

The Dartmouth

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

2005: Idealistic, bright-eyed
2006: Jaded, chain-smoking

Vol. GX 9000 No. Blue

Firstborn son/Secondborn son for students



2005

The year that came after 2003.

Wait.



Jack-o-Lantern publishes late again

Hello, Dartmouth. It's your old friend Truth again. That's right. The one and only Truth. Truth sui generis. Truth de rigeur. Truth con queso.

And I'm here to pop the little bubble you live in here in Hanover. The year 2005 has come and gone quicker than a nervous adolescent with a stolen adult magazine in the high school library bathroom. That's right—Truth went there. Because Truth goes everywhere and anywhere—whether the moon glows there or not. Truth can see in the goddamn dark, you Dartmouth pussies, so I suggest you take that bottle out of your mouth before I punch you in it. Punch you in the mouth like Mencken. Like a libertarian.

So what is Truth doing here, in the *Dartmouth*—a publication the SA has demanded get an ombudsman due to its egregious journalistic carelessness? Smiling, that's what. Smiling because in an age where media is controlled by a bunch of

pussyfooting fat-jaws with more cigars than scruples, at least the *Dartmouth*, for all its inability to get accurate quotes, isn't afraid to be at the center of some controversy. And so they've agreed to a 16-page spread featuring yours truly in the buff. Truth. Naked. Mencken.

So if you think nothing happened in 2005, think again. There were parades. There were seagull tragedies. There was an elephant defecating all over some poor dude. It's like that great apothegm first spoken about the Great War: "People died. People cried. People sighed. People lied." You know who said that? That's right—it was Mencken. And if you don't believe me, and you think it was Jack Johnson or that I made it up or something, Wikipedia it. Truth will be there, twirling his Jimmy Stick.

-The Editor of the *Dartmouth*
St. Petersburg, Russia
2006

IN PROFILE

The Men, Women, and Intersexes of the Year



White woman also finds watermelon delicious



Two-legged dog upsets Dartmouth football team in embarrassing scrimmage



XBox 360 carton actually contains some Chinese baby



Man accidentally inhales new iPod Pico



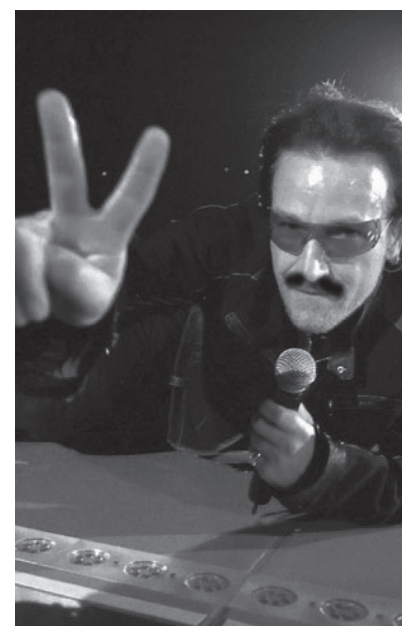
Local parents grow wary of suspicious new mall Santa



Obscene cloud stubbornly refuses to dissipate



Next episode of "The OC" to feature total carpet-bombing of Cornell, angst



Bono changes name to "Bueno," hopes to pick up "Muchas Señoritas"

DARTMOUTH ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS PONG TOURNAMENT

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Jesus under fire for controversial Noah Riner-themed convocation speech

By JIN N. JUS

Members of the Dartmouth community are throwing Jesus Christ '00 to the lions for what many are calling an "offensive" convocation speech.

Laudable in its message to the incoming class of 2009 that character is a necessary companion to education, and bold in positing that Student Body President Noah Riner is an exemplar of this virtue, the speech upset some with what they considered an implicit assumption that the only



The Dartmouth Jesus Christ '00, preaching to the class of '09 in his signature cowboy hat. Not pictured: Dungarees.

salvation exists through Student Body President Noah Riner.

The following is a direct quotation from Christ's speech: "Student Body President Noah Riner is much more than that [a role model], though. He is the answer to you, me, naughty Dartmouth alums, global warming, the 1919 Black Sox, land mines, Lex Luthor, and the question of which nation faces ultimate responsibility for starting the First World War."

Some students defended Christ. Said *Dartmouth Review* editor-in-chief Landed McGentry '06, "I applaud Mr. Christ for bringing Student Body President Noah Riner to the dialogue on campus. Too long has Student Body President Noah Riner been forced out of classrooms by liberals obsessed with political correctness."

Others, however, were not so appreciative. Kwai Tadeek '09

commented, "This was my first official impression here, and it appalled me. How does HE come off preaching that garbage to people like me who don't even believe in Student Body President Noah Riner? Is it all of a sudden not OK to be a Muslim on campus?"

Tensions have run so high that the Christed Student Jesus assembly even faces internal dissension. John Baptist '07, SJ Apostle for Student Affairs, resigned in protest.

Said Baptist, "I love the guy to death and I'd follow HIM wherever HE went, but Jesus crossed the line there. I'm leaving, and if I wouldn't be surprised if the Holy Ghost quits too."

Overshadowed in the debate was the convocation speech of James Wright, which might have otherwise been considered itself controversial had it not been eclipsed by the speech of Christ, which mentioned the touchy subject of politics.

"Naturally, I'm relieved," Wright said. "After that homily I gave on dead babies, anal sex, and Faust, I thought I was done for. Furthermore, in hindsight, the specific wording of my hope that our resident displaced students would 'rock Dartmouth like a hurricane' was probably in poor taste. Thank you, Jesus!"

Elsewhere on campus, reactions have ranged from stick-

SEE JESUS, PAGE 5

"Unsettling temperament problems" plague Safety & Security canine

By LARRY TOK'WA!OKUNG

Since March, many Safety & Security officers have spoken out in favor of their department's decision to adopt a canine officer. But as the year draws to a close, it appears that the rising tide of antipathy against Rin-Tin-Tin VII will see the dog's dismissal before Spring.

The plan to adopt a K-9 unit began back in March when Safety & Security Officer Lucius Sweden began to draw a parallel between the heroics exhibited by on-screen action dog Rin-Tin-Tin and the perils of his own job.

"I was flipping through the channels when I first saw the dog burst in through a glass window and drag this unconscious hostage free from a burning building," said Officer Sweden. "So then I thought about how just earlier that week I had dragged this prospective student out of a girl's dormitory after he had wet himself and passed out, and I started to see how you could train a dog to do this kind of job."

When it came time to select the dog, Officer Sweden was vehement about his choice.

"It couldn't be just any old mutt," he said. "Some of the folks were talking about getting a terrier. They were thinking the dog would be like a mascot. 'Sure,' I said, 'get a terrier. But don't expect a terrier to cover you when you're leaping two stories from a frat balcony onto the yard below under heavy aluminum-

canfire.' I told them we needed the dog I saw on TV, but I had to explain it a few times before they got the message."

The result: Rin-Tin-Tin VII, the most recent in the famous line of German Shepherd television stars, and an investment that cost the department just over twenty thousand dollars. Though VII is not publicly recognized as part of the Rin-Tin-Tin bloodline due to "unsettling temperament problems," Officer Sweden assured his comrades that the dog would make a fine officer.

"It was like magic," recalls Officer Sweden. "He already knew all of these commands, but you had to say them in German. You could say 'setzen' and he'd sit down, or 'blutbad' and he'd tear someone's arm off. He was a scary thing, too. Real big. I would take him down into the frat basements and if another dog ever saw him that frat dog would just have a little doggy heart attack and die."

"He ate a couple kids, too. It got to the point where I would just shout made-up German words like 'Schnitzenkoochen' and anyone nearby would just run like hell."

But complaints about the high cost of maintaining VII began to surface. "Here we were, wasting thousands of dollars supporting what was basically a feral bear, and I was riding around on a bike with no rocket boosters," complained S&S Bicycle Officer

Simon "Wheely" Capsin. "No rockets at all! Where's the justice in that?"

At the name of Capsin, Officer Sweden flinched. "Wheely never was much of a fan of VII. The dog bit him one time, and after that VII always looked at him like he had just gotten a taste of ol' Wheely before, and that he liked what he tasted."

With the dog's popularity flagging, it looks like Rin-Tin-Tin VII may soon be discharged from the force.

"Of course, that'll leave a surplus in the budget," Sweden went on to say. "I was thinking we could carry laser pistols, like they have in the movies. You know, Flash Gordon and all that."

Smiling, Officer Sweden made a mock pistol with his thumb and forefinger and pointed it at this reporter.

"Pyew, pyew!"



Rin Tin Tin VII: Friend to all students, but killer to some, too.

College rejects Püp donation

By SLAUGHTERDROID 188942-B

In the latest controversy involving the college's finances, the trustees have unanimously voted to reject what has been called "an extremely generous donation" by Duke Alistair Püp '02. Püp's sole condition for his \$30 million donation was that the next building the college constructs be emblazoned with his name. The young Duke, a Dartmouth '02, was shocked by the rejection.

"I just wanted to be able to walk behind some students, hear them say, 'I'm going to Püp' and know that I was the one who gave them a place to do their business," said Püp.

When asked about the reason for denying Püp's offer, the

College claimed that they had a strict policy of not accepting money from royalty. When confronted with the fact that Duke was not Püp's title, but rather just his first name, however, the College testily responded that "We just don't need any more money."

"You might hear a lot about us fundraising and stuff, but the truth is, we have more money than the Roman Empire," bursar's assistant Paul Bradsen said, "who, I might add, also closed libraries and didn't hire enough economics professors. Our purses have been flushed for some time, and we don't need this bigshot Püp plopping in and fouling everything up."

Püp, however, believes the

college has an ulterior motive. "I honestly believe it has to do with my name," said the irritated Duke. "The College probably thinks the students will drop the majestic umlaut and start calling the building 'Pee Pee' or something asinine like that."

"I think we all know that Dartmouth students have a slightly more mature sense of humor than that," a nearly frothing Püp exclaimed.

This isn't the first time the college has rejected a gift from a prominent alum. "I guess Dartmouth is only proud of some of its graduates," remarked would-be Women and Gender Studies building renovator Jonathan Cockenballs. "It just isn't right."



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Police Blotter

Jan. 7, East Wheelock Street, 2:52 p.m.

A Safety and Security officer noticed a large group of young children filing into an unmarked van parked on the side of West Wheelock Street, outside Psi Upsilon fraternity. The van then sped off. *Oh, that's cute*, thought the officer, *they're probably going to Chuck E. Cheese's.*

Jan. 8, Main Street, 12:20 p.m.

While on bike patrol, a Safety and Security officer was approached by a student complaining of chest pains and shortness of breath. The officer offered to give the student a lift to Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center on his bike pegs, but just then a team of EMTs arrived in a real car.

Jan. 8, Tomb of Charr-Kzak, 5:16 p.m.

While attempting to uncover the secret of the Chromatic Dragon's power, Officers Parkins and Timmons were set upon by a band of Drow Elves, two Rune Morhg, and a Gelatinous Cube. They subdued the attackers with alternating fireballs and Dispel Undead spells, and turned the survivors over to Gen-dor the Just of the Hanover Police.

Jan. 8, Webster Street, 11:37 p.m.

While on routine patrol, an S&S officer noticed a young woman walking unsteadily from fraternity to fraternity. Closer inspection revealed that she had been drinking alcohol, and—

what's more—that she had not yet reached 21 years of age. This only goes to show that no patrol is ever truly “routine.”

Jan. 9, College Street, 10:48 a.m.

A Safety Insecurity officer noticed an attractive young man looking in the direction of her thighs, which are, like, her least attractive feature. The officer fled the scene before the young man could question her further.

Jan. 10, Lebanon Street, 3:04 a.m.

A Safety and Security officer saw a man with a mask over his face emerging from Talbot's carrying several hundred dollars' worth of women's dresses, with the tags still on. Sensing a real, actual crime, the officer called for backup from the Hanover Police, but the man was gone before they arrived. The officer then broke up a bunch of parties, which felt good.

Jan. 10, Main Street, 10:57 a.m.

At breakfast, Officer Smitts noticed that the circular bagel he was eating serves as an apt metaphor for the ceaseless cycle of debauchery and sin that courses through the Hanover underground. His new book, *Vigilant Cream Cheese Coating on the Baked Dish of Fate: My Life as an S&S Officer*, is a good read, but lags at the end.

Lazy Finnegan is our mole on S&S, and would be in great danger should his name become known to the public. So, you know, shhh.

Class of 1916 still no-shows at homecoming parade

BY GOMER DERYERSELF

Certainly, homecoming has many traditions, but none so fine as that of the bonfire, which all freshmen must, in the opinion of this reporter, touch. Touch the fire, worms!

One of the modern bonfire ritual's biggest events has been the parade of classes, in which generations of Dartmouth graduates march down Main Street toward the Green, an act symbolic of the days of Eleazar Wheelock in which old friends joined hands again in one place to burn the sin out of some heretical so-and-so.

However, while organizers of this year's events were quick to affirm this year's parade as another successful chapter in homecoming's long and illustrious history, some expressed a growing frustration over the Class of 1916's absence from the parade.

“They're always no-shows. I don't understand why we end up spending an extra hour each year waiting for them,” growled parade comptroller Kyle Collins '83. “It's not like any of them told us they wouldn't be here, and that's sending a raw message of indifference. I mean, we noticed a lot fewer of the 20's and 30's made it this year and everyone—I mean everyone—from 1915 and below was a no-show. Even 1900 didn't turn up, and they started this whole business.”

Of course, the question remains as to what effect the lack of aged marchers will have on future homecoming festivities.

“It probably won't have any effect at all,” jabbered some



The Dartmouth

Another labored attempt at doing something nice for the class of '16 just completely goes to waste.

ignorant '09 who preferred to remain anonymous. We'll just call him Stupid. We can confirm that Stupid totally didn't touch the fire. This reporter's sources corroborate that Stupid is a stupid pussy. Others, true sons of Dartmouth, who did in fact touch the fire that year and ran a reported 300 million times around it as it blazed like a thousand suns, were more dire in their predictions.

“The Class of 1916 has been a part of the parade since there was a Class of 1916. It's a tradition,” said a very angry man dressed like a Native American, though he was in fact decidedly not one. “For those boys not to participate in this year's parade goes against tradition, and nothing gets me more constipated than when tradition is gone against. You see this face, this wincing face? This is a face of a man who is constipated and needs some fibrous tradition to get things flowing again.” The man then ran to the nearest restroom for some alone time to help keep his

bowels/traditions from failing. He died the next day, still full of tradition.

Everyone involved agrees that the key to increasing nonagenarian alumni participation is finding out what the alums of the Class of 1916 are really thinking.

“Ultimately, it's all for them,” Collins said, after which he muttered under his breath, “Ungrateful motherfuckers!” He then pleaded with me for, like, five minutes not to quote him and he was so freaking pathetic that I couldn't help but say I wouldn't. Does it make me a douche bag that I just quoted him anyway? This reporter doesn't think so.

The Class of 1916 has maintained a strange stoicism concerning the reasons for their current boycott. In fact, thus far the only Class response to inquiries has come from one pallid, staggering '16 who answered every one of this reporter's questions with “BRAAAAAAAAAAAINS! Eat Brains. RAARGH!”

That Jesus, HE just goes on and on and on

JESUS FROM PAGE 4

figure comics of Student Body President Noah Riner shooting up hard drugs to a seemingly endless stream of letters to the editor of the *Dartmouth* that has now referenced back upon itself enough to create a wormhole in the *Dartmouth* publications center that might, according to *Dartmouth* copy editor Jin N. Jus '08, “destroy us all, or allow us to travel in time, or something.”

Christ HIMSELF was not available for comment, but issued a prepared statement distributed by HIS followers.

“Why persecutest thou me?

(Acts 22:7),” Christ asked.

Reports suggest that Christ is now on a crusade to resurrect HIS faltering acclaim, taking such measures as creating wine for sororities, playing pong with the faithful and working with the administration to shape a new Good Samaritan policy in HIS image.

“Jesus is, like, the best pong partner ever,” said Preshie Goop '08. “HE serves like a god, and I've never seen HIM slip when HE goes for the ball. It's like HE can walk on that two inch layer of fluid on the basement floor.”

Continued Goop, “Even when you sink HIS cups, Jesus saves.”

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-Joel Gavin, Tuck '05

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New Kresge Fitness Center: behind the lies

By E. HONDA

THE DARTMOUTH STAFF

As most Dartmouth students continue to work out on the “rat track”—the refugee home for the fitness center while Kresge undergoes renovations—most never think twice about the construction hidden from them by fences, boards, snappish student monitors, and mysteriously laconic construction workers. Some, however, wondering why renovations to the Alumni Gym face delays into as late as the Spring of 2006, believe that the administration might be keeping secret the real purpose of the recent work on the Kresge building.

“It couldn’t possibly take that long to build a gym,” Amanda Roth ’06 said. “The guys we hired to rebuild our tennis court took, like, two afternoons, and my dad almost didn’t pay them because they spent so much time standing around. I bet you they’re really making a nuclear missile silo. Well, that or a brothel.”

Roth has started a “Campaign for Transparency Regarding What You’re Really Building Down There.” Though it suffered a slow start, Roth’s campaign to uncover secret construction plans has gained credence as she has amassed more and more potentially damning evidence against the Kresge project.

Among the most convincing exhibits in her current case against the construction is an incriminating memo she took

from the desk of a student monitor when he went out for a cigarette. Printed on Dartmouth stationery, it read:

“Do not, under any circumstances, allow students through the perimeter of the construction site (hereafter ‘the Maginot Line’). Because we put a premium on student safety, we have authorized the construction company (hereafter ‘France’) to neutralize and eliminate all possible security breaches (hereafter ‘Aggressive Germans’).”

Roth describes the memo as “real creepy” and points out that only a former history professor, like Dartmouth President James Wright, would include “such obviously superfluous references to Europe in the 1920s.”

Evidence like this has prompted increased student belief that something is afoot—and more speculation as to what is actually being built on the site of the former gym.

“I never used to buy into the hype,” explains Jarvis Sterber ’07, “but every damn day I spend benching without a clock on the wall or girls bouncing on ellipticals to look at, I get a little more suspicious. I bet you Jimbo Wright is building his own personal underground reggae radio station where he and the alumni can toke up.”

When asked about this allegation, President Wright hastily threw a Bob Marley eight-track and human-sized marijuana

pipe into his fireplace while eating a sheaf of blueprints. He added, “No comment, mon.”

Strange observances around the construction site have added to students’ skepticism. While headed home from a party at Alpha Delta, Lejavon Smith ’08 swears he saw an Oompa Loompa at the gym site wearing a hard hat and carrying a crate of cassava melons. Alice Bitties ’09, who was with Smith at the time, saw something completely different. “I didn’t see any stupid cartoon characters or anything,” Bitties said, “but those military guys carrying explosives—or maybe the frozen heads of former Chinese Communist leaders; I couldn’t tell—in through the front door seemed a little out of the ordinary.”

Wovoka Rasputin, associate director of the Office of Planning, Design, Construction, and Obscurantism, dismissed these student concerns as “unfounded and speculative,” while adding his assurance that students will love the new gym, “much as a mother duck loves her ducklings.”

Continued Rasputin, “And now an informative note for the student body. I would like to remind all Dartmouth students that the cloud of self-replicating nanorobot warriors set to swarm from the gym on the sixth of December will now be scheduled a week earlier so as not to disturb studying for finals. Also, students are advised to try to stay out of their flight path, lest they assimilate you into their monomolecular horror horde.”

“Or oligomolecular maybe—I forget which,” he added.

East Wheelock reps promise to stem immigrant tide, enact shoot-to-kill policy

By L. RON BLUBBARD

ON A MISSION FROM GOD

When cluster director Mike Lord announced plans to add “lethal deterrents” to strengthen East Wheelock border security, nobody thought he was serious. But only last week, eight students from French were obliterated when their ramshackle community bike ran into a recently installed minefield. Such events have taken the East Wheelock controversy into the world of campus public opinion, where divisiveness on the issue has grown so strong that this reporter could describe it as practically “political.”

The cluster’s safe corridors, spacious accommodations and luxurious snack bar draw in hundreds of Dartmouth’s best and brightest each year, all hoping to live out the promise of the East Wheelockian dream. Not all students, however, go through the traditional application process. Some enter illegally, and this has put increasing strain on Wheelock’s flagship public blitz and universal healthcare services, causing resentment among legal Wheelock citizens.

“What happened to that Wheelock loneliness, man?” Andreas resident Dim Sum ’06 said “I mean, I went outside my room today just to get some hot dogs and I spoke to no less than five people. Five people! I mean, if I wanted to chat to people I wouldn’t have shaved my eyebrows and started telling everyone to fuck David Bowie.”

Sentiments such as these have allowed Lord to spearhead some

brutal measures, including the now infamous pronouncement giving any Wheelock UGA the power to dispense summary justice on suspected interlopers.

“Normally I’m squeamish about violence, but they let us customize our guns,” UGA Glenda Goodwrench ’08 said. “Mine’s covered in a lot of Phillip Glass stickies, because when I get his pumping rhythms in my head it becomes easier to pull the trigger indifferently.”

Thus far Goodwrench has three confirmed kills—a number she describes as “about average”—marked on the butt of “Liza,” her automatic grenade launcher.

Along with the arming of the UGAs, Lord has plans to reinforce ramparts, install cannons and “raise conscripts from amongst the peasantry.”

Not everyone, however, is convinced of the necessity accorded these measures.

“I don’t see why we need to be so defensive about the situation,” Zimmerman dormitory resident Zed Wilson ’07 said. “After all, we were all from somewhere else once. My great-grandpappy came over on the first ship from the Fayers, so why are we getting so trigger-happy all of a sudden?”

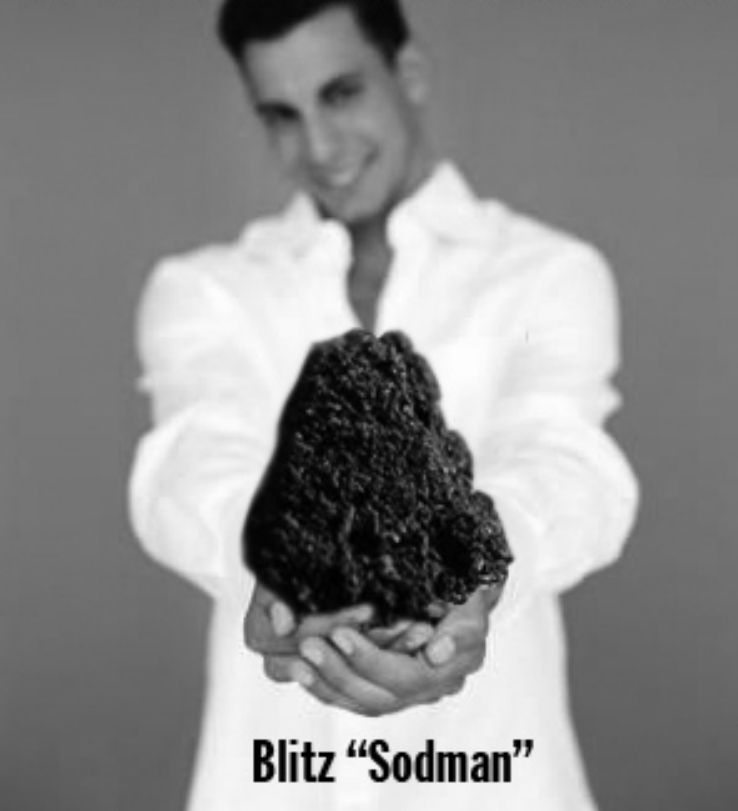
Nonetheless, Lord has steadfastly supported his decision.

“We must assure East Wheelock’s security,” Lord said. “And if you think that’s an infringement of someone’s human rights, come and get me. I’m on the other side of that lethal minefield.”

Even with the specter of death now looming over their heads, those with the will to make the run for Wheelock are in no short supply. Detained student Tijuana Anaujit ’09 was adamant he not be sent back to his old triple.

“I did two terms in the Choates, and let me tell you, I’m through pretending that cinder-block prison is a home,” Anaujit said. “Wheelockians, you are the richest dorm in the world. In East Wheelock you can buy hot dogs as late as 1:00 A.M. without leaving the cluster, and the chairs are not quite so uncomfortable. They say the corridors are even paved with carpet. Wall-to-wall carpet! And you say there is no room for me to sleep there?”

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sissy?*

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because we won't
print it.*

*Face it, morons,
you can't touch
us.*

*Your Friends,
THE D*

Pat Robertson calls for death of quiet, apolitical student

By REX EDDIE PUSS
THE DARTMOUTH STAFF

Aging televangelist Pat Robertson condemned yet another man to a cruel and lonely death yesterday, shocking no one. But while the act itself was largely deemed unexceptional, the fact that he picked unassuming Dartmouth student Steven Hackenslasher '07 has created a veritable buzz throughout the campus unlike anything seen since the last buzz.

The controversial call occurred last night when Robertson cut into the air time of his evangelical network's latest comedy, "So Like Jew," to deliver a scathing indictment against Hackenslasher, as acclaimed Bible Illustrated artists sketched out various "Steven disposal methods" behind him.

Yet, despite Robertson's own assertions that he "[has] friends in the CIA who would do anything for a dollar," the federal government appears to think Robertson may have crossed the line this time. The White House, normally full of chatty Cathies when it comes to everything from state secrets to who took a dump in the press secretary's lunch pail, has mysteriously clammed up on all matters concerning Robertson.

Said one White House aide, "Pat Whoterson!? We don't know anybody by that name 'round here, boy. Fred, you ever heard of a Rat Pobertson?" "Naw, I ain't. Hey, Feliz, you ever heard of a Cap Morbidson?" "No, Señor. Hola, Hal, have you ever heard of—" Amidst the constant quizzical looks and glazed expressions one thing was perfectly clear: the president has many aides.

While the Federal government seems content to shun Robertson, campus and community leaders have taken the safety of young Mr. Hackenslash very seriously.

"This is madness," recently-formed awareness group Concerned Students Against Killing Steven (CSAKS) vice-chair Lez Lenders '09 said. "I mean, what if somebody fires a cruise missile? Those things are bad for the environment. I hear those things are bad for the environment."

Contending with the "Stevies," as CSAKS members are sometimes called, the rogue campus organization identified only as the "Black Hand" was quick to take out a contract on Hackenslash. While the alleged leader of the group is on a permanent FSP off the coast of Somalia, a message attached to a



Steven Hackenslasher '07 has joined Hugo Chavez, Ariel Sharon, J.K. Rowling, and women with money in the growing list of groups upon which Pat Robertson has publicly wished death.

brick found amidst the wreckage of the *Dartmouth's* office window promises "two raffle tickets for a chance to win an iPod Mini and other exciting prizes for the man that delivers the Hackenslash kid's hands and head to HB 5624. Signed, you-know-who (AKA The Black Hand)."

Amidst all the hubbub about stabbing and gouging, Hackenslash has remained optimistic and upbeat about the whole situation.

"Hey, it's no biggie," he said.

"Sometimes life goes and throws a little lemon sauce in your sautéed and if you're allergic to lemon like me you end up throwing up blood. But really, what's Robertson going to do?"

Perhaps the biggest surprise in this whole affair is the identity of Steven's biggest supporter, Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez.

"I too have been targeted by the malicious maledictions of the one who catches the football with his hands, Señor Robertson, so I know what it is to live in fear. They can bomb Steven, rape him, pillage him and submit him to all forms of humiliating occupation, but he shall win through. Viva El Stev-O!"

Upon hearing this list of painful ordeals Robertson may yet visit upon him, Hackenslash's optimism faded temporarily. "Shit," he said.

Chavez's dire predictions are in fact, however, only the most recent in a string of mysterious and ominous Steven-suffered mishaps. So far Steven has fended off four attacks, two ninja strikes and one dire warning from an itinerant gypsy-woman. "She told me to swear off booze and fast women to concentrate on my thesis. She's right, of course, but I'm not going to do it."

Electing woman chancellor fails to make Germany newsworthy

By TREY FLATUS

A few months ago, the Christian Democrats clanked innumerable froofy beer steins together to celebrate the ascendance of party member Angela Merkel to the chancellery. Merkel's victory makes her the first woman leader of Germany, and the first Chancellor to menstruate since Hitler. (To be fair, I don't know if Hitler—or even Merkel—have ever menstruated. I was told to put that into the article by my editor, who seems to love "jazzing up the news.")

"Ja, a voman chancellor!" parliamentary leader Bittebeer McSteiny said. "How do you like zat, vorld?! Ve're going to be on ze news like vee vere Jennifer Lopez, or 50 Cent, or even Vayne Fucking Newton! Danke Shoen, Angela!" (McSteiny actually speaks very good English, but my editor thought it would be more "jazzy" to give him "some of that evil monkey-talk German." Next issue: a young writer's dream of being a foreign correspondent

goes up in flames before his eyes.)

The celebration of the Christian Democrats, however, was short-lived. As Merkel's small initial media buzz quickly dissipated and it soon became perfectly clear that despite Germany's woman chancellor, the country is still efficient, smoothly governed and harmonious—in a word, newsworthinessless. ("Jazzy news" apparently doesn't need grammar... jackass.)

"I don't get it," Merkel said. "I instituted equal pay for women, appropriated funding to make Germany the first country where 8% of the power comes from wind, and made apfelkuchen a household word. Yet the country is virtually forgotten by the world. All France has done is to set cars on fire, and they're news darlings now. WTF?"

The dilemma has evolved into a sort of international crisis, with some world leaders proposing to the UN that Germany be sanctioned for "being such a goddamned snooze-fest, lately."

Complained one cartographer at the hearings in New York, "It's getting impossible to finish our maps of Europe. Every time we get to the middle we just stop caring."

With this much pressure building on them from outside, the German leadership has made "getting headlines" a top priority. During her first days in office, Merkel has already made a concerted effort to see that more explosions and acts of cannibalism will occur around the country in 2006. Further, Merkel has negotiated with a small Fijian tribe to see that a recent volcano explosion on that island is somehow attributed to the former Holy Roman Empire. Merkel has also initiated plans to get into tangled "on-again, off-again" relationships with every foreign emissary she meets.

"It's getting hard to forget Germany when she's freaking calling every other hour," one diplomat, who wished to remain anonymous, said. He added that his wife and kids would "take a

scimitar to my gonadal region if they ever found out, by Allah."

It remains to be seen, however, whether the people of Germany will respond to Merkel's efforts to restore the prominence of her country.

"Who cares what the world thinks?" asked Hal Fling, Gnomish foreman of the gloom factory on Mt. Haagunddaz. "We eat stranger foods than the British, are mentioned several times in the Sound of Music,

and this factory alone is the largest provider of malaise in the Western hemisphere. Germans should be proud." (Quick reader poll: Do you think that the guy I just "quoted" is even real? Or do you think Editor Jazzhands McColtrane thought we needed a "color quote," and that it should come from "some fake cartoony Murk Gnome that can sell t-shirts"? Take a wild freaking guess. I'm going back to covering school board meetings.)

**Ever notice that
"Dartmouth
Bookstore" and
"douche bag" have
the same initials?**

WHEELLOCK
BOOKS



Silicon bracelet craze sparks environmental cataclysm

By CORDON B. LOU
AFRAID OF SPIDERS, DIRT

When Lance Armstrong first debuted his awareness-raising bracelets—yellow silicon wristbands emblazoned with the “one word” expostulation “Livestrong”—he started more than just a trend. He may have caused the biggest ecological disaster of the century.

Reports from across the nation indicate that the surplus of low-cost bracelets—meant to raise funds for causes ranging from relief for Hurricane Katrina victims to the somewhat darker “More Hurricanes Now!” fund—have been piling up in the nation’s landfills. The sleepy town of San Andriego, home to one of the nation’s largest refuse-disposal facilities, has become ground zero for the silicon bracelet catastrophe.

“These dog-gone bracelets,” Michalk McCheckerling, a sanitation expert for the San Andriego National Landfill, said. “They’re everywhere. You used to be able to gaze out across this great vista and see all sorts of trash, but now it’s one big multicolored, squishy mess. Every day I come out here and



Local seagull suffocating, living strong

The Dartmouth

I see more and more squirrels, seagulls, and immigrants trapped in or suffocating on these bracelets people keep tossing out.”

McCheckerling paused to separate two seagulls that had become ensnared in a pile of PETA’s hot-pink “Wild and Free” bracelets before adding, “It’s a shame people seem to go through them so fast, but I guess your average guy has a lot of issues to think about, and only two wrists to think about them on.”

McCheckerling’s suspicions

were verified by a recent consumer report. This survey indicated that the average Californian purchases 24.6 bracelets annually, discards nearly 23 of them, and feeds the remainder to animals in “kickass experiments”.

“I can’t even remember what these were for,” area resident Mary von Dermott said, as she emptied three wheelbarrows of bracelets with slogans like “Let’s All Stand Up,” “This One’s for Tracy” and “Suck It, Elmer, You Jackass” into the creek at the

edge of her property. “I just buy these so I don’t feel like I have to donate to the damn Boy Scouts or give to the collection plate at church.”

It’s not just seagulls and the homeless who are suffering from the burgeoning supply of waste bracelets, however. Declining water quality indicates that the swollen landfill has begun to leak silicon precipitate into the San Andriego groundwater. Local residents have since raised concerns about the quality of life in their fair town. Many have posted signs reading: “Please help us. The water here has become an inspiringly toxic rainbow.” Others have started a silicon bracelet campaign to raise money and awareness among the city’s youth.

When Lance Armstrong himself was confronted with allegations of the enormity of the current ecological crisis, he said that he was “especially pleased” at the “multitude of... my cancer[ous]... bracelets.” The spandex-clad Antichrist then mounted his bicycle and pedaled away, celebrating his rape of the American dream with a rakish grin and a jaunty wave of the

hand. Early attempts to store excess wristbands alongside the nuclear waste already buried beneath local parks and playgrounds have only aggravated the situation.

“Something in that toxic ooze mutated the silicon,” one passerby explained as he hastily quelled the bleeding from his arm-stump. “The monsters are everywhere, now. They live—they Live Strong.” Before the resident could elaborate, a dripping multicolored arm burst through a nearby window and dragged him screaming out of his makeshift stronghold.

The U.S. government later ceded San Andriego to the silicon abominations.

“With the level of rubbery saturation in the area, a tactical strike would likely just result in a couple of missiles bouncing off into Canada,” a source close to the White House said.

“Besides,” he added, “FEMA doesn’t have time to deal with a bunch of monsters who just want a nation-state. If they want our attention, just let them organize one of those campaigns with the silicon bracelets or something. Those are just swell.”

Third-world genocide stopped by sorority bake sale

By EDUARDO DE LARDO
JUST A GUY

As grave concerns—from devastating hurricanes in the Gulf Coast, to tens of thousands dead due to the earthquakes in Pakistan, India, and Afghanistan—continue to occupy hearts and minds throughout the world, many feel helpless to stop human suffering. The sisters at Omega Mu Gamma (OMG), however, found time between reviving inter-house powder-puff football and decorating for their annual Mocktails and Sham-pagne Night

to end a third-world genocide.

According to OMG rush chair Nicole Hutch ’07, the decision to take on a third-world genocide was something the house felt “would be totally amazing. I mean, people are dying and we don’t even, like, invite them to Tails. They’re probably totally awesome people, and I feel like it’s not fair.”

In response to the unremitting violence in Darfur, OMG chose to sponsor a bake sale. Despite initial ambivalence about their cupcake-based killing-

suppression methods from the international community, OMG valiantly led the charge into the kitchen.

“At first, I didn’t see how a deep-seated, centuries-old ethnic conflict could be addressed by anything less than a massive international peacekeeping force and the creation of a refugee state for the victims,” UN Secretary General Kofi Annan said. “But have you tasted these cupcakes? They’re so delicious!”

Only a year ago, despite the OMG girls’ most industrious efforts, the slaughter in Darfur seemed too bitter a conflict for even double-whipped frosting to suppress. Reluctant to deploy the delectable treats of OMG to Sudan, the international community wavered in its humanitarian resolve. The girls woefully recall last year, when the U.S. State Department was unwilling to classify thousands of batches of Ginger-cide Snaps as “scrumptious,” though they maintained that OMG’s Jam-jaweed Shortbread Cookies “made the security council feel a lot more like giving out hugs than

bombs.”

That was when the girls took matters into their own hands, mailing treats directly to Sudanese warlords. Within weeks, the killing camps of Darfur had been turned into industrial baking facilities paying a living wage. Though OMG members have classified their recipes as “state secrets,” they have hinted they will turn them over to Sudanese leaders if they make a binding pinky promise to be peaceful.

“We’re not going to stop until there is peace,” Hutch said, hinting that OMG will continue its efficacious activism.

Besides raising dozens of dollars a term for charitable causes, OMG has already booked a former UNICEF chair and Omega Mu sister to talk about “10 Ways to Lose the Freshmen Fifteen While Ending World Hunger.”

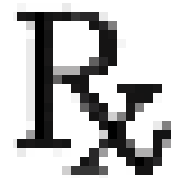
“It’s going to be really awesome,” Hutch said. “Running all these bake sales has actually caused me to gain a lot of weight. I wanna be skinny again—just like those starving kids in Ethiopia or whatever.”

Dr. Chalk’s Pharmacy

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And pass the savings on to you!

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Real mature, Wheelock Books. Real mature.




Best of Sports (Repressed Homosexuality)

Dartmouth paintball team devastates pedestrians

By DRUNK S. FUCKO

Last Sunday afternoon, the Dartmouth College Paintball Team celebrated an overwhelming victory against unsuspecting passersby along South Main Street.

According to unofficial counts, forty-three pedestrians were shot, twelve captured, and two given concussions with rifle butts at the hands of the team's skilled and exuberant participants.

Surprisingly, none of the team's sixteen student-athletes were tagged, making the victory a rare "no hitter" for the team.

"It's really wonderful to see that all our hard work and training paid off," team captain Andrew Madrid '06 said. "Those elderly shoppers, goth kids, and soft-spoken parents could have posed a real threat to a less prepared paintball squad."

The Dartmouth College

Paintball Team (DCPT) was founded during the fall term of 2004 by undergraduates interested in a sport that involved the whole community, with or without their knowledge. Sunday's match marked the DCPT's first official game against the home-team Hanover pedestrians.

"We wanted to offset the home-field advantage," team strategist Oliver Johnsey said. "So we scoped out the

field a few hours in advance, barricading escape routes and planting people in places like Bella, where pedestrians might otherwise hide and take pot shots at us. Is that cheating? No. It's reconnaissance."

The match began as scheduled at 2:13 PM, when eight team members deployed from the back of an unmarked black van parked in front of the Dartmouth Bookstore. Immediately shooting approximately twelve apparently unarmed pedestrians, the group decided not to pursue fleeing citizens but instead to lie in ambush of other unsuspecting Hanover townspeople.

Meanwhile, the other eight-person squadron emerged from behind CVS Pharmacy, a classic pincer maneuver that Madrid credits for solidifying the team's early advantage. The squad then proceeded up Main Street, screaming "Show no mercy! Don't stop until their skulls are painted!" while firing paintballs indiscriminately at fleeing pedestrians, canines, traffic control devices, and shop windows.

Johnsey says the squad's battle cry, savage as it may sound, is standard operating procedure in the paintball arena.

"Oh, the thing about their skulls? Oh yeah, well, everybody does that in paintball. It's called 'psyching out your opponents'. Do they throw Allen Iverson off the court for punching some guy? No. That's his style."

"Besides," he added, "you should have heard the crap that the other guys were saying—'please stop hurting my kids' and crap like that. So it goes both ways."

Defeat seemed imminent near the Nugget Theater when midfielder Antonio Sullins '08 shot a Hanover Police officer twice in the temple, causing the law-enforcement official to give chase to Sullins and his seven teammates. However, the group evaded the officer by entering Molly's Restaurant, attacking a hostess and two cooks, and taking the owner hostage, forcing the officer to retreat and call for backup.

The squad called an end to the match at approximately 5:45 PM, at which point the sixteen athletes joined in a victory circle and knelt to pray, thanking God for their success. As of press time, all sixteen students have been expelled from the College and are currently awaiting arraignment in the Grafton County Jail.



The Dartmouth

Handy Juss '09 breaks away from the pack to execute maximum 0wn4g3 on an unsuspecting pedestrian.

Football team attributes win to voodoo, sexual repression

By HOBO CHESTERFIELD
THE DARTMOUTH HOBO

The Dartmouth Football Team rose from its stupor in this otherwise disappointing season to obliterate Princeton this past Saturday, 47-0, in quite possibly the most dominating performance in school history.

Innovative new head coach Buddy Mann-Friend—affectionately called B.F. by the team—chalked up the victory to strategic changes in his coaching style.

Specifically, Coach Mann-Friend combined prohibition of any sex whatsoever for his players until they won a game with ritual magic targeted at the opposition. Though at first they couldn't believe Mann-Friend was serious, the players eventually responded well to the changes.

"I didn't think he'd actually go through with it," wide receiver Army Toms '06 said, "but sure enough, when I brought a girl up

to my room, the B.F. was waiting there with a flyswatter and a can of mace. My eyes still burn."

Mann-Friend and the Big Green proved that more than their eyes were on fire this Saturday, though. Setting the tone on the very first play, running back Bill Simons '06 returned Princeton's kickoff 78 yards for a touchdown, screaming at the top of his lungs as he ran. Commented fellow back Jerrod Crash '06, "I've never seen anyone run that fast and twitch that much. Not at the same time, anyway. It was like a cheetah having a seizure."

The rest of the game saw similarly incredible Dartmouth feats, such as an 80-yard field goal, a one-handed upside-down sideline catch in the third quarter that can only be described as tumescent, and a Newton's-laws-defying leap by linebacker Fred Oscar '07 over the entire Princeton offensive line to force a safety.

The uncanny Dartmouth

focus was matched only by an inexplicable Princeton recklessness.

Princeton safety Farnold Miss typified his team's poor play as, facing a crucial Dartmouth third down deep in Princeton territory, he fell repeatedly to the ground clutching his chest. He later described the game as if "the [Dartmouth Special Teams Coach] had a little doll to control my motions that he kept on picking up, dropping, and sometimes stabbing."

Other Princeton gaffes included Princeton head coach Philippe Doutain convulsively slamming his hands together to burn all three Princeton timeouts in the opening seconds of the second half and the entire Princeton secondary sprinting off the field on the final play of the game, reciting the last five sentences of *The Great Gatsby* in sign language.

Friend is lucky that his latest moves have paid off, because his

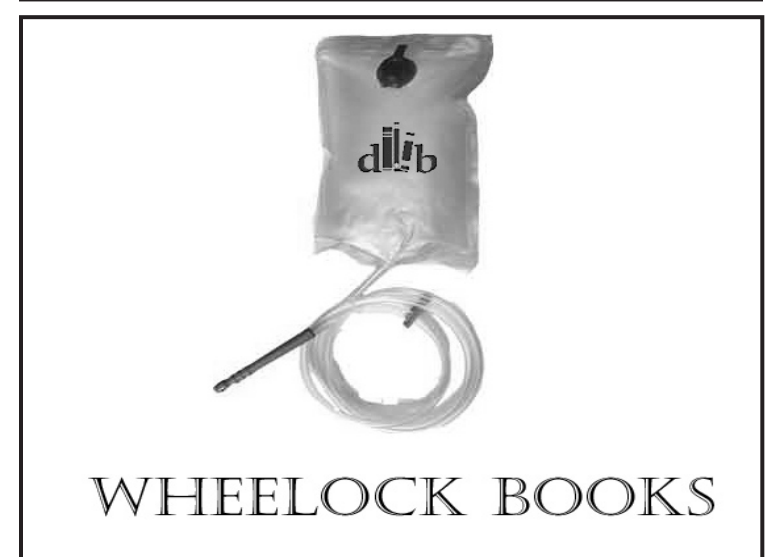
earlier shakeups were not nearly as successful. Trying to spur on a struggling offense, Friend replaced his established senior starting quarterback Touchdown "Hal" Throwguy '06 with untested, third-string QB Dean of Residential Life Martin Redman.

The move ultimately backfired, as Harvard sacked an overmatched Redman a record

fifty-six times in a depressing 7-0 loss for the Big Green.

"Well, nobody's right all the time," Mann-Friend said. About next year, he added "Wait until you see what I have in store for next year's playbook! I can't really reveal much, but it may or may not involve live ammunition."

Watch out, Princeton players and spectators!



Best of the Arts (Applied Homosexuality)

Students entranced by Hop art exhibit captured, freeze-dried, become new Hop art exhibit

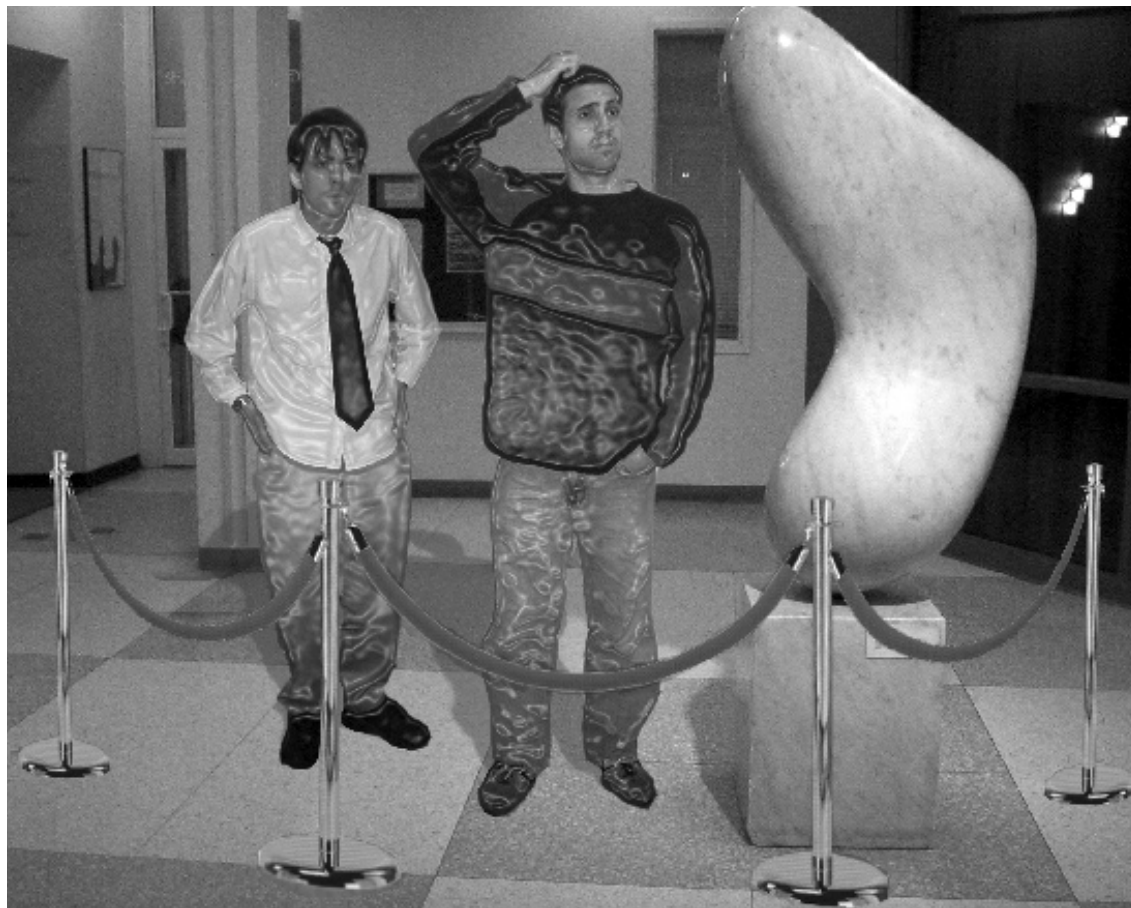
By Buster McNutt

The mysterious disappearance of 20 Dartmouth students over the past several weeks was explained yesterday, at the unveiling of "Paralyzed with Wonder," the newest HOP art exhibit. A one-of-a-kind piece constructed by Cassandra Slessinger '06, "Paralyzed with Wonder" is composed completely of Dartmouth students who were captured, killed and freeze dried as they stood admiring previous HOP exhibits.

At the unveiling ceremony, Hopkin's Center Art Director Kenneth Beauregard announced that "Paralyzed with Wonder" marked the beginning of a new HOP initiative entitled "Be a Part of the Art" that hopes to raise student participation in campus arts programs. Beauregard commended "Paralyzed with Wonder" as a "maybe perfect realization" of the initiative's mission.

"Too often artists on campus live in their ivory towers and don't involve their fellow students at all," Beauregard said. "Cassandra, however, has placed her fellow students at the very heart of her exhibit. Cassandra and her fellow students have made this art a part—sometimes the only part—of their lives."

Over the past few weeks, students, parents and faculty had expressed growing concern over the unexplained disappearance of a number of Dartmouth students. Though certain students' penchant



The Dartmouth

Sim Salabim '08 and Egreg Hess '06 both lend a frozen, haunting visage to the Hop's newest exhibit.

for mysteriously wandering away rendered the calculation of a definitive total impossible, the Student Assembly estimated that between 15 and 20 Dartmouth students had gone missing over the past several weeks. Frustration mounted as concerned individuals perceived a lack of action—or even acknowledgement of their concerns—on the part of the administration.

Though a Parkhurst employee

acknowledged privately to the *Dartmouth* that some students were missing, no public statement had been issued by Parkhurst, causing some students to speculate that the administration was playing some part in the mystery.

This lack of action on the part of the Administration all made sense with the unveiling of the new HOP exhibit. Dean James Larimore, the administration's

spokesperson at the event, stated that the administration made a conscious decision to remain quiet with regards to the disappearance of the students "out of respect for the Hopkins Center and its new initiative." Larimore also told the crowd that he had personally spoken with each participating student's parents, assuring them that their children would not be held accountable for classwork missed and that

the college has even considered suspending the students' rent during participation, though the college's governing council still needed to vote on this proposal. Dean Larimore concluded the ceremony by reaffirming the administration's desire to support the Hopkin's Center's initiative to increase student appreciation and participation in the arts, stating that he hopes every student is inspired by their classmates and "decides to become 'Part of the Art.'"

"You might be part of it, even if you don't want to," said a chuckling Dean Larimore. "Cassandra strikes like a viper, right when you least expect it."

The new exhibit has already garnered some strong emotions from the student body. Discussing her work, Slessinger described her goal to "infuse the piece with a pulse and a sense of life."

Some students, however, were unimpressed by the work.

"Look at that," said Charles Horton '07. "it's just another meaningless piece of post-modern existentialist junk that I pass on my way to the Courtyard Café. I mean, anyone could paralyze, freeze-dry, and arrange some gawking students. What's the big deal?"

Despite the controversy stirred up by the piece, the strongest feelings were expressed by Juliet Montanye '08, who greeted the unveiling of the new exhibits with screams of, "Francine! Is that you?! Francine! NOOO!"

Seventh Harry Potter book to feature deaths of all major characters

BY HORACE GREELEY (NO, NOT THAT HORACE GREELEY)

In a move some are calling "professional suicide" and others are calling "just plain mean," J.K. Rowling announced yesterday that the seventh Harry Potter novel, "Harry Potter and the Bitter End," will feature the deaths of all the major characters in the series. Rowling revealed the details of her final installment at a press conference near her home in London to a throng of excited children and pressmen.

"I've been telling you kids for six books that a mother's love is the strongest magic of all," said Rowling. "Well, in the seventh book, I've decided to tell you the truth instead."

Though Rowling's comments initially elicited laughter from

adults in the crowd and pleasant confusion from young fans, the mood of the press conference quickly turned dark.

"Stupid kids that chase after evil murderers die," said Rowling, "even if they're really lucky kids with mystique, panache, and scars that look like prison tats. Just because they're 'special,' it doesn't mean they're fireproof."

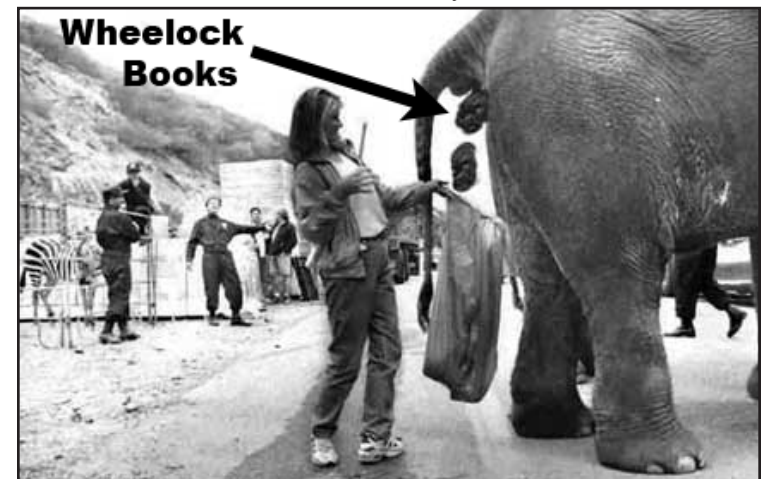
To insiders, this latest incident does not come as a surprise. Rather, this press conference rather marks the crest of a wave of odd attitudinal reversals on Rowling's part that started earlier this year, when she discovered that her mother was actually a voluntary courtesan for the allied forces in the Second World War, a fact to which she never tires of publicly alluding.

"Kids, you think your mothers are going to protect you from evil?" Rowling barked at the assembled children.

"Well, they're not. They'll probably be too busy tarting around with a bunch of scummy soldiers in dirty trenches while you're at home getting fondled by your math tutor! And it's time you learned that hard lesson of life."

Further evidence of Rowling's preoccupation comes from the role of the young, brainy witch Hermione, who is killed in the new book not long after she becomes the school floozy. Ron, Neville Chamberlain, all remaining Hogwarts staff, and three-fourths of Hufflepuff House are killed halfway through the book in what

SEE MASSACRE, PAGE 12



dlb

BOXED CLAMATO for dessert, yo

Stick to the Facts

To the Editor:

After reading Thurmond Bruckmorton's letter to the editor (*An Asinine and Wildly Overreactive Editorial*, Dec. 3), I felt compelled to write. In making the case for the elimination of Dartmouth's meal plan system, Mr. Brockmorton oversteps not only the line of plausibility, but that of good taste. A Dartmouth student's obligation to buy a meal plan is not symbolically consonant with "a prostitute slave being forced to sell her sex to baby kittens, whom she then kills and eats raw," as Mr. Bruckmorton suggests.

In addition, the Wright administration's alleged unresponsiveness in the face of the meal plan system does not justify Mr. Bruckmorton's proposal that we "loot and burn every administration building—and laugh as we grind administrators' skulls under our steel-toed feet."

Finally, Mr. Bruckmorton's suggestion that all who disagree with him are "gape-cunted quasi-humans" is unfair and largely biologically inaccurate.

Mr. Bruckmorton should cleave more closely to the facts if he wishes to be taken seriously. The public deserves better.

Sincerely,
Susan MacArthur '83

No Need to RSVP

To the Editor:

I'm having a small social gathering in my house next Saturday and I was really hoping you could stop by and maybe bring some spinach dip, or some Ranch-style chips. We were really hoping you could make it and, you know, bring some light snacks to help us all enjoy ourselves more. I've gone down to the package store but they were all out of non-alcoholic wine coolers, so it would be great if you could bring some sodas (Diet Tab, anyone?). Sometimes when I go to the grocers and ask them where to find things the employees are mildly condescending to me, but I suppose that's just a sign of the times.

My wife rented a couple of those new DVDs, which I think will be really nice to have playing in the background, unless maybe that's too distracting. Goodness, it's such an ordeal! Could you also bring some ice cream (for the children, of course)? It's just so hard to run the little errands, now that the van's transmission is acting up.

Regards,
Robin Yount

Rowling's latest "a massacre"

POTTER FROM PAGE 11

Rowling admits is a "completely extraneous pogrom...it was kind of an afterthought really. You know, for kicks."

"But if you're going to stick a knife in the hearts of the world's children," Rowling said, "You might as well twist it a few times for good measure, just to make sure they learn their lesson. And that lesson is this: give up."

"Magic is fake, and good people are faker," she added.

News of the more mature themes of Rowling's newest book first leaked when Rowling's longtime illustrator, Robert McDelland, publicly announced that he was leaving the series. Said McDelland "I am an

illustrator of children's stories about courage and friendship. If [Rowling] wants someone to draw children having violent intercourse with one another, she can look somewhere else. I might recommend the resident artists at *Penthouse* and *Murder Aficionado*, for starters."

Though Rowling's visible schism with McDelland was spun by her publicists as "a minor misunderstanding between J.K. and Mr. McDelland," Rowling did in fact contact artists at both magazines.

Rowling ended her press conference by saying that she hopes no one buys the stupid book, anyway.

"Bugger off," she concluded.

Who knows what evil lurks in
the hearts of men?
Find out—take WGST 27

Why Isn't There Better Wireless Reception in the Graveyard?

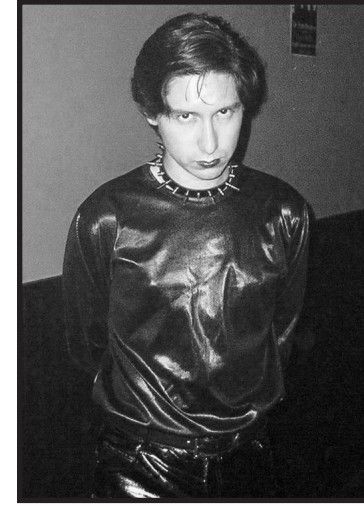
I've got to say, I really do love Dartmouth College. My first three years here have roared by like an avalanche of learning. I've made friends, grown as a person, become a sensitive young adult, and nailed some serious hotties (hi sorority girls! Remember me, that sensitive guy? We boned! You said at the time that it was "pretty good" and I believed you! Why would you lie to me after I had told you about my insecurities and vulnerable masculinity? You think that was some shtick to get you in the sack? It wasn't).

So, I love this place more than any other. And I'm not usually the type that likes to complain (except when you sorority girls forget to blitz after we bone. It wouldn't kill you to make sure my walk of shame was ok, lol, would it?), but at this point, I've really got to take issue with one subject the Wright administration fails to address. Why isn't there better wireless reception in the graveyard?

Don't think I'm trying to look a gift horse in the mouth—I really appreciate that the administration has made such a wonderful resource as the graveyard available to students. We all know that the cemetery is a great place to study, worship, chase woodland animals, or cry in unmolested solitude about that blue-eyed KDE who ate my soul after I explored her sacred femininity.

But how can the College really expect us to utilize the space to its full extent if we're unable to surf the web out there?

I usually get, like, one bar out there, and that's on a good day. At other times (and depending how tall the headstones are around me), I can be completely cut off. Just think how much my blog (www.blogspot.com/aaron_j/lonely/sexisnotasalvefordarkness) is suffering. By the time I



Azrael Yorick '06

weep myself to sleep over my perseverant erection, wake up after dark, trudge back to the dorm, put on a puppet show of myself and a symbolic "floozy" to cheer me up, sign into my blogspot account, select an emotion-icon and a song describing my mood, the brilliance of my revelation is dulled, to say the least. Some would say it was dulled impossibly—unlike the ever-sharp ache in my breast.

And if this was only a problem that affected me, then I would (characteristically) just swallow my frustration and let the darkness and emotional grime accumulate

on the inside.

But I happen to know I'm not the only one who wishes the wireless reception on the internet was better. So do the people at the Tucker Foundation who hear me curse and throw conniption fits when my one bar disappears. So do the women I bring on dates to my "special place" after a couple of games of pong, who then can't hear the soulful webcast I want to share with them. So do those Hanover High kids with the pale skin, piercings and laptops (all potential Dartmouth students, you snobs). And, most importantly, a lack of wireless reception in the graveyard is harmful to students like me, who know that sometimes, Baker/Berry is just too distracting, that the dead are better listeners than the living, and that no amount of love saves us from the dirt. Amanda, do you remember when I told you that? I do. I was on top of you. The earth moved that night, Amanda, and I know you felt it too. SO WHY CAN'T YOU BLITZ?!

Ok, focus. Breathe. Blog later. Dartmouth claims to seek to provide the highest level of undergraduate education to its students. This may defined in various ways, but I insist that if we cannot access the cyber-world from everywhere on campus, they have failed to provide us the elite education that they claim to give.

To Kiewit and Parkhurst, I say, spend the extra money! Put in the extra effort! And to the women of Dartmouth, I don't know what to say. I'll be crying near the Sawyer catacombs if anyone needs me.

Guys! Guys! You're forgetting
what's really important...
providing quality used and
out-of-print books.

Left Bank Books

9 South Main Street

(Bitches)

Women of Dartmouth, Papi Hears You

For too long, you daughters of Dartmouth have lived in darkness. You have lost faith in romance at the College, because most Dartmouth males are cowardly worms, flaccid in the ways of love. But ladies, fear not—Romance is back, with a capital “Roman.” Roman “Papi” San Cristobal de la Tierra has arrived.

I know what you women of Dartmouth want, what you daydream of during your classes, and what you cry for on the nights you are alone. You dream of a man who surpasses all other men at



Roman “Papi” San Cristobal de la Tierra ’06

the subtle science of seduction. You dream of an alchemist of amour; a hero come to Hanover; a man who once, wasted, stole all the chairs from the Alpha Theta porch without getting caught. I am such a man, as is, to a lesser extent, my friend Brad, who helped me.

Ladies—you shall be lonely no longer, for your Papi is here. I have seen into your neglected souls, and I can tell you need to be brought to my room. There, you shall sit on my regal chairs, still fresh from the Alpha Theta porch, and your Papi’s eyes will glow with the effulgence of a burning love-star. There, I shall invite you to join me in the chugging of a case of Keystone—a vintage fermented from the passional plains of my fatherland. I’ll offer you, my frightened doe, a sensuous high-five if we can finish it before the end of my Lynyrd Skynyrd CD. I have done this many times with Brad, and now I shall mend the holes in your hearts with Keystone and high fives as well.

Then, ladies, I will see the change sweep across your eyes. The loneliness of the many nights you have spent in your own arms will come tumbling out through your trembling breath, and I will let our liquored desires burn together in resonance. I will clumsily remove your pants and make explosive love to you right there in my Alpha Theta chair, still sticky from the Keystones Brad spilled on it. You will cry to have your Papi again, but, *mi guapa*—trust the pace of your

Papi. He will probably have passed out. Take a couple bucks from my wallet if you need to buy E.C., my treasure.

And do not worry about tomorrow, ladies. Roman Papi is not a one-night stand man, because he understands the female soul. Papi knows it shall blossom only in the nourishing rains of

intimacy, and thus, Papi will blitz you comforting messages like “sux ballz” when you have had a difficult day, and “sup?” when it is the weekend.

Do you want a man who can procure you a pong table at a fraternity?

Papi can and shall. He will even play alongside you, as he and Brad talk about the wretchedness of Alpha Theta and plot ways to make its snivelling boy-men pay for their cowardice. Ladies, because I love you, I will share with you the fullness of my hatred for Alpha Theta, over and over. For love is nothing if not the union of souls.

But Roman Papi need not talk all the time, for he knows that sometimes a gesture can say a thousand words. That is why sometimes Roman Papi will push your head down toward his loins in the middle of a conversation. Your Papi is communicating his desire for you—and his desire not to talk about your English class anymore.

Do not be deceived by what fools and cowards have said about Roman Papi. Do some say Papi has a developing dependence on alcohol? Papi can quit anytime he wants to. Is Papi notorious for frequently assuming consent? Papi knows what you are thinking without having to ask. Did an emasculated, frock-wearing “psychiatrist” diagnose Papi with a personality disorder because of his so-called violent tendencies? Roman Papi’s passion is strong!—so strong it can be frightening. But only Papi can be the man you truly desire: a man who will always fuck you when he is drunk, and sometimes when he is sober.

Women of Dartmouth, your cries have not been in vain! Roman(ce) is back! Viva El Papi!

A Call for Diversity

To the Dartmouth Student Body:

I think we’ve gotten off on the wrong foot. I believe it was Plato who said “misunderstanding is the mother of all investigation.” I thought this campus was about diversity and acceptance and embracing the views of others for our common enrichment. All I’m asking is that you guys let me enrich you. Brown did. So did UVM. Come on now, think about it. Sitting with me at my table and talking to me and answering the phone when I call are practically demanded by your Core Values.

Please?

I mean, I’m actually a little peeved by all this. I thought America’s founding tenet was to ask questions first and shoot later. Is Dartmouth College still an instrument of the Church of England? You guys seem to be throwing the bread in the bathwater with this one, and I’m sort of ashamed for you,

and surprised that you could be so quick to mislabel, mistreat, misogyny, and misunderstand. I’m reaching out to you, exposing

by The River Peeper

myself to your scrutiny, and you just try to pass by without giving me the time and attention I’m trying to give to you. Please, everyone, give peace a chance.

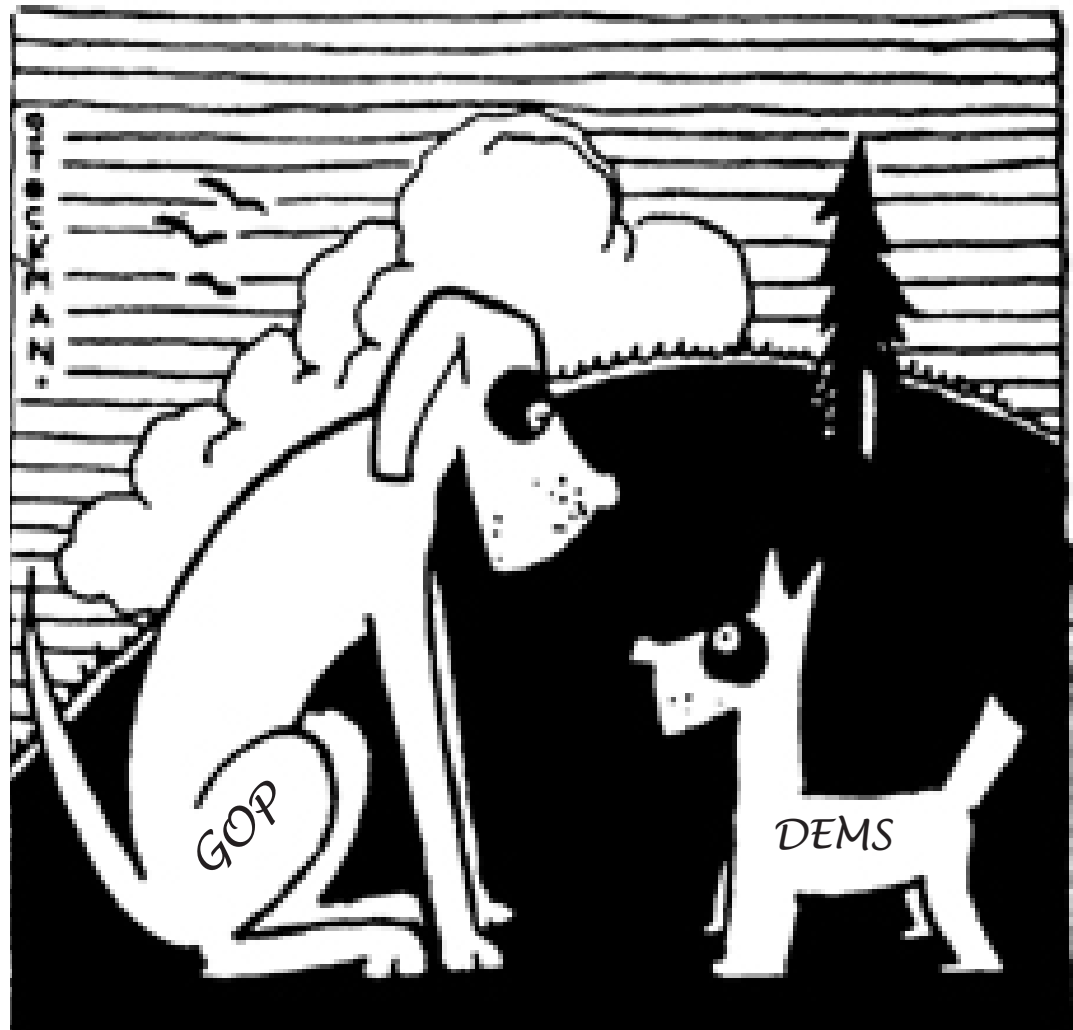
At this time I’d like to make a few corrections, or addenda, if you will, to the remarks published about me in this newspaper on Friday, January 6 (“Hostile man stalks students on Main St.”). I wasn’t “peering” or “snooping” near those dormitories. I was looking for my wallet and binoculars which I may have dropped there on some separate and undisclosed incident. Check your damn facts before you go libeling all over the place. Plato once said that among his Core Values is that “slander is the mother of savage, retributive

assault.” Furthermore, I never said that I wanted to kill any women. The word was “slay,” and I stand by that. Check the Hard Guy Lexicon if you need to. Which brings me to my next point. I am 6’1, not “5’9”-6’0””, and this “slender build” can press 3 reps of 200 pounds, so be careful you don’t underestimate the baddest white man ever to do a turn in Rikers Island. Furthermore, at UC-Davis it took 3 darts of bear tranquilizer to bring me down, so you bitches better be loaded for estrus-crazed moose!

Finally: “Normal and even moderately attractive”? Are you serious? I’m fucking breathtaking.

I hope that the Dartmouth community can step back and give further attention to these issues. We need to open a healthy dialogue, and perhaps someday we can all sit down to a sumptuous yet nutritious meal at the same metaphorical Dirt Cowboy coffee table.

The Dartmouth’s Political Cartoon of the year



-We are not friends!
-We are not friends at all!

Topside manager notices stock of plantain chips for first time

By PETE ZAWPYE
YOUR BIGGEST FAN

Yesterday, in the middle of his third straight 8-hour shift, Topside Convenience Store manager and DDS Inventory Control manager Todd Tattershall noticed that his inventory includes, among other oddities, plantain chips.

"At first I was like 'Whoa!'" Tattershall said. "I thought plantains were just like bananas, or something, not chips. But then I was like, 'Oh, come to think of it, I guess there are such things as banana chips, too.' How do they make those, I wonder?"

Further research confirmed that the chips were lemon-pepper flavored, a realization that he described as "gross and appalling."

"I would never have ordered something like that," he said.

Nonetheless, repeated questionings of student employees and a thorough investigation of inventory records confirmed that Tattershall was in fact responsible for ordering the mysterious plantain chips.

"At first I figured that maybe

they [the plantain chips] came in, like, a bundle with some other stuff, and that one of my employees must have put them up. But, no, they have their own invoice, and guess who signed for their delivery? It was me, all along."

Other Topside employees were less impressed with Tattershall's discovery, claiming that "there's probably weirder [stuff] than that in this store" and that Tattershall "would forget his head if it wasn't attached."

"Todd is always forgetting what's in our inventory," Topside employee Topher MacGettigan '09 said. "Every day, he 'discovers' some new thing right in the middle of the store. A real Chris Columbus, that guy."

"Frozen Dinners ahoy, jerkoff," he added.

Other students seemed similarly nonplussed about the Tattershall's discovery.

"Wait a minute," said Gonzala Stevedore '09, "Are you talking about those things in the silver packets they hang by the real chips? Those look pretty bad."

Employees of Topside confirm that the plantain chips sell very poorly.

"I don't think I've ever sold even a single unit," McGettigan said. "But Sherlock Holmes keeps on ordering them. I'm not sure if he knows, but we have like eight crates of them in the back. They're blocking his office door, for crying out loud."

Nonetheless, Tattershall has decided to re-orient Topside's marketing campaign around the new delicacies. Tattershall has already erected three large banners around Topside that read, somewhat misleadingly, "Piping Hot Plantain Chips!" He also plans to submit a proposal to DDS to change the official name of Topside to "Plantain Hut—Piping Hot!"

"I wanted to call the plantains 'Piping Hot' because it sounds appetizing, like soup or something. Wait—do we sell soup here? That would be *awesome!*"

Added Tattershall, "Then we would really be piping hot! Like soup!"

A bunch of real mad big sheeps go into house and kill Mommy and Daddy

By TIMMY STOUVRAKIS
AGE 4

Um, hello? Mr. Policeman? Um, I'm scared, and, um... a bunch of big angry sheeps just went into my house and they were baa-baaing at Mommy and Daddy and then they knocked down Mommy and Daddy and um they don't wanna wake up.

I dunno how they doed it cuz I went to the petting zoo and at the petting zoo the sheeps were my friends cuz they baa-baaed when I was rubbing their big backs. And the hair on their backs is what they make sweaters out of!

Mommy and Daddy are having blood come out of them real bad and I'm scared. I want them to wake up cuz they promised me to finally take me to work, and I wanna see all the cool things in

Mommy and Daddy's laboratory. I think the sheeps are sheeps that Mommy and Daddy were using for their science 'speriments, cuz they had big wings like a bat and a big long sucker mouth like a mosquito. And when Mommy and Daddy seed them coming, they told me to run! And then they tried to lock the door, but I saw the sheeps breaking down the door.

Um, Mr. Policeman? Do you hear that real loud buzzing? I'm pretty sure it's the sound of the mad sheeps flying. I know cuz I heard it right before they came into my house.

You see? They're coming over here! I'm scared, Mr. Policeman! Hey, where are you running to? Don't leave me!

Mr. Policeman? ...Mr. Policeman?

*Too many cooks in the sauce?
Write for The Dartmouth.*

The Dartmouth

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The Dartmouth

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CLASSIFIEDS

Our Classifieds Policy:

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Wanted: Interested in doing something fun and useful over spring break? You know, besides going to the beach or just eating Doritos. I bet not. Yeah, I bet you're just going to eat your shitty Doritos. Well, fine! You know, I'm not even going to tell you how you can help. Don't tell me you're interested now, cause now it's too late. You're never going to know. Put that on your Doritos and chew them.

Lazy bastard.

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Wanted: Vagina. Any vagina will do... as long as it's, you know, human. Blitz: HUMANOnlySERIOUSLY@Dartmouth.edu

Lost: Sperm Whale. Branding mark near blowhole says "Lester". Went to a lot of trouble to get it and would love to have it back. It won't last long without krill. Call 649-7659.

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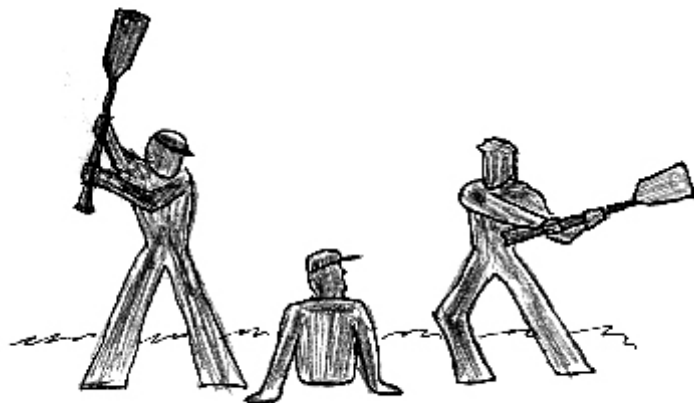
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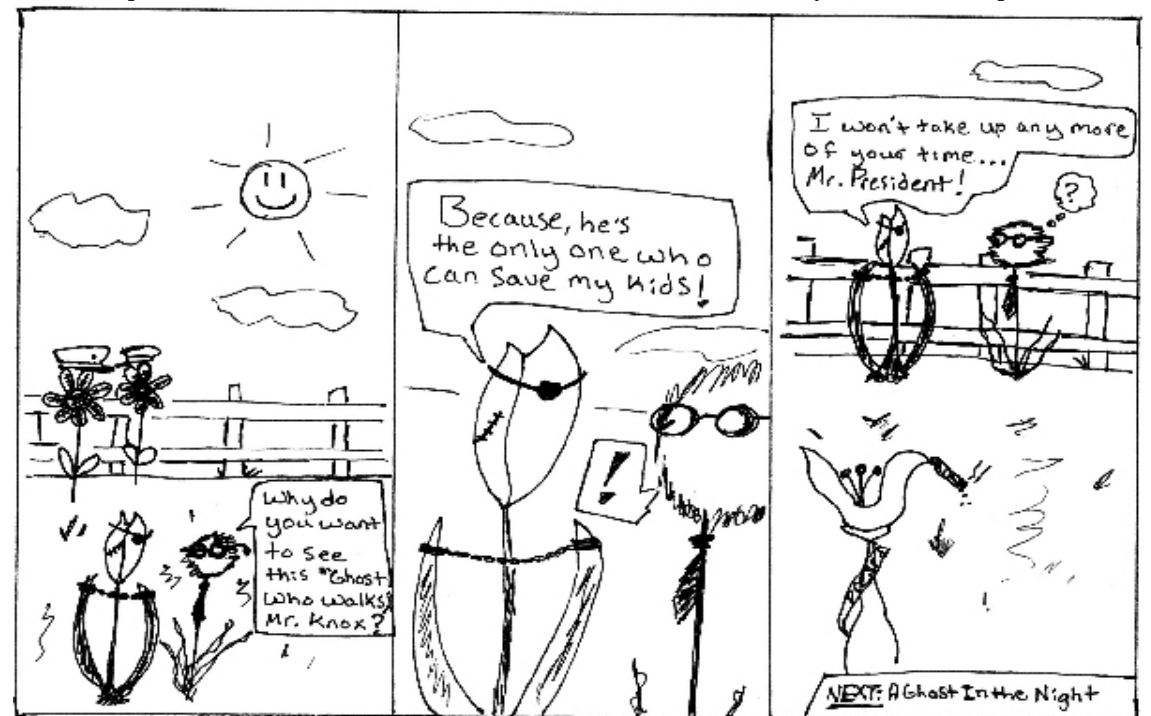
A Concerned Student Shares His Concerns

The author wishes to remain anonymous; (Email: Aaron.G.Pip@dartmouth.edu)

What this really makes you think of, and I mean really think, is that the entire microcosm of our college experience is really just a temporary preview of the way we're likely to spend the rest of our lives. Some see college as a chance to live life to the fullest, and those people will likely keep on doing so after they graduate. Some see it as but a stepping stone to greater achievements, and odds are that those people are never going to stop climbing. Some people resign themselves to a fate at the very beginning, and guess what? They'll get precisely what they aim for. I guess what I'm trying to say is that beyond all of the rigamarole, the joshing harassment and the endless strive for excellence in or outside of the classroom, this first taste of independence is for most of us the perfect litmus test. This is the time to be who you are, and see how well you can stay true to yourself with the pressure of society closing in on every side. There's a subtle kind of beauty in the way that these years can test a person. It's sort of like when you... Oh chicken fried christ, they've found me.

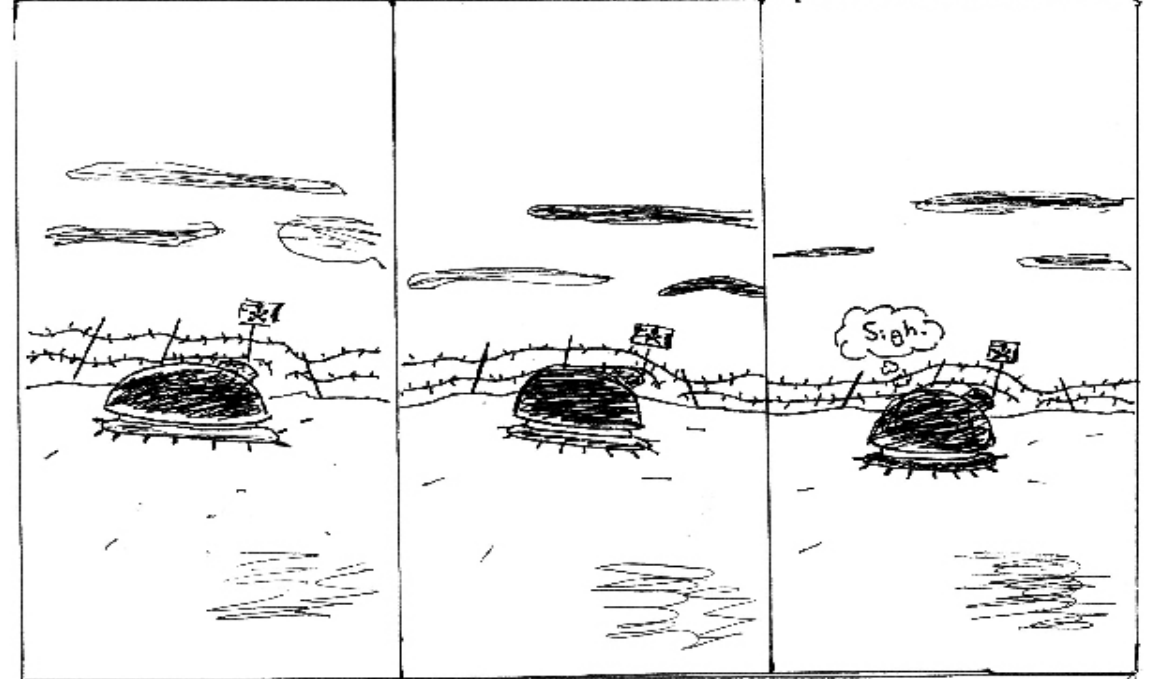


Saturday, Oct 1 2005's edition of *The Phantom*™ as presented by flowers.



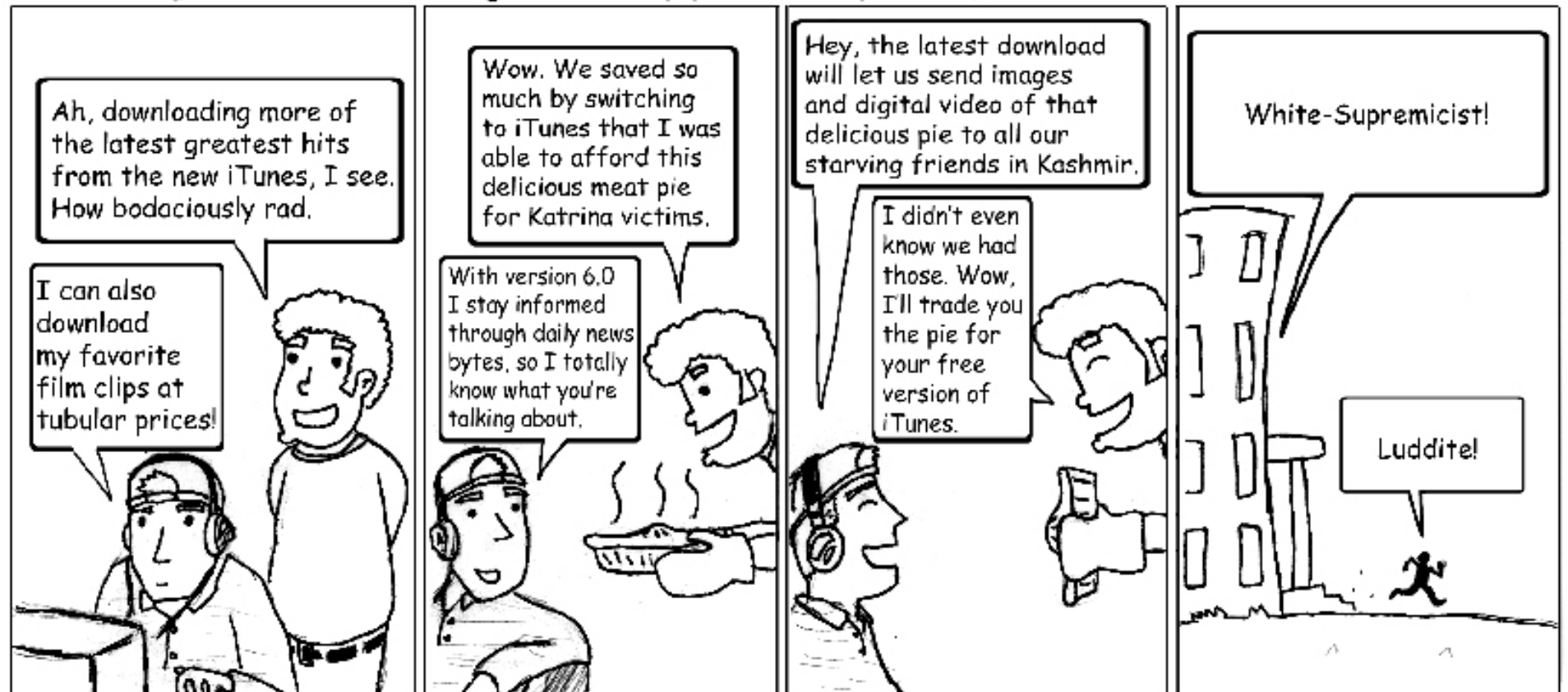
What the Land Mines Do

By: The Author as Not Listed Above



I sold my comic's dialogue to Apple Computer, Inc.

By: I'm So Goddamn Rich Now



Valiant Dartmouth reporter saves girl from dicky frat guy, then kicks his ass just to see him cry

By JAMES WEEBLER
THE DARTMOUTH STAFF

Sources close to *The Dartmouth* have reported that James Weebler, a member of the '08 class and a reporter for *The Dartmouth*, recently saved an innocent young woman from the unwanted advances of a brother at Kappa Kappa Kappa fraternity, gave him a stern verbal warning, and, when the brother proved unresponsive, kicked his ass just to see him cry.

"It was awesome," said Weebler of his valiant defense of Jessica Fuscher '08, and concurrent ass-kicking of Brock "The Rock" Samuels '06. "That frat guy must have weighed twenty—easily—and [Weebler] just went up and punched him in the face like it was nothing."

In the fight that ensued, Weebler went on to pin Samuels to the wall with a well-thrown kitchen knife, break a pong table over his back, and, finally, pick him up by the face and throw him out of a third-story window. Samuels wound up crumpled on

the ground, weeping with shame and fear, while a victorious Weebler stood over him, directing insults at his prone form and daring him to get up.

Weebler's heroics are made all the more unlikely by the fact that he is slightly built and just under five feet eight inches in height. But an anonymous source says of Weebler that "[he is] fast as shit" and "[doesn't] even give a fuck, not when it's go time"; these attributes may have been decisive in the brief, lopsided fight.

Despite the ferociousness of Weebler's fighting, damage to Tri-Kap, where the fight occurred, was limited to a broken pong table and third-story window, and a basement speaker that partially imploded after Weebler's fists broke the sound barrier. House leadership, which instantly and unanimously agreed that Samuels "had it coming" and had simply been too intimidated to say so, offered to absorb the cost of repairs, but Weebler paid for the damage out of his own pocket before leaving arm-in-arm with Fuscher.

Weebler, who is every ounce a gentleman, would not discuss rumors that Fuscher, awed and touched by his defense of her honor, has begun seeing him exclusively. When pressed, however, Weebler did smile coyly and display a number of small bite marks on his neck and chest. Fuscher is widely considered the most attractive female in the '08 class, if not the entire school, although Weebler regards such considerations as petty.

Seeking to gauge the administration's response to the ass-kicking, *Dartmouth* sources talked to Dean of the College James Larimore in a closed, private interview. While Larimore was quick to discourage students from copying Weebler's feat, noting that resorting to violence and taking the law into one's own hands are "for experts only," he did admit that Weebler's actions were "pretty cool."

"Mr. Weebler's actions, no matter how heroic, do, technically, violate College policy," Larimore said. "However, on a personal note, this story—a brave young



The Dartmouth

A photo of the landmark ass-kicking, taken just moments before the really awesome part.

man fighting for justice against the kind of extremely unlikely overwhelming odds, armed with narrative that I wish took place nothing more than a selfless more often. That Jessica Fuscher commitment to chivalry—is just is one lucky girl."



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