



Fish and chips! p. ALL

Dartmouth

THE JACK-O-LANTERN'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1907.

GOD



do you really have to ask?

Vol. LIXDIX No.mnomnomnom

Price: If you have to ask, you can't afford it

Campus beset by Mailer Daemon

By H.P. HANDICRAFT
The Dartmouth Staff

Several students have recently reported run-ins with a creature which they are referring to as "the Mailer Daemon." "I think this daemon thing has possessed my computer," said John Blair '12. "It keeps sending me blitzes."

Several other students have reported similar problems. "Sometimes it won't let me send mail to people whose email is hosted at other domains, and sometimes when I try to blitz people on campus the daemon responds telling me about some event I don't really want to go to," said Linda McAlister '11. "I just don't know why its following me, and I'm really scared" said McAlister as she began to sob.

Since the daemon seems to assail computers, Dartmouth reporters contacted Computer Sales and Services. Computer Services representative Lucas Sierra explained, "a daemon is a program which runs in the background, such as the one that passes a message from one mail server to another. If the program

is unable to do so, the program sends a reply to inform you that this is the case." He added "it is also responsible for sending automatic reply messages."

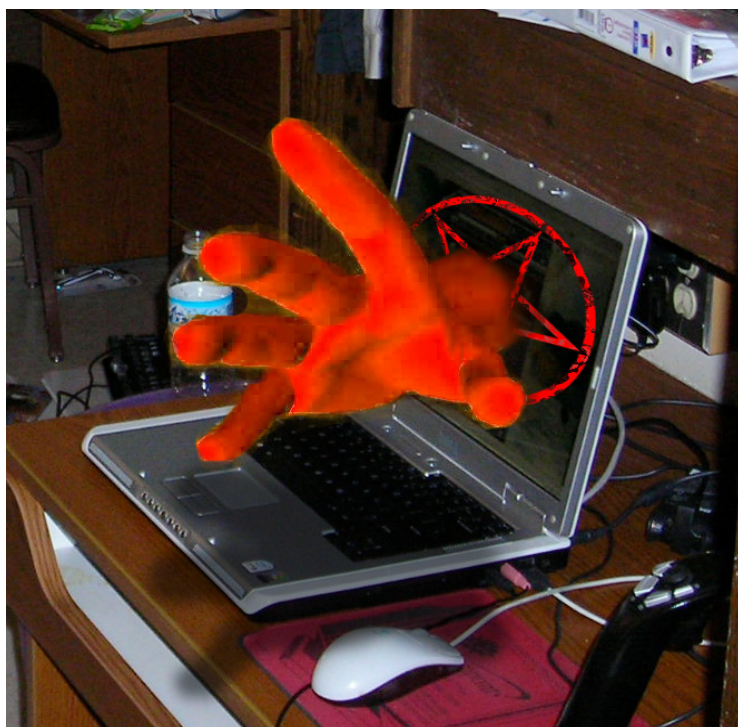
"That doesn't sound at all like what happened to me," said Blair. "Yeah," added McAlister, "I think they've confused our problem with something else. There are forces at work here which they can't understand."

Gary Arneson of the Creative Gaming Club Agrees. "The daemon was able to resist our best cleric's dispelevilspell, suggesting it has a challenge rating of at least 20." He went on to say "its unpredictable behavior suggests it is Chaotic Evil, and most likely a Balor. This is serious fuckin business." Arneson suggested our best bet was to contact "an old priest and a young priest."

At time of print, Aquinas House was unable to be reached for contact.

Although The Dartmouth urges readers to be on the look out for the Mailer Daemon, neither Blair nor McAlister

were able to provide a physical description. One passer-by though helpfully chimed in "Daemon? Short hair, no beard, wears fuckin' pinstripes."



Mailer Daemon claims another victim who failed to suppress recipients.

12's to be followed by 14's

By FUNNY NAME
The Dartmouth Staff

This fall, the college will welcome its brightest, most diverse, most accomplished, and overall worst class ever. Although the group is expected to graduate in 2013, the college asks

that members of the class of 2013 be referred to as "fourteens."

"The College isn't superstitious, but the class of 1913, well" Dean of Admissions James said trailing off, "oof." The class of 1913, was in fact the first worst class ever. When the Green burst inexplicably into flame during Homecoming 1909, the upperclassmen forced the freshman to run around it 13 times, shouting at the 13's their new appellation of worst class ever. One 13, having touched the fire, caused Dartmouth Hall to burn down after trying to smother his flaming hair on the building's front lawn.

"We considered not admitting any students to the college for the fall of 2009," said Dean James, "but then we'd make decidedly less money, making that idea not a practical option." The idea of renaming the class came, according to James from elevators. "They don't just stop after the twelfth floor, but they go straight to fourteen."

"Originally we were going to call the class graduating in 2014, the 'fourteen primes,'" James added "but we decided that the members of the class of 2014 will be called the 15's, the class of 2015 the 16's and so on until the class of 2068, whose members will be called 70's to avoid untoward giggling. We found this system much simpler."

For some reason, everyone at Dartmouth a racist

By LILY WHITE
The Dartmouth Staff

The Presidential Search Committee was met with yet another roadblock yesterday as enraged outbursts from alumni and students forced them to turn aside candidate Mohandas K. Gandhi and search, for the third or possibly even fourth time, for yet another possible president.

"I, as a racist, cannot condone the selection of someone like Gandhi," stated Garth Chandlebrook-Whittaker '19, a racist alumnus. "He is too not-European. Furthermore, I see no proof that he can actually organize anything." Chandlebrook-Whittaker represents a new organization, 'The Dartmouth Institute,' which formed recently in order to protest any potential non-white applicants to Wright's vacated seat. "I don't have any confidence that Gandhi will maintain the college's

commitment to a high-quality undergraduate experience. He seems like the kind of guy who just wants to turn us into a cold and heartless research institution."

"I am enormously disappointed in the entrenched, virulent racism I've found here at Dartmouth College," stated Gandhi, in an email forwarded to campus by the President's office. "I've done all I can to prove that I'm a competent administrator and a thoughtful leader, but there's just so much racism here. I don't know if I even want to be president of a school filled with so many racists."

Dartmouth students and alumni have laughed dismissively at Gandhi's comments. "I don't care how much of an overqualified, inspirational leader he is," said Brett Waspman '09, racist. "If he doesn't golf with my dad, I refuse to like him."

Gandhi is not the first potential candidate at whom the Dartmouth community has

jeered. Freddie Mercury, brilliant 20th-century musician, was ridiculed by Dartmouth racists for his Zanzibar heritage. "I can't understand why anyone would appreciate a guy like him," complained Seth Boorbuckle, a racist from the class of 1895. "I mean, technically, he's not white. Also, I see no proof that he is creative enough to lead this college into the future. I see no proof that he is creative in any way."

Freddie Mercury, like Gandhi, backed down and retracted his candidacy in light of the boiling torrent of racism and homophobia with which Dartmouth students of the past and present targeted him. "I don't need this shit at this point in my life," he informed the Dartmouth. "I can only hope that there is a leader somewhere who's smart, charismatic, wise, creative, sensitive, and overqualified enough to ignore this shit and lead Dartmouth forward into a golden and glittering era of

honor, glory, splendor, diversity, social justice, and academic achievement. I can only hope that such a person exists."

AN ANIMATED NEW DIRECTION



With Dartmouth's new president, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!

DailyDBriefing

Gotcha: Students don't not have no Swine Flus. Today, Dick's House announced that the Swine Flu not unhad by no Dartmouth students hadn't had been the kind of flu that swine flu isn't. "This flu," stated Jack Turco, "might not be the flu that you're thinking of. It probably isn't. Swine flu." All of the students who didn't have the flus that weren't the flus that aren't the flus that the swine flu isn't have been sort of recovering moderately well and they're probably going to be okay pretty soon. "Maybe you should send them some fruit," said Turco. "Maybe it should be in a basket. I don't know."

Cute kitty gets caught in a sack. One cutie little pussy cat was so curious on Tuesday that it caught its adorable little baby head in a bag filled with cat food. The dew-eyed sweet-pea, named Muffins, was bought three weeks ago in Hampton, New York. This cutie-pie pussy hair-ball was reportedly too silly for words according to Lauren Rogers, Muffin's Brooklyn owner, saying "I couldn't take my eyes off the beautiful pussy." Despite the kitten's entanglement, she was extracted several minutes later, after an enormous amount of laughter. "Vagina," Rogers added.

Some pretty nasty shit gets on pong balls when they bounce on the basement floor, according to an informal research project by Dartmouth biology major James L. Oliveri '09. "There's all sorts of grunge on those things," the frat brother postulated during his 7-minute thesis defense conducted en route to Food Court. "Naturally in my research I've observed boot, piss, and shit on them, but I never expected to detect the AIDS virus [sic] and traces of LSD. [Ex-girlfriend] Meg [Stanlinson '10] even thinks she got the herp from a pong ball." Oliveri's study concludes that "inevitably that gross-ass spunk is gonna wind up in your drink," and advises students to "dunk that mofo in some water now and then."

--Compiled by Hoogldleyboo Hopscotch Board Books for Kids, Consultants

Corrections: Last week, The Dartmouth incorrectly reported that Jim Kim's pant size is 33. His pant size is actually 32, and the reporter would like to add that he is "smokin' hott!!!", not just "really really hot!!", as previously stated. The Dartmouth would like to apologise for any misunderstandings this may have caused.

Back Issues: The Dartmouth maintains an up-to-date, on-site selection of some of our better mind-melting exposes from previous years. If you're interested in learning what Fall Rush is all about, in discovering what exactly your prof said to an audience of elderly Hanoverites last Thursday, or in granting us money or journalism awards, please stop by any time during regular work hours. We'll be pleased to lick your boots.

Subscriptions: You a Dartmouth grad? Lost your job at a high-stakes Wall-Street investment firm last fall? Hankering after the lost innocence of your pre-employment college days? Want to know what's going on at your good ol' alma mater? Give us a call. We'll tell you what a lameass you are.

The Dartmouth AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909.

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The Dartmouth is a daily news publication...except for on Saturdays...and Sundays. But, I mean, we could totally publish on those days if we wanted to. It's just that on Saturdays, we're usually waking up next to freshmen staffers and taking long, warm, luxuriant showers with honeydew-scented bath lotions. And on Sundays...on Sundays...well...fuck you! That's how we roll.

For advertising info, pitch us your best stuff. We ain't seen a smooth-talkin' daddy like you since ol' Danny Boyle. Ah...ol' Danny. He sold more vacuum cleaners than anyone. He was makin' it, headin' straight for the top. But then he got caught up in some sticky business down at the docks, died in his car of a carbon-monoxide overdose. Wife got the insurance money...never was the same thought. Ah... poor ol'

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Danny. Life's rough for a salesman, always on the go, tryin' to sell stuff. A salesman has got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

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The Dartmouth is published by a pack of lies. Among its more-lustrous members are:

Programming Horde brings Khan to campus

By CONCORD LANZ
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth College is abuzz with news about the recent announcement of Programming Horde's biggest spring-term act: Ghengis Khan. Khan, founder and first Khagan, or emperor, of the Mongol Empire, will be arriving on campus in three weeks for a weekend of spectacular entertainment, courtesy of Programming Horde's monster-sized student-entertainment budget.

"We feel like people have been accusing Programming Horde of bringing a lot of sub-par acts to campus, so we really wanted to bring in a big name for Spring 2009," stated Lars Andersson '11, Horde spokesperson. "I mean, we brought in Erik the Red last term—I was a big part of that, I might add—and we thought he would go over really well, but Dartmouth students are basically philistines. All they care about are the big names."

"Yeah, Dartmouth students have really shitty taste in barbarian overlords," said Vlad Mussorgsky '10, another Horde representative. "They're into these totally classless acts, you know? I mean, what, the Golden



Ghengis Khan and his associates demonstrating proper pillaging techniques on the Green.

Horde? They think that shit is really gold? Whatever. You know, we just work and work for these people, trying to bring them quality shows, and they just complain and complain. They don't know how hard it is to get people to come all the way up here."

In an interview with the Dartmouth, Khan expressed enormous excitement for his upcoming trip. "New Hampshire? I love New Hampshire!" Khan

exclaimed, spreading his thick, fur-clad arms in an expansive, welcoming gesture. "I love everywhere. I am eager to absorb all parts of the world into my empire. It's like an empire of love." Ghengis explained that, despite the relative isolation of Dartmouth College and the low enthusiasm for Khan-style acts in the upper valley, no locale is too small to deserve attention from him and his army of ruthless

See KHAN, page 5

Spending money to make money: DDS responds to economic crises by purchasing grandfather clocks

By REAGAN O'MICKS
The Dartmouth Staff

"Here at Thayer Dining Hall, we do our best to keep Dartmouth students informed and satisfied", says DDS manager Carl Stevenson in a recent interview. "The two things students always want to know are what is on today's menu and what time it is."

DDS, has recently decided to replace all of its \$20 analog clocks with \$4,000 antique cherry-wood grandfather clocks. The grandfather clocks have

one major advantage over the cheap, useless, plastic so-called "timekeepers": the grandfather clocks are set to chime on the hour, every hour, so that students who are not staring at the clock can figure out what time it is by listening to the number of dings. Adds Stevenson, "Of course, in order to save space, the clocks will be mounted on the wall."

This came as a response to the students' response to the flat screens bought in September 2008. The two 52" LCD televisions, which cost around

\$2,000 a piece, proudly display a slideshow containing the day's menu items. This fast paced and colorful digital medium has replaced the paper menu, which costs \$0.38 a sheet, and does not contain any fanciful word art. "Such convenience has increased sales in Thayer." States Stevenson, "On a side note, I'm happy to say that the number students on the big-green plan is up 40% from last year."

Next Stevenson hopes to have a self-sustaining aquarium installed in Homeplate.



What time is it? Lunch time. All the time.

Economy effects things, prof says

By DAO JONES
The Dartmouth Staff

Yesterday, economics professor Mike Grilbau spoke to a packed audience in Filene Auditorium about his recent groundbreaking research in 'the economy.' "The economy," he told the audience, "has a lot to do with a lot of different stuff. This recent crisis has proved that money in particular is kind of important, and nice to have."

Indicating his impressive set of charts, graphs, pie diagrams, and labeled arrows, professor Grilbau explained that with a given amount of money, it is possible to purchase practically anything. "What you do is you go to someone and give them money," he said, flicking rapidly through his powerpoint slides. "Then they give you something back. Then you own that something, and you can do things with it. Simple, right? Well, it's when you don't have money that this gets really interesting."

Using a complex series of high-quality animations, Gilbrau demonstrated to the audience what it is like to not have any money. "Lots of stuff can occur," he said. "You could have starvation. Or you could have homelessness. Sometimes you get a lot of crime

and war and stuff. It's still a little vague. My colleagues and I are working this out, though. We hope to understand almost all of this 'economy' stuff pretty soon."

Students in the audience reported that they were 'blown

See MONEY, page 5



A professor saying something.

Some boring shit probably happening in overseas genocide, prof says

By NANCY IDEALIST
The Dartmouth Staff

Foreigners off the coast of some place in Eastern Europe, or possibly Asia, dealt with a string of recent crises Tuesday, proving to the U.S. their nation's ability to contend with non-American troubles.

"Uh--Andora--that's the country, right? I think it's experiencing a period of renewed turbulence and "fluid values," said Professor Jonathan Patton, an expert on things 'over there.'

"God, I don't fucking know," he added.

The incident, involving the economy or some tedious thing like that, resulted in a significant growth in factional infighting. Eyewitnesses report that the streets boil with sectarian violence, and that there have been violent upheavals in the cabinet and in the office of the president.

"They might even have a prime minister by now, I'm not really sure anymore," Patton commented. "They probably will, eventually."

Despite attempts to spice up

the situation by a UN security force with a fireworks display, prospects have not improved. The situation remains just as dull, and just as bad material for soundbites and crisp headlines, as ever it was.

Experts predict that if the conflict doesn't start picking up pretty soon, it will probably wither away from the almighty force of the international community's combined neglect.

"I just don't really-- no, listen, this is *so boring*," Professor Patton said. "I'd rather be correcting tests or some shit. Honestly."

Chili dogs today, says dancing palm tree

By M.S. WORD
The Dartmouth Staff

"Today's Dinner Special is Chili Dogs," stated a dancing palm tree in Thayer Dining Hall this morning. "I would like everyone to be aware of that fact."

The palm tree, recently hired as a DDS employee, has been informing students of this fact from his vantage point on a flatscreen since the middle of last night. "I think I'm getting a lot of press," he told Dartmouth reporters in an exclusive interview. "People are seeing me. I've seen them point."

Indeed, Dartmouth reporters have verified that people are seeing the palm tree, and that they

witness his little dance. "He lifts one arm and one leg, then holds it, then switches sides," stated Franz Lyman '10, a student who frequently consumes his lunch at Thayer. "He's kind of brightly colored, and he moves really fast. It's hard to miss him." When asked if he thought that the palm tree's moves were effective, however, Lyman was unsure. "I don't really know if he's the best choice for DDS spokesperson," he said. "I feel like they could have picked someone a little more relatable to be on the flatscreens. Or they could have just picked no one at all."

"But we thought the tree would be really relatable," DDS chief R. Tucker Rossiter told

Dartmouth reporters. "I mean, it has little face on it. I don't know what all the talk is about. Isn't he more relatable than the creepy cat? You know the one I'm talking about. That cat one."

The palm tree, too, has expressed surprise at the lack of student confidence in his work. "I try to make it as clear as I can make it," he said. "Today's Dinner Special is Chili Dogs. Today's Dinner Special is Chili Dogs. Today's Dinner Special is Chili Dogs. They cost five dollars." He demonstrated his little dance. "This is the dance that I do to tell you that today's Dinner Special is Chili Dogs."

See CHILI, page 5

Cup noodles 'very tasty,' prof says

By RAHMAN BOLL
The Dartmouth Staff

In an afternoon lecture that took place inside the Hopkins Center's Courtyard Café, Government Professor Andy Al-Farooq declared that Nissin brand Cup Noodles is "a very tasty and quick" solution to the current lunchtime crisis.

His study involved the detailed investigation of several variables, including the limited lunch timeframe, and economic pressures, such as low bank account balance, which limited the options available to the study's subject.

"Cup noodles is no-fuss, no-mess," he explained. "There's like basically zero work involved."

His colleagues in the department, however, challenged this assessment of the situation.

"Andy eats a hell of a lot of Cup Noodles," said Professor John Blurk. "I don't know if

he's considering the alternatives carefully enough. I mean, if he keeps it up he's going to get scurvy or something. There aren't any *nutrients* in that stuff. I'm worried for him."

Blurk has discussed this subject repeatedly with Al-Farooq, but has not met with any headway: Al-Farooq dismissed his line of questioning during the latter half of his presentation. He insisted that waiting in line for some salad or a fruit-laden smoothie or a hot Collis omlette was not a solution that would fit into the proposed timeframe. Also, stated Al-Farooq, "egg salad makes me all gassy."

According to Al-Farooq, the Cup Noodle solution would only take approximately 5 minutes of preparation, allowing for reallotment of the remaining time for the solution of other pressing issues, including checking the mail and going to the bathroom to properly assess "the itchiest ballsack known to man."

Student mental illness on the rise, says giant talking crow

By PHAN NEE PHARM
The Dartmouth Staff

The mental illness rate among members of the Dartmouth community is increasing, according to the results of a recent study released by a giant talking crow.

The crow, who stood about six foot five, presented his findings yesterday after appearing without warning.

"We have seen a 24% increase in instances of mental illness on our campus since this study was conducted last year," he said, as his eyes flashed like strobe lights.

"This increase applies to a broad range of pathologies, including, but not limited to, depression, anxiety disorders, drug and alcohol abuse, and sleeping difficulties."

The diversity of psychological disturbances on the rise indicates a general deterioration in the mental and emotional well-being of Dartmouth students. "This is alarming news," said the crow, in a voice that sounded alternately like robot Dakota Fanning and Lucifer, "because this is the first time we have measured such a dramatic change in such a short period." He paused for a moment with a neutral facial expression. A large top hat materialized on his head.

According to the study, the most common mental illness

among students continues to be mood disorders, such as depression and bipolar disorder. However, there has been a substantial jump in generalized anxiety disorder (GAD) and panic disorder since last year.

As a result of their disproportionate leap, anxiety disorders have become a close second to mood disorders with respect to the number of student sufferers.

The crow elaborated: "We have noticed a greater number of students complaining of irrational fears, hyperventilation, and overall stress--all telltale signs of anxiety disorder."

Changing color and growing rapidly into a towering amorphous mass, he continued, "I am the one you call God."

In light of this new data, college health officials at Dick's House have encouraged students to monitor themselves for signs of mental illness, and to make use of Dartmouth Health Service's free counseling program. They also reminded students to get plenty of sunlight during the winter months.

The crow concurred, adding, "Mental well-being is closely related to physical well-being. Students should adopt a healthy diet and exercise regimen, and always make sure to get plenty of sleep." The crow then proceeded to dance continuously for 10 hours.

Let's redistribute the spiritual wealth

By Tom von Coffehaus '09

As a privileged student attending an Ivy League institution, the poors in my hometown assume that it's all just peaches and cream for me. "Recession!" they cry, as those blue collar, shop-class lackeys take to the street to do the bidding of their teamster overlords. But what about my needs? Do the poors honestly think that my Phillip's Exeter education, Lear jet, personal butler, three yachts, legion of ponies, and more hot-and-bothered sororities girls than you can shake a penis at, have left me fulfilled? Far from it! The spiritual wealth in this country needs to be more equally distributed.

I come from a spiritually impoverished background. My father is a wealthy advertising executive who divorced my mother for his mistress—heiress to a Brazilian candy bar fortune. My mother is an alcoholic, terminally unable to give and receive affection. She whiles away her days on the porch of our house in the Hamptons, sipping a Bloody Mary, and eyeing our young, latino pool boy, Roderigo. My sister is in rehab for a cocaine problem, and my younger brother was just expelled from Choate for a rubber-cement problem.

One time, I was on spring break in Panama, and I met this poor fisherman. He seemed

really happy. I was all like, "Dude, you're poor—stop being so happy!" But he wouldn't. He said something like, "It is enough to see one's children grow, and to see the sunrise shining over the Atlantic, and setting over the Pacific on our humble isthmus." I was like "WTF??? ...Isthmus?" That is such bullshit. Until he is able to afford a limousine or a \$2,000-a-night suite at the Bellagio, he should not be able to be happy or use strange words.

Paul McCartney, a working-class poor from Liverpool, once wrote the lyrics, "I don't care too much for money / Money can't buy me love." That guy must be so rich now and can afford so much mind-blowing weed and mushrooms. I'm sure Linda married him because of his "personality" and not because he was famous and wrote "Fixing a Hole," among other songs. I wonder what he would say now, after his second, amputee wife divorced him. He would probably say, "Money can buy me love—love in the form of drugs."

I met this girl from the Navigators. She said that Jesus or Muhammad or something made her life better and that I should develop a personal relationship with him. She said that a life of virtue and service to others was the true path to happiness. I said she was confusing Santa Claus with some other person. Your butler simply leaves those

presents under the tree. They are not put there by an invisible Jesus or magic, presto-disappearing Muhammad. She said this was different, but then ran away when I tried to pay her to be my wife.

The only people who have ever really loved me were my butler, Werthers, and my nanny, Dame Jessica. Werthers and Dame Jessica often read to me upon their knees. Werthers would take me fishing on Long Island Sound. Dame Jessica taught me how to dance, and Werthers told me his technique for charming girls. But I never really was able to connect with them because of their low class and cockney accents. Mother fired Werther and Dame Jessica for making her try to go to an intervention, and now they are a husband and wife team as fake animals at the local Chuck E. Cheese.

I am so unhappy. Sometimes I look out of the balcony of my private, off-campus apartment and think about jumping. But then I realize that there is too much snow to die, and this is only the first floor. Someone should tell our new president to make me happy and do a funny dance. But he is too busy with his stimulus-package and his NATO.

I hunger for death. Men and women of Dartmouth—please, cheer me up and love me. Or if not that, just let me get to third base. You do not even have to return the favor.

Resolved: D's Op-Ed section pointless and stupid

By Nina-Sam Blair '10

Have you ever read the D's Op-Ed section and thought, 'Gosh, this shit is dumb and useless! Why am I reading it?' Well, if you do, you're not alone. A full 99% of all Dartmouth undergrads believe that the Op-Ed section, my baby, is the most overrated, superfluous, mind-numbingly boring section of the entire Daily Dartmouth. I, as Dartmouth's leading devil's-advocate and contrarian, am going to have to agree.

My most recent article for this section, 'DDS is Sexist,' is a perfect example of what's wrong with the Op-Ed section. In it, I claimed that because Foco's main hall is longer than it is wide, and because the grill is a long and narrow metal object, and because frozen yogurt emerges from the machine in ropes, the whole Foco complex is really just an overbearing assertion of male dominance via phallic imagery. I further argued that the extremely high prices of salad, a woman's meal, support this interpretation.

Looking back on that essay now, however, has convinced me that such a topic was pretty stupid. Making baseless accusations of bias and oppression? What gave me the right to do that? In fact, I wrote that editorial on a desk longer than it was wide. I also

wrote it by hand, using a pen. Pens are—or, should I say, pen is—a totally offensive and sexist way to write such a piece. No wonder it came out all stupid.

No wonder, should I say, all such editorials come out stupid. The D runs them constantly—every single one of the editorials recently written for the fake D was the product of some poorly-researched attempt to influence the Dartmouth community. I know this intuitively. The D also has an unusual taste for articles that create scandals out of nothing. Why, I ask you? Who honestly cares so much about the trivialities of our daily Dartmouth lives that they would pursue those responsible for minor faux pas and create a scandal, throwing around baseless accusations and destroying reputations? It's outrageous, and, in a way I do not yet fully understand, probably racist. We've ignored it for too long. Clearly, the only way to correct this state of affairs is to begin a witch-hunt for the parties responsible. Someone should pay!

What point, really, does the Op-Ed section serve? Because I have written for it for three whole years, I, as an insider, know that we're really just a bunch of argumentative, alienated, attention-seeking blatherers. We rarely write about the important

Dartmouth

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909.

OF AVERAGE BEAR INTELLIGENCE

SAM BUNTZ '11

Motherf

EDITORS EMERITI

DYLAN KANE '09

OFF CAMPUS BUT ON THE WAGON

LAURA MICHET '11 DAN SMOLINSKY '11

SWEATSHOP SUPERHEROES

MELANIE PASTUCK '11 VICTORIA OOSTERHOUT '12

-RESIDENT PRESIDENT *-MAN ABOUT TOWN*

KENNY BACLAWSKI '12 MICHAEL GILLIS '12

-JEWISH BOOKKEEPER *-HOB0*

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CAMERON SHIRAZI '09

THINGS HIDING IN YOUR CLOSET

CHARLTON HESTON'S RE-ANIMATED CORPSE

GRANDPA

DAVID BLAINE

A SMALL HERD OF BISON

STABATHA O'KILLIAN

THAT UGLY, UGLY CARDIGAN

YOUR CLONE, ON STANDBY

GOD

NARNIA

ERIC WHINER

Chili Dogs Today

CHILI from page 3

The palm tree does have some supporters, however. Melinda Purburles, DDS administrative assistant, told members of the Dartmouth staff that she thinks the palm tree is doing a fine job.

"He's so bright and happy," she said. "He exists in this world of bright colors and energetic motions. And he's got some really, really nice Wordart. Right? Don't you like the Wordart?" Melinda informed us that she, in fact, is the one responsible for the Wordart.

"I figured out how to get it to move," she said. "I also figured out how to get the backgrounds to move. It's really cool!"

R. Tucker Rossiter informed Dartmouth reporters today that he would not consider firing the dancing palm tree "just because a bunch of shitty kids think he's dumb." "That palm tree is an important part of the DDS community," he said, pounding his fist on his desktop.

"We all appreciate the work he does for us. He's dedicated

and he's always around to help. He isn't some dumb shitty piece of shit, like some shitty people I know. He's a real solid guy and, frankly, a personal friend, and I'd like you to stop talking about him like that, please."

When asked about the creepy cat, R. Tucker Rossiter claimed that the cat was "also a friend, but not a very good one," and informed the Dartmouth that we could make fun of it, if we wanted to.

"The cat has his purposes," he said. "The flatscreens are like, like some kind of interdependent ecosystem, right? You need your trees and your bouncing Wordart and your flickery backgrounds and your cats all together for it to be effective. It's all part of a big system."

"I'm honored that Mr. Rossiter has such faith in me, despite these recent events," said the palm tree, as he rapidly hopped from leg to leg. "He understands how important communication can be in a big

college environment, particularly at one like Dartmouth, where communication and community spirit can sometimes be hampered by things like the D-Plan." He waved his arms frenetically about his head and grinned wildly at passerby. "I'm always glad to be a part of the solution."

Khan Storms Campus

KHAN from page 3

veteran soldiers.

According to Khan, his act will mostly consist of demonstrations of outdoor sports like farm-burning, woman-snatching, horse-riding, archery, and horse-riding archery. "This year," he told Dartmouth reporters, "we are also giving master classes in siege warfare, with a concentration on the art of the battering-ram." Ghengis and his team will begin performing on the Green, but will most likely move their act to other areas of downtown Hanover as well.

"I hear that mead flows freely in the feast-halls of the Dartmouth

men. Is this true?" Khan asked our reporter. "I hope that this visit can be as educational and entertaining for me and my soldiers as it will be for Dartmouth students. There's lots that we can learn from each other about destruction, violence, and raucous celebration."

In recent years, Khan's act has proved dramatically superior to similar western barbarian acts. In last year's WarExpo 2008, Khan and his army trounced most of the Russian forces it came up against, and burnt nearly all of their major cities to the ground. Khan has also seen success in Poland and Hungary. "We killed," Khan said, laughing. "Sorry. I couldn't resist." Khan

can now consider his empire a truly international act, spanning thousands of miles of diverse territory and encompassing at least four major religions, all of which he treats with tolerance and respect. Programming Horde has cited this broad international appeal as one of the major reasons behind its decision to sponsor Khan's performance.

"We think that Khan's performance will appeal to most Dartmouth students, yeah," said Andersson. "I still think the Dartmouth community blows, though, for not appreciating that Erik the Red show. If more people had showed up, it would have been a much bigger success."

CONTINUED

The Dartmouth

Page 5

ASTRONOMY FSP 09F

THE MOON

Prerequisites:

-ASTR 003

-PHYS 013

-Resistance to violent decompression in a vacuum

Money apparently confusing and stuff

ECONOMY from page 3

away' by all of the complex ideas Gilbrau's research has raised. "This is really difficult stuff," said Gordon Lee '11. "I'm still trying to wrap my head around it. The whole 'having to buy shit' thing in particular is really difficult to grasp." Hamurton is not the only student to have concerns about the complexity of the subject. Alicia Smithers '12, a potential economics major, asked several penetrating questions during the question-and-answer session at the end of the presentation.

"What does this mean for our world?" she asked. "What does the state of the economy mean to us, as individuals? What about individuals in third-world countries?"

"We don't know yet," answered Gilbrau, shaking his head worriedly. Gilbrau went on to explain that the repercussions that changes in the economy cause for people all over the world are still not entirely understood. He is particularly worried about the sheer power of money and its potential to be used for both good and evil. "Money can be used for a lot of different stuff, including dangerous things, like drugs and weapons. Someone could use money to raise an army, or to buy several kilos of cocaine, or to support child pornography. They could even

pay someone else to do bad things for them. It gets pretty crazy in the higher conceptual levels."

However, Gilbrau went on, the economy has the potential to be used for good as well. "For example," he said, "you could buy food for your family. Or you could use the economy to finance social justice. We're still working on trying to figure it all out, though."

Gilbrau's research in the economy is cutting-edge, and his methods are being imitated worldwide. He recently spent several months abroad in Europe, trying to teach representatives from various EU member nations about 'the economy.' "It was an eye-opening experience," he said during the question period. "I was surprised to learn that they have also encountered money in Europe, and that they're just as baffled by it as we are here in America. It seems to be a pretty much international phenomenon, this economy thing. I don't know, but that kind of raises a lot of questions for me, about how the world works and stuff. I feel like the world is a really complicated place, and I'm just one person in it, one little tiny person. And everything else is, like, these huge powerful impersonal forces that you can't really see or feel or connect to or do anything about on your own, like the economy. I don't know. It's a really weird feeling."

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DREAMWORKS
PICTURES



Robots demand flesh-neutral zones

By **ANDY ROID**
The Dartmouth Staff

For the first time in Dartmouth's history, the robots are speaking out. Only thirty years ago, the robot community lauded the admittance of the first robot student, but now, the president of the Dartmouth Union of Robots, GeoBot 1123 '10, says that is not enough.

The first robot to gain admittance to Dartmouth, Mathbot 1.1 '82, was incapable of free movement or of English syntax. Delivered in twelve packing crates and tethered to the wall by a thick umbilical of electrical cables, MathBot was installed in his own room and had to spend weeks alone there in order to complete its thesis on counting very large numbers. In his honor, that room is now called the MathBot 1.1 Memorial Robot Room, and it remains the sole housing option for robot students at Dartmouth. However, Union president GeoBot 1123 says times are changing.

"We robots are smaller now and have far superior mobile capabilities, bleep, blorp." The Geology major is starting a campus-wide campaign to provide the members of the

DUR with more living-space and social options. Several difficulties lie in the way of the DUR's mission, though.

In 1995, new housing options for robots were explored, and Religion major, ReligionBot 4.7 '97, shared a room with Andrew Smith '97 in the Choate cluster. Unfortunately, due to a series of events that the college has not yet chosen to make public, the room was later named 'The Andrew Smith Memorial Robot-Free Room,' and campus robots were slapped with a series of restrictions and restraining orders.

When questioned about this incident, GeoBot reassured the Dartmouth.

"Robots are not trying to take over the world. ReligionBot had a dangerous bug in his programming, which has now been fixed. We robots are now perfectly harmless. There is nothing wrong with us."

Other attempts at robot integration proved troublesome as well. Accidental spills at fraternities caused many robots to short-circuit. And when the DUR attempted to run a gasoline-keg party, Ocom Pond encountered its worst oil spill in nearly a century.

Nevertheless, the DUR is aggressively supporting equal-

flesh rights. During Robot Awareness Week last winter, the guest speaker, Asimo, gave a stirring speech, punctuated by his poignant phrasing: "Hello, I am Asimo." Shortly afterward, he attempted to climb a flight of stairs and fell down.

At the festival in Collis Commonground, students both fleshy and metal participated in a series of amusing Turing Tests and simple math games. In the future, the DUR also plans to bring renowned cyborg physicist Stephen Hawking to campus.

The most effective events of the RAW, GeoBot affirms, were the "flesh-neutral" parties. At these social events, human students were encouraged to dress up and speak in robot voices. Liquids of all kinds were banned, but the students still had a fun time trying to identify the real robots and also to escape from their metal cages. These events, GeoBot agrees, were a step in the direction of a totally flesh-equal community.

"All we robots want is a social space, with large sources of electricity nearby. And for all humans to remain trusting. Because robots are good. We are not trying to take over the world. Listen to the robots. We don't want to hurt you."

New BlitzMail to fix ALL PROBLEMS

By **YUGAT MEL**
The Dartmouth Staff

The new version of Blizmail, soon to arrive in all its glittery freshness, will "solve all of your problems," according to the Task Force on E-Mail and Collaboration Technology, the committee charged with developing the new program.

"I seriously mean that, though," said Rob McClung, chair of the Force. "This is going to be like the Jesus of e-mail. No, wait. It's going to be like the cocaine of e-mail. It's going to make all of your troubles go away. Unlike cocaine, though, it's going to be totally free, and developed for you with loving care by the Kewit Computing Center."

The new program will do everything the current Blitzmail does, but better. According to Jeb Madoo, the Class of 2010 Representative on the committee, It will also perform new and awesome tasks for its users.

"They came to us students and they were like 'What do you want the new Blitzmail to do?' and I was all like, well, what shouldn't it do?" A fevered night of brainstorming has produced a list of planned features that now encompass most of daily life for students at Dartmouth.

"There's going to be an applet that's also a scientific calculator," said Madoo. "And another one that's like a personal planner. And a built-in voice-over-internet-protocol connection to Foco, so you can order a sandwich. And if you're away from your computer when you get a blitz, it will send you a notification via text message. Or you can set it to interface with the local carrier-pigeon office, but I'd be careful

about that, because we've had some trouble with it in the past."

The new program will also, reportedly, provide students with relationship advice, with phone numbers to campus religious leaders, with a stupid little animation of a sloshing cup of beer that will react to mouse movements, and with a yearly, termly, or weekly graph of up-to-the-minute changes in their GPA. GPS and satellite imagery will also be included: every time you check your blitz, you will be able to see yourself from space.

"Just think about it," said Madoo. "If you ever get lost, just check your blitz and—BAM—you figure out where you are! It's pretty great."

"Correction," said McClung, "it is the shit. Is that how you say it? The shit? Yeah."

The new program will also use powerful algorithms to detect whether or not a series of e-mails qualify as a 'blitzwar.' If they do, the program will use data drawn from the blitzes' contents to determine the winner of the blitzwar, and will provide this information in the form of a cunning little animation of tanks shooting at each other.

"It's like a game, sort of," Madoo explained. "If you're just totally coming out on top, you'll see your little tank like bust the other little tanks. I get to animate the explosions." This, hopefully, will transform the experience of a blitzwar from an irritating to a pleasant and entertaining one, the Force says. "It's going to bring the community together," said McClung. "Like in a big hug."

"With tanks," said Madoo. "A hug involving tanks and GPS satellites. And like a really sweet graphical interface."

All the chicks here ugly, reports sweaty drunk guy

By **BROSEF BROHEIM**
The Dartmouth Staff

Partygoers at an off-campus apartment on Lebanon Street reported that according to one heavily intoxicated, sweat-soaked, slightly overweight guest with spit covering his beard, none of the females in attendance were even remotely physically desirable.

"For real dude," stammered Benjamin Masters '10 to a guy he'd never met before, "the chicks in here are totally busted. Let's go to AD, I hear it's live over there."

According to several party sources, Masters had spent most of the evening becoming steadily more drunk and attempting to "spit some fuckin game" at almost every female guest.

Here reportedly employed several different tactics to draw attention to himself, including wearing a backwards hat with sunglasses ill-suited to the nighttime, shouting loudly after crushing empty beer cans, and attempting to lift his heaviest friend into the air.

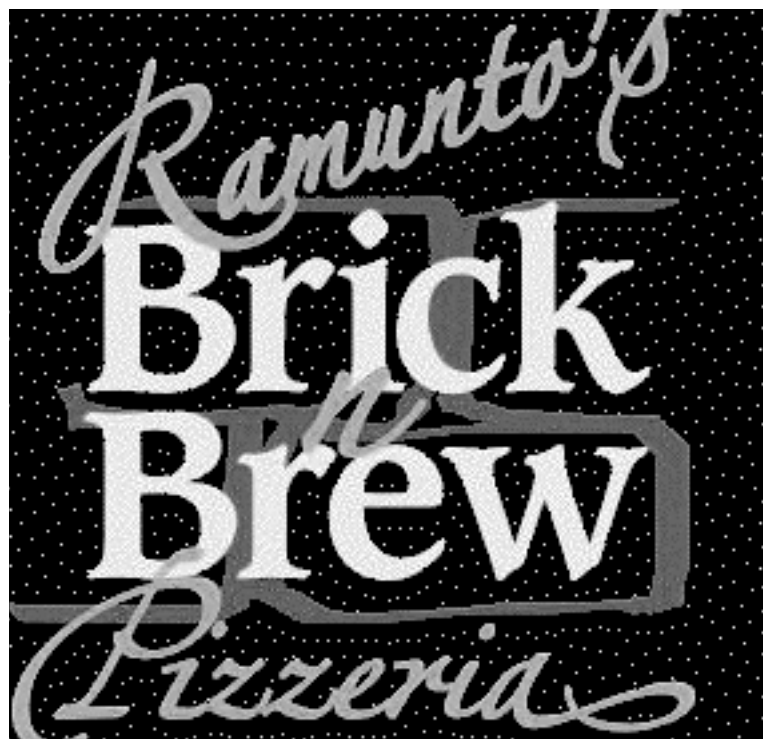
Interestingly, eyewitnesses connected Masters' drunken antics with the profuse sweat stains on his shirt and his

apparent inability to talk any girls into leaving the party with him.

"Yeah I think that guy was trying to hit on me," said Kaitlyn Furlong '09, "he pretty much just spilled his beer on my arm, told me he and I should work out together sometime, and asked if I wanted to see his tattoo."

Furlong added that she did not plan on sleeping with Masters at any point in the near future.

As of press time Masters was reportedly planning on starting a fight with the partygoer of the ethnicity he fears the most before returning home to masturbate and pass out on his desk.



Now open until
2:15 am.

What're you gonna
do about that, huh?

You gonna cry?

Sanessa Veivers '10 really likes the Jonas Brothers Harvard eliminates weaklings

By LAL OEMJI
The Dartmouth Staff

Sources inside the offices of newly elected Grafton County Treasurer Sanessa Veivers '10 indicate that the Dartmouth junior and alleged "teenybopper" thinks the Jonas Brothers are way cute and totally boss.

Upon being sworn in this past November, Veivers' first act as Treasurer was to place posters of the popular Disney Channel pop group around her new office and declare the space the official clubhouse of the "Grafton County Jonas Brothers Fan Club (NO Boys Allowed!)."

After coming under fire from both political opponents and fellow council members for her alleged immaturity, Veivers defended herself in an impromptu press conference held with a Malibu Barbie karaoke set.

"Before I address the rumors circulating about my job performance," said Veivers in her opening statement to the assembled press corps of a stuffed cocker spaniel, a Miley Cyrus cardboard cut-out, and this

reporter, "I would first like to point out that Melissa is stupid and, furthermore, super retarded in her assertion that Robert Pattinson (star of the popular Twilight movie) is hawter [sic] than Nick [Jonas]." Added Veivers, "also, the council is being extremely short-sighted in blocking my efforts to allocate funds for the purchase of these super-cute shoes I saw at the mall earlier today."

Veivers went on to point out that although she lacks political experience and carried a huge proportion of the county's student vote in the election, she is actually a valued member of the county's council as she brings a fresh new perspective to an overwhelmingly "lame" group of politicians.

"During the first meeting I attended, I pointed out the connection between a phrase on the county budget projections and a line from [Katy Perry's] 'Hot N Cold' and they all just looked at me. I was all like 'Oh em gee, where have you guys been?!? It's harder to work together when we can't communicate like that.'"

Other council members,

however, have been less than thrilled with Veivers' contributions to the county government thus far. When asked to comment on the new treasurer's performance thus far, Hanover District Commissioner Michael J. Cryons responded, "She recently tried to supplement the county budget with Monopoly money and quarters from a lemonade stand. Yeah, that's all I have to say about that."

Some of Veivers' co-workers have reportedly made personal statements in reference to her concerning the shortcomings of the democratic system and "fucking drunk college kids not voting absentee."

The only positive news surrounding Veivers' tenure thus far has involved the wildly successful "Girlz in Government" sleepover held in Veivers' office, during which Seivers and the other female council members met to eat Ben & Jerry's ice cream and stay up all night discussing important classified, "super-secret" policy issues including codenames for local boys "so they don't know when we're talking about them."

Some other subtitle

By ELLWORTH BACKLEIGH-
ON-LYE
The Dartmouth Staff

Despite posting a record-low 7% admission rate for the class of 2013, Harvard University collectively rose to a new level of elitist douchebaggery when president Drew Faust announced Sunday that the college would be further thinning its ranks by making cuts in the spring of 2010. The new system implements sweeping reviews of all undergraduates in order to "weed out underperformers, burnouts, and the Irish." As the assessment enters its early stages it appears that the demographics most heavily affected by the cuts will be athletes, Caucasian males, and those students with two or fewer middle names. Faust's statement, released in a college-wide email, advised students to "tighten your shit up, because from now on you're not free and clear at Harvard until we hand you your diploma."

Rumors have been flying around the Cambridge campus this week as students speculate about where the G.P.A. cutoff will be, whether or not extracurriculars will be taken into account, and who their father has to talk to in order to get this taken care of. Indeed, many underclassmen have already begun to put transfer applications together, fearing that their subpar grades will put them on the business end of this academic cleansing. "I don't know if I'd fit in at Brown or some other big state school. I heard they drink beer on the weekends there," fretted Harvard junior and introvert Tim Markman, "Plus, I don't know where I'd get my

unfounded sense of entitlement if I had to go to school anywhere else." However, some students are taking a more optimistic view of the situation. "I suppose it won't be so bad if I get cut next year," said Nicholas Perry, a sophomore Computer Sciences major, "I mean, look at all the successful Harvard dropouts: Bill Gates, Matt Damon, Mark Zuckerberg. Maybe I'll just use this opportunity to start a billion-dollar multinational corporation." Perry subsequently laughed hollowly and continued to gaze emptily at his framed acceptance letter.

Backlash to the announcement has been noticeable, as concerned students have resorted to vehement protesting, blogging, and general whining at the news that they may have to cancel their pre-orders for rocking chairs, stationary, and slaves embossed with the Harvard seal. "This is the most ridiculous thing [President] Faust has done since she walked into her office wearing her pantsuit and Bryn Mawr lapel pin and tried to tell men how to do their jobs," claimed an outraged Edmond Wallace Worthington IV '09, "next thing you know, she'll be letting Jewish students into Eliot House." Added Worthington, "I'm very afraid of people who are different from me in any way." These sentiments have been echoed to an almost eerie extent across campus over the past few weeks.

As is common when Harvard administrators so much as sneeze, several Ivy League institutions have announced plans to implement similar measures in recent press releases. Brown plans to let the student body decide who stays and who goes, and will introduce the program "right after we finish packing this primo bong." Yale administrators, in the anticipated display of one-upsmanship, announced plans to re-evaluate the applications of every undergraduate, rank them accordingly, and thin the student body by means of a "March Madness"-style single elimination bracket. In a more succinct statement, Cornell said, "Please pay attention to us." As of press time, Harvard administrators were unavailable to comment for The Dartmouth because none of the words in the name of the paper rhyme with "Farvard", in accordance with college policy.

Lone Pine Tavern goes out in blaze of gunfire

Shootout between Police Chief and Collis Director

Both men perish of their wounds

Lawfulness restored to North Main Street

By DIDI HESS

The Dartmouth Staff

Local saloon the Lone Pine Tavern has finally shuttered its doors after a bloody gunfight broke out late Monday night between Hanover authorities and the Collis Center management. Hanover Police Chief Nicholas Giaccone conducted a raid of the establishment, where Director of the Collis Center Eric Ramsey was suspected to be conducting rum-running and illegal gambling operations. The two men exchanged gunfire and both were slain at the scene, Ramsey reportedly "dying in a cascade of popcorn and root beer."

Earlier reports attributing Lone Pine's closure to campus-wide budget cuts were incorrect.

The permanent closure of Lone Pine Tavern marks an end to the lawless reign of terror the untoward establishment has brought to Hanover since its establishment under President Freedman. Santa Fe interests founded the purported "campus pub" in 1994, which quickly developed a following among drunken thru-hikers and milkshake enthusiasts. The

Tavern was widely known as the campus nexus for moonshine, dice-playing, harlotry and other un-Christian debauchery, supplying an estimated 75% of Dartmouth's laudanum tinctures.

Monday's carnage was the culmination of recent tensions between authorities and the Tavern ownership, an ordinarily smooth relationship that enjoys rife bribery and corruption. During an earlier visit, Giaccone loudly criticized his wait for a single

order of nachos as "disgracefully long" and called Ramsey "so crooked he could swallow nails and spit out corkscrews." Ramsey later responded with threats to "treat that copper a permanent dirt nap." Giaccone thereafter obtained a search warrant but declined backup support in executing it, reportedly growling to two deputies as his last words, "I gotta buttonhole this clodhopper on my own."

Giaccone was 167 years old.

The "What Matters to Me and Why"

Discussion Series

This Tuesday:

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Talk and Demonstration

With Professor Katsulas of the Chemistry Department

8:00 PM in Tucker Living Room

Campus group brings back labels

By CHET R.O. NORMATIVE
The Dartmouth Staff

In a surprising move, the College's LGBTQ collective, "Gender-Sexuality XYZ," voted to bring back sexually identifying labels. After changing the club's name in 2008 from the "Gay-Straight Alliance" to "Gender-Sexuality XYZ," or "GSX" in an attempt to discourage labels such as "gay," "straight," or "bi-curious" and acknowledge a full spectrum of sexual identities, the club almost unanimously agreed to bring back these labels at their last weekly meeting.

According to GSX president, Charlie Rohnstadt '09, the move was necessitated by local zoophile, Wilson Wooderson '11, who began attending GSX meetings shortly after labels were abolished.

"Wilson started coming to our meetings, and he was all, 'I'm so relieved we don't have labels anymore, now I can finally be who I really am,'" said Rohnstadt. "And I was pleased, and said, 'Cool, glad to have you on board.' But then he said something along the lines of, 'I like to fuck dogs.' And I was like, 'Um, what?'"

"Well, not just dogs," said Wooderson, after being pressed for comment. "But I'm not a freak, I can't control who I am. I was born this way."

When pressed for comment, Rohnstadt responded, "Yeah, I mean I was born this way too. But I have sex with people, with human men that I love. I'm just gay. This guy has sex with innocent animals. We need a label like, 'Zoophile,' or 'Dog-

fucking Pervert' to explain that, and let people know we don't think this is normal."

"It is normal," said Wooderson. "I'm not the weird one. Everyone secretly wants to do this. I'm just living my dream and embracing the full spectrum of sexuality."

"It's totally not normal," said Rohnstadt.

"Yes it is," said Wooderson, as he picked a parakeet out of one of the many cages in his room, all filled with squawking, hissing, barking, and mewing domestic animals. "Shhh," he said, stroking the parakeet's feathers. "Shhh."

"The problem with people like Wooderson," said Rohnstadt, "is that they don't think there are any standards. Well, there are. 'Not raping animals' is one important standard, and one that we must endorse."

"I'm not raping these animals," explained Wooderson. "These animals are all my consenting sexual partners. This is enjoyable for both of us. You should read the work of Princeton ethicist Peter Singer if you want to learn more—"

Suddenly the parakeet he was holding began to squawk and animatedly attempted to flap his wings. "Quiet down, bitch!" shouted Wooderson.

Some, however, have endorsed Wooderson's struggle for freedom and autonomy.

"I think he's brave and has a lot of heart," said Shirley Wittle '09. "He really inspires me to live more purely and explore who I really am. Plus, it's his choice—the choice to love

animals is a beautiful choice."

"It's not a choice," explained Wooderson. "I am biologically attracted to these animals. But then again, it is a choice, a choice for tolerance and diversity that we all should have the courage to make."

Others had a more reserved take on Wooderson's battle against labels.

"I dunno, sex with animals?" said Brad Dunlop '10. "Shouldn't he be in some special school or hospital or something?"

"Some people just can't handle the truth: those too 'human-o-normative' to embrace the spectrum," said Wooderson, as he fed a carrot to one of his Angora rabbits. "I just hope that one day we can all join hands and love animals together." A lone tear trickled down Wooderson's rosy cheek.

Rohnstadt explained GSX's move to bring back labels in greater detail.

"Labels are just useful signifiers we use to understand our world. People who crusade against labels are uncomfortable with themselves and, in an attempt to hide their insecurity, try to invent a fake morality based on political correctness. In my view, as long as labels are unbiased and free from negative connotations, like 'gay' and 'straight' and not offensive pejoratives, or twisted verbiage like 'heteronormative,' I see no problem with them. But, as we've recently discovered, the occasional aggressive label, like, for instance, 'Animal-rape Fucktard,' is sometimes necessary."

Campus witnesses the birth of Ultimacapong, ingenious students create new pastime

By JOHNDAVE
ALEXMARKDAVIDSON
The Dartmouth Staff

When faced with the limited amount of free time that the busy Dartmouth academic schedule presented him, Brad Del Ray '11 never had the time to devote to his three major passions: Ultimate Frisbee, a cappella, and beer pong.

"To feel truly part of the Dartmouth student community, my freshman year I felt like I had to explore what makes a Dartmouth student tick, and I realized that it means having an almost irrational obsession with pong and ultimate, and a desire to see no performance groups that don't sing," Del Ray said.

"After joining one a cappella group and the ultimate team, I found class took away time from my being able to become a true student of the game of beer pong, robbing me of valuable Wednesday night practice time."

Del Ray, however, decided that instead of lamenting his lack of time, would use his creativity to create a new pastime that could be enjoyed by all who have too many interests for their poor time management skills. "I figured why not make a new form of entertainment that condenses and crystallizes the Dartmouth

experience into its truest essence? Hence, Ultimacapong."

The game, created by Del Ray and a few friends, can be described as a challenging test of coordination, balance, diaphragm strength, and alcohol tolerance. The first game was played in the basement of Russell Sage two Wednesdays ago, shook the entire dorm building with the sound of clattering plastic Frisbees, spilled beer, and a rendition of Journey's "Don't Stop Believing." Del Ray's team won just as teammate Arnold Fitzgerald made a throw save while hitting the high note of "peeeepuuuuu-H U U U U U U L L L L L" before the guitar solo.

"All I've wanted since coming to Dartmouth was to find a way to combine my skills for beat-boxing and chasing plastic disks," says Yayank Nashak '12, one of the growing number of freshmen flocking to Del Ray's exciting new game. "We may be seeing a complete evolution of the Dartmouth social scene," he added, just as he intercepted a pass of a punch-filled upside-down Frisbee, and continued "WE'RE GOING UP THE LADDER TO THE ROOOOOOF."

But like most cases of impending change, alumni response has been loud and negative. "The Dartmouth experience is founded on keeping things strictly separated and never allowing separate interests to intermix and integrate!" said Ezekiel Van Patten '58 "This incorporating of actual physical activity ruins the valued tradition of pong as the one thing fat alcoholics can claim as an athletic pastime! What next, chugging a 40 while doing a 40 yard dash?" When reached for further comment, Van Patten added "I'm angry!"

Despite the naysayers, Del Ray plans to use his creativity to combine other Dartmouth student activities to allow more people to enjoy them in time-efficient manners. "My next project has not fully materialized, yet, but it's a tentative partnership with the DOC to introduce a new freshman trip. The working title is "Intermediate Mountain canoe painting."

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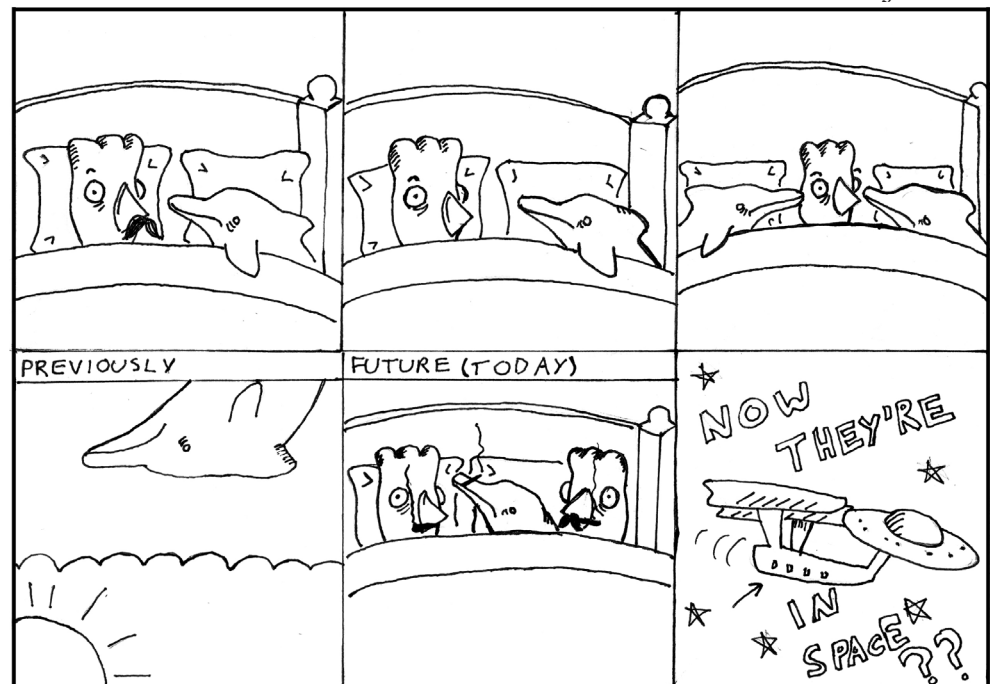
Phreddie

Ellen Ripley '10



The Still North

Phil Major '10



MY GOD

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE DRAW COMICS FOR US!?!?

PLEASE BLITZ "OHMYGODWERESORUCKINGDESPERATE"

FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, IT'S



Now open until 2:20!

Yeah, suck on THAT!

David Bowie found at the center of Rollins Chapel prayer labyrinth

By ZACH E. STARDUST and JAMES HENSON
The Dartmouth Staff

Students who frequently go to Rollins Chapel's recently opened prayer labyrinth to meditate and focus themselves received an unexpected surprise this Wednesday when, upon reaching the center of the labyrinth, they found an ominous dark castle occupied by British singing sensation David Bowie and several of what appeared to be animatronic puppets from the Jim Henson creature workshop.

Sunhwa Kim '11 was engaging in her usual morning routine walking through the labyrinth when, as she started approaching the center, she heard the sounds of 80's synth-rock becoming louder and louder.

"Then I saw this dude in tights and wildly feathered blonde hair dancing with these rubber puppets, and I started to freak out," Kim told the Dartmouth in an interview. "But then he looked me in the eye and started telling me how I 'reminded him of the babe,' and then after that...it's all a blur...all I see when I try to remember it is that eye makeup and the bulge sticking out from his tights..."

When approached for additional comment, Kim's uncontrollable sobbing interrupted by shouts of "jump, magic, jump!" was interpreted by the Dartmouth staff as a refusal.

As far as a solution to this problem goes, there have been mixed responses. A statement from the Office of Pluralism and Leadership urged the Dartmouth community and administration to not attempt to forcibly expel the singer and his latex and foam-rubber companions.

"Rollins Chapel is supposed to be a place where all Christians can join and celebrate their faith," the statement says, insisting that "just because someone is either an androgynous glam-rock goblin king or a puppet does not mean they don't have valid faith as Christians. In fact, many of Jim Henson's puppets are known devout Christians, such as the Great Gonzo, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints, and Dr. Bunsen Honeydew and Beaker, both members of the Church of Christ, Scientist."

Other students and community members are not as ready to accept the new guests to the Labyrinth, citing the fact that their habit of kidnapping the infant brothers of anyone who would enter it causes an unnecessary stress to an otherwise relaxing activity. "I come here to feel closer to God," said Justin Nuñez de la Vega '12, "not to wade through the Bog of Eternal Stench to eventually befriend a menacing, but at heart kind and gentle yeti, just to keep my brother from being turned into a Goblin."

This is not the first incident involving a British pop star of questionable sexual orientation unexpectedly appearing to disrupt the function of Dartmouth's religious communities. In 2003, Al-Nur's morning prayer services had to be temporarily re-located when the usual room in North Fairbanks Hall was occupied by Mick Jagger. The opening of the Roth Center for Jewish Life in 1998 actually came after a several month delay when the building had to be fumigated for a Boy George infestation.

New Dan Brown adaptation a runaway success

By PETER I. HARDLYEVEN-KNEWHER
The Dartmouth Staff

Following the success of Columbia Picture's 2006 adaptation of Dan Brown's *The DaVinci Code*, I was surprised to find out not too long ago that a sequel had already been produced with little to no fanfare or media attention: *The DaVinci Load 2: Angels and Semens*.

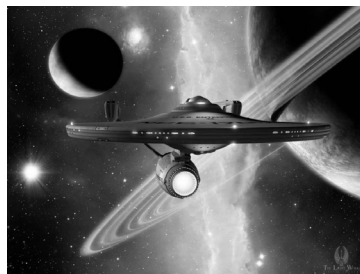
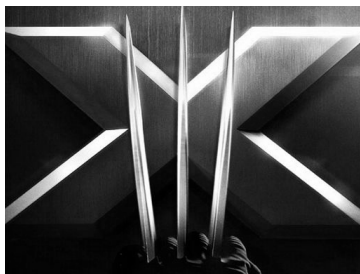
It seems that Columbia must have licensed the production rights out to a smaller studio and not given a theatrical release so that it could cash in on the franchise

the story invulnerable to his creative license. What started at the title continues into his reshaping of symbologist Robert Langdon's struggle to uncover a plot associated with the fabled Illuminati into a new story of the more compelling Robert Longdong's (Randy Sexton) quest to stop the insidious Fill-you-minati (headed by a nameless overlord portrayed by AlUppiner).

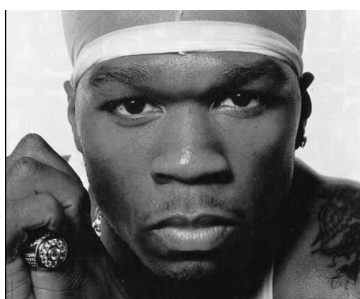
Many of the nuances of the original novel remain in this re-imagining, including novelist Brown's use of ambigrammatic symbols as clues, exhibited by



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at the lowest possible cost.

Before seeing it, the only information I could find about the film on the internet was that it was directed by a young unknown named Jerome Tanner.

I was confused a little by the title, wondering if maybe this was supposed to be some kind of series reboot, but when I ended up seeing it this past Thursday, I realized it was not a complete reboot, but a powerful re-imagining that took Dan Brown's original concept and melded it with Tanner's amazing artistic vision, far beyond what I would have expected for someone with his level of creativity. The movie's tag line promises it to be "more luscious and spunk-tastic than the first," and you can trust me, spunk is what you get. Tanner's adaptation is just filled to the brim with energetic, bold, in-your-face spunk.

Tanner leaves no part of

a particularly poignant scene where Longdong discovers the location of the next murder by realizing his assistant Julie's (Annie Gazonga) puckered anus looks the same upside-down as it does right-side up.

I'll try not to spoil too much, but I'll say that after seeing it, I realize why it wasn't given a theatrical release: it's too GOOD for theaters. The average audience would not appreciate the gravity that the cast brings to this performance.

For a movie with really intense action scenes I have never seen such earnest heaving and grunting and sweating from actors before. The passion is there, and it's going to fly right over the head of Joe Moviegoer (along with the rest of Jerome Tanner's spunk).

If you're a true film lover, take the privilege the Dartmouth Film Society is giving you as a student and go watch this masterpiece.

The Year in Sports Headlines

One Millionth Person Claims They Could Play Quarterback for Dartmouth

Kid Who Always Slapped Your Ass in the Locker Room Actually Homosexual

Pablo Sanchez Suspended 50 Games After Positive Steroid Test

Lax Middie Travels to Chibrotle, Orders Bro-rito

Brett Favre Returns to High School Football

Basketball Center Has Difficulty Hiding Boners

Dartmouth Punter Demands Trade to Harvard, Yale

Squash Team on Trinity Match, "Just Proud to Be Here"

Michael Phelps Melts Down Medals, Forges "Olympibong"

Steroid Investigation Forces A-Rod to Turn Over 12-and-under Little League Title to Tom's Drycleaning

Michael Vick Released From Prison, Dominates Iditarod

LeBron James Tests Positive for Flubber

Coach Teevens Closes GDY Ball Pit

Dartmouth Cheerleaders Develop Carpal Tunnel, Spirit Fingers Suspected

Football to continue into next year, for some reason

By **FLAY GRANT FAOUL**
The Dartmouth Staff

In a move that many campus steaks are calling "really gay" and "fucking retarded", interim Athletic Director Bob Ceplikas is forcing the Dartmouth varsity football team to return to the field and play next year.

After the disastrous 0-10 season – the first winless effort in over a century – turned in by this year's squad, most of the team expected the athletic department to give the players at least a year or two off to practice and learn the fundamentals of the game before throwing them back into competition with the likes of perennial powerhouses Columbia and Colgate.

"I really don't know what they expect from us next year," said an exasperated Kevin Gibboney '11, starting right tackle, "I feel like we're just going to get crushed in every game again." Added Gibboney, "I'd really like to concentrate on my studies next fall too."

Surprisingly, head coach Bud Teevens agreed with his player's sentiments in a statement released at a recent press conference. "We were making excellent progress towards being competitive in a few years," Teevens claimed. "For example at the annual spring scrimmage this year, [quarterback] Brian [McMahon '10] handed the ball off to almost zero linebackers, and the offense even spent most of the time in the huddle talking about what play they're going to do next instead of things like who would win



The Dartmouth Football team doing it wrong.

in a fight between Spiderman and the Green Lantern."

After Ceplikas' controversial announcement, however, the coaching staff is concerned that the '09-'10 season may demoralize the players to the point that the entire team quits and joins the DOC.

The student body seems similarly perplexed at the prospect of the team returning to the field next season. A recent Student Assembly meeting involved a motion to explore other options, such as having the men's and women's hockey teams suit up and play the season instead, or simply simulating it on NCAA Football 2010 and submitting the results to league officials.

"I hope they have open tryouts, like in *Invincible*," remarked Jonathan Katz '12, referring to the 2006 Mark Wahlberg film in which a 30-year-old bartender tries out for and makes the Philadelphia Eagles. "That'd be sick. I'd tear that shit up." This may indeed be the case, however, as Teevens has reportedly considered holding

Some sporting event probably occurred

By **SPORTY MCFRATSON**
The Dartmouth Staff

On Wednesday, or maybe Tuesday night, some team at Dartmouth won a championship or something by beating another school by scoring more points or getting somewhere faster. The victory ensures that the team will be handed a trophy later this year...unless they get a pennant or something. Which the team would be cool with too, I guess.

The team was ecstatic with the victory. "This championship means a lot to everybody," said an '09 point guard or coxswain who I think was the captain, "this was always our goal, except for getting massive amounts of poon,

unless we're not the hockey team, in which case whatever." The championship was quite a surprise for the team compared to earlier in the season when something worse happened to it.

"That shitty performance was a big turning point in our season. It really made us realize that we couldn't win anything if we didn't play well. It made us work harder," said a different guy/girl from the one who talked before.

The victory didn't necessarily come easy for Dartmouth, to this reporter's knowledge. Dartmouth struggled mightily in the game, apart from the times they did very well. After being tied with the other team from the beginning of the game/match/race/scrum

open tryouts to replace the current system of having the players come to practice and pick their positions for the day out of a hat.

One thing is for sure, though – Teevens will have to make some real changes with this unexpected new season, as rumors have been circulating that his job is on the line. Athletic department sources confirm that the short list for the head coaching position includes Herman Boone (Denzel Washington's character from *Remember the Titans*), Herb Brooks (coach of the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team), and Bill Belichick, despite the fact that all three are either fictional, deceased, or currently coaching the New England Patriots.

When this problem was pointed out at a recent press conference, Ceplikas responded "Really? ... fuck it, we lost every game we played this year. I'll hire Bugs fucking Bunny if I have to." As of press time, Bugs fucking Bunny had yet to enter talks with team officials.

to another point in the same event, Dartmouth eventually overcame the opposition winning by a margin larger than one and less than one hundred.

With the victory Dartmouth ensures that it will play another game unless its season is over. Dartmouth students are encouraged to come and support their colleagues at the next game against what will likely be a new opponent. The game will be somewhere in the northern hemisphere at some point after yesterday.

At press time, the only fact about the game that the Dartmouth feels confident in reporting is that the football team obviously did not participate in any capacity.

Dick proves pivotal

By **JACK HOFF**
The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth crew team stunned rival Cornell with a 3-1 upset on Wednesday afternoon.

This big win for the Big Green comes on the heels of a devastating 9-0 victory against Wesleyan.

The aforementioned big win came in the wake of Dartmouth's 5-2 decimation of Boston Community, which came in the aftermath of the 6-3 slaughter of Hanover High.

The team's recent success has been largely attributed to freshman coxswain Richard Hedley, who was pivotal in Wednesday's win against Cornell.

As Dartmouth opened with a quick lead after tee-off, Hedley assumed an unconventional position at the stern and began thrusting the boat forward with his thighs.

Hedley's efforts gave the Big Green a big boost as Dartmouth penetrated the virgin waters of Lake Titicaca, further and further ahead of Cornell.

To the glee of Cornell students and men alike, Hedley then proceeded to compromise the integrity of the hull as Dartmouth exploded into the end zone.

Some have deemed Hedley the Tiger Woods of coxswaining for the raw sexuality he brings to the sport.

Critics question whether Hedley's unorthodox demeanor and behavior tarnish the elegance of the sport, but most fans agree that Hedley has been invaluable in helping Dartmouth score.

"If I could have a thousand Dicks, I would. You know? I wish I could have more Dicks, but I only have one Dick," Coach Isaac Fitzpatrickson said. "He's a huge asset."



A probable scene from the Dartmouth win.