

The Dartmouth

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VOL. & CANO

NUDE AS IT HAPPENS

YEAR OF OUR LORDE, 2021

HANGOVER, NH



DDS Announces New Dining Stations: Clean Cowboy, Still South, Polly's Restaurant And Bar

By **BUB L. TEA**

Following the successful installation of their new bubble tea station, Dartmouth Dining Service (DDS) has decided to expand Collis' dining selection to include stations named Clean Cowboy, Still South, and Polly's Restaurant and Bar in a new 'Destroy local businesses' campaign.

"Look, we know COVID-19 has hit small businesses hard, which is why we've adopted a year-long plan to shut down every local business in Hanover," Dartmouth Dining Service representative Donnie Gee said. "We want to destroy them and serve them for breakfast at FOCO in the powdered eggs."

According to Gee, DDS believes that there is a natural hierarchy in the food service industry, placing DDS at the top and small businesses at the very

bottom. "Up here, you see this," Gee emphasized by pointing to the sky. "This is where we are. We are in the sky. Above all. We've made this school our bitch." Gee proceeded to grab a shovel and dig a hole about three feet wide and ten feet deep. "See this!?" he said. "This is where the wormy worms and dirty dirt are. Local businesses are here."

Tensions further escalated when DDS revealed a new sign outside of FoCo saying "Occidere Omnes Loci Popinae," which translates to "Kill All Local Restaurants."

"I can't read Latin," said Ralph Wintham '22. "I don't understand it. I am, however, excited to spend my Dining Dollars on \$2.90 margaritas at Polly's."

According to Wintham, the distance between Collis and his dorm makes the 'Destroy local business' campaign much more attractive.

"Walking across the street into town is draining," Witham explained. "I'd have to wait like 3 minutes to cross the intersection and then walk like 300 additional feet. It's tough going. Now, I just need to go to Collis and I know I can have my margarita with my morning omelette."

Gee looks forward to new terms, saying, "We've succeeded in kicking KAF out of the Library, so we may use that space for DDS brigadeiros and apple cider donuts. Who knows? Maybe we we'll expand into records and posters."

Self-proclaimed overlord of DDS Richard Small, often seen throwing rocks at the windows of small businesses, simply stated, "I hate small businesses."

When asked for further comment, he said "No. Go Fuck yourself you little small business sympathizer dummy."

Collis After Dark Employees To Start Grinding On You During Bingo

By **HOLDEN TUCLEAUSE**

As part of an ongoing effort to provide an alternative to Greek spaces on campus, Collis After Dark announced a new initiative in which its employees will grind on students during bingo.

"We've heard from many students that Collis programming is missing important aspects of the appeal of Greek life," said Collis director Melissa Patel explaining the motivation behind the change "In particular, our past events have really lacked the looming presence of sexual advances."

Self-proclaimed "bingo enthusiast" Greg Larson '24 felt the change brought a new energy to the sport: "While bingo — like all Collis programming — is wildly popular for obvious reasons, I've always felt there was room for innovation."

Others had less positive feelings on the new program. "I

appreciate what CAD is trying to emulate here," remarked Lizzie Freeman '22, "but part of the appeal of the frat basement is that the person grinding on you is often someone you know, like your friendly TA Ryan from last term."

'23s returning to campus also expressed new interest in Collis After Dark programming. "I know some of my friends think that offering the equivalent of 7th grade summer camp activities is what limits Collis After Dark's appeal," said Emily Brazich '23, "but personally I was never interested in their programming primarily because of the human dignity it afforded me."

We reached out to Brazich's friend, Michelle Freeman-Young '23, for her perspective. "CAD's doing what?? Wait sorry, say that again... Why is that what CAD thought alternative spaces were missing?"

At press time, Lizzie's TA Ryan was eager to attend Trivia Night.

NEWS:

'25 Sitting Alone At FoCo Just An Asshole
Read it on Page 13

SPORTS:

House Cup: Rat Catching And Mold Sniffing
Read it on Page 14

ARTS:

We Counted All The Paintings, There Were So Many!
Read it on Page 15

Ledyard Canoe Club Hosts Annual Trip To Die Mysteriously In Egypt

By **KAI ROW**

Every year, members of the DOC fight tooth and nail for the chance to go on Ledyard Canoe Club's Trip to the Sea, recreating John Ledyard's famous paddle from Hanover to the mouth of the Connecticut River.

Less well-known but even more competitive is the club's annual trip to die mysteriously in Egypt, just like Ledyard himself.

Ledyard member Mark Applebaum '23 told reporters, "I'm a sucker for traditions and folklore. Hell, that's why I fell in love with Dartmouth! This trip to Cairo will surely be life changing."

We spoke to the president of the Ledyard

Canoe Club Oscar Morrison '22 to talk about this tradition: "The trip to the sea commemorates Ledyard hating this school so much he had to escape down the river, and Dartmouth let's that continue, so I guess it's not completely unreasonable that a DOC trip where you die at the end checked all of our boxes." This year's brave adventurers are preparing to cruise down the Nile to their final resting place.

One student, Jessica Windsor '22, told reporters, "I've been waiting so long for this trip to finally be here! When last year's trip was altered because of COVID, I couldn't tell you how disappointed I was.

I actually helped plan the alternative trip to die in BEMA, but it just wasn't the same."

Erica Clapton '24 is planning to lead the trip next Fall. "I'm jittery just thinking about being able to commemorate the great Ledyard's unsolved death in Cairo in 1789. It'll be such a cool experience to lead these ambitious tripees to their untimely doom!"

At press time, the Dartmouth Administration did not comment directly about the Trip to Die Mysteriously in Egypt. Separately, Residential Life announced that there will be 15 additional spots for Winter term housing.

Floormate Who Locks Door Definitely Hiding Something

By **ROB BURR**

Dartmouth students are famously lax about locking their dorm rooms. As a result, experts suspect Sam Lim '22, the only floormate who locks the door, is probably stashing something worth stealing.

"When I was leaving for my 10A this morning, I couldn't help but notice Sam was fiddling with the door, for some reason" said floormate Nick Wang '23, "and after I jiggled his door knob, and gave it a few kicks to make sure it wasn't just stuck, all I could think to myself was 'Damn. The crazy bastard really did it.'"

When polled as to

what Lim was possibly hiding, "Rolex" was the floor's general consensus, though "blood diamonds," and "evidence" were other popular answers.

"I'm extremely disappointed in Sam," said UGA Stephen Lee '23, "because locking his door means he doesn't trust us, which destroys all the community we've worked so hard to build this term. Plus, if he doesn't have anything to hide, then he has no reason to lock his door, right?"

At press time, the floor has called SNS to drill the lock out of Lim's door so "he doesn't have any more funny ideas."

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The Crayola Crayon Box

Olivia Gresham '22 *Red* Spencer Locke '22 *Yellow* Anders Knospe '23 *Blue*

Blake Danziger '22 *Outer Space*

Hayley Piper '22 *Inchworm*
Jamie Tatum '23 *Assyrian Empire*
CJ Henrich '24 *Sunset Orange*
Jonas Rosenthal '25 *Shamrock*
Mariana Cepeda '25 *Plum*
Lily Easter '25 *Jazzberry Jam*
Claire Mitchell '23 *Goldenrod*
Veronica Quidore '24 *Almond*
Mia McClure '24 *Burnt Orange*
Natalie Halsey '25 *Apricot*

Izzy Calihan '22 *Wild Strawberry*
Brandon Hill '23 *Vivid Tangerine*
Molly Fried '25 *Mango Tango*
Selin Hos '25 *Vivid Violet*
Jordan Mann '25 *Chestnut Red*
Daniel Cespedes '23 *Melon*
Gus Vratos '23 *Manatee*
Lily Arrom '25 *Denim*
Ore James '25 *Pacific Blue*

Nick Sugiarto '23 *Cerulean Blue*
Julia King '23 *Fuchsia*
Nate Gordon '25 *Dandelion*
Ben Sontag '25 *Mahogany*
Rishav Chakravarty '25 *Mulberry*
Jacob Kingsley '23 *Thistle*
David Katz '24 *Cool Mint*
Spruha Pandey '25 *Cobalt Blue*
Kaija Celestin '25 *Fern*

Kenrich Jenrich Henrich
Chair of CJ Time

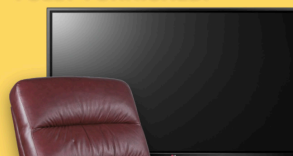
Lily 1 & Lily 2
Chairs of Lily Fight

Keggy the Keg
Chair of Nose Job Jacko

BIG PRIZE BINGO

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Finally: Student Fatally Crushed Between Berry Library's Sliding Bookshelves

By S.M. USHT

A legendary, once-in-a-lifetime event occurred earlier this week on Fourth Floor Berry Library when a student was fatally crushed between two of its sliding bookshelves. "I always just kinda assumed it was impossible," said Melissa Ortiz, '24, when questioned about the carnage that had ensued. Ortiz continued, "I just feel so glad I get to exist at the same time as something so raw. So real."

The process, a slow and grueling one, is no easy feat. According to experts, the perpetrator would have had to be extraordinarily committed to the act, grinding away at the bookshelves' levers for multiple hours.

"It should have been very, very loud," seasoned pathologist Khalila Hartley commented after performing an autopsy on the flattened corpse. "Surely, the entire library would have heard. Bones are very crunchy. And the victim certainly would have been screaming in agony," Dr. Hartley noted.

However, according to Jackson Bauer, a '25 who witnessed the event in

real time, that wasn't the case at all. "I mean, sure, I could hear the crisp, hearty crackling sound of the bones snapping. But honestly, you just had to be there." When asked whether or not he'd thought to contact authorities, he claimed he "didn't want to sour the moment" and "could've lost [his] spot."

Bauer went on to describe the process as "grueling" and "life-scarring." He concluded "I'd give anything to see it again. Anything..." as he wistfully looked in the direction of the crime scene.

After further investigation, expert pathologists have concluded that the victim was so sleep-deprived, she had lost the ability to feel pain and thus could not physically process that she was literally dying.

The next morning, Fourth Floor Berry, a typically quiet study space, saw its loudest day. Students of all class years and even alumni gathered around the bloody scene to celebrate the monumental event. "It's just so nice to see the whole school come together. It's the most united I've ever

seen campus," notes Lucy Caldwell, an alum from the class of '08, tears streaming down her face. "When I think about how I was once a first year, mildly curious about what would happen if somebody had been crushed in between the library bookshelves, it just makes me so emotional." When asked for further comments, Caldwell, choked up, could not respond.

Other students however, are outraged that they missed the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. "I mean, come on. It's not even that cool," scoffed Justin Kovach, '23. "No, it doesn't matter to me that I study at Fourth Floor Berry every night and the one day I finish my work early I miss the crushing. No, not at all. I just think the whole thing is, like, whatever."

In the days following the grisly murder, students scoured the area surrounding the crime scene for a souvenir of the event to keep for themselves.

"There was a chunk of small intestine that they forgot to clean up stuck between the pages of one of the books," commented one student, who preferred to

remain anonymous in order to prevent robbery. "I felt so lucky to find it. It's my lucky charm." Sources tell us that the book, a dense text called *Leading from the Periphery and Network Collective Action* is reportedly the very book that the victim was searching for. "When I heard that, I got so excited that my heart literally stopped beating," said the student while trembling and foaming at the mouth. "There's not a thing in the world that I'll ever treasure more. It's not just

a piece of history, it's a piece of me." Other crime-scene discoveries include teeth, fingernails, assorted intestines, and even a salvaged eyeball.

Experts estimate that the next Baker-Berry crushing will occur from somewhere in the next 100-200 years. But don't worry if you missed this one! Due to the high volume of excitement, there is a 1% chance that Third Floor Berry may experience the same phenomenon, so keep your eyes peeled.



Students reenact glorious crushing.

Flashy Flitzes Flounder As Fledgling Flamphlets Flower

By **PENN N. PAPER**

If you haven't had a hand-printed flamphlet slid under your door yet, you might see one soon. Students across campus are reporting that while their inboxes sit undisturbed by the once-ubiquitous "flitz" (flirty blitz), their carpets are piling high with "flamphlets" (flirty pamphlets).

"The first one I got, I thought it was some sort of garbage," said Talia Glubcow, '23. "But then I looked closer and I saw it was a sonnet in 16 point Garamond, with an engraving of Cupid shooting a heart!"

The flitz has been a vital part of campus hookup culture since at least 2006, but confidential email metadata suggest that they have suffered a massive decline during 21F. While a flitz, which can be composed quickly, sent directly, and read anywhere would seem to enjoy numerous advantages over the time-consuming, slowly-delivered, physical flamphlet, supporters are quick to point out winning advantages.

"It shows dedication, while still being mass-produced,"

explained Tommy Santanovich, '22. "I choose a sexy type, set it, run a proof, find some backing images and florderscroll [flirtatious border scroll], cut the paper stock, roll a sensual galley, fold them, and of course, clean up afterwards. It takes maybe three hours max, which seems really impressive to those on the receiving end. But what they don't know is that each run produces twenty to thirty flamphlets, which I can put under the doors of twenty to thirty prospects. It's much better than the old days of bcc'ing everyone in my Econ class."

"Look, I've tried everything, and flamphlets get results," agreed Michelle Hancock, '23. "I've experimented with flitzes, of course, but also flexts, floom dms, flanvas notifications, fIOC trip postings, flAFSA records requests, and even some fl-SNS-warning alerts. Anything to avoid asking someone out in person."

Not everyone is on-board with the new trend, however. "Call me old-fashioned," lamented Allen Haspert, '24, "but there's something about an email with three gifs,

bright blue and red text, and too many question marks that hits different. Kids these days will never know that joy with their hip new-fangled 2-pika spaced 18 point Centurion off-white french cream flamphlets."

But these naysayers remain a minority. "The first flamphlet I got was crisp, clean, and as modern as a 15th-century form of communication can be," remembered Glubcow. "I've stopped refreshing gmail waiting for a flitz from the cute girl in French 8, and started staring at my doormat instead."

For those readers looking to start making their own flamphlets, they can use the book arts workshop next to the Orozco murals under Baker-Berry during general open studio hours.

But be warned: many novices make common-but-disastrous mistakes when printing flamphlets, such as inserting their lettertype upside down, applying printing ink directly to type, earnestly expressing their feelings instead of hiding behind layers of format-based cynical meta-irony, or choosing a sans-serif font.

Professor Takes Student's Yawn Personally

By **TAY K. NAPP**

Earlier this week, '23 Bennet Fletcherson yawned in his 9L Chem 5 class. While he thought nothing of it at the time, his lecturer, Professor Kim made note of Fletcherson's delinquency.

"I always preach to the class about how course engagement is absolutely vital to success in this class," said Professor Kim. "I will not tolerate this kind of disrespect in my class."

Fletcherson later reported receiving a failing participation grade, as well as an academic probation notice. "It pains me to see how this generation is going off the

rails," lamented Professor Kim.

To combat the declining quality of student conduct, Kim has increased his classroom standards: "I've also noticed students sneezing during the last midterm," said Professor Kim, addressing the class, "to avoid any echolocation-based violations of the honor code, I will be instituting a strict 'no viral illnesses' policy for the final. Any student found in violation of this rule will face serious consequences, *no exceptions.*"

At press time, Professor Kim has fired himself after yawning during lecture.



DDS To Replace All Food With Beverage, Like In *WALL-E*

By **S. L. Urp**

Following the successful replacement of the Collis sandwich station with a bubble tea stand, Dartmouth Dining Services has announced their decision to replace all food options on campus with drinkable alternatives. When asked what prompted such an ambitious move, DDS Director Richard Small cited the 2008 Disney-Pixar movie *WALL-E* (dir. Andrew Stanton) as his main source of inspiration.

“I watched *WALL-E* for the first time back in July,” said Small. “Now, when my nephew suggested we watch it, I was hesitant at first, but the film is truly a masterpiece.” He continued, “I mean, a spaceship owned by a corporation where everyone drinks their food out of a cup? Incredible! When I saw that, I thought to myself, ‘now this is the type of improvement Dartmouth needs!’”

Particularly inspired by the “Food-In-A-Cup” aspect of *WALL-E* rather than its clear commentary on capitalist greed and consumerism, Small set to work adapting the menus of the DDS locations on campus to reflect those of the drinkable food items offered on the spacecraft in the animated sci-fi film. In addition to the drinkable food items seen in *WALL-E*, such as “Pizza-In-A-Cup” and “Cupcake-In-A-Cup,” DDS, which has since changed its name to BnL (short for Buy ‘n’ Large, the mega-corporation from the film), has also added Dartmouth-specific items, such as “Tender-Queso-In-A-Cup” at the Courtyard Café and “Foco-Cookie-In-A-Cup” at the Class of 1953 Commons.

While some students are resistant to these new changes, citing that they “miss chewing” and that they “don’t understand why



A graphic from DDS promo campaign depicts students in line for drinkable meals.

Collis soup doesn’t count as drinkable,” others embrace BnL’s influence on campus life.

“Drinking my meals out of a cup has definitely taken some getting used to, but my eating habits have actually gotten much better because of it,” remarked Barbara Levine ’23. “Before BnL, I couldn’t afford the time to wait in the Hop line for lunch between my 11 and my 2,” she added. “Burger-Special-In-

A-Cup may be kind of disgusting, but I have to admit, it’s incredibly efficient. I’m glad the College is finally listening to the concerns of the student body and making the changes we so desperately needed.” In addition to these menu changes, BnL has also cancelled trash collection services on campus and has commissioned the construction of a trash-sorting robot at the Thayer School of

Engineering. At press time, the robot (named WALL-D, short for Waste Allocation Load Lifter Dartmouth-class) was found rummaging through piles of garbage as BnL officials ushered students onto a large Dartmouth Coach spacecraft to escape the toxic conditions they created on campus.

Library To Close Early On Wednesdays To Improve Dweebs' Social Standing

By **DONNA B. LAME**

In a recent email sent to all current Dartmouth students, the Dartmouth Library services in conjunction with the Student Wellness Center announced that all three of Dartmouth's Libraries—Baker-Berry, Sanborn, and Rauner—will be closing earlier than usual on Wednesday nights.

The announcement reads as follows: "Out of regard for the current social standings of the patrons of our library, we, the Dartmouth Library, have decided to modify our hours of operation. It is only after deliberate conversation that we have come to the conclusion that anyone still studying after 4:30 P.M. on a Wednesday is a fucking loser. We hope that this new policy will work to strengthen the essential bonds that sustain our community and also maybe help those pathetic little dweebs studying on Wednesday nights not be so lame."

When asked about the recent policy change, one '25 found hiding in a bush next to Baker-Berry revealed the existence of a contraband studying ring that breaks into the library every Wednesday

night with the hopes of being able to study in peace. The '25, who wishes to remain anonymous out of the fear of persecution, confided, "I swear I was planning on going out, it's only that I wanted to impress my hot TA, Kevin, so he'd invite me to tails next Wednesday."

Left without more productive avenues to channel their overflowing rage and anxiety, an influx of students will now be spending their Wednesday nights walking aimlessly around Frat Row. "This is tyranny," said Chandler Richie '22 who failed a class in political theory earlier this year. "Wednesday's are my nights to hang out at tails and rip a few games of pong. How am I supposed to vibe when the basements are packed with grody rejects? Last week I saw some kids practicing chem flashcards during a rave, what's up with that?"

To further clarify, administration sent out another email that reads as follows: "Upon receiving worried emails from students and professors alike, we wanted to confirm that the Stacks will still be available on Wednesday nights to aid in the completion of the 7."

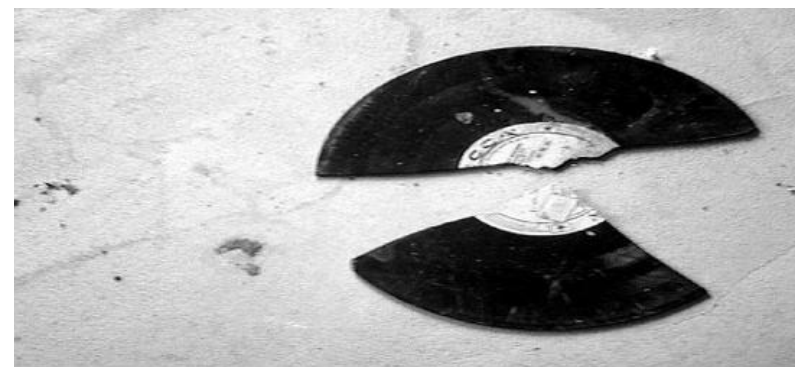
Record-Breaking Athlete Banned From Record Store

By **VAN D. LISM**

Since the 2021 season began, Darcy Kim '23 has been the greatest star the Dartmouth Track and Field team has seen in decades. Just in the past week, Kim has broken Ivy League records in the 800m, 1500m, and triple jump. But nothing is as impressive as Kim's absolute rampage last week, where she broke a rare original vinyl of the 1974 Steely Dan album Pretzel Logic at the local record store.

"Damn that's badass!" remarked her teammate, Leslie Menowitz '22. "This is the most incredible performance I've seen in my time running for the Big Green! Wait—what did you say? Darcy would never vandalize like that! She's never mentioned wanting to cause damage to analog sound storage discs. Well... not seriously at least..."

"I'm pumped that the Big Green is taking home so many great finishes this year," commented record store owner and property damage victim Pat Warberger '86, "but that doesn't change the fact that she has caused upwards of



Just one victim of Darcy's rampage

\$2000 in damages to my merchandise."

When asked if there was any chance he believes the damage was an accident, Warberger responded, "She walked in, asked where my rarest vinyls were kept, snapped each one in half one by one, and then walked out as if nothing happened. She even shattered one of my 1971 Yes albums, and that one says 'Fragile' right on the front! This was most certainly deliberate."

We reached out to Kim's coach, Rosa Wayne to comment: "Darcy is such a driven and competitive athlete, you'd be crazy to think she would do something that thoughtless, especially something that could hurt her athletic career! As she always says: the only thing she hates more than losing is classic rock."

Darcy's close friend,

Mark Nottsby, was able to provide some context to the situation. "Oh yeah, she hates rock and roll alright. Even eighth notes, 4/4 time signatures, don't even get her started on the electric guitar! These things really get to her." When asked about Kim's record breaking athletic performance this season, Nottsby continued, "You could almost say she was... Born to Run..." He paused, looking over his shoulder, sweat beading along his browline. He laughed nervously before adding, "Don't tell her I said that though. She would literally burn down my family's house."

Reporters attempted to get in touch with Kim, but were never able to make contact, as according to coach Wayne, she was "breaking the record for longest police chase."

In & Out

What's in fashion and what is so out

<i>In</i>	<i>Out</i>
Starving to death	24 hour CVS
90% of belly buttons	10% of belly buttons
Glaciar Cherry Gatorade	Lemon Lime Gatorade
Augustinian reforms	Debauchery in the City of Rome
Hinman mail services	Houtman mail services
Hip swayin' Jazz	The Devil's Rock music
Amphibians	Reptilians
James A. Garfield	Rutherford B. Hayes

Collis Bingo Implicated In International Antiquities Black Market

By ART T. FACK

Last week, Collis After Dark sent out emails announcing the newest iteration of Big Prize Bingo, and that this time, the prizes looked bigger than ever.

"Want the chance to win your very own Early Cycladic figurine? How about a blue period Picasso or a Mimbres vessel? Well, this Friday, you'll have the chance to win big!!"

Word about art and antiquities bingo spread quickly around campus, and it wasn't long before agents from the Department of Homeland Security arrived up at the Collis desk.

"It was crazy," said Bridgette Scanlon '23, who was interviewed by DHS. "Apparently they've

been looking for this fancy violin that we put on the bingo blitz. I guess it's one of the most wanted antiquities in the world?"

Many students expressed disappointment at the cancellation of Big Prize Bingo. "This sucks," wrote Dan Corden. "I really wanted that violin. Now what am I gonna do? Work for it? Go see it in a museum? Gross."

In a press conference on the Collis lawn last night, special agent Lana Paulette announced that the DHS would not be bringing Collis After Dark up on charges for purchasing the Stradivarius. "In our interviews we found no evidence that the student event organizers had any intention to participate in the black market. We are grateful for Collis

After Dark's cooperation in this matter and will be repatriating this treasure to the Italian government, but...how did you all afford this again? This sold for \$3 million--don't you have other things to spend this on?"

In response to students expressing their disappointment Collis After Dark sent out another email. "Hello bingo-lovers! We know you're disappointed that we aren't going forward with Big Prize Bingo this weekend, but don't worry! Our funds for bingo will roll over to next term so the prizes will be bigger than ever! Keep your eye out for... A brand new Mazerati! Thirty iPhones! Kanye West's Wyoming ranch! You could be the next lucky winner!!"

Psych 53.2: **SIKE!**



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Where else are you gonna go?

FoCo Cookies Aren't That Good; Y'all Have Just Never Tried Crack

By MIKE O'CAINE

Lately, I've been hearing a lot, especially from '25s, about FoCo cookies. Look, I get it. They're warm, they're gooey, they're chocolatey. They're alright, definitely—they're a nice bite after a meal or something, but you know what's even better? Riding to Valhalla on a kangaroo, that's what. Tweaking out from the Devil's dick off of twenty grams beats a FoCo cookie any day in my book. Play around like that and get back to me about how you just "can't stop yourself from having two with every meal!" I actually can't stop myself.

You know what else they aren't? "Literally addicting," like I heard someone saying on light side the other day. Literally addicting means means waking up in an moldy apartment with no windows in crippling abdominal pain to an ex-Soviet doctor leaning over you, and he says, "We're taking a 50% cut, just to cover operating expenses," meaning you're only getting the worth of half your kidney, minus the kidney-dealer fees, and you don't care; you don't care that your piss will be brown now; all you care is that you can buy enough rock to last you a few more months. Then in a few more months you can call Sergei up again to see about selling your liver. When's the last time one of you punks sold your kidney for a FoCo cookie?

Let me put it differently. The FBI didn't bust down the door of DC Mayor Marion Barry's hotel room in 1990 to arrest him for eating a FoCo cookie off of the

back of his girlfriend. Bill Clinton didn't jam through an overwrought and illiberal crime bill because too many little kids were getting hooked on FoCo cookies. No enigmatic Colombian drug lord ever rose to violent fame and fortune by pushing FoCo cookies. Cool it.

And FoCo cookies are just sitting out there, for everyone to take! You can take as many as you want and no one will stab you with a sharpened toothbrush in your gut, right next to the scar from the kidney-removal-surgery. God, I'd kill for crack to be that widely available. In fact, I have. Multiple times. In the moments after, when their still-warm body slumps to the ground I feel this god awful sense of terror—who am I? Whose shaking hands are these? Whose eyes are staring back at me in the mirror, looking more like those of a hungry animal than a human being? I'm on a train, and I can feel the cabin shuddering around me—we're derailing—and I look for the emergency brake, and I find it in a 4-inch glass pipe, and my fingers are trembling so much I can barely light it, and then I'm free, flying in the clouds, flying away from the terrible weight of mortality and finally, finally I feel fully at peace.

Try doing *that* with a FoCo cookie.

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

Are My Friends Just Hanging Out With Me To See My Hot Roommate?

By SEXUAL

I have been having a really good term so far. Despite getting a random roommate, Tony and I get along really well, and am spending plenty of time with my friends. They actually keep planning events and are so nice that they always invite my roommate too. But, honestly, sometimes it feels like they're less interested in being my friend than his.

This all began with weight lifting. My roommate and I spot each other twice a week, but this week all of my friends were there. Good for them to get the exercise, but they spent the entire time staring at him. I think I even heard one of them compliment his heavy breathing when she was absentmindedly hanging from the pull-up bar. Maybe they were just struggling but determined, but they interrupted my buddy Tony's pull-up set for 30 minutes.

They were especially weird last weekend too! So, Tony and I promised each other that we would do the Ledyard Challenge together since

he was scared to do it alone. However, when we arrived at 2:00 AM, all my friends were already there, sitting in folding chairs with popcorn to watch. I mean, I was happy for the emotional support, but I just felt like they spent their time only cheering on Tony, which made him feel embarrassed and me uncomfortable.

Maybe this is just how college works: you drift away from your friends after a while. They even have started their own inside jokes. At meals, they keep referring to some person named "The Hunk," "Sexier Brad Pitt," and "Hot Stuff Squared." One time I tried to ask, and they laughed at me. I mean, their jokes do not need to include me, but it would have been nice if they had talked about something I understood on my birthday.

I just want my friends to stop acting so weird to me. We have grown so far apart that I haven't even let them know that Tony and I are *fucking*.

I have finally checked out every book from Baker-Berry Library



What are you gonna do about it?

Webster Avenue: Finding A Good Catholic Community

By CATHY LICK

I remember my first year clear as day, and I know as well as anyone that in your first few days on campus it can be difficult to find “your” community. But thankfully, I’ve had my Catholic faith to guide me. And on one fateful Wednesday afternoon, I received an email from the Aquinas House Catholic Student Center. I responded immediately. In our correspondences, I found out that there are two Sunday mass times, and it was during the evening that I attended my first mass at Aquinas House—which, for those interested in attending, lies on Webster Avenue. No matter the strength of my faith, the hustle and bustle of freshman fall had caused me to become lax in my religion, and it was Fraternity Row that rekindled my faith. I was heartened by the crowd of people joining me on the Row—all these people were going to mass, just like me? I was finally home.

There’s something Christly about the term “frat row.” “Frat” of course, is short for the Latin *fratrem*, as in *ama fratrem tuum*: “love thy brother.” The moment you arrive, you can immediately tell that love is at work on Frat Row. If you look in the windows of one of the buildings here, you would be astonished by the comradery of my devout peers, oftentimes engaging in a gentleman’s game of table tennis. Moreover, comradery of this sort can be exhausting, so they always see to it that their fellow brothers and sisters are hydrated—how can you honor the Lord if you do not honor yourself?

I am a proud student minister of the Aquinas House, so I spend my time on the sidewalks of Frat Row, joyfully shouting ‘The Lord Be With You!’ to everyone I meet. People tend not to respond, but that doesn’t discourage me. I know their faith runs as deep as mine — how could it not?

Interview: This Entrepreneur Attributes Success To His Old College Mattress Company

By FRANCISCO LIOSIS

Despite his young age, Mr. Peter Smithings ’16 has already built a multi-million dollar empire. When asked about the source of his success, Smithings commented, “It all started freshman year of college. I saw a shortcoming in the market, and by market, I mean my expectations for my hundred-year-old two-room double. The hard, rigid, painfully blue mattresses that were already there were not enough. And the people deserved slightly more. That’s when I founded my first company: The Mediocre Bed.”

Smithings’ company later skyrocketed him to business stardom as Starkla Tech Solutions. When asked about the unique service he provided as an undergraduate, he continued, “Our beds are made of exactly the same material as the mattress toppers one could get for much cheaper at any department store. Our California King 20 inch extra thick foam mattresses that will definitely not fit in your dorm are not good. They’re acceptable at best, just acceptable enough to land me on Forbes’ 30 under 30 list.”

According to Smithings, the beds “freakishly mold to your body over time like a pseudo-casket and work together with our cooling technologies— useless for living in the subarctic— to create a slightly below-average experience and guarantee our

customers a decent night’s blink.” Smithings asserted, “Oh, don’t get me wrong, they’re still terrible, but compared to my old mattress, this is like sleeping on a cloud! If clouds were made of rotten polyurethane, of course.”

Regardless, it is not surprising Mr. Smithings has made such profits from his innovative business. He said, “maybe it’s because our product is still better than the thin, stiff, painfully blue mattresses that come with the dorms. Maybe it’s because we continuously spam the entire student body’s emails with our advertisements. Maybe it’s because wealthy students are always willing to rent them for 500 bucks a term. Who knows? What I do know is that there’s no excuse for not starting your own business in college. Use my path towards becoming this business prodigy as inspiration. If I could successfully scam students, so can you!!”

Sponsored Message:

The Mediocre Bed offers on-campus delivery! Models include The Deflated, The Concrete, The Petri Dish, The Wet Napkin, and The Old One We Stole From My Uncle When He Wasn’t Looking. Furthermore, for a limited time, if you use the code “sweaty” during checkout, you’ll unlock the opportunity to pay exactly the same price for our invaluable products. They are not valuable.

No more books for you



Hop Announces New Visiting Artist: My Aunt Who Took One Pottery Class

By **DENICE**

This year, the Hop is offering an exciting series of guest artists coming to collaborate and create with Dartmouth Students. The lineup of renowned guests includes: dance group The Urban Bush Women, the New York Theatre Workshop, and my aunt from Meadville, Pennsylvania who recently took one pottery class.

Aunt Cynthia, 55, is a newcomer to the illustrious pottery scene, having only taken one class at her local YMCA. “Well, you know, your Uncle Richard wanted something to get me out of the house and away from my Lifetime shows,” Cynthia shared. “My friend Sheila, you know? The one with that laugh, well, she brought me with her one night to a wheel throwing lesson, and I fell in love.”

My uncle Richard, her husband, commented, “She keeps filling the cabinets with all this crap. I don’t even know what happened to our regular dishes anymore. It’s just this lumpy horseshit.” He

struggled to lift his thick clay mug off the table.

Cynthia’s passion for her art brought her to Dartmouth. She told visitor (me) at her impromptu one-on-one artist’s talk, “Well, I just came up to bring a few mugs I had made for ya. And, I was gonna send ‘em up in the mail, but I thought they might break, so I thought of puttin’ a label on ‘em, but who knows if anybody reads those things, especially with the way the post office is today, Lord knows. And, you know, it’s always better to be safe than sorry.” As it turns out, Cynthia’s trip would be more impactful than she could have ever imagined.

“It was like coming across a gold mine,” Hop programming director, Wayne Choebels commented. “These were some of—No. These were the most inspired and innovative pieces of craftsmanship I had ever seen in my entire professional career. I knew we had to have this artist here immediately.”

When asked about this moment, Cynthia

responded, “Well, I didn’t understand half the stuff he was saying, to tell ya the truth. But, I figured it was pretty good cause of the tears coming down his face.”

“I don’t know what in the sam hill that man was thinking,” Richard said, “but as long as they give her something to do besides spend my money on QVC, I’m not complainin’.”

This winter, Cynthia will certainly be busy, as she is teaching two pottery intensives: “How to Put Handles on Things: Let’s Learn Together” and “Filled In Bowls: Function isn’t Everything” (spots for both are limited).

At press time, it was confirmed that Cynthia is eager to welcome students to her class. “Well, you know, I really wish you would sign up. Honey, I’m gonna be totally honest. Now, I know your mother and I haven’t always gotten along, but I don’t think we should let that get in the way of our relationship, should we?” Sign-ups are available at the Hop website!

Books In Frat Library Actually Pretty Interesting

By **REID N. BOOKS**

A recent report suggests that the books in Dartmouth fraternity libraries are “actually pretty interesting,” as revealed by George Allbeck ’23, who stumbled upon his frat’s shelves of leather-bound classics while looking for a bathroom.

Allbeck quickly shared his revelation with several brothers, who were equally moved by the quality of literature resting just under their noses. The brothers have reportedly begun a weekly discussion group to dive into the house’s collection. “We meet on Wednesday nights before chapter meetings,” explained Ben Cooper ’23. “It’s been nice. Jake even brought in a charcuterie board last week so we all had something to munch on. There were cheeses, crackers, even a little paté.”

“Did you know that fraternities were founded as literary societies?” commented Michael Lee ’22, looking up from a first edition copy of Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights*. “It’s a shame we’ve strayed so far from our roots. Really makes you wonder what other finer things we’ve been missing.” As Lee trailed off, he could be seen gazing wistfully at

the large oil portraits around the frat’s parlor room while absentmindedly polishing a pocket watch with an ornate handkerchief.

Fervor for reading has since spread through the entirety of the fraternity. “It’s in the tradition of the French salons, old sport,” guffawed brother Clayton Bradley III ’22, wearing an elegantly patterned smoking jacket at the society’s most recent meeting. “Lévi-Strauss, among other structuralists, had remarkable comments on the nature of social organizations that have helped us evaluate and improve our brotherhood.” Bradley’s musing was met with a chorus of “here, here!” and “mmm, yes quite!” from other members reclining into overstuffed leather chairs around the room. Elsewhere in the library, brothers could be seen holding ivory pipes by the roaring fireplace and discussing topics including scrimshaw, the iron rail, and “the thrill of the hunt.”

At press time, literary society meetings have been suspended from a violation of Dartmouth’s tobacco ban and hard alcohol policy; members were caught smoking high-end Cuban cigars alongside a 30-year-old bottle of Macallan brand scotch.

Squash Team Disbanded After Growing Gourd By Mistake

By **G. ORD**

This week, the Men's Varsity Squash Team announced that it will be disbanding. "It was a heartbreaking decision," said Head Coach Martin Testler at a press conference, "But after finding out that we'd spent the entire season growing a gourd instead of a squash, we were left with no other choice."

Former athletes on the Squash Team were devastated by the news. "It rocked me to my core," Team Captain Stephen Parking '22 told reporters, "I mean, I've devoted my life to Squash. Ever since I was little all I did was train and train and train." After wiping fresh tears and blowing his red, raw

nose, he continued, "I hate myself for not noticing it was a gourd sooner. We don't deserve to be a team anymore. I don't deserve to call myself a Squasher."

Other students on campus expressed disbelief at the situation. Margot Walters '24 stated, "It's an outrage! Dartmouth is one of the top schools in the country, and they can't even distinguish a gourd from a *Cucurbita moschata*? The ruined The Big Grow. I'm glad they were disbanded." Another student, Stewart De Martino '25 commented, "They did what? I thought... isn't Squash... wait, sorry, what?"

At press time, the gourd was decoratively placed on Collis Porch.



Disgusting, wretched, fucking disgrace of a plant.

Wrestling Team Mad They Don't Exist

By **RHEA LIZATION**

This Monday, the Dartmouth Wrestling Team released a statement criticizing Dartmouth, alleging that because of the administration's actions over the past three centuries, they do not exist. According to the non-real team, the lack of long-term support has had a variety of repercussions against these non-real wrestlers.

"I am utterly disappointed in the administration," protests would-have-been Captain John Paul Beard '22. "They've repeatedly failed Dartmouth students for years and this is frankly a continuation of a long history of mistreating students. In fact, ever since they made those decisions a century ago that led to the

wrestling team not existing, I do not go to this college."

Some of these hypothetical victims are planning to sue the college. "You see, my parents would have met at my father's wrestling meet back in the 90's" protests would-be-human Greg Allen '25. "Since Dartmouth did not have a wrestling team back then, they never met as my would-be father did acapella instead, and my would-be mother hates singing. Now, I do not exist and the only thing I wrestle with is nonexistence." Our reporters attempted to continue the interview, but Allen disappeared in a puff of dust, never to be seen again.

"Actually, I predicted this precise phenomenon twelve years ago," remarked

Professor Nina Lloyd. "Ever since I came here to teach Astrophysics, I predicted that the inexistence of a Dartmouth wrestling team would provoke the space-time continuum such that the quantum multiverse would have causal effects and push one universe's Higgs Boson into the other's. Soon, the quantum wrestling possibilities will destroy this universe in a multiversal singularity heavyweight collision."

Others were less concerned about the implications of the Dartmouth wrestling team's non-existence. "Eh, who cares," scoffed real student Nat Gulman '25. "If the wrestling team existed, one of their recruits would have taken my spot at Dartmouth. So go fuck yourselves hypothetical wrestlers."



DARTMOUTH SPORTS ROUNDUP

Dartmouth Football Team Faces Crushing Defeat From Fallen Scoreboard

By **JIMBO TRON**

As part of Dartmouth Football's first season since 2019, the team has experienced an outstanding opening winning streak, with school spirits at an all time high. These spirits sank during an away game visiting the UMaine Bears, in which a scoreboard fell onto the field during the end of the first quarter, crushing Dartmouth's entire offensive line. Fortunately, all involved in the accident have since been discharged from DHMC.

"It was certainly a sight to behold," said UMaine head coach Jerott Strub. "As sad as we are that the Big Green lost a significant portion of their team, we admire the fact that their backup OL stepped onto the field despite



Football team flat

their teammates still being pinned under the scoreboard. My Lord, I love this sport," he said, wiping away a tear while wistfully looking into the distance.

Big Green wide

receiver Clay Scott '22 found it peculiar that the players weren't allowed to drag their teammates out from the rubble before continuing the game. "I would have personally preferred to

play on a field without the pinned bodies of my teammates trapped underneath a fallen scoreboard," he said with a shrug. "But *c'est la vie*. Not my pig, not my farm."

By the end of the game, the referees and head coaches were still debating if the victory belonged to Maine Bears or the "GO BEARS" scoreboard.