

HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of February 20, 2003

WARNING! HITCHCOCK'S STATUS HAS BEEN UPGRADED TO FUCHSIA

ALERT! That's right, there's trouble right here in River City. I'm talkin' hobo trouble. Vindictive psychotic acquaintance trouble. *Squirrel* trouble. The thing is, people (and creatures) have been sneaking their way into Hitchcock illegally, like a greased communist on his belly! At times they've wandered about the house for days, and this is making Robin "kind of pissy." To counteract this threat to your house security, all visitors will soon have to provide photo ID when you sign them in. And if they're too young to have ID, leave their sorry corpses for the buzzards! Now, this might seem a bit extreme and Big Brother-ish, but I assure you that the danger is all too real. Reports of suspicious individuals in the dorm have been skyrocketing in recent months. And we all know they live by the maxim, "Nothin' beats the hobo life, stabbin' everybody with my hobo knife..." In addition to having ID-bearing visitors, all residents are advised to obey the following rules:

- **Do not sign someone in under anyone's name but your own.** If they are waiting at the front desk and the person they are looking for isn't there, they obviously plan to vandalize that person's door. Shrewd, just like a commie! If you really want to sign them in, do so under your own name, full in the knowledge that you are directly responsible for the reign of carnage they will inevitably unleash.
- **Do not tamper with or prop open the section doors.** Yes, it may seem like a simple solution, especially if you are moving stuff in and out of the dorm. But it's opening a gateway...TO HELL! AND HELL IS FILLED WITH SQUIRRELS!
- **Do not let people live in the Snell Blue Room unnoticed.** If people, or worse yet, hibernating bears have taken up residence in the Blue Room, report them immediately. They may look cute now, but they'll attack at the slightest provocation.
- **Under no circumstances let Mitch Artman back in the dorm.** I know, I know, you don't know who he is. Doesn't matter! You will know him if he appears!

And never forget, a person who wants to get into a dorm will stop at *nothing* and is extremely *wily*. I know, as I myself have snuck into dorms from here to Gainesville. Takes a thief and all that—I assure you that I'm now reformed. Anyway, say you're leaving the dorm, you see a person you don't know, and he/she wants you to hold the door for him/her. There's a 99.9% chance that it's just some recluse from Section 1 that you've never seen before. But there's always the slim chance that the person trying to get in is actually *Satan*! That's correct, the Prince of Darkness himself. Or someone from Shoreland, trying to leave a nasty message on your door-mounted whiteboard! Either way, ask yourself, "Can I really take the risk?" And also be afraid! So very afraid! Fuchsia alert here, people! Fuchsia alert!

Prospies

Of course, let's not give the impression that we're trying to turn the dorm into some sort of locked-down fortress. Far from it. And even if we were, it would be a wacky sort of lock-down like Stalag 13, with plenty of tunnels and hidden panels hiding French pastries (I know no-thing!) In fact, there are some people we're actively trying to get to enter the dorm. Yes, the prospies are coming! The prospies are coming! Prospies, or prospective

students as they prefer to be called, will be visiting the campus in the near future, and the citizens of Hitchcock are called upon to host them. Let them sleep in your room, take them to the library...all the things a prospie needs. I was never a prospie myself, but I understand they're *delicious*.

Talent Show

An annual tradition makes its triumphant return with a drastically overhauled format.

This year, there will be a total of three categories in which to compete:

- **Skill**, a.k.a. "actual talent." This is the one that gets the biggest prize, as well as the coveted spot on the House Activities Plaque (it's immortality, I tell you.)
- **Stunt**, in which you, um, do stunts.
- **Joke High-Low**, inspired by Jeremy's massive gambling losses! This category is a little weird. You get to tell two jokes (or puns or what have you), a "high" and a "low." You must announce which is which. If your "high" gets the most laughter/applause, you win. If your "low" gets the most groans, vomiting, death threats, etc., you win. Word to the wise: don't even try to compete with Joe on the latter. You simply cannot win.

The talent show will be held in the Green Room on Saturday, March 1st at 7:30 PM. Sign-up sheets are at the front desk right now. You can sign up in each category, but can only perform one "talent" per category. Snellians are allowed, so if you really want to have a chance in the "skill" category, use your mafia connections to break Allison's thumbs (I kid! I kid because I love!) There has been some word of "celebrity judges", potentially including the radioactive zombie of Enrico Fermi. I'm hoping we get Treat Williams—the poor guy could really use the work.

The Council

Erika was too tired to move or speak at this week's House Meeting, leaving a sad state of affairs where Adam was in a far clearer state of mind. He brought up several important issues. 1. Props out to Catherine's mad carpentry skeelz! 2. Platelets: what's the deal? He doesn't know, but he's working on information gathering. Marvel at his vice-presidential dedication! 3. Support Kaiju Big Battel, hail Dr. Cube! In related news, ABC's *Jimmy Kimmel Show* is the worst network talk show ever. And so help me, I've seen the one with Magic Johnson.

Adi has a green folder. It gives him power. The value of the House Council currently stands at \$969.69. And if you don't have your receipts, talk to the folder because the Adi don't wanna hear about it.

In IM sports news, basketball playoffs are this week. Support your squad of edentate hoopsters.

Sam. What would a house meeting be without one of his dissertations on housing events? Surprisingly enough, this week he had good news. Remember how last week I announced that, and I quote, "The days of free printing are almost over, and at some undisclosed time in spring quarter the evil overlords of NSIT and Housing are going to create a single, declining account for all students"? Well, it turns out that that statement was premature. It seems that my initial statement of "**Printing**. It's not even funny how messed up this is" was even more true than I thought. Indeed, it's so messed up that the University won't be able to install the declining system until summer quarter. Thus,

printing at USITEs will remain free for all of spring quarter. And there was much rejoicing. In other housing news, the dining system wants you to know that each and every one of your comment cards is read personally by the mysterious and powerful Head Chef Klaus. So be sure to give your input, as he has *ways* of making you fill out comment cards!

In social news, Nick announced plans for a Scrabble tournament on March 1st. Hey, I've got an idea, why don't we just put Jesse Raber and Ian in a steel cage and throw them some vowels? It's the same dang thing.

Section 4 is phantasmalicious!

Much as he would like to deny it, Joe is "large and in charge." Namely in the arena of securing peace talks with Cheri Gutman—it seems that after much prodding, Housing is willing to make some changes. Bartlett Minimum Plan? Can I have such a thing? It would be strong enough for Snell, but pH balanced for a woman.

Master's Night

This Monday: In the Green Room, special event! President Don Michael Randel himself will be appearing to talk, maybe play some piano, and teach us all a little bit about life...and ourselves. Be there, 8:00, for a night with Don Michel [*sic*] that you won't soon forget.

Other News

News from Snell: Jesse Friedman says hi.

Talk to Catherine about health care for all, won't you?

Let it be known that Christian Doll wears makeup. This is not a bad thing, however, as it's for a play entitled *The Misanthrope* that is showing this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in the 3rd Floor Theater. He promises hilarity will ensue.

ANTI-TACO BELL! MOCK, MOCK, MOCK. And then mock some more. Mox-mox malicious man-burner! Remember those poor Florida crop-pickers that folks were making such a hullabaloo about? Well, they're not content to simply rob us of our eateries, they also want to laze about, not eating, not going out and getting real jobs like the rest of us, and generally being a nuisance. Apparently, they're really hungry, so perhaps they'll go away if you offer them some nice Florida tomatoes...*they are delicious and overflowing with the blood of the worker...* But again I've reduced a complex issue to a mere punchline: if anyone would still like to have a serious conversation about Florida agriculture, a topic which I am intimately familiar with, please give me a ring. Really, people, it's not like I have anything better to do.

In other wacky left-wing peacenik news, WAR! Hoo, good god, y'all. What is it good for? That's the question several groups of protestors are going to be addressing in the weeks to come, as U.S. involvement in the Middle East is likely to escalate. If you would like to protest, contact Nicole Aro and she'll hook you up with informational websites and lists of "Hot Spots to Picket '03!" While we're on the topic, I'd like to share a little story with you all. This past Friday, as I was driving to Madison, WI, I passed a GMC Jimmy with its back windshield covered in red paint, reading, "Support Our Troops! For those about to ROCK we salute you!" Take that as you will. Personally, I laughed. Then I cried.

Final item of news, *Fighting Foodons*. Something so insane, you cannot even begin to comprehend it. Do you dare to even scratch the surface of this topic? Do you understand that even the most basic knowledge of it will amount to high-Lovecraftian levels of madness? Ask me about it sometime, and gain insight into a world of perpetual horror the likes of which the most tortured bufoteinin-ingester could never imagine.

Some people have suggested that my minutes are too “newsy”, and it would be nice to return, in some small way, to the more free-form style of minutes past. As a concession to these views, here is some free form, “original” poetry that I’m sure you’ll all enjoy, from my compilation *I Sing the Squid Dingle-I-Cosh*:

Looking Down on Prospect Point

hungry for life
thirsty for naya
naya

Aurora

You can’t be your best
You can’t be your best
I-I
Iif
You don’t eat a good breakfast

Umbrella Viper

Seems so fruity like you see
But he ain’t Mango Berry,
‘Cause that be me

Iceman Drinketh

Cool
Like an ocean breeze
Frost
Chills to please
Cool
Refreshing
The name is frost, the heat has lost

Aches of the Soul

I’m a cowboy
He’s a cowboy
Cowboy

Food Fish

excellent
delicious
good
absolutely no, lose instantly

COME TO MOVIE NIGHTS 9:00 SUNDAY IN THE REC ROOM

Submitted for your approval,
Christian Kammerer