

# Bizarro “MINUTES der electionne.”

## 10:07 PM Bizarro Standard Time

In another age and another time, when the quad was green and good and undivided, the hands were raised to the affirmation of a noble House Council. You may even be aware, vaguely, of what happened then, in consensus reality. But consider if you will, a different possibility. I invite you to a place where all is not as it seems, and your only guides can be fear, hope, and a backwards walking, double-backwards talking PSAC tour guide. I invite you to, bizarro Hitchcock.

President Lia has dictated the ponding is mandatory not just for the traditional honorees, but for all elected offices and, in fact, anyone who talks for more than twenty-three seconds at a meeting. Co-president Rose was thus able to free ride on both of her campaign promises to make meetings less boringly long.

Speaking of co-laboration, it is readily apparent that Everett’s bifurcating universes interpretation of quantum theory imprinted itself on Hitchcock’s constitution and thus life itself. Whenever the citizens found themselves in a most awkward juxtaposition of Schrödingerischer opinions, both options became reality. We see now Secr Corrigan’s pen hand waving across the notepad creates interference ripples in the barely atrophying half-empty, half-full pencil hand of Etary Jesse. Similarly, the eight-limbed Social Deity, Lisythan, who encompasses duality and singularity, as well as all that is possible or was nominated, dances joyfully. Margaret, sensing the doomdom and unwavering determinacy of fate, burned the Platonic “Money”, leaving the position of treasurer forever logically impossible. The title of Undergrad Recreational Sports rep is claimed solely by Paolo in a suspiciously uncontested election.

In this Hitchcock, sections are not represented individually, the republic having been overthrown by a popular uprising which installed Ben as Generalissimo Funfetti. Instead the voice of the people is wielded by a large committee, including such large people as Jason the Firebreathing, Sam Boyd the Mythsmashing, Brian the Compactifying, and the notorious assassin Mary the Fee, as well as such crowd pleasers as Joseph Regenstein, Kermit the Frog, Grover Cleveland, Seren Orgel, Dean Boyer, and seven imprisoned Palestinians, all of whom, by the grace of equitable proxy procedures, were unfortunately not in attendance. Sopwith the Camel did not win reelection.

After such a pivotal and contentious election, there were guaranteed to be disappointments from every corner.

“Paolo didn’t kill enough drifters.”

“People need to shut up more.”

“People need to shut up less.”

“You’re not from Section 1 and should move to Section 1.”

“These elections are corrupt.”

“It’s an outrage.”

“I should be able to vote for Section 5 rep.”

“I’m hungry”

“...stab yourself in the eye with a sharp pin.”

Duff, who was not at the meeting but was briefed by his advisors, offered the analysis that we “just had to play harder, move the ball, and just do it like we do it in drills, you know, stay focused and really show up ready to win. I think we can play harder. We’re letting it slide and just to need to focus and play harder.”

So with heavy, empty hearts we roll down the parking ramp into the dirt-stained night sky. The grid of hazy taillights in its sinister irregularity beckons the eye to the glowing billboards below that trundle by on the backs of laborers. Alternating patterns of halogen bulbs flash out “SNITCHCOCK FOLLIES/coming to a/9<sup>th</sup> WEEK NEAR YOU” and “PANCAKE BREAKFAST MONDAY” from the side panels of a carnival wagon with busted hover engines and men, women, children and dogs straining at the wooden wheel spokes. Turning inward, the pirate radio stations tell us that rumors of Capt. Sally’s return are premature but stay posted...that a shipment of buns has made it in and will be available at the next study break...that there will be no break the week after due to the Masters’ trip preparations...

The radio hiccups as a government transmission overwhelms all frequencies. “Join all noble citizens in serving and preparing food for families at the Ronald McDonald House. This is a great calling for all our people. Also, you are invited to celebrate the continued victories of our Indoor Soccer Team...”

As we ride on, the hydrocarbon roar of the city thins to an electric ache of marginal forests and the Harvest, eager corn and desolate soy. With each branching, the flow of vehicles from the stadium of community withers sparser like the futile clicks of a Geiger counter spinning away from a pile in microgravity.

This far into the desert we are a little surprised to find ourselves whole and not a mere film of ambiguity spread from (here + home)/2 to infinity. The only think holding us together may be the nagging doubts. When will Jared and Asa have the Second Annual Jared Weiss Memorial Ping Pong Tournament? What can I offer to the Scav Hunt? Which kind of Val-o-gram should I buy to support a Habitat for Humanity endeavor? What will happen at the Off-Off shows on Friday? How does ’39 Steps’ end? WHAT IS SNELL’S SECRET PLAN?!

-minutes adjourned

-seconds

*Therefore the sage goes about doing nothing, teaching no-talking.  
The ten thousand things rise and fall without cease,  
Creating, yet not possessing,  
Working, yet not taking credit.  
Work is done, then forgotten.  
Therefore it lasts forever.*

--Tao Te Ching, Ch. 2