

House Minutes for Week 5

“They are so clean, inside and out. Baby Boomers may be tempted to utter a little prayer of gratitude: thank God our kids aren’t the royal pains in the ass that we were.”

--David Brooks on our generation of college students, in the Atlantic Monthly.

**SIGN UP AT THE FRONT DESK TO GET ON THE MINUTES MAILING LIST! THE FIRST MAILING WILL GO OUT SUNDAY OR MONDAY NIGHT AND WILL INCLUDE THESE MINUTES AND THE FIRST “REASONS WHY I CAN’T SLEEP” MINUTES.**

Last Thursday was, to the best of my knowledge, the first time since October that I missed a House meeting, or, to paraphrase a joke in “Office Space,” that I skipped a House meeting as I didn’t really miss it. I arrived at the meeting as it ended. I was surprised at how crowded the meeting was. My first thought that the now scavenged and picked over tubs of ice cream are what had attracted the crowd. Then I saw the Scav Hunt Presidents and Masterminds Dara, Amanda, Will and Nat (PMDAWN, for lack of a better acronym). PMDAWN told the excited crowd, filled with Hitchcockers and Snellites alike, about their preparations for Scav Hunt. There will be a service auction soon, so you can buy or offer services like laundry, room cleaning or cooking for the benefit of our Scav Hunt funds. Sign up in the lobby. Scav Hunt itself will be starting a week from this coming Wednesday, so be ready.

This coming Wednesday is our Housing lottery. The Hafens have the following reminders for people in the House:

1. The Lottery is 8:00 PM in the Green room.
2. Bring your Green Card. If you do not have it you are more or less screwed.
3. Do not sleep through the meeting. You may think this is a joke, but I am told it happens every year.

And with that the meeting ended.

Just like a certain fateful night last quarter, when I got back to my room from the house meeting I couldn’t sleep. It could have been the hot weather or it could have been the can of Pepsi that I drank, but neither of those reasons are very funny. So, to keep myself occupied I tried to think of other reasons and the next morning I wrote them all down.

So, let me present, the ALL NEW and ALL TRUE reasons that I can’t sleep:

Because I tried writing “The Reasons that I Sleep Well” and I couldn’t.

Because this college can support 16 coffee shops but it can’t support the liquor store in Walgreen’s.

Because students here refer to other students, without a hint of irony, as nerds.

Because Minnesota Crew-cut doesn't have a crew-cut anymore.

Because our school borrows its anti-plagiarism guidelines from Dartmouth.

Because people actually want to be in the minutes.

Because when I refer to Section 3 or Section 4 I am really only talking about fewer than a quarter of the people who live there.

Because, in a strange, twisted, the end is near kinda way, one might at some point feel that you could possibly be able to refer to Will and Laura's relationship as "cute."

Because the brothers in  $\Lambda\Delta\Phi$  act like they have  $\Lambda\Delta\Delta$ .

Because the only person who I heard comment on the "Pimps up, hos down" sign on Mike Tessel's door was my mother, who said that she thought it was funny.

Because when I asked my mother if she knew an adjective to describe me she said "How do you say cynical in a good way?"

Because people talk shit about the frats while they are drinking free beer and sitting on the couches in the basement of Alpha Delt.

Because more people here learn the Greek alphabet in language and science classes than at frat parties.

Because there is something wonderful about that.

Because I read and fantasize about classes in the course catalog the way most guys read porn.

Because when I wrote about "the hypocritical and over-privileged brat who has lived in a bubble in some major American city, protected like the young Buddha from having to think about all of those around them with real problems" I was talking about myself.

Because how happy anyone is has nothing to do with how happy they should be.

Because I am caught on that trip from "Where do you want to go to college?" to "What are you majoring in?" to "What do are you going to do for a living?"

Because the next stop on that trip will be paying the rent, filling out our taxes, taking orders from our boss and waiting for the plumber to show up.

Because when after the trip is over it won't be long before I will be smiling politely at some nurse who is carefully checking my blood pressure, while I am listening passively as my children quietly bicker over which one has to look after me.

Because I am not thankful enough for being on that trip.

Because every time I tell people I am a math major they say "What do you want to do with that?"

Because if that pisses me off, I cannot even begin to imagine how I would feel if I majored in Classics.

Because too many here think they are like Good Will Hunting and too few are Finding Forrester.

Because one of James Seward's fondest memories of High School is playing Tevye in Fiddler on the Roof.

Because for all of the Jewish jokes and references that I make, I am the only person that I know of in the dorm who has a cousin that is a priest.

Because I don't stab people in the back, I post things about them that they can read while they are on the toilet.

Because alcohol is just an excuse to do stupid things.

Because it's such a fun excuse.

Because being a social drinker doesn't mean that someone really is social.

Because I still meet new people from the dorm (Hey Vanessa Raizberg! Tell Gahan that I said hello!).

Because some people think that Caitlin has a roommate named Maria.

Because if you take away "How are you doing," "what classes are you in," and a few other nothing conversations, I don't talk much.

Because thinking the glass is half full or half empty doesn't change how much you have to drink.

Because, if you do not judge by one's desire to be sober or attend class, George and Jeremy are among the most intellectual people in this dorm.

Because, if what I am told is correct, wearing nothing but a g-string in front of a large auditorium of people and pretending to masturbate to pictures of a little girl playing with

her father while, for no particular reason, Moonlight Sonata is playing counts as a B.A. paper.

Because of how pretentious my response to learning this was (“Jesus Christ, we might as well go to Oberlin”).

Because I am afraid of what the people in this dorm will do if we do not win Scav Hunt.

Because these are our glory days and we are letting them pass us by.

Because of how excited the fourth years are to finally get the hell out of this place.