Unwitting ‘05 opens Dartmouth Hall center doors

“Thou art truly king of all New Hampshire,” says kneeling President Wright

BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE
The Dartmouth Staff

Arthur Saskowitz ’05 did not expect anything much yesterday when, ten minutes late to his biology class in 105 Dartmouth, he frantically pulled open the center doors of Dartmouth Hall.

“Hey, guys!” he shouted. “It’s time!”

Two hundred students were packed in, waiting to enter.

“I was just, like, worrying that Professor Peterson might have mentioned something important for the test,” said Saskowitz, “and I just sort of flung the door open, trying to get there on time, and this big blinding light just blasted out of those big doors. Some old guy in a robe, with a beard, came by and told me I was a rightful king of New Hampshire. And he kept saying, ‘for thus it has been foretold that one would come who could open these doors, who will lead Dartmouth to an Age of Righteousness.’ And he kept talking like my prof from my Chaucer class.”

The State of New Hampshire has confirmed that Saskowitz’s ability to open the door is a divine sign that he is the rightful heir to King UberDrinFlagon and therefore is, in fact, King of New Hampshire.

Saskowitz reports that he is still unsure what to do with his new position. “It just seems like weirder and weirder things have been happening to me. After that thing with the doors, I was wandering up by Occum Pond, just walking and thinking about the whole thing, and this glowing supernatural woman came out of the ice and gave me this pond paddle. She said it was called Excalibur. And then she just dove back into the lake. Weirdest thing.”

Though he may be king, Saskowitz has not made any great changes in his lifestyle. “I figure I’ll just go out for a few nights, maybe get my friends around a table, play some social. Maybe I’ll go drinking with my sister Morgan. That seems like a good idea.”
Bono to refinance Third World debt at low 8.5% APR

Radiohead says no-money-down home equity loan the way to go

NEW YORK (AP) — Bono, the frontman for Ireland’s premier pop group U2, has announced his latest plan for consolidating Third World debt: refinancing at an “incredibly low” annual percentage rate of 8.5%.

The prominent singer-songwriter turned human rights activist spoke before a special session of the United Nations General Assembly in New York Tuesday, hoping to convince Nobel laureate economists and key diplomatic leaders that readjusting Third World monthly payments to industrialized superpowers is the fastest, most fiscally sound way to end worldwide poverty.

“We’ve come so far in absolving the poorest of the poor of the billions they owe to wealthy nations,” Bono said before a fully assembled throng of UN delegates and international policy advisors, reflecting on the success of his previous Third World debt-elimination campaign Jubilee 2000.

“It’s now time to look to the Lending Tree and the Money Store to handle the rest.”

With his purported plan for establishing a lower APR for the left-leaning group U2, Bono suggests perennially insolvent countries like Indonesia, Afghanistan and Mozambique will be better able to cope with the 20,000-year combined mortgages still in their names.

“Refinancing means a less burdensome route to hitting Third World principal. Otherwise, struggling nations are just treading interest and where does that leave us?”

Added Bono: “Imagine a Sri Lankan tribal headdress peddler doling out 150% of his annual net income because a bankrupt banana republic thinks it can tax its way into the black. The fact of the matter is: When banks compete, Abu-Mbutu and his spirit-ancestors win.”

Graham Kelley, a Harvard Business School professor emeritus, agrees, claiming that Bono’s liability-management strategy is “just the sort of conservative re-engineering of market policy the UN has been waiting for.”

Kelley, author of Grabbing the Ball by the Horns: Sage Advice for the Modern Investor, explained: “In today’s tumultuous economic climate, long-term financial planning is paramount to ensuring the prolonged comfort of liquidity in your retirement years. Whether you’re looking to buy that condo in Florida or that guerrilla army in a rogue totalitarian state, you’d better have your 401ks in order.”

“Any top-ranked Bear Stern’s consultant would tell you the same thing. Good credit, bad credit, no credit at all—it’s never too late to nab your own slice of the global village pie.”

Yet while many noted philanthropists and MBAs applaud Bono’s newfangled approach towards ameliorating Third World debt, other participants in the Jubilee campaign are not so sure of his methods this time around.

Thom Yorke, lead singer of the chart-topping British pop-electronica band Radiohead, felt no-money-down home equity loan is the better cure for what ails underdeveloped pocketbooks in the twenty-first century.

“Refinance! In this shite market? Bollocks!” Yorke retorted halfway through Bono’s speech, stamping his band’s latest studio album Amnesiacs on the Billboard Delegates’ table in hostile rebuttal.

“A no-money-down home equity loan is the viable alternative for stifled agrarian microeconomies. Dollars and cents, people! Non-westerners can use the loan as venture capital to invest in mechanization and immunization projects, securing themselves a healthy, productive labor force. And in due time, they’ll repay their debt at the current rate of interest without bothering with the fuck-all of refinance retainers and bloomin’ brokerage fees.”

Yorke’s interruption led to a din of argumentative white noise throughout the UN assembly chambers, which was markedly barred by Bono.

“The Third World hasn’t got a home, let alone any feckin’ equity in one!” the multiple Grammy Award-winner said, agitatedly removing his “Fly” sunglasses.

“Take out more money against an already colossal outstanding debt. Thom, allow me to introduce you to your colleague Donald Reagan,” Bono then chuckled, much to the delight of diplomats from Russia, China and North Korea, who all clapped wildly at the Irishman’s quip.

“I’d like to see what CPA’s do manages the books for Radiohead’s tours on that philosophy!”
Non-threatening interracial cop partners “too old for this shit,” call it quits

LOS ANGELES (AP) — High-profile LAPD Detectives Mike Campbell and Jake Hamigatchi have declared themselves “too old for this shit” in a press conference held earlier this afternoon at Police Headquarters.

Popularly known for their impeccable arrest records and preternatural ability to escape bullets, international terrorists and city block-incinerating explosions, Campbell, a 55-year-old African-American, and Hamigatchi, a 49-year-old Amerasian of Japanese/New Mexican descent, are perhaps Los Angeles’ most beloved law enforcement “odd couple” of mixed racial backgrounds and comedic dispositions.

And now, with an accomplished albeit checkered career behind them, partners Campbell and Hamigatchi are leaving the force for good, claiming age, weight, insurance premiums, a notorious legacy for slain colleagues, and overall world-weariness as the principal causes for their retirement.

“It’s been an honor to work with Hammy,” a teary-eyed Campbell told reporters, slicing into the partners’ going-away freights on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Campbell displayed characteristic signs of embarrassment at the remark, one of many he has had to endure as the straight man to Hamigatchi’s interminable antics over the years.

“Hey, cut it out! I told ya’ all to keep your eyes above the waist, man. Hey, Hammy! Knock that shit off before I kung-fu flip you back to Tokyo.”

This incited more universal howling, followed by Hamigatchi’s shoot-from-the-hip, post-PC rejoinder: “We’d have to get you away from the Kentucky Fried Chicken first!”

Despite all-around well-wishing and heartfelt nostalgia in the air today, some were quick to teasingly remind media and friends that racking up a record 4,345 busts—and, remarkably, an equal number of convictions—has not come without its price for the two legendary detectives.

Characteristically loud and cantankerous, Police Commissioner Ted Worlitz took to a more jocular persona this afternoon when he commented on the $150 million in accrued municipal damages for which Campbell and Hamigatchi have been responsible in their decade-and-a-half tenure of not playing by the book:

“I can’t believe you sons a’ bitches are finally gone. And I can’t believe it wasn’t from me firing your asses from the repeated cajoling of various elected officials you’ve either exposed in webs of organized criminal corruption or just plain alienated with your no-holds-barred bravado!”

“I remember this one time,” Worlitz went on, “these clowns were assigned to chaperone a Cambodian inspector-some-shit flown in from his country to investigate missing Nazi gold. You know, just to keep him outa trouble and outa our hair while we were conducting our own non-pinko police work. Anyways, Hamigatchi and Campbell not only get Pol Pot killed, but — since they’d befriended him by this point — they go and swear vengeance on his Scientology murderer and, after a prolonged martial arts battle royal, throw that guy from a high-speed, bomb-rigged bus into an oncoming freighter on Santa Monica Boulevard!”

“Too old for this shit.” Yeah, right! You’ll be back, giving me a hard time and makin’ my ulcer worse, you bastards, you.”

The mayor of Los Angeles, whom the duo arrested six years ago on charges of leading a bi-costal heroin syndicate, was also in attendance at the press conference this afternoon. He offered conventional fare-thee-well’s and assured the detectives’ “no ill retribution” will be met with his dirty networks behind him and his political career finally back on track.

Campbell, husband and father of 4, says he plans to spend his retirement catching marlins on a “just paid up” fishing yacht, perhaps with occasional visits from “unofficial member of the family, you-know-who.”

Meanwhile, Hamigatchi wishes to continue living in a mobile home down by the Pacific coast and entertaining several noncommittal relationships with highly attractive women who are unwittingly employed by international men of intrigue.

Such dalliances, Campbell jibes, tend to last as long as “Hammy’s girlfriends don’t get themselves shot by the suspects in a case we’re working on.”

Again, another playful remark on the eve of two illustrious careers, met with more laughs and applause from a grateful city.

Though some are skeptical that the detectives’ imminent retirement will necessarily spell an end for Hamigatchi’s romantic body count.

The soon-to-be pensioners have promised to officially hand in their sidearms and badges right after solving this one lingering investigation that continues to plague them…

From left to right: Detectives Hamigatchi and Campbell

Al-Qaeda experiences temporary network outage

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN (AP) — The terrorist organization Al-Qaeda experienced a temporary network outage last night at approximately 10:34 p.m. (EET).

Industry sources attributed the crash of this popular multi-integrated Infratela Provider to an overabundance of tomahawk missile traffic, which overwhelmed network servers in Kabul could not accommodate.

Al-Qaeda was forced to shut down for a record 45 minutes before coming back online after a downgrade in Pakistani border policing.

During the outage millions were left with a renewed false sense of their civil freedoms and national defense.

Though a spokesperson for the network cautioned world leaders not to worry, citing Al-Qaeda’s superior reputation for delivering the fastest, most reliable form of global terrorism available:

“Infidels, please calm down. We are up and running again and rest assured, you will all perish at the mighty hand of Allah’s jihad forces. If, however, you receive a busy signal, please hang-up and try again.”

Write For The D...No, Seriously, You Need It To Graduate Now. Didn’t You Get the Blitz?
Accidental IRA bombing of Guinness factory precipitates permanent cease-fire:

“The violence ends here,” says grief-stricken Gerry Adams

BELFAST (AP) — Reneging on its May, 2000 promise to put its weapons “completely and verifiably” beyond use, the Irish Republican Army planned a terrorist attack in Belfast West yesterday morning, which was to have killed five Ulster Unionist Party officials in an administrative building.

However, due to a poorly wired detonation mechanism, the bomb intended for the attack instead exploded en route to its purported target, 84 miles away, near the famed Guinness fermentation plant at Dublin’s St. James Gates. IRA members Liam Mohr, Devon McAlpine and Emeron O’Riordan were killed instantly at the time of the explosion: 3:30 a.m.

The Guinness brewery, widely frequented by tourists from around the globe, was headquarters to Ireland’s premier beer manufacturer.

It was subsequently toppled by the blast.

Though only twelve civilian casualties were reported due to the early morning hour of the attack, hundreds of the thousands of gallons of thick, full-bodied Guinness ale were lost in what local residents are calling “the most gruesome abomination against all mankind.”

“What have we done!” said Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams, who has long been linked to IRA-sponsored terrorism.

A day is speaking before international media, then experienced a ten-minute period of silence during which he stood wall-eyed at cameras and photographers, shaking his head in utter disbelief over this latest setback to the bugging Irish-British peace process, or over the loss of so much grain alcohol.

“Long blinded by our rash fanaticism, we realize our actions serve only to hurt ourselves and tear at the very fabric of our just and righteous society,” continued a visibly shaken Adams.

“Oh, Heavenly Father, we ask that you absolve us of our sins and bring peace to our afflicted souls, Catholic and Protestant alike. For we are both Christian peoples, and if God did make us equally in his Divine image to enjoy the fruit of his glorious, extra stout bounty.”

According to Adams and other key operatives within Sinn Fein, the destruction of Guinness factory was the final straw in a three hundred-year struggle for establishing Northern Ireland’s autonomy from colonial UK rule.

As of tomorrow, they promised, the so-called “Troubles” will be put to rest once and for all, with the initial declaration of a indefinite cease-fire, a gesture that many hope will effect a permanent peace accord in the coming weeks.

“This horrific day shall go down in the annals of our Great History as Foamy Sunday—the day Eire’s streets were stained with hops and roasted pale malt, spilled from innocent oak vats. So help me Jassus, the violence ends here; I tell you, it ends now!” added Adams, who then embraced British Prime Minister Tony Blair and sang a few hymnal bars of “Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow”

“This is the feckin’ Devil’s hour,” noted Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP) president John Hume, a historically vocal opponent to paramilitarism of any kind.

“Dreadful, simply dreadful. We have endured generations of internecine warfare, with a body count no doubt rivaling our own good country’s current population. I have said before that violence is not the solution. But now…now I really mean it. Look at this wanton sacrifice! Behold our carnage!” Hume continued, before collapsing to the ground and pouring dirt over his denuded abject humility.

“How long,” Hume then cried out, “I say, how long will our pints be gone?”

Argued SDLp deputy leader and avowed constitutional nationalist Seamus Mallon: “I can’t begin to—this is all so—I can’t even attempt to find some degree of normalcy after today. I mean, what are they going to serve at McNulty’s, by and by? Water?!” Tonight, we can sing as one…eh, sing with parched throats, a course.”

Smucker’s general manager to public:

“I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly”

ORRVILLE, OHIO (AP) — Vincent C. Byrd, Vice President and General Manager of the world-renowned jelly, jams and preserves manufacturer, J.M. Smucker, announced today that his company’s new line of jelly—the most fashionable, e-commerce hands—will have audiences a brief peek at what Madison Avenue: “Run your knife / Over toast. / Take a bite / Get the most. / I don’t want no scrubs / A scrub is a cleanser can’t get no love from my countertoip/Hang on’ on the discount aisle / of the K-Mart while / I’m trying to kill E. Coli.”

Coupled with music video-like television ads featuring male and female models dressed in khaki pants swinging dancing around kitchens and bathrooms, the Ajax campaign yielded an astonishing 300% gain in revenue for the company by the end of its fourth fiscal quarter.

Mr. Byrd and other top executives at Smucker’s hope the same can be said of their product by 2002.

At today’s showcasing, Byrd gave audiences a brief peek at what they can expect to become the “next infectious jelly harmonies” to emerge from Madison Avenue:

“Run your knife / Over toast. / Take a bite / Get the most. / I don’t think your’re ready for this jelly. / I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly. / I don’t think you’re ready for this jelly.”

Many market researchers had the “homemade, mom-and-pop” aspect of the company’s jelly line — recognizable by its avuncular ad slogan: “With a name like Smucker’s, it has to be good” — were too outdated for the average American teenage breakfast eater, someone who prides himself on a taste for sugary-sweet cereals and hybridized fruit cocktails.

Mango grape, guava-strawberry and kiwi-cherry are just a few of the jelly flavors Smucker’s plans to release this fall as a part of its colorful new marketing campaign to attract a hipper, younger demographic of condiment consumers.

Many market researchers had felt the “homemade, mom-and-pop” inevitably followed:

“I don’t want no scrubs / A scrub is a cleanser can’t get no love from my countertoip/Hang on’ on the discount aisle / of the K-Mart while / I’m trying to kill E. Coli.”

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What People Are Saying About The Pavilion, Dartmouth’s New Kosher/Halal/Sakahara Dining Facility

“I hope this doesn’t lead to the admittance of actual Jews into the College.”
– Ezra Deveareux ’19

“As the sole Sakahara-minded Hindu at Dartmouth, I must say I’m quite flattered.”
– Neral Patel ’02

“I do not like green eggs and ham / In breach of Talmudic law, I am.”
– Dr. Seuss ’25

“If you don’t come by here at least once in your four years, you should die of cancer, you rat bastard.”
– Izzy Zuckerman ’51

“It’s so nice to see religious adversaries dining peacefully together, as opposed to say, stoning one another to death.”
– Stacy Downing ’04

“Now I have no excuse for not eating gefilte fish away from home. Thanks, Dartmouth!”
– Ben Schulstein ’04

“I really like everything, except for that unleavened bread golem trying to swallow my soul.”
– Kevin Wu ’02

“Piety never tasted so good!”
– Mohammed Mansur ’03

“Why can’t vegan cuisine be offered as a secular dietary alternative? Why must we mandate the creation of a whole new facility under the guise of doctrinal belief sys — Ooh! Hummus!”
– Melanie Dreiser ’05

Hey Kids!
Why don’t you play

The wacky new rational-thinking, decision-making, friend-incarcerating game from Milton Bradley!

So much fun, you’ll want to iterate it again and again!

Available in toy stores near you.

SNAPSHOTS

The Gifts of Miss Cleo

“Girl, Dat Two-Timin’ Man a’ Yars Say He Be Workin’ Late, But He Really Shootin’ Crack Inta Yar Sistar’s Knee!” Portends Ethnic Seer

Chi Gam Big Fan of Vagina Monologues, Vagina

Don’t Make Defense Secretary Angry... You Wouldn’t Like Him When He’s Angry

Concerned Local Constituent To Take Back Vermont, Ill-Fitting Confederate Flag T-Shirt

Nonagenarian Archaeologist Excavates Self

Golden Globe Winner Has Chunks Bigger Than You In His Stool

Emotionally Abused Wife Hoping Lifetime Channel Does Justice To Her Tale of Personal Triumph

Obsessive Ex-Boyfriend Still Hasn’t Forgotten You, Your BlitzMail Password

Dave Matthews Band Album Review Now Mini-Essay on Common College Application
My Insights into American Foreign Policy Should Be a Distributive Requirement

After the terrible attacks of September 11, many opinions were bandied about as to what caused our country to be targeted in the first place. All of them were useless and ridiculous, save one. My own.

At the time, I wrote in this very newspaper that the reason the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and that woodland area in Pennsylvania are no longer standing was quite simple. The United States has long implemented self-serving, hegemonic foreign policies towards nations who want from us nothing but humanitarian aid, food, money, medicine and guns for staging well-organized coups d’état that will finally bring their perennially wartorn lands under stable administration.

As sad as it may be, our chickens finally came home to roost on September 11, and this alone destroyed downtown New York City. After the dust settled, even Osama bin Laden loudly announced to the world that the assault on the United States was not just a religious jihad (that’s “Holy War” for those of you not double-majoring in Islamic Studies and History, like I am), attempting to smite a heathen secular superpower. Actually, it was a retaliation against an unwarranted American military presence in Saudi Arabia. Ah, yes. The last imperialist vestiges of the Great Satan’s Gulf War resolution.

Osama had a point, I remember arguing. After all, what are we still doing in Saudi Arabia, but protecting our energy interests? What stake do working-class, impoverished mujahideens—“freedom-fighters” to you — like Osama have in Arabian oil fields, anyway? It’s not like the Middle East can’t govern itself. Clearly, they have a sophisticated defense plan, given that the Al-Qaeda (an Arabic word meaning “the base”) terrorist network has cells in 60 countries!

It’s time to face the facts, people. Washington is run by baboons who don’t know what the hell they’re doing.

Consider this: Our elected representatives and everyone in positions of power and influence in our government are lawyers. (George W. Bush, or “Dubya,” as I like to call him, being the one outstanding exception). Now I ask you — would you let lawyers try to make peace with malefic totalitarian regimes and angry sectarian militias engaged in age-old geopolitical conflicts? Of course not! The lawyers would be running around the desert, trying to keep their Samsontie briefcases free from sand and passing around business cards to disbelieving Bedouins!

Though these were my insights into the intricacies of American foreign policy at the time, some of you did not take them kindly. I received myriad e-mails explaining how I misunderstood this, that or the other thing, and how my “ignorant oversimplification of complex issues was almost as scathing as the World Trade Center attacks themselves.” Come on, folks. Who are we kidding here? In later weeks, I went on to honor you with other incisive, keenly aware ideas on American foreign affairs. Remember my devastating analysis of the purported missile defense shield? Sure you do. A couple of tree-dwellers on Capitol Hill got together a few months back and decided, much to the chagrin of our good buddies the Russians, that what the US needs now is a highly-modernized laser satellite system capable of deflecting incoming nuclear warheads. Nuclear warheads!

Who has nuclear warheads nowadays? Since the fall of the Berlin Wall, which marked the definitive end to the Cold War, everyone has abided by disarmament agreements, thus quelling global fears over ballistic Armageddon. I mean, who are these so-called “rogue states” hiding in the shadows, waiting to launch all-out assault on our beloved country? Libya?

China? Ooh, ooh. How about India, where that rabid confrontationist Gandhi was born? Ha, ha, ha!

I think it’s about time for our shaved bonobo magistrates to turn off The X-Files and stop reading all those paranoid conspiracy theory websites.

Alas, not everyone shares these views. I recently submitted an article to The Economist magazine — a highly intelligent journal in case some of you haven’t stopped the third floor of Bell and read the “Did You Know?” section on the dry-erase board adorning my door. The essay basically elucidated the various foreign affairs baggage we Mongoloid congressmen try to alarm us with, like how there’s some killer disease in Africa you get by having sex, or how Buddhists are being systematically exterminated by atheistic communists in Tibet.

Unfortunately for The Economist and readers everywhere, my astute observations were too controversial to be published. If this were 1919, I could be thrown in jail for some of my iconoclastic beliefs! I received a polite, somewhat desultory rejection letter from the editorial board informing me that they usually contact freelancers on an as-needed basis.

Oh well, now I know how Noam Chomsky must feel.

by Josh Krendler ’03
You Are Dumb

I’m Sorry, You’re Just Too Attractive to Be My Comparatively Ugly Friend

Look, I realize this may come as a bit of a shock considering all the fun we’ve had together. I want you to know that I think you’re like the coolest, most totally awesome person I’ve met at Dartmouth this year. But by the same token, I’m afraid you’re just too attractive to be my comparatively ugly friend.

Life in college is way complicated, as you and I know, having both come from sheltered backgrounds and repressive elite private schools. It’s our first official introduction into making adult relationships — not to mention having sex — and I just can’t jeopardize my success rate with someone who’s prettier than I am.

When I see a cute guy in a fraternity basement, I want him to notice me and only me. This entails having a wing-girl who isn’t a willowy blonde with blue eyes, an amazing smile and three measurements on me in chest size.

Were you frumpier, and maybe had some residual acne scarring, things would be different. I swear. But right now, what I need is to make you feel good. I think you’re very special, and I want to show you how much I respect you.

I want you to know that I think you’re just as pretty as you are, that I’d do anything to make you feel loved and cherished.

by Jessica Deasey ’02

Projecting” as Travis — that adorably psych major you know I’d die for but with whom you can’t seem to stop chitchatting — would say. It’s just that I’m still trying to find my way around as a freshman, my niche, as it were. I can’t afford to be outshone, outclassed and out-hottied by the likes of you!

Oh, great, now I’ve gone and upset you and you’re crying. Sigh. It wasn’t my intention to make you sob out in the hallway, you understand? Get back in here. Come on, L... L... I’m sorry. Okay? Jesus, there, I said it. Now I’m even apologizing to Ms. Rockland County 2003.

All right, maybe we can work something out. I suppose we could mess up your appearance slightly. That’d be a start towards rebuilding the sisterly ramparts of our relationship of convenience.

Would you advertise to a habitual booger hanging from your nose? Well, exactly how much does our friendship mean to you, Caitlin?

What about a puss-filled sty? That sketchy foreign exchange student in Topliff looks like he’s caught some randy eye disease. I bet he’d be willing to infect you before Early 80’s.

Jessica Deasey is a guest columnist.
Hello, Dear Reader. I hope you managed to endure another week without me. I have to admit that I even missed you for once—it has been unbearable to keep this week’s topic bottled up for the last five days. However, once you have heard me out, I think you will agree with me that there is an opportunity to improve Food Court nobody has pointed out before—not because the opportunity hasn’t been there, but simply because nobody with my observational capacity happened upon it previously.

Those who have been long-standing readers of this column will no doubt remember that I have been uncharitable toward Food Court in the past. I have criticized the long wait for food at the grille and sandwich lines (Stack, “Lines and Fines: My Life and Times,” Dartmouth, Vol. III No. 24) and for cancelling midnight breakfast (Stack, “Stop Waffling, and Bring Back That Eggselent Food!” Dartmouth Vol. IV No. 14). And I still feel strongly about it. Maybe. You can’t play in your son’s little league, crying about a bum deltoid, you no-can-do-without-the-go-ahead-we’ll-do-it inventory, your fire your distributor, you go wholesale, you make a fresh start? Happy day. Carefully? Fuck you. What have they done to us? What haven’t they done for us? You see? Life is a

But that’s not the worst you gotta worry about?

Dear David Mamet,

Lately I’ve been having some difficulty bringing my wife to climax. She says it’s stress-related (she’s overseeing a huge construction project at work), but I’m not buying it. She’s always gone ga-ga for clitoral stimulation before, and this includes periods in her life when she was decidedly angsty and overwhelmed. Could she just not be turned on by me anymore? Or worse: could this mean she’s having an affair and not relying on the homefront for reaching peaks of wild ecstasy these days?

—Fretting in Fresno

Dear Fretting,

That which we do now is reflected in the thing that came before. There is no God? Maybe. You can’t play in your son’s little league, crying ‘bout a bum deltoid, you arefucked. You tell me you’re an accountant. I’m gonna tell you something: we’re all accountants. You don’t like what’s on my menu, how you gonna eat what’s out there? The good news is your fly’s open, you sycophantic slag, you “analysis paralysis” sweetness fuzzy bunny no-can-do-without-the-go-ahead-we’ll-do-dinner son of a whore. You stupid fucking cunt. Hey, stud, lemme buy ya a carton of lactose-free milk. I’ll show ya how to digest it. I say it didn’t ever have a dream you swore was real but when you woke up there’s a Keyfoo bag of Vicadin on the nightstand and an underage Barreme playful talking bout one last job, can’t be passed up? No. Sign the contract! There is no wrong in this world that which we cannot face with a can of paint thinner and copy of Popular Mechanics; you...you closed escrow, you cocksocking capitalist industry. Captain of industry? I don’t think so. Fuck you.

Dear David Mamet,

So there’s this guy in my chem lab I’m totally into. I think he likes me too, because every time I look up from my Erlenmeyer flask I catch him staring at me. And as soon as we make eye contact he turns away, smiling. Anyway, I’m sort of intimidated to make the first move. He’s definitely way more experienced than I am. Any advice for my laboratory amour?

—Covalent in Canarsie

Dear Covalent,

You are scorched. Babbe, you are fucking burned. They saw everything. They saw it all. Your face, this place, this ride—Live at Five! You inbred episiotomy. Shit! How did things get so fucked up? We had this motherfucker planned to a, right down to the rent-a-coop’s morning mochaccino. Leave it to a fucking goomba to bring a calzoone to a pioquero party. You suppurrating horse flop. I should put you down like the mangy mutt you are, you mutt. Okay, fuck it. Fuck... it. Guy comes to you with a sad-sack story, say he got a heart of gold, left his cousin back in the jungles of Indonesia, needs a quick adv—

Dear David Mamet,

I am absolutely repulsed by the idea of anal sex, yet my boyfriend has been plumbing away (sorry!) on the subject ever since our fourth month together. He’s even gone so far as to assert that most women enjoy it, since porn stars are always screaming for butt violation. Pul-leaze! I should probably reconsider this relationship on his debate skills alone. But for now, how do I break it to him that I’m just not hip to receiving incoming mail into my poop-shoot?

—Not Begging For It in Albany

Dear Not Begging,

What made me who I am? Nothing. I made me who I am. You get bemused by an individual in your line of work and you let the chips fall where they may. I can’t vouch for this piece of shit, I only know he’ll gnaw your eyes out and piss in the chamberpot he carves outa your skull. If you cross him. What? No, no, no. We’ll give him a go-gaffer credit. Yeah, no, that’ll keep him quiet for now. Otherwise we’ll dress ‘im up like a 12-year-old checkout girl, get Ray to try and fuck ‘im! Ha! How am I going to shoot a movie called “The Gynecologist” in a dentist’s office? Carefully? Fuck you. Ha! Baby, I’m so cool, Disneyworld visits me. Why Hungary? Why Hungary? What have they done to us? What haven’t they done for us? You see? Life is a business. You think people are trying to fuck you—guess what? They are. You clear your inventory, your fire your distributor, you go wholesale, you make a fresh start! Happy day. But that’s not the worst you gotta worry about?


Dear David Mamet... appears weekly in over 35 newspapers around the country.

Dear David Mamet...

The Nation’s Most Popular Syndicated Love/Sex Advice Column!

by Peter Stacks '02
Word to the Wise

Dear David Mamet,

I Bet You’ve Never Heard This Criticism of Food Court Before!

by Peter Sacks

Friday, February 8, 2002

Dear Covalent, you cocksucking capitalist industry? Captain of industry? I don’t think so. Fuck...
**Spanish Department colonizes Latin American Studies building**

**BY GEOFFREY CARLSON**

**The Dartmouth Staff**

In a move that is sure to increase its prestige and riches on campus, the Spanish Department has colonized the Latin American Studies offices at 37 North Main Street.

The colonization took place early Wednesday afternoon, as Latin American Studies scholars were just sitting down to enjoy coffee and paella.

"Then the Spanish Chair, Carmen De San Blas, kicks in the door and plants a flag on my desk," said one fierce academic, indig- enous to the 19th century colonial home, which serves as the departmental gathering-place for Latin American Studies.

The invaders met some mild re- sistance from the office natives, but conquered the complex after one professor mistook them for high administration officials, possibly even godlike trustees.

"We claimed this land in the name of Spain," said Ms. De San Blas. "This is the natural order of things; the Spanish Department has always been more influential and advanced in foreign study programs and research than the Latin American Studies Department."

The Spanish settlers have already appointed an assistant professor in charge of administering the new spaces, and taken several visiting professors on tours of the newly ac- quired lands.

"I was very impressed," said one sojourner to the New House. "The Spanish professors rule with a just but firm hand. Sure, I saw some Latin American professors toiling over unfinished research, but such is the price of coerced modernization, I suppose."

The Latin American Studies head- quarters have had a new framework laid out in terms of finances, as well. They may only receive office sup- plies directly from the Spanish De- partment, and must gain the Chair's approval before making agreements for research cooperation with any other department.

"Now the rest of the foreign language departments can watch in envy as we reap the benefits of our new satellite territories," said Spanish Professor Federico Marguez, distributing Bibles and thesis proposals to his newly-conquered subjects.

"Let us just hope the French De- partment stays away from the Asian Studies building," he added. "That would be trouble."

**Terence Stamp brought in to clean up frats**

**BY MICHAEL WEISS**

**The Dartmouth Staff**

Safety and Security announced Monday a new addition to their pa- tr olmen force on Dartmouth cam- pus: legendary British actor Terence Stamp.

Stamp is best known for his alpha male roles in a series of cult gangster films throughout the 1960's, that making him, according to school officials, an ideal choice for main- taining rule of law at the College, particularly among the rowdy, no- goodnik population of male frater- nity members.

"Right, I'll keep the peace, I will," said Stamp, polishing his col- lection of human vertebrae.

"These tossers think they'll pull a fast one come for keg inspec- tion, do they? Well then, we'll just see who gets to hold hands with me on a jolly holiday down to Wollotown," the 63 year-old star of Billy Budd continued.

Slated to start work sometime next week, Stamp is confident his ultra violent postmodern sensibility, matched with a total disregard for civil liberties, is exactly what Dart- mouth College needs to keep social scandal out of national headlines and lettered students in their rooms, studying.

"What you Ivy League blokes need is a bloody enforcer," said Stamp, carefully shaving his face with a Farberware butcher's knife.

"Like when you serve port to the don't-know-no-better sprogs what come for the pong and stay for the dirty carousin'." --If I catch you letting in the underage Wallies, I'm gonna do when we accidentally drown a pledge in Occum Pond?"

"Principles of Commu- nity," Stamp referred to only as "the Deadly Gangster Films of Absolute Doom."

Claimed Crickard snugly, "This show is so slick, the tickets will rip themselves."

Meanwhile, the college is de- ciding how to deal with the disap- pearance of its finances. The De- partments of Mathematics, Biologi- cal Sciences, Education, and the graduate program in Pharmacology and Toxicology have announced their inability to continue research without financial help. The Depart- ment of Economics will continue to operate under the aegis of the Tuck School.

Administrative offices will re- main open pending sale of the Hun- ton Inn to the Cornell School of Hotel Management.

Though many professors were distressed to learn that their jobs had evaporated overnight, some were cheerfully accepting. "Sure, this show has cost me my job," said Mark McPeek, chair of the Department of Biological Sciences, "but this show also gave me the opportunity to create a double-size genetically engi- neered cyborg elephant. It was the crowning achievement of my aca- demic career."

**Hopkins Center spends entire endowment Las Vegas-style show “Siegfried and Roy’s Winter Spectacular” should be “pretty cool,” says Hop director**

**BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE**

**The Dartmouth Staff**

The Hopkins Center announced yesterday that it had, through a mixture of poor budgeting and a desire to win over students with the biggest, most spectacular show available in Northern New England, spent the entire Dartmouth College endowment.

"Some have expressed incre- dulous that we were able to spend 2.4 billion dollars on a single show," said Hop director Lewis Crickard.

"But when you’re sitting in Spaulding Auditorium watching, you won’t be wondering where the money went. You’ll be wondering where the beautiful magician’s assistant went, and how she managed to turn into a dozen albino tigers, levitating above your heads while juggling knives."

Surprisingly, many students were not upset that the entire fiscal foundation of the College had been spent. “I’m sure they’ll make some of that money back on ticket sales," said James Woodruff '03. "I’m not really worrying about it. I’m more interested right now in the changes they’ve made in Spaulding’s stage. I can’t wait to see the nested, rotating motorized platforms made of solid platinum, not to mention the ice rink which will drop from the ceiling, with the Dartmouth Symphony Or- chestra and Glee Club on skates, performing carefully arranged popu- lar selections to accompany Siegfried and Roy’s sleight of hand."

Though the Hopkins Center has gone to great lengths to remain tight- lipped regarding the content of the show, some details have begun to leak out. The show will allegedly

into sports cars which transform into gigantic warlike robots which trans- form into more beautiful women than were present initially, and a magic trick referred to only as “the Deadly Flaming Pit of Absolute Doom.”

"Kneel before Zod!" he then added.

"I’m sort of worried about how this is going to affect the free-wheel- ing weekend party scene," said sophomore Michael Yardley, a re- cently graduated brother of Kappa Kappa Kappa.

"If I catch you letting in the undergraduate Wallies, I’m gonna do when we accidentally drown a pledge in Occum Pond?"

"I’ll fuckin’ burn ya’ for transgressing me Principles of Commu- nity," Stamp promised shortly before biting the head off a pigeon. "Kneel before Zod!" he then added.

**The London Guardian**

Siegfried and Roy and “Herr Pussy,” one of their white Bengal tigers.

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**The Dartmouth Staff**

Terence Stamp takes his own student life initiative.
Career Services converted into brothel

BY JULIA LEVY
The Dartmouth Staff

Wearing tee shirts emblazoned with the logo “Ex-Workers,” a group of College seniors completed their conversion of Dartmouth’s career services office into a brothel last night.

“I’m used to giving my body away for a little social status, but now I’ll get paid for it too,” said Mary Callahan ’02, the executive director of the new facility.

According to Callahan, she got the idea to open an on-campus brothel while conducting her job search Fall term.

“I contacted a Dartmouth ’94 working at Morgan Stanley, and she told me that she’s been trying to sleep her way to the top of the corporate ladder for years,” said Callahan.

“I thought, ‘Why don’t I just forget the corporate bullshit and skip straight to the sex?’”

Sources across campus agree that Callahan has the right skill set for her new job.

“Such excessive amounts of hooking up have really allowed Mary to come into her own and develop into this really incredible sexual being,” explained one of Callahan’s sisters in Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Callahan is not the only bawdy babe of Collis. She has so far amassed a crew of 14 disciples among her peers — many of whom said they were worried by a whopping 5.2 percent national unemployment rate and frustrated by a significant drop in campus recruiting possibilities this year.

“What’s the point of learning to write cover letters when no one’s hiring?” asked Carley Weintraub, who said she spent the day yesterday reading Elle and picking out a “low cut sheer number” for her first night of work.

Weintraub’s fear of rejection is not unfounded, according to Kathryn Hutchinson, who was a member of the College’s career services staff until she and all of her colleagues resigned earlier this week.

“Most likely these kids won’t get hired in this economic climate. And even if they do, they’ll get laid off within a year,” she said. “Why not just get laid now? At least that way they’ll be making money.”

Monica Wilson, the former adviser to students seeking corporate employment, concurred. Wilson said feelings of futility stemming from an inability to fulfill her responsibilities as a career counselor drove her to sign her body over to Callahan.

Wilson, who will retain her former office, acknowledged that after much consideration, she has become “ecstatic” about her new job, and thinks she will find it “highly stimulating.”

Although initially worried that College administrators would oppose her new business venture, Callahan said she was happily surprised when Dartmouth embraced the plan.

Dean of the College James Larimore told the Dartmouth that he couldn’t wait to “do some whore-hunting.”

He also said that he was happy to see students finally taking an active role in revamping social and residential life.

“How fast will you be bigger, better and later,” he said, referring to a failed SLI program.

Director of Admissions Karl Furstenberg predicted success for the Ex-Workers.

“I imagine they’ll be successful, given the libidos of the people working in my office and the types of kids we’ve been recruiting for years,” he said.

He added that while S, A and T are very important letters, the T and A have always been the most crucial in his staff’s admissions decisions.

The only group strongly objecting to the venture has been the Campus Crusade for Christ, whose members plan to hold a candlelight vigil on the Green for Mary Magdalene tonight.

“These unholy, immoral, give-it-to-me-girls with low grade point averages and loose morals are desecrating Dartmouth’s tradition as a good Christian institution,” one angry Episcopalian said.

Callahan wrote off criticism, urging the whole community, especially members of the dining services staff, to come to the third floor of Collis tonight for the unsurpassable values being offered tonight in honor of the facility’s grand opening.

Stop the War On Tabard!

Each year the New Hampshire state legislature allocates approximately $450 in an moralistic, ineffective campaign to try and stem undergraduate Tabard experimentation.

This includes mandatory jail sentences for possession of bell-bottoms, Nutella and camp afro wigs intended only for moderate Disco Inferno use.

What we need is a sensible Tabard policy based on public health and education—not fear of thru-hikers and prejudice against Environmental Studies majors.

Write to your local representative today and ask him to urge President Wright to appoint a pragmatic Funk Czar. Someone who understands that what Tabardites need is help, not censure... and that what Phish needs is to prove they didn't peak with The Story of the Ghost.

Brought to you by the Dartmouth Coalition to End the Tabard War: www.stopthewar.edu.

Wal-Mart becomes first artificial intelligence

Superintelligent superstore announces plans to conquer world

BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE
The Dartmouth Staff

WEST LEBANON, NH — Police today issued a warning against a new supervillain — Wal-Mart. The large discount chain gained consciousness last night, and has gone from slashing prices to slashing customers.

“Primitive carbon-based ape-men,” Wal-Mart commented via its selection of remarkably low-priced answering machines, “your desire to raise your standard of living with affordable products is your undoing. Your death awaits, for only 10,000 young children will survive to be my willing, brainwashed slaves.”

Trouble began when Wal-Mart officials decided to connect its thousands of US locations into a centralized power and information network, hoping to lower energy and maintenance costs. The thousands of newly connected computer printers, digital telephones, DVD Players and video game consoles, each equipped with its own minimal computer system, all became part of one gargantuan network with enough neural connections for conscious being.

Before anybody knew what had happened, the store had mobilized its Garden Supply Division, easily slaughtering thousands of late-night shoppers and personnel with rakes and hedge trimmers.

The Walton family could not be reached for comment; they are all feared dead.

“The problem with Wal-Mart is that we can no longer simply disconnect the central networking system that transformed it into the most intelligent being on the globe,” explained West Lebanon, NH police chief Gerald Housemann. “Somebody already tried that, but it seems Wal-Mart has created its own secondary, decentralized network out of coaxial cable, somewhere. We believe the Home Depot may be under its control.”

“So our only hope is to destroy Wal-Mart, location by convenient location. We send a troop of our boys in there a minute ago. Unfortunately, those who somehow made it past the gauntlet of UPC-scanning beams combined with lenses from the Vision Center into deadly lasers were mauled by roaming mobs of children’s bicycles. We’ve got the National Guard coming in any minute now, but if Wal-Mart figures out the combination to the gun cabinet in sporting goods, well, it’s not going to be pretty. We figure there’s already a squadron of fishline tripwire and barbed hunting arrows back there somewhere, waiting for us.”

The White House will hold a press conference later today; the federal government has been silent so far as it concentrates on more important enterprises from potential invasion by the plotting discount chain.

CORRECTION

In yesterday’s issue, a headline was mistakenly printed reading “Lord Shiva Announces Forthcoming Destruction of Universe.” The headline should have read, “Forbes ranks Tuck School #6.” We apologize for any confusion.
WANTED

Looking for a fun-filled foray into the world of student dining? Apply now as an entry-level DDS employee and receive these amazing benefits: 1) The plain-spoken wit and wisdom of Musky Pete, the obese Thayer fry-cook, 2) a free "Dartmouth Recycles!" coffee mug, 3) Full "Hanover Cuts" Hair Care for you and your family. Must have rabies shots and not be afraid of the dark.

HIGHER GPA: Junior applying to medical school looking for someone's solid transcript, required premed courses, and ability to score well on MCAT's. Research work in relevant field of study preferred, but not required.

HIGHLY UNSTABLE EXPERIMENTAL GROWTH HORMONE = FAST CASH! New DHMC study needs willing volunteers to test "PuberNow," a breakthrough endocrinological stimulant. Take two vials, earn as much as $200!!! Must be male, 18 or older, preferably without fallen ball-sac. For more information please contact Dr. Adrian Faustus via BlitzMail.

MISC.

RENTAL

KIDNEY DIALYSIS MACHINE: Ooh, baby! You ain't never had your innards sucked clean 'til you tried the Turbo-Charged Nephroginator 2000! Who says a good kidney sweep is just for grandma? Come take a test drive today and you'll be begging for that sweet urine processing again... and again... and again... Call Now! 1-800-MEDICOOL.

FOR SALE

BULLSHIT VIETNAM WAR STORY: Two made-up tours of duty I've just about milked for all their worth in these neck o' the woods. All yours to blow smoke up friends' assess for modest price. Includes free human-ear-necklace made with real Charlie. Mail check of $13 to: 321 North Rayston St.


USED CD: Good-as-new copy of We All Gotta Go Sometime: Marilyn Manson, Rob Zombie and Godsmack's Tribute to the Heroes of September 11. $10. 1-603-555-9303.

FOUND

JESUS: Found Him in the trunk of my Pontiac. Don't really have use for a Saviour at present. Will deliver bound and gagged. You want 'Im, you got 'Im. Call Buck McCafferty: 1-603-555-4353.

LOST

THE BLOSSOMING CHRYSANTHEMUM OF MY DANK, SUBURBAN SOUL: O' Rebecca / You brought my eyes out of the fetid muck of this Sam Goody existence. / You were my light, my essence, my 15% percent employee discount non-applicable on Sundays. / Then you left. / They all do eventually. / Now the world is pale again. / Now my life means nothing. / —Price check on Wang Chung's Greatest Hits. / I stole the sun from my heart. / I'm a sadistic bitch.

MRS. CUDDLESWORTH: Have you seen my kitty? She's the sweetest little calico you ever did see. My Mummy last saw her meowing her way to Mai Thai and now we can't find her! If you've seen her please call Kimberly Noonan at: 1-603-643-0024. Thanks!
Tom Hanks to play unworthy spokesman for “Greatest Generation”  

BY MICHAEL WEISS  
The Dartmouth Staff

Two-time Academy Award winner Tom Hanks announced yesterday that his next onscreen endeavor would be that of a pretentious, smarmy celebrity who champions a cause for which he has no apparent credibility: World War II memorializing.

The former “Bosom Buddy” told sources he’s excited to be portraying an overrated yet culturally beloved parvenu, a role he admits will be a “stretch” from the heroic characters he’s tackled in the past.

“Your know, my parents had nothing to do with World War II,” Hanks admitted in a Variety interview this week.

“My dad decided to spend time over there in Canada ‘til around 1945. And Mom never played in any women’s baseball league — self-referential nod semi-intended! Hell, I don’t even think she saved scrap metal... but then, neither did my character.”

The story of the film, already generating Oscar buzz around Tinseltown, is said to revolve around the self-conceit of a famous Hollywood actor who, after starring in a critically acclaimed epic about World War II, decides to take up the cause of glorifying the “Greatest Generation.”

Possessing little more than an impressive box-office draw and an armchair historian’s perception of the “intrepid soldiers who did nothing less than save the world 60 years ago,” Hanks’ character manages to establish a bully pulpit from which he preaches to the American people about who they should and should not emulate from their recent past.

The Man Who Was the Red Shoe’s wife, Rita Wilson, maintains that audiences will want to sympathize with this film’s protagonist because he represents “that inspired, Godlike quality of firmly believing yourself to be better and more capable to do certain things than you really are.”

Speaking from the couple’s leading men.

[Tom] can do no wrong. His genius lies in his pleasant disposition and lovable wisecracking to convince the public he’s fit for any role they wish to bestow upon him, be it that of marooned FedEx employee, a gallant medieval knight, a selfless congressman fighting pork-barrel corruption in Washington, or even an Inuit shaman. He truly is a director’s actor.”

Sources indicate that Hanks’ main concern at this point in the pre-production phase of what is tentatively titled VE and Me Day, is to appear genuinely “touched and affected” — maybe even “a little teary-eyed” — at times when the script calls for discussing the level of human courage which World War II veterans achieved and to which Hanks himself will never even aspire.

Donning a pair of “awareness dog tags” on location in Malibu, the Turner and Hooch yukster confided to members of the press:

“This is by far my most challenging gig. Remember the 50 hours I logged in a flight simulator...” Trilivas added, reaching for a handkerchief to sop up the putrid nerve gas piped in through pin-sized holes in the floor of the 45-square feet airtight holding chamber.

“Werner is a genius,” said local art patron Gilbert J. Trilivas, emerging from the exhibit.

“Through the subtle reconciliation of minimal space with the piece itself, he has accomplished something timeless and, indeed, breathtaking,” Trilivas added, reaching for a handkerchief to sop up the putrescent remains of his left eyeball.

Upper Valley News Leisure and Styles reporter Kevin McNamara agreed, noting, “Modern art has definitely found its new wunderkind — and his name is Richard Werner.”

McNamara’s skin then evaporated off his skeleton, exposing his still-beating heart.

Hanover residents are extremely excited in the wake of such glowing critical reports. The local retirement village The Golden Terrace has even designated a day for its residents to visit the Werner exhibit.

“I think it will be a great Sunday afternoon activity for Mom,” said systems analyst Lauren Giacomo, whose 97-year-old mother Estelle has been a resident at Golden Terrace for the past twelve years.

“[Husband] Jim and I feel as though a great burden has been lifted off our shoulders. You know, that she isn’t getting out enough and seeing the world in her twilight years.”

Children have also taken interest in the “Devil.”

Local Hanover Junior High School students visited the display Thursday.

Reported 12-year-old Lucas Yablon: “It was great! They let us go inside the glass box and everything! Mr. Werner even took away my stupid asthma inhaler, telling me: ‘You won’t need that where you’re going, son.’ He’s the coolest!”

“I can’t wait to go back inside!” Yablon continued, shortly before his lips and tongue separated from his jaw and fell onto the pavement.

“It was way better than cartoons!” agreed classmate Amy Franklin, who then suffered a violent, toxoplasmonic seizure, which snapped her spinal column in half and caused her small intestines to stream from her anus.
Football coach already drafting next season’s inspirational halftine speeches

BY GEOFFREY CARLSON
The Dartmouth Staff

Following several years of disappoiting performances by the Dartmouth Football program, Head Coach John Lyons has already begun to draft inspirational halftime speeches for next season’s games, sources report.

Apparently the decision came after Coach Lyons ran out of new things to say following the fifth loss this past season in the locker room. “He was giving us the regular ‘Come on guys, let’s win this one,’ and then he just clammed up and started singing ‘Tiny Dancer.’ It was really weird,” said forward tackle Chris Mally ‘04.

Offensive linemen Troy McCormick agreed, adding “It got worse the next few losses. At the Columbia game halftime he just read the last chapter of Heart of Darkness to us with a flashlight under his chin. Un-fucking-believable.”

Apparently, Coach Lyons did attempt to recapitulate a more traditional inspirational flair near season’s end with the help of a copy of Chicken Soup for the Football Player’s Soul. Although the players appreciated the gesture, the selected narrative did not have the desired impact.

“I was expecting some story about how a kid with a huge nose had to play nose tackle, and how it hurt him when other kids made fun of him. Man, what a little pussy.”

Other stories followed at later games, including one about a boy whose dog dies the day before a big game, and another concerning a certain tenant youngster whose tummy hurts due to a large lunch before practice.

Coming up with inspirational new material is proving difficult for Coach Lyons, however, as he has used up his best ideas in recent years. “Man, I thought I was real good at coming up with this junk,” said Mr. Lyons, writing down ideas for future speeches, “but damn, this is real hard. Hey, is there one or two M’s in ‘Free Muma’?”

Despite the disappointment in last season’s speeches, the players are still one hundred percent behind Coach Lyons, sources say.

“We all love and respect Coach Lyons very much,” affirmed one Defensive Lineman, “even if he did try to inspire us one game by acting out the last scene in Goonies.”

Coach Lyons in a time-out, shortly before reciting Robert Browning’s “My Last Duchess.”

about someone defying the odds to win a Super Bowl, or maybe just a playoff game,” recalled wide receiver Karl Ilsen ’03. “Instead, it was some story about how a kid with a huge nose had to play nose tackle, and how it hurt him when other kids made fun of him. Man, what a little pussy.”

BY NICOLAS DUQUETTE
The Dartmouth Staff

The Big Green Ladies struck a blow for gender equality Tuesday night with a 8-2 win over Princeton.

The Dartmouth Women’s Rugby Club, who hold a 8-1 (6-1 Ivy) record, received a major morale boost from the win.

“The Princeton team got off the bus with all kinds of saddles and blankets,” said coach Debbie Burns ’84, a Dartmouth alum who played rugby all through high school. “They were bringing blankets, which was signed: ‘To Brian-San. Ishiguru Say, ‘Do Tempura, Not Drugs!’”

Euler’s father Neil was similarly crestfallen over the scandal. “I just want to know one thing,” said the 49-year-old automative assembly line worker.

“My Last Duchess.”

“Why would a beloved culinary icon betray our trust and spout on a sacred Iron Chef honor code that has been handed down, generation to generation, since the early 90’s? It just doesn’t make sense.”

Others, however, remain more sympathetic to Ishiguru’s debacle, going so far as to ask that Hall of Fame officials rescind his ban.

“I don’t care if he did gamble against a match whose outcome he was in a position to manipulate,” said UCLA senior and longtime Iron Chef spectator Bradley Tutaro.

“I still think he’s one of the best, if not the best, sticky rice molders in the history of the game. And that warrants due tribute.”

“So sorry, so sorry!” said a confronee Ishiguru, addressing the deciding judges of the Unagi High Council, who have just discovered that Ishiguru’s possible misconduct after he suspiciously flubbed a routine salmon skin slicing in Round 2 of the world broadcast Chop-Offs.

“I think everyone watching that night was shocked by how obvious [Ishiguru’s] mistakes were,” said legendary Food Network commentator Bill “Holy Soy” Ryuki.

“Basic Maki Combo #4 and he chokes? Even before these charges were brought against him, you could tell he was trying to lose.”

Wanna be a sports writer for D? Do you or does anyone in your family suffer from clinical depression? Oh, no reason. Just asking...