

House Minutes

The new dorm means that everyone who used to choose Hitchcock because of how close it is to campus will be replaced by students who choose Hitchcock because of how close it is to the library.

--Dan Balter's theory on the Max Palevsky Residential Common

Hello first years! I have enjoyed all of the time that we have spent together this year. It has meant a lot, really, and I look forward to spending more time with all of you. I also want to write minutes for you guys. I truly do. But for me to write these minutes for you guys you need to do me a favor. Not even a very big favor. A small one. All I ask is that you guys STOP BEING SO FUCKING NICE! This is not too much to ask. Just cease being these boring little goody two shoes and start being interesting. Do you realize how happy the Hafens are with your behavior? Do you understand that you should not take pride in that? Yes, it is good that you guys do well in class and all of that. It is also good that you like your roommates, your friends and the puppy dog you left back home, but you've got to work with me. What is there to make fun of nowadays? A little help, please?

Last year, back in the good old days, the dorm was populated with a Damon Runyonesque group of entertaining characters. Jeremy and George were a Secretary's dream.¹ They were two muses who guided me like Germanic folklore guided Wagner or alcohol guided Ernest Hemingway or Fish. And there was my darling Laura.² Oh how I miss you Laura Schechter! Petrarch was inspired by a lifelong love for his Laura, I was inspired by my Laura's long love life. Whenever the actions of the other people in the dorm got old—there are a limited number of jokes one can make about James Seward's quest for salvation through love of God and loyal support of the Republican party—a quick trip to Section 3 would give me something new. And I wasn't even writing minutes when Bulgarian Nadia was around.³

But now, there is still that nagging question. What can I make fun of all of you guys for? Tea party jokes were funny, for about five minutes. And now there is a meditation chamber in the Section 3 boys' bathroom. It isn't funny when Corrigan asks if I want to listen to their chanting music while I take a shit (his words, not mine). It is quite disturbing. I thought there might be some good material for the minutes last week when Mark Yoon brought boxing gloves into Section 2 and roommates started boxing one another. It looked like my writer's block had been cleared. Mark found a way to touch girls that wouldn't make Mary mad at him. Mariah had a look on her face like a little kid throwing a nerf ball at the school bully during dodgeball. But I'm sorry, you guys and your kid gloves are just too sweet and innocent to make fun of. The fights last year didn't end with people eating Krispy Kremes and pictures being taken. And do you think that if good old Laura were to have gotten into a fight gloves would have been

¹I know these minutes are keeping you from your calc problem set, so here is some math practice for you: Jeremy = Jesse Raber – erudite humor, dictionary.com and 5 years of maturity + an interest in girls, bloodshot eyes and a blood alcohol level of .3

George = The negation of the set of all of the personalities of the guys in Section 3 right now.

² Laura = Morgan Fierst's ghetto fabulous personality + more eventful stories than all of Hitchcock this year, combined + a fondness for cell phones, tight clothes and really tall heels - inhibitions

³ Nadia = Alison Berman + Jen Stengel + head shaved like a female rugby player – a true soul, after it was stolen and replaced with that of some bizarre Eastern European version of Satan.

used? Do you think the other person would still have had eyes after the match was over? Thank God she was the only girl in Section 2 last year who liked her roommate.

I am afraid there is only one way to make the minutes funny again. You all need to start being interesting! Think about it. You are being called boring by a guy whose favorite read the spring of 10th grade was *Journey Through Genius: The Great Theorems of Mathematics*.⁴ That is not good. One might even call it pathetic. It is probably not possible for you guys to overcome your dullness singlehandedly. That is why I am providing you guys with a simple set of instructions. Obey them and I will give you minutes. Disobey them and the only entertainment you will have in the bathroom will be Gregorian chants. I have tried my hardest, the rest is all up to you.

Lauren Kitchen and Sarah Innes: Deathbrawl, middle of Hitchcock Quad. Two girls enter, one girl leaves.

Walter and Saleem: Roomcest. Pronto. Use house video camera to film. Make sure to use tape marked "Caleb's First Birthday".

Section 3 Girls: Draw straws. Short straw puts out.

Section 4 Boys: Draw straws. Short straw puts it away for good.

Teddy: Caitlin has been calling you a bitch to all of your friends. Thought you might like to know. No need to act rashly, but it would make for good stories if you did.

Tricia: James and Dan have been waiting patiently for you to see the light. Now it is time for you to assume the missionary position. Convert or put out.

Megan Toups: Too many Megans. Your name is now Starla. Act accordingly.

Matt Choi and Chris Ellis: You had your chance. You failed. Now go to Palevsky.

Eric Tull: Use Bible paper for rolling doobies. The only sin from this point on is sobriety.

Jimmy: You can only wear leather from this point on. Also, the boys in Section 3 get to spank you on sight. Grin and ask politely for more.

Deb: Your shirt says "America needs American Weed." Well, frankly, Hitchcock needs it too. Start dealing.

Burton: Cut the Mullet and you can now become a hit at any social gathering.

Sarah Nerboso: Dump Corrigan's sorry ass. Go out with a Fiji. Have him throw parties.

Kegs can be stored in the meditation chamber.

Jesse Friedman: Where do we start? How about increasing website hits by posting nude pictures of the Section Four girls? Everyone knows you have the equipment. For Christ's sake, just use it.

All you goddamn guitar players: A Battle of the Sucky Bands. Adam Hocker and the Spitwads versus Thibault and the Wads.

Larry Sheradon: Cocaine, acid, opium. Choose one.

⁴ Oddly enough, and I am not joking here, this is also one of Laura Schechter's favorite books.