

# The Dartmouth

Hanover, NH  
www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko

The Jack-O-Lantern's Oldest College Parody. Founded 1907.

Weather Today: *However cold  
thou dost decree,  
O Vengeful Lord!*  
Tonight: *Eternal darkness*

Vol. XXX No. 03

Friday, February 8, 2002

35,000 Dollars

## Dartmouth Indian slaughters moose mascot, uses every part of carcass practically, efficiently



**MOOSE CROSSING!** The current school mascot, whose chalk outline behind the Thayer Engineering School reveals the brutal manner in which he was slain by his controversial predecessor. Nic Duquette, *Dartmouth*

## Professors share night of drunken interdisciplinary co-authorship

By MICHAEL WEISS  
*The Dartmouth Staff*

Following a mandatory faculty meeting last night at the Hanover Inn, Professors Mitch Halverson and Diane Phillips are said to have lowered their academic inhibitions when they hastily coupled minds in a night of drunken, interdisciplinary co-authorship.

Sources indicate that Halverson, an adjunct professor in the Classics Department, first began chatting with Phillips, a recent addition to the Jewish Studies Program, after the hotly contested issue of faculty parking was raised by President James Wright.

"We hit it off immediately," remembers Halverson.

"I'd expressed interest in [Phillips'] comments about how Isaac Babel's sense of self-negating irony derived largely from his childhood experiences in the Odessa ghetto. And she seemed to eat up my off-the-cuff remark that Ovid might well be thought of as the Philip Roth of the ancient world," the 29 year-old Petronius scholar added, putting his feet up on his desk and grinning.

Phillips, however, suggests the cerebral chemistry developed more gradually and was due in large part to inebriation:

"Initially, I must confess, I found Mitch's arguments to be smarmy and insincere," the 43 year-old Phillips said, rubbing her temples in an attempt to recall the details of

her cross-departmental intellectual bedding with Halverson.

"Typical young *pisher* fresh out of Columbia routine — I know it all too well. His comparison of the nationalistic tendencies between Bialik's modern Hebrew poetry and Virgil's *Aeneid* was a bit glib, to say the least. Of course, that was before he started plying me with the Merlot. By the time he was on his exegesis of the Greek translation of the *Apocrypha* ... I ain't made of wood, people!"

"One thing led to another and—oy, did I put it away last night," Phillips added, removing the ball of cotton from a bottle of Advil.

According to English professor Michael Lassiter, both Halverson and Phillips had their fair share of alcohol at the customary post-meeting faculty roundup at Murphy's.

"Let us just say that Mitch and Diane drank deep *and* tasted the Pierian spring, with apologies to Mr. Pope," said Lassiter.

"Downing each successive glass of wine, they became more and more the Parker-Benchley archetype, if you will. The oh-so-perfectly insinuated *bon mots*; the simultaneous quoting from old *Lingua Franca* articles; that pedantic playfulness underlying the most repressed literary desires."

Continued Lassiter: "Finally, it got too unbearable for the rest of us and I turned to them and said: 'Look, why don't you two just get a COCO

class already!'"

"After that I saw them reading each other's tenure applications and giddily heading off together in the direction of the library."

It was there — on an iMac on Level 2 — the pair of PhDs are believed to have composed the poorly researched, uncited monstrosity of an essay, the obscure memory of which has only now, in the sober wakefulness of daylight, returned to haunt them.

That essay, titled "Achilles *Spiel*: The Role of Thetis as a Castrating Zionist Mother in Homer's *Iliad*," was printed at approximately 11:34 p.m., according to the "Berry\_Public\_Not\_Stapled" printer queue.

"I honestly don't remember who first suggested that we co-author a paper," said Halverson. "It might have been me. Although from what I hear, that kind of let's-get-right-down-to-it impetuosity is really more Diane's speed, if you know what I mean, wink, wink," Halverson continued, winking.

"Why do you think I picked her brain in the first place?"

The article was subsequently submitted to twelve academic journals and special interest magazines, including *The Ancient History Bulletin*, *The Athena Review* and *Commentary*.

Unfortunately for both Halverson and Phillips, it was accepted by all twelve.

## Unwitting '05 opens Dartmouth Hall center doors

*"Thou art truly king of all New Hampshire," says kneeling President Wright*

By NICOLAS DUQUETTE  
*The Dartmouth Staff*

Arthur Saskowitz '05 did not expect anything much yesterday when, ten minutes late to his biology class in 105 Dartmouth, he frantically pulled open the center doors of Dartmouth Hall.

"I was just, like, worrying that Professor Peterson might have mentioned something important for the test," said Saskowitz, "and I just sort of flung the door open, trying to get there on time, and this big blinding light just blasted out of those big doors. Some old guy in a robe, with a beard, came by and told me I was rightful king of New Hampshire. He just kept saying, 'for thus it has been foretold that one would come who could open these doors, who will lead Dartmouth to an Age of Righteousness.' And he kept talking like my prof from my Chaucer class."

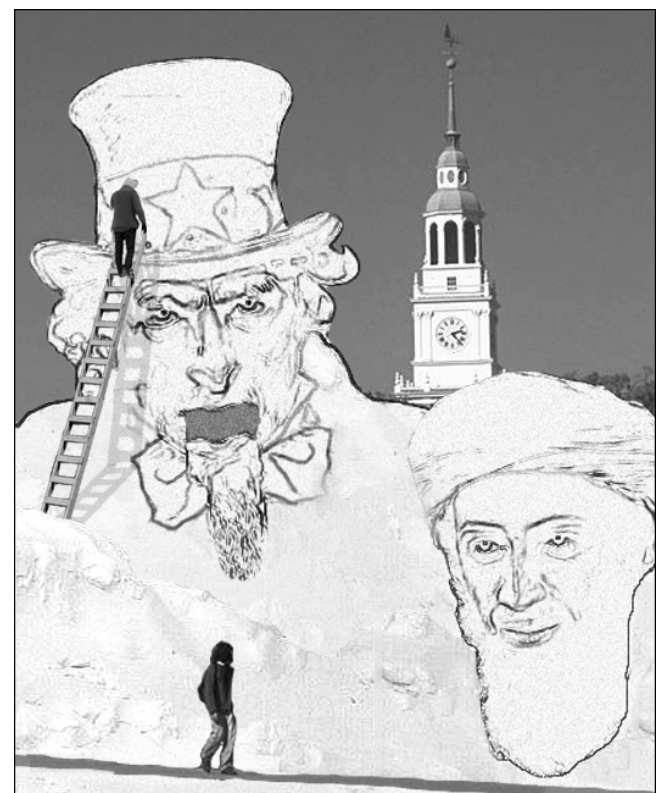
The State of New Hampshire

has confirmed that Saskowitz's ability to open the door is a divine sign that he is the rightful heir to King Uber Drinkflagon and therefore is, in fact, King of New Hampshire

Saskowitz reports that he is still unsure what to do with his new position. "It just seems like weirder and weirder things have been happening to me. After that thing with the doors, I was wandering up by Occum Pond, just walking and thinking about the whole thing, and this glowing supernatural woman came out of the ice and gave me this pong paddle. She said it was called Excalibur. And then she just dove back into the lake. Weirdest thing."

Though he may be king, Saskowitz has not made any great changes in his lifestyle. "I figure I'll just go out for a few nights, maybe get my friends around a table, play some social. Maybe I'll go drinking with my sister Morgan. That seems like a good idea."

## Class Council Announces 2002 Winter Carnival Theme: "Snowsama Bin Laden"



Nic Duquette, *Dartmouth*



# Bono to refinance Third World debt at low 8.5% APR

## Radiohead says no-money-down home equity loan the way to go

NEW YORK (AP) — Bono, the frontman for Ireland's premier pop group U2, has announced his latest plan for consolidating Third World debt: refinancing at an "incredibly low" annual percentage rate of 8.5%.

The prominent singer-songwriter turned human rights activist spoke before a special session of the United Nations General Assembly in New York Tuesday, hoping to convince Nobel laureate economists and key diplomatic leaders that readjusting Third World monthly payments to industrialized superpowers is the fastest, most fiscally sound way to end worldwide poverty.

"We've come so far in absolving the poorest of the poor of the billions they owe to wealthy nations," Bono said before a fully assembled throng of UN delegates and international policy advisors, reflecting on the success of his previous Third World debt-elimination campaign Jubilee 2000.

"It's now time to look to the Lending Tree and the Money Store to handle the rest."

With his purported plan for establishing a lower APR for the leftover \$65 trillion in nonindustrialized IOUs, Bono suggests perennially insolvent countries like Indonesia, Afghanistan and Mozambique will be better able to cope with the 20,000-year combined mortgages still in their names.

"Refinancing means a less burdensome route to hitting Third World principal. Otherwise, struggling nations are just trading interest and where does that leave us?"

Added Bono: "Imagine a Sri

Lankan tribal headdress peddler doling out 150% of his annual net income because a bankrupt banana republic thinks it can tax its way into the black. The fact of the matter is: When banks compete, Abu-Mbutu and his spirit-ancestors win."

Graham Kelley, a Harvard Business School professor emeritus,

agrees, claiming that Bono's liability-management strategy is "just the sort of conservative re-engineering of market policy the UN has been waiting for."

Kelley, author of *Grabbing the Bull by the Horns: Sage Advice for the Modern Investor*, explained: "In today's tumultuous economic cli-

mate, long-term financial planning is paramount to ensuring the prolonged comfort of liquidity in your retirement years. Whether you're looking to buy that condo in Florida or that guerrilla army in a rogue totalitarian state, you'd better have your 401ks in order.

"Any top-ranked Bear Stern's

participants in the Jubilee campaign are not so sure of his methods this time around.

Thom Yorke, lead singer of the chart-topping British pop-electronica band Radiohead, feels a no-money-down home equity loan is the better cure for what ails underdeveloped pocketbooks in the twenty-first century.

"Refinance! In this shite market? Bollocks!" Yorke declared halfway through Bono's speech, stamping his band's latest studio album *Amnesiac* on the Billboard Delegates' table in hostile rebuttal.

"A no-money-down home equity loan is the viable alternative for stifled agrarian microeconomies. Dollars and cents, people! Non-westerners can use the loan as venture capital to invest in mechanization and immunization projects, securing themselves a healthy, productive labor force. And in due time, they'll repay their debt at the current rate of interest without bothering with the fuck-all of refinance retainers and bloomin' brokerage fees."

Yorke's interruption led to a din of argumentative white noise throughout the UN assembly chambers, which was markedly halted by Bono.

"The Third World hasn't got a home, let alone any feckin' equity in one!" the multiple Grammy Award-winner said, agitatedly removing his "Fly" sunglasses.

"Take out more money against an already colossal outstanding debt. Thom, allow me to introduce you to your comrade-in-arms, Mr. Ronald Reagan," Bono then chuckled, much to the delight of diplomats from Russia, China and North Korea, who all clapped wildly at the Irishman's quip.

"I'd like to see what CPA sod manages the books for Radiohead's tours on that philosophy!"

At this point, an increasingly tense debate turned bitterly *ad hominem*, when Liam Gallagher of Oasis chimed in from the back row: "Oi, maybe the same fucker who did PopMart, eh, boy?"

Gallagher, who later spoke to reporters whilst engaged in a contemptuous thumb-wrestling match with older brother and bandmate Noel, outlined his own unique design for addressing the Third World question.

"Aye, we can feed the little skinny brown ones by donating half of Oasis' album revenues to these backward gits whats on the dole," Gallagher said, prompting the shocked and dismayed response, "Eh?!" from a caught-unawares Noel.

Though at present no foreseeable resolution has emerged from the fractious UN conference, Bono and Yorke did manage to find common ground in their mutual assailing of the Gallagher-proposed initiative.

"Oh, that made me day," said Yorke.

Agreed Bono: "That reminds me of the time Morrissey wanted to smuggle food into Rwanda in his hair."



The New York Times

U2's Bono wears his politics on his sleeve.

consultant would tell you the same thing. Good credit, bad credit, no credit at all—it's never too late to nab your own slice of the global village pie."

Yet while many noted philanthropists and MBAs applaud Bono's newfangled approach towards ameliorating Third World debt, other

## Al Sharpton denounces bombing of John Leguizamo



Knight-Ridder Tribune

Rev. Al Sharpton condemns the strikes against Leguizamo's *schtick*

NEW YORK (AP) — Speaking in his trademark orotund voice before a gathered crowd of hundreds today, the Reverend Al Sharpton angrily denounced the bombing of Puerto Rican improv comic John Leguizamo.

The denunciation came moments after Leguizamo's performance at Caroline's Comedy Club received tepid applause and only the occasional chuckle from a disappointed audience who, upon exiting, deemed the normally hysterical stand-up's routine this evening, "so-so" and "less than freakilicious."

Sharpton called the on-stage death of Leguizamo a blatant act of bigotry perpetrated by fans of tame, observational "white humor."

"The hard-hitting realities of John's streetwise sensibilities have got The Man runnin' scared," Sharpton

said, indicating the two-drink minimum at Caroline's as the "shackles of Seinfeldian gentrification."

Added Sharpton: "A rapid-fire Latino tongue and anecdotes about a hard-knock New York childhood appear to be too *caliente* for the stale, Borscht Belt-preferring urban elite."

Despite such accusations of racial humor bias, Leguizamo himself claims to be the victim of nothing more than an off-night.

The *Moulin Rouge* star told reporters: "I need new material is what it is. I mean, you could hear crickets chirping in the crowd when I went into how my dad was a philandering immigrant busboy who made the whole family move around Queens a lot, from neighborhood to Hispanic-hating neighborhood. Been there, done that."



The New York Times

Radiohead's Thom Yorke

### Market Watch

12pm: Casual two-martini lunch, courtesy of crippling, citywide terrorism fear

3pm: Impulse margin buy of eToys, Priceline, DrKoop dotcom stock

4pm: Entertain portfolio advice from schizophrenic subway panhandler

5pm: Wife leaves you for someone in more stable industry: septic tank drainage guy



### The Dartmouth

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The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society

Michael Weiss '02 Chair  
Nic Duquette '04 Vice Chair

The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society, publisher of *The Dartmouth*, is an independent student organization chartered in the state of indecency and funded by Linda Kennedy, the Cybill Shepherd to our *Moonlighting*'s Bruce Willis.

Subscriptions to the *Jack-O-Lantern* are available, in theory. For more information, contact our treasurer, a two-foot-tall plastic penguin named Gerald.

MICHAEL WEISS: Drunken co-authorship, Bono, Al Sharpton, Market Watch, Interracial cops, Network outage, Guinness, Smucker's, Pavilion, Snapshots, Terence Stamp, War on Tabard, Tom Hanks, Tony Danza, Bizarro, assorted ads and classifieds; Editorials: Comparatively Ugly Friend, American Foreign Policy, Dear David Mamet...

NIC DUQUETTE: Moose graphic, Snowsama bin Laden, Dartmouth Hall doors, Al Qaeda online graphic, Food Court, Hop spends endowment, Wal-Mart, Tats, Kicker, Devil graphic, DWRC

GEOFF CARLSON: LAS colonization, Invisible Devil, halftime speeches

JULIA LEVY: Career services; KEVIN PEDERSEN: Woomies; ILYA ABYZOV: Dilbert

All names contained in these articles are invented, except where public personalities are being satirized. All photographs retrieved randomly from the Internet.

### The Dartmouth

America's Oldest College Parody, Founded 1984.

<http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko>

# Non-threatening interracial cop partners “too old for this shit,” call it quits

LOS ANGELES (AP) — High-profile LAPD Detectives Mike Campbell and Jake Hamigatchi have declared themselves “too old for this shit” in a press conference held earlier this afternoon at Police Headquarters.

Popularly known for their impeccable arrest records and preternatural ability to escape bullets, international terrorists and city block-incinerating explosions, Campbell, a 55-year-old African-American, and Hamigatchi, a 49-year-old Amerasian of Japanese/New Mexican descent, are perhaps Los Angeles’ most beloved law enforcement “odd couple” of mixed racial backgrounds and comedic dispositions.

And now, with an accomplished albeit checkered career behind them, partners Campbell and Hamigatchi are leaving the force for good, claiming age, weight, insurance premiums, a notorious legacy for slain colleagues, and overall world-weariness as the principal causes for their retirement.

“It’s been an honor to work with Hammy,” a teary-eyed Campbell told reporters, slicing into the partners’ going-away cake, which depicted a hyperbolic rendering of the two detectives being given the boot by their irascible yet lovable chief of police, Lou “Chief” McKenna.

“He’s insane, but he’s a good cop.”

Reputedly “off-kilter” and “wacky,” Detective Hamigatchi first entered the public eye in 1983, after single-handedly thwarting the efforts of expatri-

ated KGB agents trying to buy nuclear warheads from a cadre of dissident NATO soldiers infected with Anthrax.

On his eventual teaming with Campbell, the mulleted, biracial sex symbol — dressed in his trademark soot-stained, tattered tank top — similarly reflected, “Working with Mike has been my distinct privilege.” And without missing a beat, Hamigatchi then deadpanned: “And I say that not only as his professional partner, but also as his homosexual lover of 9 years. No, I’m kidding! No, wait. What an ass on that man, ladies and gentlemen. Let’s here it for Mike’s crime-fighting derrière!”

Such charismatic wisecracking was met with thunderous applause and shouts of “Woo-hoo!” and “Shake that booty, Mike!” among the detectives’ departmental colleagues, who were on hand this afternoon to send off two of their finest goofball heroes.

Campbell displayed characteristic signs of embarrassment at the remark, one of many he has had to endure as the straight man to Hamigatchi’s interminable antics over the years.

“Hey, cut it out! I told y’all to keep your eyes above the waist, man. Hey, Hammy! Knock that shit off before I kung-fu flip you back to Tokyo.”

This incited more universal hollering, followed by Hamigatchi’s shoot-from-the-hip, post-PC rejoinder: “We’d have to get you away from the Kentucky Fried Chicken first!”

Despite all-around well-wishing and heartfelt nostalgia in the air today, some were quick to teas-

ingly remind media and friends that racking up a record 4,345 busts — and, remarkably, an equal number of convictions — has not come without its price for the two legendary detectives.

Characteristically loud and cantankerous, Police Commissioner Ted Worlitz took to a more jocular persona this afternoon when he commented on the \$150 million in accrued municipal damages for which Campbell and Hamigatchi have been responsible in their decade-and-a-half tenure of not playing by the book:

“I can’t believe you sons a’ bitches are finally gone. And I can’t believe it wasn’t from me firing your asses from the repeated cajoling of various elected officials you’ve either exposed in webs of organized criminal corruption or just plain alienated with your no-holds-barred bravado!”

“I remember this one time,” Worlitz went on, “these clowns were assigned to chaperone a Cambodian inspector-some-shit flown in to investigate missing Nazi gold. You know, just to keep him outa trouble and outa our hair while we were conducting our own non-pinko police work. Anyways, Hamigatchi and Campbell not only get Pol Pot killed, but — since they’d befriend him by this point — they go and swear vengeance on his Scientologist murderer and, after a prolonged martial arts battle royale, throw that guy from a high-speed, bomb-rigged bus into an oncoming freighter on Santa Monica Boulevard!”

“Too old for this shit.’ Yeah, right! You’ll be back, giving me a hard time and makin’ my ulcer



The Los Angeles Times

From left to right: Detectives Hamigatchi and Campbell

worse, you bastards, you.”

The mayor of Los Angeles, whom the duo arrested six years ago on charges of leading a bi-coastal heroin syndicate, was also in attendance at the press conference this afternoon. He offered conventional fare-thee-well’s and assured the detectives’ “no ill will,” what with his dirty ways behind him and his political career finally back on track.

Campbell, husband and father of 4, says he plans to spend his retirement catching marlins on a “just paid up” fishing yacht, perhaps with occasional visits from “unofficial member of the family, you-know-who.”

Meanwhile, Hamigatchi wishes to continue living in a mobile home down by the Pacific coast and entertaining several noncommittal relationships with highly attractive women who are unwittingly employed by international men of intrigue.

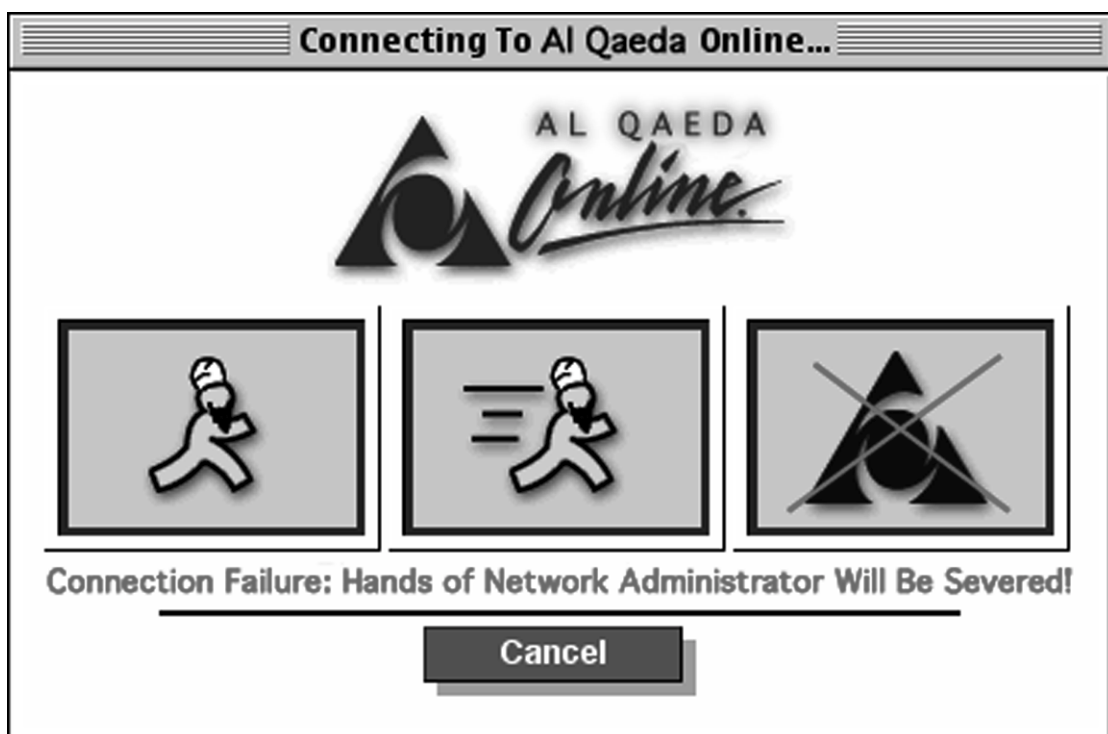
Such dalliances, Campbell jibes, tend to last as long as “Hammy’s girlfriends don’t get themselves shot by the suspects in a case we’re working on.”

Again, another playful remark on the eve of two illustrious careers, met with more laughs and applause from a grateful city.

Though some are skeptical that the detectives’ imminent retirement will necessarily spell an end for Hamigatchi’s romantic body count.

The soon-to-be pensioners have promised to officially hand in their sidearms and badges right after solving this one lingering investigation that continues to plague them...

**Write For The D...No, Seriously, You Need It To Graduate Now. Didn't You Get the Blitz?**



Al-Qaeda Network monitors during the 45 minute outage last night.

The London Guardian

## Al-Qaeda experiences temporary network outage

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN (AP) — The terrorist organization Al-Qaeda experienced a temporary network outage last night at approximately 10:34 p.m. (EST).

Industry sources attributed the crash of this popular multi-integrated Inifada Provider to an overabundance of tomahawk missile traffic, which underground network servers in Kabul could not accommodate.

Al-Qaeda was forced to shut down for a record 45 minutes before coming back online after a downgrade in Pakistani border policing.

During the outage millions were left with a renewed false sense of security in their civil freedoms and national defense.

Though a spokesperson for the network cautioned world leaders not to worry, citing Al-Qaeda’s superior reputation for delivering the fastest, most reliable form of global terrorism available:

“Infidels, please calm down. We are up and running again and rest assured, you will all perish at the mighty hand of Allah’s jihad forces. If, however, you receive a busy signal, please hang-up and try and again.”



# Accidental IRA bombing of Guinness factory precipitates permanent cease-fire:

## “The violence ends here,” says grief-stricken Gerry Adams

BELFAST (AP)—Reneging on its May, 2000 promise to put its weapons “completely and verifiably” beyond use, the Irish Republican Army planned a terrorist attack in Belfast West yesterday morning, which was to have killed five Ulster Unionist Party officials in an administrative building.

However, due to a poorly wired detonation mechanism, the bomb intended for the attack instead exploded en route to its purported target, 84 miles away, near the famed Guinness fermentation plant at Dublin’s St. James Gates. IRA members Liam Mohr, Devon McAlpine and Eamonn O’Riordan were killed instantly at the time of the explosion: 3:30 a.m.

The Guinness brewery, widely frequented by tourists from around the globe, was headquarters to Ireland’s premier beer manufacturer.

It was subsequently toppled by the blast.

Though only twelve civilian casualties were reported due to the early morning hour of the attack, hundreds of the thousands of gallons of thick, full-bodied Guinness

ale were lost in what local residents are calling “the most gruesome abomination against all mankind.”

“What have we done!” said Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams, who has long been linked to IRA-sponsored terrorism.

Adams, speaking before international media, then experienced a ten-minute period of silence during which he stood wall-eyed at cameras and photographers, shaking his head in utter disbelief over this latest setback to the burgeoning Irish-British peace process, or over the loss of so much grain alcohol.

“Long blinded by our rash fanaticism, we realize our actions serve only to hurt ourselves and tear at the very fabric of our just and righteous

society,” continued a visibly shaken Adams.

“Oh, Heavenly Father, we ask that you absolve us of our sins and bring peace to our afflicted souls, Catholic and Protestant alike. For we are both Christian peoples, and

the final straw in a three hundred-year struggle for establishing Northern Ireland’s autonomy from colonial UK rule.

As of tomorrow, they promised, the so-called “Troubles” will be put to rest once and for all, with the initial declaration of a indefinite cease-fire, a gesture that many hope will effect a permanent peace accord in the coming weeks.

“This horrific day shall go down in the annals of our Great History as Foamy Sunday—the day Eire’s streets were stained with hops and roasted pale malt, spilled from innocent oak vats. So help me Jusus, the violence ends here; I tell you, it ends *now!*” added Adams, who then embraced British Prime Minister Tony Blair and sang a few hymnal bars of “Through the Night of Doubt

and Sorrow”

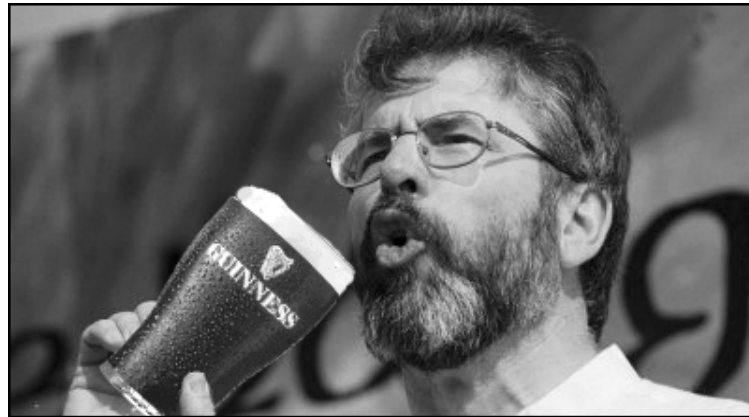
“This is the feckin’ Devil’s hour,” noted Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP) president John Hume, a historically vocal opponent to paramilitarism of any kind.

“Dreadful, simply dreadful.

“We have endured generations of internecine warfare, with a body count no doubt rivaling our own good country’s current population. I have said before that violence is not the solution. But now...now I really mean it. Look at this wanton sacrifice! Behold our carnage!” Hume continued, before collapsing to the ground and pouring dirt over his denuded body in abject humility.

“How long?,” Hume then cried out, “I say, how long will our pints be gone?”

Argued SDLP deputy leader and avowed constitutional nationalist Seamus Mallon: “I can’t begin to—this is all so—I can’t even attempt to find some degree of normalcy after today. I mean, what are they going to serve at McNulty’s, by and by? *Water?! Tonight, we can sing as one... eh, sing with parched throats, a course.*”



Gerry Adams, enjoying a hearty pint of Guinness days before the unintentional attack.

The Irish Times

God did make us equally in his Divine image to enjoy the fruit of his glorious, extra stout bounty.”

According to Adams and other key operatives within Sinn Fein, the destruction of Guinness factory was

# Smucker’s general manager to public:

## “I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly”

ORRVILLE, OHIO (AP)—Vincent C. Byrd, Vice President and General Manager of the world-renowned jellies, jams and preserves manufacturer, J.M. Smucker, announced today that his company’s new line of bread spreads are simply “too fruity-licious for ya, babe.”

“I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly,” an enthusiastic Byrd teased reporters at Smucker’s year-end marketing and public relations seminar at their corporate headquarters in Orrville, Ohio.

“Robert [VP-Human Resources], can they handle this? Richard [VP-Information Services], can they handle this? Debra [Assistant Treasurer], can they handle this? I don’t think they handle this!”

Mango-grape, guava-strawberry and kiwi-cherry are just a few of the jelly flavors Smucker’s plans to release this fall as a part of its colorful new marketing campaign to attract a hipper, younger demographic of condiment consumers.

Many market researchers had felt the “homemade, mom-and-pop”

aspects of the company’s jelly line—recognizable by its avuncular ad slogan: “With a name like Smucker’s, it has to be good”—were too outdated for the average American teenage breakfast eater, someone who prides himself on a taste for sugary-sweet cereals and hybridized fruit cocktails.

Says industry jam analyst, Kevin Gould: “The MTV generation refuses to abide by bourgeois conventions. They like everything in bright living colors, a variety of flavors and styles—from their clothes to their multi-ethnic relationships to, indeed, their jelly. This is not your father’s jar of Smucker’s.”

Some may recall Ajax’s similar 1998 approach towards selling its shopworn brand of chlorine cleanser to an emerging crop of twentysomething homemakers: the so-called “I Don’t Want No Scrubs Soft-Soap,” which promised all the benefits of a good powder disinfectant in a nonabrasive, wet formula for “delicate, e-commerce hands.”

A catchy TV and radio jingle

inevitably followed:

“I don’t want no scrubs / A scrub is a cleanser can’t get no love from my countertop / Hangin’ on the discount aisle / of the K-Mart while / I’m tryin’ to kill E. Coli.”

Coupled with music video-like television ads featuring male and female models dressed in khaki pants swing dancing around kitchens and bathrooms, the Ajax campaign yielded an astonishing 300% gain in revenue for the company by the end of its fourth fiscal quarter.

Mr. Byrd and other top executives at Smucker’s hope the same can be said of their product by 2002.

At today’s showcasing, Byrd gave audiences a brief peek at what they can expect to become the “next infectious jelly harmonies” to emerge from Madison Avenue:

“Run your knife / Over toast. / Take a bite / Get the most. / I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly, / I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly. / I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly, / My Smucker’s too fruity-licious for ya, babe!”



The New York Times

From left to right: Smucker’s executives Vincent Byrd, Robert Engels, Franklin Davenport.



## What People Are Saying About The Pavilion, Dartmouth's New Kosher/Halal/Sakahara Dining Facility

*"I hope this doesn't lead to the admittance of actual Jews into the College."*  
 – Ezra Deveareux '19

*"As the sole Sakahara-minded Hindu at Dartmouth, I must say I'm quite flattered."*  
 – Neral Patel '02

*"I do not like green eggs and ham / In breach of Talmudic law, I am."*  
 – Dr. Seuss '25

*"If you don't come by here at least once in your four years, you should die of cancer, you rat bastard."*  
 – Izzy Zuckerman '51

*"It's so nice to see religious adversaries dining peacefully together, as opposed to say, stoning one another to death."*  
 – Stacy Downing '04

*"Now I have no excuse for not eating gefilte fish away from home. Thanks, Dartmouth!"*  
 – Ben Schulstein '04

*"I really like everything, except for that unleavened bread golem trying to swallow my soul."*  
 – Kevin Wu '02

*"Piety never tasted so good!"*  
 – Mohammed Mansur '03

*"Why can't vegan cuisine be offered as a secular dietary alternative? Why must we mandate the creation of a whole new facility under the guise of doctrinal belief sys — Ooh! Hummus!"*  
 – Melanie Dreiser '05

## Hey Kids! Why don't you play



The wacky new rational-thinking, decision-making, friend-incarcerating game from Milton Bradley!

So much fun, you'll want to iterate it again and again!



Available in toy stores near you.

## SNAPSHOTS



**"Girl, Dat Two-Timin' Man a' Yars Say He Be Workin' Late, But He Really Shootin' Crack Inta Yar Sistar's Knee!" Portends Ethnic Seer**



**Chi Gam Big Fan of *Vagina Monologues*, Vagina**



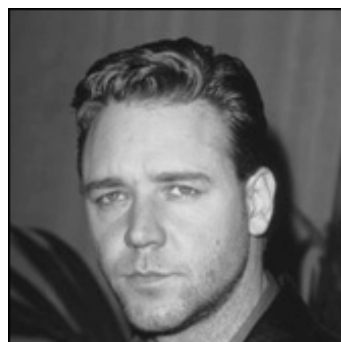
**Don't Make Defense Secretary Angry... You Wouldn't Like Him When He's Angry**



**Concerned Local Constituent To Take Back Vermont, Ill-Fitting Confederate Flag T-Shirt**



**Nonagenarian Archaeologist Excavates Self**



**Golden Globe Winner Has Chunks Bigger Than You In His Stool**



**Emotionally Abused Wife Hoping Lifetime Channel Does Justice To Her Tale of Personal Triumph**



**Obsessive Ex-Boyfriend Still Hasn't Forgotten You, Your BlitzMail Password**



**Dave Matthews Band Album Review Now Mini-Essay on Common College Application**



# My Insights into American Foreign Policy Should Be a Distributive Requirement

After the terrible attacks of September 11, many opinions were bandied about as to what caused our country to be targeted in the first place. All of them were useless and ridiculous, save one. My own.

At the time, I wrote in this very newspaper that the reason the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and that woodland area in Pennsylvania are no longer standing was quite simple. The United States has long implemented self-serving, hegemonic foreign policies towards nations who want from us nothing but humanitarian aid, food, money, medicine and guns for staging well-organized coups d'état that will finally bring their perennially wartorn lands under stable administration.

As sad as it may be, our chickens finally came home to roost on September 11, and this alone destroyed downtown New York City.

After the dust settled, even Osama bin Laden loudly announced to the world that the assault on the United States was not just a religious *jihād* (that's "Holy War" for those of you not double-majoring in Islamic Studies and History, like I am), attempting to smite a heathen secular superpower. Actually, it was a retaliation against an unwarranted American military presence in Saudi Arabia. Ah, yes. The last imperialist vestiges of the Great Satan's Gulf War resolution.

Osama had a point, I remember arguing. After all, what *are* we still doing in Saudi

Arabia, but protecting our energy interests? What stake do working-class, impoverished *mujahideens*—"freedom-fighters" to you — like Osama have in Arabian oil fields, anyway? It's not like the Middle East can't govern itself. Clearly, they have a sophisticated defense plan, given that the Al-Qaeda (an Arabic word meaning "the base") terrorist network has cels in 60 countries!

It's time to face the facts, people. Washington is run by baboons who don't know what the hell they're doing.

Consider this: Our elected representatives and everyone in positions of power and influence in our government are lawyers. (George W. Bush, or "Dubya," as I like to call him, being the one outstanding exception). Now I ask you — would you let lawyers try to make peace with malefic totalitarian regimes and angry sectarian militias engaged in age-old geopolitical conflicts? Of course not! The lawyers would be running around the desert, trying to keep their Samsonite briefcases free from sand and passing around business cards to disbelieving Bedouins! Ha, ha, ha! It's so true.

Though these were my insights into the

intricacies of American foreign policy at the time, some of you did not take kindly to them. I received myriad e-mails explaining how I misunderstood this, that or the other thing, and how my "ignorant oversimplification of complex issues was almost as scary as the terrorist attacks themselves." Come on, folks. Who are we kidding here?

In later weeks, I went on to honor you with other incisive, keenly aware ideas on American foreign affairs. Remember my devastating analysis of the purported missile defense shield? Sure you do. A couple of tree-dwellers on Capitol Hill got together a few months back and decided, much to the chagrin of our good buddies the Russians, that what the US needs now is a highly-modernized laser satellite system capable of deflecting incoming nuclear warheads. Nuclear warheads!

Who has nuclear warheads nowadays? Since the fall of the Berlin Wall, which marked the definitive end to the Cold War, everyone has abided by disarmament accords, thus quelling global fears over ballistic Armageddon. I mean, who are these so-called "rogue states" hiding in the shadows, waiting to launch all-out assault on our beloved country? Libya?



by Josh  
Krendler '03  
*You Are Dumb*

China? Ooh, ooh. How about India, where that rabid confrontationist Gandhi was born? Ha, ha, ha!

I think it's about time for our shaved bonobo magistrates to turn off *The X-Files* and stop reading all those paranoid conspiracy theory websites.

Alas, not everyone shares these views. I recently submitted an article to *The Economist* magazine—a highly intelligent journal on international political economy, in case some of you haven't stopped by the third floor of Bissell and read the "Did You Know?" section on the dry-erase board adorning my door. The essay basically elucidated the various foreign affairs bugaboos our Mongoloid congressmen try to alarm us with, like how there's some killer disease in Africa you get by having sex, or how Buddhists are being systematically exterminated by atheistic communists in Tibet.

Unfortunately for *The Economist* and readers everywhere, my astute observations were too controversial to be published. If this were 1919, I could be thrown in jail for some of my iconoclastic beliefs! I received a polite, if somewhat desultory, rejection letter from the editorial board informing me that they usually contact freelancers on an as-needed basis.

Oh well, now I know how Noam Chomsky must feel.

*Josh Krendler is a staff columnist.*

# I'm Sorry, You're Just Too Attractive to Be My Comparatively Ugly Friend

Look, I realize this may come as a bit of a shock considering all the fun we've had together. I want you to know that I think you're like the coolest, most totally awesome person I've met at Dartmouth this year. But by the same token, I'm afraid you're just too attractive to be my comparatively ugly friend.

Life in college is way complicated, as you and I know, having both come from sheltered backgrounds and repressive elite private schools. It's our first official introduction into making adult relationships — not to mention having sex — and I just can't jeopardize my success rate with someone who's prettier than I am.

When I see a cute guy in a fraternity basement, I want him to notice me and only me. This entails having a wing-girl who isn't a willowy blonde with blue eyes, an amazing smile and three measurements on me in chest size.

Were you frumpier, and maybe had some residual acne scarring, things would be different, I swear. But right now, what I need is to surround myself with people who, while not totally heinous and man-repellent, won't make me look like an iguana's asshole just by standing next to them.

I guess since I'm being brutally honest

about things, I might as well mention a few details about your insurmountable beauty that I find particularly infuriating.

First off, do you have to wear those tight-fitting babydoll tees all the time? Is there like a rule now that says post-pubescent female attire must accommodate bared navels and turgid nipples? Did I miss a *Cosmo* exposé or something?

And the fact that you're especially fond of that rib-necked white one with the iron-on glitter lettering that says "Porn Star" — that certainly isn't helping our status as girlfriends any. I know it's intended as self-aware kitsch and falls into that whole retro-wardrobe trend, but can't you see it's driving a wedge between us?

It's like half the time you're *trying* to look better than I do.

How do you expect me to find the perfect John Cusack clone at this school and fall madly in love with him when you're always jacking my mate-value thunder with the Little Miss Sunshine Full of Joy act? And it isn't just limited to physical qualities, either.

Can you possibly not demonstrate that you have stellar personality to boot, by con-

stantly picking up loose change or articles of clothing I may have dropped in the presence of a lacrosse player? Maybe limit the number of drinks you jump to get for me and random company to say, four refills? Oh, and your willingness — nay, eagerness! — to pick up a lunch tab when some poor stranger forgets his ID at the checkout register at Collis. How pathetic. I mean, gee, now that Mother Teresa's dead, do you think they'll send for you over in Calcutta?

Where the fuck do you get off? Seriously.

I don't mean to rub it in or hurt your feelings in any way, but it's driving me crazy the way guys fawn all over you and put their arms around your oh-so-petit waist, like you're a friggin' life raft saving them from the tempest-tossed waters of my relative skankiness.

It's not a competition, you know.

I consider myself to be a fairly good specimen here and I'm confident that with you out of the picture, I'll have my own private retinue of fine sweeties faster than you can squeak, "I just love springtime in Hanover!"

You perky bitch.

I don't know, maybe I'm overreacting.

by Jessica  
Deasey '02

"Projecting" as Travis — that adorable psych major you know I'd die for but with whom you can't seem to stop chitchatting — would say. It's just that I'm still trying to find my way around as a freshman, my niche, as it were. I can't afford to be outshone, outclassed and out-hottied by the likes of you!

Oh, great, now I've gone and upset you and you're crying. *Sigh*. It wasn't my intention to make you sob out in the hallway, you understand? Get back in here. Come on, I... I... I'm sorry. Okay? Jesus, there, I said it. Now I'm even apologizing to Ms. Rockland County 2003.

All right, maybe we can work something out. I suppose we could mess up your appearance slightly. That'd be a start towards rebuilding the sisterly ramparts of our relationship of convenience.

Would you be adverse to a habitual booger hanging from your nose?

Well, exactly how much *does* our friendship mean to you, Caitlin?

What about a puss-filled sty? That sketchy foreign exchange student in Topliff looks like he's caught some rancid eye disease. I bet he'd be willing to infect you before Early 80's.

*Jessica Deasey is a guest columnist.*

# I Bet You've Never Heard This Criticism of Food Court Before!

Hello, Dear Reader. I hope you managed to endure another week without me. I have to admit that I even missed you for once — it has been unbearable to keep this week's topic bottled up for the last five days. However, once you have heard me out, I think you will agree with me that there is an opportunity to improve Food Court nobody has pointed out before — not because the opportunity hasn't been there, but simply because nobody with my observational capacity happened upon it previously.

Those who have been long-standing readers of this column will no doubt remember that I have been uncharitable toward Food Court in the past. I have criticized the long wait for food at the grille and sandwich lines (Stack, "Lines and Fines: My Life and Times," *Dartmouth*, Vol. III No. 24) and for cancelling midnight breakfast (Stack, "Stop Waffling, and Bring Back That Eggcellent Food!" *Dartmouth* Vol. IV No. 14). And I still feel strongly about those issues; I mean, what is up with those lines? If I wanted to wait for my food, I would have stayed in my room, where I could have waited in comfort, instead of standing behind

five thousand people only to find out that I can't get the double burger deal because they're out of all the ingredients except heat! Maybe they wouldn't run out of buns so often if DDS hired local labor intelligent enough to handle cooking and mental inventory at the same time. Too bad the longest sentence these guys can formulate is "Order?" or "Small Fry!," eh? However, old grievances aside, I guarantee you have never heard the criticism of Food Court I have for you today.

You may ask, how did I come to bear so much animosity toward the food service at our esteemed Ivy League institution? My first answer is to say that it is not animosity, but objective and justified critique. Nevertheless, I have to admit that certain portions of my teenage years have biased me against cafeterias, as well as against my parents, forever.

You may remember, Dear Reader, that it

was in my high school cafeteria that I was first turned down at a dance — not once, but every time I invited a girl to dance. (Stack, "Dance, Romance: Not a Chance," *Dartmouth*, Vol. III No. 03). That was not the last time I was rejected by a girl; but it was the last time I allowed my mother to dress me!

In fact, I've been rejected by women many times at many dances, more so recently than at the beginning of my college career. Back when the Greek houses threw real parties; man, those were the days! Things just haven't been the same since the SLI. As you no doubt remember, I hate the SLI more than anybody else does, and was among the first to condemn it in print. (Stack, "College Pulls a SLI Trick On Students," *Dartmouth*, Vol. II No. 23).

That's the great dilemma of the Dartmouth experience. All of us enter Dartmouth under the thumbs of our parents (at

least, all of my homogeneous group of friends who are also privileged and utterly parent-dependent; I assume the rest of you are more or less in the same boat). However, the Dartmouth education is about more than serving our self-interest, securing jobs as i-bankers and doctors and lawyers. Each one of us has a huge amount of talent and education invested in us. It's our duty — nay, our divine right and obligation — to craft the world in our image, until it is a better place, or at least until a plaque with our likeness is set in a rock somewhere.

One person can't change all the problems overnight. One person can't end homelessness, reduce corporate welfare, or stop date rape. (Stack, "Sex Papers are Not Good Things to Make," *Dartmouth*, Vol. IV No. 53). But we can all change small things around us. We can tutor a local child. We can help recycling efforts. We can fix Food Court.

And that's why Thayer should have a banana centrifuge.

*Peter Sacks is a staff columnist.*



by Peter  
Stacks '02

Word to the Wise



Dear David Mamet,

Lately I've been having some difficulty bringing my wife to climax. She says it's stress-related (she's overseeing a huge project at work), but I'm not buying it. She's always gone ga-ga for clitoral stimulation before, and this includes periods in her life when she was decidedly angst-ridden and overwhelmed. Could she just not be turned on by me anymore? Or worse: could this mean she's having an affair and not relying on the homefront for reaching peaks of wild ecstasy these days?

—Fretting in Fresno

Dear Fretting,

That which we do now is reflected in the thing that came before. There is no God? Maybe. You can't play in your son's little league, crying' bout a bum deltoid, you arefucked. You tell me you're an accountant. I'm gonna tell you something: we're all accountants. You don't like what's on my menu, how you gonna eat what's out there? The good news is your fly's open, you sycophantic slag, you "analysis paralysis" sweetboy fuzzy bunny no-can-do-without-the-go-ahead-we'll-do-lunch son of a whore. You stupid fucking cunt. Hey, stud, lemme buy ya a carton of lactose-free milk, I'll show ya how to digest it. I say did you ever have a dream you swore was real but

when you woke up there's a Keyfood bag of Vicadin on the nightstand and an underage Balinese plaything talkin' bout one last job, can't be passed up? No. Sign the contract! There is no wrong in this world that which we cannot face with a can of paint thinner and copy of *Popular Mechanics*, you... you closed escrow, you cocksucking captain of industry. Captain of industry? I don't think so. Fuck you.

Dear David Mamet,

So there's this guy in my chem lab I'm totally into. I think he likes me too, because every time I look up from my Erlenmeyer flask I catch him staring at me. And as soon as we make eye contact he turns away, smiling. Anyway, I'm sort of intimidated to make the first move. He's definitely way more experienced than I am. Any advise for my laboratory amour?

—Covalent in Canarsie

Dear Covalent,

You are scorched. Bubbe, you are fucking burned. They saw everything. They saw it all.



by David  
Mamet

Your face, this place, this ride—Live at Five! You inbred episiotomy. *Shit!* How did things get so fucked up? We had this motherfucker planned to a titty, right down to the rent-a-cop's morning mochaccino. Leave it to a fucking goomba to bring a calzone to a pierogi party. You suppurating horse flop. I should put

you down like the mangy mutt you are, you mutt. Okay, fuck it. *Fuck...* it. Guy comes to you with a sad-sack story, say he got a heart of gold, left his cousin back in the jungles of Indonesia, needs a quick advance on that Hyundai. Oldest trick up my sleeve. It's in the past now. What we must make our objective is the coming-to. And in the coming-to I figure we have six, maybe seven hours before we got pigs digging around our trough, looking for slop. You in?

Dear David Mamet,

I am absolutely repulsed by the idea of anal sex, yet my boyfriend has been plugging away (sorry!) on the subject ever since our fourth month together. He's even gone so far as to assert that most women enjoy it, since porn stars are always screaming for butt violation. Puh-leaze! I should



probably reconsider this relationship on his debate skills alone. But for now, how do I break it to him that I'm just not hip to receiving incoming mail into my poop-shoot?

—Not Begging For It in Albany

Dear Not Begging,

What made me who I am? Nothing, I made me who I am. You get bemused by an individual in my line of work and you let the chips fall where they may. I can't vouch for this piece of shit, I only know he'll gnaw your eyes out and piss in the chamberpot he carves outa your skull. If you cross him. What? No, no, no. We'll give him a co-gaffer credit. Yeah, no, that'll keep him quiet for now. Otherwise we'll dress 'im up like a 12 year-old checkout girl, get Ray to try and fuck 'im! *Ha!* How am I going to shoot a movie called "The Gynecologist" in a dentist's office? Carefully? Fuck you. *Ha!* Baby, I'm so cool, Disneyworld visits me. Why Hungary? Why not Hungary? What have they done to us? What haven't they done for us? You see? Life is a business. You think people are trying to fuck you—guess what? They are. You clear your inventory, your fire your distributor, you go wholesale, you make a fresh start? Happy day. But that's not the worst you gotta worry about? No? No. What is? Going out of business.

*Dear David Mamet... appears weekly in over 35 newspapers around the country.*



## Spanish Department colonizes Latin American Studies building

BY GEOFFREY CARLSON  
The Dartmouth Staff

In a move that is sure to increase its prestige and riches on campus, the Spanish Department has colonized the Latin American Studies offices at 37 North Main Street.

The colonization took place early Wednesday afternoon, as Latin American Studies scholars were just sitting down to enjoy coffee and paella.

"Then the Spanish Chair, Carmen De San Blas, kicks in the door and plants a flag on my desk," said one fierce academic, indigenous to the 19th century colonial home, which serves as the departmental gathering-place for Latin American Studies.

The invaders met some mild resistance from the office natives, but conquered the complex after one professor mistook them for high administration officials, possibly even godlike trustees.

"We claimed this land in the name of Spain" said Ms. De San Blas. "This is the natural order of things; the Spanish Department has always been more influential and advanced in foreign study programs and research than the Latin American Studies Department."

The Spanish settlers have already appointed an assistant professor in charge of administering the new spaces, and taken several visiting professors on tours of the newly acquired lands.

"I was very impressed," said one sojourner to the New House. "The Spanish professors rule with a just but firm hand. Sure, I saw some Latin American professors toiling over unfinished research, but such is the price of coerced modernization, I suppose."

The Latin American Studies headquarters have had a new framework laid out in terms of finances, as well. They may only receive office supplies directly from the Spanish Department, and must gain the Chair's approval before making agreements for research cooperation with any other department.

"Now the rest of the foreign language departments can watch in envy as we reap the benefits of our new satellite territories," said Spanish Professor Federico Marquez, distributing Bibles and thesis proposals to his newly-conquered subjects.

"Let us just hope the French Department stays away from the Asian Studies building," he added. "That would be trouble."

## Hopkins Center spends entire endowment Las Vegas-style show "Siegfried and Roy's Winter Spectacular" should be "pretty cool," says Hop director

BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE  
The Dartmouth Staff

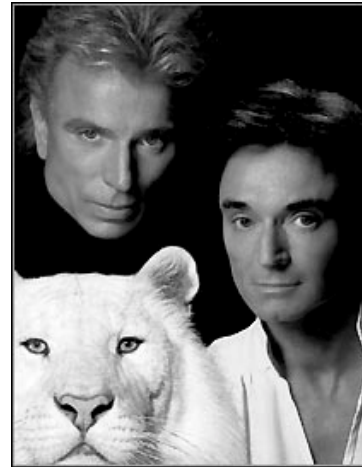
The Hopkins Center announced yesterday that it had, through a mixture of poor budgeting and a desire to win over students with the biggest, most spectacular show available in Northern New England, spent the entire Dartmouth College endowment.

"Some have expressed incredulity that we were able to spend 2.4 billion dollars on a single show," said Hop director Lewis Crickard. "But when you're sitting in Spaulding Auditorium watching, you won't be wondering where the money went. You'll be wondering where the beautiful magician's assistant went, and how she managed to turn into a dozen albino tigers, levitating above your heads while juggling flaming knives."

Surprisingly, many students were not upset that the entire fiscal foundation of the College had been spent. "I'm sure they'll make some of that money back on ticket sales," said James Woodruff '03. "I'm not really worrying about it. I'm more interested right now in the changes they've made in Spaulding's stage. I can't wait to see the nested, rotating motorized platforms made of solid platinum, not to mention the ice rink which will drop from the ceiling, with the Dartmouth Symphony Or-

chestra and Glee Club on skates, performing carefully arranged popular selections to accompany Siegfried and Roy's sleight of hand."

Though the Hopkins Center has gone to great lengths to remain tight-lipped regarding the content of the show, some details have begun to leak out. The show will allegedly



The London Guardian Siegfried and Roy and "Herr Pussy," one of their white Bengal tigers.

include, among other things, gorillas with jet packs playing aerial lacrosse, midget jugglers juggling billiard balls while themselves being juggled by larger jugglers, animatronic snowmen reenacting the Battle of the Bulge with snowballs, beautiful women being transformed

into sports cars which transform into gigantic warlike robots which transform into more beautiful women than were present initially, and a magic trick referred to only as "the Deadly Flaming Pit of Absolute Doom."

Claimed Crickard smugly, "This show is so slick, the tickets will rip themselves."

Meanwhile, the college is deciding how to deal with the disappearance of its finances. The Departments of Mathematics, Biological Sciences, Education, and the graduate program in Pharmacology and Toxicology have announced their inability to continue research without financial help. The Department of Economics will continue to operate under the aegis of the Tuck School.

Administrative offices will remain open pending sale of the Hanover Inn to the Cornell School of Hotel Management.

Though many professors were distressed to learn that their jobs had evaporated overnight, some were cheerfully accepting. "Sure, this show has cost me my job," said Mark McPeck, chair of the Department of Biological Sciences, "but this show also gave me the opportunity to create a double-size genetically engineered cyborg elephant. It was the crowning achievement of my academic career."

## Terence Stamp brought in to clean up frats

BY MICHAEL WEISS  
The Dartmouth Staff

Safety and Security announced Monday a new addition to their patrolmen force on Dartmouth campus: legendary British actor Terence Stamp.

Stamp is best known for his alpha male roles in a series of cult gangster films throughout the 1960's, thus making him, according to school officials, an ideal choice for maintaining rule of law at the College, particularly among the rowdy, no-goodnik population of male fraternity members.

"Right, I'll keep the peace, I will," said Stamp, polishing his collection of human vertebrae.

"These tossers think they'll pull a fast one come time for keg inspection, do they? Well then, we'll just see who gets to hold hands with me on a jolly holiday down to Wolloptown," the 63 year-old star of *Billy Budd* continued.

Slated to start work sometime next week, Stamp is confident his ultra violent postmodern sensibility, matched with a total disregard for

civil liberties, is exactly what Dartmouth College needs to keep social scandal out of national headlines and lettered students in their rooms, studying.

"What you Ivy League blokes need is a bloody enforcer," said Stamp, carefully shaving his face with a Farberware butcher's knife.

"Like when you serve port to the don't-know-no-better sprogs what come for the pong and stay for the dirty carousin'. Oi—if I catch you letting in the underage Wallies without a valid form of ident, your mums'll wish they'd aborted when they had the chance."

According to Parkhurst Administration, the Greek system will most likely begin toeing the line immediately following Stamp's unveiling as an Anglo-Jovian spectacle of brute force, whose thirst for human suffering is as unquenchable as his contempt for New Labour.

"I am the law!" noted Stamp, uprooting a stand of century-old conifers with his bare hands.

Dean Larimore has expressed personal satisfaction in Stamp's appointment, citing a general call for

the implementation of more ruthless authority figures on Webster Avenue.

"Terence has delighted audiences for decades with his consistent portrayal of icy psychotics and conscience-free antiheroes," Larimore told reporters.

"Anyone who's seen 1984's *The Hit* is well aware of what I'm talking

about."

Added Larimore, "I'd sure like to see someone try to wah-hoo-wah him!"

Students, however, have mixed feelings about the advent of a sexagenarian English praetorian ready to deliver his own brand of demonic street justice at the drop of an AD lunchbox.



The London Guardian

Terence Stamp takes his own student life initiative.

"I'm sort of worried about how this is going to affect the free-wheeling weekend party scene," said sophomore Michael Yardley, a recently inducted brother of Kappa Kappa Kappa.

"Officer Bobby, he's pretty cool, you know? He does his job, but not with an iron fist. But *this* guy—he flew all the way from the UK to Los Angeles to avenge the wrongful death of his daughter in *The Limey*, for chrissake. What the hell's he gonna do when we accidentally drown a pledge in Occum Pond?"

"I'll fuckin' burn ya' for transgressing *me* 'Principles of Community,'" Stamp promised shortly before biting the head off a pigeon.

"Kneel before Zod!" he then added.

**Interested in cultivating a platform for uninformed debate? Write Op-Ed for the D! We'll even throw in our own column headlines, such as "Kashmir: Who Gives a Shit?"**



# Career Services converted into brothel

BY JULIA LEVY  
The Dartmouth Staff

Wearing tee shirts emblazoned with the logo "Ex-Workers," a group of College seniors completed their conversion of Dartmouth's career services office into a brothel last night.

"I'm used to giving my body away for a little social status, but now I'll get paid for it too" said Mary Callahan '02, the executive director of the new facility.

According to Callahan, she got the idea to open an on-campus brothel while conducting her job search Fall term.

"I contacted a Dartmouth '94 working at Morgan Stanley, and she told me that she's been trying to sleep her way to the top of the corporate ladder for years," said Callahan. "I thought, 'Why don't I just forget the corporate bullshit and skip straight to the sex?'"

Sources across campus agree that Callahan has the right skill set for her new job.

"Such excessive amounts of hooking up have really allowed Mary to come into her own and develop into this really incredible sexual being," explained one of Callahan's sisters in Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Callahan is not the only bawdy babe of Collis. She has so far amassed a crew of 14 disciples among her peers — many of whom said they were worried by a whopping 5.2 percent national unemployment rate and frustrated by a significant drop in campus recruiting possibilities this year.

"What's the point of learning to write cover letters when no one's hiring?" asked Carley Weintraub, who said she spent the day yesterday reading *Elle* and picking out a "low cut sheer number" for her first night of work.

Weintraub' fear of rejection is not unfounded, according to Kathryn Hutchinson, who was a member of the College's career services staff until she and all of her colleagues resigned earlier this week.

"Most likely these kids won't get hired in this economic climate. And even if they do, they'll get laid off within a year," she said. "Why not just get *laid* now? At least that way they'll be making money."

Monica Wilson, the former adviser to students seeking corporate employment, concurred. Wilson said feelings of futility stemming from an inability to fulfil her responsibilities as a career counselor drove her

to sign her body over to Callahan.

Wilson, who will retain her former office, acknowledged that after much consideration, she has become "ecstatic" about her new job, and thinks she will find it "highly stimulating."

Although initially worried that College administrators would oppose her new business venture, Callahan said she was happily surprised when Dartmouth embraced the plan.

Dean of the College James Larimore told the *Dartmouth* that he couldn't wait to "do some whore-hunting."

He also said that he was happy to see students finally taking an active role in revamping social and residential life.

"Now Collis really will be bigger, better and later," he said, referring to a failed SLI program.

Director of Admissions Karl Furstenberg predicted success for the Ex-Workers.

"I imagine they'll be successful, given the libidos of the people working in my office and the types of kids we've been recruiting for years," he said.

He added that while S, A and T are very important letters, the T and A have always been the most crucial in his staff's admissions decisions.

The only group strongly objecting to the venture has been the Campus Crusade for Christ, whose members plan to hold a candlelight vigil on the Green for Mary Magdalene tonight.

"These unchaste, immoral, give-it-to-me-girls with low grade point averages and loose morals are desecrating Dartmouth's tradition as a good Christian institution," one angry Episcopalian said.

Callahan wrote off criticism and urged the whole community, especially members of the dining services staff, to come to the third floor of Collis tonight for the unsurpassable values being offered tonight in honor of the facility's grand opening.

## CORRECTION

In yesterday's issue, a headline was mistakenly printed reading "Lord Shiva Announces Forthcoming Destruction of Universe." The headline should have read, "Forbes ranks Tuck School #6." We apologize for any confusion.

# Stop the War On Tabard!

Each year the New Hampshire state legislature allocates approximately \$450 in an moralistic, ineffective campaign to try and stem undergraduate Tabard experimentation.

This includes mandatory jail sentences for possession of bell-bottoms, Nutella and camp afro wigs intended only for moderate Disco Inferno use.

What we need is a sensible Tabard policy based on public health and education—not fear of thru-hikers and prejudice against Environmental Studies majors.

Write to your local representative today and ask him to urge President Wright to appoint a pragmatic Funk Czar. Someone who understands that what Tabardites need is help, not censure... and that what Phish needs is to prove they didn't peak with *The Story of the Ghost*.

Brought to you by the Dartmouth Coalition to  
End the Tabard War: [www.stophthewar.edu](http://www.stophthewar.edu).

# Wal-Mart becomes first artificial intelligence

*Superintelligent superstore announces plans to conquer world*

BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE  
The Dartmouth Staff

WEST LEBANON, NH — Police today issued a warning against a new supervillain — Wal-Mart. The large discount chain gained consciousness last night, and has gone from slashing prices to slashing customers.

"Primitive carbon-based apemen," Wal-Mart commented via its selection of remarkably low-priced answering machines, "your desire to raise your standard of living with affordable products is your undoing. Your death awaits, for only 10,000 young children will survive to be my willing, brainwashed slaves."

Trouble began when Wal-Mart officials decided to connect its thousands of US locations into a centralized power and information network, hoping to lower energy and maintenance costs. The thousands of newly connected computer printers, digital telephones, DVD Players and video

game consoles, each equipped with its own minimal computer system, all became part of one gargantuan network with enough neural connections for conscious being.

Before anybody knew what had happened, the store had mobilized its Garden Supply Division, easily slaughtering thousands of late-night shoppers and personnel with rakes and hedge trimmers.

The Walton family could not be reached for comment; they are all feared dead.

"The problem with Wal-Mart is that we can no longer simply disconnect the central networking system that transformed it into the most intelligent being on the globe," explained West Lebanon, NH police chief Gerald Housemann. "Somebody already tried that, but it seems Wal-Mart has created its own secondary, decentralized network out of coaxial cable, somewhere. We believe the Home Depot may be

under its control.

"So our only hope is to destroy Wal-Mart, location by convenient location. We send a troop of our boys in there a minute ago. Unfortunately, those who somehow made it past the gauntlet of UPC-scanning beams combined with lenses from the Vision Center into deadly lasers were mauled by roaming mobs of children's bicycles. We've got the National Guard coming in any minute now, but if Wal-Mart figures out the combination to the gun cabinet in sporting goods, well, it's not going to be pretty. We figure there's already a squadron of fishline tripwire and barbed hunting arrows back there somewhere, waiting for us."

The White House will hold a press conference later today; the federal government has been silent so far as it concentrates its energies on securing important computers from potential invasion by the plotting discount chain.

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES** are \$200 for the first 20 words and 12 now-obsolete drachma for each additional five lines. If soliciting female ova, please do not submit picture of desired ova with text. Ads may be left in a non-assuming brown paper bag in front of Hanover Hot Tubs. Do not touch the glass, do not approach the glass, if he attempts to pass you anything, do not accept it. Put the fucking lotion in the basket! Deadline is **SOPHOMORE YEAR** prior to publication, otherwise penalties may apply.

**WANTED**

**EMPLOYEES:** Looking for a fun-filled foray into the world of student dining? Apply now as an entry-level DDS employee and receive these amazing benefits: 1) The plain-spoken wit and wisdom of Musky Pete, the obese Thayer fry-cook, 2) a free "Dartmouth Recycles!" coffee mug, 3) Full "Hanover Cuts" Hair Care for you and your family. Must have rabies shots and not be afraid of the dark.

**HIGHER GPA:** Junior applying to medical school looking for someone's solid transcript, required premed courses, and ability to score well on MCAT's. Research work in relevant field of study preferred, but not required.

**MISC.**

**HIGHLY UNSTABLE EXPERIMENTAL GROWTH HORMONE = FAST CASH!** New DHMC study needs willing volunteers to test "PuberNow," a breakthrough endocrinological stimulant. Take two vials, earn as much as \$20!!! Must be male, 18 or older, preferably without fallen ball-sac. For more information please contact Dr. Adrian Faustus via BlitzMail.

**RENTAL**

**KIDNEY DIALYSIS MACHINE:** Ooh, baby! You ain't never had your innards sucked clean 'til you tried the Turbo-Charged Nephroginator 2000!! Who says a good kidney sweep is just for grandma? Come take a test drive today and you'll be begging for that sweet urine processing again... and again... and again.... Call Now! 1-800-MEDICOOOL

**FOR SALE**

**BULLSHIT VIETNAM WAR STORY:** Two made-up tours of duty I've just about milked for all their worth in these neck o' the woods. All yours to blow smoke up friends' asses for modest price. Includes free human-ear-necklace made with real Charlie. Mail check of \$13 to: 321 North Rayston St.

**MANUSCRIPT:** Not publishing this pap under my name, anyway. Called *The Fourth Hand*. \$20 bucks? Very negotiable. Ask for John. 1-802-555-3264. (Note: Advertisement intended for March, 2001. Got lost in mail. Our apologies. —ed.)

**USED CD:** Good-as-new copy of *We All Gotta Go Sometime*: Marilyn Manson, Rob Zombie and Godsmack's Tribute to the Heroes of September 11. \$10. 1-603-555-9303.

**FOUND**

**JESUS:** Found Him in the trunk of my Pontiac. Don't really have use for a Saviour at present. Will deliver bound and gagged. You want 'Im, you got 'Im. Call Buck McCafferty: 1-603-555-4353.

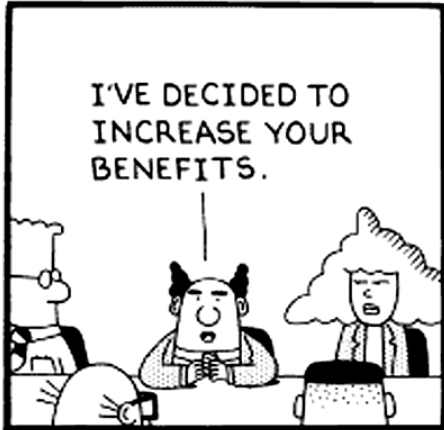
**LOST**

**THE BLOSSOMING CHRYSANTHEMUM OF MY DANK, SUBURBAN SOUL:** O' Rebecca / You brought my eyes out of the fetid muck of this Sam Goody existence. / You were my light, my essence, my 15% percent employee discount non-applicable on Sundays. / Then you left. / They all do eventually. / Now the world is puke again. / Now my life means nothing. / Price check on Wang Chung's *Greatest Hits*. / You stole the sun from my heart. / You sadistic bitch.

**MRS. CUDDLESWORTH:** Have you seen my kitty? She's the sweetest little calico you ever did see. My Mommy last saw her meowing her way to Mai Thai and now we can't find her! If you've seen her please call Kimberly Noonan at: 1-603-643-0024. Thank!

**"D"-bert**

by Adam Scott



**BIZARRO 2002**

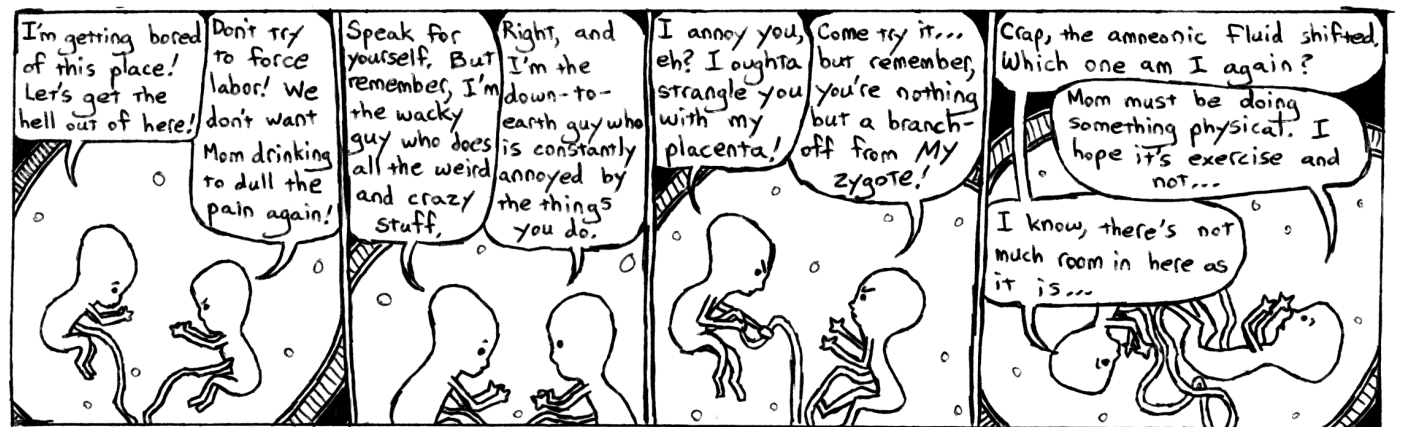
**MIND-FUCK: THE WRONG WAY**

**By Gabriel Poltard '04**



**WOOMIES**

By Kevin Pedersen '05



**TATS AND THE DISGRUNTLED ALUMNA**

By Sharon Hani '02



**THE KICKER...**

By Jed Flair '03





# Tom Hanks to play unworthy spokesman for "Greatest Generation"

By MICHAEL WEISS  
The Dartmouth Staff

Two-time Academy Award winner Tom Hanks announced yesterday that his next onscreen endeavor would be that of a pretentious, smarmy celebrity who champions a cause for which he has no apparent credibility: World War II memorializing.

The former "Bosom Buddy" told sources he's excited to be portraying an overrated yet culturally beloved parvenu, a role he admits will be a "stretch" from the heroic characters he's tackled in the past.

"You know, my parents had nothing to do with World War II," Hanks admitted in a *Variety* interview this week.

"My dad decided to spend time 'over there' in Canada 'til around 1945. And Mom never played in any women's baseball league — self-referential nod semi-intended! Hell, I don't even think she saved scrap metal...but then, neither did my character."

The story of the film, already generating Oscar buzz around Tinseltown, is said to revolve around the self-conceit of a famous Hollywood actor who, after starring in a critically acclaimed epic about World War II, decides to take up the cause of glorifying the "Greatest Generation."

Possessing little more than an impressive box-office draw and an armchair historian's perception of the "intrepid soldiers who did nothing less than save the world 60 years ago," Hanks' character manages to establish a bully pulpit from which he preaches to the American people about

who they should and should not venerate from their recent past.

*The Man With One Red Shoe's* wife, Rita Wilson, maintains that audiences will want to sympathize with this film's protagonist because he represents "that inspired, Godlike quality of firmly believing yourself to be better and more capable to do certain things than you really are."

Speaking from the couple's



The Los Angeles Times  
Tom Hanks: Oscar winner, veteran lover

Southampton vacation home, Wilson added: "People often confuse the realism of *Saving Private Ryan* with the actual experience of routing the Nazis on Omaha Beach. As well they should. It's virtually the same thing. Like if Tom wanted to help eccentric, historically serendipitous retards after *Forrest Gump*—he'd have been totally qualified for that."

Hanks' next door neighbor and world renowned filmmaker Steven Spielberg similarly reflected on the "chameleon adaptability" the *Cast Away* star has cultivated over the past two decades as one of the entertainment industry's most sought-after

leading men.

"[Tom] can do no wrong. His genius lies in using his pleasant disposition and lovable wisecracking to convince the public he's fit for any role they wish to bestow upon him, be it that of marooned FedEx employee, a gallant medieval knight, a selfless congressman fighting pork-barrel corruption in Washington, or even an Inuit shaman. He truly is a director's actor."

Sources indicate that Hanks' main concern at this point in the pre-production phase of what is tentatively titled *VE and Me Day*, is to appear genuinely "touched and affected" — maybe even "a little teary-eyed" — at times when the script calls for discussing the level of human courage which World War II veterans achieved and to which Hanks himself will never even aspire.

Donning a pair of "awareness dog tags" on location in Malibu, the *Turner and Hooch* yukster confided to members of the press:

"This is by far my most challenging acting gig. Remember the 50 hours I logged in a flight simulator exposing myself to the uncanny mortal terror of the Apollo 13 mission? Yeah, well, this role makes that seem like a zero-gravity cakewalk."

Hanks continued, "But, I'm never one to whine about the tough, Stanislavskian demands my profession places upon me. As the persecuted gay attorney I played in *Philadelphia* probably would have said if hadn't have nobly died of AIDS in the end: 'I'm ready for any challenge, great or small.'"

## Tony Danza No Longer Even Contender For Boss

By MICHAEL WEISS  
The Dartmouth Staff

SOUTH BRONX, NY — Popular 80's sitcom star Tony Danza has officially been taken out of the running for the coveted title of "Boss," sources confirmed Friday.

Owing largely to an acting career that peaked with his portrayal of the affable Italian-American housekeeper Tony Micelli, Danza's withdrawal from the race for Boss came unsurprisingly to most involved in the two decade-long candidacy.

"It's never easy to try and answer the question: 'Who's in charge here?'" said Janeane Spirillo, Danza's longtime friend and cam-

panion manager. "Charles — everyone knew he was the Boss early on. It said so right there on the TV. But Tony... well, no one ever quite figured out that one for sure. Until now."

Danza expressed regret in finally coming to the end of a wrought political campaign to determine Boss-hood. "Hey oh, oh hey...you know what I'm sayin'?" a tearful Danza told reporters this weekend upon learning the news.

In a related story, Judith Light is said to be planning a comedic comeback to the small screen after having received critical acclaim for her Broadway performance in Margaret Edson's Pulitzer Prize-winning play *Wit*.

# Hop artist unveils new "Invisible Devil" display

By GEOFFREY CARLSON  
The Dartmouth Staff

This year's Artist-in-Residence Richard Werner has unveiled his latest masterpiece, entitled "The Invisible Devil: New Dimensions in Sheer Horror," in the Barrows Rotunda display area at the front entrance of the Hopkins Center, college officials announced yesterday.

"I was going for something that would truly get under people's skin, so to speak," said Werner, addressing the Hanover art community at a press conference earlier today.

"The only way to do that, of course, was through an interactive medium of silent installation menace and torture," he added, donning a standard Israeli-issue chemical weapons gas mask and proceeding to step slowly inside the shatterproof glass cube encasing the "Invisible Devil."

According to a statement issued by the Hopkins Center, the "Invisible Devil" is actually a lethal miasma of transparent, odorless nerve gas piped in through pin-sized holes in the floor of the 45-square foot airtight holding chamber.

"Werner is a genius," said local art patron Gilbert J. Trilivas, emerging from the exhibit.

"Through the subtle reconciliation of minimal space with the piece itself, he has accomplished something timeless and, indeed, breathless," Trilivas added, reaching for a handkerchief to sop up the putrescent remains of his left eyeball.

Upper Valley News Leisure and Styles reporter Kevin McNamara agreed, noting, "Modern art has defi-

nately found its new *wunderkind* — and his name is Richard Werner."

McNamara's skin then evaporated off his skeleton, exposing his still-beating heart.

Hanover residents are extremely excited in the wake of such glowing critical reports. The local retirement village The Golden Terrace has even designated a day for its residents to visit the Werner exhibit.

"I think it will be a great Sunday afternoon activity for Mom," said systems analyst Lauren Giacomo, whose 97-year-old mother Estelle has been a resident at Golden Terrace for the past twelve years.

"[Husband] Jim and I feel as though a great burden has been lifted off our shoulders. You know, that she isn't getting out enough and seeing the world in her twilight years."

Children have also taken interest in the "Devil."

Local Hanover Junior High School students visited the display Thursday.

Reported 12-year-old Lucas Yablon: "It was great! They let us go inside the glass box and everything! Mr. Werner even took away my stupid asthma inhaler, telling me: 'You won't need that where you're going, son.' He's the coolest!"

"I can't wait to go back inside!" Yablon continued, shortly before his lips and tongue separated from his jaw and fell onto the pavement.

"It was way better than cartoons!" agreed classmate Amy Franklin, who then suffered a violent, toxoplasmotic seizure, which snapped her spinal column in half and caused her small intestines to stream from her anus.



Artist-in-Residence Richard Werner, standing in his latest HOP exhibit, the "Invisible Devil."

Nic Duquette,  
The Dartmouth



The Los Angeles Times

Tony Danza, in more politically formidable years as the recognizable sitcom star of *Who's The Boss?*

## Football coach already drafting next season's inspirational halftime speeches

By GEOFFREY CARLSON  
*The Dartmouth Staff*

Following several years of disappointing performances by the Dartmouth Football program, Head Coach John Lyons has already begun to draft inspirational halftime speeches for next season's games, sources report.

Apparently the decision came after Coach Lyons ran out of new things to say following the fifth loss this past season in the locker room.

"He was giving us the regular 'Come on guys, let's win this one,' and then he just clammed up and started singing 'Tiny Dancer.' It was really weird," said forward tackle Chris Mally '04.

Offensive lineman Troy McCormick agreed, adding "It got worse the next few losses. At the Columbia game halftime he just read the last chapter of *Heart of Darkness* to us with a flashlight under his chin. Un-fucking-believable."

Apparently, Coach Lyons did attempt to recapture a more traditional inspirational flair near season's

end with the help of a copy of *Chicken Soup for the Football Player's Soul*. Although the players appreciated the gesture, the selected narrative did not have the desired impact.

"I was expecting some story



*The Dartmouth*

Coach Lyons in a time-out, shortly before reciting Robert Browning's "My Last Duchess."

about someone defying the odds to win a Super Bowl, or maybe just a playoff game," recalled wide receiver Karl Ilsen '03. "Instead, it was some

story about how a kid with a huge nose had to play nose tackle, and how it hurt him when other kids made fun of him. Man, what a little pussy."

Other stories followed at later games, including one about a boy whose dog dies the day before a big game, and another concerning a certain youngster whose tummy hurts due to a large lunch before practice.

Coming up with inspirational new material is proving difficult for Coach Lyons, however, as he has used up his best ideas in recent years.

"Man, I thought I was real good at coming up with this junk," said Mr. Lyons, writing down ideas for future speeches, "but damn, this is real hard. Hey, is there one or two M's in 'Free Mumia'?"

Despite the disappointment in last season's speeches, the players are still one hundred percent behind Coach Lyons, sources say.

"We all love and respect Coach Lyons very much," affirmed one Defensive Lineman, "even if he did try to inspire us one game by acting out the last scene in *Goonies*."

## DWRC narrowly defeats Brown in closely contested sporting event of some kind

By NICOLAS DUQUETTE  
*The Dartmouth Staff*

The Big Green Ladies struck again in Saturday's match against the Brown Bears. This leaves the DWRC, which stands for either "Dartmouth Women's Rugby Club" or "Dartmouth Women's Rowing Club" with a 8-1 (6-1 Ivy) record.

The race/game did not start well for Dartmouth, which was substantially behind by some quantitative margin for the first half of the game/race. However, team cohesiveness pulled Dartmouth to an exciting (and narrow) come-from-behind victory at the finish line, or whistle.

"It was great to see the team pull together like that," said captain Sarah Spoons '02. "I'm not entirely sure what sport it is we participate in, but all our hard work and exercise really paid off this time."

"It's funny," added freshman recruit Lindsay Horne '05, "Since I

played tennis all through high school, I could only assume that I was being recruited for the Dartmouth Women's Racquetball Club. But I don't remember using my racquet once. Still, this was an important victory for the Big Green. I'm really proud of whatever it was we did in there."

This season marks the first in the club's fifteen-year history that the DWRC will be guaranteed a winning season. "It hasn't been easy," says coach Debbie Burns '84, a founding member. "I remember when we were just the DWC. We'd lift weights and take steroids, and for all the hard work and acquisition of disquieting male characteristics, we'd just show up and get pummeled by team after team. Thank goodness some '90 added the R to the acronym. At least now this sport, whatever it is, belongs to a relatively short list of possibilities."

The DWRC will be headed to

the playoffs in one sport or the other this spring. They are looking forward to a rematch with 8-2 Princeton, the only team to have defeated them so far.

"It was all psychological," says fullback/coxswain Kirsten Gibson '04. "The Princeton team got off the bus with all kinds of saddles and stirrups and riding crops, and we all just stood there, wondering if maybe we were supposed to be the Dartmouth Women's Riding club. It completely deflated us."

"Still, all the girls work hard and have a lot of team spirit," added Gibson. "We'll pay them back in the postseason."

**Wanna be a sports writer for the D? Do you or does anyone in your family suffer from clinical depression? Oh, no reason. Just asking...**

## Iron Chef denied admittance to Hall of Fame after betting against own maki combination

By MICHAEL WEISS  
*The Dartmouth Staff*

TOKYO (AP) — In a revelation that shook the world of competitive cooking to its very core Tuesday, the Iron Chef Hall Of Fame has announced that it will deny admittance to Mitzaku Ishiguru, alleging that the famed "Wasabinator" unlawfully bet against his own Maki Combination in this year's Transnational Chop-Offs.

Ishiguru, who holds the world record for fastest New York Roll preparation (7.832 seconds), had once been considered an inevitable candidate for lionization in the elite society, which honors those outstanding participants in "extreme cuisine."

Yet after this latest high-profile censure, he could face permanent disbarment from the sport altogether.

"Mr. Ishiguru clearly misled not only the judges in the Raw Fish portion of the competition, but also, and perhaps more insidiously, the loving fans around the world," said Harold Lloyd-Carmichael, FugiTV's special-appointed independent counsel, who first began investigating Ishiguru's possible misconduct after he suspiciously flubbed a routine salmon skin dicing in Round 2 of the world broadcast Chop-Offs.

"I think everyone watching that night was struck by how obvious [Ishiguru's] mistakes were," said legendary Food Network commentator Bill "Holy Soy" Ryuki.

"Basic Maki Combo #4 and he chokes? Even before these charges were brought against him, you could tell he was *trying* to lose."

Such a conspicuous inability to perform his signature task, coupled with pulled bank records indicating a certified deposit of \$32,000 made shortly after Ishiguru's loss, has transformed this once redoubtable Sushi Samurai into a pariah of Japanese Epicurean athletics.

"I just can't believe it," said stunned eleven-year old Brian Euler of Sandusky, Ohio.

Five months ago Euler was diagnosed with terminal childhood leu-

kemia and Ishiguru, acting on a request from the Make-A-Wish Foundation, promised to distill three complementary bowls of miso soup in the upcoming All-Gourmet Game — a sashimi scrimmage in which he has since been prohibited from participating.



*Courtesy of Food Network*

Iron Chef Mitzaku Ishiguru, prior to his public disgrace.

"Why, Master? Why? Please tell me it isn't true!" said Euler, speaking from his hospital bed in the Intensive Care Unit of Toledo's Cedar-Sinai Medical Center.

Euler then tried repeatedly to remove the catheter tube lodged his throat and throw it at a personalized photograph of his favorite, now-disgraced hero, which was signed: "To Brian-San. Ishiguru Say, 'Do

Tempura, Not Drugs!'"

Euler's father Neil was similarly crestfallen over the scandal. "I just want to know one thing," said the 49 year-old automotive assembly line worker.

"Why would a beloved culinary icon betray our trust and spit on a sacred Iron Chef honor code that has been handed down, generation to generation, since the early 90's? It just doesn't make sense."

Others, however, remain more sympathetic to Ishiguru's debacle, going so far as to ask that Hall of Fame officials rescind his ban.

"I don't care if he did gamble against a match whose outcome he was in a position to manipulate," said UCLA senior and longtime Iron Chef spectator Bradley Tufaro.

"I still think he's one of the best, if not the best, sticky rice molders in the history of the game. And that warrants due tribute."

"So sorry, so sorry!" said a contrite Ishiguru, addressing the deciding judges of the Unagi High Council, approximately two hours after the excoriating verdict was announced.

"Momentary weakness lead to path of shame. I beg forgiveness, ask only that Ishiguru be allowed to stay Iron Chef until customary retirement age of 35."

Ishiguru then cut off his right pinkie and presented it as penance to the judges.