



NEWS:

This Woman can Get Through Any Museum in 10 Minutes
Read it on Page 13

SPORTS:

Basketball Unionizes, Demands Higher Pay and Scores
Read it on Page 14

ARTS:

Artist in Residence: My Nephew the Furry Celebrity
Read it on Page 15

Considerate Student Responds to Every Listserv Email, Says 'No'

BY BEA CECE

Paul Wilkins '25, is considered to be campus's most thoughtful soul. Wilkins responds to every single Listserv email and explains why he will not be able to attend the function in question. This week, for the first time, he opened for comment.

Wilkins began this habit during his freshman fall. "I mean, I got an email about an event happening. I think it was a DOC introductory meeting or something. I had no interest in going, but my momma always taught me to be polite and RSVP to every event I'm invited to. How are they supposed to know how much food to bring? And after that, it turned out that there's, like, a lot of events around here. Like stuff is kinda happening every day. So I gotta be polite to those people too."

Wilkins has not left his room in two years. The influx of Listserv emails is just too much to keep up with, especially when he wants to craft a unique and polite response to each one of them. Wilkins stated, "I mean, I know they want me to come to these events, but I just can't go to all of them. I kinda wish they would just stop emailing me, but right now I'm just trying to let them down easy." Wilkins became notorious due to his liberal use

of the "Reply All" function. When questioned about this choice, Wilkins commented: "Well, you know, if anyone was only going to go because they thought I was going to be there, I don't want to give them that false impression. It's only polite."

Wilkins gave a very polite response when asked about actually going to events: "I just don't have the time at this point. I'm way too busy declining events to attend events, you know? Sometimes I get a rest — like on Saturday morning — but I use that time to eat my only meal that week and have my one bathroom break. And then of course, I have to call my momma. After that, it's back to emails!" This reporter asked if he feels like he's in a behavioral prison of his own making. Wilkins stated, "That sounds a lot like that

email I got from the Psychology Student Society that wanted to study me or something. Unfortunately, I was busy that day so I had to say no. I tried to be nice about it!"

This interview with Wilkins brought this reporter no closer to understanding the behavior and mental state of this RSVP fiend. We tried to speak with people close to Wilkins. In an email statement, Wilkins' economics professor Dr. John Playton stated, "I haven't seen that kid in ages. I tried to remind him to come to class, and I just got back 'No thank you, but I appreciate the offer so much! So sorry that I can't make it :('"

Wilkins' mother was also contacted for comment. She simply responded, "Does he end it with 'Sincerely, Paul'? Cause that's how I taught him to write a polite email!"



Dartmouth Unveils Alternative to Greek Life: Playground

By FISHER P. RICE

In a new attempt to fight the cultural dominance of campus Greek life, Dartmouth has spent a record \$70 million to investigate a valid alternative to such social spaces. Earlier this spring, the committee reached a conclusion after its 5 year investigation: installation of a "state of the art entertainment-and-fitness-activity-zone-welcome-to-all social zone," colloquially referred to as a playground.

Financial advisor Matthew Tsai stated, "We can't be too frivolous with spending at this time, so we believe that this solution will appeal not only to the daring thrill seekers of our school and fiscal conservatives on campus."

Dick's house Director of Student Psychology and Maturity Samuel Portes was also consulted on the matter. "Growing minds need healthy engagement, and the college's new effort to create such spaces is encouraging," Portes said. He also advocated for signage on the new facility to include "nutrition charts," including the food pyramid and the USDA's signature MyPlate.

When interviewed about the new playspace, students held strong opinions on the monkey bars and the seesaw. Herbert Runner '20, back to visit his old fraternity house, was so excited for the new alternative social space offering. "I really wish

this had been here when I was a student," he said, "I was having so much fun going up and down on the seesaw, just like my old highs and lows in campus basements, but with more silly fun!" He complained, however, that he fell off the monkey bars and scraped his knee, which was "very traumatic."

The college is already planning possible expansions of this project including a new opportunity for intellectual stimulation and creative expression. These spaces will include access to multiplication tables, where timely completion can earn students sparkle star stickers. There will also be magic markers and crayons with coloring pages based on campus buildings.

The Department of Safety and Security will implement stringent measures to prevent any non-students from using the high level investment. Already, several Hanover elementary school students have attempted to use "the slide," and were promptly tased, tackled, restrained and arrested by responding SNS officers. Portes said "this social zone is simply not appropriate for elementary school students. It has been tailored for the developing minds and bodies of older Dartmouth students."

At press time, several Greek houses have sent out exclusive invites to "monkey bar tails."

Uh Oh, Your Professor Just Updated the Syllabus

By **MIKE ROSOFWERT**

Sources close to the matter confirmed that at 3:41 A.M. this morning, your professor, Dr. Jasmine Moritz sent a Canvas announcement updating the syllabus. While no proximate cause was announced, experts concede that you are explicitly to blame.

"I'm fairly confident that we can directly link the syllabus update to your behavior in the most recent session of ARTH 12.17 First Year Seminar: Portrayal of the Other in Renaissance Art," said syllabus specialist Dr. Ramon Corrales. "While we don't have the full situation yet, that's where I'd put my money, if I were a betting man."

During that most recent class, witnesses confirmed your abhorrent performance on a short quiz regarding a 12th century French tapestry,

followed by a screaming match you had with your adjunct professor, Dr. Moritz, concerning the merits of "so-called tapestries."

"You were out of control," said Weyland Chu '27. "You said tapestries were glorified rugs. Dr. Moritz was almost crying."

While Dr. Moritz had begun the class passionate about the fiber arts, the most recent syllabus change has removed all reference to tapestries, embroidery, hangings and even macrame. "Yes, that definitely seems directly correlated with the last class," added Dr. Corrales. "Obviously that's only part of my analysis, but it makes a strong case that your pathetic two hours of screeching to expunge the three out of five quiz score from the gradebook crushed her enthusiasm for the whole term."

Chu added, "You really didn't have to go to her office hours, too. You had already let us all know in class exactly what you thought about her specialty. I mean, 'colorful knots only useful as an asswipe?' It was just so rude."

Aside from the removal of all things fabric, the community guidelines for the class are now noticeably larger and now head the syllabus. Additions include "Respect for your professor and each other," "using your indoor voice," and "office hours will now be held on the Green." Other changes on the pdf-scan of the syllabus were deemed illegible due to what Dr. Corrales referred to as "tear-related water damage."

At press time, Dr. Moritz released a new version of the syllabus that waived all attendance requirements for you specifically.

New Disturbing Trends of 'Drinking,' 'Having Fun'

By **KEIFER STONE**

In a recent statement, Dartmouth Safety and Security has cautioned students against participating in a concerning new campus trend. This trend, known as 'drinking,' involves consumption of a fermented or distilled ethanol-based substance known as 'alcohol,' which is believed by scientists to produce an intoxicating high when consumed in excess.

Dr. Jonathan Moore, a top forensic scientist hired by SNS to consult on the 'drinking' epidemic, stated, "production of $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$, also known as ethanol, is a highly specialized process, generally involving fermentation of a starch with some type of sugar, and a fungal bacteria known as yeast. This can either be consumed as is, or even distilled to further concentrate the ethanol." Additionally, Dr. Moore theorized on potential sources. "Drinking ethanol is generally unheard of in New Hampshire, although there are suspicions that students have been sneaking alcohol over the border from illegal distilleries hidden in Vermont."

The statement additionally warned that — often under the influence of this 'alcohol' — students have been gathering in large numbers to recklessly engage in dancing, playing music or socializing, all debauchorous and reckless pastimes which

SNS vehemently condemns. "If we don't crack down now and these gatherings are allowed to develop into what experts call 'ragers,' we cannot guarantee campus order and security may be forced to call in outside backup," the statement said.

"Now, I think I speak for the whole force when I say that I expect students to unwind after a hard week of classes with a nice, cold, respectful conversation on their latest academic pursuits," said Officer Dan Peterson, when approached for comment while studiously chainsmoking Marlboro Reds outside of SNS headquarters on Rope Ferry Road. "It really comes as a shock that these kids are so flagrantly enjoying themselves, especially at a fine institution like Dartmouth. Have they no shame?"

Peterson and other representatives for SNS have assured both students and administrators that the force is putting its full effort into responding forcefully to these dangerous incidents. At press time, proposed solutions include removing all common areas on campus, equipping SNS with riot gear and surplus U.S. Army armored personnel carriers to respond to 'ragers' and — as a safeguard against a worst-case scenario — imposing a 9 P.M. curfew for all students.

The Dartmouth

The Jacko's Oldest College Newspaper, Founded 1908.

The Spice Rack

Thomas Lane '24 *Modified Starch* Natalie Halsey '25 *MSG* Jonas Rosenthal '25 *Liquid Smoke*

Lily Arrom '25 *Ester of Mono*

Brigid McCarron '26 *Fructose*
Sophie Cohen '26 *Red 40*
Kevin Farrell '25 *Cream of Tartar*
Julia Abbott '26 *Acacia Gum*
Lucy Bybee '27 *Potassium Bromate*
Eloise Langan '27 *Hydroxyanisole*
Alex Lewton '27 *Potassium Sorbate*
Gracie Bartos '27 *Propyl Gallate*
John del Puerto '27 *Benzoate*
Marshall Carey-Matthews '27 *Acid*
Zhimon Wang '27 *Titanium Dioxide*
Ella Charland '27 *Thiamine*

Casey Bertocchi '26 *Sucrose*
Mariana Cepeda '25 *Carnauba Wax*
CJTebben '26 *High Fructose Corn Syrup*
Scott Sorenson '26 *Xanthan Gum*
Ryan Hill '27 *Sodium Lactylate*
Adam Svoboda '27 *Trisodiumate*
Connor Perrotta '27 *Drogenated Oil*
David Zhu '27 *Tallow Oil*
Peyton Jackson '27 *Sorbitol*
Antonio Garzon Amadei '24 *HGP*
Nina Bouche '27 *Succinate*

Alexandra Cadet '26 *Glucose*
Rishav Chakravarty '25 *Sprout Extract*
Jack Vawrinek '26 *Guar Gum*
Caroline Bailey '27 *Disodium*
Nathan Hill '27 *Diglyceride*
Catherine Harnois '27 *Glycol*
Aubrey Elder '27 *Sodium Stearoyl*
Ben Singer '27 *Polysorbate 80*
Jesse Fitzelle-Jones '27 *Pyrophosphate*
Jackson Weinstein '27 *Butylhydroque*
Daniel Katz '27 *Hydrolyzed Soy Protein*

Brooke Medley '26
Takoyaki Chair

Lily Easter '25
Mac's Maple Chair

Molly Fried '25
Big Apple Chair

SNS to be Allowed to Search Your Gun Cabinet for Alcohol

By JACK DANIELS

From the SVPP to the resources at the Health and Wellness Center, Dartmouth College has committed to making safety a top priority. But what happens when the path to that safety is unclear?

A new proposal to be voted on in November — The Gun Cabinet Search and Seizure Bill (GCSSB) — would revoke privacy rights which have been in effect since Dartmouth's founding in 1769 by allowing campus Safety and Security to search personal locked firearm cabinets for potentially dangerous substances like alcohol.

“We’re not trying to take away anyone’s right to bear arms,” said SNS Officer Francis Miltz, “but if a student is going to hide a dangerous substance in their room, it’s going to be in that locked cabinet, next to their essential guns. It’s our job to make sure students stay safe.”

Sarah Huberts ’24 disagrees. “The issue isn’t safety: It’s control. I am not comfortable with a stranger handling my M320, and what constitutes a ‘dangerous substance’ is completely up to SNS. They could just arbitrarily confiscate my exploding rounds. And even if they don’t act so rashly, it’s such a slippery slope. After alcohol, what’s next? My cocaine stash?”

SNS Chief Cameron Carls assured The Dartmouth that “SNS will not abuse legal loopholes to confiscate students’ necessary means of self defense,”

and will only take away “substances with potential to do actual harm, like liquor.”

The proposal for the GCSSB resulted from recently released information regarding the fatal wounding of Eric Wallard ’23, during last year’s extracurricular activities wakeups events. Darren Jeans ’26, has recently revealed that he was “under the influence” at the time, which drew incredible community backlash.

“What bothers me most,” said Eric’s father Richard, “is that the situation was so preventable.”

“For most of my life,” Darren said, “I’ve been thinking, ‘Oh my God, how crazy would it be if someone broke into my home and I had the chance to kill them?’ And so here this guy comes, knocking on my door at five in the morning, and I think, ‘Hey, this could be my only opportunity to break out the bazooka.’”

“Now, I can admit that I wasn’t entirely in my own head,” Darren added, “but honestly, if we can’t get a little buzzed, then what are we even doing? It’s one of those agreeing-to-the-risks situations. It’s awful what’s happening here, with all these mandates.”

At press time, a new proposal is under review that would force Dartmouth to remove the smoke detectors in its dorms, for fear of former boy scouts in its STEM programs.

Kidnapped Dartmouth Student Believed They Were “Just Doing Wakeups”

By INA VAN

A beautiful fall morning turned tragic last Monday when Jesse Hanseman, ’27, was kidnapped from his dorm on the morning of Oct. 14. According to police sources, Jesse willingly went with the kidnapers, as he believed they were simply upperclassmen doing what he called “wakeups.”

“Jesse tried out for one of the improv groups on campus and just would not shut up about it,” Jesse’s roommate Nate Daniels ’27 explained to The Dartmouth. “When he came back from tryouts the day before, he kept telling me how he was ‘so in,’ and that he was definitely making the cut.”

It seems that in Jesse’s excitement he was not at all shocked by the violent knocking at his door at three in the morning, and sprang from the bed to answer it with apparent — and tragic — glee.

“I heard him answering the door, and some scary-sounding people talking to him,

but honestly he was really pissing me off with all the improv talk, so I didn’t get out of bed to check it out,” Daniels clarified when asked about what he remembered of the kidnapping.

According to witnesses in the halls and outside the dorm, Hanseman was seen “skipping merrily” and “giggling like a little schoolboy” as he was blindfolded and had a gag tied around his mouth.

“I was just getting back from a party, and I saw these really tough looking dudes in all black dragging him down the hall. Before they stuffed a gag in his mouth, he kept asking if the blindfold was ‘flair’ and if he could keep it as a souvenir,” recalled Ronaldo Calderón ’25.

Security camera footage from around campus matches witness testimony, showing Hanseman being taken by several unidentified men dressed in black and wearing ski masks before being loaded into an unmarked van. Throughout the footage, despite the group’s clear hostility, Hanseman is seen smiling through

the gag.

According to witnesses, Hanseman said, “This is a dream come true! I’ve already been working on my ‘yes and’ technique!” while garbled by the gag just before the door to the van was shut. Those were his last known words.

As the search for Hanseman marches on, several questions remain unanswered about the nature and reason for this kidnapping. While searching for answers, The Dartmouth received an anonymous letter addressed from the head of the kidnapping team.

“Don’t worry, he’s going to be returned unharmed,” the magazine cutout ransom note stated. “He just didn’t have the chops to be a hostage. He talked so much we couldn’t ransom him for anything.” Despite his apparent failure to make the soccer team, an a cappella group, the debate team and the student newspaper, all hands are on deck to retrieve Hanseman, and inform him of his failure to make yet another group.

Student Job Opening:

USHER

Employee Benefits:
15\$/hr
Health Insurance
It's Usher

Blitz studentemployment@hop

Administration Establishes New Undergraduate Office of Student Misery

By **SIR VEILANCE TATE**

In order to address growing student concerns over the state of wellbeing on campus, Dartmouth announced on Thursday the creation of a new Undergraduate Office of Student Misery. The office — whose headquarters are temporarily to be located just off campus in Langley, Virginia, due to space limitations — will work closely with the Student Wellness Center as it plans for the upcoming academic year.

The cornerstone program of the new office will be the Standardized Uniform Care and Kindness System, or DartSUCKS. In order to ensure that each student is experiencing equal emotional wellbeing, new facial scanners will take a photo of their faces as they walk across campus and evaluate them on a happiness scale of 1-10. This information will be then computed into a complex algorithm in order to determine how to bring their level of happiness to an acceptable, controllable level.

In a report received by the Dartmouvth, earlier trials of this program to accomplish “equal misery amongst all undergraduate students” were inspired after the president’s new Chief of Student Misery

Nathan Zoan took note of too many cheerful frisbee bros on the Green.

“Trying to make everyone happy? It’s frankly impossible. After all, it was our forefather’s wish for it to be a scream unto the wilderness, not a smile. It’s unfair for students to see their peers being too sad — or too happy. We want to ensure the school maintains a steady stream of alumni donations, but not too many creepy super seniors still hanging around their old frat houses,” Zoan said.

According to leaked internal documents, students prancing around campus with “a shit-eating grin” will be assigned a “10” on the happiness scale. In an attempt to limit undue euphoria, these students will have their clean clothes dumped on the wet and dirty laundry room floor and then stomped on — a measure that has already seen widespread implementation since the spring.

Distraught students receiving a three or lower will have the opportunity to receive randomly assigned prizes to catch a glimpse of the blissful Dartmouth experience they could be having, but aren’t. These include everything from

one night in a Mclaughlin single to guaranteed acceptance into a private Greek Life event they could have freely attended had they not received zero bids sophomore fall. These prizes are a dramatic shift from prior offerings, mainly free House Community branded merchandise, but those were discontinued after they were found to actually lower happiness scores among recipients.

“I was feeling pretty down about myself after I bombed my orgo midterm,” Jahana Taylor ’26 said, “but when I found out that instead of attending my four hour lab I could sit in on a humanities class and discuss how the color green makes me feel, I was elated!”

FOIA requests in recent weeks have discovered copyrights filed on a number of phrases to be used in promotional material for the college including “Endure the Dartmouth Difference,” “Let’s Put an Unenthused Expression on That Face,” and “Remember, Beilock is Watching.”

Test Optional No More, ’27s to be Breathalyzed on Sight

By **BRETT ELIZER**

A new policy announced last night would allow officers to breathalyze without reasonable cause. This policy comes after a rash of odd behavior by the Class of 2027. Admitted last winter under Dartmouth’s new test-optional policy, the first-years have distinguished themselves this fall for their erratic and often unsettling conduct. Something is just profoundly wrong with these ’27s. The only possible reason, according to Dartmouth’s administration? Alcohol.

“I don’t know what it is,” said Officer Dan Smith of the Hanover Police Department. “Maybe it’s just the lack of a submitted SAT score, but something about this class is absolutely unhinged.”

To combat this epidemic, SNS has recruited ten new officers to their force to patrol the Green 24/7.

Faced with the difficulty of discriminating between ’27s and others, Dartmouth has introduced freshman-sniffing dogs that can just “sniff out that first year musk.” Training sessions have included long walks through 8 Ball Hall during on-nights and Alumni Gym at peak hours.

Other students have also made note of odd ’27 behavior. “Yesterday I asked a kid his SAT score,” said deeply insecure David Sternberg ’26, “and he didn’t even respond! He just blankly looked at me, let out a very stinky burp right in my face, and walked off. What am I supposed to do with that?”

Last Wednesday, authorities performed the inaugural breathalyzer test on a goofily-grinning David Hawkins ’27 as he gleefully bounded towards the Choates cluster. The results simply read “high on life.”

Hey Alumni!

Feeling nostalgic for your Dartmouth Days?

Bring back memories with a set of Dartmouth-scented candles!



Foco Dishroom



Keystone Lite



Boot



TDX Basement

ONLY \$19.99+SHIPPING! GET 20% OFF WITH YOUR COPY OF THE DARTMOUTH

‘I Actually Don’t Mind Hazing,’ Says Man Who Actually Just Likes Getting Tied To Pole Naked

By **MATT SAUCHIST**

About two weeks after Shakeout, I decided to reach out to newly affiliated 26s to see if any of their conceptions about hazing had been reversed after finally experiencing it for themselves. One conversation with Braden Cook ‘26 stood out to me.

Because of the unique circumstances of this interview, I brought along my on and off lover, Katie Delaney, an intimacy coordinator who works off Broadway at a boutique theater in Alberta, Calgary. She has not yet supervised a play with staged sex but has done three showings of *Seussical the Musical*, all of which included prolonged eye contact. Before the interview commenced, Katie Delaney covered Braden, who was tied up naked, half mast on the flagpole in the center of the green, with fifteen taped together paper napkins as a “modesty cloth.”

When I asked Braden what he thought hazing would entail before he came to Dartmouth, he replied “I was really worried about

it because I heard I might have to do something with a frozen turkey.” Braden shivered under the warmth of the napkins, chilled by the thought of having to toss his garter to the wind for a piece of poultry.

Braden explained to me that the rush process isn’t that bad. “It was basically just another day! My frat just made us drink a 40 pack of beer and then they tied us to a pole naked,” he said. At this time, Katie Delaney interrupted our interview to ask Braden if he wanted a safeword to stop the scene if he started to feel uncomfortable. Braden picked sassafras, and then requested that Katie Delaney adjust the modesty cloth so that it covered more of his legs and less of his “cowboy abs.”

I was confused as to why Braden was still tied to the pole two weeks after shakeout. He explained, “It’s not a sex thing, if that’s what you’re getting at.” It wasn’t what I was getting at. He continued, “I just need alone time. Alone time is good for the chakra that



The flagpole where the interview took place.

lives in your sacral. Plus what else am I going to do in my free time?” With a school that houses over 160 student organizations I was surprised that Braden hadn’t found any other way to spend his time. After rush, many students rededicated themselves to activities that they had taken time off from while attending rush events, but Braden seemed disinterested. “I mean seriously, what would I do if I wasn’t here? I’d probably get so bored that I’d end up tying myself naked to a pole eventually anyways.”

Once the interview was over, I offered to untie Braden from the flagpole before leaving. He thanked me for my offer, but told me that he really needed to stay because “The school is going to cut this tree down soon. I love this tree, and if I don’t stand up for it, no one will.” I told him it was a flag pole and that no one was going to cut it down, but he seemed pretty intent on staying tied up.

Braden and I shook hands, but as I got up and began to walk away he called

out to me through the fog. “Fine. You got me. It’s a sex thing. Well, it started that way,” he said. “But it’s become quite meaningful. I found myself. I also found nature. I had no idea that so many of the plants that grow here were even native to New Hampshire. Look right over there, behind that tree, there’s some thyme, barley, and even some sassafras—”

At this time, the interview was shut down because of Braden’s use of the safeword.

I Was Manhandled Once. Now I Am A Handle-Mandle

By **MATT SAUCHIST**

I would've expected this to feel painful, I thought to myself. But instead, it initially felt like darkness. Like watching my world collapse into a pile of blackened infinity.

It felt like darkness — not was. What it actually was: two manicured hands on each of my arms, dragging me back. The OJ-and-vodka screwdriver cooling my palm. The Theta Omega brother barking in my face. I could barely make out the words he was saying, but they went something like this: “For the last time, this isn’t Fairchild. Leave before I call the cops!”

Then, transformation. As a child, I had grown up absorbing fairy tales with the attention of an altar girl at church. Within all of them, the subject of change lingered and fascinated me. A frog blossoming into a prince. An egg falling into abatement and breakage. A frog blossoming into a prince, but Black this time.

But what happened that night — that moment of feeling and being — was not the type of change one finds within a storybook’s pages. Instead, my arms transformed

into long metal rods. My fingers became spindly pinchers. Out from my mouth spouted a screwdriver, which I used to twist crimson blood from the necks of my enemies at Theta Omega.

I, a mere sophomore, had been manhandled. And now, I was a shining, sterling-silver handle-mandle.

This type of phenomenon wasn’t completely unfamiliar to me. There were hushed whispers of a senior getting “knocked the fuck out” at a pre-graduation party last May — only for his diploma to read “FockedtheKnuckout ’23”

when June arrived. Sophomore fall saw my roommate suffer a “treeing” during a round of pong. I haven’t seen her since that fateful tournament at Sigma Lambda, but the scent of pine needles and pain haunts me whenever I enter the room. And my dear mother — a Dartmouth alumnae — was “dog-walked” by an SNS officer during a heated dispute. A dog she is certainly not. Yet her voice grows more akin to barking by the minute.

These experiences were useful for edification. But they did not prepare me for my own transformation at Theta

Omega. In fact, no stories could have — which adds to the beauty of handle-mandling. “Trauma like this, suffered in an instant, is too complex to be adequately prepared for,” stated Eden Raffegor, Professor of Sociology and Pig Latin at Wesleyan University. “Your synapses and your language processors degenerate in real time, and so must your preconceptions on how to deal with such situations. It’s true that you must handle. But, in that moment, you must also mandle.”

I still don’t have a way to prepare for the next

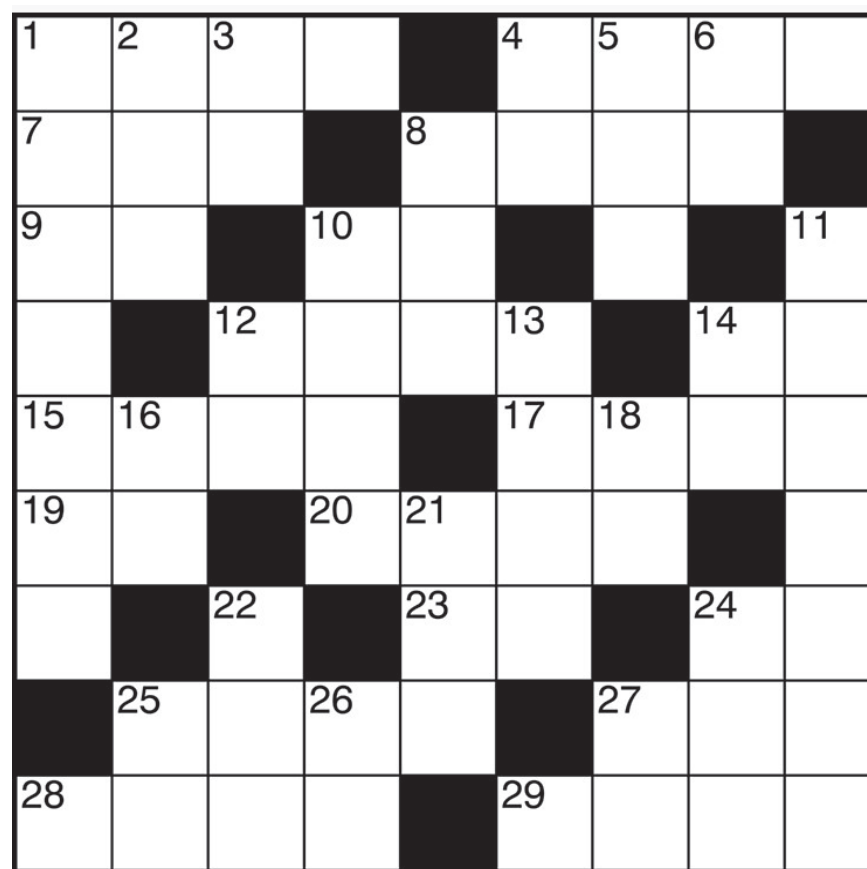
occurrence of manhandling. I don’t even believe that such an ideal way exists. But what I do have is a light to offset the darkness of that day on the Theta Omega porch. And that light, that luminescence, that singularity of cosmic perfection, is the handle-mandling of manhandling that I, a (wo)man, used to handle the manhandling situation.

“We are imperfect beings with trauma,” concurred Raffegor. We are handle-mandles, all the way down, manning our way into a shining infinity.

Fun and Games! Build Your Own Crossword

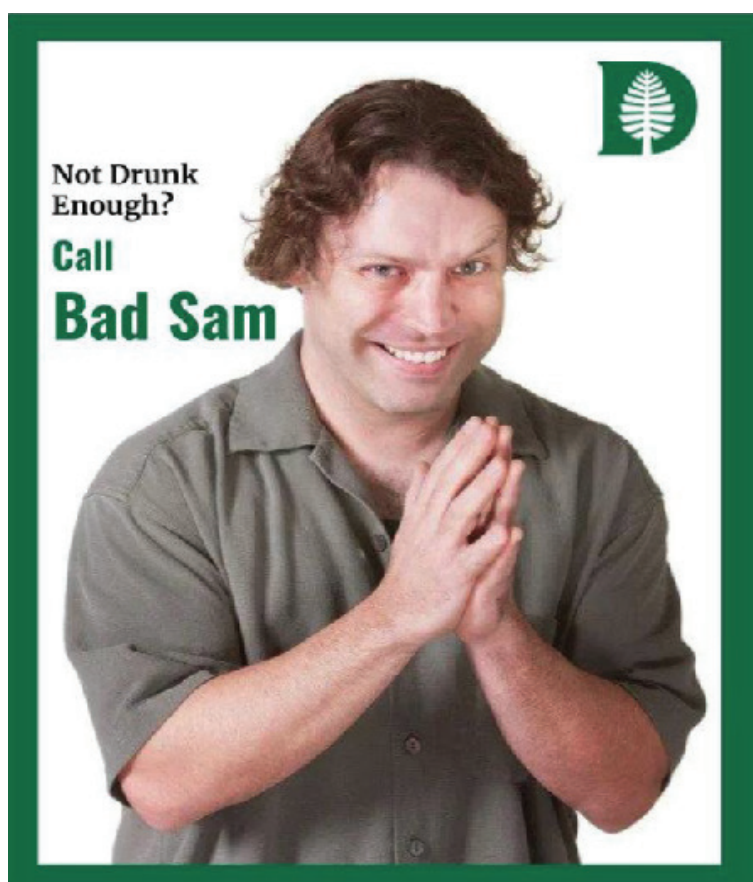
The Dartmouth Games editor hopes you like fun and games, just like my ex who played Scrabble to kill rather than to enjoy silly word time together. She beat me every single time. I had to study for games when we played together. God, I can hardly call it playing. She’d pull up to the living room table guns in tow, ready to destroy my ass at my own game. I’m the fucking crossword guy! And she had the GALL to beat me like that. The clues? This is build your own crossword. Figure it out, fool!

She was cheating on me with the film critic.



Hot or Not: Trends to Follow for a Fabulous Fall

<i>Hot</i>	<i>Not</i>
The Sun	Ice
Pumpkin Spice Lattes	Iced Pumpkin Spice Lattes
Spicy Food	Ice Spice
Summertime	Rhapsody in Blue
Crop Tops	Turtlenecks
Ooh Ah Burns	Brr Ouch Cold
Your Dad	You
Your Grandparent	You



Don't You Forget About Me: From the "Media" in Film and Media Studies

By MEDIA

Do you ever feel like you're just... there? Like I don't want to seem egocentric 'cause, Kim, there's people that are dying,' I know, but do you ever feel as if you are tangibly present within a group, an environment, a collective even — yet you kind of seem to fade into the background, behind the dirty crystals? Well, if you add approximately ten million ounces of pain and rejection to that and then maybe you'll just graze the surface of how I have felt for the past decade or so.

You see, when it was announced I would be Film's new companion in the department, young Me(dia) was thrilled! I try to go back to that now godforsaken night, when "Film and Television Studies" formally changed to "Film and Media Studies." Film and

Television had always been attached at the hip before this, and everyone seemed to love them together, so even I was surprised once I was suddenly in Television's old spot. Apparently, "the sitcom died years ago" and I was "the next big thing." I was the people's princess. I truly believed that for a second — that is until I noticed... nothing changed with my marriage. It seems silly now, but I really thought that Queen Film and I could actually become something transcendental. I really thought she would see something in me — me! Media! But of course, everyone knows she and Television Parker Bowles are a package deal. God, everyone knows that! Of course they were going to stay together — how could I be so stupid?

They didn't even try to hide their disdain towards

me! Like, I don't want to sound conceited or anything, but no one ever says they're a media major, and when every single class offered is on television history and documentary filmmaking and writing for the screen and... and... stuff... you just get tired! And I'm tired of all this gaslighting. Sick and motherfucking tired of playing this pretend, this facade waiting to fall apart at the first sign of scrutiny. But of course, no one can pay attention or realize that I've been properly ostracized from my own department — my own home, goddammit! Perhaps I am a bit at fault for that, I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. I'm even more neglected than the science in computer science. I don't think I can take much more of this.



The Best Part of Dartmouth: My Common Room

By **STELLA BIT**

The Dartmouth common room is a severely underutilized asset. WAY better than my stupid room. For starters, there's no potential for uncomfortable eye contact with your roommate's girlfriend when they're... you know. You can look wherever you want in monastic peace. I do all my studying there. People don't realize all the academic value a common room has. I don't know how people can work in their rooms when they're surrounded by musky sweat and hazardous projectiles. The old couches and chairs with unidentifiable stains, the flickering lights, and the dusty carpet just scream dark academia. I can tell you, I will never study in my dorm again.

It's not just studying. You can do anything you can do in a dorm in your common room, too. People might think that it's weird I do my skincare here, but I'm not going to apologize for not wanting any blemishes on my face. My UGA also keeps asking me why I put up a Wes Anderson poster. Like, It's not my fault that it got delivered and I couldn't get into my room to hang it. I need to show this bad boy off. So many people pass by to see it! Sure, they usually just give me pitiful looks and quietly say the word "sexiled" to each other. But I'm not sexiled, I'm self-siled. I also had a picture of my dog next to my bed — I mean couch — but I'm pretty sure the janitor threw it out. He's always on me about moving everything around, but

I can't help the need to improve the feng shui!

He also has no sympathy for you if you're asleep. Why are you coming into my space at ten in the morning? I'm trying to get my eight hours! This is a good time to mention the great parts about sleeping on your common room couch. First off, it's actually longer than the beds in the dorms. Second, there's only room for one person. A lot of the people at this school just don't understand. Third, in case you haven't been able to change clothes in a few days, the couch smells way worse than you.

I could go on about the other perks of my common room; the natural light, the plugs to charge your phone, laptop, and electric toothbrush, and of course the proximity to your room to hear when the squeaking stops. Oh shit. They just left. YES! Thank god. I left my Spanish notes in there three days ago and they haven't let me in to get them. Okay, I think I have about twelve minutes until those bunnies are back at it. Anytime I'm able to get back into my room I do a few essentials: put four days' worth of clothes in my backpack, grab a Sprite Zero, and disinfect my desk. Then, once I get back to the common room — GOD DAMMIT!

Now my neighbors are fucking on the couch.

SNS isn't *Actually* that Bad, Guys, They're Actually Pretty Cool!

By **STUDENTS AGAINST DRINKING (SAD)**

Everyone on campus says that SNS is no fun. They're always around busting our Fayesment parties and taking away our hard liquor and generally making inconveniences in our lives. But what if I told you that SNS isn't all that bad, and they're actually here to help us?

It's literally right in the name. Safety and Security. I feel so safe. I feel so secure. They have nothing but our best interests at heart.

Earlier this term a pregame in my room got a little out of hand. It was pretty crazy. There were like, three entire girls there. And one of them wasn't even from my floor! But I guess we were having a little too much fun. Before I knew it, SNS had showed up to help us out. Yeah, they took away the handle of Granite State under my bed. And the Tito's. And the 12-pack of Keystone. And the 24-pack of Angry Orchards. And the fifth of Bacardi Dragon Berry. And the bud I had in my sock drawer. You can bet they didn't let me off for it. But honestly, I deserved my punishment. My stupid little party put students at significant risk! What if we got tipsy and stubbed our toes!

And honestly, SNS is kind of cool. Most kids are scared of them because if they get caught with hard alcohol, they have to go through BASICS training. But I got off with alternative punishment, and now you all get to read this article. Win-

win! My favorite part about SNS is that they really promote independent thought. Yeah, they readjusted me, but my opinions in this article are totally my own.

Every morning now, when I wake up, I am happy. I am happy because I know that SNS is "committed to providing a safe environment for the pursuit of academic excellence in the spirit of community responsibility." What a noble goal!

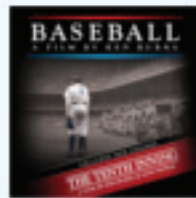
I have realized that SNS is not the problem. I am the problem. Thanks to my newfound readjustment, I now am able to go off into the world feeling safer knowing that my pals at SNS have my back.

I know from the bottom of my heart that SNS is here to ensure our safety and happiness. I've learned so many lessons from them. Now I know to find my limits, be respectful of others, and to not hide alcohol in college-owned furniture.

Is that enough words? Can I go now? And can you at least give me back the Angry Orchards?

Students Against Drinking is a newly formed Section 527 political action committee based out of 5 Rope Ferry Road in Hanover, New Hampshire. Opinion articles do not necessarily represent the views of their author(s), but they probably are those of The Dartmouth.

Upcoming Film Events at the Hop:



Every Ken Burns Documentary, Forever (Ft. Ken Burns)

Why I Like My Navy Sheets and Fight Club Poster

By NOAH KAHNLINGUS

When Stacy, my ex-girlfriend of almost eight whole weeks, dumped me, she gave me a litany of grievances. I understand why our communication styles may not mix or that she's trying to focus on academics right now, but two of her grievances stood out to me as utterly ridiculous. She thinks my navy sheets are "off-putting" and my Fight Club poster is "obnoxious." Stacy, before you fully get over me, I must set this straight.

You see, my navy sheets make me a better man. They make dirt invisible, meaning I only need to wash them once a term. This Spartan lifestyle left me more time for working out, meditating, and loving you. Yet you were so unappreciative of the time I allotted you, always nagging me. "Wash them," "it smells" or "that's disgusting." You just wouldn't stop!

My Fight Club poster? It taught me to be a stronger man, reminding me that I'm constantly in the ring. When the frat ban lifted, I fought our way into frats. I sacrificed my Hop fries for you. I kicked out my roommate every other night for you. Every single one of the fifty two days that we were dating, I was always fighting in your corner. I have not seen Fight Club, but it means the world to me. To you, it was only about "anti-capitalist messaging" and "toxic masculinity." To me, it was about the comfort of Brad Pitt watching over me every night as he held a bar of soap in hand, which reminded me that I needed to buy a bar of soap.

My navy sheets and Fight Club poster are all I have without you, Stacy. My navy sheets cradle me, warm and wriggling, like you used to. You alone made my life feel more complete, like my Fight Club poster on my otherwise barren, plaster wall. At least, my navy sheets and Fight Club poster didn't leave me for some

jackass back home over winterim.

Just wait until I put up a Pulp Fiction poster.



Sponsored Message:

The Dartmouth Poster Store: Because every student deserves a chance to let down their friends, family, and lovers with their shitty tastes. The worse your tastes, the lower the prices. BONUS: Vinyl records you can't listen to but can put in your room to weird out your date!

Verbum Ultimum: We're Big Boys Now. Foco Must Let Us Take More Than One Apple

By THE DARTMOVTH EDITORIAL BOARD

Just a few days ago, we on the editorial board reached a major milestone. All of us are now potty trained, and no longer need to wear diapers. While all of us had taken our first steps by now, no longer needing anyone to dispose of our piss and shit is something we believed warranted celebration. So we did exactly what you'd expect. We toddled on down to Class of 1953 Commons in single file, with our House Community Director in the lead as we followed the magic silver line she told us to imagine since we weren't in a school hallway anymore.

We were in search of a sweet treat. We all wanted ice cream originally, but Mom told us we'd already had enough sugar for the day and a piece of fruit would have to do. We told her, "Fuck you, Mom. We're Big Boys now," but she threatened to take our 8 Ball Hall TV privileges away, so we reluctantly accepted. Normally we would have thrown a hissy fit, but we really wanted to play Minecraft afterwards.

Now, we would have written our annual Verbum Ultimum column on Mom's heinous repression of our freedom to eat as much ice cream as we'd like, but then we were struck with an even graver offense to our rights. We had each grabbed two apples. After all, if Mom wouldn't let us get ice cream, we should be compensated with as many apple slices as we could carry out in our grubby little hands. We were even going to make Mom peel the skin off! That would have shown her!

But then disaster struck.

As we toddled towards the door, a booming voice from above shouted at us to stop! We froze, shocked by the giant 5'4" woman in Dartmouth Dining's signature uniform towering over us wee little pumpkins. "You can only take one apple, each!" she roared. We cowered in fear.

Only one apple? Outrage! We wanted two! We even had earned them! It's true, last time we may have — allegedly — fibbed about having finished our vegetables before Mom got us our treat last time, but this time we had really earned it. We truly were now potty trained! There will be no more excrement dribbling onto the gleaming tile floors of Robinson Hall. We promise! Even the DOC hasn't pulled that off yet! Mom has to wrap them in two diapers each.

But alas, there we stood. Helpless. The towering giant ripped an apple out of each of our little hands. We can still feel the stinging pain as the precious fruits were violently kidnapped from our grasps. Then, she roared yet again. "If I catch you trying to leave with more than one fruit each again, I'll have to swipe your IDs a second time!" she bellowed. We recoiled in shock. The injustice! The horror! Not only could we not have two apples, but she was going to take another swipe from us? That's worth two weeks of our allowance, at least.

We slunk away, one hand empty each. But we were not to be silenced. One day, we shall prevail. Foco, take note. Soon, it'll be you cowering in fear. We're Big Boys now, and we will have more than one apple each.

I'm an Interior Designer. Here's Why I Made the Frat Floors Sticky.

By **MANN DIBBLES**

Many newcomers to Dartmouth are surprised to notice when they enter fraternity basements for the first time that the floors are abnormally sticky. This can cause various different reactions: confusion, disgust or disappointment. However, I'm here to tell you that the stickiness of the floor is actually an essential functional design element of Greek houses.

First, they provide enhanced grip. I'm sure we have all had a friend go tumbling down on a night when they perhaps have gotten a bit too excited. The enhanced stick of the floors is meant to keep them down so that they don't make the same mistake again.

Second, they make the space more homey.

Nothing is better than having a home full of guests. The stick keeps everyone there so you can savor their company!

Third, the floors are meant to evolve throughout the year. At the beginning of each term, most fraternities have not fully developed their stick yet. However, they are designed to strengthen throughout the year as they accumulate beer and sweat. This is meant to culminate in prime stick at the end of Pong Masters, when several hundred subjects are crowded into the same basement and cannot escape.

Fourth, the frat basement is a perfect nest. Shielded from the harsh elements, heated and dark, there is not much more you could ask for. The silk spun throughout the house is a great place to have your eggs in the

spring as well as a great place for storing food.

Fifth, on the night of Pong Masters, you can bring out your spider friends and feast. Once you have lured half of campus into the depths of your web, you can call your friends out of the cracks in the wall, mandibles primed for a meal. In previous years, SNS has just believed that the commotion in the basement was from a pong tournament, as opposed to the panicked screaming of hundreds of students about to be consumed by large arachnids.

In conclusion, the fraternity basements are very safe. Nobody should be concerned about going down there, and sticky floors are not really that big of a deal. People should just have fun and keep bringing their most succulent friends with them.

Care and Keeping of the Art School Girlfriend

By **BOYD GENIUS**

You there! Yeah, you. The straight male arts student at Dartmouth College. A rare creature in the Ivy League. Too edgy for Harvard, too square for Brown. Women flock to your sensitive eyes and "not like other guys" mannerisms. Those jocks with their 6'3" frames and generous protein distributions have nothing on your scrawny ass. And yet, you want more. A return to the old ways. Who says busing women up to campus has to stop in the modern age? What you need is an Art School Girlfriend.

The Art School Girlfriend is a delicate, ephemeral creature, down for any "pursuit" when she's up to visit. She'll sit in your friend's grody fraternity and drop acid with you. She understands how you could never be affiliated, due to the misogynistic implications of Greek life — and also that one incident sophomore fall. She loves you. But not in a clingy way, in a "you are my entire world and if you died I would throw myself onto your funeral pyre, but I don't mind if you don't text me for several weeks and never visit" way.

But how to seduce such an evanescent elf?

First, remember your respect for women and their personhood. Now crumple that up and throw it away. Yes, all of it. Art School Girlfriend doesn't need that. She'll become whoever you want her to be, based on your completely arbitrary first impression of her! She wore a choker exactly one time? BDSM princess. She told you about her French film class on the first

date? Now you're planning a wedding in the southern French countryside. She said she wasn't hungry at dinner? You're going to save her from anorexia.

Now check your fit. Art School Girlfriends can only be caught by men who are slightly off-putting to the general populace. Is your hair longer on one side than the other? Are your ironic Dartmouth merchandise items torn and stained to reflect your disillusionment with the establishment — and your broken laundry machine? Perfect. But what about your footwear? The Art School Girlfriend, having no brain of her own, needs a rhythmic stomping in your steps in order to follow you, a form of echolocation. The classic Doc Martens Jadon, are ideal, letting you lead your lady through Foco during even the busiest of periods for a dinner date upstairs, while also giving you an extra two inches to confirm that 5'9" on your Hinge profile.

And keeping this febrile fay? Simple. She subsists on a diet of coffee, cigarettes and the occasional custom juice, an excellent match for the starving artist on the 80 block meal plan. Her parents live nearby, so you don't even have to host her in your shitty Mid-Mass one room double.

She won't even get mad if a new girl comes into your life. So, if some new Art School Girlfriend with bigger boo-... I mean, with a stronger portfolio comes along, you can have your cake and eat it too. The two Girlfriends will thrive together, loving you equally and ignoring the other's existence. You're all set for your new life with two luscious ladies.



Pole Vaulting Team Escapes

By PAUL VAULT

After smashing records last week at Harvard's Ivy League Invitational meet, the Dartmouth Men's Varsity Pole Vaulting Team broke containment last Friday. According to eyewitnesses, Coach Harry McNeil was seen shouting, "Doggone it! Those were some of my finest specimens!"

The Dartmouth Men's Varsity Pole Vaulting Team, carefully bred in isolation for generations, contains some of the finest athletic genes ever cultivated at a small liberal arts college. The vaulters' cage, tucked away deep inside BEMA, was seemingly foolproof. Designed by famed British architect Decimus Burton and built out of stainless steel bars and reinforced concrete, the enclosure could have held five full-grown silverback gorillas. Witnesses last Friday, however, noticed seven muscular figures approaching the edge of their pen brandishing long, sharpened tree branches. After propelling their superhuman bodies over the walls, witnesses report seeing them run "faster than they've seen anything move."

"I just don't understand how they could have escaped," commented McNeil during an interview. "We put them in a roofless 15 foot tall cage that was completely... Ohhhh. I'm

starting to see it now."

The genetically-modified juggernauts are now on the loose, rampaging through Hanover and jumping over anything that gets in their way.

"Do not, under any circumstances, feed these athletes," said Hanover Police Chief Dan Smith. "Especially not lean protein, healthy fats or complex carbohydrates."

Efforts are underway to recapture the vaulters and bring them back to Dartmouth. Authorities have laid trails of creatine and chalk throughout Hanover to lead them into animal control vehicles. Landing pads covered in glue have also been placed throughout the town. However, they failed to consider that the pole vaulters have transcended ordinary biological boundaries and cannot be subdued with such earthly measures.

In order to prevent such fiascos from happening in the future, Dartmouth has tightened its control on remaining athletes. Every varsity athlete now must wear a shock collar, which administers a light — but firm — shock when they leave the confines of campus.

"It's only a matter of time before the cross country team runs away. We have to stay vigilant," said Coach McNeil.

When tracked down for comment, pole vaulter David Adams '26 stated "WHEEEEEEEEEEE!" as he jumped over our interviewer.

DOC Announces New Competition: Naked and Afraid

By TESSA TICKLES

In an effort to allow students to experience nature in its purest, most authentic form, the Dartmouth Outing Club has announced a new club competition: Naked and Afraid. Based on the hit survivalist reality sensation of the same name, the grueling competition, which will take place this January, will give four of Dartmouth's most elite survivalists the chance to get closer to nature, and each other, than ever before. The team of four will be dropped without food, water, or clothing in a remote location at the Dartmouth Second College Grant. The grand prize: a \$50 Tacos Y Tequila gift card split among whoever can brave 21 days through the wild.

In a statement put out on the DOC's website earlier this week, Gregory Jensen '24, the mastermind behind the new program, said, "Let's face it. We are living at the threshold of a quasi-Orwellian era. We are glued to our phones because, in this age of technology, we have

become gods. As a species, we must humble ourselves. The Dartmouth Outing Club is about more than just lumberjack cosplay and identifying mushrooms. As true survivalists, it's high time we get figuratively and literally balls deep in this capricious, captivating thing we call the natural landscape. We must rediscover the core of what it really means to be human: exposing your nether regions to the nether regions of nature."

The new Naked and Afraid program held one trial competition last winter. Nigel Richardson '24, the only contestant not forced to sign a last-minute non-disclosure agreement because of his failure to complete the competition, had much to say about his experience. "I don't know why they decided to hold this competition in the middle of winter. It's dark 16 hours of the day, there was no foliage, so we ate twigs, and my body chapped in places I didn't know it could. It's not like this is anything new, either. Greg only had the idea to make this a competition because he literally goes out into the

woods naked every winter and calls it an environmental studies internship. He doesn't even know Naked and Afraid is a TV show." When asked about advice he would give prospective participants, Richardson said, "Don't fucking do it. Just don't. I signed up because I thought it was gonna be a naked Blair Witch watch party or something. I came out with eight fingers and an inverted dick."

Because of the dangerous nature of the competition, the application process is brutal. Last year, prospective trial contestants proved their merit by undergoing rigorous physical trials, including breaking rocks into smaller rocks and Salem Witch style swimming test. The only details available regarding tryouts on this year's application form are as follows: "Be really naked, but not too afraid." If you are interested in nominating a classmate to compete in the first annual Dartmouth Outing Club Naked and Afraid Competition, please Blitz their full legal name and a photo of them naked and/or afraid — preferably both — to FrostbittenNips@dartmouth.edu.



DARTMOUTH SPORTS ROUNDUP

Dartmouth College wins bid to host 2030 Beyblade World Championship

By **LEVITT RIPP**

In a shocking announcement, Dartmouth College has secured the prestigious honor of hosting the 2030 Beyblade World Championship. Since its debut in 2006, the Championship has become a global phenomenon that rivals the Olympics and will now write its next chapter right here in Hanover.

The decision by the International Beyblade Syndicate (IBS) has proven controversial as Dartmouth is seen as a significant downgrade from the wildly successful 2022 championship in Paris, France, where the matches were held at the top of the Eiffel Tower and broadcast by circling zeppelins.

In the press conference when the selection was announced, IBS chairman Baron Wolfgang von Drago stated, "Sometimes in life, you have to settle for your second choice, or in our case, your 18th choice." An anonymous whistleblower has leaked documents suggesting that former Dartmouth College

President Philip J. Hanlon had secretly entered his institution into the bidding process in late 2021. Allegedly, Hanlon penned a letter to the IBS on the night of Jan. 24, 2022, hours before his resignation, promising the championship unlimited access to Dartmouth's endowment if the College were to be selected.

When the former president was reached for comment about the decision, he refused to answer unless our correspondent defeated him in an impromptu Beybattle. He then wiped the floor against her using his Venom Diabolos Beyblade, before chuckling and strolling off into the night.

Regardless of why Dartmouth was selected, the finance office has made it clear that the College is not in a position to fund the Championship. The 2022 championship cost the city of Paris over \$4.1 beybillion, with financial analysts forecasting the 2030 Beyblade World Championship could exceed \$5 beybillion. Nonetheless, preliminary attempts to escape the obligation were

ruled impossible due to a bulletproof legal contract signed by President Hanlon last year.

While the College grapples with the austerity cuts necessary to fund the championships, Dartmouth Project Management Services have begun planning to transform the campus to meet the IBS's lofty expectations. In an artist rendering, a 150,000 square-foot deluxe Beystadium will be built on massive

concrete stilts on top of the Green, which would make it the second largest Beyblade arena in the world behind the 180,000 square-foot arena used for the 2014 Championships in Rio de Janeiro.

Also in the rendering is the complete destruction of the 120-year-old Dartmouth Hall and surrounding structures to make way for the Beyvillage, where the competitors will live during the grueling month-long tournament.

While the championship is still seven years away, Dartmouth students interested in entering the event should understand that the qualification process is extremely competitive. Only one competitor is taken from New England following a regional tournament, which has been won dominantly the last three times by an anonymous player known as "Blademaster Hanlonator". Blademaster could not be reached for comment at press time.



Previsualization of the Beystadium.