

A Strange Dream I Had:
A Study in Narcissism

A Case Study

May 20th, 2004 Minutes

It is a pretty small group tonight in the Green Room.

Our President Doran takes the podium to announce that there are squirt guns and targets established for 17 daring individuals who are to embark on that game of wit and intensity known as *Assassins*. Better be careful while you're in the bathroom, missy. Some professor dude in the Div School got shot while sitting on the toilet and died. Yeah, it's a true story. The assassin was hiding in the heating vent.

Doran and Doran assume the podium. Doran announces the HFF. For the Hitchcock Film Festival, we've got cameras. We've got volunteers to make the DVDs. We got talent. We got imagination. If you want to enter the contest, i.e. be judged in the film festival, hand in your movie the day before, Thursday, so that Doran and Doran can make sure there aren't any glaring segments of pornography and the panel of Dorans can judge for several prizes. The movie must be shorter than 15 minutes. Unjudged films simply need to show up that evening.

Memorial Day (Beautification Day): Please sign up with ISO numbers all of you people with extra meal points; the sign up thingy will be at the front desk. Doran doesn't have this problem because, well, he buys ten meals a day and only eats three. Why does he find this waste of food moral? We're not sure. Ask him. To continue: there will be planting, kickball, foursquare, botchy ball, and at 6 pm grilled lamb and other delicacies.

"Step out the front door like a ghost into a fog where no one notices the contrast of white on white.

In between the moon and you angels get a better view

Crumbling difference between wrong and right."

Doran wanted to let everyone know that Friday of Memorial Day weekend you can get pedicures in Doran's house (first floor of section five) about 9 pm followed by girly movies in Doran's room on the top floor of section five.

There was an extensive debate on whether or not to change the constitution in pursuit of gender correctness. Doran argues that sexism was not an issue in Hitchcock, and therefore that no change should be made to this sacred document. In response, Doran replied that there was in fact sexism in Hitchcock, though that is beside the point, because "he" indicates a man and not a man and woman together.

In the words of Simone de Beauvoir:

“The words masculine and feminine are used symmetrically only as a matter of form, as on legal papers. In actuality the relation of the two sexes is not quite like that of two electrical poles, for man represents both the positive and the neutral, as is indicated by the common use of *man* to designate human beings in general; whereas woman represents only the negative, defined by limiting criteria, without reciprocity ...”

And to be quite honest, there is a lot more where that is coming from. But if I let my mouth open, I will certainly offend a lot of people, and nothing you could do would make me sit down and be quiet again. And Doran knows we have to avoid offense at all costs.

Anyhow, we voted for change. Thus the constitution of Hitchcock has been forever altered.

RAs bigDoran and miniDoran will be taking all of the Dorans in Hitchcock to see Harry Potter on June 5th, sometime in the afternoon.

Scav T-shirts are on their way. There were 64 orders. Its probably too late to order one if you forgot to sign up. Sory.

Our new RA showed up and smiled but did not laugh. Don't be scared if he laughs, he knows its funny.

According to Doran, one half of the clothes planned to be sent to the shelter have disappeared. Oops.

No treasurers at the meeting today. If you see Doran, kick his battootie.

Social Chair Doran proposed slip and slide and die-dying for Memorial Day weekend. Think of all the pretty colors, the joy, the holding hands, the peace, the love, the drugs, your parents having lots of premarital sex in the University-Students-United-to-Initiate-World-Peace-Through-Orgy-(All-Colors-Sexes-And-Creatures-of-the-Earth-Welcomed) Coalition ...

IHC absent (Doran is lame and still without a date). Apparently there is an attempt to make vegan milkshakes.

According to IM Rep Doran, we lost. We lost everything.

RCA: Has nothing

Bartlett dining committee meeting next week.

- 1 – Fine
- 2 – Regretting the previous commentary on parent premarital sex in the 1960s
- 3 – doing fine, no food
- 4 – suffering from lack of food
- 5 – we think they're still there, but you know, we're post-modern here

At large: we're great!

Doran: Kickball is amazing. Do it on Memorial Day.

Snell: We're good, clean, good.

Doran: Next Thursday, Blue Gargoyle, 7 pm, Rhythm and Jews and Aristocratic Octopus, free, because Occapela wants to be free and there will be gypsy music.

Doran: There will be a DUDE NIGHT TO COUNTER THE FEMINNE FATALES ALSO ON THE TOP FLOOR OF SECTION FIVE OR SOMEWHERE IN SECTION FIVE ITS NOT REALLY CLEAR BUT THERE WILL BE A LOT OF DUDES AND A LOT OF DUDE LIKE ACTIVITIES SO COME AND BE DUDE

Doc not showing Passion of Doran – Lady Killers will show instead. Oh, man, I'm so disappointed. Oh, no, Oh, I'm sighing with grief.

Johnny Doran movie showing Monday – this time, its Benny and June!

Sunday, yet again story time with Doran.

Saved House trip next weekend! Keep you posted (Saved is a movie by the way)

Doran our RCA: the printer is being icky if you're printing it restart it and then call Doran afterward

Will the observatory be a permanent fixture or as brief and drifting as the human life itself? Lets decide next week. Doran expresses concern that it may be an obstruction for those desiring to play ping-pong to the fullest extent.

Speaking of Sex, Rover opens next week staring (drum roll) ... DORAN!! Lots of sex! Passion! But all behind a curtain!

According to Doran, Doran Spiegaldoran is coming to lecture at 4:30 at someplace on campus and also on Friday at some place on campus about graphic art.

On Thursday June 3rd Doran invites you to a Dorans for John Kerry Fundraiser

Doran enters, black cloak and rapier in hand.

“Doran, you hunchbacked neo-Platonic piece of matza! I know what you did!” Doran screamed.

Doran stood up in glory. “I’m sorry, Doran, but Doran and I love each other. Doran doesn’t love you anymore, Doran. Its true.” Doran yelled.

“How could you, Doran? You were my best friend.” Doran whimpered, tears in his eyes.

“Don’t ask me, you pathetic little piece of Doran. Why don’t you ask your Doran? Or should I say, your ex-Doran?” Doran screamed.

Doran, taken aback, found Doran’s face in the crowd of Dorans. Doran was hiding behind another Doran, but when Doran’s eyes fixed on Doran’s face Doran slowly stood up.

“Its true, Doran,” Doran said calmly. “I left you for Doran.”

“When, Doran, when?” Doran asked quietly.

“Doran, don’t make me,” Doran murmured. “Oh, ok, damn it, three weeks ago.”

“Three weeks ago? You left Doran for me three weeks ago, Doran? But we’ve read philosophy together at least ... at least, five times since then!”

“I know, Doran, but I didn’t know how to break it to you, you know how it is ..” Doran murmured.

“Why did you leave me, Doran?” Doran cried. “Why? Why? Is it because Doran is better at philosophy than I am?”

Doran stared at Doran’s silent eyes, while Doran stood as the third member of the triangle in the corner of the room, and all of the Dorans stared on, anticipating future gossip sessions.

“It IS because Doran is better at philosophy than I am!” Doran cried. “But I thought you liked the way we talked about philosophy together. You always seemed like you liked it., Doran. Remember how much you loved Plato ...”

“Doran was just pretending, Doran,” Doran interjected. “Do you think any Dorans actually like Plato anymore?”

“What does that mean?” Doran cried. “Doran, I want to make philosophy with you again. I loved making philosophy with you. We could do anything you want. Aristotle. The sophists, even. Anything, Doran, anything ...”

“I’m sorry, Doran,” Doran said. “But Doran has really opened me up to a whole new realm of philosophy that I never knew existed.”

“Yeah, Doran, you should take a hint,” Doran guffawed. “Its all about the postmoderns.”

“What?” Doran cried, his cloak and rapier falling to the ground.

“Its true, Doran,” Doran said. “I mean, I don’t know if you could even hand this stuff ...”

“I can handle it!” Doran screamed. “I can definitely handle it!”

“I’m talking about Derrida, Bataille...”

“I can talk about Derrida and Bataille with you, Doran!” Doran screamed. “Doran, I love you! Doran, stay away from her, she’s mine!” Doran unleashed his rapier and charged toward Doran.

Doran slamed Doran onto the ground. Doran bit Doran’s ear while Doran pulled Doran’s beard. Doran’s best friend Doran intervened and hit Doran over the head with Doran’s copy of *Dornita* by Dorbokov, while Roran and Doremy called the university police and Doran, Doran, and Doran tried to break apart the pile of Dorans, and a drunken Doran urinated on them.

And then the minutes were adjourned, and they all went to bed.