

# HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of February 27, 2003

**Quote of the Week:** “Section 3’s like, the disease section” – Jordan Paterra

## Talent Show

I know my minutes tend towards the verbose, so by putting this bit of information first I hope you’ll have the chance to read it before it becomes obsolete. At any rate, in their infinite wisdom, the Veenstra-VanderWeeles have extended the signup period for the House Talent Show until 7:00 PM on this Saturday, March 1<sup>st</sup>. Furthermore, if you come up with something spontaneously for the “joke” category, feel free to jump in and use it at any point, without having necessarily signed up for it. Let it be known that due to arcane housing prize regulations, we can’t give out cash to the winners. However, there will be *fabulous* gift certificates involved. Once again, the Talent Show will be 7:00 PM, Green Room, this Saturday. If you miss this, you better be dead, or in the Reg, and if you’re in the Reg...BREAK OUT!!! And just in case your Saturday isn’t packed enough already, there’s going to be a concert by “The Ransom Notes” in the Reynolds Club at 6:30. I have guarantees that it “won’t be as hilarious” as the Talent Show, however. Also, if you’re interested in a delightful little flick about life in rural Ohio entitled *Gummo*, let me know, as I’m mounting an expedition to catch a midnight showing of it at the Music Box Theater.

## Missing Minutes?

Several people have complained to me about the minutes being removed from the stalls before they’ve had a chance to read them. Some whippersnappers have even gone so far as to suggest that I, the Secretary, am behind their rapid disappearance. As if I would let any of you escape the task of wallowing through my weekly bursts of newsful prose! No, contrary to reports, there is no shadowy conspiracy to remove your bathroom reading material. Rather, as I suggested all along, they are simply being taken out by the cleaning staff as part of their beginning-of-the-week restroom work. I’ve spoken with the staff working Section 1, so that should be set, but if the minutes continue to disappear in your section ahead of schedule please talk to your cleaning person. Also, by popular demand, I will start posting minutes to some newfangled contraption called the “inter-net.” Why, back in my day, we walked 15 miles in the blazing, broken glass-filled sand just to get to use TurtleGraph for a couple of minutes. You kids nowadays with your fancy gizmos and your deelybobs, I bet you couldn’t play *Odell Lake* if your life depended on it. On that note, if anyone would care to challenge my insane Dolly Varden managing steez, bring it on.

## Whole Mess ‘a Whinin’ with Adam, Sam, and Joe

Adam wants you all to know that Snell made it to the semi-finals in last week’s interhouse trivia contest, while Hitchcock DIDN’T EVEN FIELD A TEAM YOU LAZY, SPIRITLESS LOSERS. (Come now, folks. You’ve missed out on a slew of wonderful questions on taxonomy and obscure cartoons written by yours truly. For shame.) Adam’s inflammatory rhetoric caused John Gabriel to question the Vice-President’s own spotty history of supporting IM sporting events. However, it should be

known that not only is Adam a tried IM groupie, he's also IM Darts Champion, so take this witch-hunt elsewhere!

#### HEADLINE! SOILED SHIRT IN SINK SUITED FOR SUSHI!

In other kitchen news, we have a request to leave at least a few tables open for food consumption during "weird hippie love fests." Like, whatever, man.

The Green Room safety deposit is with Jesus now.

Sam has "lots of crap to tell." You see, at IHC meetings Sam takes a lot of notes, and I take a lot of notes of his notes purple monkey dishwasher. Prospies are coming in April, and we've gotta catch 'em all! There's \$100 in store for the dorm that hosts the most prospies (relative to population), so let these winsome wanderers into your rooms and hearts on April 14-15 (Mon.-Tues.) and April 24-25 (Thurs.-Fri.)

In the case of terrorist attack, it seems that the University is equipped with an EMP. As I understand it, at the first sign of trouble, the massive generators in the basement of FermiLab will release a titanic electromagnetic pulse, shorting out all electronics in a 50 mile radius and theoretically sending any airborne tactical missiles off course. What's that you say? EMP stands for emergency management plan? Oh, in that case, in times of trouble we go to Max Palevsky East, and if things really get hairy, all 2500 surviving campus refugees can live in the Shoreland (*Sure* they can!)

Dark visions of things to come: Bus schedules that fold? Shoreland card? Retiming #173? Eliminating Bus F? Thunderball fists? Can I have such a thing?

I've made some mention in weeks past of the coming "visitor ID" situation. Well, in slightly good news, it is now the front desk clerk's responsibility to sign your guest in, not yours, so let the freaks come a-rollin' in.

*Episode V: The Gutman Strikes Back*—our man in the trenches, Joe Levy, brings word of Meeting #2 with Housing Lord Cheri Gutman. While she is considering the creation of a Bartlett minimum plan, her thoughts involved the conversion of Minimum A to Bartlett (and the conversion of *human souls* to *evil power*, but that's another story.) As was more or less hammered out at last Wednesday's Hitchcock-Snell dining meeting break, people would prefer a Minimum B Bartlett plan. (Minimum A is 5 meals a week, while Minimum B is 2 meals a week but more flex dollars.) Supposedly, this will be brought up as part of a "menu of options" in Meeting #3. I realize that all this bickering over meal plans is becoming somewhat tiresome, but so help us, we have to keep on fighting the good fight. Some of you may not realize this, but the scattered dining tribes of Hitchcock-Snell are but a shade of their former glory. There was a time when the shiniest first year and the most jaded upper termmer could meet on equal terms and discuss the quality of french fries at Woodward, a time when legends like Victor and Aaron and C.S. lived among us. Back when I got my first real *Iliad*, bought it at the B & N. Read it 'til my fingers bled...was the autumn of '99. (Alright, that was the now-standard "Christian nostalgia snippet" for this week.) For how does one meet his fellows if not at a meal? Certainly, if one is heroically social, they can get around and meet most of the people in the dorm, but I would wager that no one this year truly knows *everyone*. (And to those who would claim otherwise, I would ask, "When was the last time you had a nice, long conversation with Jason Wu or Dimitri Islam?") But very few have the time and willpower to actively seek out and meet people, especially upperclassmen who, while not necessarily busier than your average first year, are more focused in their business. And by that I mean they spend all their time hidden away from society working towards singular

goals, such as finishing a BA, doing an honors project, or studying for the MCAT. None of these things are very conducive to social interaction, but these folks, veritable fountains of information and tales of ribaldry, have to eat sometime. Feast upon their wisdom! Finally, if you see Joe, tell him to talk to the nutritionist at the Student Care Center regarding healthy dining options. Try writing this down on a mitten and safety-pinning it to his jacket so he'll be sure to remember.

### **Other News**

Money in the air! *WHAT?*

Adi runnin' scared! *WHAT?*

Adi gonna die! *WHAT?*

Christian Doll's receipts fly!

(apologies to Mr. Chris Rock)

Mark Yoon promises the demonic, money-stealing printer that currently inhabits the front desk will be exorcised and replaced. It best, lest my cane find NSIT's backside! Two items in the "For the love of God, I just write these things down" category: First, on March 6<sup>th</sup>, at 6:30 PM in the Reynolds Club South Lounge, there's going to be a safe anal sex workshop, where you can win *fabulous* anal sex prizes. Yessiree. Lots of prizes. I can't believe I just wrote that down. Second, Joe's heading down to 147<sup>th</sup> street or so to get himself a gen-u-ine drug dealer car at the Chicago Public Auto Auction! Tag along, won't you, and maybe you can pick up some seized evidence of your own! Will hilarious hijinks ensue? You betcha!

Zeus. Mars. Osiris. Names and stories that you know like the back of your hand. But what about all those *other* gods that Big Classics doesn't want you to know about? Well, sometimes gods fall through the cracks, but luckily, we catch them, for a segment we like to call **Deities up in this Piety**. This week we'll be looking at disease gods beginning with the letter A. Regale your friends with their sagas! When you're feeling kind of tepid, claim, "Agyo Khambe is upon me!" Fun! Breaks the ice at parties!

**The Abat:** "Spirits who cause sore feet and headache." The Tinguian, Phillipines.

**Achupinakolet:** A demon who causes hiccups. The Cuna, Panama.

**Ag-aganney:** A mischievous female spirit who sits by the road and strikes people on the legs causing tumors. The Kankanay, Luzon, Phillipines.

**Agbodbodji:** A god who causes elephantiasis and who drowns those who have done wrong. Dahomey.

**Ahalgana:** A god of the underworld who causes dropsy. The Quiché, Guatemala.

**Ahalpuh:** A god of the underworld who causes disease—"to make men swell and make pus gush forth from their legs." The Quiché, Guatemala.

**Ajo-ase:** A god of cholera whose offering is "two fowls and many eggs." The Mikirs,

India. (all entries from *Guide to the Gods*, p. 443)

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

Submitted for your approval,  
Christian Kammerer