

HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of April 24, 2003

My apologies for the lateness of the minutes this week—it's been a pretty rough couple of days for many of us, so I hope that you were able to tolerate a few extra days of staring at a blank stall door. Anyway, despite listening through the entire tape, I could find no recorded evidence of this week's house meeting. Since I was, of course, watching the masterful b-movie biopic *Ed Wood* at Doc at the time of the meeting, I really don't know what went on. As such, I'm going to try to wing this as best as possible, but don't get upset if you brought up some news at the meeting and you don't see it here in the minutes.

First off, the Scavenger Hunt draws ever nearer, and everyone should be preparing for its momentous arrival. While we as a dorm pride ourselves on our reliance on true "scavenging", rather than endless purchasing and corporate sponsorship, this does not negate the fact that we need quite a bit of scratch to pull off a successful Hunt. So expect a number of fund-raising events in the next week to swell the Snell-Hitchcock coffers with duct tape money. The first and most anticipated of these events, the "Scav Hunt Service Auction", was held at the Masters' Open House this Monday, April 28, and was an enormous success. It seems that lower back pain is a common affliction around these parts, as some nine offers of back rubs, massages, and the like were auctioned off that night. Other popular items included Allison's fudge and the nigh-mythical FishTour 2003. The lucky recipients of the latter (Erika and Abe, whose devotion to both our finny friends and Scavenger Hunt cannot be underestimated) will have a fabulous getaway to scenic "Field Museum basement" and "fishmonger's residence." Why, you can *smell* the excitement! If you missed the service auction and would like to buy and/or offer services, there will be a secondary auction at this week's house meeting. (Incidentally, this is also when you have to turn in money for services you bought at Monday's auction, lest the incredibly scary mofo K. O. be forced to hunt you down.) Who knows what amazing services may yet be offered? No one, so you'd better show up and find out.

Now, I know that I **just said** "you'd better show up" to this week's house meeting. Nevertheless, *Nightmare Before Christmas* is showing at Doc this Thursday night, and I'm only saying that if I see you there...I understand. I mean, *Nightmare Before Christmas* AND the delightful short *Vincent*, both on the big screen? You'd have to be criminally insane to pass that up. After all, my tender lumplings everywhere, life's no fun without a good scare.

Friday, May 2, Jordan will be taking people to see *X2: X-Men United*. If you're into wiry, Teutonic goblins with limited teleportation ability, this should be a must-see. And even if you're not, go along anyway—for this coming summer Hollywood will be imposing a strictly-enforced 5 superhero movie minimum for every man, woman, and child in these great United States, and you might as well start filling the quota now.

Finally, I can't very well get through the minutes this week without some mention of the tragedy that occurred in the past few days. By that I of course refer to the passing of our good friend Kyle Swanson. I actually debated whether I should write about this in the minutes, as many of us are only now beginning to heal and get on with our lives, and I would hate to reopen the emotional wounds that have recently been suffered. But in the end, I decided that I really needed to say a few words, not just for those of us who were

friends with Kyle, but also for those of you who were unlucky enough to never get to meet him or know him that well. And, though I can't hope to display the same heartfelt eloquence that Sebastian was able to muster at the funeral, I hope that in some small way I can express the sense in which Kyle's death was a tremendous loss for the whole dorm, school, and world. I shared a floor with Kyle for all of last year, what was, upon recollection, quite likely my best year at this school. Never was there a better person to just have around. Kyle loved to play the guitar, but whenever he was going to play he'd go to see the other people on the floor, asking them if he was being a bother and if they had work he was interrupting—neither of which was ever the case. Rather than being a bother as he feared, we loved hearing him playing in the background, which is more than I can say for a lot of the music I've heard blasted in the dorm in my four years here. Kyle could be very quiet and retiring at times, but nevertheless he was an excellent conversationalist and his sometimes-unorthodox viewpoints sparked many lively and memorable debates. I remember having an argument with him over the institution of marriage and its role in the modern world. Kyle said that he never wanted to get married, because any person he was with should stay with him simply because they loved him, not because of some legal obligation. While at the time I was one of the people arguing against this position, in his case I think it would have worked, and I'm sure there would have been any number of folks eager to live out their days with a guy like Kyle, ring or not. It makes me especially sad to think that none of them ever got the chance. Though I never told him this, I always thought of Kyle as sort of the ideal man's-man. Whenever you needed a tool or help fixing something, he'd be willing and able to lend a hand. Furthermore, the dude was simply ripped: incredibly athletic and a specialist in the martial arts. Yet his brawny exterior carried with it none of the negative stereotypes often associated with such a personage (no offense to any of my friends or relatives who are members of fraternities and the like, but you know what I'm talking about.) On the contrary, rarely would you find a more soft-spoken and considerate individual. Besides, he was just a big geek at heart—his penchant for gaming is well known, his prowess in the field of real time strategy was oft observed, and his experience in Stratego was unmatched. He was the only person other than myself that I ever let put up posters for movie night, for the Sunday that he showed *Ghostbusters*. And though his wackiness was often overshadowed in public by the more vocal antics of his partner-in-crime Sebastian, when he wanted to he could be the wittiest, funniest person in a room, the sort of person who would come up with "rogue house minutes" when certain elected officials were not doing their duties. As proof of this, I'd like to close with a sampling of the chorus of Kyle's parodic rendition of "The Roof is on Fire", chronicling with painful historical accuracy the Napoleonic invasion of Moscow:

Red Square, Red Square, Red Square is on fire
Red Square, Red Square, Red Square is on fire
We don't need no water let the cossack bastards burn,
Burn, Mother Russia, burn.
Rest in peace, Kyle. We're going to miss you.

COME TO MOVIE NIGHTS SUNDAYS AT 9:00 IN THE REC ROOM

Submitted for your approval,
Christian Kammerer