

Successful Mob Busts Inspire New College Alcohol Policy

By KOPPN. ROBERTS
The Dartmouth Staff

The recently announced college drinking policies are based on federal efforts to stop organized crime, according to a statement by Dean of the College Marmot Swanson. The statement comes in the midst of increasing criticism that the new policies do not reflect student input.

"We wanted to let students know that we didn't just pull these policies out of our behinds" she said in an interview with the Dartmouth. "These are the same tactics the FBI used to take down the Gambino crime family."

Swanson explained that she felt this message was needed to reassure students following the outcry against the administration and its new policies last week. This surge of student opposition came after a weekend including both a raid on a pong tournament by Safety and Security that destroyed several doors and tables in the Lambda Epsilon house ("Pong Tournney Takes Wrong-Turny," Jul. 15) and allegations from a few anonymous Greek-affiliated students that the administration was involved with the recent disappearance of Adrian Garcia '14

See ALCOHOL, page 3

Hell on earth in Kim's absence

By DANTEN. FERNO
The Dartmouth Staff

Campus descended into anarchic chaos and despair Tuesday afternoon, immediately after President Jim Yong Kim's resignation. Students and staff, emotionally paralyzed by the news, wailed in pain by the smoldering ruins of Parkhurst Hall. They remembered Kim as holding students' best interests above all else, and bemoaned their current state in a world without him. Only an attack by a roving gang of hazers, known as the Pledges of Allegiance, could break the crowd from its stupor.

"A dark sun dawns on this day," student body president Steven Younger '13 said in an official statement. Standing atop a feces pile in the Green's newly assembled shantytown, he called the period in Dartmouth history "an age of infinite woe." An unidentified onlooker

promptly flung a stone at Younger's temple, assassinating him. Hanover Police declined to comment on the incident, as they no longer exist. Students scoured the body for valuables.

A sense of somber reflection overhung the festivities at the Class of 2015 Orgy Pit, formerly the President's Lawn. "It used to be fun, coming to fool around on the president's lawn," said Cole Renfield '13. "Now we just do it to momentarily forget that the universe is a dark, purposeless place that provides no reason for living." He then dismounted his partner, noting she had already died of cholera. She is among the over fifteen hundred students to succumb to the outbreak.

Students also lamented the price of food on the post-Kim campus. "Shantytown Dining Services are charging a half-gallon of gasoline for a nibble at a femur?" said Erica

Dr. Seuss Still Dead

By LAUREL X. GRINCH
The Dartmouth Staff

In a disappointing report by the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine, Theodor Geisel '25, better known as Dr. Seuss, was still dead as of press time. He died September 24th, 1991, and according to all available evidence, has remained dead ever since.

"It is with a saddened heart that I must announce to you that our most beloved alumnus remains not

among the living," said President Carol Folt in a statement to campus after the report's publication. "We are still reeling from his death and subsequent state of being dead."

Geisel graduated Dartmouth in 1925, and went on to become a world-renowned author and illustrator. Other alumni have graduated between 1925 and today, but, as everyone here agrees, Geisel was the only one worth giving two shits about.

"Ted discussed cryogenics with his friend Walt [Disney]," said Professor Colin Proust, who has written three books on Geisel and how special he was. "But he never went through with it. It is making the reanimation process very difficult."

Reanimation of Geisel's lifeless corpse was first attempted by Dartmouth Medical School professor Dr. Stan Franken, who has rallied the entire school around his cause. As part of the school's initiative to concentrate its efforts on resurrecting Geisel, they have named the school in his honor. "Dr. Seuss will be so impressed when he sees that we are now the Geisel School of Medicine," said second-year medical student Matt Pardi. "I cannot wait to yoke it

See SEUSS, page 9



The scene outside Baker Library twenty minutes after Kim's departure.

Bohmann '15. She says she has to wake up early each morning to siphon gas and hunt for her own food in the Badlands. "Kim never would have let this go on."

Reminders to Dartmouth's faded

potential for a happy and healthy future are only shadows of what could have been. The office of the Center for Health Care Delivery

See CHAOS REIGNS, page 7

Ambitious '16 Starts Resume-Padding Club

By O. VERA-CHIVER
The Dartmouth Staff

Zachary Lord '16 has always been a driven young man. "By the time I was five, I was already a black belt in a martial arts I created in just a single morning," said Lord in an interview with the Dartmouth. He has now taken his competitive drive to another level, by becoming the

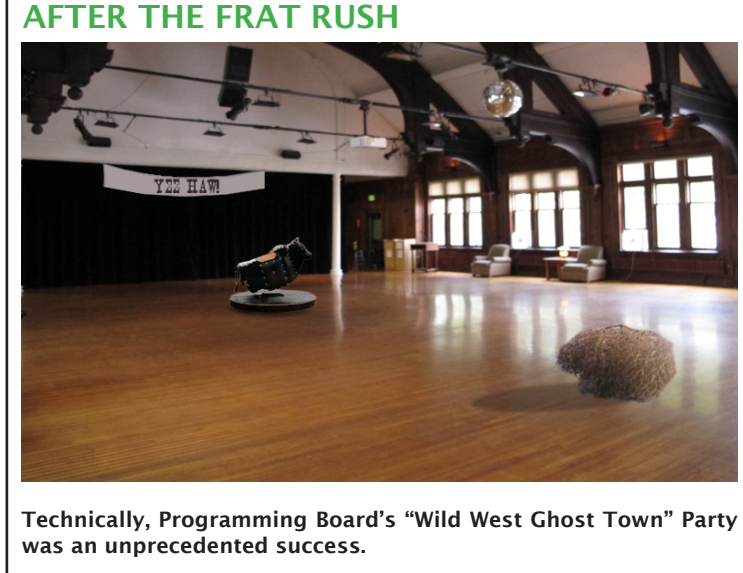
Founder, President, Vice-President, Secretary, CPA, and Social Media Coordinator of the Dartmouth Resume-Padding Club.

Posting flyers on the wall in Novack for his new "Zach Talks" seminar, featuring talks by successful motivational speaker Zachary Lord '16, he seemed optimistic about the future of the club. "My aim is to make this

See RESUME, page 3



Ted Geisel '25 after an early attempt at making him not dead anymore.



Technically, Programming Board's "Wild West Ghost Town" Party was an unprecedented success.

DailyDebriefsing

No One Wins In Actual Landslide

OAKVILLE, WA- In a surprising turn of events that left 73 dead and 0 survivors, a devastating landslide Tuesday afternoon made everyone in its wake a definitive loser. Collapsing the physical grounds of Town Hall, even local favorite Councilman Clyde MacMurphy was no match for the barreling wall of earth and debris. "When the landslide started out as just a trickle of dirt, it seemed like it would be anybody's game," said fire chief Sal Serafini. "In retrospect, it was nobody's." Thousands of grieving friends and family members are finding it difficult to resign to their loved ones' untimely defeats. As of press time, there are no candidates to fill the vacated positions in their anguished hearts. Phyllis Mossman, widow of Mayor Allen Mossman, stated, "When I got the news that my husband had fallen short of not getting his body pummeled by dirt, trees, and construction materials, I was humbled. Truly humbled." Office clerk Margaret Lasky had a chance to come out on top, but she suffocated before breaching the topsoil.

Loneliest Number Discovered At CERN

GENEVA SWITZERLAND- A tremendous mathematical discovery has been announced at CERN Laboratories: a number with a higher loneliness index than any other known integer. This finding challenges the long-held assumption that 1 is the loneliest number, with 2 being the loneliest number since the number 1. CERN mathematicians, however, have located a 3,304-digit integer several miles beneath the surface of the Swiss Alps, moaning all on its lonesome. "It's just no good anymore since you went away, Three Hundred Trillion!" Researchers explain that the integer is a prime number. In addition, it has been deemed "ugly and stupid" by its neighboring numbers, who don't want anything to do with it. Extensive testing has proven, to the 99.99% percentile, the famous Hutton-Wells hypothesis that some numbers are kind of jerks and really need to get a hold of themselves.

World Religions Clap In Unison To Keep God Alive

VATICAN CITY- Citing a lack of belief in all things magic and wonderful these days, members of every religion took it upon themselves to join in simultaneous worldwide applause for God's continued survival. "We do believe in God!" they repeated desperately as they harnessed the eternal power of hope in their swollen red hands. "Oh, I do hope it works!" said Protestant Elaine Haddigan, tears streaming down across her maniacally large smile. "I just know it will!" Just two months ago theologians at over forty different laboratories noticed a dramatic decrease in God's love aura level, citing instances of doubt and apathy to His word as its cause. "Without enough love aura in his heart crystal, yes, the Lord will die," said Professor Robert Richards, who first proposed the radical clapping plan. He estimates that within three days of unbroken clapping, God will wake up and end famine, disease, war, poverty, swearing, and easy access to birth control. "We just have to keep fucking clapping, goddammit!" shouted Richards, prompting the whole thing to start over again.

Compiled by the Quotidian Reports of Recent Events in Underwear Association

Stock Information



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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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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.

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AD Found To Have No Basement

By DAWN STARES
 The Dartmouth Staff

A brother of the Alpha Delta fraternity was shocked to discover last week that the fraternity's notorious basement is actually a product of an inebriated mind. Albert Williams '14 walked down the stairs to the building's lower level to do laundry, when to his horror, he saw nothing but an unused washer and dryer.

"Wait a minute. Guys, has anyone actually been down here sober? Has anyone not been blacked out?!" he asked a room of incredulous brothers, who all shook their heads.

"We noticed this years ago," said Safety and Security chief Steven Jickles. "Students usually avoid the so-called 'basement'. When they do enter the fraternity, they are in such an altered state of mind that they simply stand around the ground floor in some sort of trance. We can only imagine what they think they're doing." He added, chuckling, "It really is a nice basement. They could set up a nice ping-pong table there."

AD president Carlos Williams Carlos '13 could barely handle the news. "It's been years, probably decades, since we've been having parties down there... But, now that I think about it, it kind of makes sense," said Carlos. "None of us can actually keep straight what the basement looked like. I always thought it had a nice flower mural on the left side. Our treasurer, however, told me all four walls were covered with gruesome images of monstrous faces. One of



Colin MacKenzie '14 wakes up in AD's actual lower level.

our pledges kept telling us there were no walls at all."

"The AD basement is not so much a place, but a state of mind," insists senior Kelly Porterson. "Your night may start with some drinking, watching a movie, hanging out with friends. But when it gets a certain kind of crazy, when the dancing gets so in-

tense, when the pong is too fun to stop, when you truly start to rage, it doesn't matter where you were. You were at AD's basement."

Despite the news, Alpha Delta has no intentions of stopping its parties in its "basement". They are led to wonder, can they really be stopped at all?

Strange Documents Contain "Cursive Script," Reports Professor

By CURLY CUGHES
 The Dartmouth Staff

In a paper published this week in *The Journal of Language*, Professor Campbell of the astronomy department proposed a radical new theory that a number of mysterious documents discovered this April are actually just written in cursive English.

The documents, playfully dubbed the "Sundberg Scrolls" were found in the home of Professor Sundberg of the astronomy department soon after his death. Since then, they have been puzzling scholars worldwide.

Despite exhaustive searches, historical linguists have been unable to identify any language past or present to fit the text.

"Professor Sundberg was one of my closest colleagues," Campbell wrote in his paper. "I know his handwriting. The 'Sundberg Scrolls' are just personal writings, journal entries. I have one in my hand write now, and it's about a vacation to Lake Winnepesaukee with his wife."

Many scholars, including Professor Patel of the linguistics department, view Campbell's new hypothesis as an insult to their intelligence. "I can't

believe he actually got this paper published in a linguistics journal. The guy doesn't even work in the field," said Patel. "His hypothesis is based entirely on the fact that he thinks he can actually read the stuff," Patel explained, adding, "It's just ridiculous." According to Campbell, his paper was met with some support in scholarly circles, but "it looks like it's just going to end up another hypothesis among many."

"The most popular alternative explanation is still that the writing is some sort of secret code," Campbell explained. "Some have been investigating Professor Sundberg's life, speculating about what terrible secrets he might have been keeping, even in his personal writings. Others suspect he was a secret agent or a member of some kind of secret society."

According to Campbell, a number of prominent scholars have proposed instead that Sundberg was in contact with aliens. Professor Patel is one of the leading proponents of this hypothesis. "He was astronomy department, duh," explained Patel.

"Some think the whole thing is a hoax," Campbell said, "and there is

growing support for the 'just fuckin' with us' hypothesis." According to Campbell, this idea was proposed by Yale linguistics professor in a paper that concluded, "The dude was just fuckin' with us."

Other hypotheses, Campbell noted, are that Sundberg was in fact a charismatic Christian or a devil worshipper who was "writing in tongues" and that the documents actually contain no text at all, but are rather a form of abstract art.

Professor Chung of the linguistics department weighed in on the subject by saying, "I think in the end we have to realize that there are a lot of explanations out there that look plausible in light of the evidence we have so far. Professor Campbell's position has some good supporting arguments just like everyone else's. People are so divided over this because right now there's just not enough evidence to decide one way or the other."

Fuck,
 This is
 one small-ass ad.
 I paid like \$20 to run
 this shit. Fuck it.
 Dana, you wanna
 marry my broke ass?

A Day In The Life Of A Derby Hat Maiden

BY SONNYDAYE

The Dartmouth Staff

This article is Part One of a series chronicling the lives of Dartmouth workers.

The pitter patter of tiny bound feet echoes across the KDE lawn as seven young hat maidens hold up the brim of Elizabeth Duncan '13's enormous and elegant sunhat. "The bigger the hat, the better the girl," says Duncan from under her august shaded canopy. And she is right. At this the annual Derby party, hat size is in direct correlation with social status. As such, partygoers traditionally enlist the help of hat maidens to hold up the record and trend-setting brims.

To live as a hat maiden is no easy task. They awaken at dawn, dusting and primping the brim, and checking to make sure the straw weave is tight and flawless. For hours they sit in on their mistresses's dressing ceremony, addressing her every complaint and complimenting her on her startling beauty. "We are not worthy!" they cry, to the silent pleasure of their mistress.

And it's off to the party! Scores of sorority sisters and their maidens fill the back lawn. Maidens are trained to majestically and competently

navigate the hundreds of overlapping brims. In the history of Derby, no two sun hats have ever collided. Any failure on the part of a hat maiden and she is immediately sent back to her war-torn homeland. "Please no send away," pleaded Svenya Øskocznik, just after her left shoulder showed up in a picture that would have been totes prof-pic worthy.

"Oh, is that what they're there for?" said Derby-goer Alex McClintock '14 of the uncelebrated heroines of the party. "I mean, I didn't even notice they were there until you asked about them." McClintock is certainly noticeable, sporting an outfit so bright its colors exist outside the visible spectrum. He appears completely naked. Cheap neon sunglasses sit on the bridge of his viewable penis shaft.

Ah, to be young. Frat bros and sorority sisses mingle joyously all the day away thanks to these happy little women. Drinks are served by the drink pygmies, and hors d'oeuvres by the hors d'oeuvres orphans. Everyone agrees, this year's might be the best Derby in history!

And so, with the sun setting, the hat maidens daintily tiptoe on mangled feet back to their holding dens. Perchance one day they too might sport such radial brims. But for now, they dream.



An archival image of the first ever Derby party in Kentucky ca. 1911, during which four hat maidens lost their young lives under the weight of a 500-pound straw hat. Despite the loss of its handlers, the hat won the coveted blue ribbon.

'16 makes own success

RESUME from page 1

the most successful club on campus, which won't be too hard, as it has already earned the title of 'Most Successful Club on Campus' by Z Magazine." He handed me the issue of Z Magazine, impeccably reproduced on the back of a brown FoCo napkin.

Faculty have taken note of Zachary's efforts. "He kept calling to ask if we needed a Commencement Speaker," said Emily Sutherland, former Assistant to President Kim. Zachary also contacted Tuck professor Jonathan Clark, who said, "I do not think the CEO of the most lucrative lemonade stand in Greenwich, Connecticut is qualified to guest lecture my class. Thank you for your offer."

Besides holding all the existing positions within the Resume-Padding Club, Lord also boasts the title of Most Sexed Man He Knows, Best Friend He Has, Winningest Smile In the Zachary Lord Yearly Yearbook of His Life. He has held the title of Favorite Son of Arthur & Helen Lord since before birth, when he killed his twin in the womb.

"It's a competitive environment out there," said Lord. "A great man once said, 'You have to pave your own way or get out of the way.'" When I asked who that great man was, he started backhandedly slapping the sides of my torso as only a master of Zachjitsu could. "It was me. Just now," he said.

Alcohol policy punishes tax evaders, litterers

ALCOHOL from page 1

("Garcia Gone; Gamma Gamma Gamma Goes Gonzo," Jul. 15).

In her message, Swanson directed students curious about the Garcia case to remember the statement made by director of Safety and Security Happy Grinny that his organization has found "no evidence of a connection between young Adrian's disappearance and any misconduct on the part of S&S officers." Swanson added, however, "Let's face it: Sometimes you get a guy on the force who's watched a few too many Charles Bronson movies."

In her statement, Swanson also

reassured students that their input on the new policies is being sought. She pointed to plans for open forums in the near future and said the administration is waiting for feedback from "student informants." Neil Sherman '13, president of Gamma Alpha Gamma fraternity, described such forums as "unhelpful." "We already had a bunch of forums," he said. "All they did was put us in a room with a lot of potted plants and telephones and tell us to discuss college drinking culture."

Gabrielle Gleason '14, a member of the Greek Leadership Council and Beta Alpha Gamma sorority, defended the open forums, saying "I

just wish more people would show up to them. They should remember to RSVP with their name and student ID number, though."

The new policies, which include random fraternity raids, authorization of Safety and Security officers to rush fraternities undercover, closed interrogations, fierce crackdowns on littering and other minor violations, have been strongly opposed since their announcement three weeks ago.

When asked how students will know if their feedback is having any effect on the further development of the policies, Swanson responded, "We'll have our guys send their guys a message."

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**-No Eye
 Contact
 Necessary**

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DANIEL CRAIG
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 JUSTIN BIEBER
 SINGING PET
 TOOTHBRUSH

•WHILE SUPPLIES LAST
 •SEE IN-FLIGHT CATALOG
 FOR DETAILS

EMMA GREEN

I Am Really Peeved

You ever stop to really think and care about stuff? I have, and I've come to the conclusion that, with the way things are, there are literally tons of reasons for me to be pretty ticked. I want you to know that. I am writing this so that you and many other people know how very ticked I am.

To properly describe how I feel, let me begin by saying it feels like even things that are not happening to me are happening to me. Like things that are happening to other people. And I, as a person who cares about things, do not just let these other people feel the things that are happening to them. To some extent, I feel the things too. That extent is exactly the full extent. I feel those things as much as I feel things happening to me. And don't get me started on how I feel about things that happen to me.

The only thing I don't care about right now is whether or not I should care about something. I care about everything. There is nothing that is not the subject of my care.

Really, what's the fucking deal with things these days? Things aren't as good as they were. I think things could be so much better. But if they did get better, they would change. And I get especially peeved when stuff changes.

You should care too. You should care the way I care. You should be totally chafed by anything and everything, because that's my opinion. And my opinion is right, by merit of it being mine.

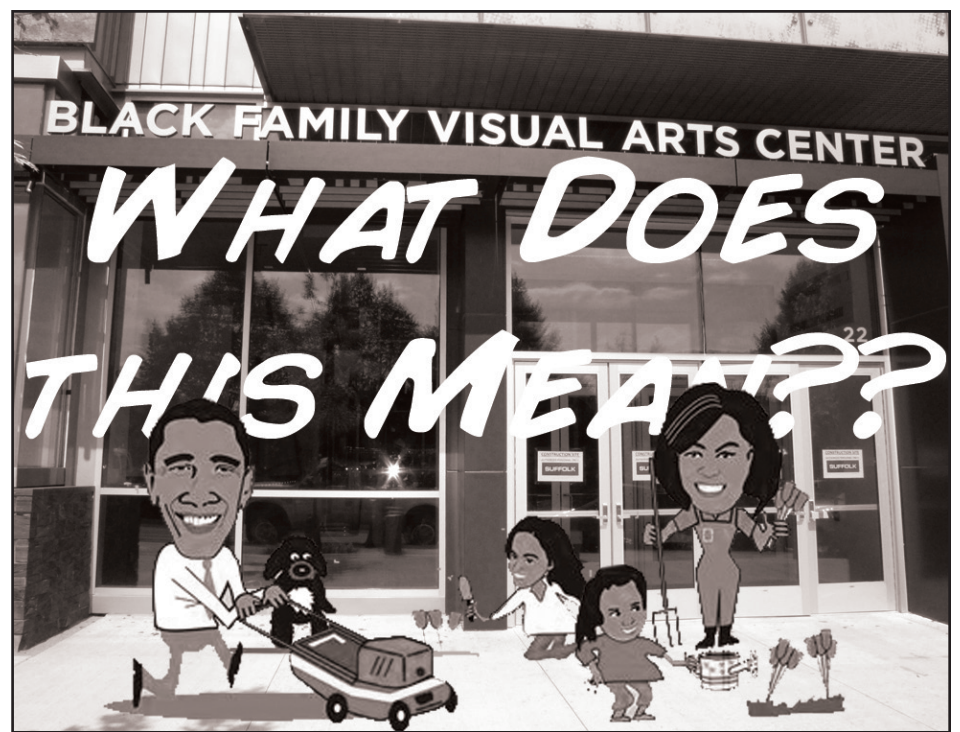
I really hope this helps. I hope you care about what I have to say. Because if you really take the time to read this and give half a shit about the things I think, you'd see that I'm right too. If you think other things, I don't care. I guess I forgot to mention that I do not care about the things you think either. But other than that and whether or not I should care about something, I really do care about everything. Everything is grounds for making me really peeved.

What is everything, you ask? Politics, religion, health care, Greek life, administration policies, meal plans, the dating scene, alternative social spaces, connotations of the colors green and white, defining "walking distance," the official rules of Get Out Of Jail Free in Monopoly, Chupa Chup lollipops and how you never see them around anymore, bean bag chair consistency, how CDs do and do not work, the button layouts of different brands of remote controls, love, death, the solo careers of the original members of Guns N' Roses, hoopla, keffuffle, ballyhoo, boxed wine, alternative spellings of common names, Barack Obama's father's death certificate, whether stories about boxers are really "Cinderella stories," who put the bomp in the bomp-shoo-bomp, whether third-wave feminism is as wavy as second-wave, basket durability, who shot J.R., how people don't use the word "three-peat" enough for me to justifiably complain about how often people use that word, buddy cops, DIY eugenics, the irony of the The Beach Boys still singing about how nice it would be if they were older, the accuracy of scented candle scents, how the term "self-help" refers to help from other people (namely authors), mixed-race babies, whatever happened to Steve Guttenberg, starter kits, butt stuff, off-Broadway participatory murder mystery shows, germs, where I put my fucking keys this time, thread counts, the hype surrounding HBO's "Girls," posture, the inability to "read through" an online dictionary, swearing in Italian Sign Language, the concessions at the Sundance Film Festival, people with no discernible odor, left, right, bootleg Polaroid film, a hypothetical scenario in which a close friend mispronounces my middle name, live DJ concerts, robots that feel, the process of drying, gluten, everthing. I care about everything.

But not sports. Never sports.

Emma Green '15 has been pronounced sane.

EDITORIAL CARTOON



TYLER PETERSON

Excuse Me, But I Happen to Like Being Shit On

Excuse me, but with all the hubbub circulating about hazing in the Dartmouth Greek system, I can't help but feel a key voice is being ignored. Every man and woman is free to form their own beliefs about the acts committed in fraternity basements, and likewise I too must make my case. You say the rituals occurring every week beneath our very feet are gross, sadistic, and inhumane.

Well pardon me, but I happen to enjoy being shit on.

Friends, I don't intend to be crude. You're absolutely entitled to the belief that such conduct is offensive and in opposition to the principles of our lofty college. Nonetheless, it would be a disservice to everything for which the liberal arts education stands for me not to make clear that it wasn't until a man defecated on my head that I felt alive.

Do you understand me? Some have slam poetry, others have paddling through a mist-swathed river or conversations with friends that last until dawn. I have the experience of lying on a urine-caked floor while drunk, sad men desperately poop on me. This is my transcendence. This is my ennoblement.

It somehow both rejuvenates and staggers me, refills my heart and opens my mind, and yet you—you so-called enlightened students and educators—would deny me it? Isn't that the very benighted backwardness we strive to fend away with the torch of knowledge? Is it not the exact willing ignorance you accuses me and my brothers of operating under?

I contend it is.

What motivates you, then? If not a goal antithetical to your own so-called "ideals,"

It wasn't until a man defecated on my head that I felt alive.

then what? Are you jealous that I've found solace in the excrement of others? Opposed to the principle of the thing? No, no... I understand now. It's something far more sinister. You've realized that happiness controlled by the people is the greatest opponent of dying institutions, that within the atmosphere of back-slapping and laughter, the tradition of beer and revelry, the pageantry of exposed rectums and me being shit on continually for forty-five

minutes—lies the seed of your destruction.

To you I say this: You can pry the crap off my warm, horribly pungent body. Everyone else can join me and my compatriots tonight in solidarity on the lawn of Russell-Sage. There's a war on my friends, and the shit just hit the fan.

Submissions

The Dartmouth will publish letters and guest columns so long as they mention the secret magic word. Guest columnists who mention the magic word will also receive a The Dartmouth t-shirt and beer cozy. This week's magic word was "slam." Congrats to Eddie Brooks of Plymouth for guessing the word. He and a lucky friend will be going to the Springsteen show this Saturday in Boston. Check back next Friday for the next Wacky Word of the Week. Guesses can be submitted by Thursday night to editor@thedartmouth.edu

Tyler Peterson '14 frequently misses showers.

Dartmouth
AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909

COOL RUNNERS

MATT GARCZYNSKI '14

Jewish Jesus

KENNY BACLAWSKI '12,
DEAD TO US, BUT STILL HANGS AROUND

EASY RIDERS

JULIE FIVEASH '12

Native American Jesus

MICHAEL GILLIS '12
McSWEENEY'S REJECT

SOUL SURFERS

MITCHELL JOSEPH '14, *FINANCIAL / ACTUAL WIZARD*

KIMI BROWN '??, '???

BRENDAN MOONEY '14, *I THOUGHT YOU SAID "KEVIN SPOONEY," AS IN "THAT KEVIN SPOONEY WAS GREAT IN THE USUAL SIX PENCE"*

NATHANIEL FRIDAY '15, *THE TALLEST*

CHARLIE LAUD '14, *DID NOT CONTRIBUTE*

FILLER NAME '123, *TO MAKE IT SEEM LIKE THIS ISN'T JUST THE PRODUCT OF MATT'S WILLFUL SOLITUDE OVER A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HE WOULDN'T LET HIMSELF ENJOY*

ASSISTANTS TO THE STAFF

NOBODY REALLY, ASSISTANT TO MR. GARCZYNSKI

FALSE HOPE, ASSISTANT TO MR. GILLIS

OFF TERMS, ASSISTANTS TO MR. MOONEY

KIMI BROWN, ASSISTANT TO THE INTERNET

A LITTLE ROBERTA FLACK AND SOME PINOT NOIR,

ASSISTANTS TO MR. GARCZYNSKI'S FEMININE SIDE

A LITTLE BIT OF MONICA,

ASSISTANT TO KENNY'S MAMBO SIDE

CAFFEINE,

ASSISTANT TO ALL OF US, AMIRIGHT??

SWEAR WORDS AND SEX STUFF, ASSISTANTS TO HUMOR

HUMOR, ELUSIVE OF THIS PUBLICATION

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-UN, 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

Trustees Summon Next President From Below

By J.P. LOVECRAFT
The Dartmouth Staff

It was a dark and stormy Friday evening. The only lights were the occasional lightning flash and the green light that shone from the top of Baker Tower -- the sign that the trustees had convened upon Dartmouth College for the election of the next president.

Usually, this event is of little note, but a series of recent happenings heightened my interest. Just before the previous president Jim Yong Kim resigned, he seemed to be going insane, and several grisly murders took place near his Webster Avenue mansion. Students torn apart by some unseen force, some thing, Kim soon disappeared, never to be heard from again. Soon after, my thesis advisor, James Charleston, disappeared. He was a chemist, famous for purportedly being able to restore mental capacity in recently deceased mice.

Several months later, the trustees convened to determine Kim's successor. That weekend, the thing struck again, slaying three helpless sophomores. The newspaper attributed the deaths to deranged Appalachian Trial hikers and binge drinking. But witnesses reported seeing an inhuman, barely primate being, that oddly seemed to wear a tattered business suit.

In the weeks that followed, the trustees convened again and again, but no new president was announced. The awful thing was spotted across campus, striding through Parkhurst, Dartmouth Hall, and Baker Library. I tried to contact the trustees for an interview, but they became aloof and refused any contact from outsiders. No one could say where they were or what they had been doing.

On a hunch, I went to Rauner Library and asked for the floor plan to Baker Tower itself. There was something ominous about the tower.

Students refused to enter it, telling of horrible ghosts and monsters.

It was with this knowledge that I walked across the Green and began scaling Baker Tower. It was difficult climbing up the brick walls, but something compelled me. A noise seemed to emit from the tower itself. I hardly remember what happened next, but I was soon inside the bell tower. I approached a door that led to a large room that had been blacked out on the floor plan. I could hardly believe my eyes when I beheld what was inside.

The trustees in lab coats surrounded a table on which the decaying corpse of a man was chained down. The missing Chemistry professor appeared. He injected a serum into the forearm of the corpse.

"Wah-hoo-wah!" the trustees chanted. "Wah-hoo-wah!" Suddenly, a bolt of lightning flashed. The electricity streamed down a wire, glowing green, and the corpse jolted alive.

"Eleazar Wheelock," boomed the head trustee. "The spirit of the Big Green. We have brought you alive again to lead our college for the 18th time." The corpse stood up and snarled at the trustee, pulling at its chains.

"Dammit, Professor Charleston, you said the formula would work this time!" he shouted. "Wait... who is that by the door!?"

I somehow managed to flee all the way back to my dormitory unharmed. I now can explain the mysterious happenings, but I was unable to stop them. I know that the trustees continually reanimate the body of Dartmouth's founder Eleazar Wheelock to be our undead president. But he has died too many times. Recent efforts have resulted not in a college president but in an unholy monster. All that I can truly say is that every time Baker Tower glows green, only horror can emerge from within.

"Bro" Puns Reach Dangerous Proportions

By BRODY BRODINE
The Dartmouth Staff

A peculiar illness has been puzzling Dartmouth administrators since its appearance several months ago. "Broliosis, as we call it, is the tendency of students to insert the word 'bro' into words," explains Psychology professor Wilma McMartin.

"It begins as a nickname, like Broseidon or Brodin. But it can quickly spread to be a debilitating illness."

"Some of my students just call me brofessor, and all they talk about is drinking cheap beer and hitting on ping pong biddies or something," says Anthropology professor Jared Jenkins. "I don't actually know anything about Dartmouth culture," he adds.

"We don't either," revealed the

head of Dick's House, Richard Marrison.

"Honestly, when they say 'frat brother', we thought they meant they had a sibling who lives in the same apartment flat. Flat brother."

An anonymous source explained that the effects of broliosis are devastating. "It all starts innocently if you're not bro-active," they began in an email to the Dartmouth. "A few words here and there, but then BAM. You're bro-ing everywhere. All over the Bro-op, Bro-loco, the Dirt Bro-bro Cafe, all over Hanbrover!"

The Psi Upsilon fraternity has opened its doors as an asylum to those particularly afflicted. Here, a crack team of psychologists and linguists have been hired to bring these bros back to health.

"Among those worse off," said Allen Sullivan, speech trainer, "Are

students known only as Brobocop, Little Bro Peep, and Bronobo, a pun on the bonobo monkey. On bad days, he's known as Bronobro. And on the very worst days... Brobrobro," Sullivan shuddered. "Brobocop, come over here and speak to the reporter. Tell him the sentence we rehearsed!"

"We... are... here... at Psi U... under..." began Brobocop '14.

"Good, good, remember our breathing exercises," urged Sullivan.

"Under... bro-rantine." After this weak pun on 'quarantine', Brobocop high-fived a nearby bro, and both started sobbing uncontrollably.

Dick's House urges all students to report anyone exhibiting increasing bro characteristics, under its new "Bro Sam" policy. The English department has decided to cancel its fall class ENGL 054: Emily Brontë as a brocautionary measure.

Neuro Prof. Discovers Joys of BDSM

By FIVEL T. SHADES
The Dartmouth Staff

Through copious and exhaustive research conducted over many a sultry spring night, Professor of Neuroscience Andrew Fabor has identified a fun and engaging way to "release tension and achieve your mind's full potential." He refers to the practice of BDSM, a rare yet deeply affective form of human interaction. The research was conducted through cooperative efforts with Women & Gender Studies Prof. Helen Aldeman, who Fabor describes as a "mentor."

"Our findings show that [BDSM] releases a delectable cocktail of adrenaline, dopamine, serotonin and oxytonin with every crack of the Science Stick," Fabor said. The Sci-

ence Stick is a riding crop Aldeman procured from the stable in which the team first conducted their experiments. They now have moved their studies to the Monkey Lab in the basement of Moore Hall. They trained Reggie, a twelve-year-old Bonobo ape, to throw apple cores at Fabor's backside while signing the lyrics to Marilyn Manson's "The Dope Show" in perfect ASL.

When placed inside an MRI machine, Fabor said his brain "lit up like Fourth of July fireworks, which happened to be exactly what were occupying my rectum at the time." The particular experiment is reported to have caused over \$20,000 in damage to the machine.

"We did not fund this," said James Rig, Chair of the Department

of Psychological & Brain Sciences. "We do not in any way endorse Professor Fabor's so-called 'studies' and his shameless co-mingling of private and academic life." Rig reports that while Fabor's actions are a disgrace to the department, he has tenure and there is really nothing the department can do to discipline him. "Besides, he likes discipline," said Rig.

Yet some do not agree with Rig's assessment of Prof. Fabor's studies. "Sure, his only test subject is himself, and he writes his findings in a fuzzy pink diary that he keeps in a treasure chest full of adult toys," says Professor Aldeman, "but he's really learning to discover himself, shatter society's Puritanical norms, and just get red-assed and gagged like the naughty little piglet he is."

Please join
Charlotte H. Johnson, Dean of the College
for
Open Bar



Her Niece's Wedding Reception
Tomorrow 6:00-8:00
Boston, MA
Please. Her family drives her nuts.

Comp Lit 43:
Who Would Win In A Fight?
Dostoevsky or Hemingway?*



*And Dostoevsky has an axe. So it's fair.

At the 10A hour
With Professor Durden

Kim Last Seen Jumping Train Westward With Briefcase Full of Gold

By **ROBR REED**
The Dartmouth Staff

Following a controversial announcement of his departure for the “Yukon,” Dartmouth President Jim Kim was seen shimmying onto a red caboose in the dead of night with a briefcase of gold bars taken from Dartmouth’s vault.

“Hope you enjoy eating pine cones, you shell-shuckers!” Kim reportedly shouted from the moving train, while shaking a piece of gold. “‘Cause I’ll be up to my knees in trout and diamonds by this time tomorrow!”

Administrators close to Kim claim they had some suspicions about his plans.

“I found this really badly drawn diagram on his desk that said at the top ‘My Grand Scheme To Dupe These Shell-Shuckers,’” Dean of the College Charlotte Johnson told reporters. “It just said ‘Gold + Train = Ha ha ha ha ha.’”

“I assumed his kid made it,”



Kim was reportedly seen putting up hundreds of these posters himself before his disappearance.

Dean Johnson added. “I guess I was wrong?”

In addition, Kim had shown other habits that seem to indicate his intentions.

“Around October, he started

wearing suspenders and a pork pie hat to work,” Presidential Intern Patricia Hart ’13 reported. “When I asked him about it he just shouted at me to ‘shut your chaw-trap you wayward Yankee.’”

“I’m from Virginia, and I don’t chew tobacco, so I’m not completely sure what he meant by that,” Hart added.

In his Homecoming speech, Kim also baffled numerous alumni when

he went on a bizarre rant concerning his future plans to open a saloon and “have champagne flips every night before bed.”

“For a good ten minutes, I’d say, he kept talking about how to build an ice fishing cabin with your bare hands ‘like a goddamn beaver,’” Anna Dipietro ’83 said. “Eventually, someone from the crowd shouted ‘What are you talking about?’ and he froze, breathing loudly into the microphone.”

“No, Kim,” President Kim reportedly then muttered into the microphone, as if to himself. “It’s too early. Let them find out the old fashioned way.”

Kim then continued a speech on budget reform as if nothing had occurred. He managed to maintain this silence about his plot until last Tuesday, when he unexpectedly burst into the College’s Treasure Room, shot two of the guards in the heart with a Winchester pistol, and placed the majority of Dartmouth’s gold nuggets and bars into his suitcase.

Linguistic Major Suffers Stroke Undetected

By **TAKNG**
The Dartmouth Staff

Junior Sylla Baluski ’13 died on Saturday, after suffering a large stroke in Baker-Berry Library. While this occurred within proximity of nearly thirty other students and at least four library attendants, response to her incoherent babbling was hindered by the understanding that she was a linguistics major.

“I had no idea,” commented Steven C. Gaul ’15. “I was in there for three hours, and she was making weird sounds the entire time. Apparently, the stroke actually happened in the last fifteen minutes.”

Before the incident, Baluski had been working on her thesis. Her adviser, Dr. Christine Donahue, was surprised that no one recognized that she was having a stroke.

“Well, Sylla’s thesis is on Hawaiian dialect,” said Donahue,

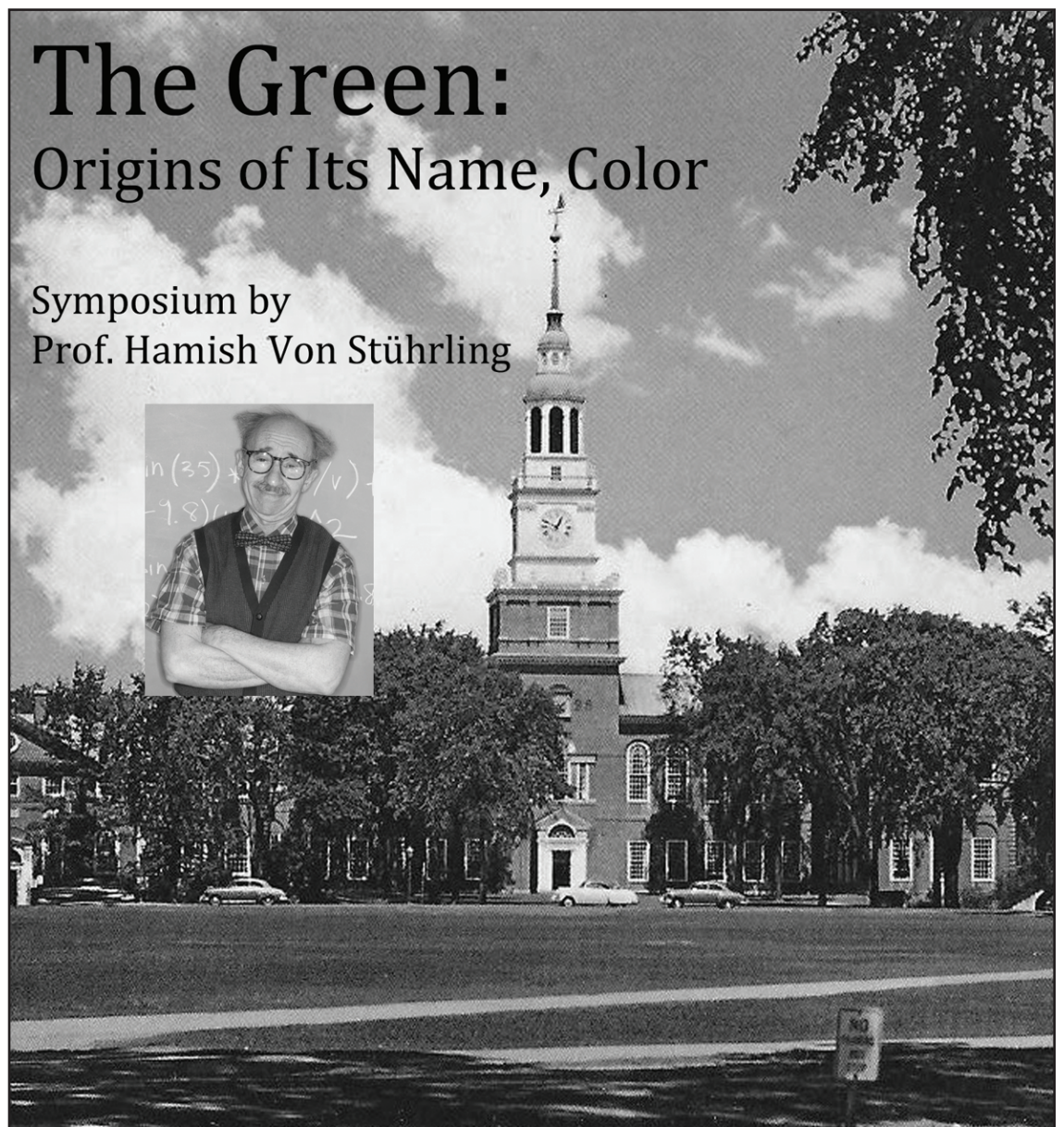
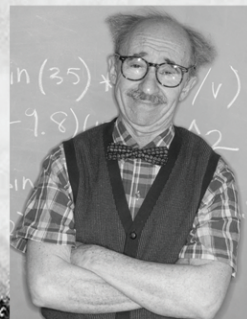
“and she was working on a chapter of glottal stops. Did no one notice the transition from glottal stops to deep monosyllabic utterances? No one noticed went from hi’s and ki’s to ga’s and ah’s? This is outrageous.”

Others students majoring in linguistics have recognized public obliviousness as a major problem. Jerry Speaks ’14 has begun organizing a student group to help increase awareness.

“We need to get this out there,” said Speaks in an e-mail to the Dartmouth. “How many more linguistics majors are going to die of heart attacks, strokes, or traumatic brain injuries when there are so many people around? It’s not that people don’t care to help; it’s that they don’t know. If a student is writing about Gaelic morphology and is making alveolar clicks, people should take notice.”

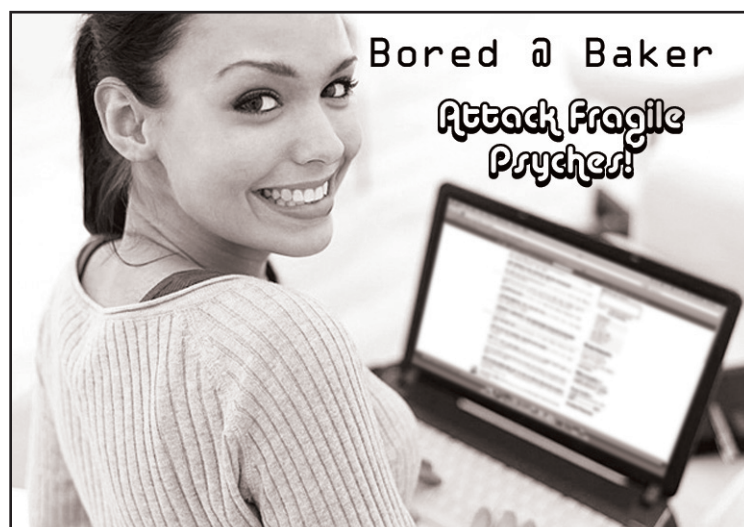
The Green: Origins of Its Name, Color

Symposium by
Prof. Hamish Von Stührling



Friday, 3 PM

The White Rectangle Next To The Other White One 002



Lower Valley Discovered

By BIZRO.

The Dartmouth Staff

What started as a routine DOC excursion turned into an afternoon of madcap adventure when four students came upon a previously unknown world just under our feet.

Hiking outside of White River Junction, the four students decided to follow an unmarked trail. "The trees got so lush all of a sudden. The wind blew through their leaves in perfect harmony, like they were singing," said Emma Rommel '15, one of the trip's participants.

Not a mile down the trail, Greg Marzano '14 chased a strange creature into a hole in between some roots, according to his fellow hikers. The hikers, Emma Rommel '15, Jeremy Bach '15, and Sarah Rhodes '14, reportedly heard him tumble and sought to rescue him from the hole.

"It was deeper than we thought," said Rhodes. "The fall felt like hours, days even." Books and teacups whizzed past the hikers, and a disembodied cackle echoed off the walls of the cavernous pit.

The hikers finally plunged from the sky and into the pink, bubble-gum-flavored waters of the Disconnecticut. Initially mistaken for

spies for the Dark Witch, they came to befriend the local tree gnomes that inhabited the area.

In the small gnome village of Hanunder, the group partook in a friendly game of Tea Ping at the Tarfernity of Everything's A Smile. At the sudden sounding of a bell, the gnomes scattered to gather dusty textbooks from the shelves that lined every inch of the walls. "Party mad, study madder!" said Ignacious the Wise. "Study study study study!"

Their merry study session was then interrupted by the flying moose army of the Dark Witch, who stole away the rabble-rousing intruders. The four friends were incarcerated in the dungeon of the Tower of the Dark Witch.

After a swift rescue by gnomes standing on one another's shoulders in flying moose disguises, the four students were able to defeat the Dark Witch. They doused her in bubble gum water, which did nothing, and promised her a better position as Head Witch of the Middle World Bank. She promptly left and never returned.

"Pretty solid day," remarked Bach. "We're going to smoke at the Lodge next weekend, which should be even chillier."

Graduating Senior Fulfills Potential, Shocks Everyone

By WOKETHIK

The Dartmouth Staff

Graduating Senior Edwin Sparks currently holds a 3.87 GPA, has consistently been actively involved with the Dartmouth community, and seems to have his life figured out, which has caused discontent and furor within the Dartmouth administration.

A former Maryland native, he graduated as Valedictorian from Eleanor Roosevelt High School with a 4.3 GPA. He also lettered in both football and soccer, and was the student body president, editor-in-chief of his school's newspaper, and an active volunteer with the American Red Cross.

"Oh, he fit the mold... We thought 'He'll be a disillusioned alcoholic by junior year, just like everyone else.'" commented Maria Laskaris, Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid. "He'd get frustrated. He'd realize how school wasn't a big deal, and that it was just easier to drink and dick around on Reddit. That didn't happen, though, and we

aim to figure out what went wrong."

President Kim disclosed that he will be forming a committee that aims to both better understand how Sparks made it through four years at Dartmouth without crashing.

"Dartmouth is proud of its reputation of shaky ethics,

lax ambition, and tenacious procrastination. We will not sit idly by as students fall through the cracks," muttered Kim.

Sparks declined to comment, as he did not want to be late for a date with his gorgeous, intelligent girlfriend.

Chaos Reigns Without Glorious Savior

KIM from page 1

Services, a program founded by Kim at the start of his presidency, now houses the Dartmouth Thunderdome. The Thunderdome is a place to settle scores between those fated to live and those fated to die. "It's kinda like the Hunger Games!" said Julie Tannen '15, gleefully cheering on her former roommate Rob Miller '15. Rob was immediately disemboweled by a cross ripped from the spire of a local church. Julie failed to comment further, as she fell to her knees and unintelligibly cursed the sky.

The Dartmouth, what was once among the most respected college

newspapers, has been reduced to a staff of two. One is a nearsighted old man sitting alone in the basement of Robinson Hall. He spends his days repeatedly pressing the same three keys on an antique Remington typewriter (see Opinion Article "J...Y...K...J...Y"). The other is a student reporter who makes desperate attempts to get this issue to print in the hopes that he will have toilet paper in the coming month. That reporter is me. The toilet paper is for my diarrhea.

The diarrhea is from my cholera.

Frat Bro Commits Savage Act of Girl Power

By WANDA WOMYN

The Dartmouth Staff

Last week, Ben Meyer '14, a brother of Sigma Jacka Crapsilon, was found brutally flaunting his love for women warriors worldwide in the fraternity's basement. His membership in the house has been suspended, says SJC President Nick Forsythe '13. He will face a hearing with the administration in the coming week.

"Yo, fuck the gender binary, bro!" Meyer reportedly shouted before pressing "play" on a basement playlist including the Indigo Girls' easygoing folk-rock track "Closer to Fine" and Shania Twain's rollicking "I Feel Like A Woman."

"It was devastating," said Andrew Gray '14, one of the unfortunate students subjected to the bright, airy strums of Joni Mitchell's "California." "I'm just glad Calhoun [Sean Calhoun '14, Big Green linebacker] was there to subdue that jackhole before I could start questioning traditional notions of masculinity," said Frisch.

"Third-wave feminism is here to stay!" Meyer reportedly shouted as his fellow fraternity brothers dragged him off the premises.

"Not one bro gave me shit the last time I played some all-female acoustic alt-rock in the basement," said Meyer in an interview with The

Dartmouth. He admits to having put a Tegan & Sara mixtape in the fraternity's CD changer last spring, and asserts that he was not warned or told to stop. Reached to respond, Forsythe said, "We let it slide, 'cause those [women] are twins. And that's hot."

Meyer has gained somewhat of a notoriety for his string of rogue pro-feminist tirades. As The Dartmouth

"One time he burnt a bra...and I'm not totally sure what that was supposed to symbolize for him. Plus it's a fire hazard."

reported last year, Meyer threw his entire collection of vintage Roberta Flack records at an S&S officer after being caught doing Hatha yoga on top of the Winter Carnival sculpture. He was found to have a blood alcohol level of 0.28, reached entirely by consuming mimosas throughout an extended Ellen marathon.

Meyer has announced his intention to write an Op-Ed for The Dartmouth, relaying incidents in which brothers of SJC have prevented him

from interrupting meetings by giving twenty-minute introductions to feminist Judith Butler's concept of interpellation and "the paradoxical significance of the Spice Girls to both empowering and sexualizing young ladies." Meyer asserts there is a deliberate effort to quell his attempts to speak about the strength necessary to be a woman in a patriarchal society.

But members of SJC disagree with Meyer's assessment. "It's really not the female empowerment stuff," Aki Hunt '13, SJC's vice president said. "It's just that he comes to meetings with this PA system and refuses to sit down until he's finished reading an entire thirty page essay by some feminist theorist."

"There was also this one time he burnt a bra...and I'm not totally sure what that was supposed to symbolize for him," Hunt added. "Plus it's a fire hazard."

Gabi Purdue, president of Shamma Lamma Gamma Sorority, feels mixed emotions about Meyer's support of the women's movement. "He is speaking about very real issues," she said, "But he is also batshit crazy." She relayed an incident in fall during the Women of Dartmouth panel she was moderating. "He shouted from the back of the room, reached into his pants and pulled out his bloody palm. We had him arrested, because what the fuck was that?"



Courtesy of Facebook.com

Meyer, as alter ego Brosie the Riveter, mercilessly tackles the male-dominated social scene from the inside.

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-The LA Times

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him years ago. He just
can't take a hint."**

*-Jennifer Higgins,
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24 hours a day

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**Mr. Burns bought all available seats and filled them with
his childhood doll collection dressed in Civil War costumes**

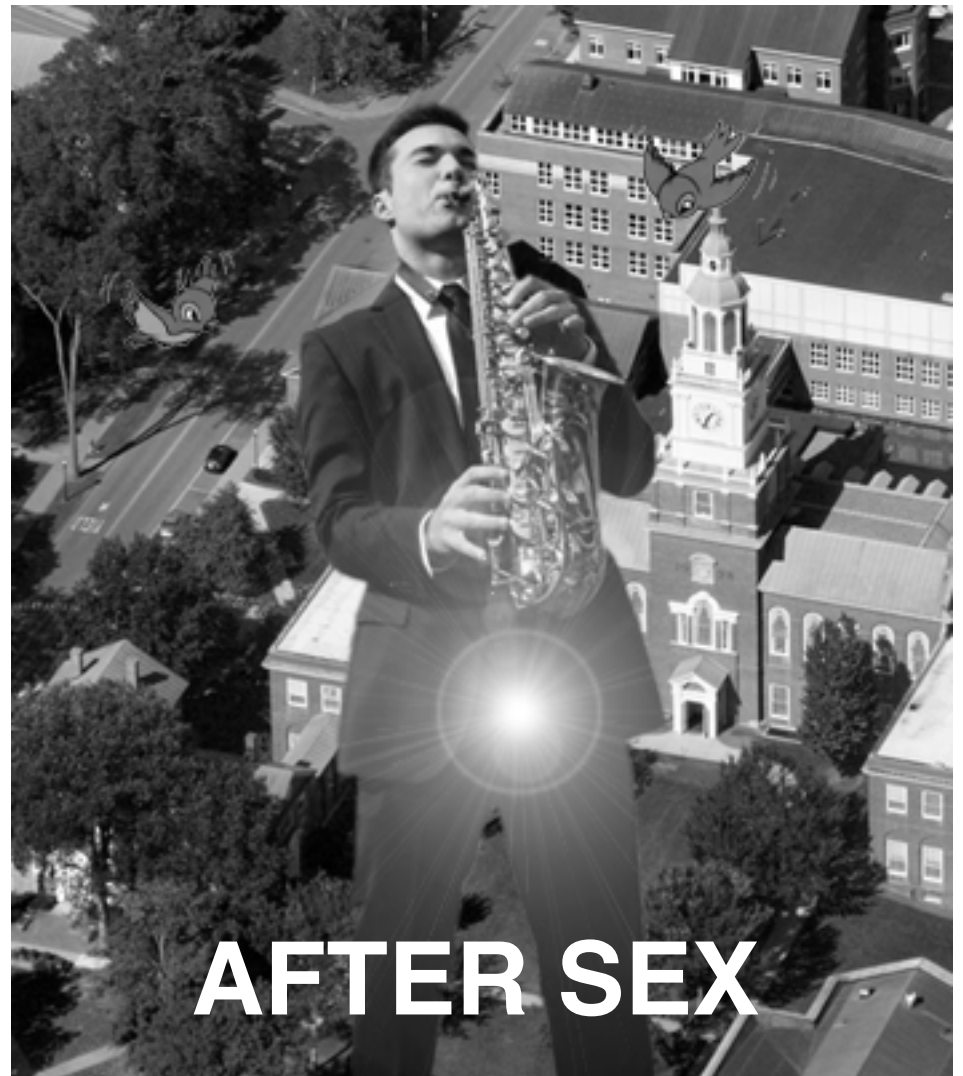
Freshman

Gets

Sex



BEFORE SEX



AFTER SEX

By **VIRGIL NOMORE**
The Dartmouth Staff

He fucking did it, boys! Chad Brauhnler '16 got it in! She wanted it and everything! Holy shit! Holy fucking shit!

Okay, holy shit, I'm gonna calm

down. It's just such big fucking news. Like, do you know what this means? Do you know what this fucking means?!

This is the best goddamn news for us. For guys like us. For the guys who had to sit around while the real douches got the girls. Guys who got

turned down at prom by girls like Regina Weiss. Guys who'd rather respect girls than get in their pants. But would really like to get in their pants if they'd like us to. You know? Nice guys.

I'm baking him a goddamn cake. Does anyone know how to bake a

fucking cake? There has to be a card for this kind of thing. Like a birthday card, but for losing your card. We can pick some fucking thing up at CVS that says "Happy Birthday" and cross it out and shit. Write like "Happy Sex-Having, Chad, You Fucking Adonis Of Pure Pleasure."

Yeah, I called him an Adonis. That's what he is. He's a fucking god. No, that's not what I meant! I don't want to have sex with him. I mean, if I was into that stuff I totally w--Wait! Don't fucking tell anyone. I swear to God I will make you hurt for days.

...I mean fuck you!

Best alum in history now more like "Dead Geisel"

SEUSS from page 1

up with him at the Revivication party. We're serving green eggs and ham!"

The Revivication Celebration is set for Spring 2013, when the newly revived Geisel will emerge from a large and elaborately wonky machine called the "Resusificator" onto a platform set high above the north end of the green. He will then do a soft-spoken and intimate reading of "Oh, The Places You'll Go!," restoring joy and wonderment in the hearts of the thousands in attendance. A snub-nosed whirly-ma-whill will then fly in front of the stage, whisking Geisel away on its back. "Free whirly-ma-whill rides for all!" he will shout, flying his new Dartmouth friends over the hap-happituous hamlet of Hanover all through the night. Laughter will echo across the hills, and a month-long dance will be carried out in Geisel's name. It is set to be the greatest moment in Dartmouth history, with infinitely

more like it to come.

Yet minor setbacks to the revival process have Geisel Med School doctors worried about making the original deadline. Initial tests of the corpse's sentience have proven negative, and cosmetic efforts are more extensive than originally expected. "We'll get it done alright," said Dr. Franken. "It's only a matter of time before we get him alive again. Otherwise, who's going to read us stories and make all our dreams into real life? He can't be gone forever. He just can't."

President Folt expressed her hope for the future revival, as well as her regret for the past. "If we had known that he was a better, more magical person than anyone here ever, we would have never told him to stop partying and do something productive with his life. To us, he was just a gin-drinking nerd with some unfunny 'humor' magazine. We should have loved him more. We should have held onto him longer."



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EVENTS AT DARTMOUTH

TODAY

3 p.m.

Public Relations Damage Control Workshop, Parkhurst

7 p.m.

The Panels Panel: Past Panel Planners & Participants Talk About Their Experiences Panels, Collis Common Ground

9 p.m.

Some Floor Meeting Bullshit, Common Room

TOMORROW

1 p.m.

Inter-Fraternity Wholesome Charity Event Brought To You By Public Relations, The Green

7 p.m.

Charlotte Johson Gives Her Poodle Its Meds, Her House

10 p.m.

Curfew, Everywhere

Today's Puzzle



THE DARTMOUTH COMICS

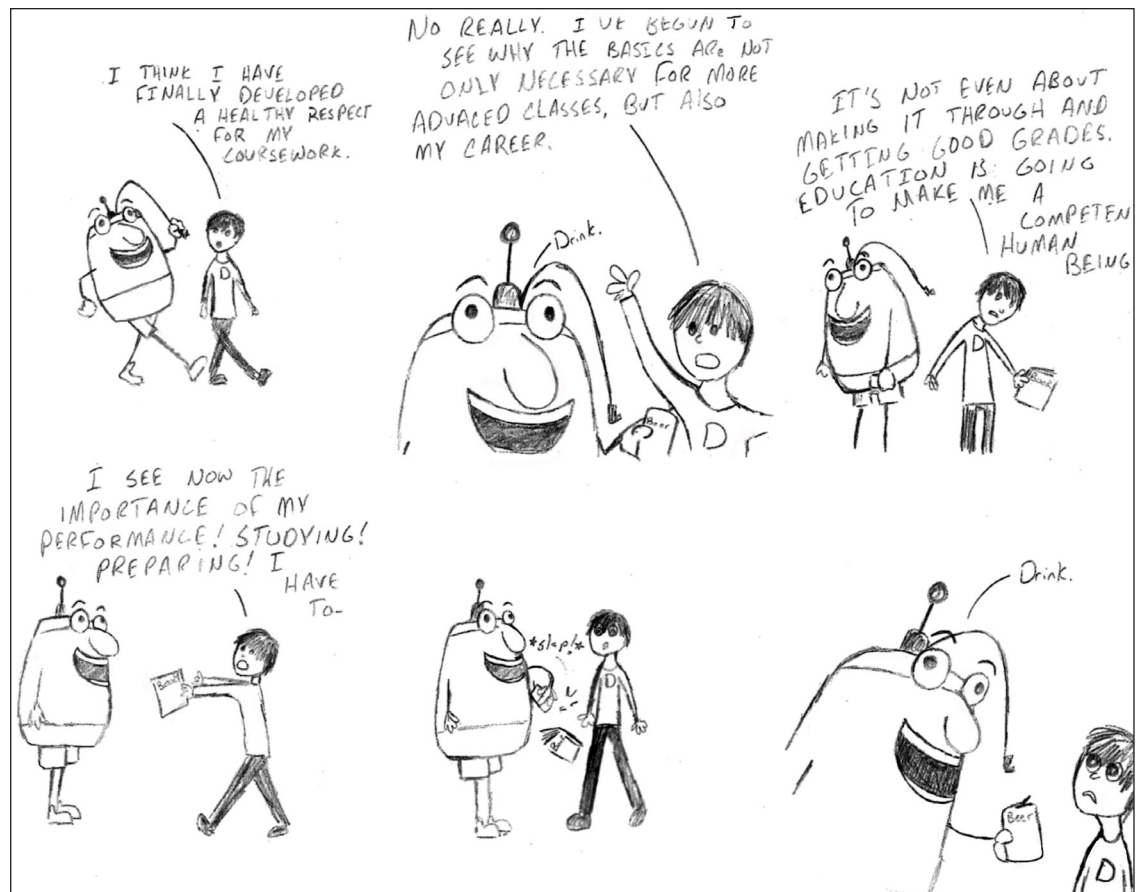
Boys n' Swirlies

by <3 ;) Kim '13



Keggy & The Sober People

by Andre Champagnesupernova '12



3	5	2	1	8	4	9	6	7
4	6	1	7	9	3	5	2	8
8	9	7	6	5	2	4	3	1
1	3	8	2	7	9	6	4	5
7	2	5	4	6	1	8	9	3
9	4	6	5	3	8	7	1	2
6	8	4	3	2	5	1	7	9
2	1	9	8	4	7	3	5	6
5	7	3	9	1	6	2	8	4

This Week's Sudoku Puzzle Comes To You Lovingly Pre-Finished By The Dartmouth Staff.

Go spend this time with your loved ones, or just watch the leaves rustle in the trees. If you still want to do something Japanese, write a haiku about it. Nothing is here forever.

Dear readers, live!

-The Dartmouth

Improv character British now

By PHUNE PEOPLES
The Dartmouth Staff

Beloved Texas rancher Bob McSmithensen, a character played by Home IMPROVment performer Charlie Klein '14, announced in a public statement yesterday that he is, in fact, British. Daintily tipping an imaginary teacup to his mouth, he danced an awkward jig and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm British now!" in a thick British accent.

To his fellow scene partners, his announcement is no surprise. "We first suspected Bob to be British when he started talking about 'the 'orses in the bahn,'" said space chef Craig, played by Debby Morris '15. "When he finally said [that he was British], we loved him just the same. To us he's just Bob, the cowboy with a chain of salami for a lasso."

President of Second City Improv Enterprises Mark Comedetti issued a statement in support of Bob's announcement. "Today is a great day for improv comedy. Long has anglophobia marred the industry and kept wonderful characters from expressing who they truly are. Bob has opened fake saloon doors wide

open and raised the bar with a really funny stressed emotion on his face as he did so."

The scene took on new significance after Bob's announcement, according to Fluffy, a dog from a later scene, also played by Charlie Klein. "They weren't just doing a film noir romantic comedy down on the ranch anymore. They were making improv history."

The scene continued with Gary, an amusement park worker with a hunchback played by Sam Andrews '13, desperately struggling to find the next words to say to Bob's bombshell. Dropping his Brooklyn accent for a Cockney drawl, he declared, "Yes, and...I'm British too?" His hunchback cured, he stood proud before the audience, who now had no fucking clue what was going on. For two more momentous minutes, he and Bob interacted openly as Brits.

The end of the scene saw the ranch confusingly turning into a spaceship and the three characters having a space tea party. "We should invite the queen!" said Craig, sounding like Shrek all of a sudden. Audience members clapped noncommittally in solidarity with the three brave souls.



McSmithensen, now openly British, wonkily paves the way for Anglo characters in amateur improv.

Friday Night Rock becomes mainstream, implodes

By SKINE GENES
The Dartmouth Staff

Following a successful show with attendance upwards of 200 students, campus concert organization and hipster social group Friday Night Rock officially entrenched itself in mainstream campus culture Friday

night. Rendered a paradox, the organization folded in upon itself and disappeared into the conceptual void.

"It was heartbreaking," said FNR general manager Greg Rothfeld '13. "At first we thought it was great that so many people were interested in good music who otherwise wouldn't be." FNR's last audience included

athletes from at least four different varsity teams. Over 70% of the audience was said to have been affiliated with Greek houses. Only 15% was affiliated with BG.

Booking manager Ethan Callahan '13 blames himself. "Our budget had grown to the point where we could book an artist *after* they earned 'Best New Music' on Pitchfork. And I got carried away. I'd forgotten that our relevance was in our irrelevance."

The show, billed as "The Best F.N.EveR," featured the band Animal Collective opening for a solo set by Thom Yorke of Radiohead.

"We'd flown too high. The sun's rays licked the skin of our backs as

we felt, felt it all burn away," said venue manager Carly D'Angelo '14, high as balls.

Having received the news of FNR's demise, the administration ordered the condemnation of its concert site. Former members of the defunct group stood by on Saturday gloomily Instagramming the wooden boards and police tape as FO&M installed them.

Ryan Lowell '15, former designated after-party host, was perhaps the most affected by the group's breakdown. "Stop saying I was friends with those guys. I never was and never will be one of those pussy NARPs," he said sporting an

Indian-emblazoned tank top. When asked about the tear forming at the corner of his eye, he pushed me to the ground and waddled away in ill-fitting Top-Siders.

With the dissolution of FNR, Panarchy has opened its doors to act as a last vestige of Dartmouth alternative culture. A group of FNR alumni met in the Tomb Room Saturday night to discuss reforming the group as an underground cultural resistance movement. "As underground as possible," described Callahan.

Hundreds have expressed support of the movement and willingness to join.

NOW PLAYING AT THE NUGGET

MURDER IN THE HOTEL MORGUE

Supposedly following the exploits of private detective (or plumber?) Sam Dillon (Jeremy Renner, or Matt Damon, or Jada Pinkett Smith, I'm not sure), *Murder* might be a suspenseful mystery thriller about a death, some kind of crime, and this one part with a dog winning a prize of some sort. It starts and ends, and that is really all I could gather from viewing this.

-Caroline Roth

What is a hotel doing with a morgue? And how does murder happen in a room where everyone is dead already? None of these questions are answered at any point in the film.

-Sam Meyer

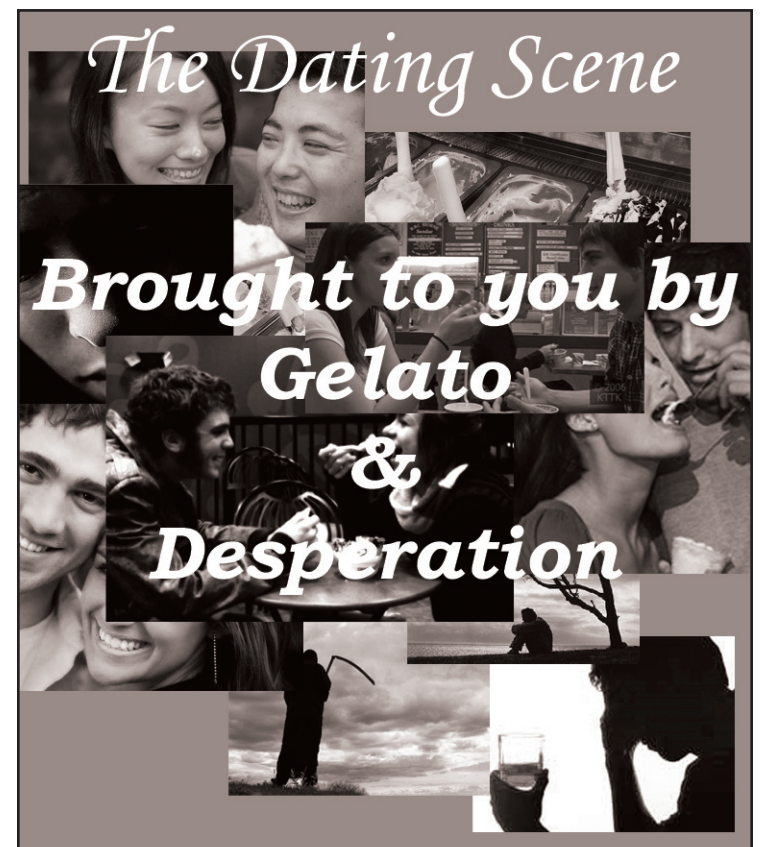
There is a scene in which the protagonist comes into a room and shouts "Somebody here was murdered...but who?" That made it really hard to understand what kind of mystery he was solving. Especially when the next scene showed him playing dizzy bat with a monkey. I thought the monkey and dizzy bats would figure into the film some time later, but that time never came.

-Deborah Rothschild



I would have been scratching my head in confusion throughout the entire film, but I forgot how. I literally forgot how to scratch my head while watching this movie. It rendered me stupefied and vegetative for a week. I may never recover my full mental capacities.

-Andrew Mansfield



Some Asshole Made Frisbee A Sport

By **SIR KULL**

The Dartmouth Staff

Long known as one of the last vestiges of carefree relaxation in this restless dog-eat-dog world, frisbee has taken on new significance when some douche nozzle started making a competition of it. This yet-unidentified douche nozzle soon got enough like-minded douche nozzles to sustain leagues and tournaments on an international level.

"It's a real buzzkill, what this crotch stain did to frisbee," said Pete Reich '14. "I can't even go on the green and toss one around without running into a group of knob jockeys doing it the 'right way.' There shouldn't be a right or wrong way to have fun. Those fart-knocking bastards."

Sociology professor Donald Wharton had his own take on the phenomenon. "While carried out under the guise of being 'chill,' the culture of these scuz-sucking airheads is predicated on the committal of the most un-chill act

in history. It's a real chafe."

The number one manufacturer of these formerly simple and joy-producing toys, Kablam-O, was almost put out of business when the sport became popular among pissants worldwide. "We had some snotlicks calling in to angrily tell us that our frisbees were under regulation weight," said Kablam-O CEO John Hunter. "Someone is regulating the weight of a plastic toy?" I'd ask. And they just kept their stupid puke-guzzling mouths open to further complain."

Andrew Morrison, son of frisbee inventor Walter Frederick Morrison, issued a statement Tuesday. "My father started throwing around pie plates in order to blissfully bring people together in mutual surrender of any notions of superiority or inferiority and without any pressure to compete or perform," began the statement. "Now some dick weeds have shit all the fuck over that."

Frisbee is expected to be an Olympic sport by 2032, along with meditation and whistling.

NARP Feels Tinge of Pride For Dartmouth Win

By **REGGIE U. LARS**
The Dartmouth Staff

Ben Oberstein '14 could hardly contain his marginal excitement over the Big Green's win Sunday. "Great stuff," he said, giving a thumbs-up and nodding. Oberstein, who engages in no deliberate physical activity outside of a PE Woodcarving workshop, had never been to a Dartmouth athletic event before. "Maybe I went my freshman fall. I don't remember."

Oberstein went to Sunday's Big Green game with some hesitation. "They just canceled Bagel Brunch at Hillel, so I really had nothing better to do." He sat throughout the game, minus bathroom breaks, snack breaks, and times spent talking to people, enrapt by the Dartmouth team's relentless drive towards victory. When the home team finally won, he went so far as to high-five one of his friends. "Yeah, Josh and I do that all the time. It's kind of our thing."

When asked to describe how he was feeling at the moment of Dartmouth's victory, he explained, "Even though I don't know those people,

and even though I understand like that Benedict Anderson 'imagined communities' thing, yeah, I kind of felt happy for them."

When asked if he would go so far as to use the pronoun "we" when discussing the sports team's endeavors, he was hesitant. "I mean, I don't want to belittle all their hard work by just referring to myself as one of them," he said. "Do people do that?"

One need not look further than Oberstein's wardrobe to see how much he supports Dartmouth Athletics. With a shirt that reads "Dartmouth Surfing," a "D-Block" pinny that his mom bought for him at a freshmen activities fair, and Dartmouth socks that he is "pretty sure" are soccer socks, Oberstein is a true die-hard fan.

Oberstein has stated plans to consider attending another game, citing "solid" hot chocolate as motivation.

"He might not be our biggest fan, but we appreciate his support," said Dartmouth Head Coach Mark McDougal. His assistant then whispered in his ear. "Wait a second. He actually might be our biggest fan."



Look at these toolbags taking all the fun out of things.

Geriatric Jerry "Hat Trick" Shoots, Scores Our Hearts

By **GOALDEN YEERS**
The Dartmouth Staff

Capping off a top-notch 2012 season playing solo against the Dartmouth Men's Hockey Team, beloved wheelchair bound old man Jerry "Hat Trick" Martinez pummeled them again 3-0 at halftime of a Yale game last Tuesday.

"We don't understand how he gets on the ice, but the second he does, it's like goal after goal after goal," defenseman Jeremy Burns '13 said of the pummeling the team took.

"Wait.... actually, that's exactly what he did," Burns added. "He shot three goals from his wheelchair, unopposed and then shouted 'Jerry Hat Trick!' as he scooted off the rink."

Despite local appreciation, Jerry's intrepid tactics have been called "disruptive" and even "insane" by some hockey aficionados.

"I want to make this clear: This

man is not playing hockey against us," said Peter Nguyen, head coach of the Dartmouth Men. "We aren't even on the ice half of the time. This isn't about competition. This is about an old man who is clearly off his rocker."

Still, all the name-calling in the world can't stop good-natured Jerry "Hat Trick" from running circles around Dartmouth players on Tuesday.

"Yeah, he drove his wheelchair around me for like ten minutes at the game," goalie Andrew Garcia '12 said. "I told him to stop, but he didn't. He just chanted 'Hat Trick! Hat Trick! Hat Trick!' at me."

Hat Trick's previous victory against Dartmouth came after fervent speculation that his undefeated streak would come to an end when athletic administrators removed the wheelchair ramp at the rink.

"We were all positive we'd finally get to play a full hockey game that time," Garcia said. "But around half-time we saw him dragging his body really slowly along the ice and towards me. I was so stunned I didn't even realize when he pushed three pucks into the net fifteen minutes later."

Still, fans rose from their benches and cheered as Jerry made an appearance on Tuesday.

"He just scoots onto the rink every week in his electric wheelchair," said Peter Nguyen, head coach of the Dartmouth Men. "Sometimes it's at halftime, sometimes it's in the middle of the period. We try to tell him, 'Jerry, you can't do this, we're in the middle of playing a game. You're ruining everyone's night.' But he just laughs it off, as if we're joking."

"We aren't joking," Nguyen added. "We really just want to play hockey."

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