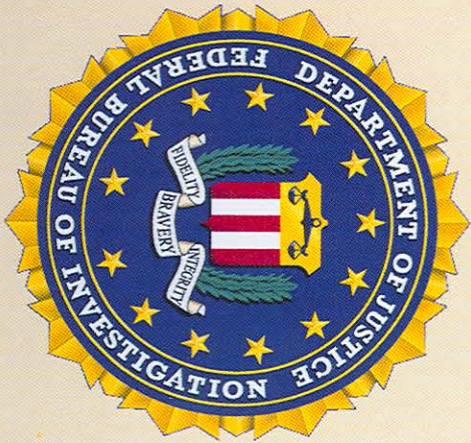


A production of the  
DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



Case 009837-52A



- Cole Entress '06 - Editor in Chief  
Art

Chris Luakko '06 - President  
Editor  
Art

Noah Kaufman '05 Editor  
Layout  
Art

Matt Gens '06 Layout

»♥» Josh Cain '06 Didn't Actually  
do Very Much

### Special Thanks:

J. Doucette  
A. Lawrence  
J.B. Richardson  
B. Schwarz  
A. Tebbel



U. S. Department of Justice  
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Reader:

This collection was assembled from information gathered in a now closed FBI investigation. The FBI admits that this investigation was perhaps criminally unorthodox (highly invasive and for the most part nearly entirely baseless). The FBI is not concerned at the constitutionality of this investigation, as the Bureau has more ninja snipers than you could possibly imagine.

“On dispersive ground, therefore, fight not. On facile ground, halt not. On contentious ground, attack not. On open ground, do not try to block the enemy’s way. On the ground of intersecting highways, join hands with your allies. On serious ground, gather in plunder. In difficult ground, keep steadily on the march. On hemmed-in ground, resort to stratagem. On desperate ground, fight.”

- **Sun Tzu**

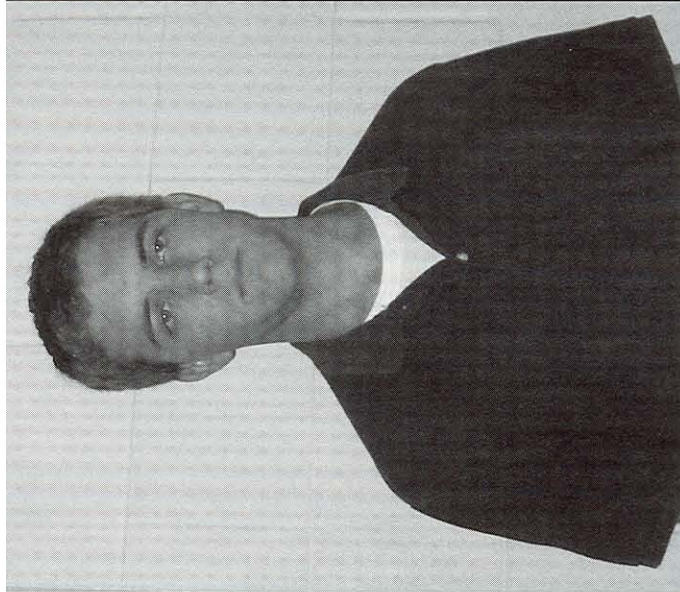
The implications are obvious.

Samuel Transom  
Liaison to the Director

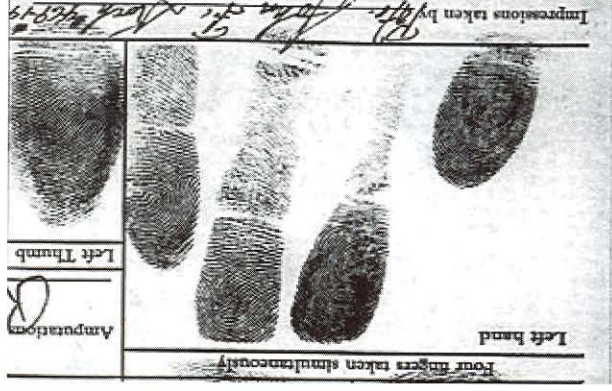




**Name:** Landon Canklesh  
**Age:** 20  
**DOB:** 11/22/83  
**Sex:** M (barely)  
**Marital Status:** Unmarried  
**Height:** 6-01  
**Weight:** 160  
**Eyes:** Brn  
**Tattoos/Piercings:** Rt. Nipple ring  
**Marks and Scars:** 2 in. scar on left arm, abnormally skinny legs  
**Occupation:** Student  
**Hometown:** Newark, NJ  
**Previous Criminal Record:** none



**Name:** Randall Chase  
**Age:** 20  
**DOB:** 4/07/84  
**Sex:** M  
**Marital Status:** Unmarried  
**Height:** 5-11  
**Weight:** 165  
**Eyes:** Grn  
**Tattoos/Piercings:** none  
**Marks and Scars:** Severe Emotional  
**Occupation:** Student  
**Hometown:** Newton, MA  
**Previous Criminal Record:** None







**Name:** Steven Higgins

**Age:** 20

**DOB:** 10/17/83

**Sex:** M

**Marital Status:** Unmarried

**Height:** 6-01

**Weight:** 257

**Eyes:** Brn

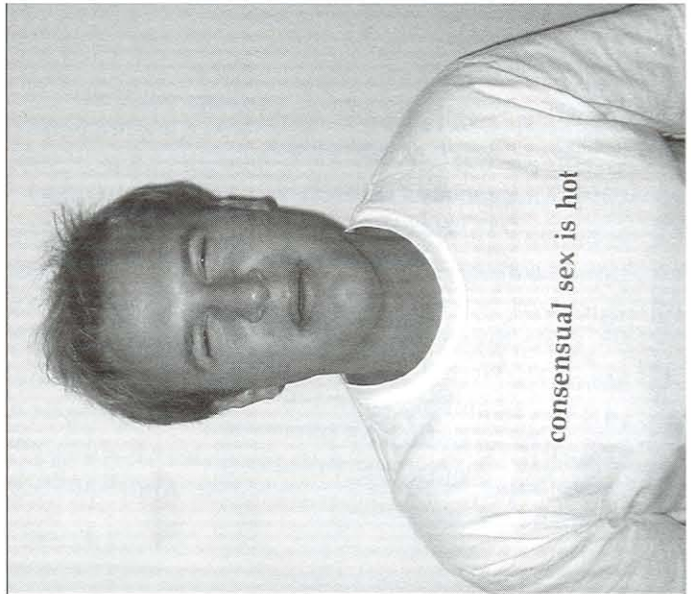
**Tattoos/Piercings:** Crude Phallus on back (may be permanent marker)

**Marks and Scars:** Various cuts

**Occupation:** Student

**Hometown:** Newark, NJ

**Previous Criminal Record:** 7 MIP, 3 cts. Misdemeanor Assaults, 2 cts. indecent exposure, unpaid parking ticket.



**Name:** Vincent Rigby

**Age:** 19

**DOB:** 9/17/84

**Sex:** M

**Marital Status:** Unmarried

**Height:** 5-10

**Weight:** 175

**Eyes:** Grn

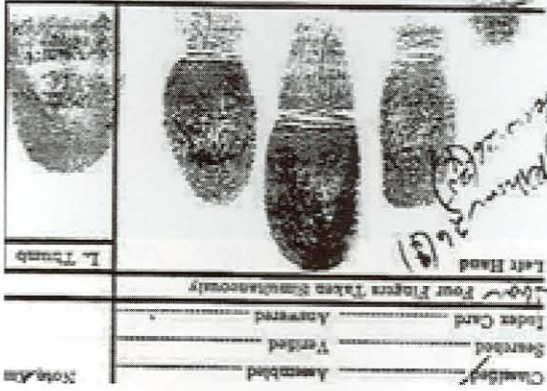
**Tattoos/Piercings:** none

**Marks and Scars:** none

**Occupation:** Student

**Hometown:** Des Moines, IA

**Previous Criminal Record:** None





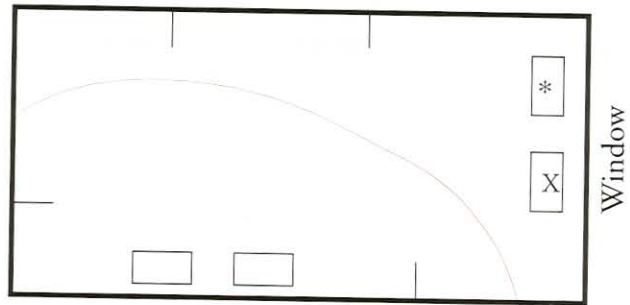
June 23rd, 2004  
Move-in Day  
Middle Massachusetts Dormitory  
Hanover, NH

6/23

"A Prince should inspire fear in such a way that if he do not win love, at least he may escape hate." ~Machiavelli

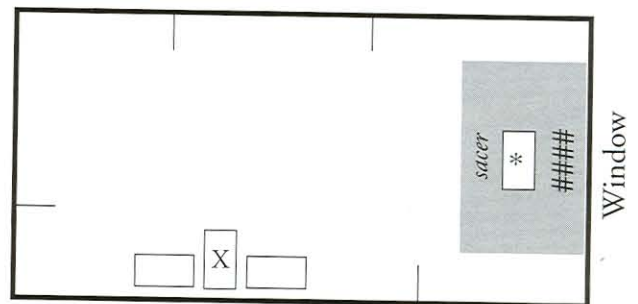
Landon speaks: Arrived late last night to find my three roommates already obscenely comfortable. I barely had the strength to rouse them this morning and repair the awful way they configured the room. I shook the three hung-over caballeros awake earlier this morning and finally persuaded them to rearrange the room in a less "equal" way. Now the desks that won't get used properly—Steve sees his as a booting-target and little else—are stacked atop eachother in the corner. All this, and they still tried to insist that their desire to have not one, but two Animal House posters in our common room trumped the need for my "Homage to Sergei" print collection. Eisenstein would tear Belushi limb from limb. It took a lot of forceful pleading to get the wall space for all my posters, and I eventually had to agree to store Steve's "trophy wall" over my desk. Only a true cretin would earnestly mount "slain" handles of scotch on the wall like hunting achievements. I'd like to see him try to drink an angry bear.

I may yet regret enlisting these philistines to get this quad for the summer. Luckily, Beatrice and I are corresponding regularly—she is my only link to art (and its imitation, life) in this haven of Pharisees.



**Fig. 1 – Proxima Unacceptabilia**

*Arrangement of common room before my arrival. My desk is marked with a star. Steve's desk marked by an 'X'.*



**Fig. 2 – Lebensraum**

*Rearranged common room. My desk is marked with a star. Stupid Bottle collection marked with pound signs.*

6/23

Moved in today. Steve and Randy got there first. Steve was already drunk; he had a Nalgene full of some clear liquid in one hand and a drumstick in the other. Randy had his computer set up and was staring at a facebook picture of some girl.

I was disappointed in the level of room fixtures when I arrived. I was counting on the guys to bring a TV, a boombox, a massage chair, something. But no, all Steve brought of interest was his "stockpile of rage," some duffel bag full of Everclear, Kahlua, and homemade watermelon schnapps. And Randy, he

just had a minifridge. What is that?

So I went on a "shopping" spree. I walked down the hall, knocking on doors, introducing myself to people if someone answered, and jimmy-ing the lock with my ID and stealing everything worth more than sixty dollars if someone didn't. I was hoping for a better selection of posters, but all people seemed to have were ones about Animal House, so I just took two. Randy was happy with the new futon. Steve booted on the Tivo.



June 23

I took Cara on what was supposed to be a romantic walk in the woods today. We ended last term on such a good note, but I guess it wasn't meant to be. We found Steve passed out motionless in a tree. I took this picture. When we got closer to see if he was still breathing, Steve booted on Cara, screamed, and ran away. Cara no longer speaks to me.



6/23

SOPHMORE SUMMER  
BAY-BEEEE!!!

I'm in this sweet quad in mid-mass this term (hereafter referred to as the Steve Zone) and I'm living with my boys R-dawg and Vin-spot. We needed this other guy's housing number, though, so we're stuck living with this dude who totally puts the lame in totally lame. He's always using big words and calling me shit like "satiating" and "noisome" and "cogitate."

When we started to move in it didn't look like we had a ton of shit to carry, but then Vin-spot's mom showed up with a moving van full of IKEA furniture. It was kind of weird because Vinny didn't say anything to her the whole time and then denied she was ever there, even though she spent four hours working with him to assemble everything. I didn't notice until afterwards, though, because I

was wasted and fighting with Landon about where to hang my Bob Marley and Che Guevara posters. I was going to say something hilarious to him, but I lost consciousness and hit my head (or maybe the reverse, I don't really remember).

Well, I've still got to get my rage on. Like I always say, the night's a failure if my blood isn't flammable by the end.



6/24

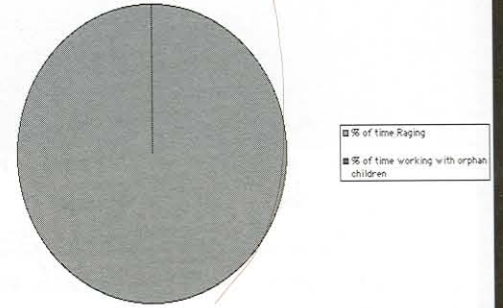
This term is going to be ridiculously easy - I have an independent study and this film class that everyone says is a complete joke and that's IT! Oh wait, I'm also TA-ing a class - RAGE-O-NOMICS! With no work to do I'm going to be go-

ing BALLS OUT this term.

Did you know the Australian Koala spends 22 hours a day sleeping and can run 25 miles per hour in pursuit of prey?

I need some booze.

Call Me Senior Rage



6/25

My film seminar met for the first time today. Somehow, Randy and Steve (who are definitely not majors) managed to weasel their way into there as well, and I eventually deigned to sit with Randy as he was sitting across the room from Alvin Blooman (whom I absolutely despise). I never realized how transparent Randy's attempts to ingratiate himself to everyone are. He is breathing desperation wrapped in diaphanous gregariousness. If he wasn't so effusively moony-eyed over that Sarah girl, I would take him for ironic.

The silver lining on all of this, though, is that I can count on him to do the reading, which I will peruse lightly at best. He needs Prof. Dessert to pat his little head, scratch him behind the ears, coo to him softly in the night. I have no flattery to give her, but I would give her what she really needs—a good fuck. I mean, look at this excerpt from the syllabus:

*Students will be expected to analyze the motifs and leitmotifs present in pre-modern and modern meso-European cinema pertaining to the construction of gender and gender-perceptions (gender boundaries, roles, meta-*

*gender questions). Students will also be expected to employ the germane analytical schemata and question their previous stigmatizing paradigmatic approaches to gendered constructions (i.e. genderization), the construction of modern gender, and the engendered structure to which gender-constructions eventually give rise.*

Jesus. I'd love to see Steve try to talk to her. He's probably dragging himself out of the dumpsters behind Chi Gam right now.

6/25

God, the dumpster behind Chi Gam was great last night!

I got thrown into it because (I assume) I was raging too hard for the brothers there. I was going to climb out and go back inside but I realized there were a shitload of half-full

beer cans and the bottom was literally covered with TONS of dried beer. It doesn't have to be liquid for you to get tanked off it, you know! I drank all the halves and was licking my way into oblivion when this raccoon and a cat got into a fight for the last piece of an EBA's sandwich. The

fight was sweet and I let them go at it awhile before snagging it myself. I got a couple of scratches but I'm not worried about infection. I just booted all over my arm and the alcohol content should have been more than enough to disinfect it. It burned like no other booting.



6/26

I think I'm Randy's best friend. Well, maybe I'm more like his big brother-nah, I think idol's the word. Yeah, I'm his idol. I'm trying to teach him how to rage but he's not doing very well so far. Hopefully the rest of the summer'll give him a chance to come out of his shell. If not, more beer for me.

6/26

My classes are okay. I'm taking Econ 21 and Gov 50. I tried to get into a history class, but I think that department's been blacklisting me ever since the incident last spring with the box of chalk and those maps of Renaissance Italy.

6/26

"He who attains his ideal thereby surpasses it."  
~Nietzsche

Steve has yet to come home, and since he's left his blitz on, I decided to go ahead and blitz Prof. Desserent from his account. I made up some completely outrageous critique of her doctoral thesis. This will likely amuse me for weeks:

>Date: 26 Jun 2004 17:12:53 EDT

>From: Steven R. Higgins

>Reply-To: RageoptomusPrime

>Subject: Your dissertation

>To: Jacquenetta.M.Desserent@Dartmouth.EDU

Hello Professor—

As you already know, my name is Steven, but my colleagues and peers refer to me as Steve (or sometimes Biggie, for reasons I ought not disclose here!;-P.) Anyway, I thought I should tell you I've read your thesis, and I just don't understand how you can think that the French New Wave is anything but a giant mass of confused derivatives of the work of Fellini. I don't mean to sound presumptuous, but all of the evidence is there—the cuts, the film titles, even the French-ness—it's all pure Fellini. Perhaps you ought to "wave" hello to a "new" thesis—that the "French" are completely uncreative! (Get it?!). Anyway, I'd look forward to talking more about this with you. I understand that you're also quite attractive. Kudos. Did that help you to get a degree?

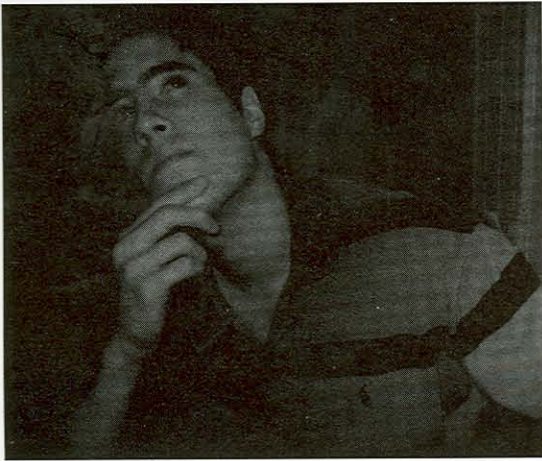
Hit me back, now;

~Biggie;-P

This ought to be good for weeks.

June 27  
We've been in the room 4 days now and so far it's working out really well. Landon is kind of aloof but I feel bad for the dude. I don't blame him for being mad after move-in day when Steve booted all over him. It was a new trick for Steve, incidentally, that he came up with over interim. He calls it his "signature boot." Before he drinks, Steve now ingests some ink of India or various other indelible dyes so that he "leaves his mark" wherever he goes.





*Elemental Landon, plate  
i: Expiation, musings of  
the Semi-Divine*

6/27

What the FUCK?!? My professor sent me this long-ass blitz about French Metacarpals or some shit. It was like 20 pages! I thought it was homework but then I realized I was the only one who got it. She kept going on, so I thought I'd send her a funny French response of my own. I was like "suck le it, le bitch." Man, I can totally speak French.

7/7

I've been hanging with Steve as of late. He's honestly not the best dude to spend nights with though. What an alcoholic. I mean, you'll roll into some basement with the guy, and for the first ten minutes, it's honestly amazing, because he'll drown himself in beer and whiskey, and he makes a great conversation piece with which to pick up

women. Then he just blacks out though and drowns someone else in vomit, and I'm left apologizing to random assholes for the mess. He's got to do something about the smell too. There is no cologne called "Rage for Men, by Tommy." He just doesn't bathe.

6/30

Opening day of Spiderman 2! Hoo-ray!

Beatrice is as beautiful as ever. I mean, I think so. She still sounds the same on the phone, anyway.

Also, my friend Ronnie and I have been doing some soul-revealing photo work of me.

6/30

Landon was in a good mood for once today, I think. He asked me to go see Spiderman 2 with him today, but I said no because I can't stand movies where I know the bad guy's gonna lose beforehand. It was good of the man to try to be a pal though; to this point he'd just spent his time muttering obscenities about this woman prof, complaining about how we'd laid out the room before he got there, and watching films, lots of fucking films. Oh yeah, and he can't seem to catch a flick without consuming chutney. He eats it straight out of the jar too.

7/5

Heard the birthday of our country was pretty rough on a few people. Not for me, though. I sat down with a good glass of St. Genevieve and watched some classic Chaplin. Funny how he looks like Hitler with that moustache. Ah, America. Meanwhile, Steve seems to have really taken to the fight I picked for him with our professor. He has consistently responded to her blitzes with all the alacrity and sexual indiscrimination you come to expect from drunks. Hopefully he'll leave his blitz open again sometime soon.



7/7

Vinny (a.k.a. Vin-Spot of the Steve Zone) has potential to rival even me in terms of pure awesome-ness. He's a cool guy but he just doesn't know how to RAGE! Whenever we go to a party together he just stands in the corner and stares at people. He's still pretty

sweet, though, because every time we go to a frat the weirdest thing happens. Right after I pass out all the dudes in the basement leave and all the chicks throw off their cloths and bang him. It sucks that I always miss it, but since I'm lying right there, Vinny tells me that a bunch of the chicks bang me too!

July 8  
Sometimes I wonder what could be wrong with me that I have such shitty luck with women. I'm not ugly. I work out. I'm not creepy or sketchy. Everyone says I'm nice and funny and chill. Is it all the women I have met having bad taste? Or maybe everyone lies to me.

Shit.

7/8

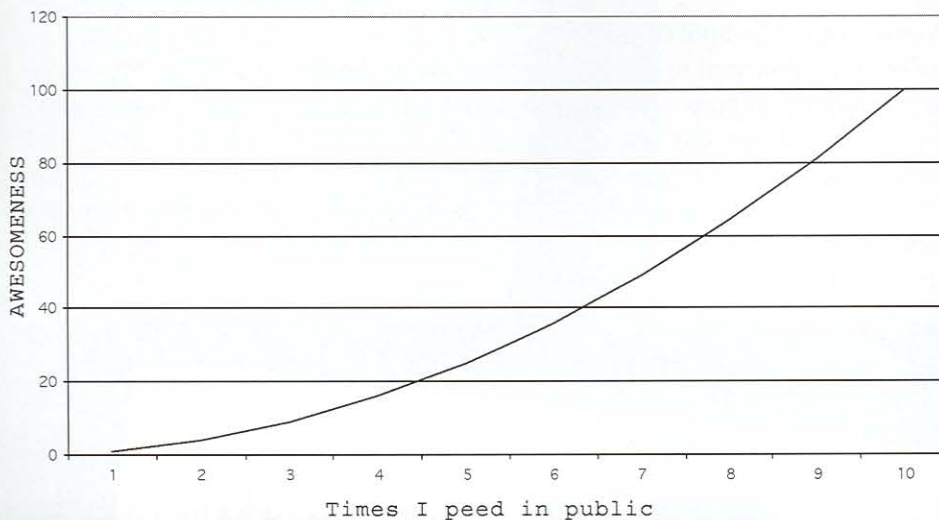
Man, that guy Landon sucks. I was in the middle of my usual EBA's order when he walks in yelling at his girlfriend about politics or some shit. When he sees he he's like "Rage-optimus Prime? More like Rage-opotamus Prime!" Then he says to his girlfriend "Like a veritable Captain Ahab I just speared the white whale with one of my verbal harpoons!" and walks back into his room laughing. How the hell did he know what my reply-to is? It's not like I ever blitz him

7/10

Maybe Steve does have his perks, after all. I resigned myself to going out drinking with him again, but this time I had an idea. I laid low in the corner, and while everyone in the room was gawking at how he could possibly bong grain alcohol and not die, I took the opportunity to rip a stop sign off the wall with a crowbar. Maybe it will come in handy the next time Steve's about to boot on my bed.



Exponential Relationship Between Urination and Self-Esteme



7/10

Almost ran out of ink for my signature boot (a.k.a. The Steve Stain) today. I was only going to keep it up until the bottle I had ran out, but out of nowhere Vin-Spot offered me another one for dirt cheap. He was acting real shady and told me not to ask where he got it from but that

he could "appropriate" more when I ran out again. I didn't ask because I'd already seen the itemized receipt from the college supply store for 10 bottles of ink in Vinny's trash, along with a receipt for something called "The Wand."

7/12

I got accused of being a belligerent drunk yesterday, which is completely wack. I was talking to this dude from another school and he was like "you know what's better than pong? Beirut" so I broke a bottle over his head. Honestly he TOTALLY deserved it.

I was trying to teach R-dawg (who was admirably wasted) the finer points of raging, but he kept looking wistfully into the distance and completely ignored my repeated offers to dome him. Honestly, I try so hard with that guy, but he's never going to learn. If he weren't so fanatically devoted to me I wouldn't waste my time.

7/12

I went to the Hop for lunch. The sign with all the food prices said "Steal Queso" so I had to oblige. I got mine with chicken, and I purloined some Lay's too.

Ten minutes after I sat down to start eating, Steve swung by. We'd agreed to grab lunch together, and I was neither surprised that he was late, nor that he appeared wasted.

He was a veritable fish tank full of exuberance, giving me fist pumps over how we were "opening up the hop" and all. I reminded him that it was now 12:40, and the Hop had been open for close to six hours. He looked puzzled and swore that he'd been playing pong since 7 PM. I reminded him that while he may well have started then, he'd been passed out on our couch and smelling rank at least since when I woke up at 9. He gave me a "whatever," and asked me how my Friday had been, noting that his was so ragey that he was now the official mascot of Tri-delt. I reminded him that it was now Monday.



July 17th, 2004  
Tubestock  
Dartmouth College  
Hanover, NH

7/17

I swear, if I hear one more Tubestock story that both starts and ends with "(I was)/(We were) SO wasted!", I'm going to punch someone in the face. On no other weekend is the groveling desire for acceptance running so rampant. People are naked, drunk, immobilized, all startlingly white and screaming "I am like you! I am servile! I will get you a beer! Pet me! Scratch me behind the ears! Then I will be loved!" This is the worst weekend for free spirits yet. Even the editors of the D are drawing comics, grotesque nonsense reminiscent of a retarded Don Hertzfeldt.

July 18  
I was so wasted on Tubestock, And I'm not sure, cause things were kind of hectic on the river, but I think that cute Kappa was smiling at me, I wanted to ask her out but she was like 60 yards away and it was crowded and I'm not a strong swimmer. I hope she noticed my pees. Shit I wish I had a tan.

7/18

We were SO wasted at tubestock! Or at least Vin-Spot was when I gave him a sip of my "Tuesday Juice" (the usual combo of 1/10th vodka and 9/10th LSD). He was tripping so hard he stumbled out the room with a blow-up doll instead of an inner tube!

I was so hype I ran the whole way to the river! After all it was fucking TUBESTOCK!!! When I got there it was all hot chicks and beers. It was like I'd died and gone to heaven, except with less motorcycles. I can't swim well so I jumpd in with a full handle of Beam in each hand and chugged them until I could use them to float (best idea EVER). Then I did this sick double back flip over some cops. Everyone thought it was hardcore. To celebrate I took a hit from the wineskin that Satan gave me behind my great-grandfather's tomb on my fifteenth birthday. Then I mellowed out and floated down the river in a purple bubble. I spent an hour tasting the color of the wind before the bubble popped and I fell into the rainbow. It was AWESOME!

7/17

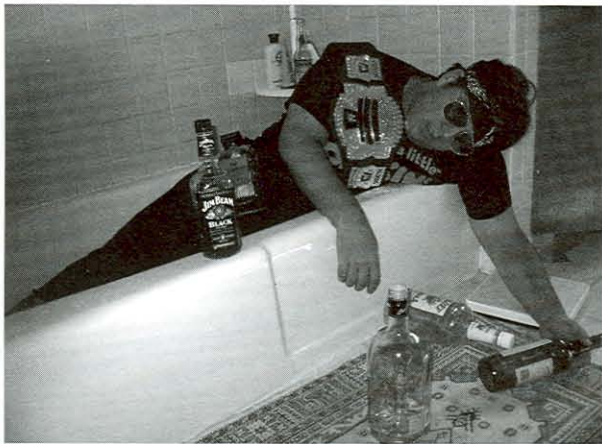
I was so wasted at Tubestock! Man, Steve makes this drink that he would describe no further than Rage Concentrate, and he gets me to have a cup of it when I wake up, and the next thing remember I m scoring with some girl from my Gov class in a canoe on the river with hundreds on onlookers cheering.

I had such a bad headache for the rest of the day. Sex is great and all, but Steve and his concoction totally ruined my plans. I was going to snag all the tubes and sell them whoelsale to local sporting goods stores for a killer profit. I even rented a getaway boat. Speaking of the self-proclaimed Social Sultan, I don t even think he made it out. He was passed out in the bathroom when I got back.

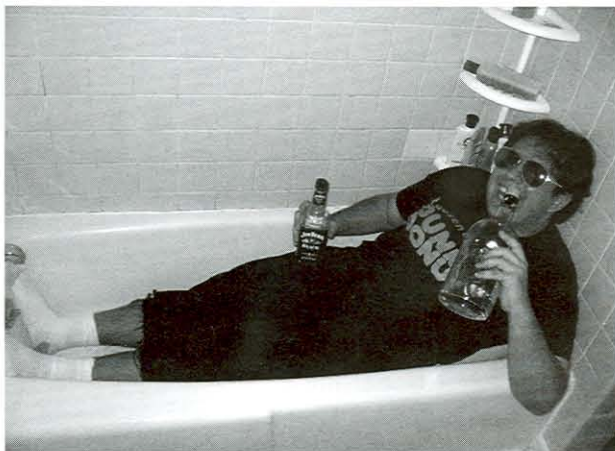


Got some rush-job development photos back today from a place in West Leb. It cost a fortune, but the payoff is sweet. Steve got up a mere two hours ago (it's now 9 p.m.) and started telling everybody about his experience at Tubestock. He sounds like the king of self-abasing debauchery, but I have the truth on film. Here's what Steve's day actually looked like. I wish I could think of a more incriminating way to use these, but for now, witness the glory of:

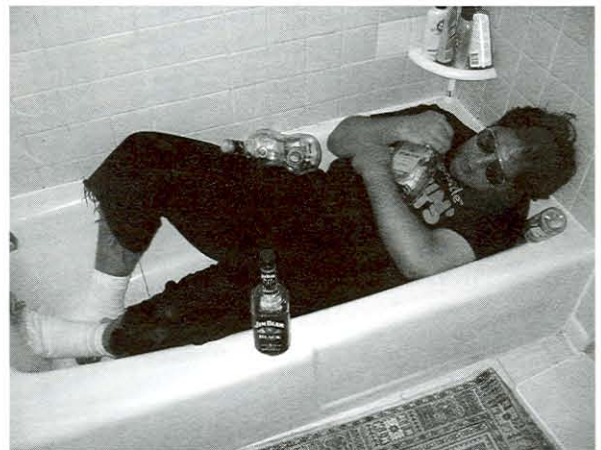
## Tubstock: A Grotesque in Four Parts



9:30 a.m. : *Idylls of the Bling*. After drinking himself into the foggy depths of the dorm bathroom, Steve has fallen asleep clutching some sort of shiny memorabilia, raccoon-like. I might have tried to help him out, but because he had been belting out "We are The Champions all morning, I was content to let him lay there.



4:45 p.m. : *Insurrection*. Steve, momentarily awake, attempted briefly to leave his sanctuary. When he discovered more alcohol (above), he thought that staying was a better idea. When it turned out the alcohol was tepid, used bathwater (not shown), Steve demanded to speak to "the waiter".



12:31 p.m. : *Subject in Repose*. The shiny belt subsumed into his hippopotamic folds (or taken by a passing reveler), Steve tenderly clutches a bottle in its place. None of us have ever seen that thing before or since. I assume it was stolen from a child or one of those talkative apes who live over in North Mass.



5:00 p.m. : *Smaug the Dragon*. A brief but highly vocal confrontation with some invisible opponent ("Jojo"?) led to a brief but apparently highly significant bout of bottle arrangement. The victory was short lived, though; right after he vowed to keep fighting 'til the end, he collapsed.



7/19

Professor Desserent -  
Should I boot on her?

- It would make me happy
- But she might fail me
  - o What would Jesus do?

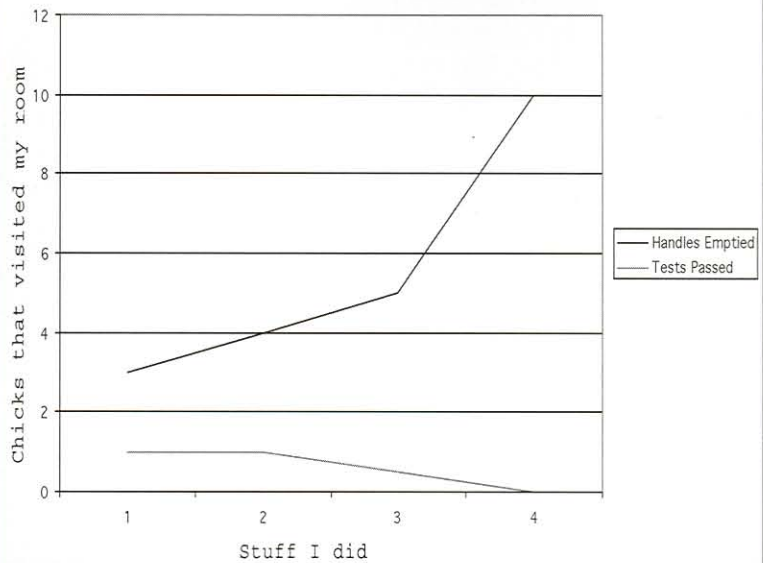
7/20

Shit I'm FUCKED for Desserent's midterm. I'm going to have to buckle down and seriously study for this shit. I think I'm finally realizing that all this drinking is terrible for me. My grades are shitty, my urine is blue, I always feel sick and nobody takes me seriously. Starting today I'm turning over a new leaf. No alcohol for the rest of the term. I'm going to study my ass off and ace this exam!

7/21

hloly shhti lm so fcuked ic  
nt feelee ym skn

For Rageness Sakes



7/19

I did the canoe chick again. Maybe I should let Steve get me trashed more often. This is paying off.

7/21

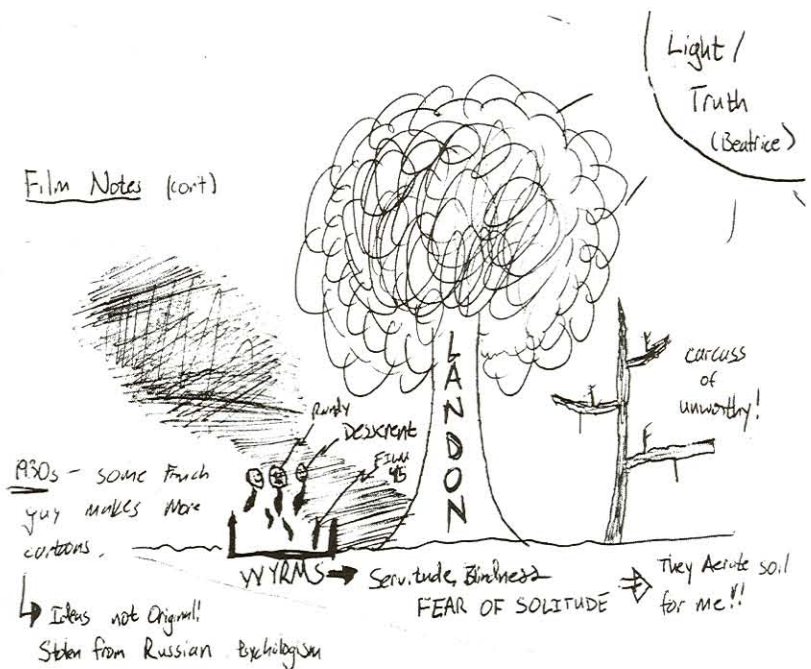
And again.

7/19

Randy, I guess from his loneliness, he has begun to turn to me for acceptance. In film class today, while Steve menaced Prof. Desserent from behind a very Irish MacCoffee, Randy kept asking me about Beatrice—about her guest appearances on Full House, her correspondence with Michael Moore, and how she was doing at McGill. I took as

much of his sycophantic nonsense as I could stand and then doodled during the rest of class while the rest of Desserent's Flock hung on her every drippy liberal word about. I think I managed a pretty fair picture of how my average class feels. Depending on how class goes, this doodling could become a series. I present, image the first:

Film Notes (cont)





7/22

I had such an awesome day today! I spent the whole day writing up lists of awesome stuff. You know, like most awesome bands (Steppenwolf was OBVIOUSLY number 1) and shit like that. I think I made over 300 of them on post-it notes and stuck them all over my room. Now if someone's like "Yo, Captain Picard was totally more awesome than Han Solo," I can show him the list of most awesome space captains and then he'll be like "oh, sorry bro, my bad." Peep this one:

Steve's List of awesome Wordz

1. Awesome
2. RAGE
3. Oh
4. Man
5. I
6. Am
7. So
8. Totally
9. Magenta
10. WASTED

Hahahahaha! fucking Magenta.

7/23

I didn't study for my midterm. Shit.

I knew Vin-Spot was in his room because I'd heard yelling and a loud pop earlier, so I went in to see if he could help me out. I opened the door and he was sitting there totally naked, covered in body oil and sniffing what looked like underpants crudely cut out of plastic. We just stood there staring at each other for several minutes until the tequila and cheese fries combo I'd had for breakfast hit me and I booted all over him. After that I kind of forgot why I went to see him.

The midterm's tonight, but me and my "study group" are going to do a serious cram session before the test.

7/23

Broke off things with Vicky today. She was getting all critical of me. She woke up and asked if I'd seen her underwear, and I was like, "Yeah, right before you took it off last night. Zing!" and she came back, "Vin that's not funny. Panties just don't disappear in your room. This is the fourth time. What'd you do with them?" I just showed her the door then. I can't take it when a woman accuses me of something. How callous can she get?



*Elemental Landon  
Plate II: Cloak and  
Dagger (Duperie)*



7/24

Midterm time yet again. I can't believe they're making me take tests in the summer. That's like telling me to bake bread out of wood. Too much effort, and you know the end result will be far from palatable.

So Steve wouldn't stop bragging yesterday about how he and his "awesome friends" got their hands on their film midterm. Amateurs. They didn't even get the answer sheet. See, when I've got a test coming up, I don't fuck around. I'm taking this Gov class now, right? What I did was swipe all the midterms for

everything in Government this term, just in case I have the course number wrong.

Oh, but that's nothing. See, last fall, I was taking History 32, and I naturally wanted a sneak preview of the test, but I wasn't exactly in a page-turning mood. So, I just snagged the prof's laptop on which he wrote the thing and went from there. It was good of the man to do it in Microsoft Word. I hate those fucking pdf files.



## Elemental Landon Plate iii: Ice Golem Riseth

7/25

Jackpot! I got another peek at Steve's blitz today. He and Desserent are really duking it out. Look at this:

>Date: 24 Jun 2004 04:22:45 EDT  
>From: Steven R. Higgins  
>Reply-To: RageoptomusPrime  
>Subject: Your dissertation  
>To::Jacquenetta.M.Desserent@Dartmouth.EDU

—You Wrote:

Look, Steven, I've already contacted the registrar about having you removed from class. Apparently I can authorize it. So if you still want credit for this course, I strongly suggest that we end this dialogue abruptly.

I will not ask you again not to use that c-word over e-mail again.

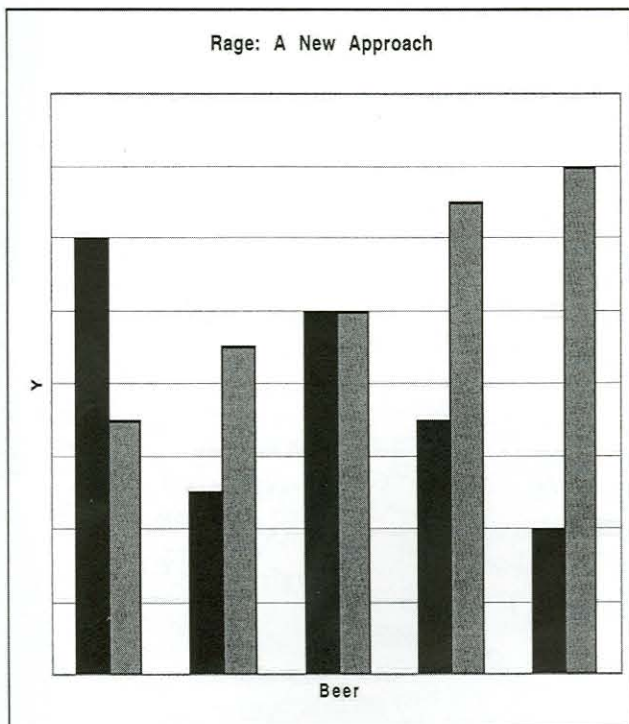
—end of quote—

loik yopu fufccing cunrrt, Ive had itr upt to here with yoyurt shti. Try it, bitxh. Bring iton. Iweill consdumbe you1!!!!111

alsdo, yuo cant spell fopr shite!!!!111

-cheers,

Steve



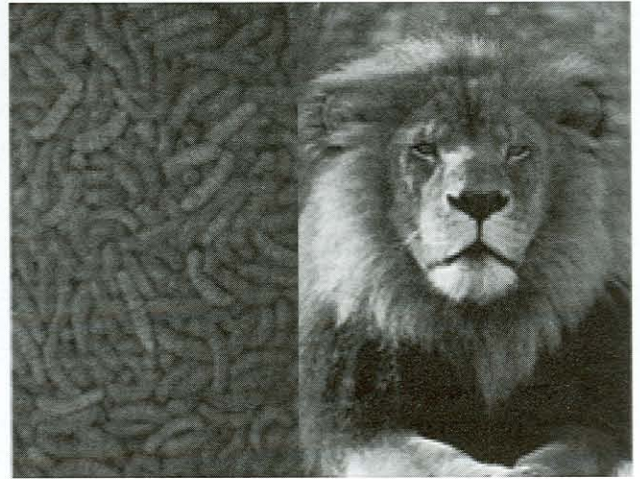
A HA!  
Discrepancy  
can possibly  
be credited  
through  
Euler's  
Equilibrium  
Model



7/26

I was the big man of the 8 AM exam slot today. Nobody really questioned where I got the crate of Red Bulls. I guess there weren't any Topside workers enrolled.

I started passing those little guys out, and it was like a party started up half an hour before the test. Dudes were giving me high fives, this art major did a performance piece in my honor that honestly just resembled a lot of twitching, and a gorgeous broad with whom I'd shot the shit a few times after class gave me a handjob during the short answer section.



*Metaphors in Nature*  
*Plate I: Society v. Landon*

July 26  
I think I did all right. Vincent said he aced it, but he was acting pretty weird this morning and was walking in I saw him ~~extricating~~ extricating a half-empty Red Bull. During the test he spilled it all over his crotch as he gawked at some probable transvestite and then moaned softly while wiping it up with wrinkled Kleenex he had apparently found in that same trashcan.

I think Kate smiled at me today when I walked by her on my way to Collis. I may be reading too far into this, but I think she might want to ruin my life just like every other girl that has ever either smiled at me or not smiled at me.



7/27

Midterms are all over now, and Steve got the idea that the four of us had to go on a "raging circuit." I don't know why I agreed. I had so many better things I could have been doing with my night. This month's Sports Illustrated had just come in the mail, and I was looking forward to checking out the piece on Goron Ivanesevic. I made myself look presentable and stepped out with them, but tore out the article and put it in my cargo pocket to read during the inevitable pong game that would go down. If I were ever to design a magazine, it would be a sweet concept, something like "Car and Carjacker."

When we were over at Tri Kap, Randy got the nerve up to talk to some girl he'd been ogling for the past half a year. While she was so distracted, I lifted her purse. She didn't notice until ten minutes later, and then she blamed Randy and started slapping him, and brought all her friends over to introduce them to "the jerk," and then they started slapping him as well. Poor guy, girls can act irrationally at times. We got back at like three in the morning. I had so many pong paddles sticking out of the back of my pants that I resembled a deformed beaver.

It's four-thirty now, and

I can't fall asleep. I keep staring at the Thomas Crown Affair wallpaper on my desktop. Thomas, I mean you drink, but you're all suave about it. You don't act like most people here, like Steve who upon hearing that Randy, Landon, and I wanted to leave, decided to shotgun six beers, and then projectile vomit, and then give some guy a chest bump over how cool the vomit was, and then jump into the trashcan where the vomit now resided. Sometimes I wonder why I even go to this school, were it not for all the laid-back easy marks.

7/27

MIDTERMS ARE FUCKING DIZZ-ONE!!!

Me and my crew went out and Raged SOOOO Hard last Night. We even got Landon to come out. And by "we" I mean "I" because if I hadn't threatened to boot on all his Jean-Luc Godard DVDs he totally wouldn't have come (I booted on them later, but I don't think he knows it was me). He spent most of the time sipping cognac and wincing every time someone quoted from Chappelle's show during a pong game. He wanted to leave early and I was like "stay" and he was like "why?" and I was like "Because I'm Rick James, Bitch" then I chugged a beer and was like "It's a celebration!" He left.



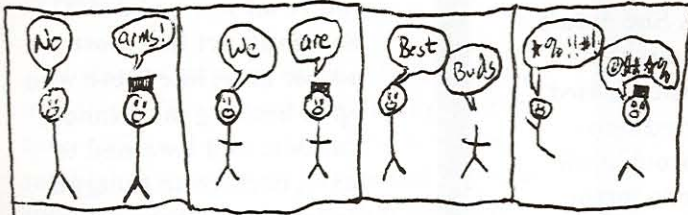
>Date: 27 Jul 2004 14:32:23 EDT  
>From: Ronald R. Hall  
>Reply-To: rrrh  
>Subject: what up bitch  
>To: Vincent K. Rigby

yo fool I saw you jacking a bike today and took this picture to blackmail your stupid ass. damn you always wear that shirt too. scrubby bitch! pong tonight? holla back atcha daddy!



7/27

Woke up this morning and thumbed through the D from Thursday. The swill they're publishing! The last week or two, they've had this nonsensical strip called "Guy and Fellow." Here, gentle readers, is my gift to you, a crash course in Guy and Fellow.



7/28

OH MAN! I TOTALLY macked it to this chick Ali today. She was standing in this line for free food and I was like, "hey does the line start here?" and she was like "yeah." Whenever I start thinking I don't deserve to be Randy's idol I go and do something like that. Man am I awesome.

7/28

I've decided to start going out more often with the guys. It's a cover. I've noticed that an S&S van without plates makes a biweekly run, on Wednesday and Saturday nights, to Jim Wright's place on Webster. This might well be the diamond supplier I've been after.

It's very clever of the president to use his own thugs to handle transport for his hot DeBeers rocks, but I'm on to his game. I figure playing it cool as a typical inebriate will allow me to seamlessly figure out how these people move, their habits, their routes, their quirks. Last time I found out that the Saturday driver has a weak bladder. He stopped in front of Chi Gam as well as Rocky to take a leak in the bushes, and the fact that a guy in uniform was getting out of an S&S van to do this naturally drew laughs from passersby.

July 28  
I was getting kind of suspicious about Landon's girlfriend. Dude always talks to her on the phone at night and gets packages from her in the mail. I hate how he rubs it in my face. Ever since I made that joke about his chicken legs he has done everything he can to make me feel inferior in every other regard. But yeah, there's no way that asshole has a girlfriend, and now I have proof.

Today I was in the stacks looking for books on confidence and persuasion to help with my slump when I saw Landon furtively run to one of those computers. I hid behind a shelf and watched ~~him~~ while he signed onto a Hotmail account, deleted a bunch of blitzes sent from his blitz account, and then sent his blitz account ~~out~~ like five long e-mails signed "Fervently, Beatrice" from the Hotmail. Man, that guy's life sucks. But then again, he is closer to having a girlfriend than I am. By a lot, I guess.



>Date: 29 Jul 2004 13:10:40 EDT  
>From: Randall M. Chase  
>Reply-To: Randawg  
>Subject: HAHAHA!  
>To: Vincent K. Rigby@Dartmouth.EDU

haha dude remember that girl ali? perfect ali? she was the one who sat front right in our psych class last term. dude i just ran into steve. i will try to capture him word for word here:

steve: dude you know that hot girl ali who had you jonesing hard all last term? she rode the rage rod last night. i shit you not.

me: the what?

steve: she was even a virgin, dude. said she had been saving herself for a real man. said she chose me because i rage like thor in the mead-halls of valhalla. some weird viking fetish on that girl. she called my wang "the hammer of the gods" and had yodeling orgasms. five of them, dude.

me: oh yeah?

steve: yeah dude. dont know why she isnt returning my blitzes today, though. probably just tired. five dude, and i was liquored too. i shit you not.

vincent i have never laughed so hard in my life. holla back!

>Date: 29 Jul 2004 13:16:13 EDT  
>From: Vincent K. Rigby  
>Reply-To: ididntdoit  
>Subject: Re: HAHAHA!  
>To: Randall M. Chase@Dartmouth.EDU

Wow. What an idiot. I wonder if he actually believes it happened. Maybe he is making those peyote and vodka "smoothies" again?

>Date: 29 Jul 2004 13:53:56 EDT  
>From: Randall M. Chase  
>Reply-To: Randawg  
>Subject: Re: HAHAHA!  
>To: Vincent K.Rigby

oh christ. i dont know what to do. oh fuck. HOW??

dude i was just passing through foodstop to pick up a couple things. i saw ali. she was wearing a hoodie and pants but her hands and face were stained dark purple and she was buying a pregnancy test. not only did steve hit that shit but he signed it too. im gonna drink for awhile. please leave me alone



>Date: 29 Jul 2004 14:00:03 EDT  
>From: Steven R. Higgins  
>Reply-To: RageopptomusPrime  
>Subject: oh snap!  
>To: Randall.M. Chase, Vincent K. Rigby

oh man you guys are never gonna believe this. my shit is purple! the feces of rage! i'm like zorro but with love instead of violence. you guys wanna play some pong in an hour?

7/29

So I was raging last night (I might as well say I was breathing last night! LOL!) and I saw this dude do a quick 16 in 80 SECONDS!!! How cool is THAT?! Even more awesome his name was Bill RAIGE!!!? I don't know about you, but that's the coolest name I've ever heard well, coolest after Kurt Wazorski that is (#1 on the awesome name list!).

At first I thought this dude was going to be totally sweet 'cause it was clear he was no stranger to the ways of Rage, but then he got all like "I can totally rage harder than you," which is obviously ridiculous because everyone knows that no one rages harder than Steve "The Rageopotamus" Higgins! I decided to show him what raging was really all about!

So I woke up this morning in my usual bed at Dick's house with Midge checking my I.V and Francine changing my soiled sheets. Midge was cheerful as always (she pops valium like it was candy), but I think Francine and Irvine are having some difficulties. I hope they work it out, if only for the kids' sakes.

Not sure what happened to Raige. Mike said he hadn't come into Dick's, so he must have been in DHMC getting his stomach pumped. There's no way anyone could rage as hard as we did and not end up with alcohol poisoning, unless your name is Steve Higgins that is! HAHA!

I was waving goodbye to Marty on my way home when out of nowhere Vinny jumps bush dressed in full camo (I'm talking face paint and twigs and shit). Before I know what's going on he jumps out of a bush throws a blanket over me, tosses me into a shopping cart and starts yelling about how he's giving me a ride on the cart. I was kind of digging the ride so I didn't say anything, but then he got all pissy when I didn't call him "my freedom hero." Still, that guy's pretty sweet.

7/29

I broke into Dick's House this morning to spring Steve. The timing of his call to my pager got me a little peeved, as I was in the process of successfully tailing Captain Urethra and had just found out that he has a thing for Stinson's Panini sandwiches, but friends come first.

So as I'm carrying Steve's incoherent ass down the rope ladder, he won't shut up about how he "clocked in at .295." He was so proud that they just got in a new breathalyzer today that accurately gets it down to the thousandths, if only because he broke the record of another guy who blew an even .29 the term prior.

I left him sitting and drooling on a chair in our room, and I turned on the TV so he could watch Mrs. Doubtfire on TBS. Five minutes later, he starts yelling for me to come over, and when I do, he starts exclaiming what a milf the "maid lady" is. I remind him that it's Robin Williams in a dress.



7/30

Ah, the festival of consensual sex. What bittersweet irony this is—Beatrice was supposed to come down from McGill this weekend, but unfortunately her a capella group had a last-minute concert in Northern Saskatchewan. I saw Randy talking to some floozy—I rather suspect he may be having the festival of consensual wrym sex later tonight. I'll ask him about it.

7/31

Randy won't say anything about the girl from the wrym festival. He's probably just hiding that didn't know what to do after revealing his depraved wrym/soul to her. Whatever, I'll get it out of him yet.

7/30

I can't fucking BELIEVE this! I just found out Raige wasn't in Dick's OR the Hospital the other night. He supposedly stayed out raging another three hours and then walked everyone home when the basement closed. He even helped a cop change a flat tire on his cruiser! Holy SHIT! Well, I've done more impressive shit in my day and there's no WAY this guy can rage harder than me. No one rages harder than the Rageopotamus!

8/1

The Dartmouth Review delivered to our hall today, so I took all the copies. It turns out that the President doesn't in fact have a diamond supplier after all. S&S was just bringing him orange juice from Price Chopper twice a week, and according to the Review, this was costing the college lots of cash that could have been better spent on beer and women of loose moral convictions. I guess the dude likes his citrus.

8/3

Landon was really pissing me off today. He walks into my room, looking for his special edition DVD of Touch of Evil, and then he starts mouthing off. He's like, "Hey, those are the Rosebud boxer shorts worn by Orson Welles in the opening scene of Citizen Kane you have pinned to your wall. Where'd you get them?" So I say, "Listen buddy, I don't know what you're talking about. I happened to score with some floozy last night and those are what she was wearing. Go figure." Then he gets all steamy, and he runs off into his room, slams the door, and starts watching Fantasia with the volume full blast. He tends to do this whenever he gets angry, which judging by the fact that he probably has more clothes soiled by Steve's vomit than not, is pretty often. I counter by turning on the soundtrack to Ocean's Eleven.

8/2

I'm done! I'm finally done! It's taken me three terms to complete, but I'm finally finished. All three hundred and seventy pages of "Steve's Guide to Raging" are complete! I gave it to Randy to read today so they he could read and understand the shit that I'd been telling him this whole time (I've decided he's a visual learner). I came back and was like "dude, so how'd you like the book" and he was like "dude, I haven't even started it yet." He must have been reading Raige's book! I can't believe that guy wants to be me so bad he's copying my idea and getting my number one fan to read it before he reads mine! He must have tricked into it because there's no way Randy would read his book before mine. Unless he heard about the other night.

Oh shit.



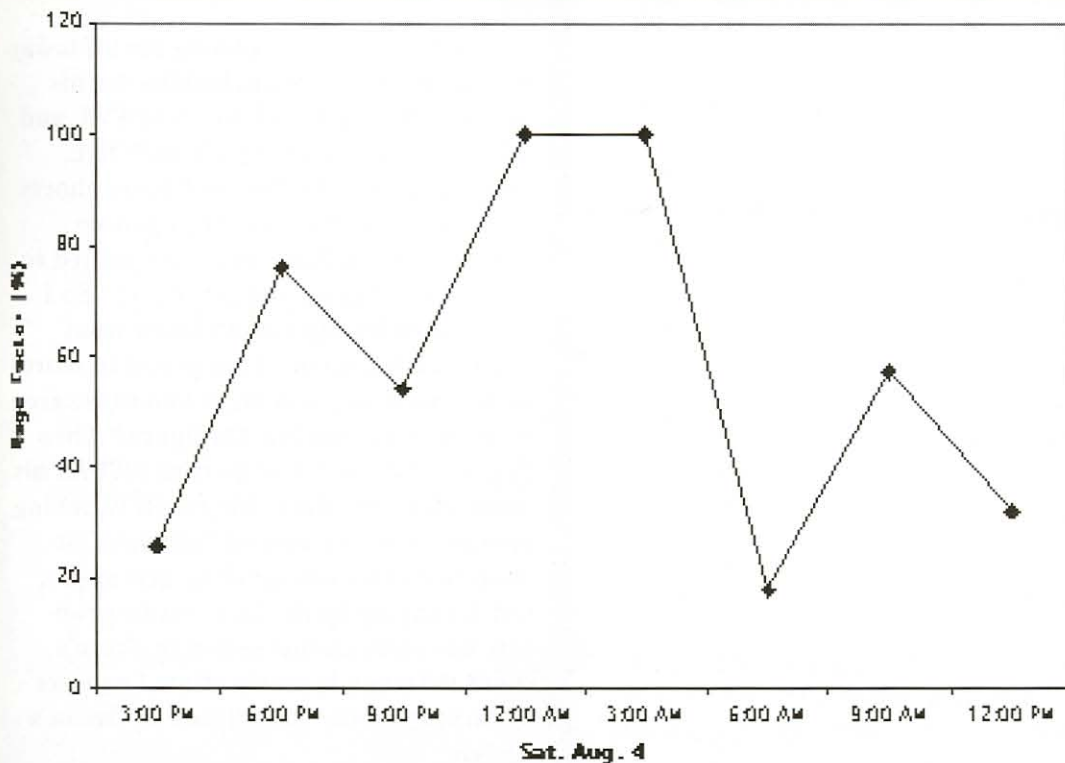
8/3

This SUCKS! I don't know what's going on but nobody's treating me like the rage god that I am anymore. I'm getting less high fives, less challenges to quick sixes and less domes than ever before, No matter which basement I go to people just treat me like I'm some regular guy. This is all Raige's fault.

I still had the edge with my signature boot, so I chugged a thirty rack and tried to write an "S" on Dartmouth Hall. It just ended up looking like a bunch of boot on the wall, but it seemed to impress some people walking by. I was getting back into old form when that asshole Raige walked by. As soon as he saw my signature boot he projectile vomited all over the wall. I don't know how he did it, but when the dust settled there was an "X" over where my boot had been and next to it was a huge, perfectly formed "R." Not only that, but his boot actually STUCK to the wall and STAYED there! As far as I know they couldn't get it off, even with a chisel. I tried for weeks to find something to get mine to do that, but I could never get it (I even swallowed cement mix. First time I got my stomach pumped and I wasn't wasted.). DAMN HIM!

8/4

Today I get serious. From here on out I'm keeping rigorous track of my raging. I know I can beat him. This major in Rage-o-nomics is going to come in handy.



3 pm: Pre-gaming  
6 pm: Dinner  
9 pm: Looking for pong paddle, too frantic to drink  
12 am: Flavor country  
3 am: Flavor country  
6 am: Run over by car, but it was cool  
9 am: This is an estimate because I swallowed my pen and couldn't record at the time  
12 pm: Got my pen back



8/6

Most surreal night of my life. I was in Jones, watching Caligula on one of the terminals, and suddenly I get this blitz from our down-the hall neighbor asking me to come back to the dorm right away—that Steve was in a bad way. He dropped out of Dessert's class today, and I guess he took it pretty hard. I don't know why, really—I'm not sure he'll remember a thing. What a worm. At any rate, I finished watching the movie, but then I did go home. It was as if I had walked right into the licentious decadence of the Roman Imperial Court under that same baby-devouring lunatic—except with more boot. Ugh. Before he could do any more drowning in his own vomit, which was (again) the color of a Senator's Toga, I dragged him off to the bath. I was about to just leave him there, a beached and inebriated whale, but right as I was going, he said "Dude...wait...I hate *Animal House*." I was touched. We ended up talking movies for like 6 hours, in between his frequent spats of vomiting. We came up with a whole series to propose. I guess he's not so bad.

8/7

I just realized that BOOT comes from reBOOT, like when you restart your computer system! That's HILARIOUS!

8/7

Randy has proven to be an invaluable asset to me for robbing women. The two of us were recently invited to play in a KDE pong tournament. I can describe pretty well the expression on his face when he got the notification blitz because I was in the room at the time. Think kid in the candy store wins the lottery, finds out that it's a snow day, opens up the Christmas presents, and hits the walk-off home run with two outs in the bottom of the tenth inning, all while receiving mouth-to-dick resuscitation from a gorgeous dame. Man, he was drooling slightly.

So we get there, and I have the urge to steal these bitches' composite. It's a crowded room though, and I'm sure someone's gonna spot me lifting it. That's when I remember Randy's got this sixth sense with women, and it's time to put it to work. I can't really explain it, but if you're with the guy, and you point to any girl, (even behind him - creepy) he can tell you if she's been looking in his direction, and if so for how long, with how many pauses, with what gestures, the degree of smiling or frowning on a seventy-three point scale, and the concentration of pheromones she's giving off to a .01 molar solution.

Anyway, I just had my wingman supreme surveying the battlefield, and now I can read off the names of their '04 class from the comfort of my own room. I almost got caught when some dude rolled by though. His gifts don't work on guys. Oh yeah, we won the tournament. I played semi-pro badminton in high school.



8/7

Never mind. He's so bad. I heard Randy talking about Beatrice when they thought that I was sleeping. If she hadn't been so sullen lately, I would have punched them both. Instead I'm going to spend the rest of the day writing an obviously allegorical script for a short film in which a hippopotamus and a sniveling rat make love, and then are gunned down by a sniper. Hm. Maybe I can use this as my final project for Desserent's class. I'll call it "The rape of the rat"—she'll eat it up.

8/8

>Date: 8 Aug 2004 08:12:53 EDT  
>From: Jacquenetta.M.Desserent@Dartmouth.EDU  
>Reply-To:  
>Subject: Your dissertation  
>To: Landon E. Canklesh

—You wrote:  
*tentatively titled it "The Rape of the Rat" and I think it really addresses the (ludicrous) idea that female honor is to be defended, protected, and locked away.*  
—end of quote—

*Landon, this really does sound like quite a project. If you can finish it before the end of term, I'd love to see it.*

-Cheers,  
JD

*P.S. What is 'Wyrn'? Do you mean worm?*

She's such a moron.

8/8

Okay, so the whole diamond thing didn't pan out. I have a new big score in mind though. See, I got this idea when I was loading the dunk tank from Summer Carnival into my truck. Check it out. Those Programming Board people, they get all this money to spend on alternative entertainment that nobody likes, except for Landon when they're showing a free movie at the Nugget. He hasn't missed one. Not even I, Robot.

So anyway, I'm going to hack into college finances and steal the PB budget. It's genius. I'll be like Robin Hood, taking from that which everyone hates anyway, except I'll just be a tad bit short on the redistribution side. Granted, this won't be as big a take as, say, knocking over a bank, but it'll have to do. Now I just have to learn computers.



August 8

Vincent asked me to go out with him to KDE the other night. I went, but that place ~~isn't~~ isn't really my scene. It kind of sucks when you have no game or confidence or happiness or companionship in your life. I guess he wanted to steal a composite. I'm not sure if he wanted it because he thinks stealing is cool or if he was just sick of that middle school yearbook (it's from Vermont, so don't ask me why he has it cause he never left the Midwest until he came here) that he keeps hidden in a Ziploc bag submerged in the tank of our toilet. Anyway, Vin-spot kept explaining how I was the perfect "point man" for this operation because I am so good at reading girls. I mean yeah, I am good at recognizing disdain and contempt. I inspire it, I think. But we got there and he was like "dude tell me when they aren't looking!" Then he stood just inside the front door with his back against the wall, taking really shallow breaths and repeatedly checking his watch. A lot of people stared at him. I got kind of embarrassed. So embarrassed that it was actually a relief to try to hit on this cute girl from my film class. I went down and played a game with her. We lost by like three cups. I suck at pong. I heard that like 5 minutes after I went downstairs, Vincent stepped out the front door for 10 seconds, then burst back in with a ski-mask on. He ripped the composite off the wall and ran back out the front door. I guess he then fell down the front steps, dropped the composite, and ran off toward the graveyard. A sister found a tooth near the composite but I don't know if it's his, though, cause he never smiles anyway. I think I'm gonna blitz that girl a cute apology for the loss and try to sneak in an invitation to dinner.

>Date: 8 Aug 2004 19:42:26 EDT  
>From: Katherine O. Milton  
>Reply-To: katay06  
>Subject: Re:hey  
>To: Randall M. Chase

no thanks randy.

>Date: 8 Aug 2004 19:42:37 EDT  
>From: Randall M. Chase  
>Reply-To: Randawg  
>Subject: Re:hey  
>To: Randall M. Chase

fuck.



8/10

A lot of people have done the Ledyard challenge, the Dartmouth 7 and rushed the field during homecoming, but there are few who have done them all. And I happen to know for a fact that there's no one who has done all of them in one day. No one before Steve Higgins, that is. I figure if I can do that no one will ever be able to challenge the claim of "Greatest Rager of all time" again. I should get a GROAT tattoo. That would be sweet.

8/11

So I passed out midway during my swim across the river. I need to get in better shape. It's a good thing I'm buoyant. Turns out homecoming's in the fall, anyway.

8/12

It turns out Steve has some hidden technical knowledge. Hallelujah. I was doing shots with him on the Bema, and after like seven he starts bragging about how he built his own computer and is fluent in five languages. This explains how he got that program that plots out graphs detailing his progress in drinking.

We've made an arrangement. Steve's going to impart some knowledge on server infiltration, and in exchange, I've agreed to write up page-long summaries of the hook-ups I see him have after he passes out.

8/13

"In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man" ~Nietzsche

Beatrice broke up with me. Or maybe I broke up with her—It's hard to say. I—we—realized that I was no longer as much in love with her as with my film. Apparently, even across so many miles, it was obvious. She said I wasn't committed, I never really talked to her anymore, and I wasn't paying attention to her needs anymore. I think she just can't stand me exposing our personal lives in the film. Frankly, this is Randy's fault. He's always making me all insecure about my legs. I've been doing a lot of doodling since then. Whatever. This spring chicken is going to eat that wyrm for breakfast. I might not have time to do much journaling the next couple of weeks—I'll let my doodles reflect my grief. I must press on. "Rape of the Rat" awaits.

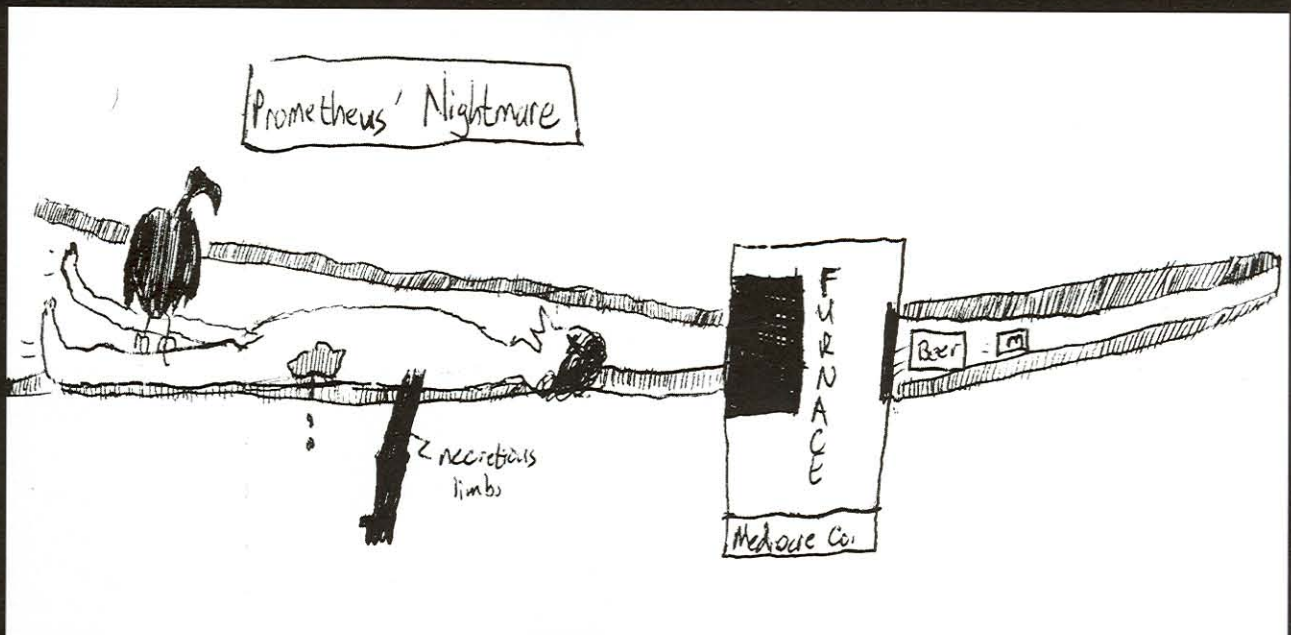
8/13

This whole thing with Raige is KILLING my summer! I can't go out raging without him showing up to try and out do me. It's not like I think he's better than I am, but I hate having to compete with him every night. Plus I'm getting really tired of the lectures from Terrence at Dick's. I think the only way to get him to stop bothering me is to challenge him to a rage-off. It's time Raige learned there's only room for one Rageopotamus on campus!



August 15

Jesus I am so sick of all this shit. Steve never hangs out anymore, and when he does he's all sad and nervous, Vincent keeps "accidentally" dropping a set of lock picks he bought on Ebay and sighing as he "accidentally" drops his brass knuckles and crow bar while picking up the picks (I swear this happens four times every day), and fucking Landon. He's been telling everyone that he and Beatrice broke up. Maybe what he means by that is that he forgot the password to ~~the~~ HunnyBea@hotmail.com. All he ever does anymore is lie in his bed with the lights out and a moist cloth on his forehead wailing and doing his best approximation of speaking in tongues. He says his film consumed him to the point that he lost sight of the "best thing ever to happen to him." If I didn't know she was made-up, I would have sworn she was tired of keeping a straight face for the chicken legs.



8/16

I'm learning here. I've already managed to break into Landon's computer and replace his entire Kubrick collection with 1990s Kool-Aid commercials I got off Direct Connect. That might explain the high-pitched wail that woke me up at five.

Few things odd though. Why is Beatrice's e-mail account registered under his name, and what the hell is this <http://www.internationalmale.com/product.asp?product=I932LMULTIzz&dept%5Fid=10370&An=101&A=&Au=RollupKey> website that keeps popping up in his internet history? And his screensaver? It's the last seven minutes from 2001: A Space Odyssey. God, I hope he doesn't have some sort of trippy baby space fetish.



8/19

So I got up really early, and I was starving but with no clue why. Steve and I had killed off the remaining food in the room last night when we had his special brownies. I was pretty sure our tool of a neighbor, Rich Hardpipes, had a bunch of beef jerky, but he kept it in his safe with the rest of his valuables. It was crack time.

I broke into Rich's room and jacked the safe. Just as I was snagging some Oberto though, his damn alarm clock went off. Shit! Who wakes up at six? I dove under his bed. Had to think fast. Sleeping Beauty was bound to notice me eventually, and as a general rule I don't fight before I've had breakfast. I went to Plan E, that being Randy's cell phone, which I "borrow" on occasion for such an emergency. Thing with this guy's phone is, he has about ninety girls' numbers programmed into it, and he's given a different ring tone to incoming calls from each. I set it to play the 1812 Overture, which corresponds to an AZ double D named Tara. I gave him twenty seconds to show. He made it in fifteen.

Just as Rich was stirring, Randy burst in, half-asleep and half-crazed, throwing the door off of its hinges. In his trance, (don't ask me how he heard the phone from our room) he ran over to Rich's bed, out from under which I'd dropped his Nokia. Rich, at that point, barely awake enough to let out a "What the?" only had a brief moment before Randy grabbed him by the throat and flung him into the wall with one hand, while grabbing the phone with the other. Randy hurriedly answered it, and realizing nothing but silence on the other end, clamored, "Damn, not again." With that, he sulked back out of the room, and I enjoyed the jerky before following suit. Hey, barbecue flavor!

August 20  
This dude Rich Brown lives next door. I had a little altercation with him yesterday and I feel a little bad about it. He is a totally sweet dude but he keeps leaving his gross ~~gym~~ gym clothes in the bathroom and they get all moldy and stink up the whole hall. In the middle of our conversation Vincent called me on my cell phone, and told me to "act natural." About five seconds later he walked out of our room with a magazine in his hand, winked at me, and disappeared into the bathroom. I feel kind of bad about getting all heated at Rich, though. Maybe I was out of line.

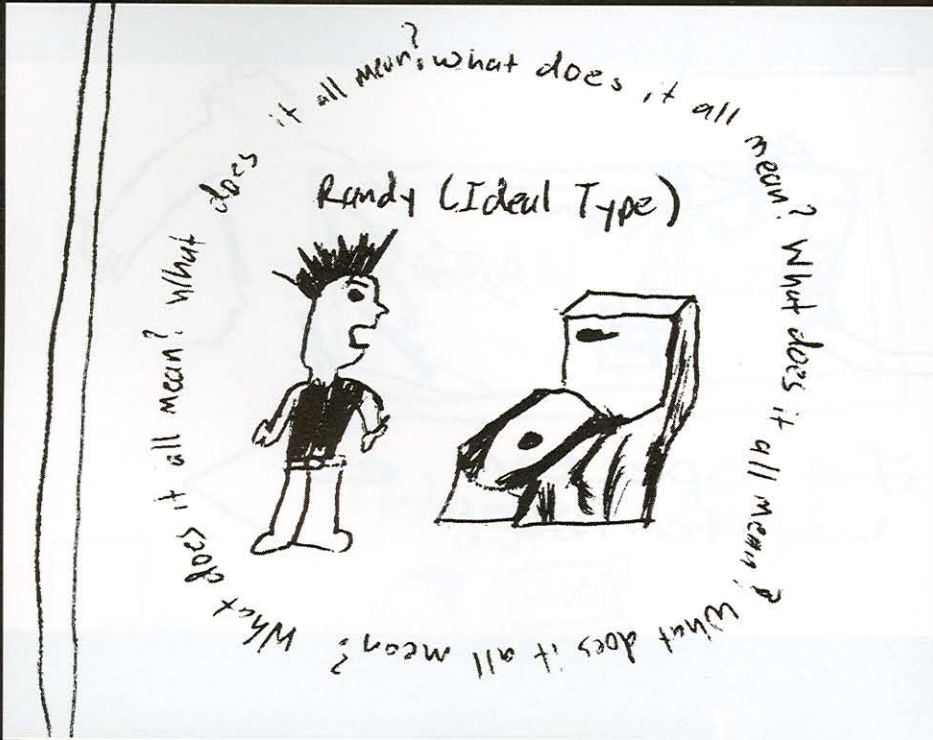
8/21

Had a very resonant doodle idea: Steve (hippo) Firing a laser at the word "culture" it's bouncing off and hitting him back, something being eaten by a bird (Vincent); maybe a car.

8/22

Doodle ideas reconsidered: "Rape of the rat" tattooed on God with glasses. He is throwing thunderbolts (vision) at a Whorish girl (Beatrice), who is turned into wheat or something.





8/23

Been busy lately. This computer stuff sure is time consuming. I've basically gotten everything set up by now though. I've created a worm on a time delay so that four hours after I activate it from a remote location, it will send multiple messages to the College's central hub, and when just one gets read, it'll send back all the info the little guy needs to liquidate PB and transfer all the cash to an offshore account in the name of an alias of mine. It's a good thing I burned a copy onto a CD though, because my laptop got fried when Steve mistook it for an outhouse.

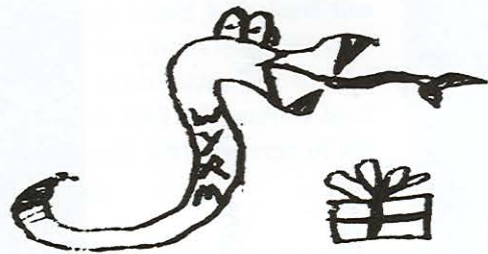
8/23

Raige accepted the challenge. It's going to be a face-off in three events: Drinking, booting and 100-meter hurdles. We've set the date for the last day of finals and I'm obviously going to be training right up to the deadline. Not like I have any classes at this point anyway. I'm surprised I haven't been kicked off campus yet. Oh well, chalk it up to inefficient campus bureaucracy.

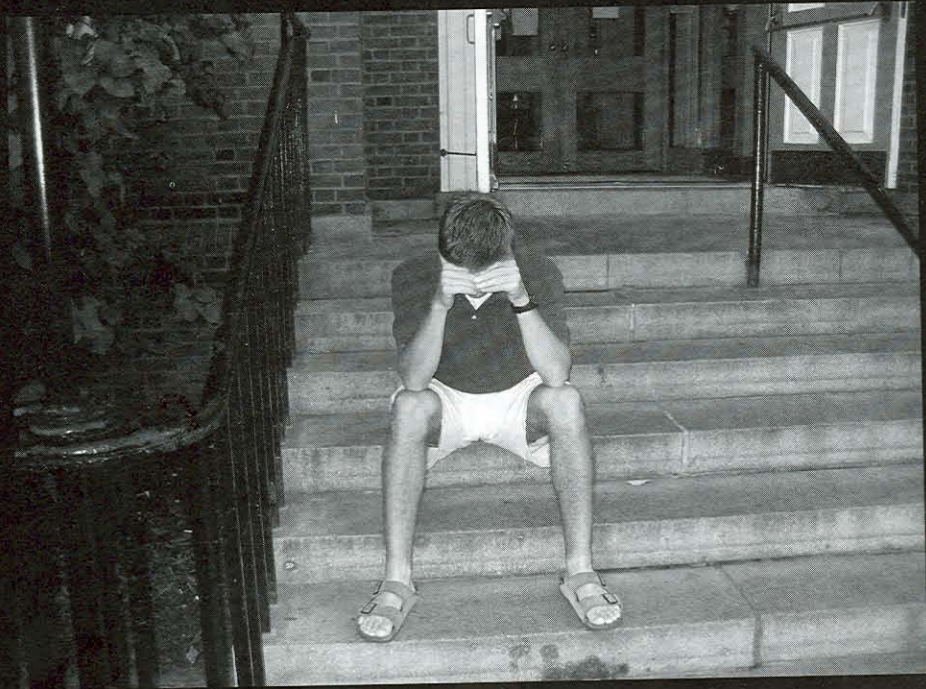
Term's winding down. Olympics were pretty good. Maybe I will meet someone. Still a week left. August 24



Gifts



< Le specter et  
La terrible! >



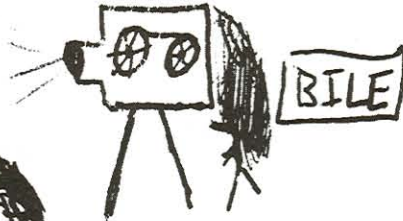
>Date: 26 Aug 2004 20:05:48 EDT  
>From: Ronald R. Hall  
>Reply-To: rrh  
>Subject: yo  
>To: Randall M. Chase

hey I saw you crying and shit outside food court today so I took a picture. haha bitch! you suck. wanna play some pong this weekend?



# ROMAN HOLIDAY

(Pedagogue of Grog)



PROFESSIONAL  
SPORTS

(WNBA)



The Dark prince will not hear the wyrms  
at their festival.



8/27

"Rape of the Rat" was in the can as of 2:56 this morning. I showed it in class today to an astonished class. I don't know whether it was visceral shock or cerebral awe, but it hit them hard. Did Dessert cry? Probably. Would Beatrice? I don't know, but she blitzed me the other day, saying she wants to talk. I told her I have finals. That's actually true—tomorrow my government final should be a breeze and then I'm out of here.

All in all, I would say that this summer leaves Landon a changed man. My mentor, Nietzsche, said "The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to re-baptize our badness as the best in us." For me, this was the cold determination to put my art ahead of my love—to make them one and the same—and produce something that transcends both in only 1 and a half minutes of montage. To all those whose eyes follow here, remember Nietzsche's words, that "if thou gaze long into an abyss the abyss will also gaze into thee." I hope, for your sake, that nothing as beautiful as "The Rape of the Rat" lies within. It would destroy you.

8/28

It's mischief time. I just got the worm going on a PC in the library stacks, and I've timed this so it doesn't start cracking until when my exam starts today. Ha, I've got an alibi and everything. Oh well, this summer's sure been great, hopefully nothing goes wrong with this test, and I'll have a little spending money over break. Now to cram.

I WILL DIE ALONE. 8/29

8/30

Tomorrow's the big day. I've become a lean, mean, drinking-machine and there's no WAY Raige can beat me. Strangely enough I've got my hurdle time down to a 14.7, making booting my worst event. Raige won't know what hit him tomorrow.

ALONE 8/31



It's over. Raige beat me in a clean sweep. I've never seen anything like it. Apparently he was training even harder than I was for our competition and man did it show. In an amusing twist of fate he failed all his finals for the fourth term in a row and has been Parkhursted permanently. You know what that means. I'm the Rage King once again. Hail to the king baby!

## DARTMOUTH STUDENT IMPLICATED IN STRING OF ROBBERIES, HOMICIDES

By WILLIAM RAUBER  
Associated Press

Hanover, NH-

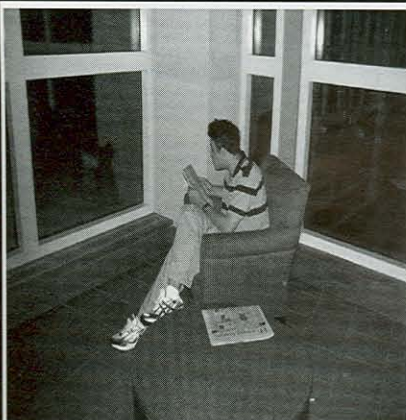
Vincent Rigby, 20, of Des Moines, Iowa, was arrested this past Friday in connection with a weeklong string of violent armed robberies of businesses in Illinois and Iowa this past January. He is alleged to have participated in four crimes during which three people were killed and roughly \$12,000 stolen. Local police as well as the FBI were without leads for nearly five months until a comatose shopkeeper regained consciousness and identified the perpetrator as Rigby, a former player on a Little League team he coached.

Authorities suspect that Rigby committed the crimes to raise money to pay off his gambling debts before he returned to Dartmouth College this spring. Investigators had trouble making progress in the case as Rigby never left any witnesses, and also had no prior criminal record. As soon as they received the tip from the clerk, FBI agents rushed to Hanover, where they proceeded to enter his class to haul him off.

It is reported that while he submitted readily to the officials, he was found to be carrying a holdout pistol in an ankle holster, \$4,000 in a money belt, and several smoke bombs in his backpack as if anticipating the need to make a quick getaway.

Rigby will be pleading guilty to all charges, reports an FBI spokesman. "He has been very cooperative and frank with us. He confessed to all charges but that of second degree murder against Rose Olney, 76, who was killed during a convenience store robbery in January. He claims that, and I quote, 'she was a mercy killing. One of my warning shots into the ceiling dislodged a huge tile that fell on her. Crushed her ribcage and shit. Nicest thing I could do for the broad was give her one between the eyes, you know? Plus, I think she saw my face, and she goes to my church.'"

The arraignment date has been set for September 25th.



>Date: 1 Sept 2004 16:52:02 EDT  
>From: Ronald R. Hall  
>Reply-To: rrrh  
>Subject: hey  
>To: Landon E. Canklesh

what up homes? saw you reading in the library. thought I'd take a picture so I could show it to all the Kappas and they'd know what a sissy fuck you are. wanna play some pong this weekend?

...actually...nevermind...I'll be busy



# From the desk of E. Paul Brown

25 Windswept Way  
Hyattsville, MD 20782

September 6, 2004

So yeah, I looked through these guys' dossiers. And yes, I compiled them into this scrapbook of sorts that you have just read. See, I've been bored ever since they put me behind a desk after the "unpleasantness" in Waco. I swear to Christ I didn't hear them call abort over the tactical net. Hah! "Christ." Oops! Anyway, I've always liked to make scrapbooks and stuff ever since I was a little boy and I would go through my mom's grocery coupons, eating the ones with pictures on them and saving the others (especially the blue ones!) for my dolls.

I know its case closed and these other poor assholes had nothing to do with Vincent's criminal history, but I'm glad I looked into the material we gathered on them. Look at these guys. Our country's best and brightest students? Christ, no wonder all the foreigners hate us. So yeah, I'm trying to cash in on these kids. I mean look at Steve. That motherfucker is hilarious. You might have just paid \$16.95 in the humor section of Waldenbooks for this piece of crap. If that is the case, I contemptuously deride you, swine.

Cheers,

Former Special Agent Brown





Landon Canklesh

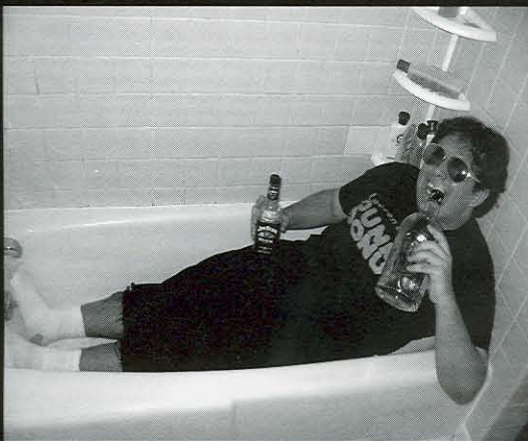
Written and Created by:  
Cole Entress '06



Randy Chase  
written and created by Chris Laakko '06



Ronald Habb  
Written and Created by  
Chris Laakho 06



Steve Higgins

Written and Created by:  
Josh Cain '06



Vince Rigby

Written and Created by:  
Matt Gens '06



# NOTES



# NOTES



