

## HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of April 10, 2003

Thursday, 10:00 PM. For once, most of the House Council is assembled and listening intently to the matter at hand. There's Social Chair Amy Lasater, HARC Rep John Gabriel, Section 1 Rep Ben Tradewell, Section 3 Rep Dan, and of course, yours truly. Only thing is, it isn't a house meeting: we're in the Max Palevsky Theater watching *Beetlejuice*. And a darn fine movie it is, too. Why, I'll eat anything you want me to eat, I'll swallow anything you want me to swallow. Come on down, I'll chew on a dog.

What, then, happened in the Green Room while I was off enjoying the macabre masterpieces of Mr. Timothy Burton? I'm glad you asked. First item of news, if you start seeing strange faces around the dorm, don't be afraid, it's just the Hitchcock midseason replacements. Indeed, get a bunch of your geek, wolf-boy, bearded lady, and chicken man friends, surround them, and begin chanting, "One of us! One of us! One of us!" If hunting these wily creatures, be on the lookout for Ian and Lila in Section 4 and some entity known as "Justin" in Section 5. Residential officials have gone on record as stating that Lila is located in some manner of house, specifically of the hiz variety.

Swing! After what seems like eons of waiting, the swing will be unveiled amidst much pomp and ceremony this coming Monday, at a time when you're guaranteed to be in class, so I won't even bother mentioning when it is. In the incredibly unlikely situation that you can actually attend the ceremony, it is requested that you wear your Hitchcock T-shirt for a house pride picture-taking session. Such luminaries as "a couple housing officials" and "the Hafens" will be attendance, so you know it's going to be classy! Apparently, the swing will be enswathed in the Tarp of the Bumblebee, then officially released to the public amidst talks by the artist and architect responsible for its design. There will be a reception following the ceremony featuring helium (have fun talking like the tape from last week's meeting), fancy foods, and punch. The House granted the Veenstra-VanDerWeele's one hundred smackers for this event (despite my disembodied nays), so be sure to show up at some point to snag a balloon and some grub. Incidentally, this now puts the total cost of the Hitchcock Swing Project up to: \$5,676,899,541,100.05. Thank you, deficit spending. I understand Reagan worked along these lines. As a not-particularly-newsworthy addendum to the swing plans, I've been requested to mention that Robin feels "uncool" about putting the Hitchcock Flag out where it could be damaged. There. My work here is done...

...Er, not quite. Film Fest: Sunday, April 27<sup>th</sup>, 7:00 PM. I'd just like to go on record as saying that this is way too soon, and that there just isn't enough time to get a really strong showing this year, but I guess the date has been set in stone. In any case, I think the film festival is a really cool event, and even though it will be difficult for people to get things together in time, I'd nonetheless like to help out generating enthusiasm. To this end, I will be showing my Award-Winning films from previous years this Wednesday at 9:30 in the Rec Room, immediately prior to Jordan's study break. If you are among the fortunate few who is not yet familiar with the white, Jewish guy who all the honeys think is super fly, rest assured that you will be before the week is through.

There are a whole mess of interhouse events on our figurative and literal plates in the coming weeks. First off, we've been "asked out on a date" by Linn House in BJ; to go to the Court Theater for a production of *Cymbeline* and some Greek food. Thank goodness—I was sick and tired of seeing Linn House moping around, walking by Hitchcock really fast in the dining hall, writing bad poems that rhyme "Hitchcock" with "switch lock", leaving notes that say, "Do you like me? Check yes or no" in housing meetings, etc. Now here's ten bucks and the car. You kids have fun, but be home before 11:00! In other BJ-based interhouse news, we've been invited to a study break by the notorious Coulter House. Sketch. And apparently it's under the pretense that since we upperclassmen always eat by Coulter in the BJ dining hall, they feel they should "get to know" us better. Whoa, double sketch. For those of you who are blissfully ignorant of the dining woes encountered by upperclassmen earlier in the year, Coulter House is the evil group of people with whom we fought for a place to eat. Being without table, a group of us sat at their table, they were unhappy about this, their RH threw a hissy-fit, and there was about to be a throwdown. They are an unkempt lot of devious, malevolent ne'er-do-wells who will stop at nothing to cause us pain and suffering. This is so a trap it's not even funny. I'm serious—we get there, the doors lock and the poison gas starts streaming in. It's like stopping on the Jersey Turnpike on the way to help a sister suffering from domestic abuse. It's like taking a White Russian from a Malibu porn magnate. It's like wandering right into Blofeld's lair, then walking into a bunch of random rooms pressing buttons. If you value your lives, beware: "I don't want you to talk, Mr. Hitchcock Resident, I want you to die!"

Although many of you may find this hard to come to grips with, Adam Schiffenbauer will be gone next year, and someone will need to fill his various and sundry house offices. Top among these is Kitchen Czar, and an e-mail voting system is currently in production that will allow you to have a say in who the new Czar will be. In other news, I'll be deep in the cold, cold ground before any of you vultures manage to pry Movie Night out of my iron grasp. Speaking of Movie Night and interhouse events, following my movie this Sunday (9:00! Rec Room!), I'll be heading over to BJ where my functional equivalent Sawyer Gosnell will be showing *Hard Rock Zombies*. It should be a hoot, so I suggest you follow me along.

Paintball: *will* be happening. Prepare for pigment-splattered carnage the likes of which haven't been seen since 'Nam. Also, Housing Surveys are back, and seemingly consist of 1000 forms, all saying, "Housing is great. Make Bartlett Meals more expensive!" If you have any questions about these or other housing issues (and I suggest you don't, lest you be labeled some sort of disruptive *question-asker*), e-mail them to [rooms@gosh.uchicago.edu](mailto:rooms@gosh.uchicago.edu). The "gosh" stands for "Good Ol' Student Housing." Isn't that swell<sup>1</sup>? Housing will also be putting on "The Roommate Game" in mid-May (12<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup>). It's a competition based on *The Newlywed Game* where roommates must answer questions about each other in order to win fabulous prizes. In a trend I most certainly do not condone, past years have shown that an intimate knowledge of your roommate's sexual perversions is the biggest key to winning. Although this is called "The

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<sup>1</sup> The Milkman from "How to be Swell" on Nick at Nite: where is he now?

Roommate Game”, you do not actually need to have your roommate as a partner, as long as 1. Your partner is of the same sex as you, and 2. You and your partner are not married. Aren’t those rules wacky? Rumor has it that a “Pass the Pigs” style point system will be introduced for this year, so keep an eye out for those leaning jowlers! Finally, prospies *are* coming, and they *are* highly edible.

Happy Birthday, Pete. I promise you more raw human flesh than any president since Roosevelt.

Sam is still looking for people to go see the Rocky Horror Picture Show with Snell, Michelson, and Matthews Houses, so toucha-toucha-toucha-touch your keyboard and send him an e-mail if you’re interested in going. For more fun, Sebastian has two words for you (that are neither “Scav” nor “Hunt”): Human Chess. Whispered by social chairs since at least my first year, only time will tell if it becomes a reality.

Joe: “The offer to chill in Coulter House is CLEARLY a trap.” Amen to that, brother. Also, the National Jewish A Capella Competition is going to be on Sunday at 2 PM on the third floor of Ida Noyes. While we’re on the whole Jewish thing, on Wednesday at sundown in the kitchen, the Hitchcock Passover Seder will occur. Non-Jews are invited to experience another cultural tradition and drink lots of really sweet wine. Plus, I’ve been promised that the brisket will be edible this year.

Little Christian’s tape for this week ended with the final words of the house meeting being, “Bad naked Erika! Bad!” Oh, you rascals get into all sorts of shenanigans when I’m gone, don’t you?

*Daylight come and me want go home...*

**COME TO MOVIE NIGHTS 9:00 SUNDAY IN THE REC ROOM**  
**Also come to Mel Brooks nights following the House Meetings on**  
**Thursdays, and showings of *Serial Experiments Lain* following movies**  
**on Sunday.<sup>2</sup>**

Submitted for your approval,  
Christian Kammerer

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<sup>2</sup> Not this Sunday, though, ‘cause folks are going to BJ.