

The Dartmouth

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VOL. JAREA.

NEWS AS IT HAPPENS, AN APPLE IS NOT A BANANA

HANGOVER, NH

TODAY'S WEATHER
go outside it is not hard

NEWS:

How Could This Have Happened?: College Redesigns Footpaths Across Green, Birds-Eye View Now Resembles Portrait of Ryan Reynolds

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COMMUNITY SPOTLIGHT:

This Guy Went to a Squash Game and Doesn't Know Anyone on the Team, Weirdo

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OPINION:

I Believe the Hinman Mailboxes are the Pinnacle of Modern Technology, Because It Is 1922

Read it on Page 30

Something Now Different

By JEN ERIC

Coming back to campus this fall, returning upperclassmen might notice that that thing that was once that way is now this other way. "I came back from my internship and was like 'woah!'" said Ted Princom '22, "that process or system has been altered from its prior state!"

While some students were affected by this change, some students were not. "I was pretty upset when that thing was modified," said Arabelle Meyer '20. "Some aspect of my monthly, weekly, or perhaps even day-to-day schedule also had to be modified. So that was a bummer."

Dartmouth administrators released a public statement about the motivation behind

making the thing different. "The structure, procedure, mechanism, configuration, policy, configuration of mechanisms, policy of structures, or configurational procedure of mechanisms came to a point where circumstances, necessity, necessity of circumstances, or circumstances of necessity therein meant it had to change," explained Vice Chief Dean of Provosts Sally Peeble. "It was either a shame or not a shame, and we were either sad to see it go, happy to make this change, or completely indifferent."

At press time, upperclassmen commented that the '23s "didn't even know", presumably because they were not matriculated when the thing was the other way.

Bad Professor Likes You

By LOU ZER

News broke this evening that your bad professor who you don't respect seems to like you for some reason. While he is one of the few professors whose approval you couldn't care less about, he is somehow the only professor who's ever taken any interest in you.

Analysts are torn on why your least favorite professor has decided he wants to take you under his wing of incompe-

tence. Some point to the fact that you are the only student who answers his lecture questions after 30 seconds of empty stares from your classmates. Others go back to the time you said "hi professor" when he was wandering through the halls of Kemeny like he was lost in his own department building.

You certainly regret going to his office hours to ask for an extension on your paper

see **PROF** page 2

Dartmouth to Rename Black Family Visual Arts Center to Friends of Jeffrey Epstein Visual Arts Center



photo courtesy of archdaily.com

The Black Family Visual Arts Center, soon to be renamed.

By H. CLINTON

In a surprise announcement, the Dartmouth administration revealed today that the Black Family Visual Arts Center, donated by billionaire Leon Black '73, is being renamed to the Friends of Jeffrey Epstein Visual Arts Center. It is unclear at this time whether the decision is related to building donor Leon Black '73's reported close financial ties to infamous and recently deceased billionaire pedophile Jeffrey Epstein. Some Dartmouth students

were unperturbed by the change. "Though this decision seems egregious and offensive, it's not as offensive as the fact that Leon Black allegedly kept dealing with Jeffrey Epstein financially and personally for years after Epstein pled guilty to soliciting prostitution from a minor, according to Bloomberg News", said Cal Winthrop '20. "You know that old saying, 'It's a bad look, but it ain't as bad as being friends with a child-rapist.'" Dartmouth administrator Martha Caulley defended the decision to our

reporter: "It is the College's decision to name its buildings. We could rename it 'Co-Investor with Kid-Diddler Art Center' and that would be our prerogative. Not to mention, Dartmouth students don't care that they sleep on streets named after slavers, do you think they'd blink an eye if we changed BVAC's name to 'Hall of Mega-Billionaire Mega-Rapist's Super-Friends'? No." At press time, efforts to contact alleged "Friend of Jeffrey Epstein" Leon Black have failed.

Shalom! Says Newly Converted '23 After Discovering Hillel Shabbat Dinner with Wine

By LEE KHAIM

For some, the freshman frat ban spells a dismal 6 week dry bender full of “fun alternative social spaces”, crammed dorm room parties, and ruining relationships with those you once thought of as family, as you beg your trip leader to buy you booze. However, for some students, the frat ban is a welcoming opportunity to flex their creative juices, and get to work on the art of getting turned up.

John Chen '23 stumbled upon his ticket into debauchery quite early on in his first semester, as he caught his roommate headed to a Friday Shabbat service at the Hillel. “Look I came to Dartmouth to party” Chen started, “I’m a real with you, I had no idea what Shabbath actually was, but once my roommate mentioned the words food and wine, I knew

I had to come slap the bag.” Ever since then Chen has been hooked. Chen recalls, “That first night was insane. The Klosure food was bomb, and the wine was flowing. I got so blitzed, it sounded like I was speaking in Shebrew. It’s an easy top ten best places to pregame.”

We asked other students at the Friday Shabbat service about Chen’s drunken antics. “Yeah, I’m quite confused actually,” said Sarah Quinn '21. “I’m not sure if John has actually ever drank before this. We drink one serving of bad wine, and it has less alcohol than a dosage of Nyquil PM I’m pretty sure.”

Another student remarked on Chen’s blatant, massive misunderstanding of Judaism. “We don’t care about whether or not your Jewish. Truly, everyone is welcome

to come to our services” Hillel President '20 Mark Werner responded exasperatedly. “But he fundamentally does not seem to understand what the concept of “Jewish” means. For instance, the other day I mentioned to him that I was Ashkinazi, and he said he’s actually a big Celtics fan”.

However, Chen denies claims that he’s only there for the wine. “It may have started out as a place to cop alc, but believe it or not, I love the culture. I may have been introduced through the Shamrock Friday service, but it really is a great community. For instance, I got this new Yamagotchi to wear, and I actually was thinking of converting and getting a Bar Whitz Claw to make it official. Now as we say when we meet and part, Aloha to you.” Werner interjected quickly, “Shalom, he means Shalom”.

Student’s Eraser Woefully Underprepared for Severity of Math 11 Fuckup

By FAY LURE

Following the Math 11 second midterm, many students were disappointed with their results. A majority of students’ erasers reported feeling outraged by how woefully unprepared they were for the “sheer severity of the students’ fuck-ups.”

Adam Cho '23’s eraser met with our reporters to voice his grievances: “Adam spent \$11 on a Muji pencil, so I thought he would actually be good at academics,” said Cho’s eraser, “but I was dead wrong.”

Cho’s eraser was quite displeased with his treatment: “At the beginning of the test, everything was fine” started Cho’s eraser, “he was calculating a Hessian matrix, which we practiced multiple times. It was a long problem, so he started using the back of the test. But then he asked for a piece of scratch paper. And then another sheet. But then he started to erase the

whole. Damn. Thing.”

“Like, what the hell man? I am a proud, Pentel Hi-Polymer eraser. I cost a four full dollars for a pack of three. I am above this sort of bullshit.” According to Cho’s eraser, he was forced to suffer further indignities by Cho’s hands: “The worst part came when Adam tried to compute a triple integral, and then just started sobbing onto the page. Like, really hardcore sobbing. The ink started to smudge and everything. What am I even supposed to do in that situation? I’m an eraser. I can’t erase tears.” When asked if he could change one thing about his experience, Cho’s eraser replied: “I would have erased Adam out of existence. Ivy League my ass.”

At press time, Cho’s eraser has started to unionize Dartmouth’s eraser population to petition for employment by “actually competent students.”

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the day it was due. He took the opportunity to give you his whole life story like he hadn’t talked to a student in 20 years. During the 40 minutes you spent stuck in that room, you realized his office is just as bland and empty as his curriculum.

Eyewitnesses report that your bad professor approached you after class to tell you how “insightful” your three-sentence discussion

post was, which you completed 5 minutes before the period began. He then vaguely mentioned his research, but every single paper on his website is listed as forthcoming, and none of them mention what journal is picking them up.

At press time, you thought about inviting your bad professor to Pine, but you decided the free lunch wasn’t worth having to carry the conversation, and in any case, it would only lead him on.

The Dartmouth

The Jacks's Oldest College Newspaper, Founded 1903.

The Mega-Flora

Caroline Cook '21

Osman Khan '21

Sam Barrett '20

Head Shrub — Jonathan Gliboff '20

Ira Richardson '21 *Oak*
Hannah Cherenfant '20 *Fir*
Nick Sugiarto '23 *Plum*
Michelle Sun '23 *Walnut*
Noble Rai '23 *Sassafras*
Chris Gaige '23 *Maple*
Daniel Cespedes '23 *Mango*
Anders Knospe '23 *Butternut*
Stavros Hughes '23 *Hickory*

Grant Anapolle '21 *Sequoia*
Blake Danziger '22 *Birch*
Sarah Abramowitz '20 *Spruce*
Tanner Pruitt '22 *Cottonwood*
Jacob Kingsley '23 *White Pine*
Samantha Locke '22 *Sycamore*
Lewis MacMillan '23 *Beech*
Gus Vratos '23 *Chestnut*
Faven Woldetatyos '22 *Palm*

Izzy Calihan '22 *Maple*
Eric Lee '23 *American Elm*
Olivia Gresham '22 *Larch*
Jamie Tatum '23 *Cedar*
Summer Christensen '21 *Tulip*
Kevin Donohue '21 *Shadbush*
Hayley Piper '22 *Aspen*
Jenny Capriola '23 *Willow*

Tom Steyer
Assistant to the President

The Grinch
Assistant to the Sex Jacko

Tim Allen Grunt
Assistant to the Writing Staff

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Tenure to Be Decided by Rolling Magic 8-Ball

By NG FAIR

In a sudden change of policy, Dartmouth recently announced that tenure will now be determined by a large magic 8 ball. This change was made in response to the complaint that previous tenure requirements were too subjective and made tenure seeking professors work extremely hard with no long term job guarantee; now, instead of requiring faculty to go through many years of advanced graduate school, teach for eight plus years, produce dozens of papers worth of research, and then have the decision come down to the whim of more than five different committees, everything

will be determined by the shake of an all knowing inanimate sphere.

In order to give "The 8"- which is what the administration is calling the ball - a whirl, professors must still have a graduate level degree and teach for several years. Only once they have completed these basic requirements can they then seek the guidance of this one-pound semi-hollow ball of plastic.

According to Dean of Faculty Brian Kurtman there are 5 answers "The 8" can give that would grant tenure, which are "It is decidedly so," "without a doubt," "I like your chances," "Very well deserved," and "Yes." Four answers would deny tenure like

"my answer is no," "very doubtful," "outlook not so good," and "not enough papers published." Professors who get this answer will also be immediately terminated. However, some luckier unlucky professors

will get answers like "reply hazy, try again," or "cannot predict now," with which they will have to teach for seven more years before they can give "the 8" another go.

"We are really happy with this new change," said Kurtman. "Truthfully, because there are so many things that bias committee members one way or the other, the method we had in place was a crapshoot in all but name. Now it is a crapshoot in name too, and we can be very honest about it." Other administrators have been equally pleased, as it means they are no longer accountable for the lack of minorities who make up the tenured staff. Some professors have been equally excited for the change. "If I'm being honest, my research into the different finger

sizes of mountain gorillas is kind of bullshit and I'm shocked I've made it this far into the process," said assistant professor of biology Richard Bailey. "However, under the new guidelines I'd say I have a pretty good shot at landing this job." One professor who was recently denied tenure was not as enthused. "I spent the last thirty years of my life acquiring completing many postdocs in advanced mathematics, include two from Oxford, one from Harvard, and three from MIT," said assistant Professor of mathematics Michael Stiener, "so yea I'm a bit peeved that none of that matters after a child's toy told me "Not this time."

At press time, the college is planning to use "the 8" in making all of its biggest decisions.



The new tool administrators are using to determine which professors are granted tenure.

All Racists Now Confined to the Cube, the Onion, Brace Commons, Occom Commons, and Fahey Lounges

By **SARA GREGATION**

In September, the College announced new restrictions on dorm and common space access, localizing access only to spaces which aligned with a student's House Community in light of racial bias incidents. As a result, all racists found refuge in Collis.

Due to rapid overcrowding, the College expanded common space access, leaving the racists to now be confined to the Cube, the Onion, Brace Commons, Occom Commons, and Fahey lounges.

Andrew Davis '20 was thrilled to hear of the changes. "The days of racists

terrorizing other Houses are finally over, now they're stuck in the Cube, the Onion, Brace Commons, Occom Commons, and Fahey lounges," he said.

Many students disagreed. "Now I have to change my whole routine to avoid the Cube, the Onion, Brace Commons, Occom Commons, and Fahey lounges," complained Sarah Lockhart '22. "I live in East Wheelock," she continued, "and I have to brave what is essentially a Westboro Baptist Church service just to microwave my popcorn in Brace!"

"I used to go to the Cube all the time last year," explained Abraham Wolow-

itz '21. "But now the School and Allen House banners have been replaced with Nazi flags; I can't even go near the Cube anymore."

Ashley Williams '23 added that "the white hood of the Onion was an obvious draw for the White Knights of the KKK looking for a common space."

When asked about how the common spaces were functioning now that full access has been restored, Director of Residential Education Gary Jackson said, "the Cube, the Onion, Brace Commons, Occom Commons, and Fahey lounges are building just the type of tight-knit community we envisioned."

City Kid Shocked to Find that Rain Doesn't Smell Like Nickels

By **A. SIDRAYNE**

Since arriving at Dartmouth nearly two months ago, Theodore Jakinski, '23, has been struggling to cope with the fact that the rain no longer smells like nickels. Coming from the gray, urban sprawl of inner Los Angeles, Jakinski has reportedly never seen real, unpolluted rain before.

"Whenever it rains, I keep thinking that something must be wrong with me," says Jakinski, as he dazedly squints up at the sky. "It's almost like I can't smell that sweet, metallic, nickel scent anymore..."

Upon his initial venture into the rain, eyewitnesses report that Jakinski's reaction was one of agitated confusion. Friend of Jakinski, Ray Barker '23, describes the event in detail: "As soon as we stepped outside, he just kind of froze and went stiff, taking these intensely deep, visceral sniffs of the air. He turned to me, wide-eyed, and asked what kind of air freshener we had used to cover up the nickel smell. Um, I wasn't sure what he was talking about, but the dude seemed shocked out of his mind."

Similar reactions have since followed in response to the various other aspects of nature present around campus, including but not limited to: the all-natural grass of the Green, the non-cigarette-smelling New Hampshire wind, and the live, flesh and blood squirrels



Rain.

that sometimes appear around trees.

Abigail Netter '23 remarks that "observing Theo is like watching a Disney princess who's just escaped from her tower."

"Some days, I'd just walk by and see him trying to stick his credit card into a tree trunk to pay for the shade, or running around, angrily looking for a dial to 'turn down' the wind. At one point, I found him crouched and whimpering on the Green at night, because he said he couldn't find any guide lights and didn't know where to go."

Indeed, the road has not been easy for Jakinski who, to this day, is still working hard to make sense of this foreign environment. As of this report, he has now moved on to processing the idea of natural sunlight, which he claims is "incredible" now that a layer of smog no longer prevents him from feeling it.

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Special Report: 4FB Actually Silent to Avoid Waking Irritable Neo-Stalinist Llama in the Modern Political Theory Stacks

By SOPHIE ETTE

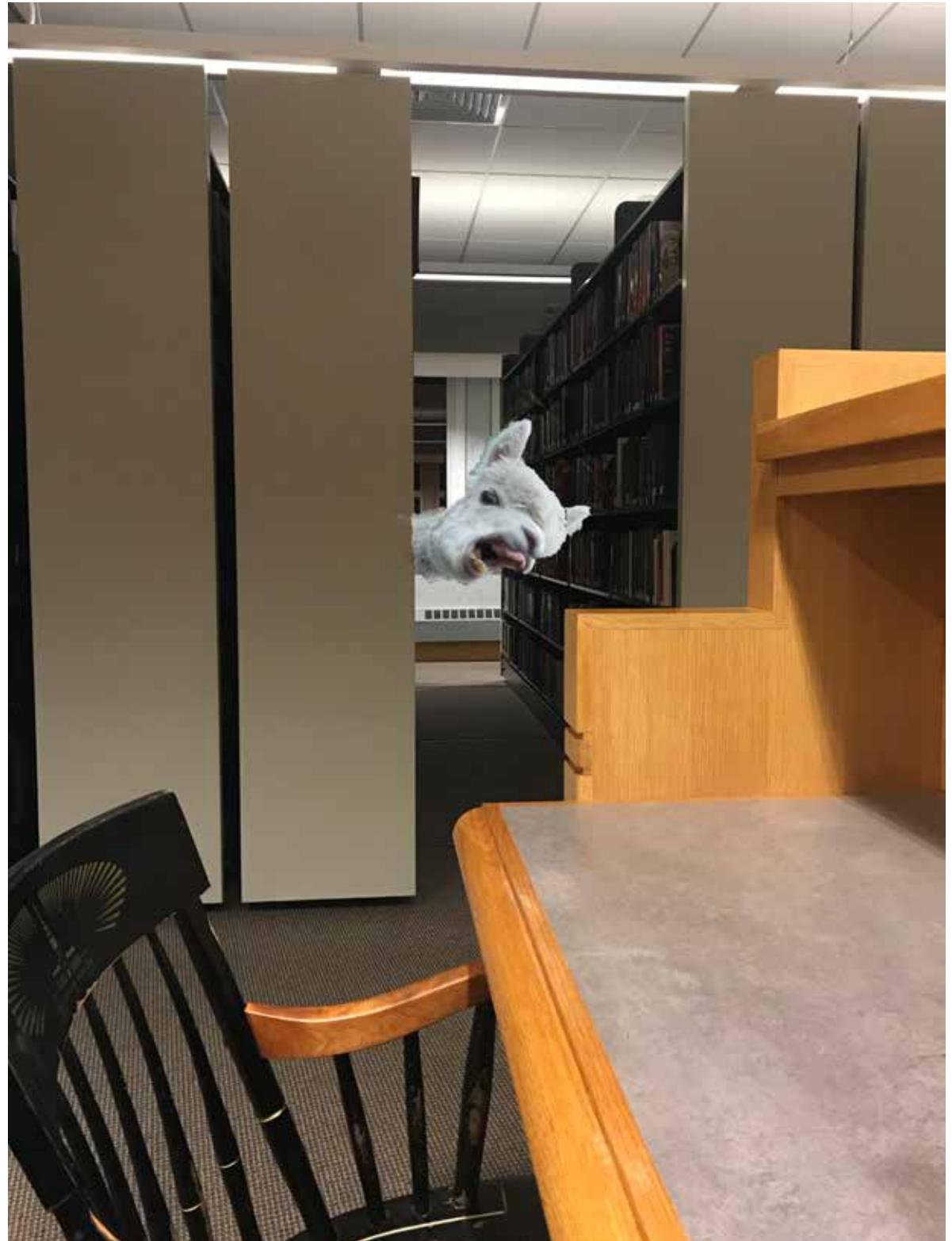
Though members of the Dartmouth community have long upheld an unwritten “no speaking” rule on the fourth floor of Baker-Berry Library out of a shared respect for each other’s work, recent reports have confirmed that students now have a new reason to stay silent on 4FB: a nine-foot tall, 425-pound llama with extremely belligerent Neo-Stalinist leanings is sleeping amongst the library’s modern political theory texts.

According to campus officials, the sound of even a whispered conversation could be enough to rouse the llama, whose past outbursts have included a twelve-minute diatribe regarding the “primal beauty” of secret government murders and an annotated PowerPoint outlining the benefits of a cult of personality, from its slumber. In particular, officers from Dartmouth Safety and Security have issued a firm notice, effective immediately, that any and all conversations revolving around constitutional democracy, executive checks and balances, or the need for data privacy in a rapidly digitalizing world must be held elsewhere on cam-

pus.

“Look,” said Michael McNally ‘21, “I don’t know how Dartmouth can claim to provide a hospitable learning environment when my friends and I can’t even study for our Government exam without angering a sentient and extremely partisan anthropomorphic mammal from the plains of Central America. Honestly, it’s ridiculous. I asked my friend one question about the structure of the United States Congress and all of a sudden, I saw a gigantic horse-looking thing sprinting at me from the bookshelves, mouth foaming, shouting about how an autocratic government is the only way to achieve maximal political efficiency. I don’t want to be silent on 4FB because of this llama anymore! I want to go back to being silent on 4FB for the old reason: pure academic dread.”

At press time, S&S Director Casey Collins confirmed that 3FB will also be closed for the next two weeks to deal with a colony of fire ants that aggressively sympathize with Nicolas Maduro’s drug user extermination campaign.



The llama, who should not have been awoken but was clearly awoken. Our photographer did not return.

OPINION: It's 3AM on a Wednesday, Please, Please Let Me Back Into Our Room

By MAI FAULT



A photo of the author.

Hi. I really don't want to be a buzzkill and I'm, like, so sorry and I'm sure you're having a great time and I don't want to bother you but will you please, please, please let me back into our room?

I'm writing this to you because I don't want to like, knock, or sit right outside the door or even, like, in the hallway because that would be weird, right? But I'd just really like to get some rest before my 9L tomorrow.

I know! I know! I'm sure you're having a great time.

Could she please come back another time? Could you chat with her roommate?

It's just, if I can say it, 3 AM on a Wednesday and I'd really like you to let me back into our room.

I'm really sorry if my quarter of the room was messy, I just haven't had time to clean it and if the fridge is starting to smell I promise I can come in and clean it

up Right Now.

Hey.

So, uh, one more thing. I mean, I can't really get back in: it sounds like you guys are asleep. I don't want to wake you up or anything. But I was just wondering if I could get my birth control in the morning.

It's not, like, a huge deal since you have your mattress attached to mine so you and Madison could sleep together each night and I totally get it but, and I know this is too much, but is there any chance I could get mine back? Just to have my own bed?

You know, no big deal, this is totally crazy but if, by any chance you could let me in, I'd really appreciate it. That's all.

Thanks!

Sorry!

The Dartmovth welcomes guest columns. Send submissions to the Section Editor at please-dont@thedartmovth.com

OPINION: Taking Only One Piece of Fruit From FoCo Taught Me Restraint

By SHAME PHIL

I had been so good, I had resisted temptation for eight long weeks. One piece of fruit is included with your dinner swipe, they said, but no more.

That had, of course, made it that much more tempting. Those rock-hard, barely-ripe pears that had only grown to the size of a golfball, glistening under sterile fluorescent lights. How could I only take one?

All term, I had hesitated before the case of Earth's green bounty before finally choosing only one and leaving with it. It was for my own good. I had not earned two pears. I did not deserve two pears. I was never meant to be a two-pear-girl.

But week eight, I succumbed. I grabbed two perfect pears in a fever-dream panic, plunged them both deep into my pockets to hide my shame from DDS and from God.

No one stopped me. No one noticed. And as well all know, pears are a gateway fruit. The one piece of fruit rule was saving me from myself; now that I had broken that forbidden seal, there was no limit to what else I might take from FoCo. It started simple, taking a bagel to toast in Novack later, putting coffee in my own reusable mug.

I am sharing my story, though painful, with you. Do not make the mistakes that I did. You never think it will be you. You think you can handle it.

Soon, the rush of a bagel wasn't enough. My takeout be-

came more elaborately premeditated. I saved old cereal boxes and refilled them in four or five separate trips under the circular booths in the light side, then used the heat from hand dryers to re-seal the glue on the top of the box. No one could prove I had not purchased it. I even counterfeited a receipt.

The exhilaration comes from doing the unthinkable—and doing it in plain sight. I didn't know how long I could keep it up, always thinking of the next hit and the next one. I stopped going to class, I stopped showering, my friends hadn't heard from me in weeks. It was just about FoCo, just about how much I could get out of FoCo.

I have been arrested twice for public indecency — it's not what you're thinking, it's just that the Hanover Police department deemed the ferocity with which I was eating pears outside Sarner Underground “too gross to leave her out there.” It was the second time I was brought to a jail cell because of those damn FoCo pears—those sweet, sweet FoCo pears—that I began to take stock of my life, what I had lost and what I had left.

I beseech you, for the love of all that is holy in this life, only take one piece of fruit from FoCo. We must learn restraint. We are but wild animals.

The Dartmovth welcomes guest columns. Send submissions to the Section Editor at please-dont@thedartmovth.com

CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT: The One Person Who Calls FoCo “The 53” — He Sucks

By DAN DEE

Though most students and faculty refer to the Class of '53 Commons as 'FoCo,' there are some who stick to its original nickname: “the 53.” Well, not some. There's one guy. Sylvester Elliwhig Jimstonierre '21 has become rather infamous on campus for his idiosyncratic FoCo-naming habits. Though many alumni have defended his remarks as “dandy,” it appears that a majority of the current student body has responded negatively to his language. “It's really odd that Sylvester calls it the '53. Almost sinister, really. Makes me think I can't trust him,” said Jimstonierre's mother, who called in unsolicited.

Jimstonierre's language has even brought his age into question. “That guy is definitely like 80,” Aaron Rodinson '20 said to reporters. “He calls me his ‘winkly sprout’ and his toupee fell in my soup.”

“I like him. That stallion's got some serious spunk,” said Bob Tallhorn '53 over a glass of iced prune juice.

Jimstonierre has also come under scrutiny for his extracurricular activities. “That asshole keeps sweeping my chimney without asking. I hear him dancing and singing

on the roof three nights a week,” says Emily Danewald '22. “And he doesn't even do a Cockney accent! No commitment!”

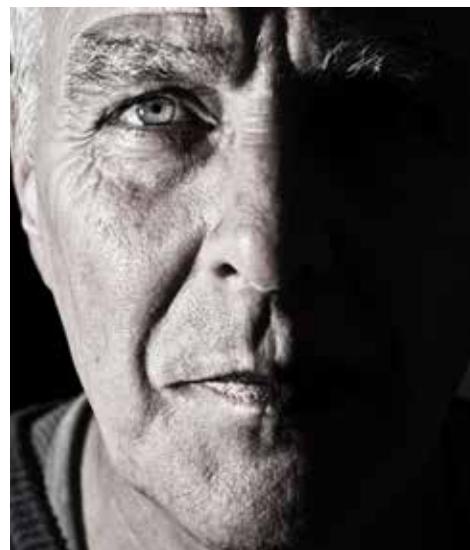
Several of Jimstonierre's floormates have also complained of him scouring the halls at night with an oil lantern, screaming for witches and ghouls to reveal themselves.

When approached at his usual FoCo dining spot, Jimstonierre was busy putting a miniature top hat on his ring-necked pheasant, Reginald Silverscrew. In response to the Dartmouth community's backlash, Jimstonierre stated, “As far as I'm concerned, I'm the jolly roger of this rickshaw, and when I'm dining on beast and bean in the ol' '53, I'm a plum in a dandy orchard, dontcha doubt it, Johnny Lou!” He added, “One morn methought I'd vvitnesed a spectre of some sort taking hold of me knickers. Luckily it was just Reginald giving me a hoot and a half!” He then proceeded to fasten Silverscrew's silk cravat.

Students can spot Jimstonierre riding through campus on his penny farthing or cartoonishly tiptoeing away from one of his infamous hijinks.

OPINION: I Should Have Grabbed a Fork from Downstairs FoCo

By P.T. ASDE



A photo of the author, who aged greatly during this arduous journey. Look at the lines on his face. Look right at them.

My Friday night was going well. I secured an invite to Tails at GDX, I had no work, and I acquired the clout of a second-floor FoCo booth.

My night was going well, until I looked down. I stared at my plate, panic-stricken. I started sweating like a pig in a furnace.

I had forgotten a fork. I dashed over to the second floor drink station. Empty. Stupid, there are never any forks. It grew upon me like a bad rash from a freshman year dorm. I knew I had to do it. I had to go down the stairs to get a fork.

The path before was perilous, it claimed many before me. My UGA sent the number for safe ride in the GroupMe, but there was no time to look for it. They wouldn't get here in time. I had places to be. With a rescue attempt impossible I

stared down at my fate below me.

I felt like those heroes at Normandy that I read all about. 32 strides, 28 steps down those stupefying slate stairs. My heart pounding, my vision blurred, my extremities numb.

It was time. I took it slowly making sure I had three points of contact. I slipped twice, hearing phantom glasses clatter like I'm sure the sound of shrapnel does. I nearly quit halfway through, I wanted to death to claim my shattered soul. I kept going though.

After 20 minutes of descent, I reached the bottom. The expedition was halfway complete. I grabbed a fork, I took some iced tea as an upper — it was time for the way back up.

I got on hands and knees, noticing how my fellow students stared at me in admiration, eyes full of seeming awe. I started the climb. But the time I got to the top, my knees were bleeding, I'd grown a shadow of a beard, and the FoCo staff were clearing out.

I felt what those who declared victory at Iwo Jima, I'm sure of it. I did it, I did it, I had done it. I was on top of the world, nothing could stop me.

Fuck.

I forgot my ketchup.

The author perished on the second climb, but his memoirs were recovered.

The Dartmouth welcomes guest columns. Send submissions to the Section Editor at please-dont@thedartmovth.com

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Jewelry Studio Specializes in Necklaces Featuring the Name of Boy Who Will Be Ex-Boyfriend in 3 Weeks

By **COMITT TED**

The Donald Claffin Jewelry Studio, located in the basement of the Hopkins Center for the Arts, is a state-of-the-art metalsmithing maker-space for Dartmouth women make elegant pendants featuring the names boys who will cheat on them in two and a half weeks.

For only \$12 a term, Dartmouth students can have unlimited access to the studio, where they can select from the finest metals and instruments to craft truly unique pieces. Most users will use this opportunity to make a rustic bronze bar featuring the engraved initials of a boy that told them he loved

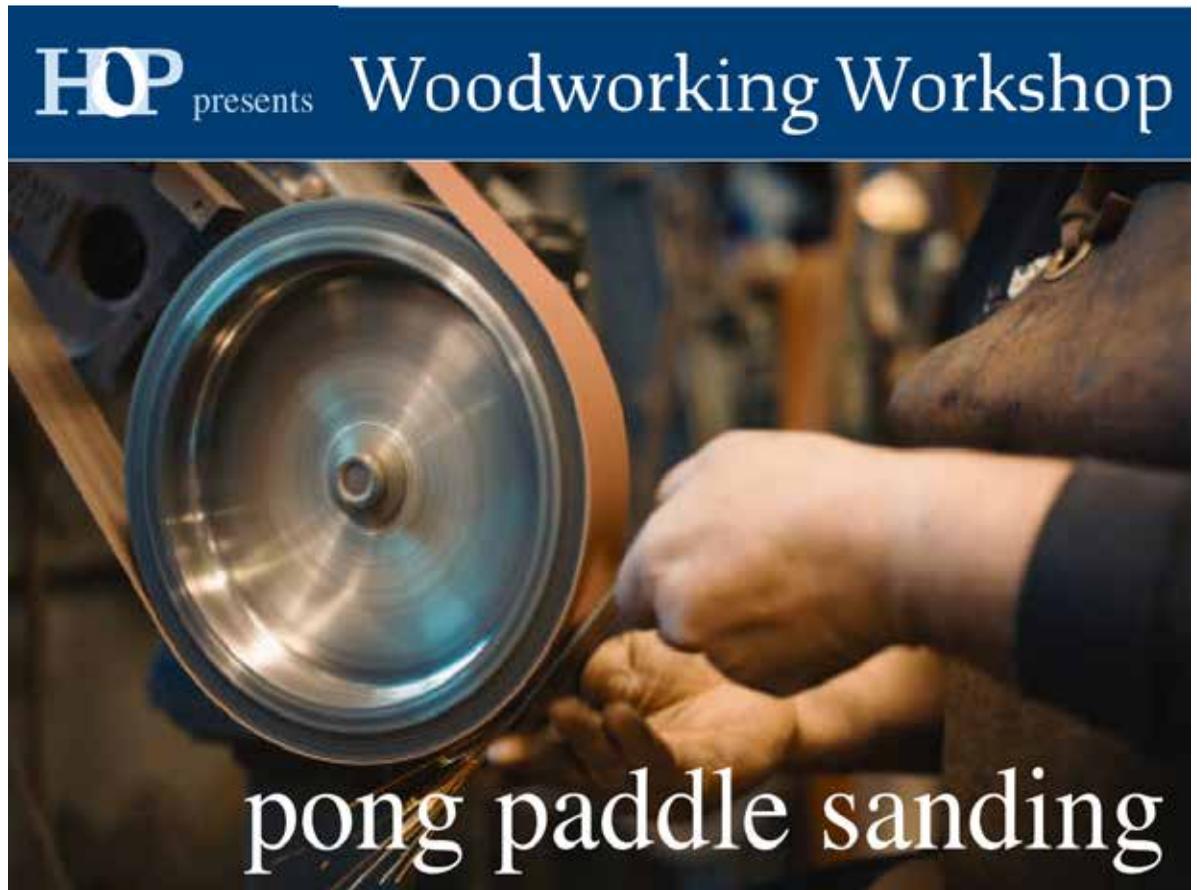
them this morning but will soon unexpectedly stop responding to their snapchats and start having sex with the 23 in his French class.

“What do you mean it’s bad luck to put the name of my boyfriend of eight weeks on a necklace?” asked Joanna Parkins ‘22. “Tom and I are really serious.” As the interview was taking place, Tom decided he was soon going to dump Joanna for no particular reason at all.

At press time, students were making bracelets with the coordinates of their Florida beach houses that will soon be wrecked in hurricanes and the nicknames of grandparents who will soon die.



Jenny Benson '20 made this necklace. Bradley is her future ex.



PUBLIC ART: Man Carves Frat Letters into Desks

By **BANK XI**

Sculptor and Dartmouth student Conner Bonavich '20 revealed his latest project this week, Letters to Nobody. The piece is as simple as it is thought-provoking, consisting only of the letters TDX carved into a desk in Dartmouth Hall 107.

The letters correspond to those of Bonavich's fraternity, Theta Delta Chi, but they mean much more to the artist and those who feel a connection to his work. “The purpose of the piece is to explore the nature of public writing. You know, we’ve been doing this for millennia. It’s almost part of human nature. All the way back in Pompeii

we have graffiti preserved on the walls of buildings,” said Bonavich in an interview. “I see this piece in conversation with the concept of runes, or any writing system that is imbued with power and magic by the people who carved it into their possessions. By writing this, am I claiming the desk for TDX, for myself, am I making a pronouncement of my values and priorities, or was I just bored? That’s up to the viewer to decide.”

Jack Carmichael '21, a fellow artist and brother at Phi Delt was inspired by the piece to embark on a new project of his own, adding the letters of his fraternity to the desk under Bonavich's. “It felt like a

chance to say something about the ties between writing and masculinity in our culture” said Carmichael. Bonavich was thrilled by Carmichael's addition, saying “some artists might see this as derivative or as taking advantage of my project, but I see it as the continuation of a conversation. I hope that others might be as inspired as Jack was and add their own voices to this chorus of self-expression.”

At press time the letters of three more fraternities and a sorority have been added to the desk by as yet anonymous artists, perhaps marking the beginning of what Bonavich described as “a new era for public art at Dartmouth.”

NOW SHOWING AT THE HOP: Sobbing '23

By MEL ANCHOLY

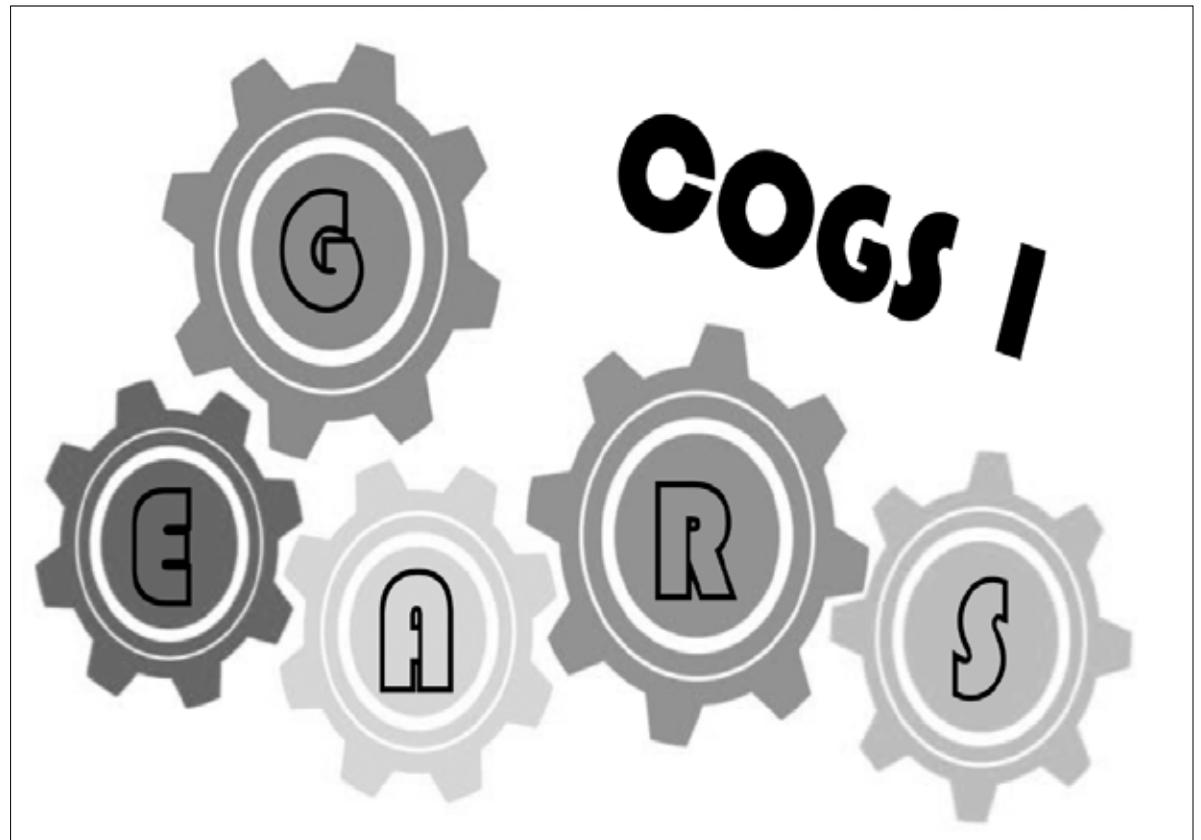
The Hopkins Center for the Arts is well-known for its inexpensive presentations of high-quality movies and plays, and its latest showing is no exception: a bawling '23 in Moore Theater.

Three exams in one week, regret over a one-night stand, and the death of a beloved family pet complement each other brilliantly to set the stage for the climactic dropped laptop scene in this gut-wrenching performance by Suzan Williams '23. The complete collapse of her cheery façade acts as daring commentary on the increasing relevance of public perception in a culture based too often on illusion, and of course, on how Tom is a dick and she definitely failed bio.

However, Williams' work left a bit to be desired. Public breakdowns have a

long and storied history at Dartmouth, and accordingly she had some big boots to fill: most notably those of Jack Quinn '04, whose groundbreaking public exploration of the worthlessness of both his own existence and Lou's French toast sticks is still recounted by both diner staff and customers. Perhaps it is unfair to compare a novice like Williams to an experienced artiste like Quinn, but one must note that Williams' wails were woefully underdone, and her appeals to God to smite her were quite obviously the words of a casual Christian at best, and an atheistic agnostic at worst.

With Dartmouth's mental health services so conducive to this medium of performance art, and judging by the arguments between this author's roommate and his girlfriend, this author, for one, anticipates a number of exciting sequels by next spring.



New Hood Museum of Art Exhibit Solely for Institutional Catharsis

By RAE CYST

The Hood Museum of Art has recently announced a new exhibit highlighting the struggle of racial minorities throughout Dartmouth's history curated exclusively by white people who feel great about it.

The exhibition took weeks to assemble, but despite the toil and extensive set-up, curators found the process therapeutic.

"Despite having never faced any of these issues myself, I definitely learned a lot from compiling these exhibits," said exhibit curator Jessica Anderson. "Through looking at the dorms of Dartmouth's

first minority students', we saw how they were profiled and targeted. Now, I can tell my ethnic friends that I totally get it."

Anderson also lead the creation and design of the "Natives and Dartmouth" portion of the exhibition. "It feels really good to put these stories out there," stated Roberts. "Whew! I know a lot of native people will appreciate the good messages we're spreading," she said.

Hood official Andrew Robbins assumed responsibility for the "Slavery at Dartmouth" exhibit. "We've collected the dentures of Eleazar Wheelock, which were made of

slave teeth" said Robbins. "And to balance it out, here's a note from Wheelock, written while he was eating a cake baked by his now-toothless slave, implying that he might have felt a little bit bad about it."

"You know," continued Robbins, "I think he really meant it."

When asked if proceeds would benefit any specific charity or work to dismantle any past damage, Robbins stated, "No, thank you."

At press time, the Hood announced plans for a future exhibit solely centered around the Academy Award nominated movie *The Blind Side*.

Hockey Player Joins Figure Skating Club — Trapped in Disney Channel Original Movie

By CLEE SHAY

Varsity hockey player Kyle Davidson '21 made one of the most daring athletic transitions ever seen when he left his hockey stick behind for the Dartmouth Figure Skating Club. “Kyle was one of our best defenders. At 6’3”, 200 lbs., he’s wasting his talent as an ‘ice dancer,’ though I could be convinced otherwise in an hour and thirty-eight minutes,” said Craig Bower, the defensive coach of Dartmouth Men’s Hockey.

In an interview with one of Davidson’s new teammates, Sally Caxton remarked,

“Kyle is, like, absolutely incredible. I mean, I didn’t like him at first, being a hockey player and all, but he’s driven and talented and soooo brave to be the first man to join the team. It’s kind of hot.” But not everyone on the team is as happy with the new addition. Bryan Barnes, three-year men’s champion, said, “I don’t know who Kyle thinks he is, lutzng in here and stealing my solos. I used to be the king around here. This is so unfair.”

Skating coach Svetlana Ivanoska has been impressed with the quick progress of her newest recruit. “Kyle is a quick

learner; he was able to do the entire choreography to the group song after only hearing the first verse. He can land any jump perfectly after falling in the exact same way three times. His greatest performance to date was at regionals last weekend. Kyle had tragically slipped on his double salchow, but he bravely got up and skated on. Now, Kyle knew the team was down by 9 points, so his double axel wasn’t going to make up the difference. He’d never landed it before, but the triple was our only hope. When he jumped, it truly felt as though we were watching

in slow motion. Midtwist, he winked at Sally, and when he landed a minute later, the girls rushed the rink with flowers.”

We caught up with Kyle in the locker room, where he was staring blankly at the men’s tights in his hands, wondering where everything would go. “I have no clue what’s happening. I made one comment about figure skating looking easy, and now every time I walk to Thompson, I end up at figure skating practice. And now every time we skate, I start singing. I don’t think these songs exist, but I know all the words. I can’t

remember ever using the bathroom or sleeping since this started, and I’m incapable of saying the word ‘s – e – x’, let alone having it. Now Bryan hates me, and I don’t know who he is. My dad called to say he’s proud of me. This is wrong. I need to get out of here. Please. Help me.”

You can watch Davidson and the rest of the Dartmouth Figure Skating Club compete in the New England Intercollegiate Figure Skating Conference finals this Saturday at 2 p.m. This has been the Dartmouth sports highlight, and you’re watching Disney Channel.

Brad Really Wants You to go to His Lacrosse Game, But Will Accept Sex Instead

By M.T. SEX

Sources close to you have report that Brad Connors '21 thinks that you should totally come out to his lacrosse game at 11 AM tomorrow. “Yuh, we’re gonna eviscerate Cornell I think,” Brad lies before continuing, “If you can’t though, that’s totally fine. I get it. You’re so busy.” Brad’s teammate Joey nods helpfully, before adding that you could instead fuck Brad right now on third floor TDX.”

Brad knows what you are thinking: “We don’t know each other that well. We have only spent half an hour on the bar watching my boys, Joey, George, Peter, and Tucker play pong.” Brad smiles, adding “But I think that you should get up at 9:30 A.M. tomorrow, shower, run into FoCo, and then make a 25 minute walk just past the Co-Op to Scully-Fahey Turf Field.” Then, says Brad, about to fall off

of the bar onto Tucker, “you can watch me, unrecognizable in large padding and a helmet, play catch, and like, no cap, maybe lose to Cornell.” Brad smiles and puts his hand on your knee, “also it’s gonna be mad rainy tomorrow.”

You know when it’s not raining? Right now. “The stars are so nice tonight,” says Brad. Joey, in a tone quiet enough to be a whisper but loud enough for all, including Brad to hear, helpfully adds: “you could totally skip the game and just head to Brad’s single in New Hamp, or if that’s not convenient TDX 308 is empty because Bryce is in Boston tonight. You guys could pipe in his bed.”

Brad would “love to see you at the game tomorrow, but like no pressure. I’ll just show you my highlight reel on my phone upstairs when we are done.”

Confused Horse Shows Up at Water Polo Practice

By ANN CORRECT

You can lead a horse to water, but can you fit its head into a swim cap? This was one of the questions rattling through the pomegranate-sized brain of confused horse and former member of the Dartmouth Dressage Team, Blossom, on Tuesday when she trotted into the Big Green swimming complex.

Expecting to find mallet-wielding gentlemen in white breeches atop their purebred Appaloosas, Blossom was surprised to be greeted by the speedo-clad members of the Dartmouth Men’s Water Polo Team. We spoke to Blossom shortly after she entered the pool to learn what exactly brought her to water polo practice.

“You see, I come from a long line of dressage horses,” whinnied Blossom. “I quickly

grew tired of performing and wanted to try my hoof at something a bit more whimsical, like polo, so that’s why I’m here,” she added. “But why are we in a pool, and why are there nets, and why am I the only horse?”

After warm-ups, the team split up to scrimmage. Halfway through the match, we pulled Blossom aside to see how she was doing.

“I’m about 12 feet tall on my hind legs,” neighed Blossom, “and apparently that’s a huge advantage. Except I can’t exactly catch and throw with my hooves like the other players, so no one passes me the ball anymore. Don’t other horses play this sport? Seriously, where the hell are all the other horses?”

After the scrimmage, we spoke to team captain Brock Wellington '20 to hear what he

had to say about the new addition to the team.

“We’ve never had a female on the team before, let alone a female horse,” Wellington commented. “But Hazel’s a trailblazer, and we’re happy to have her. With enough practice under her saddle, I think she’ll make a great goalkeeper. We just need to figure out how to get her into a bathing suit.”

By the time practice was over, Blossom reported that she was still incredibly confused about what she thought was supposed an equestrian sport, but she still plans on continuing to attend practices because “anything’s better than dressage.”

In related news, gourd-enthusiast Anthony Rubin '23 was shocked to find that squash practice is held in the gym, not at the O-Farm.

No Noticeable Difference in Spirit at Football Game Observed After Cheerleaders Replaced with Papier-Mâché Body Doubles

By REDD UNDANT

While Dartmouth college excels in many areas, school spirit is not one of them. After years of putting up with this, the Dartmouth Cheerleading team replaced themselves entirely with paper mache body doubles during last night's football game to protest students' enduring lack of sports-based enthusiasm. According to reports of the event, the lack of a cheer squad and the presence of paper-based mannequin people went largely unnoticed.

When asked about the performance of the cheer team last night, it was clear most students weren't aware of the change. "I thought they did really well last night, probably," responded Charlie Lile '23, "I could really tell that they gave it their all with their body movements and real-life voices." Bradley Mint '21, a student who had been to every home game since coming to Dart-

mouth, just looked confused and asked, "we have a cheer team?"

The events of the night got a little bit interesting when a stray football took the head off of the paper mache body double modeled after Lillian Orly '22. As the head hit the ground an audience member screamed "Oh my god he murdered that random lady, someone call 9-1-1," and then subsequently slumped down into his seat and went back to watching the game as though nothing happened. "That could have been my head," Lillian said sobbing, "would no one actually notice?"

At press time, the Dartmouth Cheer team has been considering other methods to get people into the cheering mood. According to cheer captain Katie Dermond '20, the team is prepared to offer people up to \$50 cash on the condition they say, "go Dartmouth college, you got this Dartmouth college," at least once during the game.

Dartmouth Basketball Begins Preparation for March Madness, Purchases 60" TV

By KOCH KAY

March Madness is just around the corner, and Dartmouth Basketball isn't playing games this year. After an impressive 2-12 performance in the Ivy League last year, Big Green Basketball was rewarded with the privilege of watching March Madness through the three televisions on the side of Collis, but the team admitted that poor preparation brought them a subpar watching experience. "The room was too small for all of us to sit comfortably; there were people walking in and out the whole time; it just wasn't the experience we had hoped for, but

the only thing we can do is learn from our mistakes and look ahead to next March," said head coach Winn Liss. That's why this year, each player on the team pitched in to purchase a 60" TV to prove to the nation that Big Green Basketball is capable of enjoying March Madness at the highest level.

We sat down with international point guard Louzing C. Zin '21, who had this to say: "I always hear people talking about how 'Dartmouth's team always hogs common room TVs just to fall asleep before the Sweet 16', so we realized it was time to humble the haters and just

buy our own TV. We don't really know where we're going to put it yet, but that's okay. We're taking things one step at a time." Exciting times clearly lie ahead for the team, but their vision doesn't end in 2020. Assistant coach Joe Kartist assured the school, "We're not done grinding once April 2020 hits. No, this team dreams big, so by 2022 we're aiming to rent out the projector in the Loew Auditorium, and if all goes well, we won't be watching the 2023 tourney through Xfinity On Campus. That's right, a team trip to Duke to watch the tournament courtside is being planned as we speak."

Dartmouth Sailing Team Discovers Northwest Passage

By ASTRO LABE

To train for their upcoming race, the Dartmouth Sailing Team has trekked through the treacherous Northwest Passage- the fabled route that connects the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean through the Canadian Arctic.

"We wanted to be 100% sure we were prepared for our race next Saturday," co-captain Kaitlin Reid '21 explained. "I lost half of my crew, but how bad is that compared to losing the Captain Hurst Bowl?" She grimaced, revealing the three

teeth she had left.

The 60 day expedition, planned by head coach Michael Hansen, is part of the Sailing team's plan this season to take back their uncontested streak after placing a tie for first in last year's championships. "How can the team expect to beat UConn if we can't even get through a route that's eluded hundreds of seasoned explorers?" Hansen demanded. "I bet UConn didn't need an astrolabe to navigate across the Connecticut River!"

Some might think their approach is extreme, but

the team insists that tougher training is necessary to put them back on the map. Commented skipper Abel Ermias '22, "There's nothing like the claws of a stranded, starved polar bear around your throat to prepare you for the serene waters of Mascoma Lake."

At press time, it was announced that the team would be practicing in the Bermuda Triangle to prepare for the Youth Sailing Championships held at Camp Mah-Kee-Nac in the Berkshires. The remaining members of the team could not be reached for comment.



Human cheerleaders, leading cheers.

DARTMOUTH SPORTS ROUNDUP

Pong Paddle Suffers from Phantom Limb Pain

By NUMB PAYNE

Nothing quite says “Dartmouth” like Pong. Last weekend, we visited the basement of Alpha Chi to get current students’ perspectives on this social activity that’s been a part of campus culture since the mid-1950s. First, we spoke to Larry Klein ’21, a brother of the fraternity. “I’ll never forget the time I sunk my first cup,” said Klein while nursing a can of Keystone Light. “I was on top of the world!”

Next, we spoke to Harvey Paddleman ’14, a handle-less wooden Pong paddle who suffers from severe phantom limb pain. “I remember my first game too,” groaned Paddleman whose lingering sensations of sharp pain come from severed nerves near the site of amputation. “The cruel, cold-hearted brothers had torn my only limb from my unanesthetized body an hour before they opened the basement, so the pain was fresh and excruciating.”

We then spoke to Jason Phillips ’21. “Nothing beats the first time I golden tree’d the other team,” remarked Phillips, yelling over the loud music and the even louder shrieks of Pad-

dleman. “I was in a state of total euphoria, and I’ve been riding that high ever since.”

“Please, I beg of you, snap my round, limbless body in half,” pleaded Paddleman, who Phillips had picked up and began banging against the edge of the Pong table for no apparent reason. “Stop taunting me and finish the job already! Repent for the sins of your predecessors, you callous Neanderthal!”

Not all Pong players, however, are free of complaints about the game, like Mary Avila ’22. “I love playing Pong, especially with my friends,” said Avila, “but my hand starts to cramp up because the paddles are so big. I wish they had handles.”

“Oh, you wish we had handles? You think holding a Pong paddle hurts? Try being one, you ableist bitch,” moaned Paddleman as he was carelessly knocked off the Pong table and into a puddle of alcohol on the basement floor. “Ohhh, the pain! For the love of God, make it stop!”

Unfortunately, we were unable to interview any more Pong players that evening, as Paddleman’s cries of mind-numbing agony reached deafening volumes.

New Sport: Crossing the Green Without Making Eye Contact with a Warren Supporter

By BERNIE BRO

With conflict escalating across the globe, from the Turkish assault on Syria to turbulent protests in Hong Kong, it’s easy to forget that an equally explosive war rages in Hanover. Every day, brave Dartmouth students make the dangerous trek across the green, determined to evade clipboard-wielding Elizabeth Warren volunteers.

Hostilities began during Sophomore summer, when the first wave of Warrenites descended upon campus. At first the 21’s were unperturbed, and even excited to be involved in the political process. But, Daniel Brats ’21, claims he saw the conflict coming; “After I registered to vote for the 4th time it got a little old.” As the weeks dragged on, student-volunteer relationships began to deteriorate, with heated skirmishes along the FoCo-Green border.

“I don’t like thinking back to those days,” says Mark Jeffers ’21, “I knew some goddamn good men who never made it back from Foco.” [Editor’s Note: Jeffers later clarified that they did in fact make it back, but losing 5 minutes of their day had been “a real bummer.”]

By the start of Fall

term, only a veteran few 21’s remained, hardened by covert trips to Collis and the memory of brothers lost along the way. To make things worse, Warren volunteers began to escalate their guerilla tactics. The airpods and downturned gazes which had once proved so effective worked no longer. Recently, in their biggest victory to date, Warrenites set-up encampments in the lobby outside of Novack, cutting off crucial supply-lines. Students have also expressed concern over alleged radicalization of the Warren cause after her visit to campus, with some going as far as claiming “radical progressive terrorism.”

Warren’s campus coordinator allegedly assured supporters that they would be “cleansed of all sin and brought directly to heaven” upon bringing the “Word of Warren” to “those Biden infidels.” In one particularly tragic attack, a volunteer was heard repeatedly muttering “big structural change,” before plummeting himself off the FoCo balcony and into a crowd of Buttigieg supporters. Upon impact, the volunteer exploded into a burst of human flesh and Pledge to Vote cards.

Rat Bastard Steals My Zagster Bike

By MIKE B. SICKLE

To the rat bastard that stole my Zagster Bike
This action you’ve done I quite do dislike
Oh, 20 dollars a term has gone to such waste
Defeat in my mouth is all that I taste, I left it outside, I needed to piss
Now left at the Choates, I’m in an abyss
It’s 3 in the morning, the temp just fell
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, go to hell
They say just to walk, what, are they crazy?
My ego so high, my legs have grown lazy
What was that tale about Icarus, he flew too close to the sun?
I had no need for a car or a bus, now I’m forced to simply run
I miss the bell I used to ring along the rough sidewalk
Now, how can I let others know of my massive cock?
Sure, it wasn’t the best, not vespa nor moped
But still I can’t seem to get it out of my head
I used to tread through the cold, the wind, and rain
But now all I feel inside is a Phantom Bike Pain
Rat bastard, rat bastard, how dare you do this to me?
Oh please, oh please, my navy blue cycle is all that I seek.