

HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of May 15, 2003

It's a week of comebacks here at the ol' Hitchcock House Press. Yes, with Scav Hunt over the minutes proper are right back on schedule. And with the ending of the Tim Burton-themed Thursday nights at Doc, yours truly is back at House Meetings transcribing the information you long to hear. (Incidentally, though, Burton nights ended *way* too early. I mean, I like Buscemi and all, but those movie slots should have been filled by *Batman*, *Batman Returns*, *Sleepy Hollow*, and *Mars Attacks!*) So, you might ask, what has happened in the two weeks since the last major news update? An excellent question, which I'll try to address below.

First off: Scavenger Hunt. Alas, the Dark Lords in their purple-and-ochre Barad-Dur were once more crowned victorious this year...but this was merely one battle of an ongoing war, a war whose conclusion I am certain will see Hitchcock-Snell anointed as the ScavGod's own chosen people! That said, I had a grand old time at this year's Scav Hunt. Irregardless of the list quality (and on this point I am in agreement with the majority that it was a decided step down from past years), I think I may have enjoyed this Scav Hunt more than any previous. Much of this is due to the fact that I was able to participate somewhat more than usual, since I only had two midterms at the time instead of the usual four I've had every other year. Staying up late at night building a giant bong, prancing around the quads in a wetsuit, and belting out tunes at judgement—these are the sorts of things that make Scav Hunt so memorable. And I'd just like to send an old school shout out to everyone who helped out, whether as rabid, sleep-deprived ScavFiends or casual contributors, because thy works brought much enjoyment to many. I'd like to give especial thanks to Sabrina Kerai and Martin Galese, who brought me much-needed water when I was sweating myself to death during the party. Scav Life Fo' Real, me droogs. Scav Life Fo' Real.

But what of Post-Scavpocalyptic Hitchcock? Rebuilding has been gradual, but at last things are returning to normal. Norval did an amazing job cleaning the Green Room and deserves many thanks, as do Kevin, Erika, Nick, and Jimmy Waters for their aid in this endeavor. Some remnants continue on, however—the Mario Kart is still parked outside, and feel free to take it out for a spin through the quads. Also, our crowning glory, the *Flight of the Navigator* Pinball Machine, is still around and available for use. As with all Scav Hunts, there are also some unintentional remnants: lost items. In the Green Room is a large box filled with clothing—if you're missing anything look here, because it's getting donated to Goodwill otherwise. In other news, Kevin has in his possession a giant, green camping backpack filled with stuff and Nick has a digital camera. If you're missing either of these, contact the aforementioned individuals.

Unfortunately, the Post-Scav Hunt world has also proven itself to be a realm of *PLAGUE!* That's right, the dorm and, indeed, school at large are rife with sicknesses of every sort. A slew of flus, colds, stomach viruses, and throat afflictions all seem to have struck at once, opportunistically seizing hordes of sleep-deprived, overworked, immune-depressed students. Even such horrifying afflictions as (*shudder*) pinkeye have been reported of late, and I would be lying if I didn't admit that I myself have been taking some long walks down the Halls[®] of Medicine. If you haven't been sick already, I'd advise investing in a SARS mask and rubber gloves, sealing off your room, and only

taking sponge baths in the privacy of your closet. Oh, and don't go outside. But let's not kid ourselves here, it's only a matter of time before you too fall to the epidemic. Any precautions you might take will only delay the inevitable. So stock up on juice, tissues, and drugs now, because you'd better believe that when you're stuck in bed, twitching uncontrollably in the midst of a fever dream, no one but the Mentholypus Fairy will ever arrive to comfort and care for you.

Hmm, that ended up being rather more depressing than I had intended, so let's shift gears to something a little more sunshiney. Memorial Day weekend is coming up, and with it an array of fun-tastic activities that are sure to put a spring in your step! First, you've got to pay your dues and do your part to beautify the quad, whether by cleaning up or doing some gardening. Supposedly, Snell RH Angela's sister is an expert in planting native prairie flora and will be on hand to advise us in the ways of communing with nature or something. I just hope that this will advance my dreams of reintroducing the mighty bison to the main quads. Let its hooves thunder out the beats of freedom! Following the beautification, there will be games and food the likes of which will boggle your mind. Kickball? Capture the Flag? Four-Square? I've got three letters to answer that: YAR! But even more exciting are the barbecue plans. That's right, PIG-MAN is back. If you lived here last year, you surely remember that magical morn when a truck dragged a giant, wheeled grill right up in front of the dorm. And like cherubs at Christmastime, we all ran out in our stockings and nightcaps to see what all the commotion was about. What should we find but a massive, jolly fellow caked in soot standing upon the grill, pulling off the top to reveal that most precious of gifts: an entire hog, slow-roasted to perfection on the spit! Oh, we ate like kings on strips of seared swineflesh, each good little girl and boy covered up to the elbow in BBQ sauce and lard. And now once again we will have the chance to feast upon the porcine bounty! Egads, just the thought of it makes me so excited I have to consume a few pieces of bacon to hold me over. As I bury my crimson-streaked canines deep into the lifeless sow's tender underbelly, I...wait, what's that you say? Will there be vegetarian options available? Can't you guys just pull the apple out of the pig's mouth and chew on that for a while? Ow! [*dodges various flying objects*] I kid...I kid because I love! Yes, there will be ample foodstuffs for those of you who don't wish to join me in Eat Your Weight in Pork '03. Preliminary reports indicate watermelon, veggie burgers, salad fixins, potato salad, cole slaw, and other picnic-barbecue fare. However, and this is important, if you want to eat that night, please give the Veenstra-VanderWeele's your ISO number (that 16-digit number on your Student ID) so they can use a meal/dining/whatever point to get food. The dining halls are closed the night of Memorial Day anyway, so it's not like you would be using it. Finally, the importance of this night will be magnified manyfold by the fact that it will also be celebrating the retirement of Fred and Caroline Anderson as Hitchcock Resident Masters. That's right, after *11 years* of lording over Hitchcock, the Andersons are finally moving on. To commemorate their years of service, there will be a celebrity roast, retrospective, and various presentations by Hitchcock luminaries past and present. If you can do anything to help out with this, be it by baking foods, cleaning up afterwards, setting up places, or writing some kind of humorous song in the vein of Andersoniana, tell the Veenstra-VanderWeeles ASAP. Also, this is all TOP SECRET, so speak not a word of this to the Andersons themselves! It is with hesitation that I mention this even in the minutes, but as this is the easiest way to reach the general populace and I

don't think the Andersons sneak into your bathrooms to take the minutes, it should be cool. So, to recap: Beautify! Play! Pig! Gorge! Andersons!

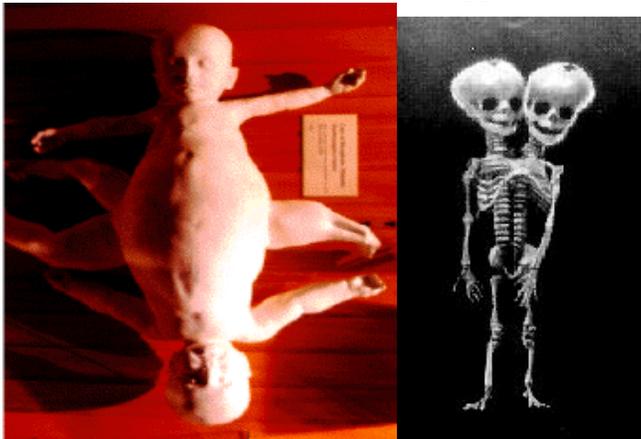
Newsbites

- Megan: Cubs game?
- Jordan: Loves *Buffy*!
- Erika: Eerily channeling John Gabriel! Monday at noon is the last chance for HARC proposals!
- Sam: Trying to take over IHC with an all Snell-Hitchcock slate! Dang creepy!
- Nick Einhorn: Stair Twister! Disney movies!
- Amy: Outlet malls!
- Lia: Is disappointed in you all for making us forfeit volleyball. You should be ashamed of yourselves!
- Lembach: is staying!

This week, Adam announced that two people have passed through preliminary nominations for Kitchen Czar, and the decision-making process has moved on to a Secret Panel Committee. The mind reels even contemplating the dark power of such a committee—are it and the Illuminati one and the same? What know they of the jade monkey? Who robs cavefish of their sight? Is Ian on it? In any case, Adam will release further information about the Czar-making come next Thursday. I'm sure we'll all be waiting with bated breath.

In further kitchen news, Adam has called a “strongly worded” crackdown on all arts and crafts in the Hitchcock Kitchen. The kitchen is for eating, folks, take your bizarre hippie love-fests elsewhere. Seven people nearly died from extreme glitter inhalation following the last such incident.

Summer Breeze is coming! This annual celebration of music, cotton candy, and giant inflatable battle domes will be this weekend, so hit the quads for wacky action! Bela Fleck and the Flecktones and Talib Kweli will be performing, and though you could buy a ticket, believe me when I say you can hear them from here. Also, beware the giant inflata-slide...it has claimed the ankle of a number (that number being one) of residents in past years. Finally, the Indiana Dunes camping trip is still in the works, and if you are interested in this talk to Catherine. Only a few people have signed up so far and if there is no more interest the trip may be not happen, and we certainly don't want that to happen.



Parasitic twins! Rock on!

As I leave you this week, allow me to exit to some tunes dealing with...that's right...ketones. Straight from Scav Hunt, here are the Pinacolones:

Decant (The Pinacolone Song)
Lyrics by Christian Kammerer

I was tired of my hydrate, it sat on my shelf too long
I required Metribuzin, in a concentration rather strong
I got some sulfuric acid, and grabbed a roundbottom flask
A rearrangement reaction—it could be my only task

If you like pinacolones, not getting caught in alkanes
If you like transparent liquids, and half-reactions tamed
If like making love at midnight, on the third floor of Searle
Synthesize me a ketone, be my chemical girl

I took my pinacol hydrate, added H_2SO_4
Then there was distillation, I waited 'round it was kind of a bore
The distillate is biphasic—I took the water away
And I filtered the fraction, over chlorides it did lay

'Cause I like pinacolones, not getting caught in alkanes
I need trans orientations, in conformational planes
If you enjoy trizolic pesticides, then you should give it a whirl
Synthesize me a ketone, be my chemical girl

So I waited with high hopes, then pored over the yield
Pure percent yield over eighty? With happiness I squealed
I stashed it in a beaker, the waste went in a vat
It had some sexy carboxyls: lame alkanes don't double bond like that

So I like pinacolones, forget about alkanes
I like butanone structure, dimethyl's on my brain
Solubility's around 20, when in ethanol swirled
It's a sweet little ketone, like my chemical girl

If you like pinacolones, not getting caught in alkanes
If you like transparent liquids, and half-reactions tamed
If like making love at midnight, on the third floor of Searle
Synthesize me a ketone, be my chemical girl

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

Submitted for your approval,
Christian Kammerer