

HITCHCOCK HOUSE MINUTES

For the night of May 22, 2003

Are you ready for this? I'm out of control!

Ralph spoke.

" You let the fire out. "

Jack checked, vaguely irritated by this irrelevance but too happy to let it worry him.

" We can light the fire again. You should have been with us, Ralph. We had a smashing time. The twins got knocked over... "

" We hit the pig... "

" ...I fell on the top... "

" I cut his throat, " said Jack, proudly...

This is Memorial Day weekend, folks, and you know what that means. Does it involve beautification, food preparation, celebration, and, er...gestation? Does Dollman verse the Demonic Toys?! (That's a yes.) I went over most of the salient details in last week's minutes, but just in case you've forgotten: cleaning and gardening around the dorms in the morning, games all day, and Andersons commemorative at 3:00. And an entire pig. I believe Capture the Flag is planned for that night, so keep your schedules open. Word has it the new Hitchcock RA will be lurking around the premises—give her a leg up by confronting her with some personal crisis. If you should feel so inclined, you might want to stop (briefly!) over at BJ around noonish, as they are supposed to have caber tossing as part of their Memorial Day picnic. And as we all know, Scottish feats of strength are just plain neat. The Veenstra-VanderWeeles are still looking for help with the whole Andersons celebration, so if you've been sitting on a poem about melt inclusions in Icelandic basalt, now might be the time to bust it out. Please, we want things to well up from your heart. Uh, I guess that would be blood. Hm. Anyway, we've been promised that Daniel Morgan will be showing off his patented karaoke routine. Really!

But even before Memorial Day proper, there's a whole mess'o' mischief going on 'round these parts. This Saturday will be GEORGE LUCAS ARMAGEDDON, with both the *Star Wars* AND *Indiana Jones* trilogies being shown. *Star Wars* is starting up at 1:00 PM¹, and the whole affair should end around...aw, heck, it ain't ever ending. I guarantee that by the end, you're going to want to throttle John Williams. I'll crescendo *you*, buddy. Other movie plans: lots of Bruce Campbell movies, to be shown at some indeterminate future time by Erika? Groovy! Also, *everyone's* (that means you, Hitchcock resident) favorite activity, Hide and Go Seek in the Reg, *will* be happening at some point in the near future. Look for posters, and show up or so help me I'll hunt you down and hold your eyes open while I pour molasses and fire ants into them. You think I'm kidding, but I'm dead serious when it comes to Hide and Go Seek in the Reg. I've got the ants right here, you want to make something of it? You wanna go? No? That's what I thought.

¹ At the time of printing, 1:20 PM on Saturday, May 24, 2003, nothing was showing in the Rec Room. I do not know if this means that there will be no *Star Wars*, or whether it will be shown later. I just report the news, folks, not make it happen. – ed.

The House voted “yes” on Proposition 409, dealing with the allocation of \$90 of house funds towards a trip to see a Cubs game. Megan has nine tickets and will put out a sign-up sheet, so you’ll have to move fast, folks. (Tickets are \$23 with transportation, but because of the subsidy you’ll only have to pay \$13. Yes, okay, I realize the explanation of basic math was probably unnecessary.)

BJ is holding a (semi) formal on the night of Friday, May 30th, and we’re invited. You know, this is the part of the minutes where I’d usually pop off with some wry comment about the dynamics of dorms asking each other out on dates, but this is just too much. And what does semi-formal even mean? A top hat with Bermuda shorts? Seren is completely insane. There, I said it. HARC is a dead man, miss him, miss him. IHC hates us all. Truly we are a race cursed upon this Earth. Orchestra concerts on the 31st and 1st. Nothing funny about them whatsoever.

Toga/bathrobe night at the Med next Friday? Show the neighborhood that you’re a freak, and do it with pride.

When will the new Kitchen Czar be named? The question that at least three people are dying to have answered has been put on hold pending a meeting with the Kitchen High Council. That should be 8:30 on Tuesday night in the Section 5 Study Room, so with any luck the new Czar will indeed be announced at the next house meeting. Also, if you’re looking to get kitchen monies from Adam, now’s the time to look into it.

Are you ready to become *Nocturnal*? That’s right, a theater troupe of unspeakable crepuscular creatures is invading the Green Room between 7-11 PM on Friday, May 30th. Show up and take part in their interactive black-box theater, won’t you? I don’t exactly know what “black-box theater” is, but I’m almost certain it will involve human sacrifice, dark rituals, and sprouting bat’s wings to shriek out the names of infernal night-dwelling overlords. And there will be cookies and juice afterwards! Oh, and it also involves Yotam as a woman and Evelina playing two different men. There will be a suggested donation, and all proceeds will go to charities that support human sacrifice and lurking incubi.

Sarah Nerboso will be showing the “top” *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episodes all throughout reading period. If you’re already a die-hard Buffophile (I’m looking in your direction, Jordan Paterra) this should be good news, and if not...look out! Sarah has stated that she’s trying to “suck people in”, so beware! (Hey, “suck”...vampires...get it? GET IT? Because you see, vampires are known for sucking blood. And she said that she was sucking people in. Yeah.)

Well, it seems like I’m already out of content, and I’ve obviously hit rock bottom in the joke department. Yet, I feel obliged to provide somewhat more substantial reading material for the week. So from this point on I’m just going to start rambling incoherently about whatever happens to pop into my head. I’d advise you to just stop reading now, because the road that lies ahead is a most winding and nonsensical one.

So. What to talk about? Hey, what about boxes? Aren't they cool? I think the best kind of boxes is refrigerator boxes. They're the gift that keeps on giving. When you first get one, the obvious thought is: fort. Now, on its own, a refrigerator box is a somewhat lame fort. But when you add a bunch of smaller boxes, it can serve as the massive inner chamber, cathedral-like, of a labyrinthine fortification of corrugated cardboard. Once you're done with that, the possibilities are endless. Rocketship? Ocean liner? Some sort of viking chariot? Oh, yeah. And when you're all out of ideas, you can just fill it with people, find a hill, and push it on down. This will inevitably cause some wear and tear on the box, to the point where it will rip apart. But the dream is not yet dead! Because then you can take the big pieces, run with them to the edge of the hill, and use them to slide down. This works especially well if the hill is wet. However, having a wet hill will promote further breakdown of the cardboard pieces, and you might get fewer rides total. But what fine rides they will have been! Much akin to riding on a giant block of ice on a summer day. Which brings to mind the summer vacation episode of *The Adventures of Pete and Pete*. Ah, what a fine program that was. That is, until Artie left. Artie, Strongest Man in the World, was the comic apex of a mighty mountain of off-kilter humor. With the removal of the mighty Huss, it was never quite the same. Curse you, Papercut! Curse you, International Adult Conspiracy! Yes, the mountain still stood, but like Mt. St. Helens, the top was blown clean off. Yes, explosions. I was in lab the other day, doing my whole TA thing, and the other TA was talking about the exploding whale video. I'd never heard of the exploding whale video, much to my TA partner's surprise. After all, cetaceans, dynamite, apparently these things are considered up my alley. The die had been cast. I was advised to see this video as soon as possible, so I stepped out of the lab to one of the adjoining computer stations, and sure enough, many a hit for "exploding whale video" came up. The wonders of the internet. So, it's this tape from the 1970s from a news station in Oregon. Seems they were trying to get rid of a beached whale, so they filled it with explosives and blew it up. I guess it was pretty cool, but I was somewhat disappointed. The shot of the explosion itself is from far away, and it's so powerful that it just looks like an enormous cloud of red smoke. Of course, the video I saw was very small and of poor quality, so perhaps if I looked at a version with better resolution it might be more impressive. Still pretty messed up stuff, though. So let's talk *Gargoyles*. What I want to know is, when was Demona sleeping? So you have her at night, as a gargoyle. That's all well and good. But then in the first episode with Puck, she magically gets the power to turn into a human by day. But earlier we had established that gargoyles need to rest in stone form and absorb sunlight by day. So she's running on no sleep, and isn't absorbing any solar radiation, yet her gargoylish powers are seemingly undiminished. What gives? And don't even try to tell me "it's magic." Because that is so not going to fly. And speaking of flying, would be it weird to see a dead moth and think to yourself, "Gosh, I wish I could hold that moth and fly it around like a toy. That would be really neat." But you see, the moth is pinned and mounted, so you can't tool around with it, because then you might break the specimen, but you still want to play with it so you make a paper model of it out of index cards. And then you tie a string to it and have it fly around for a while, but that gets kind of tired so you build a little orchid it can visit and drink pollen from. But eventually that gets tired too so you take some paper towels and make a paper bat to hunt it, and you hang them both by strings and have them chase each other around the room. And all the time the bat's going like "EEE! EEE! EEE!"

EEE!” but the moth’s all “Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee” and they’re bobbing and weaving and stuff. That wouldn’t be weird, would it? Because it’s not like that happened or anything. I mean, I was just speaking hypothetically. Hey, you know what I hate in the comics? *Mutts*. I mean, goodness knows, I hate all the comics. Or “funny pages” if you will. Only I don’t call them that, because they aren’t funny. But then I can’t call them the “comics” either, because that would imply that they are in some way comical. When forced to mention them I like to go with my brother Connor’s new age term “commies.” You see, it’s based on “comics” only it sounds like communists, so it’s evil, and thus corresponds to the newspaper “comics.” But I digress. *Mutts*, as I was saying, has earned a special place on my hate list, for one reason alone. Every single strip is about homeless animals. Every time, it’s just a picture of one pet in a shelter, and it says something like “Adopt Me.” I’m a big supporter of caring for homeless pets, but for the love of all that is holy this is supposed to be a comic strip, people. Alright, maybe *Mutts* isn’t **always** just one picture of a dog in a cage, but it happens with alarming frequency. And that guy actually gets paid to draw it! I use the word “draw” extremely loosely, as in any given installment the amount of actual art present is decidedly minimal—it’s just one big message: adopt a pet. Take out ads! Talk it up on television! Do outreach work! Just don’t try to pass it off as a comic strip! I mean, let’s say that I started drawing a comic strip called *Serial Rapists*. What would you think if it was just a blank panel saying, “Rape is bad!” I bet you’d be upset that someone was trying to pass that off as cartooning. Why, if it wasn’t disturbing and in incredibly poor taste, I’d reckon you’d want a wacky and hilarious set of strips about serial rape. At least something to justify its existence on the comics page. But maybe I’m being a little hard on *Mutts*, it’s not like other strips are really justifying their existence. Take *Cathy*, for example. I get it. Women are concerned with their weight, have overbearing parents, and men don’t understand them. It’s the same three jokes over and over and over again. I recognize that repetition is an essential part of humor. Heck, I love the *Saturday Night Live* sketch “Toonces the Driving Cat”, the cat who could drive a car, where every single episode, some people get in a car with Toonces, comment on how amazing it is that a cat can drive, get driven off a cliff, and then remark that “he can drive...he just can’t drive well.” Same shtick every single time. In fact, that’s how it is with just about any *Saturday Night Live* sketch. But that doesn’t necessarily mean they aren’t funny. After all, they explore somewhat different topics, like Toonces driving to the store versus Toonces taking his driver’s test. Clearly, if there were more than a handful of these, they would become incredibly tiresome. But there aren’t. On the other hand, *Cathy*, which has barely more jocular variety than Toonces, has been around every day for what must be the past twenty years. ACK! In this time, she has tried on perhaps a million bathing suits, each time commenting on how they bring out the flaws in her hips. All right. We get it. For heaven’s sakes, we get it. You don’t need to smack me over the head with the joke, I understand the point. Just end it already. Do the world a favor, and end it now.

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

So very tired,
Christian Kammerer