



## DailyDebriefing

## Charmingly Obese Man Delighted To Find Himself On Actual Gravy Train

DELMONT, PA- What was intended as a routine train ride into the city turned to the stuff of dreams last Wednesday for local gourmand Ralph Studdard when he found himself sitting on a train transporting Heinz HomeStyle Gravy. "Yorkshire Pudding, meatloaf, mashed potatoes—the culinary possibilities are almost frightening!" the rotund bon vivant declared as he waltzed by the train's endless rows of gravy jars. "Onion, turkey, duck! Excuse me for a moment." He then upended an entire industrial container of the savory sauce into his mouth. "They even have Bistro Au Jus!" he noted, drool cascading from his lips, before submerging his face into a freshly opened container and loudly slurping the entire mixture down. Smacking his lips, the affable glutton proclaimed himself sated. "Or am I only getting started?" he wondered aloud. As of press time, Studdard was seen bathing shirtless in a pool of gravy.

## Internet Libertine Summons Digital Concubines To Dance, Fornicate

MADISON, WI- Notorious lothario of cyberspace Ron Blevins engaged in a bout of debauchery last night with PornBlast.com's harem of exotic actresses lasting the entirety of several minutes. Sitting before his laptop screen, the electronic Don Juan was reportedly driven by his devilish whimsy to search "nude ladies" online and click the first hyperlink that appeared, thus opening his browser onto a sea of videos featuring the website's nubile courtesans. From thereon, the depravity grew so intense as to force even the 27-year-old software programmer to adjust his computer's volume, dampening the voluptuous moans of rapture and decadence issuing from his newfound mistresses. Following six full minutes of self-pleasure, the hellrake's orgy was complete. Blevins then shut out of the tab, banishing his fleshly slaves to the nether dungeons of the internet until his irrepressible lust overcomes him again. When questioned on how they possibly plan to escape the grips of this unstoppable sexual tyrant, a representative from PornBlast.com responded, "What? Who is Ron Blevins?"

## Hu Jintao Calmly Dusts Off 'Runner-Up' Trophy For Obama

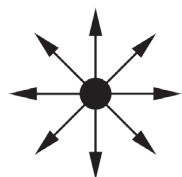
Chinese President Hu Jintao continued polishing his country's 2<sup>nd</sup> place trophy in a press conference today, displaying his ambitions to acquire America's coveted Gold Nation Cup. "I intend to acquire that trophy, Barack," Jintao patiently said through a translator, adding, "And I have yours shining, all ready for you." He then placed his country's gleaming Runner's-Up Medallion onto the press table and leaned back in his chair, a visible grin on his face. "The United States has no intentions to hand over the Gold Nation Cup in the foreseeable future," Assistant Secretary of Defense Linda Guarneri said of the trophy, which came into America's possession from Great Britain over a centuries ago. In other news, the Swiss government released a statement today that they continue to take pride in their participation ribbon.

Compiled by the Quotidian Reports of Recent Events in Underwear Association

## Stock Information



+ The 1  
to  
**Transcendence**  
**Dao Jones**



+ to  
*Magic, dude*  
**CHAOS**

**Corrections:** In our previous issue, we printed that *The Dartmouth* is the liquid that comes out of water fountains. We now realize this was incorrect. Contact us with more corrections at [@dartmouth.edu](mailto:ButSeriouslyIsTheDartmouthAWaterFountain)

**Back issues:** The Dartmouth has a lot of back issues. If you know of a good chiropractor, please contact [owww@dartmouth.edu](mailto:owww@dartmouth.edu) or call (603) OWW-OWWW.

**Taking Care of Some "Business" For Us:** Eh...we got this, let's call him a "nuisance," we wouldn't mind seeing fall down a flight of stairs, if you get our drift. Give us a call.

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*The Dartmouth* is a daily news publication...except on Christmas Day, when we're out putting up Christmas lights across the street from your house that utterly humiliate your poor family. That's right, we said it. The Christmas lights of your squalid hovel could never compare to ours. And that Christmas ham? Please. It looks like you ate that stupid dog of yours. To be fair, though, my dad works as a top-trader on Wall Street. What does yours do again? Oh, what's that? A lowly school teacher, you say? Well I guess he gets a lot of shiny fucking apples. ...What? What? You angry or some shit, Mayor McCheese? You wanna turn this into a rumble? I'll cut you with a switchblade and then sic the police on you. That's right, now go eat your apple, poor boy.

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(603)536-2800. Or you can write a letter, you dollarless chump! BOOM! You thought I was done with that didn't you? "Durr, he talking about ads, he surely be done with mocking me and me dada." THAT'S WHAT YOU SOUND LIKE! How can you stand yourself? Constantine! Butler! Fetch me my buttermilk and get this street urchin out of my sight!

*The Dartmouth* is printed on the world's largest collection of models of Snarf from Thundercats. No, they're not dolls. Men don't own dolls. These are collectible, authentic replicas of the original character. They have his voice, and several skirts you can dress him up in for fun. But...but that's not, like, girly, because it's Snarf.

*The Dartmouth* is published by  
William Randolph Hearst

# Emma Watson Leaves Brown on Bad Terms, Curses University to "9,000 Years of Darkness"

By Hex U. Bus

The Dartmouth Staff

Noted *Harry Potter* actress and former Brown University student Emma Watson has decided to leave Brown for an as-yet unnamed American university. Although her reason for leaving Brown remains unknown she appears to have left the university on bad terms. Sources close to Watson claim that she cursed the campus to "nine thousand years of darkness."

Sources close to Watson suggest that she received too much media attention at Brown University. "It was always like 'oh there's Hermione,' which I imagine got really annoying," said a friend of Watson's. "She seemed really upset about it, to be honest," she continued, "which is probably why she cast that hex."

Watson refused to comment on her reasons for leaving Brown, but became visibly animated when asked about the nature of the alleged spell. When this reporter jokingly asked if she would ever cast a Cruciatius curse she responded that such statements were "the kind of shit [she] put[s] up with every day." She continued "I'm grateful for the opportunities that the *Harry Potter* films afforded me, but I need to separate them from my day to day life. I do not cast dumb silly little spells from stupid kids books. I do serious black magic."

Although Watson refused to give further comment, Initiate Alison Crowley, a new member of the Brown chapter of the Order of the Golden Dawn – in which Watson holds the highest rank of Ipsissima – said that the spell was "pretty intense." Crowley said "she performed a number of summoning rituals out of the Lesser Key of Solomon," a noted book of Demonology. "She bound



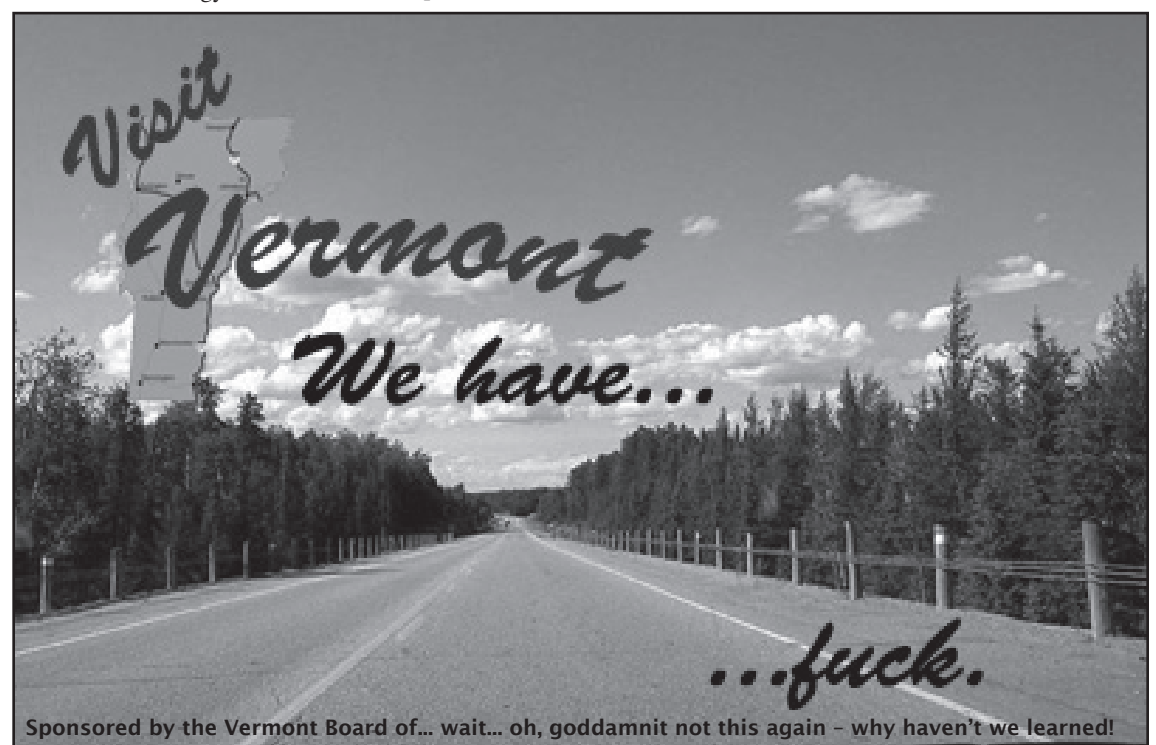
Watson Calls Upon Baal to Immolate Her Foes

Mammon the Demon of Avarice to the financial office, and Baal, the toad-headed to the Dining hall." Baal, also known as Beelzebub is the demon of gluttony. "Baphomet, the Horned Lord will rule over the rest of campus," said Crowley, adding "the next nine thousand years are going to be pretty rough."

Students have already started noticing changes, but seem largely unperturbed. "We had to cancel

rowing practice due to a rain of Frogs," said lightweight Coxswain Charlie Fort, "that was kind of a bummer." Another student noticed that "food at the dining hall keeps getting blighted with this black mold, no matter how fresh it is. I'm gonna have to start ordering take out more, which can get pretty expensive."

Current rumors suggest Watson will transfer to Yale after a gap year.



# Captain America Accused of Using Performance Enhancing Drugs

BY JAMES "BUCKY" BAMES  
The Dartmouth Staff

Steve Rogers, better known as crime-fighter, Captain America will go before Congress in response to an ongoing investigation into the use of performance enhancing drugs among the Superhero community. Rogers has declined to respond to the Dartmouth before press-time.

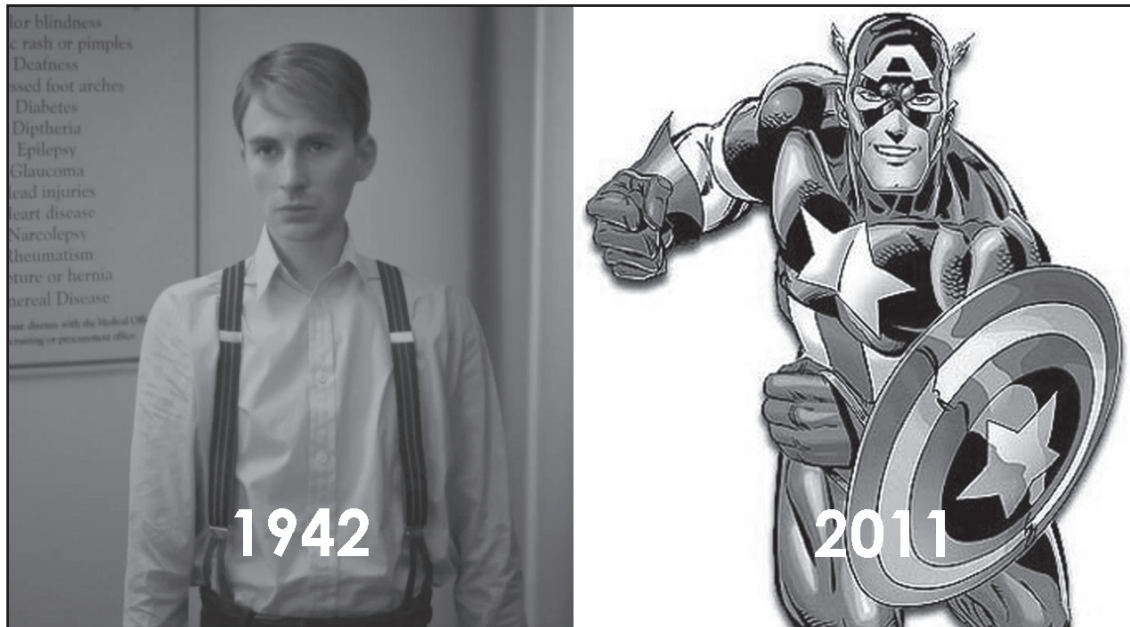
Rogers' Attorney, Matthew

Rogers used something called a "Super-Soldier Serum." The source said "the change in Rogers's physique and strength before and after he took the serum was pretty drastic. I mean he was a pretty scrawny kid in high school."

These charges follow the Hulk's exoneration due to the "inadvertent use" rule. Senator George Mitchell, an outspoken opponent

these drugs."

Self-described "Human Enhancement Specialist," Dr. Leonard Samson disagrees. "I see no reason we shouldn't enhance human ability to its fullest extent. Look at Tony Stark, is what he's doing any different? Just because he's not taking drugs doesn't mean he isn't doing everything in his power to be the best he can be."



Captain America, before and after alleged steroid use

Murdoch said in an interview "my client has never used illegal, performance-enhancing drugs. The drugs he did use were prescribed to him by a doctor for medical use." Murdoch declined to indicate what those drugs were. Sources close to Rogers who wish to remain anonymous have indicated that

of performance enhancing drugs said of that ruling: "It's ridiculous, I don't see how he could get that big naturally; it gives him an obvious unfair advantage over hard working heroes like Daredevil." He continued "and he demonstrates clearly how dangerous these drugs are - the kind of aggression you see from users of

Senator Mitchell responded that it's matter of fair play, saying "these so called heroes are supposed to be role models to the kids out there." Samson disagrees, "I don't know how anyone gets the idea that Captain America or anyone else are supposed to be role models."

## Class of '53 Prohibit Computer Use, Trade Places With Students Students Find it "Pretty Awkward"

DONATIONS from page 1

Class of 1953 Green.

"Yes, we did allow the alumni to have access to the college application process. Yes, we have authorized them to have a certain measure of personal control of the students. And yes, some may technically describe this as 'slavery.' But, as I said before, they gave us a lot of money."

The stipulations of the purchase include regular meetings between the '15 student and his '53 counterpart. The alumni have chartered the Dartmouth Coach bus line to transport female students from the Boston area every weekend to the Class of 1953 Frat Row. In addition, the alums have instituted a "Trading Places" program, where the '15 students can see what it's like to live as successful businessmen, and the '53's will be bona fide Dartmouth students, but

just for the weekend.

"So, the only girl I'm ever going to see when I'm at Dartmouth will be Philip Raymond's seventy-year-old wife," said Philip Raymond '53 '15. "And I can't use a computer. I have to type all my papers on a typewriter. I hardly even know what a typewriter is!"

Harold Grommis '53, president of the Class of 1953 alumni, revealed that the stipulations are all part of his class's attempt to make Dartmouth be just a little bit more like it was back when they were students.

"Yes, our plan is almost complete," he announced from a pedestal atop the Class of 1953 Baker Library tower. "Soon, Dartmouth will again be ours!" he said as he laughed maniacally, entered a large, telephone-booth-shaped device, and suddenly disappeared into thin air.



## College Installs River Monster as Safety Measure

By ETHEL ALCOHOL  
The Dartmouth Staff

In order to prevent student's unsafe swimming in the Connecticut in Summer 2011, the College has recently summoned a creature from the Netherworld to inhabit the river. Gorthon the Fearsome, as he is known in the 4th circle of the Hell, will be on patrol during periods of high student usage of the river.

SA released this statement: "We are highly dissatisfied with the Administration's decision, which was done completely without the consent of students and fully in the interests of the bureaucratic system of the College.

"I mean, have you looked at that thing? It's huge, and those fangs could tear through fifteen and a half babies! There is simply no way that we're going to be safer with that thing in the river."

The D visited the Connecticut and asked Gorthon about the situation. He gave a sullen look with his eye-slits and lit a cigarette the size of a pine tree with his scaly hands. "Dunno," he said, and commenced to eat the cigarette. "It's hard for a Fifty-foot long dragon-sea-monster to get a job these days. Sure, you try to do some gigs---a movie here, a commercial there. But those don't pay too well. The Sea Monster Union's really slacked off lately."

Some students have expressed relative unconcern. Kevin D'Macchio, a '13 from Long Island, scratched his chest underneath his lacrosse pinny. "We're just going to swim in the river anyway, dragon and all. Sure, some of us might get eaten, but that's our choice and we should get to do what we want. Dartmouth's just wasting its money. And also, who's gonna give up all those babies to feed that thing?"



# COLT 45

## Alcohol Use in Urban Oral Poetry 1980-present

Meeting: At Night, on the Corner.  
You know the one.

## Loger Rott

### Me Am Lodger Rott, Me Am Have Well Considered Opinions

Hello! Me am Lodger Rott, opinion columnist from Bizzaro The Dartmouth, where me am well-regarded and positive social influence! Me am have many opinions, which all are very good, make people think hard, make people friendlier and kinder to each other!

Example: me are thinking society is be better when more diverse peoples living together in same place, sharing experiences peacefully! Wow! Is good ideas, yes? Me am subscribing to beliefs of Ralph Waldo Emerson, that strength lie in difference. Is interesting! Perhaps you give a try?

Also, me am thinking that financial aid are very, very good for Dartmouth community! That school are using funds to repair dichotomies in opportunities for qualified student individuals-- is good for diversity! And diversity are good for human condition, for creativity and equality!

Everybody say yeah? Yeah!

Additionally, sex are something that interest I. Me am quite excited about and interested in sex. Me am thinking, more sex all over campus are good for whole Dartmouth! Make we more comfortable with selves, with bodies, and make better environment for combat sexual assault and inequality! Are super good idea!

Finally, me am mentioning that me am NOT sexist, not at all, and me am not fundamentalist Christian, with hateful parents and hypocritical code of morals! Yeah!!

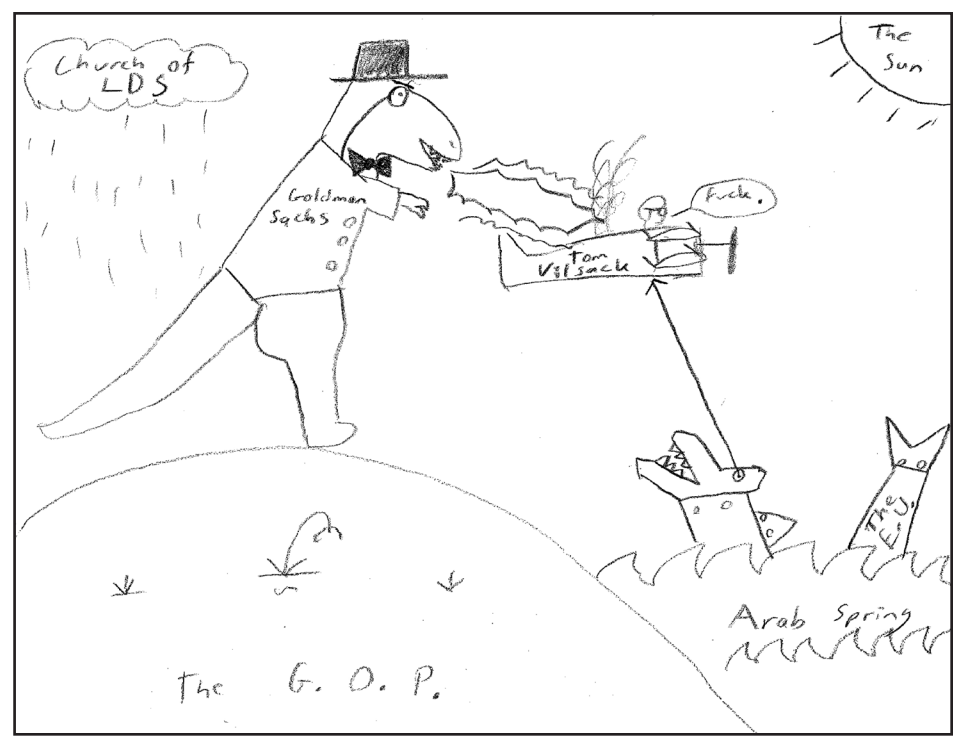
So, me am hoping you are all joining with me to celebrating our differences together! Here's Bizzaro Lodger Rott, am signing off, with good wishes for all!

Yeah!!!

Lodger Rott is a staff writer for htvomtraD ehT. His interests include inciting no productive discussions and writing for the Free Press.

Yeah!!!  
with good wishes for all!  
Here's Bizzaro Lodger Rott, am signing off,  
me to celebrating our differences together!  
So, me am hoping you are all joining with  
Yeah!!  
parents and hypocritical code of morals!  
fundamentalist Christian, with hateful  
am NOT sexist, not at all, and me am not  
Finally, me am mentioning that me  
super good idea!  
bodies, and make better environment for  
Make we more comfortable with selves, with  
over campus are good for whole Dartmouth!  
interested in sex. Me am thinking, more sex all  
interest I. Me am quite excited about and  
Additionally, sex are something that  
Everybody say yeah? Yeah!  
for creativity and equality!  
And diversity are good for human condition,  
student individuals-- is good for diversity!  
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Also, me am thinking that financial aid are  
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Emerson, that strength lie in difference. Is  
am subscribing to beliefs of Ralph Waldo  
peacefully! Wow! Is good ideas, yes? Me  
together in same place, sharing experiences  
be better when more diverse peoples living  
Example: me are thinking society is  
each other!  
hard, make people friendlier and kinder to  
which all are very good, make people think  
social influence! Me am have many opinions,  
where me am well-regarded and positive  
columnist from Bizzaro The Dartmouth,  
Hello! Me am Lodger Rott, opinion

## EDITORIAL CARTOON



"The Vale of Tears: A Social Commentary"

## VERBAL ULTIMATUM

To the Editor,

This is an ultimatum. Give me \$500,000 in cash and a plane ticket to Tahiti by 6 AM or you will never see a back issue of The Dartmouth again. No, this is not a joke. I have spent the past year of my life tracking down every last issue this publication has made since its founding in 1799. It was hard. Damn hard. I had to go to the snow-entrenched foothills of the Himalayas. I broke into a vault in Switzerland using only a screwdriver and my own unadulterated guile. I was nearly caught three months back, after I found the sought-after 1819 issue buried in John Wheelock's cold, dead fist. I'll admit it. I had to "silence" a man. Let's just say he received a snake bite. Yes, a snake bite. To the forehead. One tooth. Metal snake bite.

I have seen wonders. My quest has taken me around the earth, the girdled earth so to speak. But it has led me back to you. Sir and madam editors, you must send me the money and plane ticket, or else wake up to the possibility of your entire back catalogue going up in flames. I leave it entirely in your hands. Come to the Dartmouth Club in New York by the aforementioned time if you wish to make this deal. My man-servant Andrew Weatherford will wait for you in the northeast corner.

Now, we can either deal with this like gentlemen, or you will force me to break out my World War II memorabilia. And when I break out my World War II memorabilia, I do not trifle. I do not trifle at all, sir and madam editors.

Again, I leave it entirely in your hands,

—James Wright,  
Sixteenth President of  
Dartmouth College

### Submissions

The Dartmouth welcomes letters and columns written by all alumni, except for Timothy Geithner, who is beginning to frighten us. Please stop sending us mixtapes with sixteen tracks in a row of Solsbury Hill and attached drawings of you and the entire staff of *The Dartmouth* hugging, Mr. Geithner. We're all overjoyed you appreciate our publication, but we can't do anything with the 800 parakeets you sent us. All other messages can be sent by mail to the locked, barred door of *The Dartmouth* office. All Timothy Geithners will be arrested on sight.

## The Dartmouth

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909.BAST

### AUTOBOTS

- KENNETH BACLAWSKI '12  
*Skids*
- LAURA MICHE '11, *NOSTALGIABOT*
- VICTORIA OOSTERHOUT '12, *SPAMBOT*
- JEFF LEDOLTER '13, *HEDONISMBOT*

### DECEPTICONS

- MICHAEL GILLIS '12  
*Mudflap*
- DAN SMOLINSKY '11, *PENDING UNEMPLOYMENTBOT*
- JULIAN BANGERT '14, *SKYNET / TERMINATOR*
- JULIE FIVEASH '13, *GUTENBERGBOT*

### NANOBOTS

- MATT GARCZYNSKI '14, *MEGAPHONE, THE WORST TRANSFORMER*
- SAM BUNTZ '11, *RABBI MANKIEWICZBOT*
- AARON COLSTON '14, *JAZZ BOT*
- SARAH ARONSON '13, *AEDBOT*
- BATMAN '72, *BATMAN ROBOT*
- TIM GOLDBERG '11, *OPTIMUS PRIME*
- RICHARD LANG '13, *BROBOT*
- MITCHELL JACOBS '14, *MC MONEYBOT*
- BRENDON MOONEY '14, *ROBOT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID VODKA SHOT, AS IN, PRETTY SOON, WE'LL ALL BE REPLACED BY VODKA SHOTS-BOT*
- ERIKA MURILLO '13, *VODKASHOT-BOT*

### ASSISTANTS TO THE STAFF

- SUPERMAN, *ENEMY OF MR. SMOLINSKY*
- VODKA, *ASSISTANT TO UNCLE FRANK*
- ERIC WHINER, *ASSISTANT TO MR. GOLDBERG*
- A COPY OF BLAKE AND SIGNIOR DILDO, *ASSISTANT TO MR. BUNTZ*
- A TRASH CAN, *ASSISTANT TO MR. GARCZYNSKI*
- THE POPSCILE, *ASSISTANT TO MR. MOONEY*
- A HALLUCINATORY SENSE OF UNEASE, *ASSISTANT TO TIMOTHY LEARY*
- THE PORKCHOP YOU'RE GRADUALLY TURNING INTO, *ASSISTANT TO OUR INSANITY*
- JIMMY PAGE'S GUITAR AND THE PANOPTICON, *ASSISTANT TO THE WEIRDEST DREAM MR. SMOLINSKY EVER HAD*

### ASSISTANT MANAGERS

- HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XVI, *MANAGER OF THE SOUL*
- HIS HOLINESS JAMES BROWN, *MANAGER OF THE SOUL EMERITUS*
- CHICKEN SOUP, *ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE SOUL*
- DR. SCHOLL, *MANAGER OF THE SOLE*
- LEE MYUNG-BAK, *MANAGER OF THE SEOUL*
- KIM JONG-IL, *MANAGER OF THE SEOUL (DISPUTED)*
- SOL, *DAY MANAGER*
- THE MAN IN THE MOON, *NIGHT MANAGER*
- THE MAN IN THE SUN, *DAY MANAGER EMERITUS*
- THE MONSTER IN YOUR CLOSET, *NIGHT MANAGER EMERITUS*
- ...OR IS IT?
- KING ARTHUR, *KNIGHT MANAGER*
- JOAN OF ARC, *KNIGHT WOMANAGER*

# President Kim Refuses to Acknowledge 800-Pound Gorilla in Office

By JOE "MIGHTY" YOUNG  
The Dartmouth Staff

Tuesday, animal control officers from Lebanon responded to a call for intervention at Parkhurst. Upon arrival, they discovered that the 800-pound gorilla President Kim has been keeping as a pet in his office, Toby, is suffering from the classic signs of emotional and physical neglect.

"We got an call last night from an anonymous staff member," Animal Control Chief Gary Pithers told the Dartmouth. "They were worried that Kim wasn't providing the gorilla with any kind of basic care at all. He just pretends it isn't there! Abuse by neglect, you know?"

The officers discovered that Toby had not been recently fed: he appeared emaciated and lethargic and was seen licking the windowpanes for moisture. "He was eating the carpet, we think," said Pithers. "He was also going after the upholstery on some of the more-expensive chairs and couches. You know, the gold-plated ones from the nineteenth century. There were definitely serious tooth markings on that stuff!" Toby's

rumbling tummy churns loud enough to be heard from the Parkhurst lobby. "It's tragic," Pithers said with a sigh.

The animal control officers also observed that Toby was suffering from serious emotional neglect. Although President Kim continues to use his office, he ignores the gorilla's plaintive bids for attention. Whenever Toby gambols or cavorts around the office, Kim brushes him off with a dismissive hand gesture. When Toby brings Kim newspapers, slippers, snacks, or mixed drinks from the Parkhurst butler's closet, Kim turns his face away with an imperious expression.

"I don't have time for this goddamn monkey," he told the Lebanon animal control force. "I've got rich nobs to canoodle with. I've got people to fire. I've got research institutes to found. I've got global health initiatives to boldly champion. Am I a gorilla-trainer? Hell no, man. Hell no."

The gorilla has been removed to the Lebanon pound, and Kim will soon be appearing in court to answer charges of gorilla abuse.

For now, Toby awaits adoption by any Lebanon-area family brave enough to acknowledge his presence.

## Kim's Cure for Cancer Actually Complete Shit

By LUKEE MIA  
The Dartmouth Staff

On Monday, clinical testing at Dartmouth Medical School revealed that Jim Yong Kim's cure for cancer, although it works, is actually very shitty.

"We've examined it in every way," said Franklin Muramasa, a researcher at DMS, "and although it's cheap, effective, and easily-reproducible, it's totally shit, and President Kim is shit for inventing it."

Kim's cure will be appearing for use nationwide sometime in the next year. It's expected to bring the balm of good health to nearly a million cancer-ridden individuals. However, the FDA, the clinical test-subjects, and researchers across America all agree that it's "incredibly dumb" and "totally lame."

"Your cancer cure is bad, and you should feel bad," said Gabe Cleese, a middle-aged Upper Valley resident recently cured by Kim's miracle-treatment. "That's what I'll tell him, next time he takes me out for dinner at the Hanover Inn." Cleese reports that Kim takes him there for "shitty, dumb" dinner nearly every Tuesday night.

Cleese explained that the cancer cure, although quick, painless, and easy to implement, even at home, did not live up to the expectations he'd had for it.

According to Cleese, it "tastes like bubblegum" and "you can cook it into cupcakes." "Also," he said, "it's got all these totally weird side-effects. Like, I'm stronger now, and my hair is thicker, and my wife and I are attracted to each other again, after twenty-five years of bitterness and apathy." He shook his head. "It's a shit cure."

Kim devoted hours of his spare time over the past year to this cure, staying up all night long in the laboratory. According to his personal assistant, Beatrice Hammond, he's grown weak with unlauded exertion. "It must be pretty sucky to do all that work and discover that your cure is shit," said Hammond. "He worked all day long saving the school from financial ruin, and all night long saving the world from death by cancer-- and now his cure is totally shitty. That must really suck."

"However," she added, "he deserves it. Anyone who makes a cure that shitty deserves how shitty it is."

# Kim Planning Executive Moon Palace

KIM IN SPACE from page 1

Hampshire, right? Great for babies! But it turns out that's not true." He shook his head sorrowfully. Luckily for Kim and his family, the moon's presidential palace is about as far away from Webster Avenue as they can get. "Also, the pay is way better," he said. "I'll be able to afford my own spaceship!"

As Kim shook hands with Obama, Putin, British Prime Minister David Cameron, and Jorge Tyrannowitz, President of Saturn, he reflected upon his short time at Dartmouth with a mercenary smile. "What a bunch of chumps," he said. "Sure, the Ivy League is impressive. But it's no moon, man. It's *no moon*."



Kim, Slowly Losing His Fucking Mind

# Kim Tried for Crimes Against Humanities

By T.S. MURDERHEAD  
The Dartmouth Staff

Today, Dartmouth President Kim made his first appearance at the Hague, marking the first day in what will surely be protracted judicial proceedings. He is on trial for crimes against the Humanities, perpetrated while Dictator-in-Chief of Dartmouth College, a third-world micronation located deep in the mountains of New Hampshire.

"With my own eyes, 'I saw Kim actually assault and kill one of the Humanities,'" sober-faced Dartmouth Studio Art professor Gwenyth Salbury told the International Criminal Court at The Hague on Sunday. "He shot that Humanity, execution-style, in the back of the head."

Salbury herself barely survived Kim's notorious Humanities death-camp. According to the prosecution, Kim and his secret police corralled hundreds of humanities students and professors on the BEMA, then shot them down at point-blank range with machine guns. Salbury bears the indelible marks of this experience: thousands of bullet-wounds, all over her body.

"It's been tough, recovering," she says. "But it gives me hope to know that this evil, art-hating man will

soon be in jail."

Kim's distaste for Humanities first surfaced while he worked amongst them at Harvard. During this time, Kim formed the National Socialist Humanities-Hating Political Party (For Workers), producing a slew of pamphlets and manifestos attacking the Humanities and blaming them for a variety of well-known misfortunes ranging from the screen adaptation of Watchmen to "Are You There, God? It's Me, Margaret," a 1970 Young-Adult novel by Judy Blume. Kim was a familiar figure at political rallies on Boston Common, and spent many hours in police custody for hurling bricks through public library windows and biting Harvard English professors on the sidewalk.

Kim and his lawyers say that these charges are "merely stories" and are "clearly the product of creative processes gone wild." "How can you trust anyone who spends their time making shit up?" asked Kim's lawyer. "My client is a scientist. These people are clowns. Fucking jugglers. Do they know anything about hypothesis and proof? No. They're morons."

Kim's trial is expected to continue for the next nineteen to forty-seven months.

# Kim Expels Everyone

By PARKER HEARST  
The Dartmouth Staff

Today, President Kim expelled the entire student body of Dartmouth College for failing to change the world in a positive manner.

Signing the final document in his office today, under the harrowed gazes of his senior advisors (all of whom were subsequently fired for failing to find cures for cancer), Kim ensured that no undeserving students remained here at the college-- that no students whatsoever remained, actually.

"Heh, heh, heh," he chuckled to himself, clutching the documents as he ran naked through the halls of Parkhurst. "No more second-rate losers," he crowed from an upstairs window. When asked by this reporter to explain his actions, he vomited bile and crawled under a couch, emerging an hour later with a plan to balance the US Budget.

Last week, after resolving the Palestinian conflict using only two Werthers toffees and a bent coathanger, Kim reportedly experienced a change of attitude. "He said, we can't tolerate unworthy students here anymore," recalled Harry Archibald, ex-Dean. "He was in the hospital for about a day, raving and foaming at the mouth. When he emerged, he was a changed man."

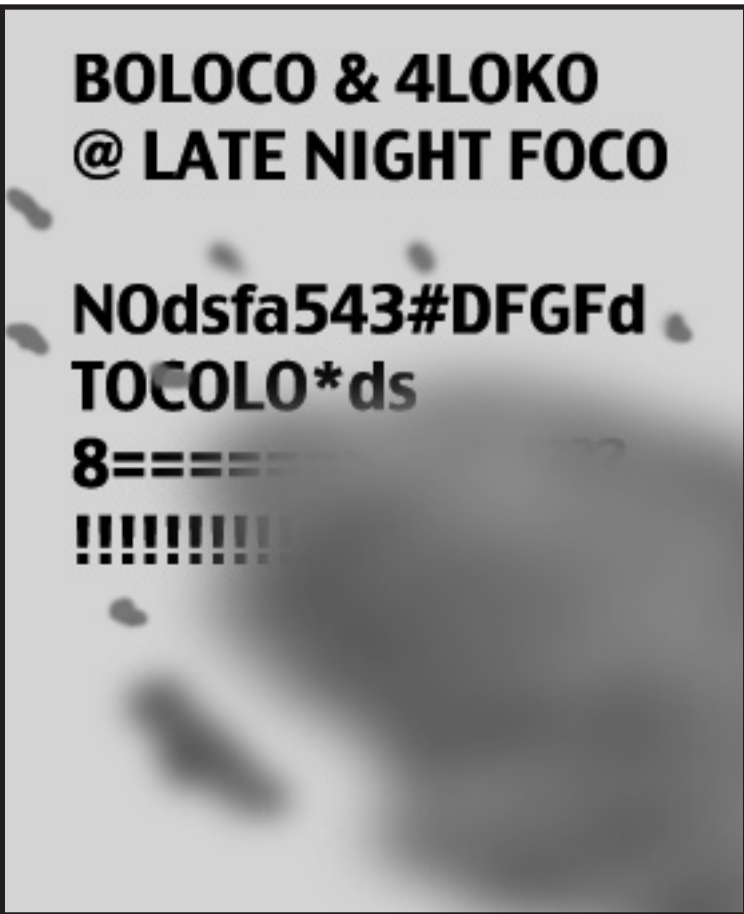
Soon afterward, Kim approached Archibald with a plan for removing all students who had failed to change the world for the better. "He didn't believe that students who weren't willing to devote themselves to community service deserved the Dartmouth Experience," said Archibald. "Then he bit me on the neck. It was pretty awful, actually. He's like fucking Gollum."

Kim spent most of the past week scuttling through Parkhurst on all fours, like a crab, leaving lucid, genius plans for world improvement scattered in his wake. The campus is eerily empty, but Kim hasn't yet taken advantage of all the extra space. He crouches in his office, clutching the expulsion papers and drooling. "I'm all alone," he whispers, gripped by madness. "Finally... I'm all alone."

### At a Glance

Top 5 emotions you feel about Jim Kim

1. Love - 100%
2. Hate - 99%
3. Unfounded criticism - 37%
4. Displaced Electra Complex - 1%
5. Kimpulsion - 7%



# Dean of College Search Proceeding Slowly

By **FAKEYMCPUNNAME**  
The Dartmouth Staff

The search for the next Dean of the College has been moving along as planned but may be facing some trouble, according to sources within the search committee. "It's just a really difficult process. We never expected it to be easy," said Arlo Kane, Dean of the Faculty and chairman of the search committee. "But it's getting hard to differentiate the current list of candidates. No one really stands out at the moment."

Indeed, sources within the search committee have revealed some of the positives and negatives about each candidate.

The first candidate contacted about the position, Dean Koontz, is hailed by *Rolling Stone* as "America's most popular suspense novelist." However, certain members of the committee suspect that "he wrote all that uncited praise for his own work on his website." According to the committee, in the first short phone interview of the process, all he talked about was his dog.

The next candidate, Dean Kamen, is a highly respected engineer and inventor, famous for his innovative medical and humanitarian projects. "He would certainly be a great compliment to President Kim," said one member of the committee. However, on his first visit to campus, Kamen was already talking about the potential for a fleet of robots to carry impaired students out of fraternities and a set of conveyers to take students across the Green. "Don't tell him I said this, but I think the guy just despises walking," said one member of the search committee.

The third candidate, Howard Dean, was the 79<sup>th</sup> governor of Vermont and is chairman emeritus of the Democratic National Committee. "He certainly has good credentials, and he really seems to want the job," said one member of the search committee. However, according to another committee member, "When he was on campus I suggested we walk to the Hopkins Center and he responded, 'Not only are we going to the Hopkins Center, we're going

to South Fairbanks, and Parkhurst, and Baker, and the BEMA, and then we're going to FoCo to take back the grill line! Yeah!"

The final candidate being seriously considered is Richard Dean Anderson, famous for his portrayals of Dr. Jeff Webber on ABC's *General Hospital*, Jack O'Neill on *Stargate SG-1*, and the iconic *MacGyver*. "Some of my colleagues think he's great," said English professor Sarah Till, "but he doesn't seem to have much experience in education." On that point, biology professor J. Fulton McMahan added, "I agree. Sure, the guy won two Saturn awards in the late '90s, but what has he done recently?"

Another slight setback came when Billy Fields '11 was removed from the search committee for "wasting our time," according to Kane. Fields suggested that the committee consider celebrity chef Paula Deen. Kane explained, "We spent five hours talking to the lady before we realized she wasn't even a real Dean."

# Fire Alarm Goes Off During Actual Fire In Russel-Sage Cluster

By **ASHHEEP**  
The Dartmouth Staff

On Thursday morning, 5:15 a.m. EST, residents of Butterfield, Fahey/McLane, and Russel Sage awoke to the blaring of a fire alarm. Grabbing their Macintosh laptops and iPhones they filed briskly out of their rooms and rushed down the stairs. When they got outside they were met by an unusual sight.

"It was a real life, like, *fire*," said Katie Mansfield '14, from California. When she got outside she noticed that the fire "was kinda orangey and hot." Recalling leaving her room at the sound of the alarm, she said, "I opened the door and smelled

something, and I went OMG--it *smells* bad--so I texted my friends and asked them if they smelled it too and they went 'yeah lolz' and I was like 'wtf' and then I came outside."

Ryan Bonton '12, a UGA says "I was pretty confused. Despite my rigorous and practical UGA training, I had never actually seen a real fire before." When asked why, he replied, "We don't have fires in Canada."

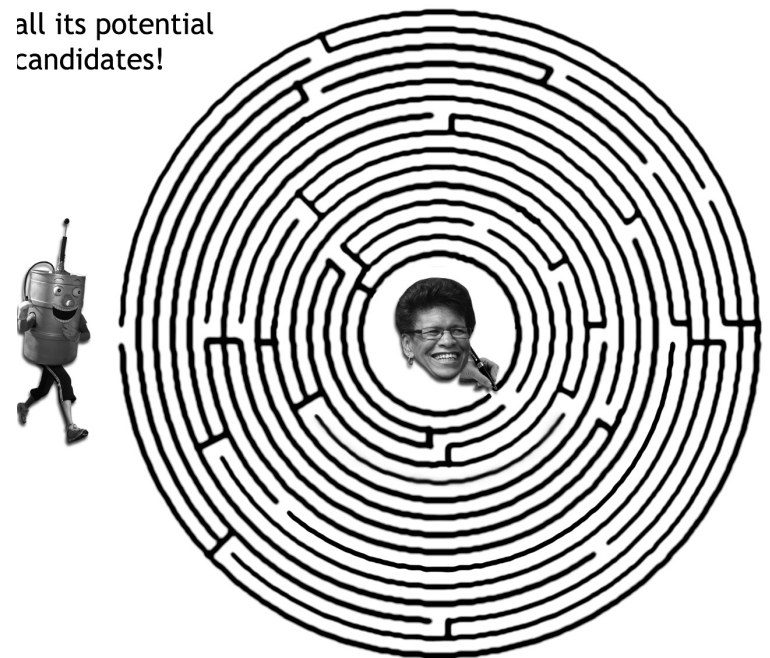
It is unknown what exactly caused the fire, but 12-year Hanover firefighter Dan Bixley had this to say: "It could have been anything... kids could have lit a joint wrong, the stove left on too long...a dryer in the basement could have exploded. You

don't really know with fires."

President Kim came on the scene with the Fire Safety and Security Committee, formed five minutes after he heard about the fire. "Look, you can't always prevent students from starting fires. But what we *can* do is talk about how to make sure students know that it's dangerous to get near it, and they should be safe when they do."

"Dartmouth kids need home training. Period," said a flustered Smokey the Bear, who arrived as the firefighters extinguished the blaze. He declined further comments.

The Dean Search Committee Needs Your Help!  
Find the new dean from all its potential candidates!



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## COLT .45

Meetings: Winchester 357, 3A

## Firearms in Film

Team Taught by Profs. Smith and Wesson

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Hey, at least it's more dependable than this housing market, emmiright? Bah-boom! I'm on fire!

# Cannibal Given Stern Admonishment by Administration

By E. TING PEOPLE  
The Dartmouth Staff

Last night, a male student was found passed out in front of Dartmouth Hall, satiated with the blood of a hundred victims. The student was later identified as a member of the class of '14 and sent to Dick's House for the night.

The student was so engorged that health officials had to pump the blood from his stomach. Otherwise, the staff was relieved to see he sustained no permanent damage.

The murderous spree, or "rampaging" in undergraduate slang, has been of great concern to Safety and Security. "I don't know what got into this kid," officer David Blake commented. "He probably went out for an average evening and before he knew it had downed ten or twenty innocents. Young people these days just don't know when to stop."

Even though this was a first-time offense, the student was ordered by

the administration to complete the college's rigorous murder diversion program. The college hopes the treatment will help the student avoid future slips of judgment. Administrators are debating a possible suspension or loss of credit but have yet to reach a decision.

The student's parents were contacted and expressed worry over their son's condition. "I've tried to help him make good decisions," his mother said with disappointment. "He did a little bit in high school, but I didn't know it would escalate into a real problem. I just hope I'm not spending the money on an Ivy-League education just for him to waste his time with homicide."

The student himself was frustrated with his punishment, citing infringement on his independence. "I'm an adult now," he commented. "It's like they don't even trust me with my own life."

# Inuksuk Used for Campus-Wide Game of Jenga

By MILTON BRADLEY  
The Dartmouth Staff

After the activities had died down, visitors to the Dartmouth Annual Powwow soon turned their attention to another piece of Native American culture, the Inuksuk in front of McNutt Hall. "We were all standing there, admiring its form," reported one participant, "when all of us seemed to realize what it would be perfect for." Indeed, the historical Inuit marker of travel routes and sacred places, with its many layers of flat rock, was ideal for a large game of Jenga. The sculpture's uneven weight distribution, as well as the emotional weight of its significance, made for a night of challenge and excitement for all involved. "You could never predict which way it was going to tip next," another player said. "Just like you can never predict whether future generations of Inuit will lean toward or away from their most meaningful traditions."

Everyone was laughing and shouting during the whole thing." "Some of us got really competitive,"

a third player reported, "I kept shouting to my friend, You never take the stones from the left side! Go for the ones on the top! Eventually ended up making the whole thing fall over." The audience screamed in delight

as the representation of the Arctic's most powerful people toppled under the influence of modern decadence.

At press time, a single tear was rolling down an Indian's cheek.



Students delighting in the American pastimes of Jenga and jingoism

# Dartmouth Mothers Found "Maternity" Students Suddenly Terrified

By YOYO MOTHER  
The Dartmouth Staff

In a move described by themselves as "adorable," a group of mothers of Dartmouth students have founded a organization that they call a "maternity." This new maternity will provide Dartmouth mothers a chance to be closer physically and socially to their precious sons and daughters.

"It's also a pun. Get it? It's like a fraternity, but it's a maternity! Haha-hahahahaha!" said Dartmouth mother Sheryl Phillips, mother of Shaun, class of 2012.

The mothers of the new maternity have decided to name it Mu Omega Mu.

"Get it? It spells out 'MOM' using those little Greek letters! It's so clever!" said Phillips. She then laughed hysterically at her own joke for five minutes.

Just the next street over, the MOM house is one telescope-view away from Frat Row. But the mothers of MOM plan on doing much more than spying on their children from a distance.

"We'd just love to come to some of your parties!" says Phillips in a statement to the GLC.

"I hear there's a Lingerie party, and I've heard wonderful things about something called Cutter. You know, we like to drink and play dress-up just as much as you do! Sure, we won't stay too long, but we just want to see what it's like. You do want to show us what your college life has been

*"Mu Omega Mu. Get it? It spells out 'MOM' using those little Greek letters!"*

like these past three years, don't you? This way, you wouldn't have to worry about calling. every day. You will see us every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday! Ooh, we could also sell good food, like that macaroni and cheese you like on your Frat Row!"

Yesterday, Shaun Phillips '12 issued a joint statement with the GLC and the Panhellenic Council, saying that a joint lunch event with MOM could be arranged, perhaps on Tuesdays. But this term is really busy, and parties probably won't be happening at night, because there's so much

work to do for classes, so the mothers of MOM should probably just leave Frat Row alone.

MOM quickly issued a further, hostile response, threatening to form a new paternity next door.

Despite this hostility, members of the Alpha Chi have proposed a joint event with MOM, tentatively called "The MILF Party."

"What a horrible, disgusting, revolting idea!" said Phillips defensively. "Why would you ever think we would do such a thing?! How dare you. Who do you think we are?!!!"

The MILF Party will take place this Thursday night at 2am. Students are encouraged not to bring their IDs.

# Frost Escapes from Bronze Encasement

FROST from page 1

crimes against humanity from the UN, remained at large until 1963, when he was caught by the CIA at a reading of Ezra Pound's *The Cantos*. He was lured there after attempting to derail an entire passenger train.

Following an hour-long chase, during which Frost murdered thirteen policemen with his teeth and shouted verse of astounding poignancy and clarity, he was finally sedated and

placed into the bronze body cast in which he still languishes.

"Yes, America's freedom and decency remain safe today thanks to the efforts of its brave citizenry in trapping this mastermind," Kim concluded his speech by proceeding to knock on the bronze prison with his knuckles.

"What? Hollow? But... But that's impossible!" he added, before falling to his knees and cursing the skies. "Daaaaamn you Frost!"



SCOOBY DOO

HAMLET

DIR. BY KENNETH BRANAGH

LIVE SIMULCAST  
FROM THE OLD VIC

SPAULDING

THURSDAY @ 1

BECAUSE  
FUCK  
SHAKESPEARE'S  
VISION!



"RIS IS I,  
RAMLET  
THE  
GREAT DANE!"



## FoCo Project Actually Already Finished

**FOCO DADA** from page 11

students, the project is now entirely complete. The closed sections of the building and the construction scene outside are permanent parts of the installation, said London. "The change in FoCo doesn't flow toward anything. Those images of change, of unfulfilled plans, are static, while the real change comes from the

functionality of the piece as an actual dining hall."

Students remain ambivalent about the new exhibit. "It's so meta," said Liz Lee '11. "It's like making your meal a work of art." Other students feel differently. "It's fucking creepy," said Michael Sherman '11. "It's, like, making your meal a work of art."

## Climbers Brave Treacherous Classics Department

**CLIMBING REED** from page 1

expend a lot more energy at high altitudes so you have to eat really calorie-dense foods," explained Edmunds "like sticks of butter or a Spicy Russian." The group spent an extra day at Camp II in the Comparative Literature Department office. "There was a sudden freak ice storm and we couldn't make an attempt on the summit at all on Saturday.

On Sunday morning, the group finally struck out for the peak, but, by then, supplies were running low and hypoxia was beginning to set in. "We probably should have noticed that Matt wasn't quite right," said Edmunds, becoming tearful. Norgay said "Everett was starting to talk nonsense. He thought he saw a Yeti, I kept trying to tell him it was just Professor McKenzie."

"Matt tripped about two-thirds of the way up the stairs and just never got back up" Edmunds said. "We tried to carry him back down, but," she paused, "we lost him before we got back to Camp II." She added "some of the group wanted to make one last attempt at the summit, but it didn't seem safe, and it didn't seem right without Matt."

"Matt had told me that he had always wanted to receive a Tibetan Sky Funeral" said Norgay. This is when the deceased is left on a high ledge to be consumed by vultures, thus returning the deceased to nature. "We decided it was best to honor that wish," Norgay said, "we removed his coat and left him exposed the window ledge of Reed 206."

A Memorial Service will be held on the Green at 6PM, Thursday.

## Swim Team Practices in AD Basement

**By FAKEY MCPUNNAME**

The Dartmouth Staff

This past Saturday there was an impromptu swim practice in the Alpha Delta urine trough. At 3:00 am on May 28, three members of Dartmouth's Men's Varsity Swim Team John Hart '12, Gregory Williams '11, and Feng Gu '11 decided to go for a quick swim after a few rounds of pong. Aaron Greene '13, who was in the basement, explains how it happened. "John wandered over to the pee trough. As he was taking a leak, he slipped and grabbed Feng, who grabbed Greg." According to other witnesses they proceeded to thrash around anywhere from five to 20 minutes.

"One would start to crawl out, another would grab him for support, and then they would fall back again," According to Kathy Baron '12. She continued, "They must have gotten a lot of exercise, because they were exhausted when they finally exited the trough."

"A few of them threw up out of sheer disgust." Added Greene, "So it was more of a vomit and urine trough..."

"Now that I think of it," Said Baron, "a mixture of vomit and urine is more viscous than water. According

to Newtonian physics, it takes more energy to move through a thicker medium. So those guys probably got a full workout in those five to twenty minutes."

The coach of the varsity swim team, Douglas Cooper, was delighted to hear the news. "I'm so glad that the team is willing to fit in extra practices when the gym is closed." He said. Cooper went on to mention that he wants the entire team do some time trials in the AD trough this upcoming Friday. "We need to know where we stand in the urine trough, so we don't fall behind when Harvard declares urine swimming a sport."

Lisa Baum, head of Women's Varsity Crew Team, also expressed an interest in using the urine trough as a practice area. "Hopefully the stench of the urine will motivate the gals to row faster." She then whispered, "Not to mention, if they throw up in the trough, it will help keep their weight down."

When Hart, Williams, and Gu heard that they just revolutionized the world of aquatic sports, they shouted "Whooh" and high-fived each other for the next half hour.

They had no further intelligible comments.

## DDS Floor Plan to Feature Conveyor Belt, Slop

**By ANNE OTHER BRICK**

The Dartmouth Staff

According to the manager of DDS, Avid Oldhate, the fully renovated 1953 Commons will feature a giant conveyor belt. The new conveyor belt will start at the front entrance, where student cards will be automatically charged. Sensors in the door will detect the RFID chip inside the ID and deduct one meal from the student's plan. Once inside the door students will stand on the conveyor as it winds its way through the building.

On each side of the conveyor belt will be troughs filled with slop. There will be vegan slop, vegetarian slop, gluten-free slop, and kosher slop in addition to the more general slop. The various slop troughs will

alternate with water, juice, and soda buckets.

In order to minimize costs, there will be no condiments, spices, cups, plates, trays, or utensils. Students are instructed to make a cup out of their hands and scoop the slop or liquid into their mouths. Sticking one's face into the slop is forbidden, as it may lead to asphyxiation.

Towards the end of the conveyor belt is a dessert trough, which is filled with a thick, sweet fluid. The belt then passes by a giant sheet that hangs from the ceiling. Students are expected to use the sheet to wipe their faces and hands off.

The conveyor comes to an abrupt end at the rear entrance, where students fall 10 feet onto the pavement of the back parking lot. "This is to

discourage students from entering through the back and using up more sheet space," Says Oldhate.

For those concerned about lack of variety, the head chief of '53 Commons, Carla Gonzales, assures us that the menu will remain diverse. "On Mondays, the slop will be mostly chicken with lots of corn and potatoes. On other days the slop will taste vaguely like chili or mushrooms, depending on which bucket you eat from." Gonzales peers into the distance for a moment before adding, "What monsters have we become?" She then breaks into tears.

As of press time, Oldhate has told us that the new '53 Commons will not be needing Gonzales's services, and that tomorrow's menu features blood sausage.

## Laughter is the Best Medicine Says Med-School Prof Thousands die

**By WILLIAM DIEDIE**

The Dartmouth Staff

Patients checking into the leukemia wing of Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center probably expect a number of things: Chemotherapy, anti-cancer drugs, medical treatment. They think wrong.

Harold Rimes, a hip endocrinologist new to the Hanover area has begun imposing a radical treatment with more guffaws than gastronomies, and more clowns than cancer treatments. In fact, he isn't using any "traditional" medicine at all, opting instead to use stage-makeup, his own wit, and a large dose of cheer

"He started watching that movie [Patch Adams] on YouTube one day, and I guess he really liked it," nurse Felicia Coronet had to say, adding, "I guess he missed the suicide part... and the murder. I think he might have had the sound on mute."

Every morning before coming into his shift, Rimes dons a red wig, clown makeup, and comically oversized shoes. Once there he begins hours of a regiment he calls

"laughter-inspired healing."

Though some were initially hesitant to allow Rimes to begin the process, calling it "hack-comedy" and "pretty shallow observational work," many have recently come over to his way of seeing things.

"At first he was using very broad prop-based antics to get laughter," cancer patient Scott Katarina had to say in a recent interview. "But recently he's gotten into some more experimental shaggy dog stories and ironic entendres."

He died of a massive hemorrhage three hours later.

Although many question whether there is any logic behind Rimes' laughter-based medicine, he assured reporters that there is a definite scientific-basis for his routines. For example, in order to counteract the metastasizing of the cancer, a malignant process of cancer cells spreading from one organ to the next, Rimes said he "administers 20 CCs of humor to each and every patient's funny bone."

He is also said to have a joke involving asking a patient why they're "so down," and following up

by saying, "what are you, a duck?" "I'm just trying to save the world, one soul at a time," Rimes said when asked for comment, he then launched into a hard-hitting satire of Urban Outfitters.

Still, not all are so keen on Rime's radical treatment. His director at the Medical Center, Ford Fitzpatrick, had the following to say:

"As a physician, I have to condemn him for withholding direly needed medicine from sick patients, effectively murdering them," Fitzpatrick said.

"But as a patron of the comedic arts, I admire him deeply."

Regardless, the wings of Dartmouth Hitchcock have been changed. Every conscious patient has a smile on his or her face, every doctor wears an unmistakable twinkle in their eyes. The results are easy to see. One patient, admitted for throat cancer, told reporters:

"That guy? Yeah I guess he's pretty funny. I just wish someone would work with him on his timing, it's a bit sl..." one patient said before sinking into a deep sleep, likely inspired by his daily allotment of laughter.

**Want to purchase ad space in The Dartmouth?**

**WELL YOU CAN'T. I JUST TOOK THE LAST AVAILABLE SPOT.**

- Steve

PS - Fuck you, Marcus.



# Nation's Intellectuals Struggling to Grasp *Dartmouth* Cartoon of Giant Talking Penis

By ANDREW KAMINSKY  
The Dartmouth Staff

Yesterday's *Dartmouth* comic by Andrew Wipple '14, depicting a gargantuan anthropomorphized phallus and its exploits, has been stumping and stunning scholars nationwide with its dense and layered commentary on established social norms.

The strip, in which the penis rides a roller coaster, does the Charleston, and takes a rocket ship into deep space, has inspired America's intelligentsia into fervent debate.

"It's a call to arms," said Peter Arnolds, Dean of Humanities at Harvard University. "Everyone in the academy is looking to this penis for the way forward in the arts... We're just not sure what it means yet."

"A-root-doot-doot-doot-doodly-doo!" the enormous phallus quips in Wipple's comic. "I'm a huge fucking cock!"

"Of course, Rabelais's grotesque... it fits in perfectly with the bawdy praise of the lower stratum" Professor Stanley Davis of the New

York Center for the Humanities told reporters, before adding, "And yet, the third panel of the penis jizzing all over a whole skyscraper thwarts this interpretation."

"Confounded again by the mysterious brilliance of the artist!" he concluded.

Called the "dick that set the world on fire," by New York Times critic Michael Kimmelman, the six-panel comic has already been short-listed for this year's Nobel Prize in Literature, and caused speculation about Wipple's potential for the Peace Prize.

"Wee, wee! Wee, wee!" the huge penis exclaims in one of the more hotly debated panels. "Hey, that's my name!"

Feminist debates have raged over the strip's content, with some denouncing it as a clear example of patriarchal hegemony, while others, like well-known feminist Alexis Liu, being more supportive of the cartoon's message, stating "Sure, there aren't any walking, talking vaginas in the strip, but isn't that the

point?"

At the same time, the furor generated by the strip hasn't been limited to the realm of the humanities, as NASA engineer and technician Sarah Peterson indicated:

"We think—now stay with me here—we think the comic might contain the final key to unlocking the secrets of dark matter," she said as a team of bespectacled scientists behind her examined the crudely drawn comic.

"A-cha-cha-cha-A-cha-cha-cha!" chants the penis as it gleefully tap-dances on the moon in the strip's final panel. "Hurray!"

It then pees all over the sun, extinguishing it.

Meanwhile, Dartmouth's own Professor Emeritus of English Alexander Taylors heaped adulations upon the comic as a whole: "Rare is the piece of art that attracts such unanimous praise," he said, looking teary eyed to the comic hanging on his wall. "Rarer still is one featuring such a large, articulate penis."

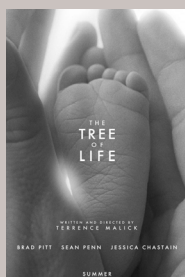
## MEME OF THE WEEK *PORNOGRAPHY*



Everyone loves a good video of an overexcited dog humping a leg, or an overexcited turtle getting friendly with a shoe, or an overexcited gorilla forcing a frog onto his genitals, but who would have thought there were videos of humans doing the exact same thing? It's called "pornography," or "porn" for short, and it's the biggest meme the Internet has seen since the Dancing Baby. Porn allows people of all races, sexual orientations, and ages to connect and share their connection with the world. So start up your Netscape browser and AltaVista search "XXX" to check out the fresh new craze that's sweeping the web!

## NOW PLAYING AT THE NUGGET

**Tree of Life**



Tree of Life is the new cinematic epic from the mind of Terence Malick. Exploring none less than the reaches of the universe, I still couldn't give half a flying fuck because my popcorn wasn't buttery enough. It's like, if you're going to make a movie, at least make sure the popcorn is going to be good at the theaters where it's going to be screened. Sure, some doubters might think that's asking too much from one of the foremost cinematic minds working today, but guess what? Fuck you. This shit was dry as hell, had too much salt on it, and then—surprise, surprise. When I got to the bottom all of the popcorn was wet as a slip-and-slide on Palm Sunday with shoddy artificial butter imitation. Goddamn you Terence Malick! Goddamn you, and goddamn all of your friends! I hate you so much! I hope you never have the chance to feed me bad popcorn again!

**Fast Five**



Fast Five is the next absolutely perfect installment in the Fast and Furious series. It has been blessed by God's divine hand and enchanted by Merlin himself. During the cinematic masterwork's opening, I was transported into a state of pure rapture by the crunchy, perfectly toasted popcorn. Vin Diesel starred as a vague, blurry figure behind my trembling hand as I feasted upon the wholesome, slightly sweet confection. His buttery face and slightly salty voice really stole the show. I would compare Fast Five to the Seven Wonders of the World, but that would be like comparing being an angel made out of pure orgasms and fire-thunder to having someone repeatedly cripple you with a battering ram. Fast Five's crunchy spectacle makes it the only movie that ever needs to exist, and it should be elected mayor of a small township.

**Let's All Go to the Lobby**



The subject matter of this film of course immediately intrigued me. But who would have imagined such verve and vim could be combined with such understanding of the source material? Imagine this: Spotlights shoot into the air. Synthesizer music starts rolling into the theater. And then? The curtains open to eight-hundred popcorn boxes doing the can-can in a choreographed fantasia for the ages. My eyes of course glittered as the announcer tempted me with the poetry that "the popcorn can't be beat." But that the sparkling drinks were also dandy next to the "chocolate bars and candy" was such a delightful surprise that I gasped aloud, drawing the attention of other spectators. The experimental refreshment quiz section asking what was "crunchy, crispy, tasty, and butter drenched" had me shouting at the screen "hot buttered popcorn, of course!" Indeed, the entire audience followed this cinematic tour-de-force's instructions and went to the lobby for the time of our lives.

## FoCo Postmodern Art Installation Fascinates, Irritates Students

By P.T. PRETENTIOUSSON  
The Dartmouth Staff

"I love how it's such a parody of itself," said Nora Stine '12 as she walked through the Class of 1953 Commons on Sunday. "You can really tell the people who designed it had a sense of humor."

The building is the site of the Hood Museum's bold new extension, a permanent exhibit of postmodern architecture, sculpture, and performance art reminiscent of a college dining hall.

The exhibit, though only recently completed, has been open to the public for several months. "It's a classic 'anti-art' move," said founding Hood director Jacquelynn Baas, who is guest curator for the exhibit. Last term, students were invited to eat in "Stage 1: Proto-FoCo," an austere and claustrophobic space with an ironically playful mural running through an absurdist, inconveniently long entryway. "Stage 1 was a bit terrifying to everyone involved," added Baas, "but you can't reject art just because it's unpleasant. It was part of the vision."

The artistic director of the project is Kyle London, a Californian studio artist who once studied with John Cage, George Maciunas, and Yoko

Ono. He has said of the project, "You don't experience FoCo, FoCo experiences you. You don't see the art, you live the art, and once you realize that, you realize that you are the art."

Indeed, by the beginning of spring term, the cold artificiality of Stage 1 had been replaced by the eerie hospitality of "Stage 2: FoCo Absolute." "Stage 2 involves a great hall with two rows of tables. People watch you while you promenade down the aisle with yourself, and the building watches you while you eat," said London. "The allure of the front is lost in the back, where the food is served. You almost have to despair in the isolation of it. You lose all sense of place and direction; everything's clustered as in Stage 1, but the nothingness between them has expanded. It's unwelcoming and sterile, but necessary, like a free clinic with too many patients to serve," said London. "There's a balcony where you can see the art below you for what it is, but in doing so, you embody the spirit of FoCo, and you become the exhibit more than anyone," said London.

Contrary to the beliefs of many

See FOCO DADA, page 9

# Dartmouth Coach to Coach Football Team

*Brings new techniques, pretzels*

By **FUNG WAH**  
 The Dartmouth Staff

In a surprise move described by some as "a clerical error," the Dartmouth Coach bus line has been elected the new head coach of the Varsity Football team. While the Athletic Department was at first uncertain of the new coach's unorthodox strategies, early results have been surprisingly encouraging.

"Coach has been a really good addition to the team," said senior co-captain Horace Dix '11. "I mean, for starters, he's fuckin' huge. He must weigh like 30 tons."

Dartmouth Coach immediately instituted a strict no cell phone policy, and put every team member on a harsh diet of only pretzel sticks and little bottles of Poland Spring water. "I wasn't sure about it at first," said Dix. "But Coach knows his stuff. If we all eat enough pretzel sticks, maybe one day we can be as big as him."

The Athletic Department has noted other positive qualities about Dartmouth Coach's appointment. "He shows the whole team the movie Re-

member the Titans about five times a day," said the old lady who works at the front desk of the gym. In addition, Dartmouth Coach provides free transportation to away games held in the Boston or New York areas.

Dartmouth Coach declined to comment on the status of the team. Instead, it sat stoically in the middle of Memorial Field, occasionally honking its horn and revving its engine, as players ran plays.

"Yeah, Coach isn't really outspoken. He only ever talks at the very beginning of practice, and he just reminds us to turn off our cell phones and eat some pretzel sticks as he turns on Remember the Titans. After that, he pretty much just sits there. But that's good. He lets us concentrate on our own business, as long as we don't get too rowdy."

Thanks to Dartmouth Coach's new coaching tactics, the Varsity Football team remains optimistic about its next season. Their first games will be against Greyhound College on August 27th and Peter Pan State on September 1st.

# Almighty God Obliterates Entire Cornell Football Team with Lightning

By **JOB MCBIBLEFACE**  
 The Dartmouth Staff

Owing to a locker room prayer, every member of the Cornell Football team was eviscerated with a chain of electricity cast by the Lord, Our Creator, last Monday.

The bolt came during halftime, as the team was beginning to leave the field. At this point, the clouds parted to a glowing hand that sent a blue streak of light hurtling down towards the players.

"Ye are punished!" the booming voice of Our Savior reportedly said, before retreating back into the Heavens.

Afterwards, there was a period of ten minutes wherein believers and nonbelievers alike stood in silence, wondering about the inexplicable rationale of their Holy Father.

"This is insane!" one onlooker screamed up at the heavens. "It's just a goddamn sports game."

That onlookers thereafter burst into a pile of smoldering ash.

Biblical scholars, such as Professor Steve Almott, head of the religion department at Dartmouth, have found no way of discerning the meaning of God's actions.

"There is no indication of the Lord's favoring of one team of believers over the other in either the New Testament or the Old Testament," Almott said. "I would say God just got a little too worked up."

Many in the sports community are hailing the act as an "extreme overreaction."

"What the hell, Lord?" Job Tyler, head coach of Dartmouth, said. "Yeah, I talked about sending divine storms down on them—but that's just something we say to get the boys excited."

When contacted for comment, the Divine Maker remained, as always, silent.



The new Dartmouth Coach looks on from the sidelines unflinchingly

# Dartmouth Whaling Team Harpoons Competition

By **BUCK STARR**  
 The Dartmouth Staff

The sound of cheers and old sea shanties burst forth from the Rho Rho Rho fraternity this Tuesday, as the Dartmouth Whaling Team came in second, unexpectedly, at the Regional Sailing Championships. The whole team participated in raucous celebratory boat races and feasts of the day's catch from the basement of the seamen's frat. Sponsored by the Harpoon Brewery, the team has no shortage of ale, and their sponsorship will surely increase following their qualification for the National Sailing Championships later this month.

Senior co-captain Andrew Hab '11 was less than enthusiastic about the team's performance. Instead of taking part in the celebration, he stood on the roof of Rho Rho Rho cursing the heavens.

The Whaling Team's finish sparked controversy during the meet, as they failed to meet general stan-

dards. The three-masted ship proved much larger and much slower than the other teams' sailboats. In addition, the team placed second mostly by physically harpooning and sinking the competition, a move described as "unethical, but not technically against the rules," according to the Commissioner of Sailing, Frederick "Red" Beard. Beard went on to add, "Yarr..."

But Hab was upset for a different reason: the one who got away. Despite the team's earnest effort, the crafty vessel from the Yale team avoided Dartmouth's multi-harpooned attack and managed to finish the race, escaping into the Atlantic Ocean. Hab was further enraged by one particular Yale sailor, who bit into Hab's leg during the race.

"Arr, we be haven' many rules about sailin'," said Commissioner Beard to the parrot on his shoulder. "But we be havin' no rules about bitin', do we?" The parrot could not be

reached for comment.

In the meantime, Captain Hab is on crutches and continues to look heavenward, vowing for revenge in the National Championships. But just then, a glimmer of something from Frat Row. Hab went to the ledge for a closer look in a frenzy. He explained that he saw a white man amongst the crowds. Someone so white that he must be a Yale student, nay, it was the very student who had bitten his leg at the meet!

At once, Hab ran downstairs on his crutches, the ends of which he had sharpened into harpoon barbs. He could soon be heard on the street, yelling, "To hell's heart I stab at thee!" as the drunken party at Rho Rho Rho continued long into the night.

The National Sailing Championships will take place June 18th in the Caribbean Sea, where teams will vie for a considerable bounty.



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