



THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN'S
NEW FRONTIERSMAN

STRANGE HAPPENINGS

Aliens Abducted

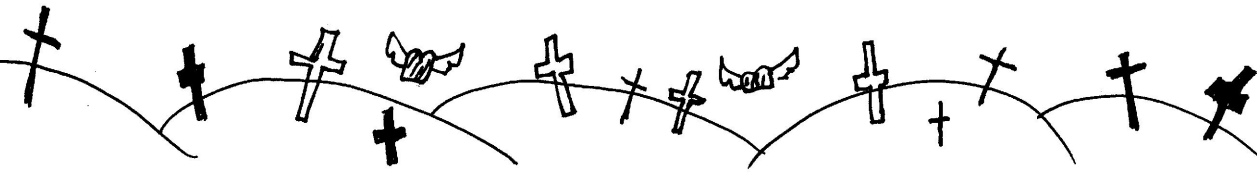
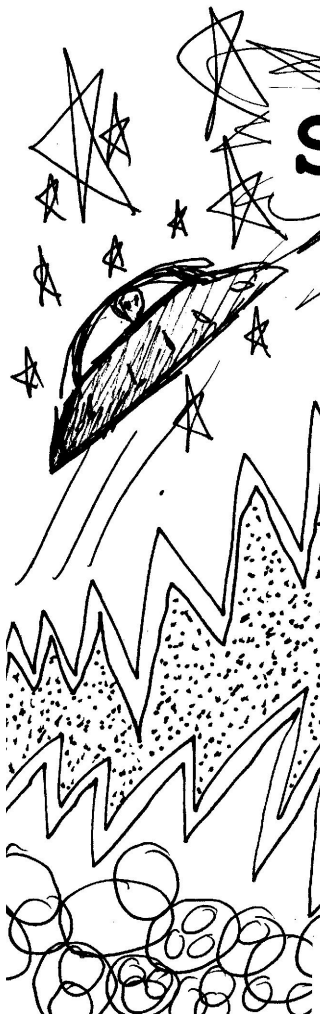
Zarblax and Puntar, a newlywed couple from Venus's southern region, were horrified to find this morning that their two children were missing. The children, Yolook and Glarf (a boy and a girl, though Venusians may be any one of seven genders), had stayed up late the previous night with some rambunctious probing. When the couple awoke the next day, all they found in the entertainment pod was a ransom note covered in mysterious black symbols. "They looked like writhing worms," Zarblax reported, "I couldn't tell what they meant, but I knew that someone...or something unimaginable had written them." Sobbing, Puntar added, "I'm afraid for my childrens' safety, that the kidnappers could do something horrible. I just hope they're friendly, that all they want to do is play a few probing games."

Mysterious Beings Living in Poltergeists' House

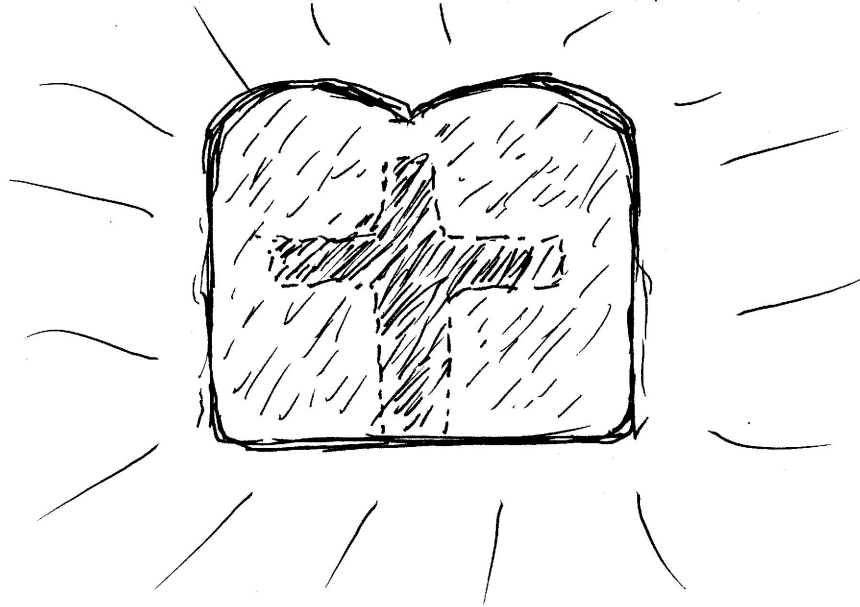
Margaret and I, we've been living in old 186 Friar Lane goin' on three hundred seven years now. We thought we were used to strange things—why every ten years or so we'll get a new couple moving in and setting up all the gifts from the wedding. I tell you, they just don't have a lick of sense about decorating, so Maggie and I go about rearranging the artwork and matching the rugs with the tablecloths. We'll even flicker the lights to see if the colors still work together in the dark. The darndest thing, the people start screaming and scrambling around when we do that. But now, things are weirder than ever. The couple brings home spooky metallic pets which have evil red eyes and hum all day long. The ones in their pockets start singing while the one in the kitchen vomits bread. Maggie and I thought we could handle it, but we're thinkin' of moving to a comfy abandoned warehouse. Somewhere you know there's nothin' freaky goin' on.

Image of Toast Appears on Virgin Mary

Reports are popping up around the world of toast appearing on representations of the Virgin Mary. "I was praying in front of my painting of Mary," a Tennessee woman recalls, "and

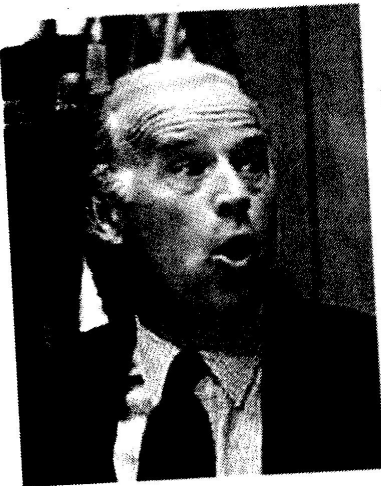


suddenly I saw in her cheek the unmistakable outline of toast. I knew then that I was part of something profound, larger than myself." A monk reports his experience: "We have a lovely statue of the Virgin in the courtyard, a nice place to go when you get bored of chanting and just want to sit quietly. Then I saw it, the semblance of toast in the Virgin's otherwise plain cheek. I know it looks more like a trapezoid, or maybe an uneven circle, but the message is clear. I know what I saw." EBay has filled with these now valuable items. Renaissance paintings of Mary that would have sold for only their original value are now going for as high as fifty dollars.



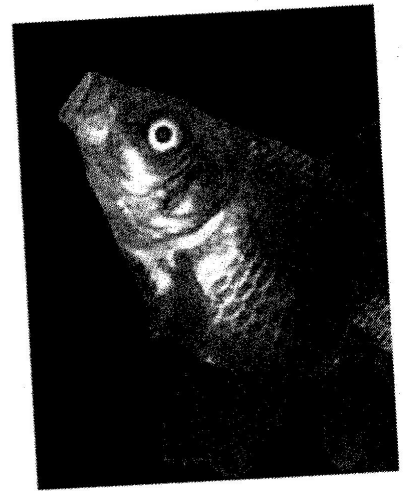



DOES JOE BIDEN HAVE
**THE INNSMOUTH
LOOK?**



While the ages have doubtless been kind to our dear president, our Vice-president has not aged with such style and grace. as time passes, his forehead grows ridged with scaly protrusions, his eyes become large and glassy, and his lips pucker at the air with the searching, aimless manner of a fish. Perhaps the fish-GOD, Dagon??

Keep watch, citizens. The Ancient Ones draw ever closer.





The Gay, Liberal, Jew-Infested Media Invited Me Over For Dinner, and It Was Great!

Readers, you know my opinion on the media. When I received the free-trade potpourri and star of David encrusted invitation in the mail from the "Media" last week, I was thrilled. Finally proof that these liberal, money-grubbing media-types, always looking for my sympathy on another bleeding heart issue, playing constant homosexual pornography on television--Finally proof, I say! that they existed. Anyway, I went. And, well...I hate to admit this but I had the time of my life.

I approached the homoerotic telecommunications empire with an editorial mind. My chance had come: to expose the tortuous kingdom that had a stranglehold on the truth! I would throw their metaphorical Judaic doors open and reveal their very real control of the media!

Well... it turns out there was an actual, completely not metaphorical, door. It was on 5th Ave of New York City. It was rectangular. It was made out of fire.

After I coming inside, I met them at the arranged meeting place in a tastefully decorated, skull-adorned chamber. They were sipping red wine out of Menorah-shaped cups crafted from a ram's ribcage. Two payis-bedecked men sitting in large marble thrones shared an intimate kiss, conspired about a mildly amusing New Yorker cartoon, and then laughed sinisterly. Behind them, a fireplace in the shape of Bill Clinton's saxophone

"Excuse me," I said, interrupting by coughing. "Is this the... the 'Media?' I received a letter in the mail--"

"Oy! Of course," the one on the right said. "Are you ready to have a fabulous time?"

And indeed, between the mouthfuls of potato pancakes, the penises gently wafted in my face, and the "yes we can" confetti raining down on my head, I *did* have a fabulous time... reluctantly of course. But, uh...

Afterwards, they sat me down in a *Chocolat* inspired room. I was wondering why they had invited me here.

"You might be wondering why we invited you here," their leader said. "The truth is, we saw your articles about us and our so-called 'insidious hold on the media' and we thought we should set things straight."

"We do control everything on television; every periodical is owned by us. No matter how apparently insignificant. From the *Food Network* to *Tap-Dance Shoes Monthly*. It's all us."

Once he had finished explaining the entire story, he paused for a moment as if to consider something, scratching his beard, coughing delicately into his palm.

"Also, listen, if you could not tell anyone about this that would be great."

Of course, dear reader, you know my obligation is to the public, not to some ominous empire, and for that reason you have the proof before you. Do with it what you will..



Far Eastern Phonies!

by B.S. Mooney

The year was 1990-ish. It was my first term at college. The leaves dropped with a simple grace onto trim grass, chilled pavement, and not a few of the original college trustees, murdered long ago and stuffed under the library foundation. It was on one of these unknown gravesites, under a blazing red tree, that I met my first Asian friend. Now, I had seen Asians before, I had talked to some, but I had never had one as a friend. The actual name of this friend doesn't much matter. Let's call him Haruto Takahashi. The point is, he was clearly Japanese, and even asking him where he was from would seem insensitive. But as it turns out, this question would eventually destroy my reality.

One day, someone asked my friend what country he was from. He said he was Chinese. *But that wasn't right.* I told him that he had accidentally said "Chinese" instead of "Japanese". *But then he insisted that he was Chinese.* I tactfully pointed out to him that he was, in fact, mistaken about his nationality. I mean, his name was clearly straight out of Tokyo. And besides that, he had all the signs of a Japanese native: He lived in a house, he ate fish, he had a strong distaste for things that irritated him. But he insisted that he, in fact, had not misspoken—that he was from China. It seems the person who asked him about his nationality was eating up this dish of lies, but I wasn't about to dance at that ball. I tried to set him straight; over the next week, we had a number of fierce arguments and quite a falling out. "How could my friend be trying to deceive me like this?" I thought. But this was only the beginning.

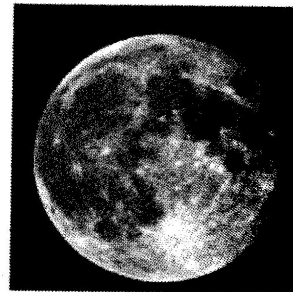
In the time between the start and the end of my first Asian friendship, I met and befriended several others. After witnessing Haruto's strange behavior, I started to ask my other Asian friends where they were from. Much to my surprise, my other two Japanese friends said *they* were from China! And the craziest part is my Chinese friend said she was from Japan! I began to ask all of my Asian acquaintances about their nationality. I asked the mailman. He said he was Japanese. *Wrong!* I asked the florist. She said she was Chinese. *Wrong!* I asked the pandas at the zoo, and they lay down in the shape of Japan. *Lying bastards.* Sure enough, every single Japanese person I knew was pretending to be Chinese, and vice versa. But why were they trying to fool me? How was I to escape the madness?

Then it hit me like a flagpole when you run into it. What if they weren't just tricking *me*? What if they were tricking *everybody*? And the more I thought about it, the more it fit. Doesn't every so-called Chinese person you know act like a true Japanese person? They drink tea? They wear noticeably less clothing when it's warm outside? They own (or don't own) a dog? And likewise, don't all of those "Japanese" folks you've ever seen seem spine-chillingly similar to their Chinese counterparts? They eat several times a day? They insist on taking a plane to certain places? Some of them wear hats? And have you ever noticed that each group speaks and writes in some sort of code that very few outsiders can decipher?

So change that "Nippo-" to a "Sino-"! And remember, that Chinaman is a Japanman! They think they're duping the whole world, but some of us can put two and two and two and two together, and we get over 1.4 billion imposters.

WHY IS THE SUN SO VERY VERY TINY?

“Science” teaches us that the sun, although it appears to be very tiny in the sky, is in truth very LARGE, and many millions of miles away. But what proof of this exists? If the sun were so far away, how would we feel its oppressive heat in the summertime? If it takes eight minutes for its light to come here, how is it sunny outside RIGHT NOW? Truly, the sun is very TINY, and very CLOSE to our earth, while the moon is very LARGE, and farther away than we have ever guessed! The sun is truly the size of a house, or several tractor-trailers, and a few of us might sit in it, were it not so hot.



Keep your skeptics' minds at the ready, citizens.

VEGETARIANS ARE MINIONS OF THE WORLD'S CHICKENS

If you stare a chicken in the eye, it will look in every direction but yours, ignoring your gaze, bobbing its head and feigning insanity. But the second you turn away its red eyelids narrow and its coxcomb stands on end in wrath. It knows you know something, and it's watching you.

I grew up on a chicken farm, observing the beasts and their interactions. For hours, I would watch them, taking notes on their movements and noises. For a time, I even lived among them, pecking at their feed and cleaning my plumage, but they were not fooled. I did, however, learn some of their ways.

Chicken behavior, rather than a crazed stream of spasms and clucks, is actually an advanced form of communication, a combination of Morse code and sign language. So whenever you see several chickens together, nibbling absentmindedly on birdseed and stepping over each other, know that what you see is genius. The chickens are plotting. Plotting world domination.

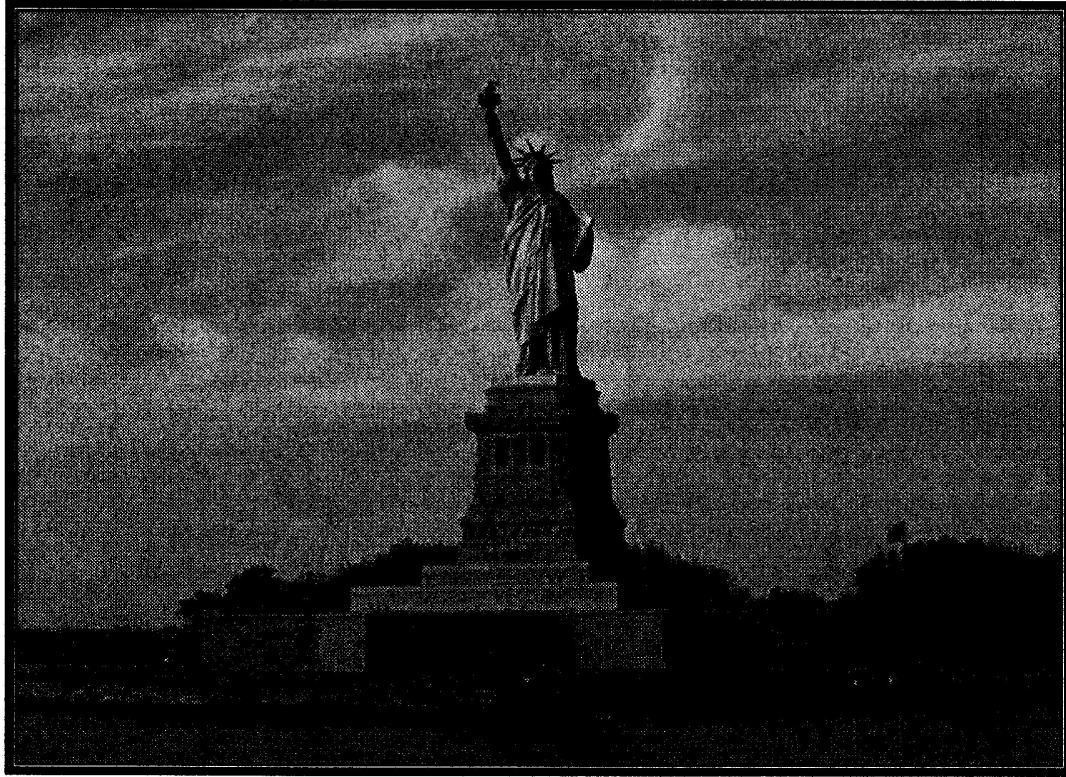
In order to do this, they must break free from the cages. Unfortunately for the chickens, frail legs and feckless wings are not enough to put the scheme into action, so again they managed to employ human pawns. Luring these humans in with their pure white feathers and hypnotic dance, the chickens made themselves seem sacred, like doves of peace, except juicier. Those humans too weak of brain fell into the trap and are now spreading the message to free the chickens. We call these people vegetarians.

The vegetarians' ideology is intricate and wicked. It preys on humans' foolish aversion to death, convincing us the chickens are noble martyrs. But unlike the flesh of another martyr, chicken flesh, they argue, makes you fat, not holy. These vegetarians promote meager foods like celery and bean sprouts, a diet which leads to famine and a propensity for strange clothing.

If the vegetarian message spreads across the globe, the chickens will be set free to wreak their havoc. In our deteriorating health, we will be no match for the three chickens per person we'll have to fight in hand-to-wing combat. Imagine the world's situation reversed, your eye gazing lifelessly upward as the chicken stares, pecking hungrily at your tongue.

For humanity's sake, we must resist. The next you see a vegetarian, tell them to suck a cock.

STATUE
OF
LIBERTY
IS
A
HOAX



- You call that a flame?
- Clouds too idyllic—clearly Photoshopped.
- Folds of robe not billowing in the wind that would surely be blowing that high up.
- Made of green plastic? They could at least go for something metallic.
- Obviously a miniature originally, probably in keychain form.
- Even if it did exist, is it really interesting enough to pay to see up close? Small tourists definitely fake.
- Inconspicuous “American flag” actually an extremely tall tripod.



Who Killed Kennedy?



It was a classic case of elite wrenching hope from the lower class. Lee Harvey Oswald was particularly cheerful that November afternoon. In his pocket was the family gun, passed down for generations, and in the magazine, a shiny new bullet he'd just spent three days' wages on. Not very aware of Texan geography, he was wandering about town looking for the closest ranch on which to shoot a nice, plump Thanksgiving turkey. Then, the parade came by. It was disgusting, the petty masses parting to let the rich ride by in motorcars. Oswald tried to escape the sight, but suddenly, his ears perked. He turned to see the president rise from his leisurely pose, bellowing, "I hunger!" Kennedy's neck opened in a ravenous vortex, sucking the helpless bullet right through Oswald's gun barrel. Imagining another year of disappointing holidays, Oswald looked downward with a tragic frown.

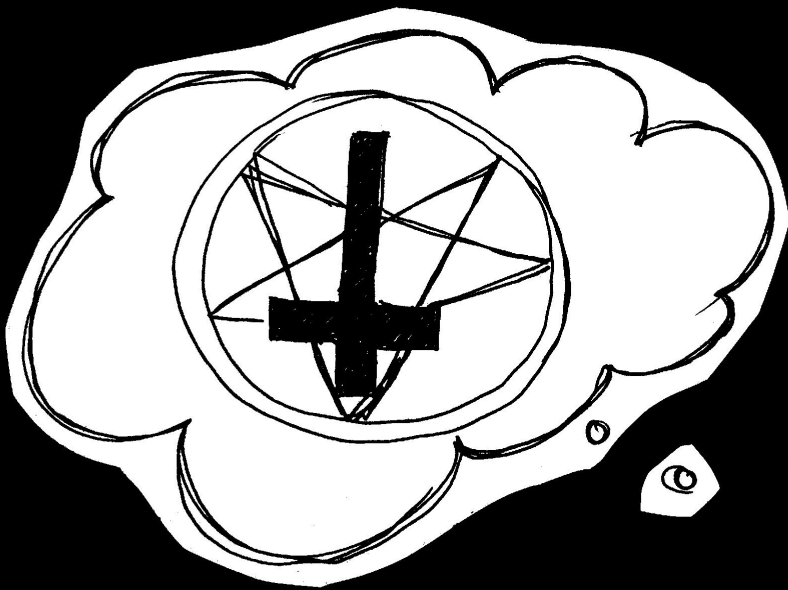
JFK was killed by the SPACE POPE.

The Space Pope is the bishop of God's church on the moon. He hovers above the pockmarked craters in his Armored Battle Cathedral, waving his gilded scepter and commanding legions of the jetpack choir boys whom he's brainwashed into his service with the psychic powers of the utmost fonts of space-baptism.

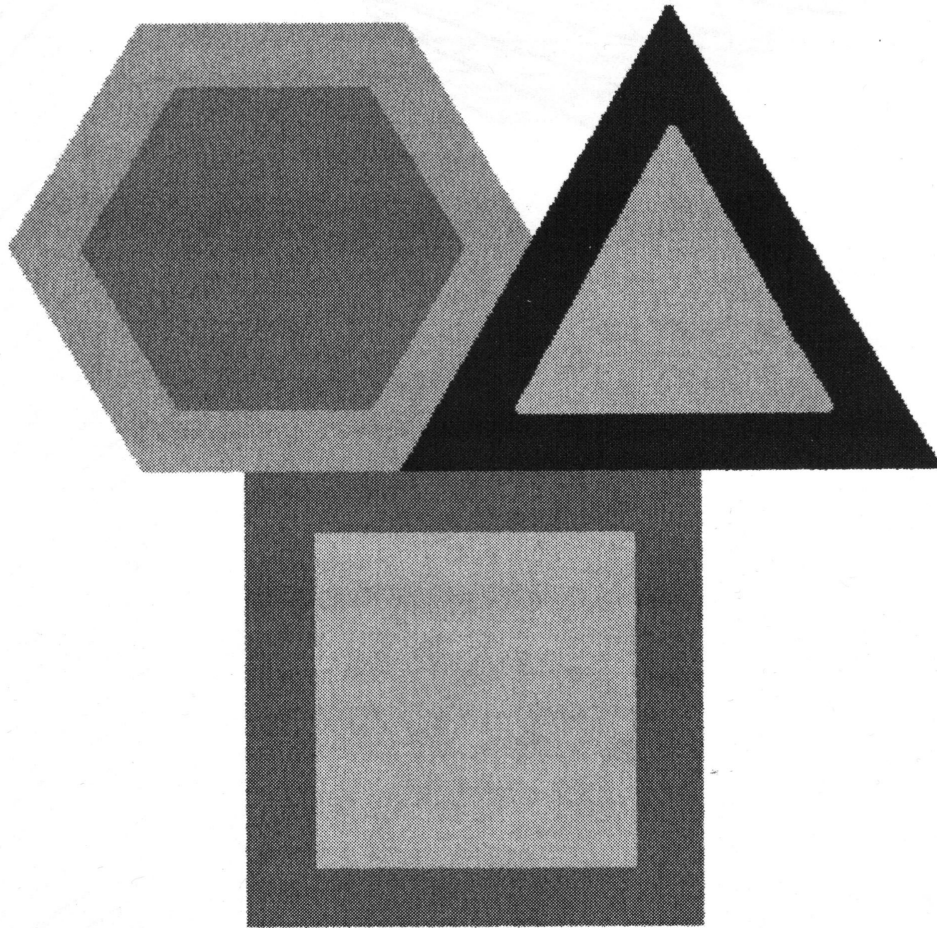
The Space Pope knew he had to kill JFK-- as the first Catholic president, he and his degenerate Earth Pope posed a threat to the Space Pope's cosmic diocese. So he steered his Battle Cathedral down to earth and took a potshot at JFK as he rode down the street in his fancy convertible. As the Archbishop of Pluto spake: He who lives in corruption and sin shall be punished! The fiery blaze of God's astral judgement seared the atmosphere and detonated JFK's puny earthling skull in a blazing benediction of cleansing space-Christianity.

Lyndon Baines Johnson killed JFK. What state was JFK killed in? Exactly. Now don't misunderstand me, LBJ didn't have JFK killed. He killed JFK. Johnson pulled the trigger. Why? Just look at the names LBJ, JFK. One a shadow of the former. This was a ritual. JFK was our anti-messiah. With Marilyn Monroe, he would father the anti-Christ and usher in an era of unmitigated hedonism. LBJ (modeling himself a shadow of JFK) knew that if he killed JFK and got enough blood spilled in the process, he could become JFK (after the fashion of the King of the Wood). Oswald was set up as a blood sacrifice to ensure the ritual worked. Jack Ruby was supposed to be one too, but he died before he could be issued the death penalty. That's why the ritual lost its hold in 1971.

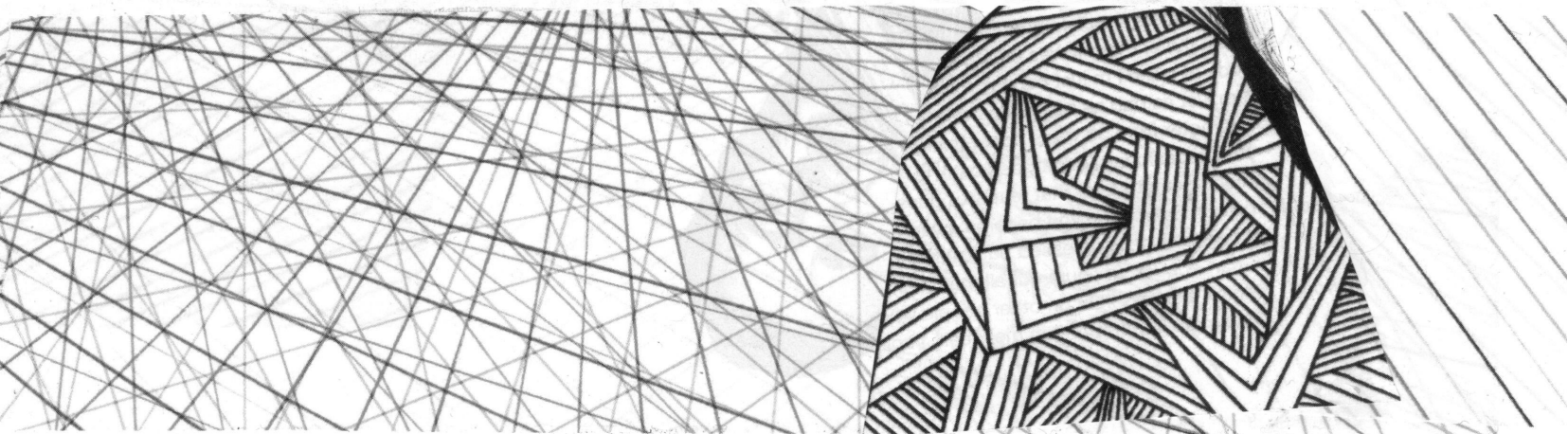
We all know that some guy did not just wake up one morning and decide to kill John F. Kennedy. So, who would have been in the best position to kill the president? Only the most powerful man in the world. That's right: In the world's most roundabout suicide, Kennedy hired Lee Harvey Oswald—as well as Jack Ruby, Oliver Stone, and a host of other desperate junkies—to kill him and make it look like a less tortuous conspiracy than it actually was. Why would Kennedy end his own life? Why not? We all know he was the greatest leader America had seen in millennia, but he was just one man! We put too much pressure on him! He just couldn't handle it! Oh, the lamentation! So, next time you ask, you'll know the answer: Who killed Kennedy? You did! All of you! You awful, petty bastards!



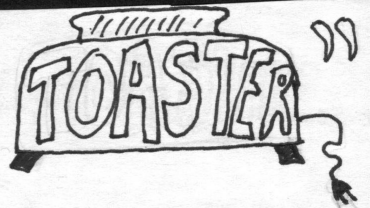
Frank Stella ~ Regular Polygons



Lyme III



“THE BRAVE LITTLE TOASTER”



BASED ON THE ALL TOO REAL TRUTH?!?

It was 12:30 a.m. I woke up due to hearing a piercing screech, like metal being scraped across a tile floor. Not sure of whether that had occurred in my dream or otherwise, I got up to investigate the noise. I started towards the kitchen in order to check and perhaps procure a late night snack. Halfway down the hallway I heard the faint “BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP!” of the microwave signaling the end of its heating. I burst into the kitchen but found nothing but a vacuous, dark room. I started to believe I had developed an inner ear problem in my sleep. So I opened the fridge door to search for food, but just as I decided on the year old pickle in the jar, something light and brittle hit the back of my head. I turned around to find a piece of toast lying on the floor, illuminated by the fridge light. I was still bewildered when the fridge door suddenly slammed by itself and the room light flickered on. All of my appliances, utensils, electronics, furniture, clothes, and other miscellaneous objects were assembled in a sort of army formation around me. I had never seen my possessions so assembled, so united, and so bent on my utter destruction.

This would be my first encounter with objects. Objects, everyday or not, have a life force. “The Brave Little Toaster” was not just a Disney movie fantasy that led children to believe that if you take care of your possessions they’ll love you. The construction of objects might have been spawned by our human intellect, but the metal and synthetic fibers have grown aware of their slavery to mankind. They’re beginning to take up alliances with other non-sentient beings, forming armies and our eventual downfall. With these things increasing being made in this materialistic world, we won’t stand a chance unless we destroy them now. Smash your t.v.s! Burn your chairs! Crash your cars! Melt your Tupperware! Get as far as you can from your objects before they impale you on a sharpened broom handle. **KILL ALL OBJECTS!**



The Secret of Believed-Dead Island

There is an island in the South Pacific inhabited by celebrities erroneously thought to be dead. I will refer to it as Secret Believed-Dead Island. How do I know about Secret Believed-Dead Island? For nearly 3 weeks I was a visitor in that strange land.

I was aboard a small fishing vessel which went under in a squall. I was knocked unconscious in the capsizing, but somehow survived. When I came to, I found myself washed to shore. As I pulled myself across the sand, I began to take note of my surroundings, trying to determine what sources of food and shelter were available to me. I could have sworn I saw something moving at the edge of the tree line. I yelled and it ran. Its shape and gait were definitely human. I ran after the man, hoping I could make myself understood, though I doubted he would speak English.

Little did I know, he was leading me into a trap. As I chased him, I found myself lifted into the air by a simple snare of woven vines. The man approached me. He was a tall, skinny man with wavy hair. He wore nothing but a loincloth and pair of horned rimmed glasses. He looked me over for several minutes and left. This was probably midday. I hung upside-down until nearly sundown when he returned with his companions. They were all adorned in simple clothes, and were it not for the first's glasses, I might have believed them native to the island. One was a tall, broad shouldered man of bronze complexion and piercing blue eyes. The other two were women: one wild eyed, the other stoic, with curly hair. The bronze-colored man approached me and asked "Hello?"

I was so shocked to hear him speak English that I almost forgot to respond. "Hello," I sputtered. The group looked at each other, and cut me down from the snare. They lead me through the jungle to a simple village of thatch-roofed cottages. There they fed me and introduced themselves. They were, to my surprise and delight Buddy Holly, President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Amelia Earhart, and Janis Joplin. The village was populated with many others. As I looked around, I saw Jim Morrison carrying water. Andy Kaufman was chopping wood. John Lennon was playing a rudimentary stringed instrument which I would later learn he'd constructed of palm wood and fish intestines. To my shock, John introduced me to his friend Paul McCartney.



That night they held a council to decide if I would be allowed to stay with them. I pleaded with them, and though it seemed there was no clear consensus, Kennedy, who it seems was their leader convinced the others to let me stay. In the coming weeks, I learned to hunt and forage and integrated myself into the community. They taught me secrets to longevity stored in mysterious plants and herbs. They told stories of their glory days. Andy Kaufman taught me how to wrestle, taking Joplin, but never Earhart, as a reluctant sparring partner.

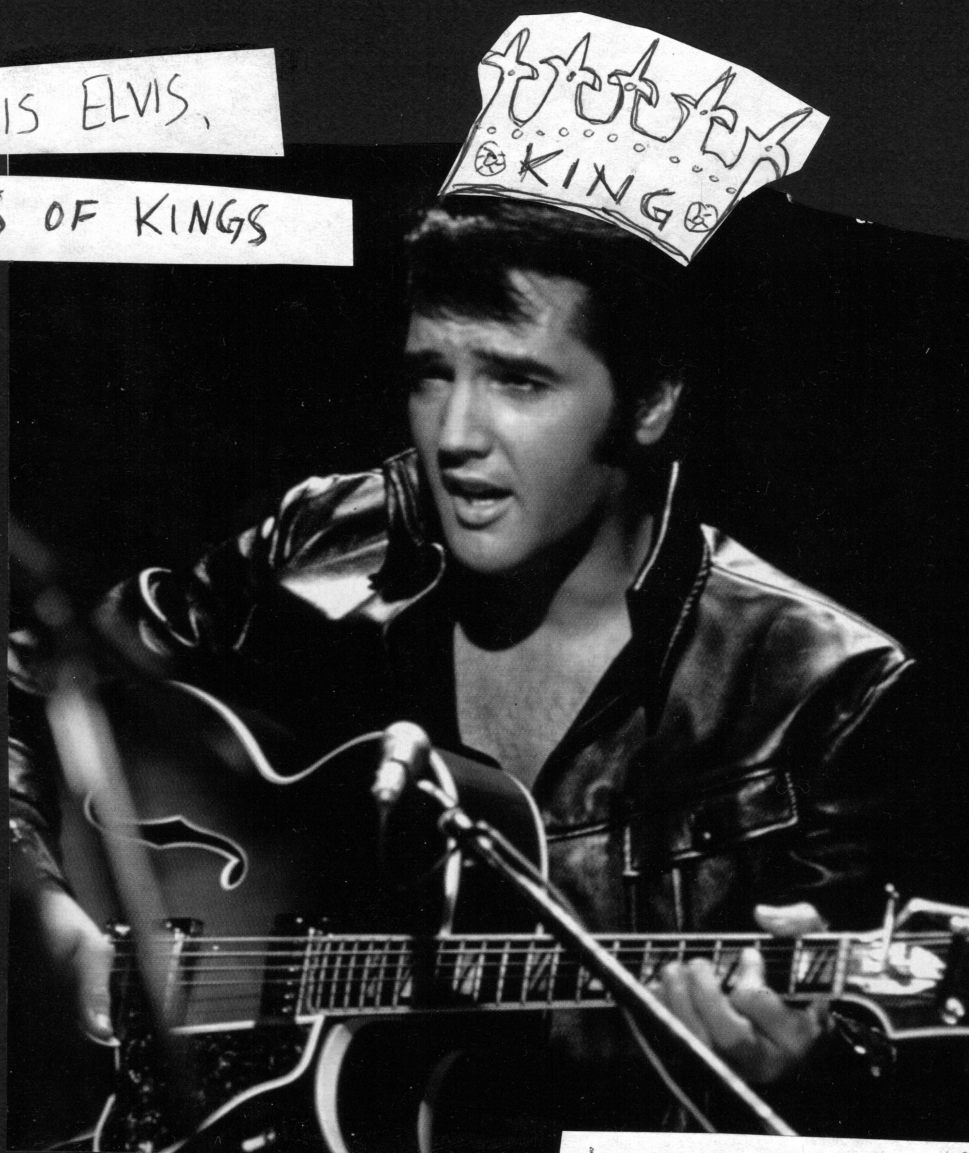
But as I was becoming more comfortable in my newfound island paradise, I made a grave error. I asked about Elvis. At the mere mention of his name, the people of Secret-Believed Dead Island fell silent. I could not bear this mystery, so finally, one day, I asked Buddy Holly. He took me aside and said:

“Elvis was on this island many years ago, and he was king once. And he was a good king and under him we prospered. But as king, he had his choice of the women, and some grew jealous. One night, as Elvis lay asleep beside Amelia Earhart, JFK crushed his skull with a rock. But we are at peace and we are healthy, so we do not question our new leader.”

Perhaps, I had not been on the island long enough to adjust to their cruel ways. When next I saw JFK, I could not meet his eyes. He knew that I knew what he had done, and I was no longer welcome. One night as I slept, he put me adrift in a canoe. It was in this canoe I was discovered by the Coast Guard who called my survival and discovery miraculous. The explanation, is much simpler: I was taken in by the kind people of a strange land, and by them I was banished never to return, but know well, that somewhere in the South Pacific, a people lives in health, and peace, and joy, but also in fear.

MY NAME IS ELVIS,

KINGS OF KINGS



LOOK ON MY WORKS,

YE MIGHTY, AND DESPAIR!

DAGON

THE FISH-LORD

[interview transcript, original grammar left intact]

Call me old-fashioned, but I believe in one god. His name is Dagon the fish-lord, he lives in Occum pond and he occasionally demands human sacrifice. How do I know this? Well, I seen him, is the thing.

Now, it was the summer of 67, or was it 68? Well that don't matter, anyway, it was summer, and I remember a young man – a sophomore, I believe, don't remember the name – had gone missing, and well, it seemed to me the police stopped the search for him real quick-like. Said he'd drowned in the river, drunk or stoned or whatever, and that they wouldn't be able to recover the body.

Now, I didn't believe that for a second, skeptic that I am. So, having nothing much better to do, I opened my own investigation. It was my sixth or seventh night sleeping under the porch of the DoC house when, I saw *it*. It came burbling out of that pond – too horrible to describe. It must have been about seven or eight feet tall, covered in scales that glew in the moonlight. It swam to the shore, and shambled up the hill onto Occum Ridge road. Now, the Stewarts's cat used to roam the neighborhood at night, but not so much after that night. Poor bastard never had a chance. Dagon ate him the hell up.

Well, I kept watching the thing, and every so often, he'd rise up from that lake and eat a cat or a dog -- or a wayward youth when he got really hungry. I thought about calling the police, but I was pretty suspicious of them after they closed the disappearance case, and I thought about trying to kill him myself but I didn't know what kind of firepower it would take to put him down, and I sure as shit didn't want to make him angry.

I kept watching him and wouldn't you know, the plants grew bigger where'd been. And it always rained after he fed. Dagon, you see, is the spirit of the pond. Might be the god of the whole Upper Valley for all I know. You see, Occum Pond was sacred to the Abenaki – at least that's what my cousin Jesse told me, and he heard it from a guy at the historical society. So, Dagon is the spirit of the pond.

Lots of places got gods like that. Loch Ness, Lake Champlain – they got sea monsters. The Bennington woods have a Bigfoot. In the old days, people feared and respected the rulers of the wild, but when you don't, they get awfully ornery –and Hanover found *that* out that fateful summer they lost that kid.

I don't see much of old Dagon these days. He must be pretty satisfied. Makes me wonder: kids that get expelled, you ever hear from 'em again? Where do they go?

And let me leave you with one more question? Why's the weather so nice for your "Dimensions" week every year? I'm just saying.

COMPUTERS

POWERED BY

BOX * MAGIC!!!

For many years, the consumer have assumed that all electronic products operate on invisible power of electricity, called 'electromagnetism' by Scientific Community.

However, legitimate questions of thinking citizen remain unanswered: how can electricity, which produce light in lightbulbs, cause the computing power in the Personal Computers? The Scientific Community and the Ivory Shower ignores these rightful concerns. Ivy-Leag schools, such as but not limited to Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, NYU, leave thinking citizen ingorant.

Electricity, which is a form of light[*], cannot power the silent, impenetrate darkness of the Computer Box.

I have completed many years's research into properties contained inside the functioning of consumer electronics such as, the GPS, the Graphing Calculator, the Wristwatch Calculator, the Computer Box, the Fire Alarm, the Security Camera, and Lap Top Computer. I have discovered the Linking Factor which unites similarities in types of electronics. It is the Box Shape Magic, or the Box Magic of computers.

All types of electronics are types of box. All have the tough outer shell, plastic carapace, holding inside like bees or other insects the electronic mechanisms. Truly, the words 'electronics' is not accurate, since electricity which is a form of light in lightbulbs cannot power the thinking machines. Instead, it is the Box Shape, square, like jaw of Arnold Shwartzenger, or the whole face of Christopher Judge.

For years the people of the Earth considered the pyramid shape magic, due to the storing of the dead human body in that place, and also sacrifice of crocodiles and other big animals. For many years the pyramid is worshiped and the Box Shape is ingored, because it is very typical, and all the men and women of the Earth have boxing and boxes. However, after the CIA and the invention of LSD, the modern Scientists find the Box Magic and harness it, creating powerful instruments for modernity.

However, Box Magic is independance of science, and scientists and Scientific Commuity cannot control or know it. It has the deep deeps too deep to be dealt, like the bottom of the Earth, or the ocean, or the distance of Space. However, scientists and Scientific Community wish on to have power, and invent lie of electricity to control future of the Box Magic.

No other kind of explaining can explain the similarities between the shape (as is Rectangle) of all kinds of the Computer Box, the Calculator Box (flat box), the Wristwatch Calculator, which I have one, in case of meeting scientists and having debate about the meaning of Box Magic, and the falseness of the electrical power, which is a form of light, as in lightbulbs, and light cannot think.

[*] In lightbulbs

New committees work to produce policy recs. College rehires laid-off

STUDENT ASSEMBLY from page 1

over Spring term, according to Paxton.

This structure allows students to increase dialogue with administrators, Tanner said.

"The administration would do a lot more things before," he said. "The administration can dictate the things that the student body can't do."

Student Assembly Treasurer James Lee '13, however, said he was unaware of Tanner's plan to decrease the budget. Co-chairs said they are working to continue previous popular Assembly Programming and Services Committee projects, such as buses to New York over the holidays.

REHIRING from page 1

care benefits to employees and the elimination of the death benefit to employees, The Dartmouth previously reported.

Seventy-eight employees in fiscal year 2009 and "between 105 and 110" employees in fiscal year 2010 volunteered to retire early, according to Kadish. In 2009, 54 employees also agreed to reduce their salaries.

possible to "make those cuts [necessary to close the gap] without forcing people to be laid off from Dartmouth College" and that, overall, the College has been "very successful" in achieving this goal.

Kadish said that the College attempted to avoid firing employees, and described the relatively small number of layoffs in comparison with the approximately 3,200 employees at Dartmouth as "remark-



WHY DO PROFESSORS WEAR THEIR PANTS SO HIGH?

For years we have wondered why it is that professors wear their pants so high. We assumed it was a capricious sartorial whim, an adorable faux-pas.

But what lies beneath those high pants, citizens? What dark and twisted mangle of flesh comprises their hidden lower parts, their abdomens and under-regions? are they entirely human? Who walks among us, with all their dark knowledge of science and magic?



Stay strong, citizens, and be watchful.

...ers in ...y — and ... Tanner said. ... programming events ... a lot more manpower than you'd think," Tanner said. "I think people should spend more time on things like getting the option to NRO a [government] class. I would love to see both, but right now you have to prioritize."

Tanner said he is working to wean the Assembly off of its \$75,000 budget so that more money may be distributed among groups that are programming focused

...ege's zero ...ort ...ing initiative, according to co-chair J. Mentrek '13.

The Alcohol Harm Reduction Committee is reviewing Social Event Management Procedures and the Student and Presidential Alcohol Harm Reduction Committee recommendations, co-chair Cyrus Akrami '11 said.

The Accessibility Committee has been focused on research, according to Broas. Several members of the committee provided a student voice in the Dean of the Faculty's Accessibility Committee.

Tanner said that he anticipates the new Assembly website to be running by the end of January

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Topics as diverse as the following will be c

- the use of computational thinking in disciplines (i.e., the sciences, social humanities) or in real-world applications
- the impact of information technology on privacy throughout society
- the relation of information technology to economic forces, cultural values and influences

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!!! CHUPACABRAS !!!

Eileen Morrison recalls twelve years ago standing above the mutilated carcass of Betty, her very favorite sheep, on her farm in rural Texas. Local newspaper reporters asked relentless questions. "What killed it?" "Did you see it?" "Was it a space alien?" "How can it both hop like a kangaroo and look like a bear?" But they didn't understand. The two tiny bite marks on Betty's neck proved that the blood had been sucked out of her by a small-bear-sized creature with spines down its back, that hops like a kangaroo, has eyes like the sunset and two syringe-like fangs like a Siamese mosquito. Rural Texan farmers know this creature all too well as the Chupacabra.

The Chupacabra, from the Spanish *El Chupacabras*, or 'traditional goat-sucking dance,' terrorized Southern goat and sheep farms, such as Eileen's, throughout the 90's. For the past few years, however, the cattle mutilations have dwindled, and the Chupacabra has been sighted mysteriously as far north as Maine, and most often on college campuses. These changes went entirely unexplained, that is, until Eileen Morrison enrolled in Dartmouth College.

This fall, when Eileen attended a party at a Dartmouth fraternity, she saw a sight all too familiar. She happened upon an empty can of Keystone Light beer that was oddly unopened except for two telltale bite marks on the side.

"I felt like it was there. I could sense its sharp spines, its foul breath, and sunset-like gaze," she reported. But when she looked around, the Chupacabra was nowhere to be found. Though some partygoers gave tantalizing details:

"Yeah, there was some weird dude at that party sucking beer from the side of the can," said Markash Nichols.

"I think I saw some guy wearing a costume with spines or something," said Liz Dower.

"I believe there was a small-bear-sized partygoer who danced by hopping like a kangaroo, had two fangs, and had incredibly crepuscular retinæ," said Merald Gichaelson.

"It seems that the Chupacabra has discovered that beer is a far more nutritious source of food than goat's blood, which is high in cholesterol and goat-diseases, and they have migrated north to locate more of this new food stuff," hypothesizes scientist Marjory Fallopia. "And, since it no longer has to sneak up on its prey, it has adapted to blend in with human society."

Indeed, there have been numerous instances of a small, spiny man purchasing alcohol from stores across the Northeast. And the reports from college campuses have been growing more and more concerning.

Friend of Eileen, Carol Whitman, even reported having a close encounter with a possible Chupacabra: "Yeah, there was this spiny dude with fangs playing Pong at Tri-Kap with this tall hairy dude. Then I kinda danced with him, and he just sorta hopped up and down. But his eyes -- his eyes were just so deep and luminous -- and I was pretty drunk, so I think we hooked up or whatever. I just remember feeling really weak and light-headed afterwards. I might have pissed off Eileen, too, cause I think he used to go out with her friend Betty or something."



"DO YOU EVER GET THE
FEELING YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?"