

Midnight Minutes

January 29 (30), 2004

The Golden Age is now. And especially next week. Prez Joe announced that he will not be running for re-election, so the field is wide open. And we all know what wide-open fields lead to: soil erosion. This is why I would like to put forward an alternative plan for selecting the president.

Anyone who wishes to be president can e-mail the list with a petition of two house members to get on the ballot. Then each section will hold a caucus on Wednesday night, to select delegates. Then on Thursday all the delegates get together in a smoke-filled, wood-paneled room and then by the time the House Meeting starts, we will have president to preside over the other elections. The principal advantages of a multi-tiered caucus system is that it is more complicated and takes longer and gives the feel of political intrigue where none need exist. The only downside I can think of is lung and throat cancer.

Despite VP John's continued (although this time in absentia) warnings about infectious diseases, a large portion of us seem to be in a state of immunological struggle. Joe handed over the meeting to John, who showed that he can rule with iron fist as well as any ferrous amputee.

Assuming we do not implement any radical constitutional changes, the next meeting will be short on time for the usual announcements, so we will need to climb a tree and have a diet rich in citric acid and vitamin A to survey the approaching rest of the quarter. "Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday Sunday" is the Super Bowl. Nick and Angela (Snell RHs), chili, Harold's, football, (most importantly) multi-million dollar ads (including one from the White House, reminding us how everything is causally related, very Taoist) but apparently none from other political organizations that put together Super Bowl ads, some awful juxtaposition of teeny-bopper and 70s rocker with pyrotechnics, more Harold's, more football, more post-post-modern neo-bursted-tech-bubble funny ads, and a few strangled Panthers' fans.

Next we have Suicide Prevention Pancakes on the Monday after next. These Pancakes were developed by the CIA in the 50s as an antidote to prematurely self-administered cyanide pills. Although the project was largely abandoned, you can still find secret spy watches whose entire face swings away to reveal a mini pancake compartment. And if that's not enough to keep you afloat, Jordan and Anna have been brewing up some super special, super secret event for after the breakfast.

And then the Talent Show. Remember, Inspiration cannot be Scheduled! What does that mean? It means the Talent Show is one of the greatest events of the year. Who doesn't like a talent show?

If you haven't filled out the Housing Survey yet, you should do that, 'cause Jesse Raber probably won't. Actually, why not fill it out twice, just to be safe. 67% participation is kind of lame. 67% is like the percent of shares in Meretoyakhaneftegaz, who has a license to explore the Meretoyakhinskoye oil field with estimated resources of 121m tons of oil, Sibneft purchased in April, 2002. We can do better.

If everyone who ordered a shirt pays Lia, and Audi roughs up Dr. Who for some quarters, the house should be in fine financial shape. Which is good, because if we want

to do any House trips that involve standing around outside anytime soon, we'll need to subsidize the removal of frostbitten tissues. Social Chairs have postponed such plans until further notice. Pseudomom concurred.

I thought I was making up all that stuff about evil IHC conspiracies, but apparently they are actually trying to develop the technology to shrink Sam Friedman down to the size of your wallet and then provide replications to all students for the purpose of centralized transportation. I have underestimated them again.

Friday has been declared Margaret's Mental Health Day. "Pride and Prejudice" and Brontesaurus. Remember, boiling pots of water left unattended can explode and cause fires and further damage (I've actually seen this happen) so be careful in the kitchen and feel free to turn off someone else's soup.

And now a message from your local stations:

1 (aka Section Mono): A toilet exploded. Again.

2: Is still awesome. Seriously. They have a bucket and a bullhorn. They're all so the prettiest.

3: Ya know...

4: Lila is sick. Shannon is gone. Hard times in Section Love.

5: Is pleased that there was no Chicken in a Biscuit at the meeting.

Snell: Will reenact the death of their building's namesake.

Valentine's Day also means Vagina Day. The Vagina Monologues (both original and student extended) will be presented, and those wascally Wegans will be selling vagina-shaped lollipops that contain no animal products.

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if(you.GetTShirt())
{
  you.happy=1;
  house.money++;
}
else
  Eric_Tull(you);
```

That's the intersection of the news that's fit to print and the things I wrote on this sheet of paper with a marker. This may be the last broadcast from me, so let's end it on an inspirational note.

"Whatever your battles in life, you can fight them."

-The Blue Cocoon