

The Dartmouth

The Jacko's Oldest College Newsparody. Founded 1908

VOL. UPTUOUS

FUCK I THINK I LEFT THE OVEN ON (AND OTHER NEWS)

YEAR OF OUR GOURD, 2022

HANGOVER, NH


TODAY'S WEATHER
I hardly know her!

NEWS:

*Local Frat
Clarifies Stance
On No-Deal
Brexit*

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SPORTS:

*Dartmouth
E-Sport Team
Caught Doping*

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ARTS:

*more like farts
ahahahahahah*

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Perfectly Platonic, Legal, Ordinary Meeting Held At BEMA

By MARY JUANA

Sources close to the matter confirmed today that Allie Spenser '23 and Sidney Wyatt '24 met at Bema last night for an ordinary, uninteresting walk to see the natural scenery and late fall foliage. The two completely sober friends, who have never harboured romantic or sexual feelings for one another, met at the entrance to Bema north of Chi Heoret, at 6:30pm.

"Yeah, they just walked on in. I thought it was a bit early in the day for the Seven, but no, they were appropriately and respectfully distanced from each other the whole time," said Brett Huegonkampf '24, a brother at Heoret. "They were hanging, not banging. I couldn't believe it," he added, shaking his head. "All five times I've been at Bema I've..." he trailed off.

Mildred Janets '22, a TA for both Spenser and Wyatt, added "Oh,

they're really just friends – and not even with benefits. They just study together: they feed off of each other's questions in class, but in a totally platonic way. I think they're just legitimately interested in the class, and in their friendship. Totally boring, actually."

Early speculation was curtailed when reporting revealed both Spenser and Wyatt were entirely sober the whole night. "Oh, I thought for sure they were blazing, or just walking off a really early pong loss," said River Worthington '25, who was smoking "none of your business" at Bema at the same time. "But man, they were just-clear-headed. I could hear them talking about art history, but like, real art history. Like, paintings and shit." River adjusted their beanie. "And they weren't selling either. I asked."

Reached for comment, Safety and Security Officer Mike Dupree, who was stationed on North Park

Road that night, recalled watching them leave. "Normally, when I see two kids walking out of the College Park area, they are intoxicated, or look disheveled and ashamed. But these two looked confident- and not that way." In fact, he said, Spenser and Wyatt even wished him a good evening as they passed by. "They made eye contact with me, and not guilty eye contact, like they had just done something shameful. I don't get it. I just- twenty years on the force, and I just don't get it. Were they psychopaths? On some crazy new drug? Hazed for a secret society or a frat? I just can't make heads or tails of it. I felt they were just... being kind, I felt like they really meant it. Kept me going until I had to pull a possession charge half an hour later."

Shortly after talking to Dupree, Spenser and Wyatt were seen going separately to bed at the healthy time of 9pm.

In Name Of Equity, College Announces Next 203 Classes Will Admit No Male Students

By F. ALLMEN

In a statement celebrating 50 years of coeducation, Dartmouth college announced that its next 203 incoming classes will include no men. "We've finally come to the realization that during 253 years of dysfunction there has been one common denominator," explained Vice Provost for Enrollment & Dean of Undergraduate Admissions and Financial Aid Lee Coffin. "The men have had their chance, and see what happened? The housing crisis, the lack of Collis Late Night, the never-ending construction, and the annoyances of the quarter system; what could have caused these dilemmas except male students? The most cost-effective solution was to just get rid of them altogether."

It should be noted that the college has been adamant that Dartmouth is not converting to an all women's college, as all gender identities are

welcome except for a very specific one.

Banning all undergraduate men on campus will have serious ramifications, but many students are excited about the transformation. Jessica Stevens '23 happily exclaimed, "My sorority will finally be able to glue the handles back on our pong paddles!" On the other side of Greek life, fraternity houses will be shut down and subsequently bulldozed in order to stop the spread of the diseases contained within.

As for currently enrolled male students, there is no need to panic. They will each be provided with state of the art outdoor living equipment for an extended stay at BEMA while they complete the transfer process.

And finally, congratulations to Michael Revitz '24. You're the only man allowed. Keep up the good work, buddy.

Dartmouth Investment and Philanthropy Club To Share Losses With Non-Profits

By EMMA BEZZLE

The Dartmouth Investment and Philanthropy Program (DIPP) has recently announced that charities will be designated as new partners in the organization, saying, “The way we see it, everyone is better off when our club’s interests are truly intertwined with the corporate structures of the charitable organizations that we work with.” However, due to recent market conditions, the Program’s fund is predicted to dip by 33% in total valuation by the end of the fiscal year—leaving their new non-profit partners on the hook for a projected \$113,583 of the depreciated assets.

T y p i c a l l y , organizations will donate stocks instead of cash to circumvent capital gains tax, something that is waived in most instances for non-profits. In this manner, DIPP donated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of put options and derivatives that have turned into unprofitable financial liabilities under unfavorable market conditions. When asked about the situation, a coalition of the affected charities replied, “What?”

A representative for DIPP, Braxton Langshire ’24, reasoned, “Listen. These guys claim to be ‘non-profits’ and then complain when they don’t get profits? Give me a break. I would like to

see these charity volunteers spend a day in the shoes of a high-level financier, maybe then they’d get it.”

The affected organizations include various food banks in the Upper Valley, The Global Health Initiative, and Dartmouth Students for Habitat for Humanity. An intern from the associated charities’ law firm, legal titan Samson & Ellis, deliberated, “There’s no way this is legal man.”

At press time, DIPP has described the situation as “no biggiee”, and announced a new strategic plan where they are piling half of their holdings into mortgage-backed securities which they claim “have no chance of going south.”

Forensics Science Class Spend Entire Budget On Comically Oversized Magnifying Glass

By MAX ZOOM

CHEM 31: Intro to Forensic Sciences will be structured differently this year after the course’s entire budget was wasted on a comically oversized magnifying glass.

With no learning material other than the professor’s knowledge and the comically oversized magnifying glass, the class bravely voyaged into uncharted territory.

“This is obviously unprecedented,” says Professor Nathan Harold. For context, Professor Harold was the one who spent the entire budget on the comically oversized magnifying glass. “We are officially the first course at Dartmouth to spend our entire budget on a comically oversized magnifying glass and I could not be more excited!”

Amelia Langford ’25 is confused by some of the non-traditional methods utilized in the class. “Our prof keeps using the word ‘clues’” Langford said. “We don’t learn much in this class, but I’m pretty sure the word is ‘evidence’”.

L a n g f o r d ’ s classmate, Brody Sheridan ’24, shares concern,

saying that he “[has] no fucking clue how this class is gonna work.”

Despite some of the class’ skepticism, Professor Harold feels very confident in his choice. “Well, it’s very helpful. Especially when we are looking for clues!” Professor Harold said. “At a crime scene you need to look verrry close at the little clues lying around,” he said. “Take this brownish reddish puddle by the victim’s body. Using our comically oversized magnifying glass, we can look closer and determine with 43% certainty that it is blood.”

Upon being made aware of his students’ hesitancy about the course, Professor Harold responded by saying, “How on Earth are we going to investigate any crimes properly without the proper materials? Lo and behold we have the magnifying glass!” While defending his choices, Professor Harold drifted into a British accent, despite being born and raised in Iowa.

Professor Harold is currently accepting donations for a pipe and a deerstalker to accompany his comically oversized magnifying glass.

The Dartmouth



The Deep Blue Ocean

Anders Knospe ’23
Sperm Whale

Julia King ’23
Blue Whale

Jamie Tatum ’23
Humpback Whale

Brandon Abiuso ’23 *Narwhal*

Kyle Mullins ’22 *Coelacanth*
Lily Easter ’25 *Leopard Seal*
Rishav Chakravarty ’25 *Porpoise*
Casey Bertocchi ’26 *Lionfish*
Jack Vawrinek ’26 *Dottyback*
Blake Danziger ’22 *Isopod*
Gus Vratatos ’23 *Whale Shark*
CJ Henrich ’24 *King Crab*
Mariana Cepeda ’25 *Sea Otter*
Ari Rojas ’25 *Spinner Dolphin*
Riley Hawkins ’26 *Flounder*
Lucy Vitali ’26 *Cardinalfish*

Brandon Hill ’23 *Goblin Shark*
Lily Arrom ’25 *Bottlenose Dolphin*
Mollie Berry ’25 *Striped Dolphin*
Brooke Medley ’26 *Butterflyfish*
Sophie Cohen ’26 *Goldfish*
Nick Sugiarto ’23 *Tiger Shark*
Claire Mitchell ’23 *Nurse Shark*
Thomas Lane ’24 *Horseshoe Crab*
Nate Gordon ’25 *Clymene Dolphin*
Scott Sorenson ’26 *Common Guppy*
Maria Proux ’26 *Parrotfish*
Julia Abbott ’26 *Northern Pike*

Molly Fried ’25 *Harbor Seal*
Jonas Rosenthal ’25 *Monk Seal*
Adelchi Colalillo ’26 *Rainbowfish*
Alexandra Cadet ’26 *Haddock*
CJ Tebben ’26 *Clownfish*
Lewis MacMillan ’23 *Zebra Shark*
Carl Ufongene ’23 *Bull Shark*
Natalie Halsey ’25 *Hammerhead*
Aneesh Patnaik ’25 *Manatee*
Gavin Johnson ’26 *Paddlefish*
Brigid McCarron ’26 *Neon Tetra*

Lily Arrom
Chair of Elbows

Kyle Mullins
Chair of Novice Writing

CJ 2
Chair of Chug Jug

Due To Housing Crisis, '22s Still On Campus To Be Relocated To Kendal Retirement Community

By CRUS T. MANN

In yet another casualty of the ongoing housing crisis, all members of the Class of 2022 still on campus will be relocated to Kendal at Hanover, a retirement community north of campus.

“Due to continued unprecedented demand for housing, we have made the decision to prioritize housing for students who will actually graduate on time,” Associate Dean of Residential Life Karl Melton wrote in an email to campus. “Maybe, if these '22s had stuck to four years — like they SAID they would when they arrived in Hanover in 2018 — we would not have to house these washed-up fifth-years with the elderly,” he added.

Members of the supersenior class — many of whom are still on campus thanks to time off during the COVID-19 pandemic — reacted to the announcement with a mixture of confusion and resignation.

“Weird, but wouldn't be the first time Dartmouth screwed me over with housing,” shrugged Hilda Coulson '22. “And hey, I

hear Kendal has reliable heating in the winter. That'll be new for me.”

Cecil Yu '22, who will be moved to Kendal in the winter, worried that campus will lose something with the '22s forced off.

“I'm still in all my old clubs, and I can really tell that all the underclassmen love that I'm still there to hang around, dispense advice and live out my glory days,” Yu said confidently. “I don't think it's annoying at all.”

The current leadership of Yu's clubs, including an a capella group and an academic journal, declined to comment, though one group's president let out a lengthy, exasperated sigh.

Kendal Recreation Director Linda Munroe said that while '22s reside at Kendal, they will have access to all the amenities that normal, older residents have, including the library, art studio, knitting club and an extensive collection of backgammon and Rummikub games. Additionally, a DDS snack bar will offer multiple varieties of Jello, prune juice, Werther's Originals

and cream of wheat, she added. Finally, midway through winter term, all '22s residing at Kendal will become eligible to join the AARP and begin receiving Social Security checks.

“We're so excited to welcome the Dartmouth students into our community,” Munroe said while putting a singular Werther's Original caramels on each '22s' beds. “We think they'll bring real energy to the synchronized swimming team, and in the spring, they can help our long-term residents plant beets and carrots in their gardens.”

Several students have already moved into Kendal thanks to a pilot program launched this fall. Longtime Kendal resident Judith Arroyo said that she has enjoyed getting to know the Dartmouth students, though there are some “generational differences.”

“They keep asking me to 'be real,' and I don't know what to say to that, because I am real,” Arroyo said thoughtfully. “And the other day, I heard a ping pong game happening, so I came to join, but they said I could not play unless I was willing to 'boot and rally.' I don't know what that

means, but it sounded like a lot of work, and 'Price is Right' was about to come on.”

Munroe expressed hope that the students would integrate well into the Kendal community once they arrived in greater numbers.

“I really think that there's a lot of potential,” she said. “I heard that some of the students who are already here have signed onto a petition being circulated by residents that opposes new dorm construction, and there's nothing more Kendal than that.”



Gender Neutral Bathrooms Give Students Sense Of Belonging, Location For Gary And Melissa To Have Sex

By LOU BRIKANT

It took many years of student body activism for Dartmouth to realize that they weren't doing enough to promote the safety and comfort of the school's LGBTQ students. In 2017 Dartmouth reaffirmed its commitment to the inclusion of LGBTQ community members with the installation of gender neutral bathrooms, showers, and changing rooms around campus.

Dartmouth's Institutional Diversity and Equity Board, a major proponent of the implementation of gender neutral bathrooms commented on the effects that they've noticed the bathrooms have had since their construction, "The installation of these bathrooms was an important step in making Dartmouth a safe space for students of all genders. Reception of the addition of these bathrooms has been overwhelmingly positive among students...

somewhat unexpectedly, among the most fervent of supporters are two members of the Class of 2025, Gary and Melissa."

The breadth of support that these bathrooms have garnered is surprising. The fact that these bathrooms have attracted the support of students like Gary, an outspoken Republican who is heavily involved in Dartmouth College Republicans group, and Melissa who "prefers not to discuss her political beliefs" is truly amazing. When asked about why he was so passionate about the initiative, Gary said, "I'm just really excited about... inclusivity?"

"These bathrooms have been really important in creating a comfortable space for some of my trans friends." commented Emily Falero '24 commented, "But I'm glad that cisgender people like Gary and Melissa have also gotten on board with these changes."

Emily's roommate Dawn Riker '24 had a different perspective on Gary and Melissa's use of the space. "The last time I went to the bathroom, I heard 'Buy You a Drank' by T Pain coming from one of the showers. The song ended, and then it immediately came on again, and that's when I knew something was up."

Gary and Melissa's UGA, David Proutt '24, commented, "I think my residents have really appreciated the gender neutral bathrooms on our floor. In fact, just the other day I heard a voice from the shower saying 'I could use some help getting this lather going' and I was like 'Gary?' because I thought he was talking to me. He didn't respond, and then I saw bubbles drifting over the top of the shower so I guess he had gotten Melissa to help him. I'm just glad my residents feel so comfortable with each other."

McLaughlin Resident Takes Daunting Mission Trip to Choates

By IVAN JELICAL

Sophie Swift '25 returned to the safety of the McLaughlin cluster last Friday, after undertaking a perilous yet noble pilgrimage to one of Hanover's most reviled living spaces: the Choates. "It was truly an illuminating experience," Swift said upon coming home. "I had no idea what to expect, and was incredibly surprised by what I ended up seeing—to say the least."

When asked about what prompted her expedition, Swift's eyes softened with pity: "I think that there's something truly beautiful in the struggles of those living in third-world dorms. I wanted to introduce them to the word of God, and give them a glimpse of how a civilized person like myself acts." Following her arrival to the penitentiary-esque dorms, Swift had an interaction with a group of 26s in Cohen Hall that sent her reeling: "I was rather taken aback that they were out in the halls with a bottle of gin, pouring out shots like

soldiers in the Civil War. That kind of primitive ritual just doesn't happen in a place like Bildner." Afterwards, Swift entered the "Bisco" common room, and gasped when she witnessed a freshman writhing and retching on a puke-stained couch. "I quickly realized that he had dysentery," she said. "That poor thing! It was a good reminder of the plight of the other half."

Swift continued to spread her charity to the godless inhabitants of Little and Brown Halls. "Once I walked in, the residents threw themselves in front of me and offered me their services in exchange for alms, shelter, and—weirdly enough—a vending machine to go in their pitiful laundry room," she shared. Before she left, Sophie prayed for the impoverished residents, and bestowed upon them a cap's worth of premium detergent. "I was rather close to giving up on my holy calling at that point, but seeing the residents' eyes light up when I helped them with their struggle truly warmed my heart. Who knew that all it took was kindness to fill the hearts,

Extended Dartmouth Hall Stairs Spark 'Seven' Controversy

FROM CHOATES PAGE 4

bellies, and laundry machines of those little brutes?”

Swift's final interaction with a Brown Hall resident left a permanent mark on her—in more ways than one. When asked by the missionary about converting, Roger Ainsley '26 bit into Swift; his attack left her with multiple lacerations on her upper arm, shoulder, and neck. Swift was then informed by a Brown Hall UGA that Ainsley had contracted a serious case of rabies prior to the biting incident, prompting her to end the missionary trip so as to stave off other illnesses.

Upon escaping the Choates and receiving the requisite vaccines, Swift confessed that her once-steadfast faith had been shaken by her travels: “If God actually loved His people, he'd have told them to stay far away from the Hellfire that is the Choates,” she said, her voice quivering. The shadowy, unnamed mission organization to which Swift belongs could not be reached for comment at press time; however, further information about their travels and aid programs can be found on Swift's Instagram page.

By PENNY TRATION

As Dartmouth Hall's renovations come to a close, students and staff are excited to resume activities inside the historic building. However, the hall's newly extended staircase has sparked significant discussion regarding one of campus' most intimate traditions.

Many on campus are excited by the new opportunities that the extended staircase brings to Dartmouth 7 involvement. “It's about time we expanded the space to accommodate simultaneous groups,” said Alex Leung, '24. “Not worrying about people waiting behind you really takes the pressure off.” Other students note that the new installation is a boon for larger groups' engagement and facilitates use of more complex maneuvers. The extra space is crucial for exploits requiring mobility room, increased downhill gradients, and running head-starts.

The new stair configuration has also raised questions regarding legitimacy of recent Seven attempts. Students inclined towards tradition claim that fornicating further from the building fails



to meet the intended challenge. “Look. If people want to get their rocks off halfway up the slope, it's a free country,” said Ella LeBrun, '23. “But don't even think about checking the Seven box unless someone's butt hit a door handle. I'm talking ass to brass, baby.” Other students were worried about the possible precedent of a more flexible definition. “You allow for more stairs, and then what?” questioned Marcus Burman, '23. “The 40 yard line? The BOTTOM of the hop? The slope gets real slippery is all I'm saying. And not just because of like, the usual reasons.”

“Balancing innovation

and tradition is important,” added Gavin Hemlock, '21, a self-proclaimed ‘sex expert’ who completed four and a half of the seven during his Dartmouth tenure. “But people should be about getting lost in the feeling, not lost in the details! We just need to get back

to what the Seven is all about. Pants ‘round the ankles. Trying not to scream.”

At press time, D staff polling found that students most heavily debating these developments had no immediate plans to engage in the Seven themselves.

HISTORY 20.19: Precedented Times



I Skipped My 9L To Hunt The Great Sturgeon Of The Connecticut

By EARL E. FISCHER

The Beast—much like my participation grade these last weeks—eluded me once again yesterday. I awoke this morning having tasted failure, and yet hungry for another try at it, it, of course, being the accursed wurm of the Connecticut, and not my 9L ASCL class. As is well known, it has been full score and nine days since I first sighted the silver-backed leviathan wallowing in the waters near Pine Park, and it has been score and seven since I stopped attending Introduction to Japanese Art. Ere I returned to class, in every woodcut, in every ink brush, in every Kintsugi teapot, I saw the beast instead of an Edo-period work of art.

Before I push from shore for today's 8:50 AM attempt, my TA accosts me from the docks. His discouraging cries include my current participation grade, and then he is lost to the wind. But I shall not fail in my sacred quest. Blast the Canvas weekly update emails, full speed ahead. Nay, I should pick up the paddleboard once more, grip the paddle, and stand against the lapping currents. My hands are chapped and blistered from the harsh waves of the Connecticut, but no mere pain can halt my voyage. Or mere missed readings.

The Beast, as it haunts me, is of the *Acipenser oxyrinchus*, a dreadful and cruel specimen of sturgeon. Perhaps it has journeyed



The Beast for which I dropped my 9L

upriver to spawn, or perhaps merely to kill. I have seen, in my Bait and Bullet expeditions that tragically conflicted with Professor Fukuyama's 9L, sturgeon of great size before in these parts, but this horrendous apparition, is full five yards long and perhaps a hundred years old, and sharp and deadly as a fine graded razor. Its scales are flashing death, and its spines are the harpoons of the long-lost mariners.

I saw it once: a gleaming arrow twisting through the waves. It was clear then, some Mosaic revelation, some aquatic Damascene road, that my 9L meant nothing before the quest for the Beast, which I have since seen

thrice. There is, I believe, a mutual fascination between us: man and evil; Beowulf and Grendel; George and the Dragon; Dr. Fukuyama and the spider in the corner of Bartlett 103. We seek each other to seek Death, and to seek Life, and as it bears jaws and spines, I carry my sharpened paddle and whale-knife.

Ahead, a sheen of mother-of-pearl beneath the grime. Avast! With all my strength, I charge forward yet again, ceaselessly into the breach, carried against the current of the raging and Almighty Connecticut, mindful never of the "optional" midterm I was opting out of, and after the Beast once more. I sensed the end upon me.

Before my eyes, the Beast

leapt out of the water, not ten feet away from me. Its scales glinted like pewter in the cloudy glare, curving with such power and height that it put me in mind of the quintessential Japanese ukiyo-e print, the Great Wave Off Kanagawa. It dove back into the murky depths and disappeared again before I could act. I recalled, all too late, as Professor Fukuyama warned on the first day, that the Great Wave Off Kanagawa capsized those unlucky fisherman in their boats, and, as the sturgeon's mighty wake hit my paddleboard I stumbled backwards, backwards, and fell into its murky maw.

What Your FOCO Banana Says About You

By **JIM PANSEE**

Yellow Banana

You know yourself and what you like, but have you ever considered being a little more out of the box? Take a few risks. Join a new club. Lose your house keys. See what happens!

Yellow Banana, Spots (Few)

You don't worry about being perfect, just doing your best. Keep it up buddy!

Yellow Banana, Spots (Many)

You don't worry about being perfect, just doing your best. Maybe your best could be a little better though. Or maybe it couldn't! That would suck.

Yellow Banana (Weird Soft Spot)

You're shortsighted and fail to notice the key details. On that note, please make sure you're updated on your vaccinations. We're worried about you.

Green Banana

You tend to value stability over flavor. Maybe live a little bit and get over your childish fear of new textures.

Brown Banana

You want to make bread. Can I have some?

Black Banana

You reckless little rebel. You're not afraid to risk it all to take what you want. Your boldness will serve you well in the coming days.

Straight Banana

What the fuck? Why would you choose the straight banana you sicko?? Get out of my sight, I have nothing to say to you.

Tiny Banana

Why take a banana if you're just going to go halfway? Learn to actually commit to something and maybe your life will turn around.

Big Banana

Well you're a hungwy widdle guy aren't you? Something big's coming your way and you'll need the extra potassium. Good luck!

Why Does No One Respect My Love For Ping Pong?

By **TABBY TENISE**

Across the eight years I've been playing ping pong, I've been bullied a couple times for enjoying such a niche sport. But ever since I started at Dartmouth this September, my love for ping pong has been used to harass and villainize me. This school is such a horrible place for us paddlers, and I thought that it's about time that I speak up about it.

Look, I know the ping pong community here isn't big enough for the college to install some tables in Collis—that's why I took the initiative to set one up in my Midfaye triple instead. When I told my roommates about it they got super excited too, as they claimed they were training for the Masters tournament during sophomore summer. They even told me that they had friends who were interested in getting a "pong" scene going! We ended up deciding to have a Friday night tournament in the room, and I was absolutely ecstatic.

But just as I felt I was about to find my community here, my roommates and I started having some stressful disagreements. I gave

them my own money for snacks and some fruit punch or lemonade, but instead they only got tons of these "White Claw" sodas even though I clearly told them I do not like bubbly drinks, as I can't risk an unexpected burp disrupting my flow. Then they got so carried away with their sodas that they poured themselves, like, eleven cups each! Even though there was plenty of desk space left around the room, they kept messing with me and decided to put their cups all over my brand-new tournament-grade ping pong table! I asked them to get all the cups off of it but then they mocked me and said "no Tabby you need to get the ball in first," like what the heck, can we just get to the actual ping pong already??

Right as I was about to lose it, they handed me a mangled, handle-less, paddle...MY mangled handle-less paddle!! Turns out they vandalized all of my custom-ordered ping pong paddles while I was out in the hallway doing my warm-up routine! What am I supposed to do with my Diamond TC RTG Premium paddle, Rally Bandit paddle, and Killerspin CQ paddle now

that they no longer meet International Table Tennis Federation standards for competition?? They even took my dad's vintage Olympic paddle that he played with in the 1988 Seoul Olympics...all my paddles were worth hundreds of dollars, but the history that Olympic paddle carried was priceless.

At that point I couldn't take it anymore, so I just ran outside sobbing. I eventually stumbled into my UGA's room to bring her over to the scene of the crime, but once we got there and she clearly saw my roommates being the bullies, she decided to punish all of us!!! She even ended up sending me to "basics" even though she's seen the Connecticut Paddle Hound Champion 2018 trophy on my shelf. I think I know what I'm doing here, and it's really gutsy for non-paddlers to patronize a pro like that. What gives, Dartmouth? Do better.

The Dartmouth "welcomes" guest columns. Please send submissions to the Section Editor at pleasedont@thedartmovth.com

Opinion: I'm Too Hot To Blow My Nose

By **SNIFF LEE**

Everyone assumes being beautiful comes with pretty privilege, and I can confirm it does. There is no denying the gifts laden upon me by a higher power. But, unfortunately, there is no pretty privilege without pretty baggage. Most people are too ugly to realize the struggle of having a cold while being gorgeous, as I am simply too smokin' hot to blow my nose in public.

Now you— you can blow your nose in public and no one would bat an eye. It's expected. But me, on the other hand?. No one would look at my perfect nose – the one that 12 year old girls show their plastic surgeon – and think to themselves “hmm, I bet there's excess snot in there.”

The average person, such as your generic self, would assume given my dilemma, that I could sneak out to the nearest restroom and clear my nostrils there. Unfortunately, simply-minded non-hot people like yourself don't realize another piece of vital information: pretty baggage means being too hot to let people know we need to go to the bathroom. Everyone knows pretty people don't have bowel movements. Going to the bathroom to blow my nose is simply out of the question.

It's really important to me that no one assumes I'm a sneezer. When I hear someone sneeze or blow their nose in

public, I don't even look at them. I know it's in their nature to be an ugly little snot-nosed twerp, and my eyes don't do charity work.

The other day, I felt a sniffle coming on, so I called my good friend. I asked her, “Giselle, how do you blow your nose?” She suggested buying Sudafed or any other over the counter nasal decongestants and having an assistant pick it up. This has worked great for me, and I would normally recommend it, but you have no use for this hack given you can be seen picking up nasal decongestants all day long. Because you're not hot. You're not pretty. I wouldn't even call you kind of cute.

You have to understand (and you will really have to try) that all it takes is one sneeze to change everything. One time, someone said my friend Mariah was prettier than me, so I blew black pepper at her face in the middle of a crowded Foco. She sneezed and everyone immediately realized she was never that pretty to begin with. Poor Mariah was so embarrassed, she had to transfer. Isn't that so sad?

Once again, I only share the story of my struggle to raise awareness for hot people. Ugly people like you could never understand with your free-drip noses and socially acceptable bathroom breaks. I hope you have learned your lesson, you unfortunate, mouth-breathing Neanderthal.

The DOC Taught Me To Poop In The Woods. Why Do I Have To Stop Now?

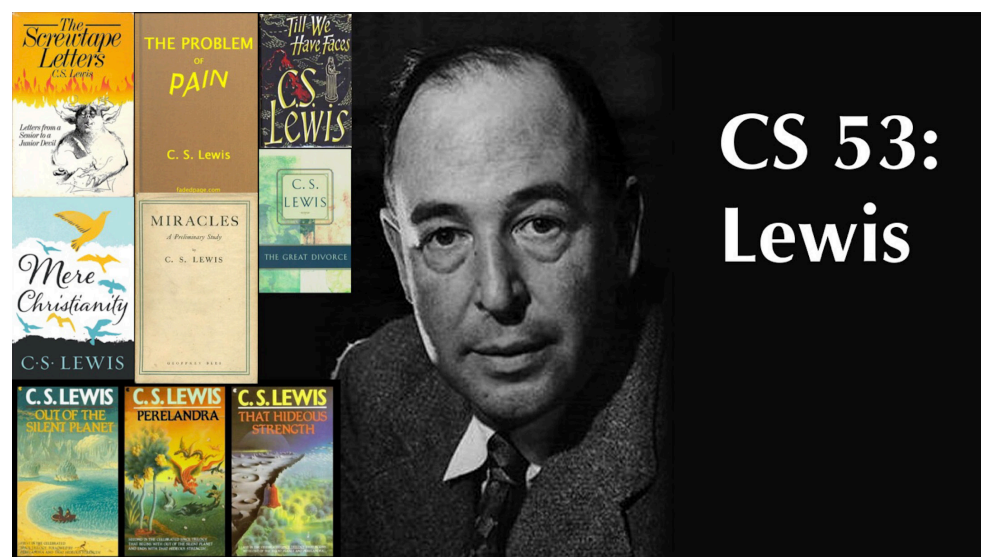
By **P.N. WOODS**

I used to be a toilet-shitter. A toilet'er, as we call it. Two long years here, can you believe that? I managed to get through my first two years here at Dartmouth pooping alongside the commons, inside the stalls, inside the bathrooms, inside the buildings, inside this artificial institution. I spent two years of my productive career releasing – wasting – my shits in central sewage. I can't believe I've toiled in this man-made hellscape where my creations are stolen from me every day.

When I went on sophomore trips, they taught us to poop in the woods. It was all in their little song: walk 300 steps away from all water sources, dig a hole 6 inches deep, and place your belongings inside. Of course, cover it all with dirt when you're done. As Dartmouth students, it is our duty to take care of the woods. That's what the DOC taught us. But then, in one fell swoop, they ripped that solemn responsibility away from

us. They taught us to feel this intimate connection with the beautiful nature around me. They taught us to feel the hill winds in my pants as we make bears on the granite of New Hampshire. They taught us to live as humans were truly meant to live. And now that I'm back on campus I have to sully my gully on that glorified manufactured shit-seat again?

Look. All I'm saying is that I feel led on. Not only did they tell us to poop in the woods when necessary, they encouraged it. And now the very DOC I trusted with my pooping methods tells me “there are toilets in Robo” and “you can't shit on the Green, man.” It's so rich that they were pissed when they caught me fertilizing the lone pine. Next thing you know, they'll get mad at me for dropping trou in BEMA or blowing mud on Halon's lawn. You showed me this pleasure, DOC. This shit is on your hands.



I Shall Not Be Tempted By the Foco Stir Fry Line

OR, *The Story Of A Modern Odysseus*

By **H. OMER**

My friends have tied me to the mast. The knots are strong and tight. I've warned them that, no matter what, they aren't to let me free.

I'm ready to walk past the Foco stir fry line.

It will be hard, and I call upon the heroes of the ancients to aid in my struggle. Oh, for the heroism of Heracles! Oh for the persistence of Perseus! Oh for the bravery of Bellerophon! As I call upon thee when I'm down to my last half cup, I call upon thee now. Muses on high, though even you may not resist foco stir fry, hear my plea and attend to me!

The wine dark griddle snaps and sizzles tantalizingly. I yearn to taste the forbidden meats, but the long-abandoned plates and forsaken patrons assure me like bleached bones on the rocks, that only doom awaits me. And yet...

I can remember the stir fries long past. I can almost taste the delectable shrimp, the delightful broccoli, and the sweet ambrosia of General Tso's Sauce. The savory textures meld and mingle in my mouth. The

ropes cut deep against my skin, but my friends press me on—our true goal lies ahead: our Ithaca, the vegan station. Yet all I see on that oft-fabled shore is the usual pureed mush.

True, with ease have I passed the sandwich station of the Lotus Eaters. Yes, it was with successful effort I avoided the allure of Circe's salad bar. Rightly have I threaded the needle between both the pizza of Charybdis and the soups of Scylla. But yet the Foco stir fry line calls me with a greater temptation than anything before.

I turn to the right and see diners picking at a barren Hesperides: the empty watermelon tray. To the left I see the augurial birds and auspicious burnt sacrifices of the grill. But stir fry appeals to something more. Even as I know I must not fall prey to the priests of Hestia at work there, I cannot bear to walk past without smelling the delectable food and hearing the glorious crackle. These bonds that dig into my wrist are so sadly necessary to save me from myself, but already I strain against them.

Yes, I suffer under the burden of Atlas. Ithaca is so far away, and the stir fry line so close. After all, how much could it really hurt? Just one taste of something so delectably-smelling couldn't be wrong, could it? Why shouldn't I? I see already in front of me friends, long-past, who have also made the choice to join

the stir fry line. It cannot move that slowly.

Deaf to my companions' ear-stuffed pleas, I loosen my bonds—slowly at first, and then with uncontrollable tugs and jolts. I'm so close. This was always my true destination, I know now. Begone, Ma Thayer. Begone, Kosher station. The stir fry line could never hurt me.

In a flash, I'm at the end of line, eyeing nectarine, baby corn, and mushrooms. But as I look up the alluring line

cooks turn into ragged harpies. I see, now, the misery on the faces of those with whom I share the line, like shades in the fields of Asphodel. How long shall I remain here? The truth, and my failure, crushes me. How long shall I stumble forward in Sisyphean perpetuity, to never reach the end of the line. And how long, like the eternally hungry Erisycthon, shall I wait for my stir fry?

Next time, I'll just go to the Hop.

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Your Roommate's Sport Is Definitely Real, Right?

By **N. ARP**

You like your roommate. You were nervous about it, since it was a random match and you'd never lived away from home before, but luckily he's a pretty chill guy. When you see him, that is. You don't see him much. It's normal though, he swears. He has practice. He has meets. He has training sessions. He's in a very serious club sport, and that's why he can't grab dinner with you. Or lunch. Maybe next week- oh, a meet. An away meet. Yeah. Gotcha.

You hadn't heard of "monathlon" before Dartmouth, but it seems pretty intense. Certainly your roommate takes it very seriously. When he isn't practicing out at the monathalon fields that are so far away you probably can't see them, or training in the exclusive monathalon gym with the other monathletes you can't swipe into, he's at the monathalon clubhouse, at the monathalon ragers.

You aren't invited. You aren't even sure where the monathalon clubhouse is.

Monathlon is an important part of Dartmouth culture, he says. They've had the best club team in the Ivy League, maybe all of New England, for the last few years. He's just trying to do his part, like his dad and his grandad did before him. Third generation legacy. Sure. How is he doing his part? How does he compete? The details are hazy. You want to ask him exactly what monathalon is, but you'll sound stupid. Everyone knows what monathlon is, right?

You haven't met any other monathletes. But, on the other hand, you don't go around asking people what they do with their free time. If they volunteer it, sure. But it's not your go-to icebreaker. Seems like monathletes keep to themselves. Or maybe they're all like your roommate, busy practicing or hanging out together. That would explain a lot.

Sure, you hadn't

heard of it before Dartmouth, and you're not quite sure what it is – just the biking part of triathlon? Just the shooting part of biathlon? Just the math part of an academic decathlon? But you hadn't heard of a lot of stuff before Dartmouth. Boat shoes. Exeter. Whatever a "regatta" is. Everyone else knows what that stuff is, so they probably know what monathlon is too. You wouldn't want to seem the country hick again, by asking something so obvious.

There's an itch just at the back of your mind. You'd never say anything though. But when he walks into the room and hunts for his tennis shoes, it's the small pause in your voice when you ask if he's off to a monathalon practice, and it's the smaller pause in his voice when he says yes. It looks like he might say something more, and you wish he would, and then he's gone. He's gone, but that embarrassing little thought is still there, waiting. Waiting. It's probably nothing. He's just at practice...right?

Bait And Bullet Students Find Healthy Outlet In Shooting Bird, Watching It Die

By **ROBIN HUNTER**



Bait and Bullet faculty advisor Ryan Elliot, directly before experiencing the exhilarating high of taking an animal's life.

The Fall readjustment to fast-paced student life can be difficult. Student organizations like Bait and Bullet, the hunting and fishing sub-group of the Dartmouth Outing Club, can offer well-needed respite from the Dartmouth bustle.

"Getting out in the woods is definitely therapeutic. The quiet foliage is such an escape from campus stress," said Kayleigh Betzen, '26. "It feels kind of powerful, even," Betzen added, calmly scratching varnish off the desk with a hollow, hungry look in her eyes. "Just re-establishing your place in the food chain, you know? I like to think that confidence carries over into my courses and student life."

"Therapeutic? Oh yeah, 100 percent." agreed Adam Mitchell, '23, while casually checking the sights on his Ruger Model 77. "Especially since the club is always there for you. When I went through some tough times this fall, the waiting

time for a wellness check-in was 2 weeks! Turning ducks into mangled piles of feathers: that's never going away." With this comment, Mitchell shakily donned an orange vest and excused himself into the woods.

"It's awesome that Dartmouth is giving students access to free online therapy," added Hayden Dawson, '24. "But that service still doesn't kick in for a few more weeks. In the meantime, best I can do is watch the life fade out from the bleeding, twitching carcass resting at my feet. It's a great time to just think about... stuff." Despite being physically present for the rest of the interview, Dawson, whose gaze had shifted into a vacant 1000-yard stare, did not respond when asked for further comment.

At press time, our reporters confirmed that Bait and Bullet members forsake collection of their trophies, preferring instead to let them fester slowly among the fallen leaves.

Lightweight Rowers Capsize After One Beer

By **TIPP C. ROWAN**

The men's lightweight rowing team chased their beer with a taste of the Connecticut river at a regatta this past Saturday, when the choice to row drunk led to two boats capsizing into the frigid waters.

"We shotgunned one beer each to get hype with a capital H. This is a freeee country," commented a waterlogged Doug Milvern '24. "We gotta bond the bros before race day for peak performance. One time, I was the peak performance weightlifter of the week on Insta." He then pulled out his phone to show me a picture, but incorrectly guessed his passcode seven times and was locked out for five minutes.

Milvern was in the first of the two turnt boats, with each carrying four rowers and a coxswain. According to spectators, no one noticed that the men so bravely boarding their boats were highly intoxicated from their one-beer warmup. But before the starting gun sounded, strokeman Abe Whitson '25 aimed his oar at the back of the coxswain Rover Shivren '23's head, made a "pew pew" laser gun noise, and promptly tried to shove him

into the water, causing the boat to flip and the athletes to tumble into the water. When the other Dartmouth boat in the water saw this, they all immediately abandoned their positions and one by one cannonballed into the Connecticut River. The only exception was their coxswain Eli Jernen '24, who attempted to dive but hit his foot on the boat while launching and belly flopped with a painful smack instead.

"My max is like half a beer on a full stomach," slurred Shivren. "It shouldn't be shocking we do what we do so that we do the do and the way we are the what turned out in." In his mind, Shivren had just dropped a nugget of wisdom. He wringed out his man bun and stared wistfully at the water. Entranced by the glisten of the sun, he took a step forward before promptly stumbling and faceplanting into the dock. His teammate

Milvern proceeded to rush to his assistance, tripped on the same plank, and fell on top of Shivren. The team's sober monitor, Coach Evan Kressman, helped them up.

Shivren was not done giving advice: "Listen. Whenever I get into my teeny eeny weeny meeny shleeny feeny boat, I tell myself, be fast. Be like the wind. Today, I fell to the water. Rock beats scissors. Water beats fire."

Witnesses questioned why none of the rowers were wearing life jackets. "Life jackets get in the way of their arm motion," Coach Kressman explained, "both when rowing and chugging. We are fortunate all of them are safe, and we are working everyday to prevent this from happening in the future. Priority number one will be improving the tolerance of our athletes, so next time they chug a jug with Doug, they stay in the boat."



Milvern after a singular keystone

Q&A With Professional Hot-Dog Eater Nat Evans '13

By **G. LIZZIE**

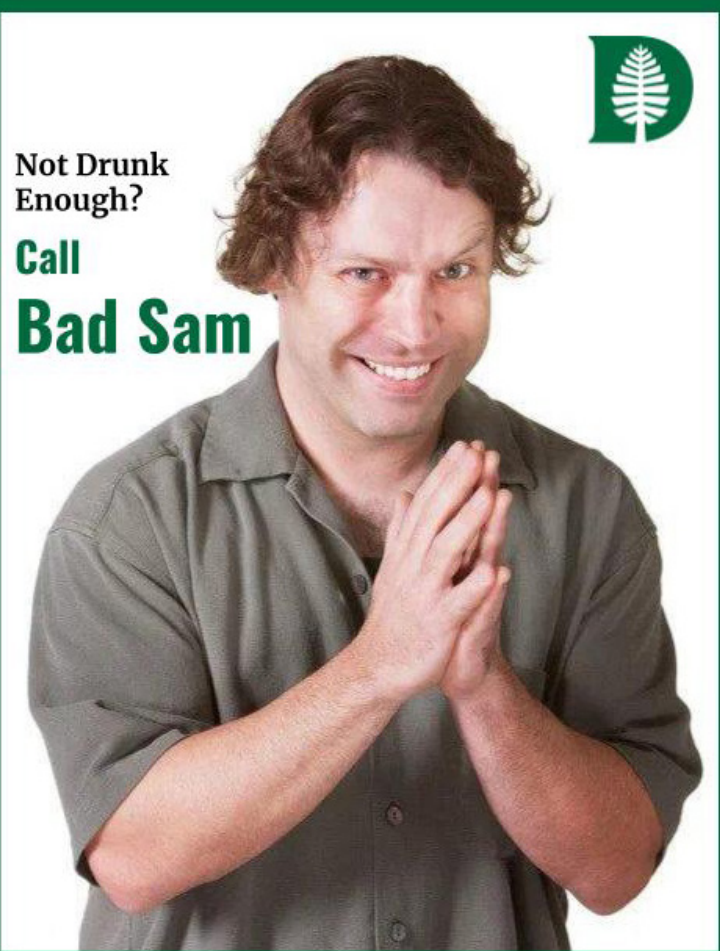
Nat Evans '13 recently won the world-famous Coney Island hot dog eating contest. The Dartmouth sat down with Nat to speak to him about this accomplishment.

The oldest competitive eating competiion in the world, the Coney Island hot dog eating contest has been held for over a century. To many in the hot dog eating world, it is the ultimate challenge, the Mecca of competitive eating. To win the competition is to prove yourself an emblem of the indomitability of man. It was

legendary four time champion Conrad Doyle who said "To compete is to eat a very part of your soul." So, Nat, I'd like to ask you: do you find Doyle's words inspiring, or simply a reminder of the daunting training you have had to complete?

Evans: om nom ommmm nom nommm munch chomp chomp nom snarf mmh ahh slurp garf achK *choking noises*

Editors Note: the interview was cut short after Nat Evans began choking on a hot dog.



Not Drunk Enough?

Call Bad Sam

Dartmouth Theatre Review: My Ex, as Faithful Girlfriend of 2 Years

By **CHUCK OLD**

While many view Dartmouth's campus as a romantic and cultural wasteland, the Theatre Department's latest offering provides audiences a chance to experience the bliss and devastation of a committed long term relationship. In this incredibly immersive experience, audiences are given the chance to engage romantically with the performer, the various activities available include: going on dates, sharing your hopes and dreams, meeting each other's families, and even moving in together, all within the illusion of a relationship. I was lucky enough to get, what I thought, was an exclusive look at this groundbreaking production.

Leading this experience is Mia Bishop, '24, who makes such a convincing

faithful girlfriend, you might even tell your mother you think she's the one. A newcomer to the acting field, Bishop is neither a theatre major, nor has she participated in any production prior to this. When asked on how she was first bitten by the acting bug, Bishop said — "Tyler, I told you to please stop contacting me. I'm sorry about what happened with Nate, but this behavior is unacceptable." Knowing her relative inexperience, I was shocked at her commitment to the piece. Even the most committed actors would hesitate to go on a weeklong anniversary trip with an audience member to Martha's Vineyard for their art.

There are of course some downsides to such an immersive experience, number one being the hefty price tag. Almost all financial responsibility does fall

on the audience member, and with all the dates, gifts, plan B pills, and elaborate getaways, the total really starts to add up. It's this reviewer's recommendation that you avoid bringing this up with the performer, as she will get really weird and ruin your birthday trip to Atlantic city. There's the problem of emotions getting involved as well. Because the show is so realistic, and so intensive— it can be hard for your body to recognize the difference between the performance, and a real relationship. You may find yourself developing feelings for the actor, feelings you haven't had since the sanguine days of your adolescence.

While the whole piece is a rattling and entertaining exploration, the true shock comes in an unexpected twist finale. Spoiler Alert for all you readers out there!

The 2 year experience ends is truly something to unexpectedly, with Bishop see. Recommended revealing she's actually for audience members been performing for that appreciate deceit, another audience member betrayal, and really mid the entire time! For my makeout sessions. I particular performance, laughed, I cried, I went the other audience to therapy— it was the member was Wren Pratt best theatre experience '23. Pratt revealed he I've had in years. The was not as fooled by show even inspired Bishop's performance — me to star in my own "Man, obviously I knew upcoming performance about you. I was at your of "Unbothered Ex-anniversary dinner 6 Boyfriend that does NOT months ago." have a drinking problem"

All in all, coming to the Hop this Bishop's performance Winter.

Hot Or Not

What's in fashion and what is so out

<i>Hot</i>	<i>Not</i>
Coffee	Iced Coffee
Metacarpals	Metatarsals
The Gold Standard	The Federal Reserve
Babies inside cars	"Safety" Regulations
Radiators	Refrigerators
OOH OUCHIE MY FINGER	Tsss ooh ahhh all better