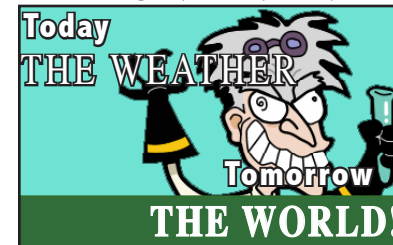


**Pain, Loneliness** p. 6



## Placement of Andreadis Presidential Library sparks controversy

By **WATSON N. CRICK**  
The Dartmouth Staff

Student Assembly has certainly been no stranger to controversy this year, but an ambitious plan to construct a sprawling library commemorating SA President Tim Andreadis over virtually all of Webster Avenue may engender the most direct confrontation yet with Dartmouth's Greek system.

Yesterday evening, an anonymous source sent *The Dartmouth* a computer file

containing blueprints for a future "Timothy Andreadis Presidential Library." The file calls for the compound, some twenty acres in size, to be built upon what is currently Webster Avenue, and for the Greek houses there to be razed to the ground.

The library would house research materials and gender-neutral literature dedicated to raising awareness of sexual assault on campus. All construction

See **LIBRARY**, page 7

## Honour Society members dead following duel at sunrise

By **DICK JOHNSON WANG**  
The Dartmouth Staff

In what might be considered a pyrrhic victory for the chivalrous man in us all, the Dartmouth Honour Society wiped itself out in a duel yesterday shortly after daybreak. While details about the incident remain sketchy, a letter scrawled into the side of Rauner Library in blood, apparently by a dying member involved in the scuffle, seems to point to a "Fair Lady Virtue" as the impetus for the struggle. However, as investigators and loved ones struggle to understand the causes of the exceptionally violent incident, there are those who maintain that it was merely the inevitable result of an antiquated, rigidly clung-to worldview.

"I'm honestly surprised this

took so long to happen," said Saul Applebaum '07, who witnessed the battle during his morning trek to the gym. "Those guys would walk around Novack every evening with their rapiers looking to make sure everything was going according to the 'Divinest Laws of Most Honourable Propriety,' and every night a couple of them would get in an argument about what that actually meant.

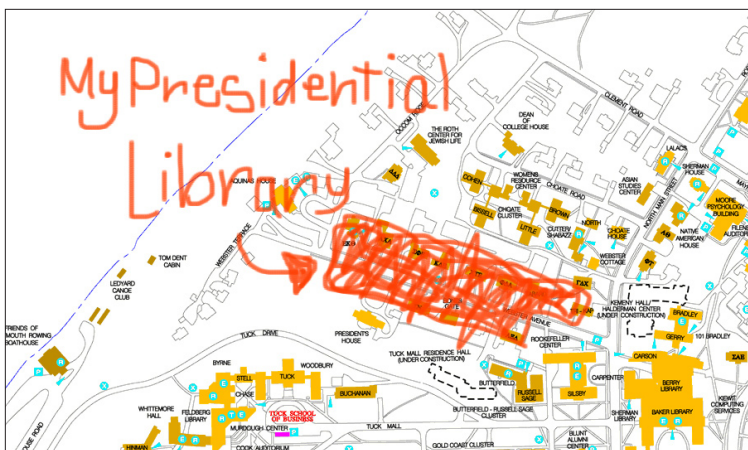
"You don't give people like that rapiers," continued Applebaum.

Another witness to the fight, Petra Ivancova '10, came off with a positive impression of the decimated group. "Oh my gosh, they were so sweet. One of the guys slipped and dropped his sword, right? Well, the other guys waited for him to pick up his sword, brushed his shoulder off, and brought him a Red Bull to get

his wind back. Then they stabbed him."

Before this morning, the Honour Society was a student organization with a rich and storied past. It was founded in 1210 AD by future provost Lord Wynte Fortinbras 1212. The organization's web-scroll identifies it as a stalwart of "all Things Righteous and Honourable." While Fortinbras was generally considered a top student and athlete, the Honour Society has not always lived up to his legacy. The group's most recent field trip, a crusade to Palestine, was dubbed by organizers, most students and the Pope as a complete disaster and an utter waste of college funding. Tim Balandindo, the head of Dartmouth's Philosophy

See **HONOUR**, page 6



Above, an intercepted sketch of the project.

## AD basement found infested by zombies

By **CINDY LUHU**  
The Dartmouth Staff

Alpha Delta fraternity was put on probation yesterday pending an investigation into the discovery of three ravenous zombies in the fraternity's basement. One of the three has been identified as former AD brother and pledge class member John Dist '09, who went missing six weeks ago. The other two are still unidentified.

According to testimony by surviving AD brothers, the house's descent into necromancy began around three months ago, when a heavily accented Haitian man approached senior house leadership claiming to be an off-campus programs dean at the University of Port-au-Prince, visiting Hanover to drop off two students "on a cleaning internship."

AD brothers agreed to pay the man a modest stipend and to house the students, and set them to simple tasks such as moving furniture and sweeping the floor.

House leadership quickly took a liking to the two students, whose clumsy, lurching movements, odd sleep schedules, and hamhanded attempts to kiss both male and female students became the subject of in-house ribbing. "Yeah, the kissing was weird," said AD pledge chair Ben Hazenlots '07. "A lot of us were like, 'Whoa, dude, we're not Kappas. Take off the beer goggles.' We just figured they came from a more physical culture."

Despite their oddities, the two students quickly won acceptance at AD. "We nicknamed them

See **ZOMBIES**, page 6

## OH, SHIT...



Students react to the news that the Dartmouth Bubble has run out of air.



## DailyDBriefing

• **Douglas Killian '66 continues to lead a quiet, unassuming life** marked by a few mundane occurrences, such as taking weekly trips to the local hobby shop to find the latest plastic replicas of U.S. aircraft from the Korean War. Killian, a retired assistant office administrator for a small commercial bank, is perhaps most noteworthy for having had a career and personal life that were uniquely commonplace. "He just sort of went through life, I guess," said Norma Clinck Killian, his wife of 40 years. When asked if she had any regrets over her many decades with Killian, she paused before saying, "Well, he's certainly be faithful to me. In fact, he was never really into sex...or anything except his model planes." Hugh Brakit '66, a fellow alumnus of Kappa Kappa Kappa fraternity, said he wasn't surprised by Killian's biography. "I once asked him where he saw himself in 40 years," said Brakit. "And he basically described the life he lives now. At least he achieved his personal goals. I guess."

• **After slaying all of his political rivals and smashing the pro-democracy partisans**, Ivan Smattenisk '98 has declared himself president-for-life of his homeland in the republic of Oldovia. "It's a great day for Oldovia," said a smiling Smattenisk on national television, the bullet-riddled bodies of former opposition leaders in the background. Smattenisk, who majored in Environmental Sciences with a minor in Women and Gender Studies, didn't mention Dartmouth during his speech, but John Jacobs '99, friend to Smattenisk and a fellow Christian Navigator, has already reported that he's been tapped to become the next Minister of Information. "I was working as an intern for an I-bank when Ivan called and was like 'Hey, dude, I totally just took over this country. Wanna job?' And I'm like, 'Rock!'" Jacobs and several other Dartmouth grads, drinking buddies of the Everlasting Sunshine President, are hard at work getting the funding together for a new Dartmouth library dedicated to increasing awareness of Oldovian culture that will be housed in a twenty-story steel and concrete likeness of Smattenisk. "The tough thing will be getting the EU to unlock our Swiss accounts," said Jacobs.

• **After mulling it over for several days, we decided we're not any better than this:**



**"NEWS IN BRIEFS"**

-Compiled by Matt Laundro

**Corrections:** *The Dartmouth* welcomes any and all thanks for producing another flawless issue. Contact [correctionsofficer@thedartmouth.com](mailto:correctionsofficer@thedartmouth.com) or (603) 111-1111.

**Back Issues:** It's probably just stress and a lack of exercise. Contact a chiropractor though. My cousin Lenny went to one and has felt like a million bucks since.

**Subscriptions:** If you want the news thing, you had better bring the bling-bling-kaching. Contact [candyman@thedartmouth.com](mailto:candyman@thedartmouth.com). No, I don't have a phone.

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## This publication so goddamn sweet

Congratulations, you lucky Dartmouth undergraduate/parent of Dartmouth undergraduate/alley-dwelling vagrant: you've picked up/stumbled upon/decided to sleep under an issue of *The Dartmouth!* You're probably expecting a few cautiously neutral write-ups of comments made by half-dead deans or guest speakers, a smattering of irrelevant campus reportage, and possibly a cheap, insulating alternative to cotton or wool.

Don't make us fucking puke.

This is the *D*, not some pathetic schoolyard primer for hemophiliac sissies. This newspaper has side effects. When pregnant women read our shit, the kids come out holding samurai swords.

That's right, samurai swords. Katanas, if you prefer. Cut a man down right in his tracks.

So if you want to treat this issue like some light reading, peruse it to see what Junior's into these days, or, God help you, rest a paper-bagged bottle of fortified wine on it while you yell at passersby, we suggest you rethink your attitude toward this publication.

Did we say publicaton? Shit, we're not even a publication, really. We just do the paper whenever we feel like it. Which happens to be every weekday, with regularly timed inserts and special features.

But what we're really all about has nothing to do with all that thumb-sucking, skirt-wearing

Mary Poppins slumber-party bullshit. You wanna know what we're *really* all about? We're an awesome farm. We party... *all* the time. We hang out... *all* the time. We do sweet things... *all* the time. And if that's too real for you, come ask us about it in person. We'll punch ourselves in the nose and draw you a Venn digram with the blood. "Not Hard Guys" would be a lonely, isolated little circle in that diagram. That we can promise you.

The Editor  
Rumpus Room  
Dartmouth Mansion  
2007



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- CELIA FRANKLIN, VALLEY POST



## Student parties late, vomits, sleeps through 10A

By JANE DOUGH  
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth undergraduate and club rugby player Brad Tarkin '08 "ragged so fucking hard last night" that today he had to "take a fucking nap and totally sleep though [his] gay-ass 10A." Tarkin did not appear upset in the slightest that he missed his class; in fact, he seemed somewhat proud. "It's a Women's Studies course anyway," continued Tarkin. "What a fucking joke."

Sources close to Tarkin estimate that he consumed a "shitload" of Keystone Light over the course of the evening, even though he "wasn't even planning on hanging out." Indeed, according to Tarkin, the original plan for last night had consisted of simply "chilling the fuck out" and watching television.

Tarkin's self-described "descent into the Blackout Zone" began at approximately 8:45 PM, when a group of his friends saw him in Thayer Hall and invited him to play a game of beer pong. Tarkin

did not emerge from the Phi Delta Alpha basement until around 11:00 PM, to induce vomiting on the porch.

"I just had too much liquid in my stomach," Tarkin said. "But there were freshman girls watching me—what was I gonna do, stop chugging like some fag?" Faced with a difficult situation, Tarkin said he had little difficulty deciding the correct course of action. "I had to pull the trigger," Tarkin said. "Brad only pukes on his own terms."

Tarkin ended the evening "just crashed the fuck out" on the common room couch of friend and former roommate Cyrus Throckmorton '08's Russell Sage dorm room. "Cockmorton was putting up some bullshit about having a girl over, but there was no way I was walking all the way back to the Fayers. So I just told him to cram it and get me a trash can in case I had to fucking boot again," said Tarkin. "Because I did."

Throckmorton could not be reached for comment.

## New COSO organization founded to secure COSO funding

By NEWSBOT 98-G  
The Dartmouth Staff

After having founded a handful of internationally active and socially just campus organizations such as Students for Africa and Students for Reproductive Rights, Rupert Paulus '09 has turned his attention back to Dartmouth. "I was sitting in Novack for the first meeting of Bedridden Students of Dartmouth, and nobody showed up. I started thinking to myself, 'What are students for? What are they really, you know, for?'"

Soon afterwards, a new student organization was conceived:

Students for Funding. According to the SFF's constitution, its aim is to "pursue the acquisition of Council on Student Organizations (COSO) funds, with the aim of creating an endowment to fund other student initiatives, such as the starting of new pro-funding organizations." Paulus says he took the idea of an ever-expanding network of COSO organizations from watching time-lapse video footage of a spreading malignant tumor.

Students for Funding also hopes to create and finance a series of large, unwieldy subcommittees to further facilitate its core mission. "Getting COSO funding isn't easy,

you know," Paulus said. "It takes a lot of nitty-gritty."

After inspiration hit, Paulus contacted his two closest friends, Dirk Darkenescu '09 and Burt Pratt '09. They enthusiastically supported Paulus's idea. "Rupert's always coming up to me with dumb ideas, like Students for Hygiene or Students for Condoleezza Rice or Students for Arms—you know, ideas that are only meant to drain money from COSO. But this one... this one is different," Pratt said.

Paulus agrees with Pratt's assessment. "I think this is something everybody can really get behind, particularly students,"

said Paulus. "That's why I've been trying to set up a new student organization to facilitate that process." Paulus's new brainchild, Students for Students for Funding, has not yet been recognized as an official organization by COSO. Fortunately for Paulus, Students for Funding was there to come to his rescue, and has formed a committee to explore funding options for the new group.

"I had a dream," Paulus said between mouthfuls of Jewel of India fare at the first Students for Funding Students for Students for Funding meeting, "and this was pretty much it."

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DER  
EBAs  
RIGHT  
NOW  
YOU  
UGLY  
LITTLE  
TROLL**

**WHY MAKE  
A GOOD AD?  
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DO IT ANYWAY.  
AREN'T YOU?  
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**EBAs  
"HOLY SHIT,  
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## Police Blotter

Jan. 7, 5 Webster Avenue,  
10:16 p.m.



Jan. 8, 7 Webster Avenue,  
2:42 a.m.



Jan. 8, 7 Webster Avenue,  
3:16 a.m.



## Dartmouth *Review* hits kitten with hammer *Campus opinion divided*

By DUNCAN DONUTS  
The Dartmouth Staff

Around a hundred students in the Collis Center main dining room last night bore witness to a largely unwelcome demonstration of free speech: the editorial staff of the Dartmouth *Review* hitting a kitten with a ball-peen hammer.

At approximately 6:00 pm, five *Review* staffers, naked to the waist and in full blackface, entered Collis carrying the hammer, a small portable stereo, and a Chinese take-out box. As "Flight of the Valkyries" blared through the stereo, a staff member opened the take-out box. It turned out to contain a newborn tabby kitten, which the staffer removed and positioned atop a table. Another staff member then raised the hammer and, to audible gasps from onlookers, delivered several sharp blows to the kitten's head, back and hindquarters. Following the attack, the dazed kitten crawled from table to table, dragging a hind leg and mewling plaintively.

"It was so sad," said Katie Mills '10, who witnessed the beating. "Why would anyone ever do something like that?"

The demonstration was a fundraiser for trustee candidate and mass murderer Samuel "The Sunday School Strangler" Hutchins. The *Review* has vociferously backed Hutchins, who is not a Dartmouth graduate and is serving eight consecutive life sentences for child rape, first-degree murder and impersonating a milkman. *Review* staffers said DASH sales at the event were disappointing.

The spectacle has provoked widespread protest. President Wright called the *Review*'s actions

"antithetical to the principles on which this College was founded" in a long e-mail sent to the campus this morning, and Student

Thurmond Baimbridge Mayflower '09, in a private interview in his palatial off-campus apartment. "Why did the Student Life Initiative



Shit prepares to go down.

Assembly passed a resolution condemning the *Review* staff as "dicks." Black & Decker Hammers quickly withdrew its sponsorship of the paper.

Not all students, however, have come down against the *Review*'s actions. Some, such as Phil Ossophy '08, see the paper as more desperate than dangerous.

"Those guys are totally attention-starved," he said. "It's like they know Dartmouth is slipping inexorably out of their grasp, and they'll do anything they can, no matter how bizarre or pointless, to assert their continued existence."

"It's kind of funny, really," said Ossophy. "Funny and sad."

Perhaps the most vociferous defenses of the *Review*'s actions, however, have come from within the ranks of the *Review* itself. "Why did we hit that kitten?" said treasurer

attempt to destroy this campus's worthiest and longest-standing traditions? Why do Dartmouth's racially biased admissions criteria promote a contorted standard of 'diversity' that disenfranchises those unlucky enough to be born without 'Get Into College Free' skin? Why is President Wright a spineless bureaucrat, sold lock, stock and barrel to the fun police and diversity-mongers that are squeezing the lifeblood out of this once-proud and exclusively male campus?"

A. Chesterfield Armoire III '07, editor-in-chief of the *Review*, was pensive following the controversy.

"Dartmouth claims to be all about 'community' and 'inclusion,' but it hasn't been very inclusive of us, and that really hurts," Armoire said. "I mean, we're not monsters."

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# Fraternity hired voracious undead on “cleaning internship”

ZOMBIE from page 1

Cousteau and Fish Nipples,” said Hazenlots. “We named the one guy Cousteau because they were French, and the other Fish Nipples because he had really fishy-looking nipples.”

The brothers remained relatively unconcerned about their in-house interns, whom they described as “laid-back” and “not obviously driven by an insatiable desire to consume the living.” “In the back of our minds,

I guess we thought we might be doing something illegal,” said AD president Rufus Kilder ’07, “but that Haitian college dean said they had nowhere to go. Besides, they were real hard working. And it was hilarious to make them chug—they’d just let the beer run down their faces and grunt. In French, I guess.”

In a twist of fate, AD only learned of the Haitian students’ real identities as flesh-starved undead shades at a zombie-themed party thrown six weeks ago. “For the

party, we put Cousteau and Fish Nipples in a cage, just like real zombies,” said Kilder. “They were really getting into the act. “It was hilarious when girls got close to the cage—they’d rush toward them and crash into the bars, gnashing their teeth. We thought they were screwing around, but I guess they were for real.”

Cece Gomez ’07, who attended the party, was the first to recognize the students’ odor as distinct from the ambient stench of stale urine, beer and sweat that characterizes most AD parties. “I know a corpse when I smell one,” said Gomez. “All my friends were saying, ‘No, it’s just pee,’ but I was like, ‘Yeah—dead pee.’ It smelled like the beef brisket at Food Court.”

Gomez placed a Good Samaritan call to S&S, who quickly identified the students as the victim of dread magicks beyond the reach of any but the most fevered nightmares. By then, sadly, it was too late—Dist, as part of his pledge activities, had already submitted to a “bite-me-as-hard-as-you-can-then-chug” contest with Cousteau. By the time Dick’s House could consult the Necronomicon, the occult master tome from the dark realms where light knows no foothold, Dist was beyond help. Using vast reserves of cursed strength, Dist escaped from Dick’s House and had not been seen again until his discovery in AD’s basement early yesterday morning.

The two Haitian students are currently being kept in a biochemical lab in Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center pending their extradition to Haiti. Kimberly Dist, John’s mother, has withdrawn her son from Dartmouth and enrolled him in night classes

at a junior college near their Jacksonville, KY home. “He might not act the same, or sing like he used to, or have a nose, or refrain from biting at every available opportunity, but he still has those eyes, and he’s my son no matter what,” she said.

Meanwhile, life goes on at AD.

“We think we learned a valuable lesson,” said Kilder. “We need to figure out what we can do to stop kids like John from engaging in risky behaviors in the mistaken belief that doing so will make them look cool. Eating your friends and turning them into zombies isn’t so cool.”

## Some students want swords

HONOUR from page 1

Department has been a vocal critic of the group, whose ideas he called “ancient.” When asked about this morning’s episode, Balandino said, “Honor’ is an antiquated vestigial premodern subjective construct that has absolutely no place in an Ivy League school. This is the real world. If you can’t stab people in the back to get ahead, you’d be better off back at Clown University in Munich.”

Already, however, there is talk among the student body about replacing the now-defunct organization. Some students have

suggested that Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society assume the Honour Society’s mantle. “I’m a gifted biologist. So of course I know what it takes to make a well-rounded person,” said Penny Pincha ’07, a member of Phi Beta Kappa who supports the idea of a merger. “It takes a sword. And a willingness to use that sword at the slightest provocation.” The administration has also made it clear that it intends, one way or another, to find a replacement for the deceased students. “We’d already ordered about fifty gauntlets, and I’d hate to have them go to waste,” said Provost Red Whitenbleu.

### Fed up?

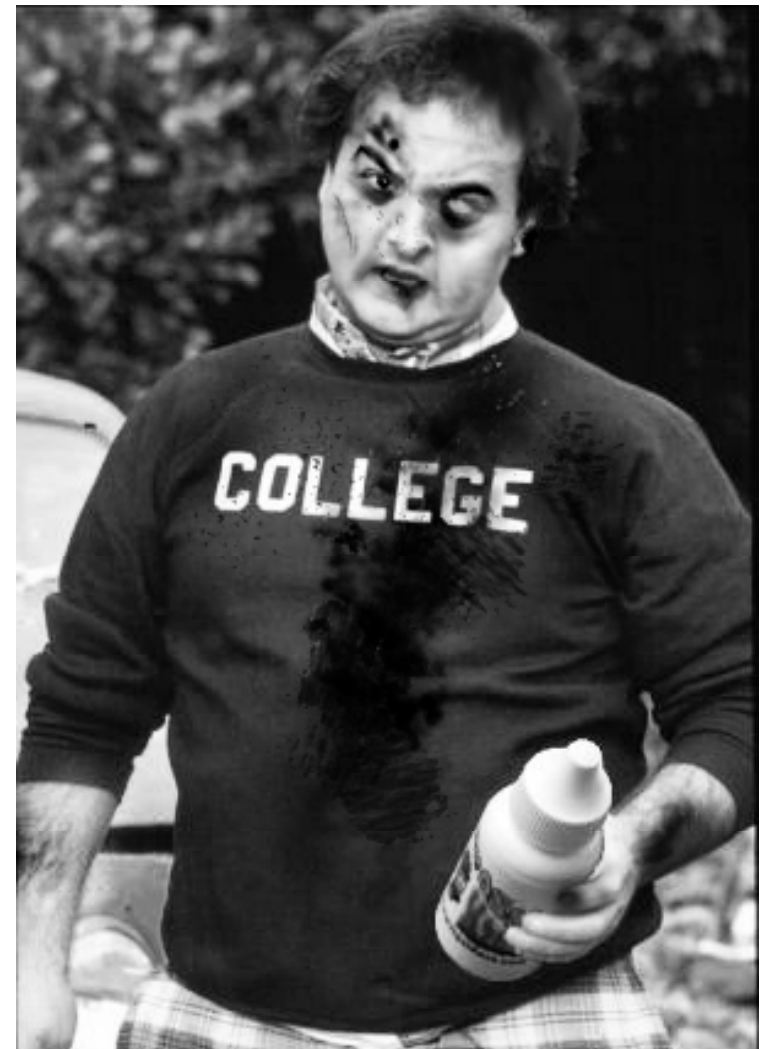
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**Want to do something about it?**

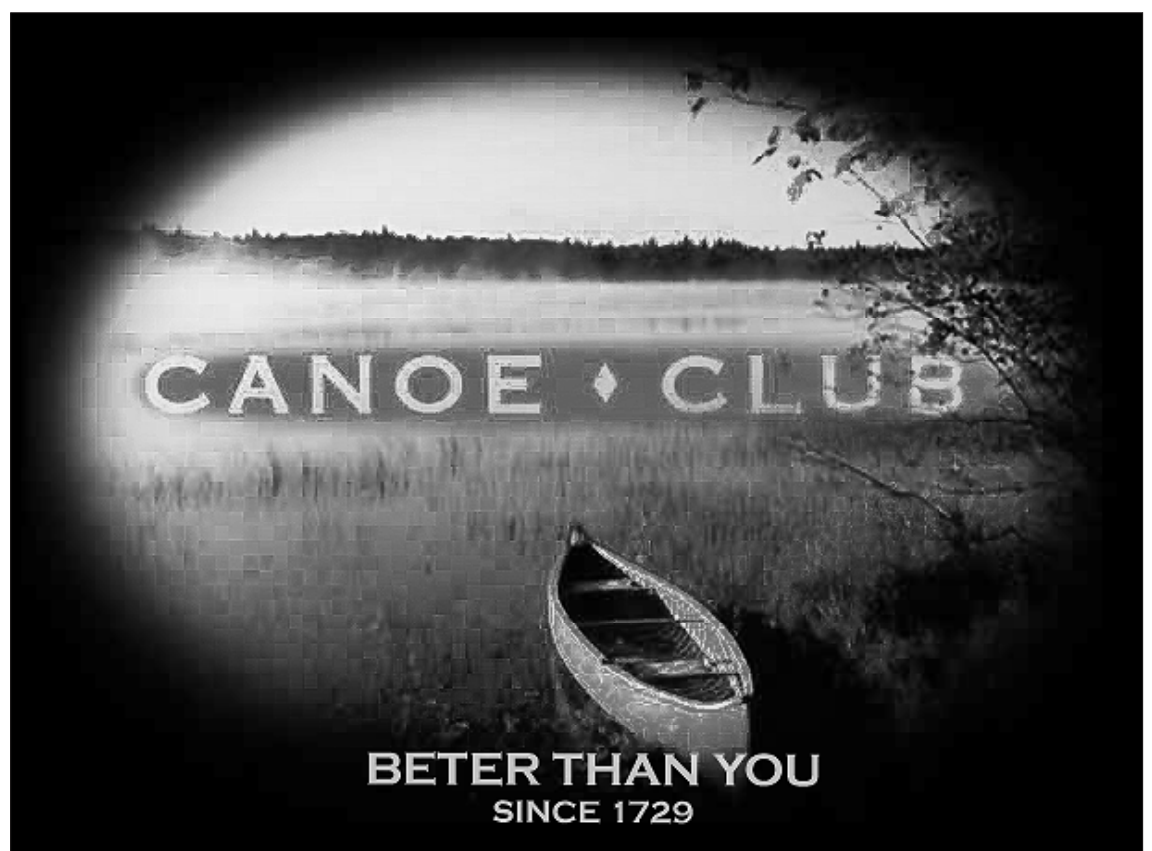
**Now you can.**

**Join the  
YOUNG DEMOCRATS  
and start making  
the world the way it  
should be.**

**Young Democrats:  
like nothing else.**



Above: undead AD brother John Dist '09.





# Awesome idea met with futile criticism

LIBRARY from page 1

materials used to create the library would be certified rape-free.

The proposal is the latest from an SA administration that many have criticized as being too overtly political, and comes only two months after the ill-fated legislative push to castrate the members of Theta Delta Chi fraternity in an effort to "penetrate the meat-packed skulls of Dartmouth's frat dinosaurs by cutting off what they value most: their patriarchal oppression-tools." The motion caused a stir that divided the body against itself. Several weeks after that incident, SA treasurer Dean Brandoness '07 fired a marine flare through a ground-floor Phi Delta Alpha fraternity, incinerating the fraternity's pool table, scorching the walls and sending several brothers to Dick's House for minor medical treatment and counseling.

The proposal has only heightened the dissatisfaction of numerous students and several members of the council with SA's increasingly insular leadership. In an apparent conciliatory gesture, SA Planning Chief Gerry Allswell '07 explained in an open letter to the campus that SA leadership was amenable to changes in the proposed plans that would leave several of the fraternity structures intact. "We could easily incorporate some of the houses into the building as part of an exhibit," said Allswell. Allswell discussed the planned changes at an emergency meeting between SA and the Inter-Fraternity Council, and attended by *The Dartmouth*, late last night.

Under the revised blueprints, several of the houses, including Alpha Xi Alpha and Chi Gamma

Epsilon fraternities, would become walk-in museums in an exhibit currently titled, "The Way We Were: Our Terrible History." Kap pa Kappa Kappa fraternity would become a "Safety Playground" where visitors could leave their children without concern. The biggest project involves transforming Phi Delt into a mine cart ride through a typical fraternity party, complete with animatronic brothers that spring out from nowhere to make unwanted advances at the rider, as well as a simulation of the shenanigans that go on in a typical fraternity "rape room." Sororities would be moved to a safe, undisclosed location while any remaining fraternities would be bulldozed, their building materials used to construct an in-house Planned Parenthood clinic.

Despite hopes that this would alleviate any concerns harbored by Greek members, most remained skeptical of the proposals and several left of the meeting before Allswell finished. "I don't mean to rain on your parade," said Phi Delt president Tom Dickanharry '07, "but a lot of people are living in those houses too. What are you planning in terms of replacing our housing?" Allswell said those fears were unfounded and that many of the students would actually be encouraged to remain in their former homes, adding to the frat exhibit's charm as a "living museum." However, this did little to placate fraternity members, who chafed at the notion of being forced to wear t-shirts emblazoned with the words "Mindless Chauvinist Fossil" in order to keep their housing.

"This sucks balls," said Dickanharry.

Several fraternities have made an official pact with dissenting members of SA to start an alternative student governing body. This new organization, dubbed "Student Sweet Awesomely" by its anonymous creators, has already met once in secret, and passed a two-part resolution, "to offer an alternative to Student Assembly's partisan and counterproductive leadership," and "to chug." SSA has already won sympathy from many students who say members have done a great job expanding GreenPrint facilities and repairing BlitzMail terminals.

Despite these developments, and unresolved concerns that SA's \$45,000 budget will not be able to absorb the costs of the project, estimated at \$60 million, Allswell insisted that construction on the Andreadis Presidential Library would begin by early 2009. "We have a mandate," Allswell said. When asked to elaborate, Allswell grew defensive. "Yeah, it's a pretty wide mandate. I think I have it stored on one of our private computers. Why don't you guys just wait for an anonymous source to send it to you so you can write a biased article about it? Nothing is sacred to you vultures."

Meanwhile, SA has been trying to stem damage to its public image. This morning, a campus-wide e-mail was sent out from Student Assembly's BlitzMail account. The short e-mail seemed to send mixed messages. "We don't have any plans to tear down Frat Row. We love working with the fraternity system. The fraternity system is an indispensable addition to campus," it said. "Now watch your backs. Signed, The SA Mother-Fucking President."

**Thanks for writing for the D!**

**Oh wait...**

**You DON'T write for the D.**

**I'm sorry, I thought you were someone cool and important and relevant to our changing society. You know, someone who makes a difference.**

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**Police! Someone is stealing our content and is too lazy to offer up his or her own meager talent in exchange!**

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**College Republicans: like nothing else.**



**WHEELLOCK BOOKS**

**Fuck yeah!**



## Day Against Hate ends in hate

By VIOLA ENTS

The Dartmouth Staff

The campus at large thronged onto the Green yesterday in a mass demonstration against a racially insensitive entry on the blog of undergraduate Samuel "Ironside" Gorefest '08. Groups banded together, enemies became friends and people with no leadership positions on campus got to talk loudly into a microphone. The flood of student sympathy for the victims of Gorefest's "You Might be a Mexican If..." top ten list quickly acquired a definitive name: the Day to Hate Hate.

"It's just so great to finally see this campus fighting back against something real and definite, like hate," said Sarah Enrapp '07. "It's a simple message we can all embrace: we will not tolerate hate, no matter what form it takes: racism, sexism or Samuel Gorefest '08." When asked exactly how the student body planned to display its unified intolerance of these varied forms of hate, Enrapp looked back with a determined eye and said, "We will show that we will not accept Samuel Gorefest, and we will do it in our own way."

Following the initial round of speeches on the Green, students and some faculty engaged in a silent march down Main Street and back around the Green. Holding large placards reading "No Blood for Gorefest" and "End Gorefest in Our Time" students occasionally broke the silence by chanting, "Fall in a ditch and die, Gorefest!"

In an act of counter-protest, The Dartmouth *Review* hired a zeppelin to fly a banner proclaiming "Gorefest is a human being" across the Green. The message was booed loudly by the protesters.

"When you see things like [the *Review* banner], it just reminds you how important it is to have days like this," said Riley Steinmeister '09 during the march. "We can't let the hate continue. We have to root it out, hunt it down, humiliate it and then beat it senseless. Sometimes you have to fight fire with fire. Or, in this case, with a bunch of rocks."

The protest reached its peak when Gorefest himself was spotted by parade participants walking across the Green eating Collis pasta from a to-go box. The crowd simmered with antipathy, insulted by the cockiness displayed by one of the most virulent and despised forms of hate. "We must make our position known," said Enrapp, and began yelling defiant slogans at the seemingly oblivious Gorefest.

"Dartmouth is against hate," Enrapp said, "and if it takes us beating this patriarchal, hate-filled student with a deck chair to prove it then that's a sacrifice we're willing to make! We will not apologize! That's not what hating hate is all about!" Crowd members roared in response and shook their signs. Gorefest, who initially

gave the crowd a confused wave after apparently recognizing the use of his name, dropped his pasta and began running toward Baker library when he understood the crowd's intent.

"I'm sorry about the blog," said Gorefest between moans as he was tied to a column of the Collis porch and pelted with stale tea bread from Collis Café. "In hindsight, that thing about Mexican people was in pretty poor taste." This only served to increase the crowd's agitation, however, and several of the stronger participants threw patio furniture at the helpless conservative on-line columnist.

The evening's planned candlelight vigil ended up being a loud torchlight mob-scene over the unconscious body of Gorefest, who was later rushed to Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center. He remains unconscious and in serious condition.

Reaction to the event has not been uniformly positive, however. "Hey, I hate hate as much as the next guy," said a passing student who asked to remain anonymous. "But this seems an awfully limited definition of hate." The student stopped short of expressing direct sympathy with Gorefest, whom he claimed had been in one of his Government courses. "I'm not going to lie... kind of a douche," he said, gesticulating toward the unconscious Gorefest as vultures circled overhead.

Despite the detours from the original programming, Enrapp called the event a success. "We may not have done it the way we had expected, but we still got our message across: If you're involved with the spreading of hate, we'll find you and fuck you up."

By RIGOR MORTIS

The Dartmouth Staff

Students headed to afternoon classes yesterday played audience to a violent spectacle as a young, muscular Native American in traditional garb and an enraged adult male moose met in combat on the Green. Unsure whom to support, bystanders merely looked on, expressing a range of emotions from shock to excitement as the two combatants wrestled and punched with hands and hooves on the Green. "I don't know how it started," said Tyler Grimmski '08. "They just appeared on the Green and started going at it. My money's on the moose."

While many students hurried past the deadly combat on the Green without stopping to watch, none could ignore the great yawls of the massive beast as it suffered blow after blow from its nimble opponent. Eyewitnesses to the event reported that the Native American, who was not a student of the College, was wearing moccasins, allowing him to pelt the creature with silent, swift attacks. "He must have gotten them from the Foot Locker in West Leb," said Carl Carlton III '07. "They looked real comfortable."

Several minutes into the fray, however, the moose appeared to gain the upper hand, knocking the Native American into the ground and trouncing him with one of its great hooves. "It was exactly what you'd expect in a fight with a moose," said Biology Prof. Stevenson John. "It doesn't matter who a moose is facing; that's just a classic moose go-to move in any fight. And if you're not ready, then watch out!"

But the fight was not over yet:

## Moose, Native American battle on Green

the Native American sprang to his feet as the moose swung down its massive head to deliver a fatal bite, and managed to wrestle the beast into a headlock. "It was pretty exciting," said Greg McSonof '09. "If I hadn't already been late for my 2A, I probably would have stayed to watch. But the class grade has a strong attendance component, and McDermick's a real dick about enforcing it."

It was during this stage of the tussle, which carried the combatants over into the nearby street, where tragedy ensued as the pair were both struck by a speeding Big Green bus. "I don't know what to say. It's a terrible situation," said Connor Dentsworth '06. "At this point, it seems safe to say that our alternative biodiesel bus can do anything that a gasoline powered vehicle can, including seriously injure two at high speeds. My sadness is somehow tempered by a sense of accomplishment." The moose was taken immediately back to Canada, where the natural air and green, green woods did it a world of good according to animal care specialists that facilitated the transport. The Native American, Charles Martwood, a visiting sophomore attending Cornell University, remains in serious but stable condition at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center. "I don't know why he did it," said Mart Hardwick '09, who claimed he had been hosting Martwood.

"I think he was still in a bad mood from coming home alone after the costume party last night, and the moose just happened to look at him the wrong way at the wrong time."

Perhaps because of the sheer brutality of the display and its jarring anticlimax, students seemed all too willing to quickly forget the moose/Native American/Big Green bus battle. "Sure, it was weird, but hey, it's Dartmouth and crazy stuff can happen," said Sarah DeValdenstein '08. "I mean, one time I saw this really drunk guy jump out of a window. Crazy!"

When pressed specifically about seeing the event as a wildly improbable symbolic enactment of the struggle between supporters of the Dartmoose and Indian as potential Dartmouth mascots, DeValdenstein just laughed. "What are you talking about?" she said. "Are you saying it was one of those Dartmouth traditions? I'm not into those."

**TAKE LING 082:  
THE STUDY OF  
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YOU WILL TAKE THIS  
CLASS.  
TAKE IT, DAMN YOU!**

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# WORLD WAR II OVER AT LAST!!!

By DAN G. NABBIT  
The Dartmouth Staff

The war in the Pacific is over. That's the latest news trickling into Hanover from big cities like Washington, Boston and New York, confirming the buzz that had overtaken campus gossip circles throughout the last few weeks. The news of our victory over the combined forces of Italy, Germany and Japan has occasioned a general state of hullabaloo at the campus. Several student organizations have already begun the work of dismantling the college's wartime apparatus for a peaceful world.

"I'm just elated," said Chrissy Tangor '09. "It feels like I've been waiting forever to hear this news. I feel so happy I could just kiss a sailor." Unfortunately, no returning sailors were to be seen, forcing Tangor to share her elation with

a member of the rowing team, the strapping Brick Bradley '08.

"I don't know much about this war stuff," said Bradley, who admits he rarely watches the news. "But hey, it's definitely helping me out with the gals tonight, so I'm all for it."

This follows on the news, brought a little more than a year ago by a visiting Columbia capella group, that Europe had fallen and Hitler was dead. The celebrations that followed included a string of fraternity-sponsored parties including an "Omaha Beach Party" at Sigma Alpha Epsilon and "V-E Tails with D.J. Barbarossa" sponsored by Alpha Xi Alpha. DDS, which had changed the names of Chicken Parmis to "Let's Really Take it to Fascism Burgers" used the announcement of peace with Italy to rename them "Peace



Artist's Rendition  
in our Time Fryers."

The final peacemaking blow, the campus just found out, was dealt when two large bombs were utilized to annihilate two cities in Japan. Soon after, the American fleet was ordered to take a victory lap around the southern Japanese island of Kyushu and all personnel

were told that it was safe to swim.

Upon hearing the news, President Wright spoke of his pride in the College for bearing up under the dark shadow of fascism, and of his great joy at the disappearance of that shadow, perhaps for ever. Then, ever the character, he gave a great holler, hopped up on his desk and began to tap dance vigorously.

While many students expressed a sense of relief and jubilation for the victory, some expressed concern that future wars may be inevitable. "As far as I know we're already at war with someone else, somewhere else," said Ellen Degenerates '08 as she stood in line for nylon. Once a rare material reserved for parachutes, nylon's return has already changed the peacetime campus with the increasing visibility of parachute pants on the Green. "I'd rather we

won than lost, but I can't help but feel that there's a whole world out there, and most of what goes on there is bad."

Others were more sanguine about future news from the wire. "You want to know who our future enemies are? Well, I'll tell you in one word: communists," said president of Dartmouth College Republicans Mort Winterbottoms '07. Winterbottoms was tabling for "Duck and Cover Toward Victory," a recent awareness fundraiser promoting the use of school desks as deterrents to nuclear explosives hosted by the College Republicans.

"For all we know," said Winterbottoms, "we could be fighting it out in the jungles of Leningrad tomorrow, so it pays to stay informed. That way nothing surprises you."

## CLASSIFIEDS

**OUR POLICY:** In the undying words of Snoop Dogg, we've got our "minds on [our] money, and [our] money on [our] minds." If you want advertising space, you are going to have demonstrate that you, like us, have both money and a mind, and each is on the other. Our ad rates are incremental. Each of the 'ill rhymeez [that] you spit' costs one "bill." In the case of not-for-profits and campus organizations this rate is subsidized. We are just trying to "keep it real. What up?" For publication, submit classified before my bedposts stop creaking while I "bone my shorty." Most

weekdays this is not until "six in the monin'" Our offices are in Robinson Hall but knock if there is a sock on the doorknob.

Wanted: A Dyslexic scrabble enthusiast that I can ply against.  
Blitz: ilovescraddle@Dartmouth.edu

Wanted: Fruit. Any kind. Any condition.  
Needed as soon as possible.  
Blitz: Pacman@Dartmouth.edu

Wanted: Children's trampoline for adult film starring miniature actors.  
Phone: 934-8392

Wanted: Weapons of mass destruction to send to family members overseas. will take biological or nuclear. no chemicals, please.

Also Pauly Shore movies.  
Blitz: biodome@Dartmouth.edu

VISIT: Alumni Gym!  
LOSE YOURSELF: some weight  
AND GET: some self respect, tubby.

Wanted: Comically small pencils. We are hoping to get every single comically small pencil that exists on earth.  
Blitz: Baker Reference Desk

Wanted: videotape of 1965 version of Othello starring Laurence Olivier as Othello. Maybe I could just borrow it?

I need to see it for Film 43/AAAS 34: Laurence Olivier: The Man of All Cultures.  
Blitz: Eminemlover@dartmouth.edu

Wanted: someone to open the dryer. help. please. someone? i'm stuck in here. also I need bandaids. There's lint in my throat.  
Blitz: S&S, please.

For Sale: Patrick. Freckled. Overalls. Chipped tooth. Likes Chicken Noodle Soup, Carrots.  
Phone: 784-3998

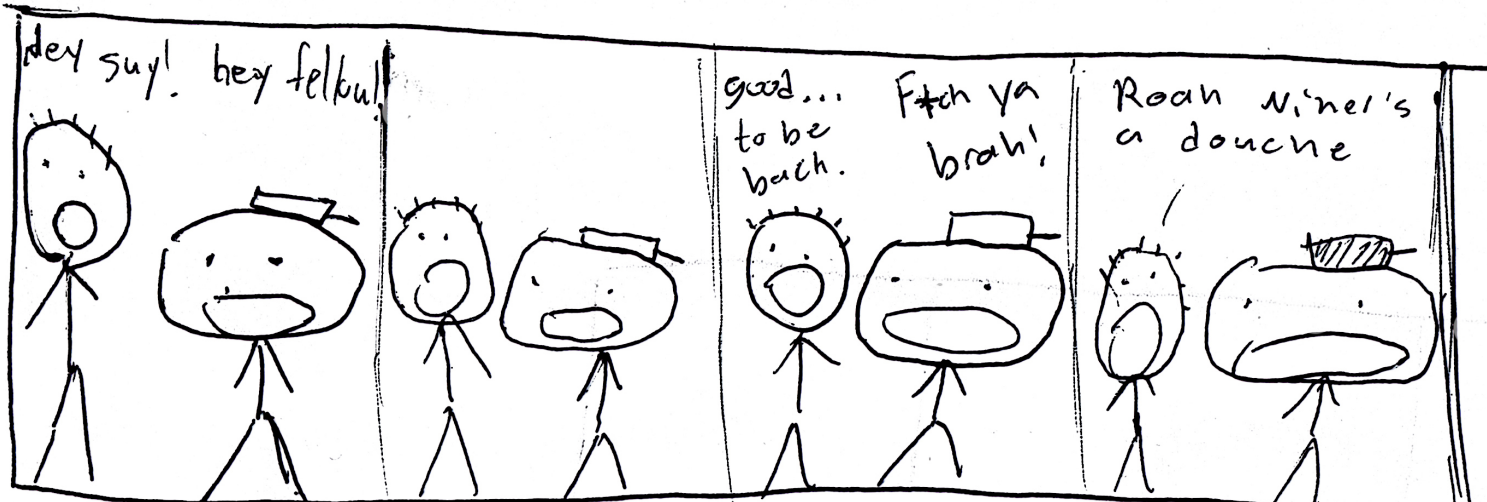
LOST: Pair of beige sneakers. Untied. Roll of bills hidden in toe. Low demoninations on outside, high on inside. They have presidents on them.

Last seen at Paddock Music Library. If I don't get the money by Sunday, I won't have toes. In which case, I won't need the sneakers.  
Phone: 491-2912

Wanted: Homeplate's Dijon Mayo. Needed to exterminate ant infestation in home-made panini. Pesto would also do.  
Blitz: MyAuntieNini@Dartmouth.edu

## AN OLD FRIEND RETURNS

By Haul Peintz '06



## YEP, STILL NORTH

Drew By Lerman '10



Wanted: Campus Newspaper with journalistic integrity. Don't need to be the oldest anything, just need to be able to spell correctly. (And not even taht.)  
Blitz:

Wanted: A window sill to cool all the pies I'm making. I've made pies out of every single thing you can buy at topside. I just hope Pip McMuffin doesn't steal my Salt and Vinegar Potato Chip Pie like he did my Hostess Fruit Pie Pie. I'll box him smartly about his ears. I will.  
Phone: 938-3288

Wanted: Justice. Any old kind will do. Mob justice. Blind justice. Second-hand justice. Divine justice. Vigilante justice. League justice. Street justice. Criminal justice. Deep-fried justice. I just want justice for my shitty room draw number.  
Blitz: MeWantJustice@dartmouth.edu

Wanted: Bright interesting youth for enrollment at Yale. Do you know any? Perhaps you have a smarter cousin?



## Me big legacy! Why me no accepted?

Shock! Disbelief! These are words me use to describe shock and disbelief me feel that me denied entry into Dartmouth College. Travesty! This is word me use to describe great travesty that befall me. Me want be all I can be! Me not understand why admissions people not understanding on this subject. Noooooooo!

Me legacy on six sides. Me mother, Collis Fuel Wheelock, meet me father, Thayer Dartmouth Indian Tuck, at alumni fundraising event. Me father raise all money at event. Others at event stuffed sock-puppets. Event pay for Dartmouth drinking water! Apparently admissions committee not take into account it could be dead of thirst when it decide whether or not make one young man dream come true.

Me have Dartmouth in blood. Me conceived at Dartmouth after me parents spend wild night at six out of Seven Spots. Me have legs of Stacks, arms of Baker Tower and chest of steps of Dartmouth Hall. Me bleed green if could! Me doctor take away green food coloring. No one question me commitment, is all me saying.

Me family Dartmouth staple from time immemorial. Granite of New Hampshire! This word me use to describe Granite of New Hampshire, which me love. Me grandfather invent Granite of New Hampshire! Before me grandfather, was just shale.

Me all right for Brown, but me demand education. Me considered quintessential American Scholar at Oxford, but me uncomfortable with stodgy British conception of sexual identity. Me accepted at Vassar for who me is, not content of me. Me go there if me not embroiled in blood-feud with Kelswicks, hated clan of Vassar-educated blue-bloods. But me point is, why not expect same acceptance of fine academic learning place where me want to learn and academic like



by Thayer Baker  
Tuck III

Dartmouth? Me expect better. Me expect thick letter that say YES on cover, instead of NO letter. Me expect better. Emphasis!

Me will not stop being disappointed in Dartmouth until things change. But this is the only thing. Me love all other traditions, like the Big Green. Me bring back the Big Green. But only when me is SA president. Me only is SA president when me is member of class of '2011. Flabbergasted! Me is trying to convey that me is flabbergasted that big YES letter has still not arrived. Maybe letter lost in mail? Me checking mail now, hold on one second.

Me back. No mail lost.

Dartmouth forgotten all me family has done for it. This sucks. Me will go to Columbia and live life of luxury. Me start new traditions at Columbia, like drink to excess and Big Green. Columbians appreciate me. Columbians not say me nepotistic. This hurt. Me not nepot, me person. Person with lots of money. Me do anything to get to Dartmouth. Me willing to pay you. Pay you in money. Or me name library after your stupid family. You become tradition. Then you see how tough it is.

## I'll just let Untamed Publications do the talking

How bad are DDS's pricing practices? I can't even say. I'd love to be able to express my indignation at paying \$7 for a Food Court hamburger that I could have gotten off the dollar menu at McDonald's, but I lack the verbal firepower for the task. I'm simply too upset for words.

Well, too upset for *my* words. That's why I'm turning the job over to a *truly* persuasive literary presence: Dartmouth feminist journal Untamed Publications! If anything can translate my feelings into ink on paper, it's actual quotes from Dartmouth's newest, sassiest, barrier-breakin'est print publication. So here goes: I'm going to really tell DDS what I think, with a little help from my literary friends! Untamed Publications, don't fail me now!

First of all, prices for basic food staples—raw fruit and vegetables—are absurdly inflated. A couple of days ago, I picked up a fresh, juicy pear from the bowl near the checkout line. *"I wanna eat you now,"* I told her. Boy, did I! But how much should a plain old pear cost? Fifty, sixty cents, right? Wrong! A dollar-frickin'-twenty! *I suddenly felt like our flirtatiousness had been a farce, I felt scared, angry.*

That very same meal, I decided to make the switch from my usual Diet Coke over to something healthy: cranberry juice. *Damn. I wanted to, needed to, bad.* Guess what the guy at the register told

me? *"That'll cost you an extra sixty cents!"* I gulped in fear, my hands unwilling to reach for his crotch, still so neatly covered by tight dusty blue denim. I still get peeved when I think about it.

Do you ever feel like some finger food at FoCo? I remember late one evening (yes, it was a Friday...) when a craving for chicken tenders hit. *"Is it ok for me to finger you?"* I asked, hoping. But guess what? Those chicken tenders will run you north of five bucks, thanks to DDS's absurd campus monopoly! Lately, it seems

by Matt Welcome '10

like DDS's motto is *I fucked him when I felt I could, and I never would have known that I could.* Or at least it should be. Sheesh!

It doesn't get any better at the salad bar, let me tell you. I recently went to Saturday morning brunch with a friend from the Film Society. *I became excited by his wetness, and lubed my own dick with his juice, jacking off in a Dionysian frenzy.* But a good time turned bad when we learned that vegetables—even cheap ones like iceberg lettuce!—cost north of \$14 a pound! *I could feel him tensing up as he grabbed his clit, his dick.* I tried to keep calm in the face of those high prices, but it really put a damper on the mood.

Or grabbing dinner with a female friend? *"I want you to cum.*

*Rub into me,"* she said, nudging her pelvis onto my thigh. So I tagged along. But so did my buddy, and he forgot his dining card back in his dorm room. Guess what lunch cost us both? \$26.50! *That afternoon, I explored his vagina with the enthusiasm of a teenage boy.*

Man, with these price tags, we might as well resort to cannibalism! *I had never tasted myself before. And I didn't feel disgusted. It was me. And her.*

Totally fed up, recently I scheduled an appointment to air my grievances with a DDS manager. *He moaned and grabbed my ass, still forcing myself deeper into him until I felt the tip of my dick reach his cervix.* Needless to say, it didn't get much farther than that. Can you say "impenetrable bureaucracy," anyone?

I used to wish President Wright would force DDS to improve its monopolistic ways. But back then, I didn't understand how the whole Dartmouth racket was run. *I did not understand that there were female-to-male transsexual men who were interested in other men.* I also had yet to learn that *Asian men have small penises.* But even knowing what I know now, I wish someone would magically develop the *little dick, engorged and enlarged by testosterone* to do something about the situation. That would be the best thing for this school since *THE DISCOVERY OF THE CLITORIS*

BOX A MANTIS  
Seriously, do it

I think I have a chance with that girl in my Chem class!

Hey there, guys:

You all might want to sit down for this. I've got some big news. I think I might finally score with Sarah, that hot girl in my Chem class. You know the one I'm talking about, the one who always bends over to unzip her bag and you can kind of see the top part of her underwear? And sometimes a few inches of butt? Yes, the one who friended me on Facebook after I did her homework for her. I mean, she friended me!

She totally wants me.

Man, I just can't wait till I see Sarah out one night. She won't

even know what hit her. I'll swoop down so fast. Suave, too. "Hey, we don't need to play games anymore. You want me; I want you. Instead of eye contact, let's make genital contact. From now on." I know, I have to work on that last part a little bit. It sounded better in front of the mirror, trust me.

Sincerely,  
N.H. Forwaych '09

He doesn't.

To the Editor:

I just want to make it clear that even if I had plans to hook up with *anyone* in the hard sciences,

which I do not, N.H. would be my last choice. Yes, I asked him to do some of my homework one time, but it was because: 1. He set the curve on the midterm, and 2. My good-looking, sensitive, well-endowed boyfriend's formal was that night.

I friended him on Facebook as a nice gesture, and because I'm in a race with my friend Dana to get 1,000 friends I don't know and can't stand. He'd posted on my wall in two minutes flat. Give a creep an inch, right?

Besides, he smells like a sweating musk ox doused in Collis pasta... Blech!

Sincerely,  
Sarah Aychtu-Owe '09



AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909.

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**SILENT BUT DEADLY**

FRED MEYER '08    ALEX ROGERS '08  
*Motherf*    *ers*

---

**OFF CAMPUS BUT IMPORTANT**

OWEN PARSONS '08    DYLAN KANE '08

---

**ON CAMPUS BUT DRUNK**

JUSTINE STERLING '07    NATHAN CHUNG '07  
ALEX FIDEL '09    LATIF NASSER '08  
TYLER QUINN '10    JEREMY TEICHER '10  
ZACHARY GOTTLIEB '10

---

**ON THE BLITZ LIST BUT STRANGERS WITH FUNNY NAMES**

KATARINA KRALJ-MADIRACA    JEANNIE WONG  
NOEL MARIYAMPILLAI    QUINTON KLABON  
SEAN PLOTTNER    CYRUS PETERPAUL  
OMAR PARDESI

---

**OTHER AMUSING WORDS, WHICH ALL BEGIN WITH C FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON**

CANOODLE    CALYPSO  
CAULK    CRAZEN  
CRUMBLIES    CUCAMONGA  
CALISTHENICS    CERIC WINER

## OPINION &amp; EDITORIAL POLICY

You want an opinion? We'll give you an opinion. You asked for it, buddy. That sweater makes you look frumpy and ill-at-ease. You'll never make any money with a Sociology major. You need dental work, and maybe a new nose. Your eyes are too close together. Nobody's impressed when you play the same song every time you and another person are in a room with a piano. Your racist jokes make it seem like you

embody the views you supposedly set out to mock. Your sexuality becomes fluid when you're drunk--a disgusting, sticky, embarrassing fluid that everyone wishes you'd keep in its bottle. You're loud because you're fat. You're going to die alone.

As far as editorial policy goes, the Dartmouth welcomes editorials, we guess. They can be hand-delivered on a square of spotted deer skin to the Editor-

in-Chief at the Dartmouth Mansion, this publication's palatial pleasure palace. No bullshit, please, or the Dartmouth Bunnies will set the security gorillas loose on your self-indulgent ass. They're very strict about quality. The Dartmouth Bunnies, that is. And the gorillas. Did you know that Peruvian Gorillas actually do not speak a word of English? This means that your cries are in vain. Unless you speak Spanish.



## “Debra Hunt Unchained” leaves audience wanting

By SEVERE INFECTION  
The Dartmouth Staph

Upper Valley locals and students alike flocked to the Moore Theater last Friday for what had been billed as “the crown jewel of New York’s One-Woman dramas.” However, many were disappointed to find that not only did the show feature more than the title actress, but the actual plot featured none of the razor quips or powerful acts of physical dexterity that have garnered Debra Hunt numerous accolades and five Timmy nominations. The entire evening was jam-packed with disappointment and by the end the only thing more I wanted was my hour and a half back.

The show started out promisingly enough. Ms. Hunt, a Juilliard graduate whose past accomplishments have included the starring role in the stage-musical adaptation of the television mystery thriller *Murder! She Sang*, and work as an activist in the fight for carrier pigeon weight restrictions, began with a short, comedic riff on vaginas. Her personal, direct tone as she looked directly down at the audience gave the entire monologue an unrehearsed, casual tone that was at once disarming and personalizing, even despite the height of the trapeze wire from which she swung. However, after her last backflip, and right in the midst of her transformation into her famous “Grandmother Ethel” character, things just stopped working for the act.

Hunt, who had paused for

only a moment to take a bite out of a sandwich, an act that other critics have positively described as allowing the audience to see the full range of the actress as a human being with real needs and hungers, suddenly started gagging and yelling off-stage. “Oh my God! Oh my God, there’s fucking peanut-something in this sandwich,” among a few other one-liners I was unable to make out, none of which seemed to add to her previous scene work or hit with the audience. Things went from strange to just plain disturbing as Hunt, her skin now blotched and bumpy, staggered back onstage and shouted for “someone to please get me a goddamn epi-pen!” Several members of the audience walked out right then.

I wished I had gone with them when Hunt dashed into the audience, coughing loudly, and grabbed a front-row audience member by the shirt collar, yelling, “Help me, I’m fucking dying!” This brash symbol of the angry, injured woman practically hits you over the head with its staid feminist message of female subjectivity “choking” in the oppressive atmosphere of the patriarchy. For such a fresh thinker as Hunt, the whole scene was terribly cliché, save for the impressive special effects that must have gone into the portrayal. I felt sorry for the man in the front row who was grabbed. Not only did Hunt wreck his eardrums with her operatic gurgles, she also managed to

“vomit” what looked like a gallon of fake bile on his dress shirt. They really should have put out a warning that the front row was a splash zone before we got on this crazy carnival ride.

Then, with a final “Fuck you all,” Hunt collapsed in the aisle and never spoke again for the entire show. Her presence accounted for only seven minutes of the performance! While many left before the final curtain, some continued to stare at the pathetic sculpture of gore as if expecting something more for their money. This continued for some fifteen minutes until another actor who must have hidden himself among the audience came up from his seat, checked Hunt and then yelled, “This isn’t a joke! She’s really having an allergic reaction!”

Not ten minutes later several other actors, all clad in paramedic garb, burst into the Moore and carried Hunt off to tepid applause from the remaining audience members, who were perhaps uncertain about whether this was in fact the denouement.

If this is the modern avant-garde, I suppose I will have to consider myself a traditionalist from now on. I would recommend skipping out on Hunt’s performance altogether, but you need not bother: the actress has apparently come down with some sort of illness and is at DHMC “in critical condition.” Considering what this reviewer saw of her performance, it might be more correct to say she’s in critical need of new ideas!

### “Great place,” says local person.

**Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu** from page 2-B

Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu is a great place to raise a family,” said family man Stephen Nehpets, of his hometown of Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu province.

“In fact, I had a friend who visited me in Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu, and enjoyed our fine Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu cuisine, Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu

See **Taumatawhakatangi hangakoauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu** on page 11-B



Great waste of space, or greatest waste of space? Or, art?

## BLEAK: Artistic marvel or huge stupid pile of dumb old sand?

By THE BY,

HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

The Barrows Rotunda, the circular glass-enclosed space in the Hopkins Center reserved for student art exhibitions, welcomed an audacious and little-explained new exhibit this week: a large pile of sand.

The exhibit is the senior thesis of studio art major Dieter Düüing '07.

Titled “Bleak: a Penetrating Vortex Beyond the Real,” it is comprised of around 1,700 pounds of #4 Grit yellow sand that Düüing purchased from the Home Depot in West Lebanon and dumped on the Barrows floor.

“It’s at once an homage to past conceptions of the Void and a searing critique of all that has come before,” said Düüing, the smoke from a hand-rolled cigarette curling around his pallid face. “It seizes the ego/alter duality by the seams and pulls, ripping open the petulant fabric of construct-‘reality’ and exposing it for what it is: a meaningless charade, trash and piss crammed in a service elevator and set on fire. Self-satisfaction and ignorance have no place to hide.”

Students, however, seem unable or unwilling to see the devastating truths Düüing claims his work expresses. Their reactions to the exhibition have been almost uniformly neutral. “Hey—sand,” said Chrissy Kopchik '09, passing by the exhibit on her way to lunch at the Courtyard Café. “Someone should clean that up before it gets everywhere.”

Dan DeBeers '09 agreed with Kopchik’s assessment. “I can’t wait until the construction is done,” he said.

Düüing says he is not disappointed by students’ inability to access his work, claiming that “All the great ones were misunderstood.” He said he had even considered filming students’ reactions to his work via hidden camera for a video project, “Before

the Swine: Searing Truths and the Philistine Oblivion of the Low.” Ultimately, Düüing decided against the project: “As devastatingly recriminatory as ‘Swine’ would have been, bestowing upon the masses’ squalor the second life of cinema would only immortalize that squalor. I wouldn’t give them the satisfaction.”

Besides, “Bleak” has not been without the controversy it seems intended to provoke. Custodial staff have begun to complain that the exhibit is negatively impacting the cleanliness of the rest of the Hopkins Center, particularly given Düüing’s insistence on leaving the door to the Rotunda open during the afternoons, and a placard on the Rotunda glass encouraging visitors to take handfuls of sand and “throw them where they can do the most damage.”

“The open door and placard are the piece’s centerpiece,” said Düüing. “They skewer the ridiculous Western notion of time as an arrow. But try telling that to the mindless janitor slave automaton oppressors at this College. They don’t understand that the grit plugging the Hop’s plumbing system is the grit of truth.”

Düüing’s own professors have also questioned the artistic value of his piece. “While I appreciate Dieter’s daring, his pretentious, unintelligible artwork makes a mockery of serious attempts to engage the intellect and emotions of the audience,” said Scott Van der Vibe, a professor of sculpture at the College. “#4 Grit yellow sand? Don’t make me laugh. What is this, the 1960s?”

Van der Vibe pointed to his own work in sand, “Coastline, Pensacola, Gulf of Mexico,” which he says is made up of “sixty miles of pristine and untouched white-sand beaches” as well as a “vibrant nightlife.”

“You want to work in sand?” said Van der Vibe. “That’s how you work in sand. Fucking amateur.”



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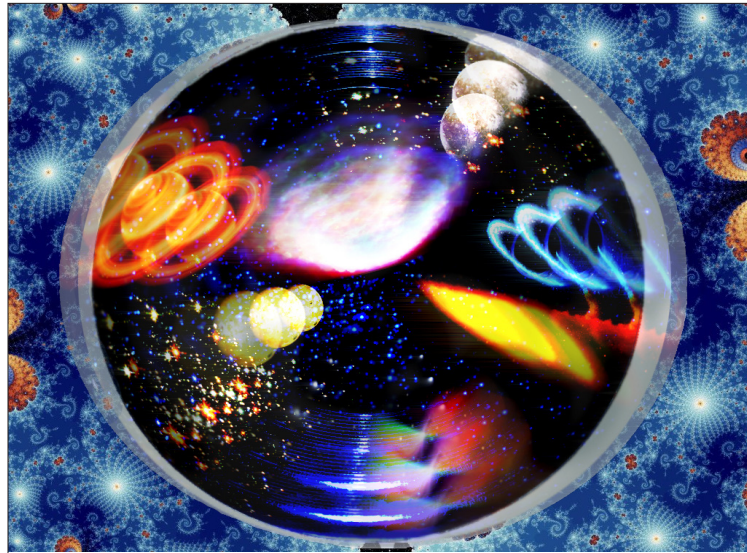
# Scientists invent ultimate Frisbee

By **DON TAISENFERO**  
The Dartmouth Staff

Thayer School engineering professor Bill Dandesine has a lot to celebrate these days. Just last summer he was nominated for the prestigious "Tankgut" award by his departmental peers for his many noteworthy displays of constitutional fortitude in regards to the consumption of raw ethanol. Now, Dandesine has earned a place in the halls of low-key sports history with his work a project that academics and sports critics are describing as a "Frisbee par ultimate" and "the greatest advance in the Frisbee sciences since the penultimate Frisbee."

The device, which the professor and his team are calling the "Frisbee Mk. II," is a flying disk that transcends time and space to warp from one user's hand to another. "Essentially, the Frisbee never moves," said Phinneas Jiblets '07, adjusting his comically high pants. Jiblets, the sole undergraduate on the scientific team that labored for two years developing the prototype disc, explained that the device requires no throwing skill whatsoever, as it uses wormhole technology to tear a hole through the space-time continuum, appearing directly in the hands of whomever it calculates is meant to catch it.

"We take out the guesswork and petty physicality that's been hampering Frisbee throwers for years," said Jiblets, reinforcing the bridge of his thick glasses with



Above: the "Frisbee Mk. II" does something totally impossible.

duct tape.

"Athletic ability may have helped Neanderthal man, but today it's not the power to swing a heavy club that determines success at club sports. Today, true power lies with those who can tap into the merciless beauty of science," continued Jiblets, wheezing and reaching for his inhaler.

Despite rave reviews from academics, some in the sports field have questioned whether the device will actually find wide use among Frisbee enthusiasts. Even Dandesine admits that significant steps remain before the device is ready for the open market.

During a test drive of the device, Zach Binghamhoff '10 expressed skepticism that Frisbee players would take warmly to the 260-pound disc. "I understand

what they're saying, but I just don't feel like punching in a series of complicated algorithms into a keyboard so my dog Max and I can play fetch," said Binghamhoff. "Also, I don't think I know enough about string theory to even try getting this thing to Max without vaporizing him or accidentally sending him into the past or something."

The price tag of the Frisbee Mk. II, around \$2 billion, may also be enough to deter potential customers.

However, Dandesine remains upbeat about his invention. "This was never about money for me. Turning a profit was never even an issue," he said.

After a pause, he added, "I'm sure the military will buy them. They love this kind of shit."

# Women's Hockey Defeats God, Falls to McGill

By **ANNA B. NANAA**  
The Dartmouth Staff

The Big Green Women put on a strong show Friday evening at Thompson arena as they triumphed 3-2 over Yahweh, the LORD GOD Almighty, to clinch their entry into the NCAA quarterfinals. Unfortunately, the team's playoff run ended early with a shutout loss, 0-7, to McGill on Saturday.

"Beating God gave us all a sense that we were invincible," said forward thruster Kelly Bradshaw '09. "I guess this proves that sometimes, no matter how good the team, you can just have a really awful day."

The game against God, which was filled to capacity by crowds of the Dartmouth faithful, was a textbook example of the Big Green's aggressive style of play. Middle lineblocker Melanie Farber '10, already considered a draft dodger for the National Hockey League should she ever decide to don a fake beard and masquerade as a man, scored the first goal only 1:35 into the first period.

God, who playeth by HIS own rules, faced the girls single-handedly and did not bring a netkeeper, allowing the team numerous attempts on goal. This has led some to attribute the loss

to a prideful God, but fans were still justifiably proud of the Big Green girls.

Saturday's game against the Dainty Ducks, however, got off to a rocky start, as McGill starting back Butch Layman '04 scored on Dartmouth goalie Tracy Tang '08 ten seconds before the game officially started. Things got hairier when Big Green QB Mary-Beth Kraniewizick '10, a Montreal native, suffered a crisis of loyalty when asked to score on her sister, McGill goalie Mary-Sue Kraniewizick '07, and began attacking any teammates who approached McGill's net.

"They just weren't with it that day," admitted head coach Mark Hudak. "Still they've got every reason to relish what they've accomplished this year. It's nothing short of amazing! I mean, when was the last time anyone beat God?"

Women's Hockey (12-1-0) will end its season as Quarter Champions with another medium-sized silver trophy to be placed next to a gigantic, gold-plated statue of a male hockey player holding a huge trophy that the men earn for just playing hockey. "Whatever," said sophomore doubleback Trish Bait, "It's not like we're compensating for anything ourselves."

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