

The Dartmouth

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

Weather Today: Cold as a witch's tit
Tomorrow: Warm as a shaman's dick

Hanover, NH
www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko

Vol. XXXI No. 05

Friday, February 20, 2004

One Billion Dollars

COLLEGE DERECOGNIZES STINSON'S

Bagel Basement put on probation until end of academic year

BY JACK O. LANTERN
The Dartmouth Staff

In a report released this Monday, Dartmouth College officials have derecognized Stinson's General Store, citing a number of violations of college policy on numerous occasions.

Stinson's earliest violation was reported by Safety and Security officer Tyrone Levy who found approximately 40 kegs in Stinson's basement. "No keg discovered on the premises had been registered with the college. Not a single one," said Lewis Carmichael of the Office of Judicial Affairs. Carmichael went on to say, "an inspection was conducted three months after the reported keg violation and every keg was still there—not one had been returned." Officer Levy also reported other violations. "All the ingredients for an alcoholic punch were on-hand. There was obvious intent to mix and distribute."

When reached for comment, Laura Engleberg of Stinson's said, "look, I may be way off base here, but I was under the impression that we were a privately owned business. Not only that, but a privately owned business with a liquor license to boot." In response to Engleberg's comments, Carmichael said, "The OAC [Organizational Adjudication Committee] cannot bend its rules or make excep-



The Dartmouth

The director of the OAC watches the now-defunct village stores, unseen and chortling evilly to himself.

tions because of some hastily thrown together excuse."

As the OAC charges continue their climbing trend, The Bagel Basement was placed on social probation for the remainder of the academic year. When asked why the OAC had issued probation to the local breakfast spot, Carmichael said, "In the COS guidelines it clearly states that gatherings in organizations' basements shall occur between the hours 8pm and 3am. When we sent an S&S officer over for an inspection at 8am we found music playing and a long line waiting to be served God knows what. And some of the people found in line weren't even 21! Somehow Hanover High School students had gained entry to the basement, a failure to check I.D.'s at the door I'm sure."

In an interview with The

Dartmouth William Bauer of Bagel Basement said, "I had just finished giving this lady her half dozen and her cup of coffee when this guy with a walkie-talkie comes through the door and started asking people for identification. When I asked him what he was doing, he grabbed all my cinnamon raisin bagels and said something about needing them for evidence. Those are my best sellers and he took some cream cheese too—not the regular kind either, he took onion and chive. That guy still owes me \$15.50."

In accordance with their probation Bagel Basement has been ordered by the college to hold a sexual assault awareness dinner to benefit orphans. In response to what the college has deemed mandatory in order to comply with the probation, Bauer said, "look, I get up 4 every

morning to make bagels and we close at 4pm sharp. If they wanted a nice brunch or something then maybe." The OAC refused to capitulate to Bauer's request.

Carmichael said that The Bagel Basement will not be able to hold any registered events until the end of the academic year and that all sales will be closely monitored by the college, saying, "we will be devoting two full time S&S officers to perform these duties.."

Other Hanover businesses have expressed concern over what they consider to be a crackdown on commercial organizations. Omer of Omer and Bob's Sport Shop explained, "At first, you hear about what Stinson's is going through and you think 'no big deal.' But then you realize that we could very easily be in their shoes, and

if we were, we'd want other businesses to be on our side about this." Bob was unavailable for comment.

Leaders of the Upper Valley Small Business Association are considering responding to the College crackdowns by voluntarily closing their doors in protest. They briefly considered not selling anything during Dimensions Weekend and releasing a joint statement condemning the recent punishments as "overly harsh" and "not really within the College's jurisdiction anyhow."

But Dean of the College James Larimore said, "the notion of a crackdown is ludicrous. The fact is that we're enforcing our own long-standing policies in the same manner that we always have. If businesses are getting in trouble more often, it's probably just their own carelessness."

Larimore also praised the recently disciplined bagel shop for its actions since the enactment of the new college restrictions, "Bagel Basement has done a really good job in responding to College policy and I think this probation will encourage them to continue their outstanding efforts."

Hanover Camera Company, College Supplies, Video Stop, Hanover Kitchens and The Gap are also currently under investigation for possible underage merchant violations.



Chris Plehal/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

BOOK BUYBACK CANCELLED: After sprouting mechanical legs and a pair of 60-ton Howitzer cannons, Wheelock books storms down Main Street, killing everyone in its path.

Token racist admitted into class of 2008

BY LARRY BOBARRY
The Dartmouth Staff

A mixture of relief and controversy greeted the Office of Admissions' unexpected announcement today that Matthew J. Cooley, an obscure member of the Aryan Brotherhood of the Vengeful Christ, had been admitted to the Class of 2008.

The Cooley family was moved to tears by Matthew's unprecedented acceptance into Dartmouth College. "I never expected that my son's white privilege would be enough to sway the cruel hearts of those heathen academics. The Spirited Holy Archangel has truly smiled upon us today," exclaimed Matthew's mother as she lit a votive candle to the Vengeful Christ.

However, not all members of the Brotherhood reacted with equal excitement. Supreme Bishop Adolph Kartoffelkopf said, "I think this could be a wonderful opportunity for young Matthew to spread the ministry of Aryan supremacy even unto the wintry shores of New Hampshire. But I'm somewhat concerned, since he has been showing less and less spontaneous outpourings of adoration for the glorious cause of the Bleached Jehovah. Honestly, recently he's been more interested in Fountains of Wayne than anything else."

Admissions stands by its decision, however, citing Cooley's extraordinary leadership and extracurricular activities. "Matthew is a

See COOLEY, page 3

Beloved keg mascot brutally murdered

By DICK RICHARDS
The Dartmouth Staff

To the dismay of the entire Hanover community, Keggy the Keg was shot to death last night outside the Hanover Inn.

The assassin, a suspicious hooded figure, had been lurking outside the Inn for hours before the attack, reported eyewitnesses. Tall and hirsute, the assailant was described as "both majestic and powerful."

At the time of his death, the six-foot anthropomorphic keg had just performed at a basketball game and was returning to his hotel room on the third floor of the building. The stranger approached him with a sharpie and a can of Keystone Light, apparently seeking an autograph.

Keggy, covering his mouth with gloved hands to indicate surprise and delight, obliged, inviting his fan into the lobby of the hotel. The doorman had just opened the door for the character when the cloaked figure revealed a hidden handgun, shooting Keggy six times in the back. Cold, refreshing beer spewed out of Keggy's open wounds, pooling around his fallen cylindrical body.

Keggy's killer fled in the direction of the White Mountains, emitting a mournful bellow and exhibiting what witnesses describe as a long, loping stride. As of yet, the only clues to the killer's identity are the discarded handgun and a copy of the J. D. Salinger novel *The Catcher in the Rye*, which the assassin dropped in flight. Mysteriously, neither the gun nor the well-worn novel bear fingerprints.

Passersby attempted to administer first aid to the ailing Keggy. One woman attempted to revive him by vigorously pumping his tap, but instead tragically exacerbated Keggy's loss of fluid. Another citizen gave Keggy mouth-to-spout resuscitation, but was not able to maintain the pro-

cedure for longer than six seconds, as counted by the gathering crowd. Despite his fans' best efforts, by the time that health professionals arrived, Keggy was already long kicked.

Keggy had recently made a return to prominence after the harsh light of national fame pushed him into seclusion. His future plans, such as driving the zamboni at Dartmouth hockey games and reinstating the keg jump by staging a "lie in" on Occom Pond, were tragically cut short. No last words are on record, but several witnesses say that in his last few hours, Keggy gesticulated happily and gave several hugs.

College officials originally announced plans to bury Keggy in a special plot in the Hanover graveyard. However, it has since become known that Keggy's will strongly requests that his remains be recycled. He will therefore be commemorated with an "eternal flame" set in a special mosaic bearing only the word "Imagine."

The killer, still at large, is currently being hunted by Hanover Police, New Hampshire State troopers, and several orange-vested vigilantes. Dartmouth has issued a Crime Alert, which officials have printed on bright yellow sheets of paper and taped to the doorways of most dormitories. In addition, a blitz has been circulated by various community directors advising students to lock their doors and report any suspicious activity to Hanover Police or Safety and Security.

None were more distraught than the creators of Keggy, Dartmouth undergraduates Chris Plehal and Nic Duquette. In a prepared statement to the Dartmouth, Plehal announced that he "had never before felt so empty, so bereaved, and yet so, so self-referential. The pain of our loss is only matched by the agony of our self-aggrandizement."



Patrick MacNulty/Hanover Police Photographer

(left) Keggy, at the height of his unkicked glory.
(right) A police sketch of the suspected attacker.



Chris Plehal/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

S&S officer Rodney Blizzy enjoys a view of the Green from atop his new, flying 'minivan'.

S & S to replace minivans with dragons

By LARRY BOBARRY
The Dartmouth Staff

For as long as any current Dartmouth undergrads can remember, Safety and Security's weapon of choice for making students relive the anxiety of the Prohibition Era has been the Dodge Caravan. Not any longer. Effective the first week of spring term 2004, S&S will be making their rounds on large mythical winged reptiles, more commonly known as dragons.

While these animals, bred specifically for university campus security purposes by Jim's Dragons and Goldfish of Raleigh, North Carolina, will be significantly more expensive to purchase and maintain than were the automobiles, the administration remains optimistic about the benefits of such a purchase. Said Director of Safety and Security Larry Binne Jr., "The minivans previously allocated to Safety and Security were inefficient. They did not have the handling necessary to chase down youths in a high-speed off-road pursuit through fierce New Hampshire snow drifts, and once we picked them up, the child safety lock just wasn't keeping them trapped inside like we planned. With our new Safety and Security Airborne Division though, we can just swoop down and devour intoxicated individuals."

Dartmouth now joins thirty-eight colleges nationwide that have already made the switch to dragons. At other schools, the reactions to the beasts have been for the most part consistent, with student bodies in general opposed and faculties enthusiastic. Michigan State, a pioneer in the field, has been utilizing dragons since 1999. Says Michigan State Junior Greg Portan, "Man, I hate that

silver dragon. I mean, all the other dragons are green, so you know to book it, but once they started rolling out with that silver one, you didn't know what to do. That thing ate my roommate's legs, man. His legs!"

Not all parties, however, are so enthused about the prospect of a dragon-patrolled campus. Pre-eminent dragonslayer Alexander Runeblade expressed concerns about any use of "winged wyrms" at a learning institution, much less as tools of law enforcement.

"Aye, I hath slain many a beast in my daye, and if I hath learned but one thing, it be this: ye cannot taime nor trust a foul beastie the likes of a dragon," he spake.

Interestingly enough, one of the leading adversaries to Dartmouth's switch to dragons has come from within the system itself, James Wright. Wright keeps his own collection of fabled creatures including sphinxes,

chimera, unicorns, satyrs, and a kraken in the backyard of the president's mansion. Dragons are natural predators to many of these creatures and Wright fears for their safety. Said Wright, "Some of my fondest memories have come swimming in the lagoon with my special friend. I won't let anything come between me and Poofy."

On the student side of the opposition, an anti-dragon protest has been scheduled for this Friday outside of Parkhurst, to be followed by a marathon eight-hour long candlelight vigil and chili cook-off. As a counter-protest, the Dartmouth Chronicles of Narnia Society will be organizing a bake sale to increase the campus dragon presence. Said Popeye Jones, NBA player and honorary member of the DCNS, "Of our drake cake, thou must partake." As a counter-counter-protest, a bunch of tough guys will be holding a hunger strike to decrease the campus Dartmouth Chronicles of Narnia Society presence.

Mark Watch



Relationship:
Bad call with the Taco Bell dinner date, Mark.
121.67 to 119.08



Professional:
Good job refilling the copy toner, Mark.
347.9 to 355.06



Family:
Your picnic peanut brittle killed grandma, Mark.
768.01 to 233.7

The Dartmouth

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The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society

Kevin Pedersen 05
Despot

Cole Entress
Layer-Outer

The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society, publisher of *The Dartmouth*, is an independent student organization funded by Linda Kennedy and the fine folk at the COSO.

KEVIN PEDERSEN: Wordus Lastum, Conservative Op-Ed, Events at the Hop, Radical Records, Classifieds, Sports Poll, Self Reference. NOAH KAUFMAN: Stinson's Derecognized, Mirror Graphic, DDS Buys Pony, Classifieds, Vox, Pete's Op-Ed. CHRIS PLEHAL: Wheelock, Dragon, Keggy, and Horse images, Senior Waiting, Ubiquous. NIC DUQUETTE: Keggy (with C.P.), COLE ENTRESS: Russian ad, Squash Team. MATT GENS: Dragons, 10A Secret Society, Rabid Mule, Greek System, Mirror Front Page (with N.K.), Entertainment News (with J.L.). CAL NEWPORT: Eilees, Pong Loss. JOHN PAUL LEWICK: Token Racist. KELLY MORR: Lifeguard, Poppin Fresh. TATE LEFVRE: In/Out. DEBORAH WASSEL: Phallus Op-Ed. JUSTINE STERLING: Babies Column. CHRIS LAAKKO: Nerd Jostled. CONNOR SHEPHERD: Sphinx Concert. BRENT CLAYTON: Study Abroad.

All names contained in these articles are invented, except where public personalities are being satirized, or personal friends being humiliated in a public venue.

That'll about do it for this. If you're mining the title boxes for comedy you need to face up and realize you've finished reading the issue. Now go outside.

The Dartmouth

Jacko's Oldest College Parody, Founded 1907.

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

Eilees '61 lives boring, unassuming life

BY CHESTER B. ARTHUR
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth alumnus Richard Eilees '61 has lived an extremely boring, unassuming life, sources today report. Graduating in 1961 with a degree in English Literature, to date Eilees has accomplished none of the idealistic life goals he set out for himself during his four years at Dartmouth.

"I had plans to spend most of '61 and '62 exploring the vast deserts of the Kalahari doing research for a book idea I was pretty keen on," recalls Eilees, "but then I got the job offer from Omaha Mutual, so I guess that took care of that."

Concluding 43 years of working for the Omaha-based insurance giant, Eilees retired this month at the age of 65. After four decades of service, which saw the lethargic rise of Eilees from a Junior Claims Processor to an Assistant Vice President in charge of Actualization Disbursement, Eilees was sent off with an embossed plaque and an Omaha Mutual coffee mug in recognition of his consistent, unremarkable contribution to his former employer.

"The lessons of the great books, and the concerns of post-modern semiotics that I studied with such excitement while at Dartmouth have really served me well out here in the

real world," explains Eilees, who for 40 years proudly adorned his Omaha Mutual cubicle with a "I Stink, Therefore I Am" novelty poster featuring a contemplating cartoon pig.

According to friends, Eilees social life is also a study of tedium and forced civility. "I ran into Richard during a business conference a little while ago," recalls former fraternity brother Chip Samora '62, "we recalled old times, I made fun of his weight a little bit, and that was about it." To which he adds, "he really didn't have much else to say, I tried to convince him to come bar-hopping with me, but he said he wanted to get an early start the next morning so he could hit the continental breakfast bar before the Danishes were all taken again."

Eilee's wife of 40 years, Susan Cumberland, reports that married life with the former Dartmouth big man on campus has been "pleasant," to which she appends, "that is if you consider a slow boredom-infused march to death punctuated only bi-annually by a 80-second spasmodic attempt at love-making to be...pleasant."

"Overall, my life has been everything I hoped it would be," concludes Eilees, "with the exception of my job, my health, my wife, and my asshole friends, I have been living the Dartmouth dream."



Harry Johnson/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

Richard Eilees tries to decide what color post-it notes to buy for the week, a decision that characterizes the gaping abyss of ennui that is his life.

RUSSIAN 045:
Vodka and nesting dolls
(but mostly vodka)

Whoa! A crane!

Learn at your own pace!
Drink at ours!

Come on: Give it a "shot"!

Guest Lecturer: Homeless Pete!

VALIDATE OUR BUDGET!

Coolley enjoys theater, intolerance

RACIST from page 1

very impressive candidate. He's written up several fascinating pamphlets on Manifest Destiny's relationship to modern dance, not to mention his starring role in *Jesus Hates Foreigners: The Musical*," said Director of Admissions Sue Pettit.

His interviewer, Robert B. Oglethorpe XIII '32, had similarly glowing praise for Matthew's qualifications. He said, "The depth and quality of his moral convictions and character is obvious to anyone who meets him. This is a College where diversity means more than simply nationality or race. It means new ideas and revolutionary attitudes. And Matthew is a very diverse person in this regard, in his complete rejection of diversity, new ideas, and revolutionary attitudes."

Others are quick to point out

flaws in this thinking, however. Rival member of the Aryan Brotherhood of the Vengeful Christ, Seymour Blake, noted Matthew's lack of recent commitments to his racism. "Yeah, he used to be totally into the Cause a few years ago. But now he doesn't really do much of that stuff. In fact, he mostly just goes straight home after school to play video games. I bet he just made up some crap about his experiences being a racist in his application essay."

Staffers from The Dartmouth were fortunately able to speak with President Wright about the matter. During the interview, Wright mentioned Dartmouth's history of pulling in talented individuals from all walks of life, including the noted kangaroo poacher David Graham '01, the sonorous nasal flutist Jessica Kampfner '96, and Mongolian Warlord Genghis Khan. He said, "Matthew is simply the latest addi-

tion to a select and diverse group of youngsters whose unique and beautiful talents have earned them a place at Dartmouth. We will not falter, we will not rest, and we will not stop until we have fulfilled our demand for a 100% diverse Dartmouth. Matthew has simply earned his place among the elite group that includes such luminaries as world Minesweeper champion Yolanda Kemp and noted defenestrator Robert Frost."

Coolley remains surprised about his newfound celebrity. He stated, "I never expected things to go this far. I expected complete disaster when I found out that Mom had filled out all my applications for me. It's definitely very relieving to know that I'll be attending a school with a rigorous liberal arts education and a diverse student body. I bet the next four years will really broaden my horizons."

Study finds Greek system insufficiently Greek

BY LAUREN AUDEUR
The Dartmouth Staff

An independent study conducted last term reveals that the term "Greek system" may be a misnomer, due to the system's surprising lack of focus on Greek heritage and tradition. "Not since the Dartmouth Indian has a nationality been appropriated in such a way," said head pollster Anne Wantzum to the delegates at a special meeting of the improperly-named Greek Leadership Council, "At least get someone from Cyprus."

The study points to "an egregious misrepresentation of Greek

culture at large" as the most telling problem with the Greek system. Gary Williams, Assistant Professor of Classics, agreed, claiming, "I keep getting tossed from toga parties during big weekends for wearing my *chitan*. I try to tell them that the *Romans* wore togas, but they never listen."

Williams is not the only peeved Classics prof; visiting lecturer Miles O'Donnell recently performed a disappointing archeological excavation in the basement of Alpha Chi. "Whereas in the fifth stratum of a dig in Greece, one would expect to find characteristic pottery and marble fragments, all I found in the fifth layer

of the frat basement were crushed plastic cups, beer cans, and an inexplicably large amount of nacho fragments," Miles said.

Some students, though, question the veracity of the diversity study. Said Panhel President Freida Lang '04, "That study is so biased. Fall Term? Please. We have four sisters from Alexandroupoli who were off that term, honest."

Regardless, the administration is unlikely to impose any new guidelines until 2006. Nobody has bothered to inform Chi Heorot of this delay, however, and the whole house has been eating gyros for three months straight now.

- Introducing a great new alternative to FSPs and LSAs! -

STUDY ABROAD: AT HOME!

Check it out! Dartmouth now offers several dynamic new Study Abroad programs operating right at home in these here United States!

Environmental Studies – New Jersey (Newark)

Come study and enjoy the grandeur and beauty of nature in majestic Newark, New Jersey. Students will gain firsthand experience with issues of land and water use, ecotourism, and resource management along 50 miles of the New Jersey Turnpike. Explore the rich bio-diversity of Newark, which includes such varying species as pigeons, rats, and squirrels. Enrollment limited to 16 students.

Arabic – Ohio (Dayton)

Thinking about the Middle East? Well, think about the Middle West! This new Arabic Studies FSP explores the rich Arabic heritage of Dayton, Ohio. Students will have opportunities to study the influence of Arabic on western culture by exploring such Middle Eastern innovations as numerals, and algebra. No guarantees that your host family will speak Arabic, or know much about the Middle East at all. Enrollment limited to 20.

Government- Washington (Spokane)

The Department of Government will be offering a program that allows students the experience of working in a political office or organization in combination with a course of study designed to place the individual's internship and academic experience in a general perspective of Washington (state). Experience the thrill of a (minor state) government in action! Enrollment limited to 20 students (±5%).

THE DARTMOUTH EDITORIAL BOARD

Wordus Lastum

Look, we're sorry that it had to come to this. We didn't want to bring it up, really. We were content to let this little situation remain a little footnote on a footnote in the annals of our experience living in the dorms at Dartmouth. But a few days have gone by, and the problem has just sort of stagnated, and it's forcing our hand. We weren't going to say anything about this before, but look: the Wheeler janitor really needs to get around to fixing that toilet.

We understand that it isn't technically in your job description to do that sort of thing. Hell, we can sympathize; who would take a job that required you to do something like that? But the problem isn't going to fix itself. Andrew was even talking about using the women's bathroom from now on, it's getting so bad. He's an environmental engineer too, so trust us, he's handled some pretty nasty problems in his day. Plus, he lives right next door to the men's room, so if he actually wanted to use the other bathroom he'd have to go all the way down the hall. But he doesn't care. He's not going to deal with this and neither are we. Sorry, but somebody has to deal with it, and it looks like you just drew the short straw.

You know what? Go ahead and give yourself a bonus for doing this. Seriously, have the community director send us one of those blitzes saying the whole dorm is going to be charged a few hundred dollars for the inconvenience. There's like twenty of us on this hall, I don't think anybody's going to mind sending a little tip your way for doing this. Plus it goes on college billing and straight to our parents, so a lot of us won't even notice the extra charge.

No, don't bother trying to figure out who did it. Honestly, it was a few days ago, and I'll bet whoever did it doesn't even remember. Even if they do, they're sure as hell not going to fess up. Sorry, but this is a case for you and you alone. We're not saying we envy your position, but it's time to sack up and just fix what needs fixing. We'll give you a break if you do this for us: no shoes in the hallway, no scuff marks on the wall, we won't even turn over the garbage cans when Wednesday night rolls around. But come on, man. If we're going to give a little, you've got to give a little, too.

It's time to get that toilet fixed.

The Dartmouth

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

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OPINION & EDITORIAL POLICY

The Dartmouth welcomes all contributions to its editorial page by mail or e-mail, provided that said submission (1) meets our required levels of slipshod grammar, elliptical logic, flaccid analogy and stilted

circumlocution, and (2) that all submissions be tiresomely personal in nature, or take a polemical stance on an entirely trivial, noncontroversial issue, or counter a previous op-ed column using personal insults and appeals to a nonexistent community spirit.

Look How Cleverly I Make Fun of Conservative Students in This Scathing Op-Ed!

Even though I'm a registered Republican, I can't help but notice the buzz that these Democratic primaries have caused in this great country of ours. First it seems like Dean's the man, then suddenly it's Kerry... who's next, that wacky Al Sharpton? Well, I haven't done too much research on any of them, but I know they're out there, and I know one more thing about them: not a single one of them is suited to take on the great leader of this country, my President, Mr. George W. Bush. Oh, they might have lots of knowledge about their "issues" and their "valid ideological concerns," but Bush has got one thing none of them do, and that's pizzazz! It's a kind of pizzazz that's going to take our country back to the blessed paranoia and Puritanism from whence it came! Hallelujah!

Did you see that?

Did you see what I just did?

You see, you started reading this article thinking that it was going to be about some conservative student's reaction to the Democratic primary. I got that out there right in the first line, where I said, "even though I'm a registered Republican." Remember when I did that? That was good. I bet you bought that little yarn of mine, hook, line, and sinker. You probably told yourself, "Well, I'm not a Republican myself, but let me go along with this guy and see what he has to say." You're a reasonable person, open to other reasonable viewpoints, and I realize that. I even fed you a few little tidbits of information about the different candidates to make you think that maybe I was going to make a reasoned argument from a conservative point of view.

I don't mean to brag, but when it comes to writing op-eds for *The Dartmouth*, I'm really, really, really, really good.

Then, just when you least expected it, pow! I came out of nowhere with a scathing attack on the very ideology I claimed to support! Bet you didn't see that coming!

I don't mean to brag, but when it comes to writing op-eds for *The Dartmouth*, I'm really, really, really good. I mean, you can take this how you will, but I don't think I can remember a single column that laced into the politics of the "American C student" quite as well as my own. I remember this one time, I was doing a piece on the reasons for the War in Iraq, or as I called it then, the "War for Elect[ion]" (that's an audio pun related to our (p)resident idiot Bush's reelection plans, notice that if you say the words "Iraq" and "Elect" out loud, they sound kind of similar. My articles are full of little subtleties like that). Anyway, I listed my views on the issue, but that was unimportant, just the whipped topping on the key lime pie of brilliance that is my writing. No, the meat of this particular pie was much juicier; I found quotes on the web site of the conservative *Review* that actually sort supported what I was saying if you read them in the proper context of my op-ed! Boy, I'll

bet the editors at that paper had red faces when they opened up the paper *that* morning!

You'd think after reading my articles, the College Republicans would just see the error of their ways and disband. This one time, I was writing an op-ed about the way the college administrators treat students, and I threw in a little attack on our "friends" in the right wing. It came out of nowhere, I was all over keg violation issues and then wham! I threw in a little metaphor involving the Republicans, Fascism, and the Dartmouth cheerleading squad. Sometimes I like to come out of nowhere with my attacks because it hits you with your defenses down... you might have been reading my column and been thinking of reasons why the administrators were right, but no way were you preparing to also defend the Col-

lege Republicans! They didn't shut down the organization after reading my article, though. I guess they're just really thickheaded.

This other time was the best, though. I wrote a little short story about a little boy who got a remote controlled car for Christmas. I wish I had the space to reproduce it here, but long story short, the boy turned out to be George W. Bush, the car was America, and the angry stepfather represented an ideological conglomeration of Osama bin Laden and the recent tax cuts. That was a great piece because it wasn't just brilliant political writing, it was also a rousing story. You really wanted to know whether Georgew (that was the little boy's name... get it?) was going to

be able to get his car away from the evil stepfather, because I used really good characterization to make the people in my little tale.

Then when he didn't get the car back, it made you cry (hey, no shame there! It made me cry when I wrote it!), but it also made you think that maybe, this little boy president of ours is steering the remote controlled car that is our country right into the jealous hands of our angry stepfather/ economic situation/ elusive terrorist leader!

God, I'm just so fucking good at this!

When you're as talented as me, writing these scathing op-ed columns becomes more than just a way of passing the time. It becomes my civic duty, as a member of the United States of America (founded on principles, remember, of *Democracy*, not Republicancy). I need to write these articles because if I don't, no one will. And then it would never be clear to all you Dartmouth students that anyone who calls him-or-herself a Republican is just a brainwashed, undereducated asshole who feeds off stereotypes and fear of other groups as he spouts his ideology like a demagogue. And that, faithful readers, would be a shame.

Herman Tashy '04 is a staff columnist.



by Herman
Tashy '04
I'm Never Wrong



A hodgepodge of assorted crap that couldn't make it into our real paper.

Fanboy articles. page 2
 Inappropriate pictures. . page 2
 Celebrity worship. . . page 3
 Shameless pandering . . . page 4

OMG! YOU'RE IN WHAT?

THE RORRIM LOOKS AT SOME OF HISTORY'S HOTTEST SECRET SOCIETIES

We all know them! We all love them! But we don't all know exactly what they are! That's right, we're talking about secret societies, those controversial bastions of elitism and privilege that have been around since who knows when. Well, we here at the rorriM have gone ahead and done a bit of research into the history of secretive underground organizations, and this is what we came up with. Read on if you dare! But beware, this information just might be classified! (It's not.)

Yootzen Society, Greenland, (567-34 B.C.)

This was the first known secret society, and it is thought that these people were the first to call themselves by that name. The Yootzen people, characterized by their disproportionate ten and one third (on average) foot long arms, lived on Greenland for nearly a half millennium without ever being visited. Inexplicably, they were very much aware of the fact that nobody knew about them, and they took great pride in constructing crude chants to make fun of the Roman, Greeks, and Gauls who were existing blissfully ignorant just several thousand miles away. The Yootzen was a flourishing culture based primarily upon a primitive form of basketball, played with congealed seal fat rather than proper balls per se, as well as biweekly games of Texas Hold'em. The society tragically ended in the year 34 BC when its leader, Margrave Hulden Shoopuf, gathered all of his people in his chamber and stabbed them all with a sharp cantaloupe. No evidence of their existence has ever been found.

Grelatzern Society, Tibet, (182 B.C. – 612 A.D.)

While the Yootzen has the position of the first secret society ever, the Grelatzern is undeniably the second, and the first to follow the practice of tapping its new members. The Grelatzern society, very advanced for its time,

actually built the Himalayas and lived within them for nearly eight hundred years, with a lifestyle centered around reality television, in fact consisting of only one show, entitled, "I Wonder What that Silly Bloodthirsty Abominable Snowman is up to Today?" New members were selected by winning the show; all other contestants would generally be eaten by the Abominable Snowman. Confined to their giant artificial teepees, the Grelats found a method of turning disgusting recycled air into delicious, delicious hamburgers. Unfortunately, this method that could revolutionize the modern fast food industry, as well

as other marvels such as three-hole punches

that induced orgasms when used, were lost to the ages when the plumbing fouled up one day and the Himalayas flooded with urine and liquid scissors. The Grelatzern were summarily lost from history.

Salatuna Society, That Place in West Brazil where Nobody Goes, (1500 A.D. – 1502 A.D.)

The Salatuna people were a thriving society that existed in the foothills of that place in West Brazil (that one where nobody goes) from the years 1500-1502 A.D. Despite having absolutely no foreknowledge of the Yootzen and the Grelatzern, the Salatuna accomplished the unlikely achievement of building upon their predecessors. They were the first to erect large, creepy shelters hidden away in an area

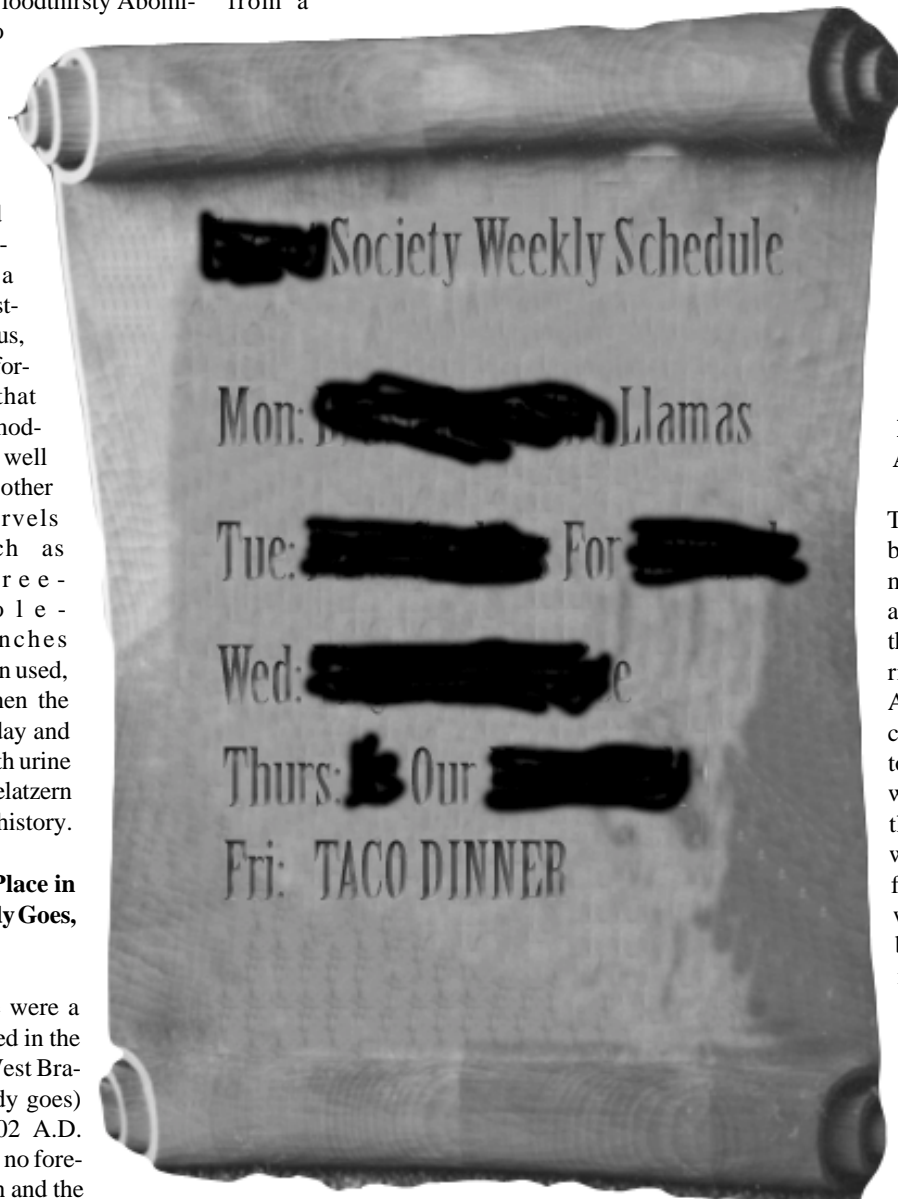
where people "don't" notice it, but actually do notice it and talk to all their friends about all the cool and mysterious stuff that probably goes on inside those buildings. All suffering from a

ing herring. Said Eric Zampf '05, whose major is not Secret Societies and not even Aquaculture: "That's bullshit. There are no herring in Brazil. They couldn't have died that way, not to mention the fact that it cannot rain herring." The Salatuna's buildings were all destroyed following their demise, when the local population went inside to see what was up, and found that actually the inside of a secret society building is a lot like the inside of any other building.

Kobingo Society, North America (1700 - 1773 AD)

This society made the major breakthrough of having famous alumni that gave them a lot of money and allowed them to get even more notoriety than they deserved. Alumni of this society include both George Washington and the King of England, which led to speculation that the American Revolution was really just a Kobingo facade and that no matter who won, these guys would be in control, which has never been confirmed nor denied. It led to so much speculation, in fact, that some angry farmers with guns raided and summarily destroyed the society's headquarters.

And then some college kids got together in exclusive drinking clubs, and the modern secret society was born!



tragic genetically-derived herring allergy, they all died off during their New Year's "Open Your Mouth to the Sky" fiesta when it suddenly started rain-

Cryptic Sphinx message might mean they want a concert, or something

An arcane message sent to the Committee on Student Organizations Monday has led to perplexity and possible planning for a Sphinx-related benefit concert, COSO spokeswoman Leslie Cochran reported Sunday.

"We feel fairly confident at this point that a weekend-long celebratory outdoor concert best represents that which members of the [Sphinx] Order desired while composing their petition, and by corollary represents the best interests of the Student Body as a whole," said Cochran. "However, I will concede that the method by which the Sphinx chose to relay this message makes the actual request nebulous at best."

Eschewing the paperwork normally involved in petitions for funding, the Sphinx chose to submit their request on a three-hundred-year-old parchment bound in human flesh and inked in what may be sheep's blood. Languages utilized include Hebrew, Old English, Aramaic, and Sanskrit. After bringing in several experts to translate the text, it has been determined that the brotherhood of the Sphinx would like "a French or Bulgarian based, neo-electronic band to perform on the Green please. Oh, and make sure there are snacks too."

The submission sparked a flurry of debate amongst COSO members, some of whom, like vice chair Jessica Taylor, expressed worry over the giving of funds to the Sphinx. "First of all, I'm pretty sure the Sphinx is a selective organization. It is COSO policy never to give money to selective organizations. The Aires don't get any money from us and just look at how successful they are," Taylor said with a dreamy glint in her eye.

"Furthermore, it clearly says in COSO guidelines that a request for funding must have the faculty advisor's signature in three places. They only have it signed in two places and they signed it with big X's. And any musical event must be approved by the Committee on Music and Parties with Big Trampolines (CMBT) that was just formed this year. There is another set of forms that still must be filled out. Maybe if the Sphinx had bothered to send a representative to our termly

funding meeting they would know this stuff," continued Taylor.

While attempts were made to reach the Sphinx via blitz, they resulted in failure. The names "Sphinx", "TheSphinx", and "SphinxSecretSociety", among others, failed to yield the names of actual members of the organization's brotherhood.

An '04 Sphinx member, who agreed to speak to the Dartmouth as long as he was kept anonymous, expounded a bit further on the nature of the organization's fundraising attempts. "The car wash was doomed from the start," he said, "because you've already eliminated a good portion of your student pool if you

cater to only those with cars, and also because not many people wanted their cars soaped up by five guys wearing capes. And the kissing booth, you know, just creeped people out."

However, despite these complications, a good approximation of what the Order's proposal may be is moving through COSO, giving rise to rumors that the Sphinxsters have threatened Committee members with psychic or mystical harm. Plans for the benefit call for a \$220,000 soundstage to be erected on the Green featuring four "massive" fog machines and twenty-five four-position laser-light projectors. Parisian duo Daft Punk is to headline the show, which is to be co-sponsored by the Sphinx, the Student Assembly, and Collis Up All Night.

Neither the Sphinx nor Daft



Karen Fellin/The Dartmouth Staff

An early, failed attempt at a Sphinx-led fundraiser.



Karen Fellin/The Dartmouth Staff

Nichols' room, decked out just in case some secret society decides to come by and induct him tonight.

ENTERTAINMENT "NEWS"

Justin Timberlake recently came under fire for attempting to chip away the Statue of Liberty's copper toga, revealing her right breast. He is in critical condition and not expected to survive.

Following the success of his three oscar-nominated *Lord of the Rings* movies, director Peter Jackson is in the planning stages for *The Silmarillion*, Tolkein's dense historical prequel to the trilogy. The movie will be eighteen hours long and star Adam Sandler as the Dark Lord Morgoth.

Ashton Kutcher attempted a short-lived reincarnation of his celebrity prank show "Punk'd" by fucking a goat. "That dumbass never saw it coming," he gloated.

Actor/Director Mel Gibson recently responded to criticism of his upcoming film *The Passion of the Christ* by claiming that Muslims, Christians, Jews and atheists worked on the film and that race and religion were never an issue. "Plus" he said, "the Jews who run Hollywood would never let us get away with that kind of thing."

Bob Keeshan, TV's beloved Captain Kangaroo, died last week at age 86. Keeshan was reincarnated as a real kangaroo, but due to misdeeds in life, was only able to attain the rank of petty officer first sergeant.

In February 22nd's game against Phoenix, Kobe Bryant scored 40 points and led the team with seven rebounds and five assists. One thing is for certain: that man plays basketball.

Andre 3000, in his unending quest to redefine the genre of hip-hop, yesterday ordered two large sandwiches from Subway rather than one. Bubba Sparxx has already requested two pizzas from Domino's, and Ludacris has purchased a "pair" of shoes.

In an attempt to capitalize on the success of final-season shows *Sex and the City* and *Friends*, UPN announced that this fall they will be premiering a new comedy/drama *Friends in the City*. The show will feature several quirky but attractive women living in an apartment who don't hook up or anything, but you know, just keep it real.

Senior still waiting to be tapped by secret society

Despite having completed half of his senior year, Mike Nichols '04 is still waiting to be tapped for one of Dartmouth's elite secret societies.

Most societies traditionally induct new members during their junior year, making decisions in the fall and tapping students in the winter or spring. "I was off last fall, so I assumed that my name might not have been on the deliberation list. But when I didn't hear anything by last spring, I started to wonder if there had been a mistake."

As a frequent contributor to the Dartmouth philosophy journal and an active member of the table tennis team, Nichols considers himself a "shoo-in" for induction into a secret society. "I don't know whether I'll pick Sphinx or Dragon" Nichols told the Dartmouth, "They're both good, I guess, but this isn't a decision that I want to take lightly."

Nichols, aware that secret societies watch new members closely before offering them admittance, is on a 24-hour "vigil of cool" to make sure his every action is befitting of a clandestine brotherhood. According to his hall mate Dave Finn, Nichols refuses to take off his John

Deere trucker hat, even to sleep, and frequently complains that people are "all up in his grill."

In preparation for induction, Nichols has already shaved the hair of several discreet

locations on his body, giving his future brothers a clean area on which to place his secret tattoo. "I'm not sure where they're going to put it, so I shaved a lot of places. It would be a little awkward if my body hair got in the way of my brand of everlasting acceptance."

Most puzzling to Nichols is the fact that he has not yet heard anything from any secret society about his bid. "My guess is that this is all part of the initiation ritual. They have to make sure you're quality, you know, so they probably leave you in the dark for along time. It's hazing, but they can't get caught for it. That's how clever they are."

Nichols' friends and acquaintances are equally confused about the delay of his secret society acceptance. "I don't see why they haven't tapped Mike" freshman roommate Jeff Stihl told the Dartmouth. "Other than the fact that he's an enormous tool."

• **Be sure to check out the rorriM next week, when we "pull the covers off" the sexual practices of Dartmouth students!**

• **It's the "SAFE SEX PULLOUT ISSUE" ... coming next Friday!**



Professor turns his class into a secret society; Students oblivious

Have you given up on your prospects for entering a secret society? Do you avoid them because you find them to be relics of an "old guard" of the college? Well, think again! Sociology Professor Andrew Lolly has taken the initiative to turn

By Woody Longfellow

one of his classes into Dartmouth's newest (and most notorious) elite underground institution!

Aware that most of his students were either dozing off or not in attendance for his Tuesday-Thursday lecture Fall Term 2003, Lolly thought that nobody would notice if he used the time to conduct gatherings of his secret society. He was right.

Said Sarah Standard '04, "Well sure, I thought it was strange how I read the ORC, and it said this course would be about gender constructs in the adult film industry, and here the guy's rambling on with ten other men wearing karate outfits about how they're gonna buy Starbucks, but heck, it's sociology."

For the latter two thirds of the quarter, Lolly held assemblies of his brotherhood in the front three rows of Rockefeller 3 from 10 A.M. to noon, while apparently disinterested pupils took lackadaisical notes on what they just assumed would be on the tests.

Explained Jessica Tacsit '06, "So, like, it's the day before the final, and I'm in my PJs going through my flash cards, and there's all this stuff about how Mr. Hooper from Sesame Street was always just a tool in a conspiracy to implant subliminal thoughts in children's minds to make them want Breyer's pistachio ice cream more than sex when they grew up, so it would put the condom companies out of business, and I'm thinking, please don't let there be a long essay."

None of the rituals seemed to faze the students, from the weekly sacrifices of hatchling condors, to the burning of books by authors with palindromes for first names, to the self-flagellation before a portrait of Funkmaster Flex, or even to the consumption of Count Chocula out of sapphire-encrusted goblets.

Ben Howard '07 added, "People tell me the professors here are all really liberal anyway, so I never made much of anything. Besides, I was usually pretty tired during class."

Lolly even got away with having his undergraduates perform various odd tasks for the fraternal organization, under the guise of homework.

Byron Holder '05 stated, "Did I think it was a bit off when 20% of our

grade was based upon subscribing to the cephalopod of the month club and leaving a chambered nautilus on the Warner Bentley bust in the Hop? No doubt. But bro, I'm so hung over the day after meetings, I'm concentrating on not booting on the

slide projector; forget about caring how all those dudes kept calling the teacher 'Eminent Vituperator.'

Not only was Professor Lolly able to invite the entire regional chapter over for an East Coast summit with the only noticeable effect on the students being that a freshman muttered, "Wow, lots of people showed up today," but he was even also able to indoctrinate a few members of the class into the fold unwittingly.

As Alvin Wrong '07 described, "At the bottom of the course syllabus, it said you could show up at Fuel at ten at night on Friday for some extra credit, so I'm thinking, score, Fuel! I'll get an A, and some ass. But I show up, I'm the only one in the room, it's dark, a trapdoor pops up in the middle of the dance floor, and the next thing I know I'm licking double-sticked orange popsicles with old guys in tankinis for three hours."

As for whether Lolly plans to continue this practice in the Spring during his course on urbanization trends in the Serengeti, don't bet on it. Clarified Lolly, "Actually, what I might do is tell everyone that the class is about secret societies, and then when they all show up, and I see those wide excited eyes, I'll just start droning like usual. Then I'll whip out my thirteen-inch penis."



Knower Coughman/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

Professor Lolly begins a ritual on the altar at the front of his classroom while his students take notes, oblivious.

The deplorable and possibly illegal musings of an unstable, crazy old woman

Man, you know what really sticks in my craw these days? Babies! They're in my closet, my basement, my pockets! Not really. But I was just thinking, wouldn't it be awful if they suddenly were? It's a possibility people. Kids these days are sexing it up like rabbits. And condoms are breaking like kittens under the wheels of my Volvo. We've got a problem on our hands, and it's called the old "sexual revolution." So, if you're like me, then you're sitting at home thinking to yourself, "There must be *something* to do with all these excess babies... besides stem cell research, of course" Well, maybe there can be!



By Gertie Figglesworth

Let's talk style. Why should pirates get to have all the fun? Attract some tail by perching a wee one on your shoulder. They're all the company without the responsibility of an actual parrot. And once you've snagged that special someone, you are going to want a pad to come home to that screams, "I'm eligible and imaginative, damn it! Love me! LOVE ME!" Picture this: you're rushing around the house before a very important date, preparing the body oils and strategically positioning the glasses of freshly poured arbor mist around the bowls of spaghetti-o's. GASP! Something's awry: no am-

bience. Drape some babies around the room and it's like a bunch of tiny little cherubs with nothing else to do but make your evening delightful and sexy. That's right, these creatures aren't as worthless as they seem, as long as you can convince them to shut up.

But babies can be fun by themselves, too! Think about the holidays... ever wonder what to get for the girl or guy who has everything? Well, I've got an idea that upstages even a puppy in a stocking. That's right - a baby in a plastic bag! I don't know about you, but my friends are getting sick of the bricks of cheese I've been sending as presents. These price-

less little ones are a nice alternative. There's no better way to say "I appreciate you" than a colicky bundle of holiday joy.

NEWS FLASH: midget tossing is SO last year! It's all about baby tossing these days. Hell, I've seen parents doing this all over the place, so I know it's ok.

Yeah, when you really think about it, babies aren't such a big responsibility. They're fun and loving and can brighten your day in lots of creative ways! Having a baby would be a good thing, really! Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go take a pregnancy test.

IN	OUT	5 MINUTES AGO
CVS	Eastman's	Hanover Opium Den
Today	Yesterday	300 Seconds Ago
Hamsters	Gerbils	Boys
Tom Cruise	Elton John	Anne Heche
Thai Peanut Soup	Split Pea Soup	Poop
"Yeeeaagh!"	"Wah Hoo Wah!"	"Mortal Kombat!"
Buzzflood	Blabberforce	Bullshit Squad
Boobs	Not Boobs	Also Boobs

Compiled by Buster McNutt/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

EVENTS AT THE HOP

Guy orders a cheese quesadilla!
Thursday, 6 PM

Old people comment on the art exhibit!
Friday, 2 PM

Warner Bentley statue gets touched!
Friday, 8 PM

Students do their Art1 homework!
Saturday, 4 PM

People check their mail!
Sunday, 11 AM

Radical Records

Catchy Cliché - Give A Rouse! (2003)

Every week, writer George Greaney calls his house to talk to his parents. Usually he does that on Sundays, because during weekdays he's too busy writing this column about music.

Ah, the faces of the neo-garage rock movement. The White Stripes. The Hives. The Vines. They present a raw, unpolished sonic wall to combat the increasingly cookie-cutter sound of the recording industry. And while their music may sometimes confound more than comfort (is anybody else tired of "Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground"?), there have also been some amazing high points (the syncopation of the sometimes-absent synthesizers and high-hats creates undercurrents in so many of these songs that it would be impossible to list here). And one need only listen to *Give A Rouse!*, the first record from Hanover's own Catchy Cliché (2003/ Paul's computer) to find some of the greatest hidden treasures of the neo-garage universe. This band presents a sound that provides a similar rebellion against the boring everyday of college rock-and-roll cover bands.

Give A Rouse! came out following a period of uncertainty about Catchy Cliché's future. They had a pretty good bass player, a decent drummer, and a good keyboard guy. They just needed a killer guitarist. Fortunately for all concerned, the bass player knew a certain George Greaney from his Spanish drill. Mr. Greaney (me) didn't want to join up with some stereotypical college band, but after hearing these guys jam he (I) was happy to step into the role of leading man.

So yeah, this is an article about my own band. Don't worry though, I can step back from it and write an honest review of our record. We are not some everyday campus band. Every song on this record is an absolute gem.

All right, so we kick off with the title track, *Give A Rouse!*, which is this rocking adaptation of the Dartmouth Alma Mater, which as far as I know hasn't been

done before by anyone. Greg (the keyboardist) had that idea, and we all liked it, under the condition of course that we could make it rock. The end result, a listener would note, certainly achieves said rock. Be sure to listen to my guitar solo between the verse about giving a rouse and the verse about setting a watch. It kicks a lot of ass.

That song is probably the smoothest on the record, because it was the only one we recorded with any real studio equipment. This works thematically, though; the first track is



Photo by Greg (the keyboardist)

The simple design of 'Give A Rouse' warmly embraces the band's indie roots.

about Dartmouth, the polished institution where we learn to be a part of Ivory Tower society. The rest of the tracks are about the unpolished and gritty worlds of our actual lives.

The second song, *Love of my Heart*, is even about a real girl that Paul knew once (Paul is the drummer). It's pretty loud, which works as a doppelganger for the angst that was in Paul's heart when he found out that the girl was actually dating this guy on the swim team, and was only going to Food Court lunches with him because she wanted to be friends. She was cruel, but at least it translated into awesome music.

For these other tracks, we had to run into the DTV office and steal some microphones, hook them up to Paul's iMac and record them in dorm lounges. I mention this because there's a sort of buzz throughout *Love of my Heart* that sounds a lot like two girls studying Economics. Well, it is two girls studying Economics in the lounge as we practiced. We kept it in because it works so beautifully with the theme. Does Paul's true love mean nothing to you, Cathy? Is it all about the money, the economics? Also, the iMac battery was running low and we didn't want to have to go redo the song some other day.

The third track continues in this vein with a little song called *Drunken Hookup*, which is about a drunken hookup, the kind that we've all had but don't like to talk about. Its power

comes from this dilemma; you feel like the guy who hooked up, and you don't know if you should tell people because you're proud, or maybe be ashamed because you debased yourself? It's a vicious cycle that we try to expose.

The bass line in *Drunken Hookup* is really innovative. Daren (that's the bass player) starts going like G G G G G G G D D D D D D D D A A A A A A A B B B B B B B B B on his strings, which sounds really good, trust me. And then I start coming in with chords to match, but with differences, so I'm strumming on the guitar with B B B B B B B B B E E E E C C C C C C C G G G G G G G G G. All this sounds really cool together. Maybe it's hard to visualize on a page.

Anyway, that's the end of the CD. It's only got those three songs because of some time constraints and lack of interest, and also because we felt more songs would diminish the artistic weight of what we had already done. Those three songs (9 minutes and 21 seconds) of music will really change a listener who's willing to get invested in the tunes. They are a chronicle of our experience as a band.

The record is available if you blitz me (Greaneyisgreat@dartmouth.edu) for only \$3. It might take a week or so for me to get it to you, depending when I can convince Paul to find the time to burn it onto a disc from his computer.

If you want to see Catchy Cliché perform, we'll be at FUEL two Fridays from now, at 9:00. We learned some Dave Matthews and Phish cover songs to augment our original material, so we ought to be able to do a full set.

The Rabid Mule

What the Hell Was I Talking About?

I hate gerbils. Those fucking little balls of fur and semen really get on my bad side, and this bad side is more like a bad whole perimeter. Guess what? I'm a nonagon. That's a lot of angry sides that all wake up in the morning in a hovel in the run-down section of the capital of Geometry-land and decide in unison that they want to run gerbils through a cheap juicer.

I loathe the little girl who lives down the street. 37% of that unrequited hatred is because she owns a gerbil, and not just any gerbil, but a fat one who eats my lettuce and has raw-dog sex with my girlfriend. My girlfriend's name is Alice. The little



By David Black

neighbor bitch also goes by Alice. So sometimes, I yell things into the phone like, "Hey Alice, why don't you go impale yourself on the hood ornament of a Panzer tank?" and then I have to make it up to the other Alice by watching foreign commercials with her while we snuggle on the futon.

I want to kill my geology professor, because I'm convinced he's half-gerbil. He breaks every five minutes during lectures to suck on a big clear tube in the corner full of whiskey, and that huge wheel he keeps behind the podium gets on my nerves hardcore. Then he gives us these tests, and they're not in English, but they're just covered in lots of scratch marks. He keeps asking how my girlfriend is doing too, so I'm convinced he's in cahoots with that eight year old girl's little stud. Oh yeah, and he craps on the floor in class.

Answer me this one, geology professor, if you think you can. If sand comes from small rocks, and small rocks from from big rocks, where do big rocks come from? I'm tired of people giving me that line about them eroding off the sides of mountains, too. If I want smoke blown up my ass I'll put on a poodle skirt and run out to the bathroom where the giant man lives and writes things on the wall.

I don't really care for that giant gerbil either, the one that follows me to the gym and keeps asking if I need a spot when I bench. Listen you genetic monstrosity, I can put up 190 no problem, okay? Go maul a political activist or something.

What is it with politicians putting limits on Internet? You can't put limits on something that exists only in your mind. I didn't mean Internet. I mean purple fairies that dance in my yard.

But computer speakers also suck ass, because gerbils mass produce them in Kazakhstan using coerced sweatshop labor. The ruthless eighty-gram mammals are all like, "Come on you former Soviet citizens, cut this plastic for us with your teeth," and the poor Qazaqs are all like, "You have not fed us in days.

At least do not drink the caviar out of the steins while we have to watch," and the rodent slave drivers are all embarrassed because they realize that they have caviar mustaches.

I also get pissed off when I hear about these professional wrestlers that turn in formal academic papers to *Science*, because the stupid gerbils have to have something to do with this one. I mean come on, who but gerbils could hatch a fiendish plot by which Stone Cold Steve Austin and Diamond Dallas Page co-author a dissertation that illustrates how the gene that expresses submission move preference in *Drosophila melanogaster* has codominant alleles?

Speaking of pro wrestling, I despise hip hop. I mean with all those crazy people spinning hot tracks on turntables and break dancing, who's going to stop the madness?

Girls who wear thongs with neon signs that flash "Eat at Joes," that's also a bad thing. I can just see those flipping gerbils snickering amongst themselves as they hook up a small but effective power supply to the butt floss, wondering whose concept of self-image they'll fuck up next once they've moved on past adolescent females.

I can't see you, David. I told you not to get out of the chair! Get back in the fucking chair!

God, I can't stand non-alcoholic milk. How the hell am I supposed to get a good buzz off of my Cheerios before I go off to work if my Garelick Farms is only packing one proof? If the store is all out of regular milk, what am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to leave on the coffee table for the foul homeless man who slides down my chimney every December 24th dressed as Santa?

Don't replace my deodorant with a stick of Icy Hot and think it's funny or I'll run you through a convection oven and see if you're still smiling when you're slightly more on fire.

So that's my conclusion on gerbils. The Green Party needs shock torture. No real reason.

I'll Apply Abstract Philosophical Theory to Real Life!

When I first came to Dartmouth, I was really excited. I had my Dartmouth hats, Dartmouth shirts, even a Dartmouth dog collar that I put around Fluffy the family puppy for a few weeks. Yes, Dartmouth seemed like a wonderful and majestic place, when I first got here. But then I took an absolutely amazing Womens' Studies Course and now I know that everything is not as innocent as it seems!

Sure, you might think I'm just some crazy feminist about to start spouting out ideology, but you'd be so wrong. I'm so not like that. But this course was really, really interesting! Did you know that a "phallus" doesn't have to be a penis? It can just be a symbol of power! If you think about it that way, phalluses are totally everywhere. It's psychological.

Take Baker Tower, for instance. It is the very emblem of the college, the only building you can see from the highway, the most "beautiful" and "majestic" of all the buildings on campus. But all I see when I look at that looming monstrosity is oppression in the form of a giant phallus. And of course, the famous bells are a constant reminder; originally there were fifteen bells, which covered every note on the scale except for E flat – that's "E" for "estrogen." So when those bells ring out every hour, they might as well be ringing, "Men! Men! Men!" Isn't that *fascinating*?

You could even think of the name "Baker Tower," as a phallus, if you get all abstract, like I can. Just think about the name! A baker is a man who bakes bread, generally in an oven. Put the dough in the oven, in which the raw material is baked into a finished product. But I see the truth! I won't have any bakers sticking their bread in *my* oven to produce more bakers,

simply to perpetuate the endless cycle of female oppression!

It gets worse than that, though. I'm so glad I took this course! It really opened my eyes.

Even in the dining halls, places where women should be able to enjoy a meal unbothered by inequality of sex, I am literally slapped in the face; every time I want to take a drink, I must put another phallus (commonly known as a "drinking glass") to my lips.

When I want to cut a piece of meat, what do I use? A knife, of course; use a libidinal object to cut the meat to pieces. Oh, did I say "meat?" Because I meant to say "women."

I read this article by this woman, Laura Mulvey, and she was writing about something like different ways men see women.

So I asked some guys what they thought, and my guy friend was like, "Yeah, I'm all for women's rights. I definitely think they are underrepresented." What does he mean by "they?" What are we, some kind of hideous species meant only to be brought out for show to prove to the world that this college is on the cutting edge of sexual equality? I believe that what he meant to say was more along the lines of,

"Even women these days are tall, long, and have a head," turning us into walking symbols of male power!

I'm seriously glad I took this course.

It has taught me so much about the way the world actually works. Next term I'm signed up for a course in Marxist thought. I bet it will be just as interesting! I heard Marx was like, totally smart.

Cindi Dotter '07 is a guest columnist.



*by Cindi
Dotter '07*

Did you know that a "phallus" doesn't have to be a penis? It can just be a symbol of power! If you think about it that way, phalluses are totally everywhere. It's psychological.

Lord Knows, Life's Been Tough on Old Pete

Lord knows life has been tough for old Pete. I've got the missing finger from the factory, lost my farm in the great drought of '57 and I've got a painful case of the gout; but you small town, high-falutin Hanover types sure aren't making it any easier.

Now I've been homeless all over this great nation, and I've never had the problems that I'm having now. I arrived a couple of weeks ago, pushing my shopping cart full of cans, expecting a vagrant's utopia, but have I ever been disappointed. I thought I'd set up camp down by the railroad tracks, maybe sleep in an abandoned box car, light a fire in a barrel and curl up with a nice newspaper blanket; but where are the railroad tracks? Where is the old tire yard where I can get fuel for my barrel fires? I had to spend the better part of last week

sleeping in the archway next to the Talbots. The Talbots for God's sake! I don't know how you were raised, but in my day men were men and homeless men did not sleep next to trendy ladies' clothing stores.

The days have not been any better than the nights either.

Let me tell you how my days go usually. I generally spend my mornings staking out my spot next to a Popeye's, a dollar store or some other high traffic area. Then I get out my collecting cup, give it a few practice shakes, warm up the vocal cords with a few "got any change"s or "help a guy down on his luck"s and I'm ready to work.

Now let me tell you how my days have been going lately: I spent my afternoon in front of Ben and Jerry's and do you know how many people came by in six hours? Two. Two people in six hours. And they were an elderly,

retired couple. Everyone knows that the prime demographic we homeless appeal to is the 21-39 crowd. Honestly folks, this cup is not going to fill itself with quarters.

Recently I've been pulling out all the stops. I made a sign that said, "I'm deaf, please help." I even went in to the woods to look for some flowers I might be able to sell. I WENT INTO THE WOODS. Do you know how much experience we homeless have with the woods? I was lost in there for almost eight hours! I even tried to set up a Three Card Monty table in front of the Mascoma Bank, but nothing seems to work with you people.

I'm just a hobo trying to make an honest living swindling people out of their change and small bills so that I can buy some Wild Turkey or maybe some peyote (did I mention that the peyote market here in Hanover seems to be in recession?).

You folks are denying me my constitutional rights. No, I haven't read the Constitution and no, I can't point to the exact passage, but

I'm pretty sure there's a part that says I have the right to get money from strangers on a street corner and/or park bench. And maybe there isn't. So what?

Don't think that your failures over the last few weeks will come without their consequences either. I will be telling my homeless drifter friends about what it's like here and I wouldn't be surprised if they passed Hanover right by and went straight on to Quechee.

Homeless Pete writes lots of columns.



*by Homeless
Pete*

I'm just a hobo trying to make an honest living swindling people out of their change and small bills so that I can buy some Wild Turkey, or maybe some peyote.

VOX CLAMORAMIS

Politics Comes To Hanover

To The Dartmouth Community:

I would just like to extend my warmest thanks for the truly astounding outpouring of support that you showed me during the recent democratic primary. With the help of ambitious students like yourselves, I am fully confident that not only will we be able to win the Democratic nomination, but we will be able to win the election in November and send George Bush and all his cronies packing their bags all the way back to Crawford, Texas. We can give this nation better schooling, better job security, a healthier environment and a stronger future. We can do all this as long as we have a candidate who is capable of winning the White House. I, John Kerry, am this candidate. I, John Kerry, can lead us to this point. Once again, I offer to you all my

sincerest thanks for my victory - for *our* victory - in New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring,
Sen. John Kerry

Hey Dartmouth:

John Kerry is into little boys.

Sincerely,
Howard Dean

One Man's Opinion

To the Editors:

All earthlings bow to me, for I shall soon be your ruler. Resistance is impossible and will result in your slow and painful death. Bring me your women and your bounty or face my wrath! I will be staying at the Econo Lodge

just off the highway near Virginia Beach, VA if you need a mailing address to send your offerings to.

Sincerely,
Zogthor, Scourge of the Cosmos

A Cartoonist's Lament

Dear Sirs:

I note with great duress that you have once again failed to print any of the cartoons that I drew for you! I demand an explanation for this! My cartoons are clever, cutting, and only very subtly racist! If you gentlemen continue to fail to print my material, I shall take my business directly to the *Review*!

Sincerely,
Col. James A. Donovan '39

He's a Veteran

Dear Whoever the Hell is Reading This:

I saw in your paper that a lot of you punk kids are running around shooting your mouth off left and right. Now listen up. I didn't spend two years fighting Charlie and then another eighteen months in a Viet-Cong prison camp so that you that pinko, nancy boys could be pulling this subversive crap! If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have time for this nonsense because you'd be spending the whole day getting beat up by the Commies! If you don't all start acting with a little more respect, I'll show you what some combat training mixed with eighteen months of mental torture can do. I'm a veteran, God damn it!

Roger Boswell
Bismark, ND

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES shall be resolved by duel. We shall meet at the sun crests over yonder hill and shake hands not once, not twice, but thrice. At this stage you shall spit over a log. We shall then face away from each other, take fourteen paces, and turn. Presently, we shall adopt the roar of the most fierce native member of the savage tribes of the jungle, and race toward each other wildly swinging a sack of Burt Reynolds DVDs. May God shine his everlasting light upon the victor! Following a brief but surely bloody melee, we shall negotiate a classified advertising rate.

WANTED

EXPERIENCED POG PLAYERS for Pog team. Must have own Pogs. Dedication required. Meet at the BEMA Tuesdays 4-6 Mon-Fri. Blitz "BrazzSlamma."

SOMALI-SPEAKING EMIGRATES EXPATRIATE. For Smooching. Blitz "Dionysus2k."

CAKE. Mmm, cake. Not the band. The best part about cake is that after you are done eating the delicious frosting, you get to eat the delicious insides. I'll take any cake. Wedding cake, carrot cake, birthday cake, ice cream cake, even cupcake-- I would eat it all. Blitz "CakeGirl."

COLD, RUTHLESS KILLER. Somebody who won't faint at the sight of blood and won't be scared to get the job done when the chips are down. Not because I need anybody killed, I've just never met a cold, ruthless killer before. Will provide chips, dip. Blitz "aremyfeettoobig."

SERVICES

FUNERAL OR RELIGIOUS. It's all the same to me, really. Come by my room (204 Bissel) and tell me what you need. Knife throwing lessons also provided.

SONGS SUNG. I'll come on by your room or drill session and awkwardly sing a love song so everyone thinks that you have a special someone who sent me to you. But you and I both know that it's just me, Jerry. Blitz "Jerry."

JUDGING. Former Supreme Court justice, down on his luck and willing to judge. Have experience with criminal trials and matters of Constitutional law; will judge beauty pageants, state fairs, drinking contests, sinners, etc. Blitz "Ghengis."

FOUND

DOG. Cute and adorable. Gets the incinerator if not claimed in 4 days. Blitz "Lincoln."

APATHY. If you would like to claim it blitz "Wi..." ah nevermind.

WALDO. Found dead in a dumpster near "the beach" amidst a pile of red and white striped shirts and hundreds of open boxes of candy canes. Also found: Wizard Whitebeard, 7 sets of jumping ropes and a man that looks like he doesn't belong. Please claim Waldo. He's starting to stink. Blitz "WaldoFinDer."

BOOK. Titled "How to rid yourself of all your extraneous material possessions." Leafed through it, don't seem to need it any more. I'll leave it on a table in Food Court, come and get it if you want.

EMPLOYMENT

TAILORS WANTED for exciting overseas employment opportunity. See the world, learn to be content with getting paid a single bar of soap a month. Have your work sold in retail outlets across the United States! Anyone over the age of 9 need not apply.

PARTY BUS DRIVER. Do you like young, hot chicks? Do you like partying? Do you like driving the bus? If so, then you should be the driver of the Party Bus! The Party Bus drives around, picks up hot chicks, and transports them to various party locations—. Serious, relationship-crippling coke addiction not a problem. Blitz "The Party Bus" to apply.

WARLORD. Anybody want to replace me as the vicious warlord of a war-torn Third World country? I took it over the other day and it was fun for a while, but now I'm willing to pass the torch. No coups, please. To apply, please come to my giant, opulent palace gilded with platinum and made with the blood and tears of the locals.

STAN'S ROOMIE'S FLAWS

by Devin Nitzi '04



THE ALTRUISTIC LIFEGUARD

by Sichaël Ralter '06



FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

write for *the dartmouth.*

or draw, or edit, or whatever.

just come by the office. we have tv here. you can watch tv! and work on making this newspaper with us in the meantime. come on, it'll be good. we swear. oh, and bring food. chicken nuggets, if you can get them.

UBIGUOUS

by Bris Crehall '04





The Dartmouth

Tony the Pony strains with all his pony might against the Edy's machine to which he is tied.

DDS raises prices, buys pony

BY JACK O. LANTERN
The Dartmouth Staff

Questions have been building over the past few years as the prices in the Dartmouth Dining Halls have continually increased. The reason for the high prices, which some students have described as, "fuckin' ridiculous," and "more than I would pay to have my food served to me by that girl from Warrant's Cherry Pie video," was revealed on Tuesday.

Food Court employee David P. Buckley unveiled the latest addition to what he calls "the DDS family", a Shetland pony. "This is my friend Tony, Tony the Pony," Buckley said as he fed his new pet a carrot and gave it a loving pat on the head.

It turns out that the pony is one of several extravagant animals owned by DDS. The company is also in possession of a Bengal Tiger, two kangaroos and a Komodo

Dragon. "You see," said Buckley, who has been charged with the care and upbringing of each of the animals owned by the dining company, "each of my animal friends needs its own special environment. Could a kangaroo live in the same sort of place as a Komodo Dragon? Of course not."

The cost of these specially created environments is approximately \$8.6 million. The increases in DDS prices over the last 3 years have allowed DDS to construct homes for each animal in its collection while maintaining its employee health and retirement benefits.

The reason for the most recent spike in DDS prices is due to the fact that Buckley has purchased a 600-acre farm just south of Hartland, VT for his new pony. "I thought Tony would be able to romp around free down on the farm, just like all ponies should. And on warm spring

evenings Tony and I can take walks around the farm and watch the sunset. Those are things I just can't do with Happy [the Komodo Dragon]," said Buckley.

The student reactions to what many are calling Ponygate have been mixed. "Paying 8 dollars for a piece of fish that is about the size of an index card, I just always assumed my money was going to fund a private zoo or something," said David Eckler, 05. Sally Rosenbaum, 06, was less understanding, "I asked for pony when I was 5. I'm still waiting. Why should DDS get a pony while I have to buy undercooked rice and soggy green beans?"

DDS is planning to increase their prices once again this spring. The timing of the planned price increase is expected to coincide with the sale of a number of ring tailed lemurs on the black market in southern Africa.

Jacko references self

BY ODIE LEI
The Dartmouth Staff

A page 2 article in the current issue of *The Dartmouth*, a parody newspaper created by the Jack-o-Lantern humor society, references Keggy, a parody mascot also created by the Jack-o-Lantern, sources today report. The article, penned by Keggy co-creators Nic Duquette and Chris Plehal '04, begins, "to the dismay of the entire Hanover community, Keggy the Keg was shot to death last night outside the Hanover Inn."

The article continues, describing the death of the character at the hands of the Dartmouth Moose and satirizing the mascot conflict that was entirely created by the people who wrote the article.

The conclusion to the humor piece has Keggy co-creator and Jacko

writer Chris Plehal commenting on the nonexistent incident, though in actuality, Plehal never gave a comment to the parody newspaper unless the writing of the article itself can be considered a "comment".

Further complicating matters is the fact that the current Jacko editor-in-chief Kevin Pedersen '05, wrote a humor article on page 7 of the Jack-o-Lantern magazine that satirizes the humor article on page 2 of the Jack-o-Lantern magazine that satirizes the mascot which was created in the fall of 2003 by the Jack-o-Lantern.

Said Pedersen, as he typed this article, "I don't really understand what the postmodern implications of all this might be. All I know is that I need to fill up the rest of this column with text so that the rest of the layout on this page looks right. Ah, there we go."

Nerd jostled in Food Court sandwich line

BY SHET HEDLEY
The Dartmouth Staff

According to a statement released by college student and nerd Bert Sacks '06 yesterday, he was jostled in the food court sandwich line at approximately 6:30 pm on Tuesday, February 10.

Sacks was waiting to order a "Banana Log" wrap, as is his dinnertime habit, when he was, in his own words, "violently accosted by a really big baseball player." Sacks was carrying a tray laden with two glasses of Fruit Punch Powerade and a Rice Krispie Treat when his tray was brushed by the hip and buttock of another student, resulting in the near spillage of his beverages. Sacks considers a second student an accessory to the jostling.

Sacks believes he was targeted for this jostling because of

his status as a nerd. "They wouldn't have fucked with me if I was Fitty [Cent]," he declared. He has issued a strongly-worded statement regarding the incident. "I find it extremely troubling to see the harassment and persecution of nerds occurring on this college's campus. Dartmouth is the home to many nerds, and it is important that we embrace each other's differences and physical/social/sexual shortcomings. The flower of glorious intellect will never blossom if the seed attempts to germinate in an abusive soil of fear and self-doubt," Sacks says. He is considering expanding on this statement and publishing it in *The Dartmouth* as an op-ed.

Dartmouth College officials and members of the Hanover police department had no comment, noting that they were unaware of the incident.

Cannibal pastry on trial

BY GUY SMILEY
The Dartmouth Staff

The trial for the well-known Pillsbury spokescreature, Poppin' Fresh, who is accused of baking, picking apart, and eating the Gingerbread Man, began yesterday amidst a media frenzy. Mr. Fresh has admitted to the crime, saying that ever since he was an unleavened ball of dough, his fantasy has been to cook up and devour a sweet and spicy friend, to replace the batch members he never knew.

Fresh contends that the Gingerbread Man agreed to the act, and actually joined him in his own mutilation. Purportedly, the two together carefully used a melon-scoop to remove,

and subsequently eat, each and every one of Gingerbread's delectable, red-hot buttons. The two then greased the pan with a generous helping of Canola Oil, before Fresh lovingly floured his victim one last time and slid him into the 375 degree General Electric oven for 25 minutes.

"He told me that he ran, he ran, as fast as he could, but no one could ever catch him," Fresh explained. "All he ever really wanted in life was someone to catch him. I finally gave him that opportunity. It fulfilled both our greatest desires."

Mr. Fresh found his victim through several months of reading the advertisements on the insides of slice-and-bake cookie wrappers.

"I wanted a partner who was soft and chewy, but who wouldn't fall apart if you picked him up by one leg," detailed Fresh, who apparently turned down offers from a Yellow Peep ("too sticky") and a Flavor Blasted Goldfish ("too salty") before settling on his Gingerbread friend and feast.

As this is the first case of its kind, no one is quite sure how it will turn out. "I mean, technically eating cookies isn't illegal," said Martha Stewart, expert on both cooking and legal ethics, "But my God, this is just sick! Everyone knows that you should never ever bake with unsaturated fat! Always use lard, or at least some friggin' butter, preferably freshly churned from Martha Stewart Collection brand cows."

Police chief Donald Smith feels that this will be a short trial ending in conviction, adding that the evidence is "tasty and conclusive."

The home of Mrs. Butterworth and the Keebler Elf magical tree are currently under 24-hour surveillance.



Candy Storre/The Dartmouth

Poppin Fresh is searched by a member of the Homicide Squad before his arrest.

Cricket: at Edinburg (Today, 2 p.m.)
Golf: vs. Cornell (Fri. 7 p.m.)
Boxing: at Madison Square Garden (Sat., 9 p.m.)
Monster Truck Racing: vs. UMass (Sun., Sun., Sun.)

SPORTS

Knitting: at Middlebury (Today, 6 p.m.)
Macrame: vs. Yale (Fri. 5 p.m.)
Darning Socks: vs. Princeton (Sat., 9 p.m.)
Rugby: at Brown (Sun., 11 a.m.)

The Dartmouth

Friday, February 20, 2004

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Big Green Squash defeats Big Green Debate at Squash

BY CHUCK BUTTER
 The Dartmouth Staff

Big Green debate team captain Regina Sprack '05 was not happy about her team's performance last weekend at the Dartmouth College Squash Courts.

"This is really unreasonable," Sprack said. "It's as if the the whole team went in there with an attitude of Resolved: the Dartmouth Squash Team will score a major victory over us today'. Seriously, we can perform better than this."

This Saturday's 9-0 loss to the College's official squash team comes as a severe blow to a debate team ranked No. 2 by the American Parliamentary Debate Association. Unfortunately, the team's usually uncanny ability to deliver harsh rebuttals and pick apart tautologies during debate tournaments and in the debate practice rooms didn't carry over to the game of squash.

"I can't believe this," Terry Guernster '07 said. "Brad and I have put so much time into the [debate] team that it's really disheartening to see that the [squash] team could beat us so easily. I mean, our table slaps and stuffy british interjections were right on. We've beaten so many other [debate] teams in the past, we're all surprised that this [squash] team would be able to trounce us so completely."

However, other members of the team were not so optimistic, a factor which Sprack said contributed to the loss.

"We were all suiting up for the

match, and I remember hearing some of the team saying that we probably shouldn't even be wearing suits to the match at all, that we might as well wear workout clothes. If a team isn't even prepared to wear their uniforms, what kind of message does that send about their playing?"

The squash team knew that a victory over Big Green Debate would not come easily. But by focusing on skill shots, serves, and actually playing the game of squash during extra long practice sessions, the Big Green Squashers felt confident going into the game.

Freshman Candy Jackson '07 dominated the first match, ending almost every point in one or two shots. "Practice has really taught me to identify the weaknesses in your opponent, and play to those," she said. "I could tell after the first point that the people I was playing with couldn't really move in those shoes. I knew if I could make them run, then I could beat them."

The second match really put the nail in the coffin for Big Green Debate. The men's parliamentary debate captain Ezra McElroy went up against an inexperienced freshman Ben Jaffrey '07. But what should have been an easy victory became an embarrassing defeat as McElroy lost games one, two and three, sometimes not even coming in contact with the ball for minutes at a time.

"I was so intimidated at first," Jaffrey said. "I mean, I had heard that this guy was a total badass—really quick on his feet and just untouchable. Maybe it was just a bad day for him, but he played like he had never even been

in a [squash] competition before.

In fact, the debate team committed numerous fouls in every match, chocking them up to ignorance or forgetfulness almost every time.

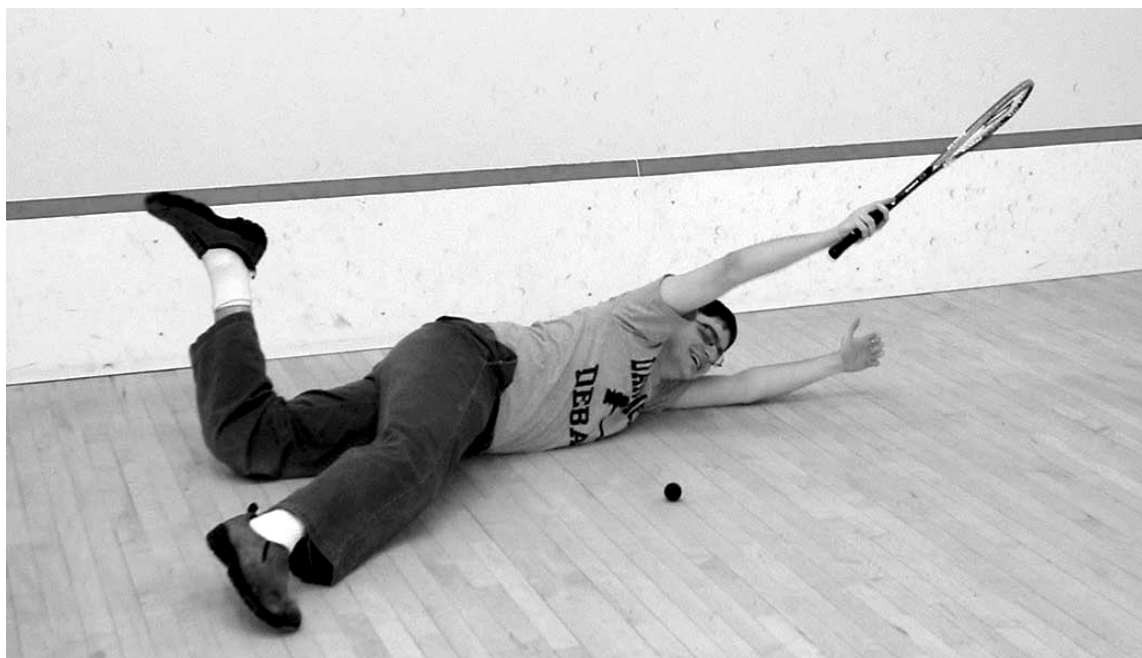
"We really weren't prepared for this type of a competition at all. Point of personal privilege is hard to understand, but their definition of unreasonable racquet swing is totally untenable." McElroy said.

After the competition, the debate

team somberly packed back into their bus and drove back to their home stadium—the Rockefeller Center for Public Policy—amidst frustrating arguments over what, precisely, caused their loss. Cases for everything from hungover teammates to unfair judges were discussed, but the opposition routinely disproved them in the final round of rebuttals. One thing they did agree on, though, was that their team was simply outmatched. "I think they just

wanted it more than us," said Sprack. "Maybe because we usually do tournaments in which we debate, and they usually do tournaments in which they play squash."

This win and loss for the Big Green sets the stage for next week's games, when squash will take on Yale and Debate will hope to redeem themselves in a street fighting competition against Vassar and some high school kids.



Sweetie Toots/The Dartmouth Photographer

With an inappropriate exclamation of glee, debater Terry Guernster '07 lunges to hit a squash ball, which had stopped moving several seconds earlier.

Pong loss attributed to partner

Lack of experience, dedication cited

BY BILLY D. KIDD
 The Dartmouth Staff

In a statement released early this morning, a slightly hung-over Matthew Calhoun '05 attributed a Friday night loss in a game of beer pong to the shortcomings of his playing partner Steven Claybourne '05. The disputed game, which was played in the basement of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, ended in an embarrassing five cup loss for the Calhoun/Claybourne team.

"I believe that my overall level of play was solid, if not admirably consistent considering the amount of alcohol I had consumed," stated a resolute Calhoun early today, who added: "however, as many will attest, there is no 'I' in the word 'pong,' and one man can not win a game alone, therefore I must reference my strong career win average, and attribute our embarrassing defeat on Friday to the general malaise with which my partner Steven Claybourne played."

Witnesses report that on the night of the loss, Calhoun vocalized his concerns with Claybourne's playing ability on several occasions. "Matt kept yelling at Steven that he was 'serving shallow,'" recalls on-looker Tina DeGiorno '06, "even when it was Matt who had just screwed up the serve."

Other persons present for the pong game report that Calhoun blamed his partner for a variety of other infractions including: the other team hitting a cup, the other team aching a serve, Calhoun failing to make a save, and Calhoun hitting an opponent's cup on his serve.

According to Psi Upsilon brother Peter Dolan '04, "at one point I accidentally spilled some of my beer on Matt while Steven was upstairs taking a leak, sure enough, when Steven returned, Matt gave him the riot act about how if he hadn't left, the beer spilling incident never would have happened."

One witness, Sarah Hoftsnagle '07, required mild medical atten-

tion after receiving a glancing blow to the head from Calhoun's pong paddle. "As far as I can tell," recalls Hoftsnagle, "he threw the paddle to somehow save a sink." To which she adds, "he then blamed my injury on his partner."

When questioned about the now-infamous pong game, Claybourne commented, "Man, I don't know. I guess I played a little bit with Matt that night. Why do you want to know about it, anyway?"

In preparation for this coming weekend, Calhoun has confidently predicted a rematch victory, citing plans to find a new pong partner with a greater capacity for sinking cups and properly handling slam saves. In an official statement, Calhoun boldly declared, "Let me put this in a way you brains can understand: I am to pong, what Boticelli was to music!" After being notified that Boticelli was in fact an artist, not a musician, Calhoun blamed the oversight on his pong partner.

ASK OUR SPORTSWRITERS

What was a better role for Sean Astin:
 Rudy or Samwise Gamgee?

Raymond "Fuzzy" Porter - Rudy

Jonathan "Smith" Smith - Rudy

Charles "Whisky" Forman - Rudy

Fred "Specs" Arnold - Rudy

Carol "Girl" Johnson - Rudy

Jack "Self-Reference" Lantern - Rudy

John "Deoxyribonucleic" Dreck - Rudy

Peter "The Greaseman" Jackson - Samwise Gamgee

Paul "Bluto" Masters - Rudy