

# [Insert Title Here]

October 2, 2003

As I find the spirit of spontaneity in all good things, you will be subjected to weeded meta-commentary and be invited to participate in the process. Annotate and editorialize and bribe the OED. But before I run up the tab...

I take as my precedent those who have gone before me. I take as my supplement vitamin C, on which (I have been recently informed) a study was done that concluded no measurable benefits in immunological performance. However, Mr. Karfunkel, an immunological wonder of sorts, has professed the existence of much evidence that a multi-vitamin taken regularly over a long period of time has the benefits that I would suspect a significant portion of the dorm now seeks. Viruses or, to use the technical term, “chemical zombies” have been exchanged and we now go through what may be thought of as Initiation or, more purply, “hazing”. Many of these viruses are airborne or salivaborne, which then raises the question of why the condom depository at the bottom of section 3 has been so rapidly depleted<sup>1</sup>. To quote a wise man referencing a simple man paraphrasing a butterfly (dreaming), “Rats in a cage.”

Mr. Levy appears with a long pole with a half loop from the other paragraph and leads the masses as our new President. Our Glorious President will probably turn out pretty well; he has been blessed in Botany. Despite numerous attempts and sketchy campaigning, the nomination for Vice President of former Hitchcockian Ms. Hans (alias Kevin, alias KO (not Kayo)) was struck down by the Court of Those Who Stand Near the Front of the Room and Have Voices Louder Than Average. Instead, we humbly bestowed the duty upon Mr. Gabriel, who informs us that HARC<sup>2</sup> still has more money than can be written on paper, even if every person on earth joined arms and stretched *to the moon(!)*. It was on such a failed endeavor that our own Ms. Patricia “Claire “Not-Lia” ” Gilbert discovered the lack of any female nominees in the election up to that point.

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<sup>1</sup> Also surprising is the lack of correlated depletion of the National Helium Reserve.

<sup>2</sup> acronym, origins unknown. possibly from ancient Finno-Hungro-None-of-the-above-o used for ritual practices at the Billy Goat Tavern.

Statistical fluctuation, self-replicating meme, or a CPO plot? In any case, I (Mr. O'Sullivan, alias Corrigan "GREYCOR") was installed...er... "elected" as Secretary. Ms. Gilbert was later reported to have had an unfortunate run in with a gang wielding NSIT courier bags. Mr. Habbu continues his tenure as Treasurer. Apparently the pro-knife lobby out-weighed the Anti J. Crew Defamation Alliance.

The uncontested positions of House Historian were awarded to Mr. Sheradon and his 4 Megapixels and Mr. Doll. As the crowd cried for a speech, Larry delivered an oratory as has never been heard before. In a break from recent tradition, neither Mr. Einhorn nor Ms. Lasater ran for their former seats (chairs) as Social Chairs. The field was everywhere dense though. Reigning SC4 champ, Mr. Holland, was sidled out by stronger, faster, and more female opponents. Although there was some ballet confusion with seniors not being able to tell the difference between Leila and Lila and Pat B., which resulted in a lengthy runoff and recount, the Minnesota twins, Ms. Beitler and Ms. Hulden, carried the day.

At one time our institution found it fitting to enshrine the words "...for the Glory of Manly Sports" upon a gymnasium. Last Thursday we saw the seesaw swing the other way. Due to the lack of Manly ambition for the position of IM rep. and there being no good reason for the segregation in the first place, the necessity of an IM rep. of each gender was overturned by house vote and the alphabetically associated Lia and Lila were elected.

The Green Room Committee, temporarily renamed "The Ministry of Friendliness", awaits its nepotistic leader, or who ever is willing to take one for the team and not give AO? their deposit back (invoking various forms of pagan wrath).

Mr. Baggins (alias Orgel) will travel to Mordor and represent the interests of this house before being casually discarded into the pools of fire (if he's lucky) or become enslaved to the wizard, Gutman (shudder). Meanwhile, the Fellowship is pursuing a new source of power: The Campus Dining Committee.

Now for some repretationalism:

- 1 – Bent
- 2 – Secret Agent Emily (as opposed to second-gen armadillo Emily)
- 3 – King A (Radiohead?)

