, it's never coming back. We know you'll miss us – we'll miss you too. But all good things must come to an end, and we hope you cherish the memories and friendships you made along the way. That's really all that's left. We're gonna live forever!

Don't want to go a month without occasional nose-breathing that indicates levity?

Don't want the seniors to graduate and abandon the rest of us (Boo!)?

Submit articles, bids for impeachment and pictures of random body parts to autocrat@techhouse.org. We'll publish whatever you send us. See you then!