

TODAY'S WEATHER

BEAN BOOTS

ALREADY?

OPINION
**KAREN, THERE'S
SOMETHING I
HAVE TO TELL YOU**

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ARTS
**I'VE BEEN
KEEPING THIS IN
FOR TOO LONG**

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SPORTS
**STOP CRYING,
KAREN, I KNOW
YOU CAN DO THIS**

PAGE 12

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Asshole changes seats in Week 9

By ANN ARCHY
The Dartmouth Staff

Sources report that today's Anthropology 22 class plunged into chaos after asshole Roy Peterssen '18 sat down in the middle of the second row of seats rather than in his usual place at the end of the third row.

"It's week nine, for Christ's sake!" Cynthia Fredricks '20 said. "If you want to change spots in the second or third class, fine, but it's too late for that now."

Peterssen's move began a cascade of displaced students. Melanie Gresh '19, the usual occupant of the seat stolen by Peterssen, migrated to the front row, which in turn sent Kyle Simone '18 to the back of the classroom.

The lecture was reportedly derailed when Professor Lucas



Students report that this asshole's move started a disastrous domino effect in the classroom.

Wiley went to cold-call Simone, only to find his seat occupied by Gresh. "Is Kyle here today?" he asked, prompting the entire class to dart their heads around in confusion before finding Simone, awkwardly half-raising his hand in the back row.

"Everyone had their place, and this guy came and made a mess out of it," Simone said, lamenting the breakdown of an order that had never been formally established and, for all practical purposes, made no difference to the operations of the

class. "What kind of psycho does that?"

At press time, students were seen bumping into each other as they tried to navigate back to their new seats after the class's five-minute break.

Report: Inside the Sphinx is another, more exclusive secret society

By MISTY REEUS
The Dartmouth Staff

Students have long wondered what could be inside the enigmatic Sphinx, home to the equally mysterious organization of the same name. Theories have ranged from an average upscale lounge to a network of tunnels connecting to the entire campus. But wonder no more, because the secret of the Sphinx is revealed: It contains a second, smaller Sphinx, which is even more mysterious than the first.

The second Sphinx is identical to the Sphinx we all know and love in every way except its size, and has a smaller combination-locked door on one side. When The Dartmouth inquired about the nature of the smaller Sphinx, an anonymous member of the organization told us that no one really knows what goes on in there except members of the "Inner Sphinx," a secret organization comprised of select members of the Sphinx. "Well, any member of the Sphinx could hypothetically be a member of the Inner Sphinx, but there's no way of knowing who. We all have our suspicions, of course."

But what's inside of the Inner Sphinx? Well, the Sphinx members



Sources have put forth various theories about the nature of the second Sphinx.

we corresponded with gave us a few theories. Some believe that the Inner Sphinx contains an even smaller Sphinx with an even more exclusive membership made up of secretly chosen members of the Inner Sphinx. One even theorized that there were nested Sphinxes until one which was large enough only to fit a single person, and whose membership consisted of one person selected from the Sphinx containing it. What this person does

alone inside of a small stone structure is unknown, but it is incredibly secret and therefore probably very cool. Another version of this theory posits that the series of nested Sphinxes goes on forever, possibly culminating in a time-space singularity Sphinx with a volume of zero.

Another member said that it was "probably just a place where some guys hang out and get drunk or whatever."

Improved women's rush process allows PNMs to choose how long they spend being arbitrarily judged at each house

By AL GARITHM
The Dartmouth Staff

In a reform that dramatically increased the agency of Potential New Members in the recruitment process, sophomore women had the opportunity to decide how long to spend being arbitrarily evaluated at each sorority during the first round of rush this year. PNMs could choose to spend anywhere from 30 minutes to two hours at each of the seven houses, moving freely between them to be assessed upon the same insignificant aspects of their identities over and over again.

The increased scheduling flexibility was part of a broad set of improvements to this year's rush system. The new process additionally emphasized inclusivity and

See **JUDGMENT**, page 2

DailyDebriefsing

Stoner walks away from Blunt Alumni Center dejected, having misunderstood

Geologist walks away from Rocky dejected, having misunderstood

Pale infant walks away from Fairchild dejected, having misunderstood

Tigger walks away from the Hop dejected, having misunderstood

Spider walks away from Webster dejected, having misunderstood

Penis walks away from Dick's House dejected, having misunderstood

Burglar walks away from Steele dejected, having misunderstood

Fish walks away from Gilman dejected, having misunderstood

Toast walks away from French dejected, having misunderstood

Jim '54 walks away from Alumni Gym dejected, having misunderstood

Wall-E walks away from Robo dejected, having misunderstood

Squirrel walks away from McNutt dejected, having misunderstood

Skeleton walks away from Bones Gate dejected, having misunderstood

Atheist walks away from Lord, having understood completely

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Women's rush now equally discouraging but more flexible

From JUDGMENT, page 1

authenticity through measures such as requiring PNMs to swipe in and out of each house they visited using an electronic card reader, as well as allowing them to make short walks across campus only while chaperoned by trained upperclasswomen.

"I think it was important to make improvements to rush that would help '20s have as much say in the process as possible," said one recruitment chair, who spent two weeks of her term ranking younger women based on snap judgments drawn heavily from their physical appearance and involvements on campus, "After all, they're the ones this is all about."

Remarked another member of the house whose selection process resulted in weeks of unnecessary stress and damage to

the self-confidence of participating underclasswomen, "I love our new babies!"

The changes to Round 1 of rush combined smoothly with lingering features of the former selection process. Participants who preferred to join a local sorority, for instance, could choose to spend the most time at local open houses during the first round, before entering their preferences into a computer algorithm that randomly sent them to all four national houses for Round 2.

In spite of the improvements that took place, a significant portion of PNMs were dissatisfied enough with the time-consuming and discouraging process to drop out of it completely. As of press time, over 70% of eligible females could be found participating in the Greek System anyway.

Students to form community in new BEMA trailer residence hall

By MOE BILHOME
The Dartmouth Staff

In light of the possible upcoming expansion of the student population, the Office of Residential Life has examined solutions to the housing shortage. Current plans include the establishment of a trailer park in College Park's BEMA.

"Due to the unprecedented number of students expected to be seeking housing in the fall, we felt that establishing mobile residences on college-owned property was the quickest and most cost-effective way to avoid overcrowding in existing buildings," an ORL staff member noted in an interview, adding: "We are optimistic that the close physical proximity of these residences will encourage the formation of a tight-knit student community."

Given the prohibitive costs of expanding the campus-wide heating system, each mobile unit must be equipped with its own heat source. Currently, the ORL plans to equip each trailer with a rusted-out woodstove lifted from a nearby junk pile.

Undergraduate advisors assigned to the new residences have expressed optimism about new community-building experiences. "I can't wait to take my freshmen on their first real firewood scrounge behind East Wheelock," noted Amanda Roisterdoister '19. "During the first half of winter term, we'll have friendly competitions raiding the other trailers' yard-sale furniture to feed our



Students report that this housing option is still better than the River.

woodstoves."

One of the final decisions to be made is the name of the new housing community. The Office of Residential Life is currently leaning toward Transportable Residential Augmentation Student Housing (T.R.A.S.H.).

Dartmouth Dining Services' facilities may be unable to handle the increased traffic from the new trailer park. T.R.A.S.H. residents will therefore be required to purchase a unique meal plan, known as "SmartChoice Bushmeat," that will replace all meal swipes and DBA with a license to harvest small game from the surrounding woodlands. Restrictions on firearms mean that students will be required to whittle their own spears from hardwood sticks.

"We believe that this community-

specific dining plan provides a convenient, nutritious, and experientially valuable alternative to more conventional facilities such as the Class of 1953 Commons," one DDS official commented. "In addition, SmartChoice Bushmeat will finally show these sheltered damn millennials what life in northern New England is really like." According to the DDS website, the new meal plan will be only priced slightly higher than the SmartChoice 20.

Potential future students have shown excitement about the new housing and dining opportunities. "The possibility of living in a dark, cramped, poorly-insulated trailer and eating undercooked squirrel loins may be a major factor in my final decision to commit," said prospective student Ethan Jingleheimer. "It would certainly beat living in New Haven."

**Congratulations!
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Hold the final remains of the acclaimed poet and Dartmouth alumnus!
Impress your friends, improve your writing!

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Virus excited to experience frat basement scene

By TY PHOID

The Dartmouth Staff

Many first-year students have begun to explore Dartmouth's lively Greek scene, spending their weekend nights on Webster Ave instead of in the Choates or Fays. Of course, non-cellular students are no exception, and several viral members of the Class of 2021 are entering fraternity basements for the first time.

One such student is Stanley Adenovirus '21. He said that he's excited to learn how to play pong after hearing so much about it.

"I can't wait to hold a pong paddle for the first time," said Stanley, who can spread by direct contact, inhalation of aerosolized droplets, or fecal-oral transmission. "I'm not sure if I'll be able to drink all of the cups in a tree, but maybe my partner and I can share."

Stanley, a DNA virus associated with both sporadic and epidemic disease, said that he is also hoping to immerse himself in the dance party scene that takes place in some frat



Pong is fun for students and viruses alike.

basements.

"If I'm lucky, maybe I'll make out with someone," said Stanley, who is capable of shedding for long periods of time and establishing persistent asymptomatic infections in the tonsils and intestines of hosts.

Stanley already knows a few older pathogenic students who can give him advice on the frat basement scenes. He said that his friends Meg Cytomegalovirus '18 and Bill Influenza A Virus Subtype H3N2 '19 have already given him a run-down of the basements that have fun

pong scenes, big crowds, and poor ventilation.

"I've already gotten my frat shoes — sounds like some of those basements can be dirty!" said Stanley, who is endemic throughout the year.

At press time, Stanley, who can survive for three to eight weeks outside of a host and who is resistant to many common disinfectants, was spotted chasing a pong ball which had rolled into the corner of a particularly humid basement.

Dartmouth to open new sorority for men

By MALDA MINATED

The Dartmouth Staff

In response to demand for inclusive social spaces, Dartmouth plans to establish a sorority for men in the fall of 2018. The idea was first brought to the administration in the spring of 2016 by seven members of the Class of 2019. According to founding member Eddie Blum, he and his friends were disappointed by the quality of male-dominated communities on campus. Blum is extremely proud of the project, which he claims will occupy an important role at the College. "In a school with a historically exclusive Greek community, we wanted to create a space for men to make their own."

"I think our defining quality is that this sorority is for men. But we'll do lots of the other things sororities usually do," Blum told The Dartmouth. He explained that the sorority for men will have man-sisterhood dinners, apple picking, and foliage hikes.

"I'm really hyped about the house," said other founding member Emeric Lacy '20. "I've always

wanted a male-dominated social space where I feel empowered and at home. Sure, we'll have a few invite parties now and then. But the house will have a 'Sorority for Men Only Room' that's just for us."

Stanley Cho, a member of the Class of 2021 who plans on rushing the sorority for men, said he's most excited for big-man little-man week. "I'm already pumped," said Cho. "I can't wait to showcase my Photoshop skills and adorable baby pictures for all my Facebook friends." Fellow Potential New Member Jack Olson '21 says he is eager to wear flair and man-glitter to class, and hopes he'll get a monogrammed man-bag for carrying his notebooks.

New Member Educator Sam Kirkwood '19 said that the sorority for men is also committed to an easier and more transparent rush process. While he was unable to provide specifics, Kirkwood stressed that recruitment would be "more like guys' rush."

"I guess I'm just glad this type of space will exist here at Dartmouth," said Kirkwood. "We're making that quintessentially strong and empowering sorority community accessible to men, and I couldn't be more excited."

College creates booking system for Dartmouth Seven

By ANNE IXBY

The Dartmouth Staff

In its latest initiative to promote student accessibility and wellness, Dartmouth College has confirmed that seven campus locations colloquially known as the "Dartmouth Seven" will now be available for student booking. The program applies the well-regarded model of reserving library study spaces to the BEMA, the Green, the steps of Dartmouth Hall, the stacks, the top of the Hopkins Center, the 50-yard line of Memorial Field, and the front lawn of College President Philip Hanlon's residence.

Ann Hobart, director of the Committee to Book the Seven (CBS) explained that the logistical and administrative challenges associated with this project greatly exceeded those of its study space counterpart. Student CBS representative Max Heaney '19 also spoke to the nuances of the program, including the differences among the Seven locations. "I mean, nobody's ever in Annex B of the stacks, but the Seven includes some pretty prime locations."

To overcome these challenges, CBS designed deliberate scheduling windows for each location; for example, the top of the Hopkins Center is closed during performances and formal events, and President Hanlon's lawn is off limits during Board of Trustee visits

and dinner parties. Students are limited to booking up to four six-minute time slots per week, and individuals are required to sign a liability waiver to assume responsibility if "complications" such as pregnancy or STI arise.

"I like this idea," said one '18 who chose to remain anonymous. "My girlfriend and I hit a major roadblock with the fifty-yard line, but now finishing the Seven is only a click away." An anonymous '21 also voiced his support, saying, "After my trip leader told me this horror story of bumping into another couple on the steps of Dartmouth Hall, I didn't think I had the balls to complete the Seven. But with this in place, I'm more open to the idea."

While some individuals have said that this new policy "takes all the fun out of the Seven," CBS administrators are confident that the program will improve the safety and accessibility of one of Dartmouth's most historic traditions. "From stocking locations with condoms, to providing these services free of cost, I think this program shows just how much the college has student interests at heart," said Hobart.

Next on the administration's list is the construction of heated storage lockers on the bank of the Connecticut river, enabling safe clothing storage for students who would like to attempt the Ledyard Challenge.

Ragsplort Thursdays!



Come snuggle with the therapy raccoon, Ragsplort, every Thursday from 2-3 PM on 3rd Floor Robo!*

Cuddle! Feed him scraps! Walk him with a greasy rope!

*Please wear long sleeves

You can't call me a corporate sellout when I care this much about saving the bees

By ONE OF YOUR CLASSMATES

From the outside, it may look like I'm selling my soul to the corporate world. I spend my free time researching stocks, I visit DartBoard more than any other website, and I go nowhere without my tattered copy of "Case in Point." But if you think I'm just another lousy sellout, then you've got it all wrong. That's because I understand that honeybees pollinate 75 percent of the crops that sustain human life, and I plan to do everything in my power to save them from extinction.

When my friends ask about my plans for next year, my answers are often met with eye rolls. It's true that I am choosing to work in an industry in which women and people of color are dramatically underrepresented, that I know the four ways to value a company, and that my starting salary will be six figures. But if my peers took the time to look beyond my loafers, family crest ring, and padfolio, they'd see a guy who knows that the work bees do is arduous and noble, and who is saddened by the fact that their colonies decreased by 44 percent between 2015 and 2016.

How can anyone accuse me of being a

washed-up, complacent sellout when I care so deeply about saving the bees? When will my classmates learn that I am not just an Econ major, but an Econ major who believes wholeheartedly in reducing the use of pesticides? These, and not the 246 behavioral interview questions I've practiced, are what keep me up late into the night.

The work bees do is arduous and noble.

Sometimes, as I sit on First Floor Berry running practice cases and reading The Wall Street Journal, I imagine the gentle buzz of a bee gracefully transferring the pollen sac from a flower to a neighboring plant. I cast my gaze toward the window and visualize intricately built hives, pollen in the air, and flower buds teeming with life as bees migrate among them. These thoughts stay with me as I network with future colleagues and as I research strategies for market entry.

So don't jump to conclusions so quickly: I am more than the stereotypes you see in my finely tuned resume and business casual attire. It is my priority to reverse the decline in the honeybee population, and whether I work at Bain, Goldman, or McKinsey next year, nobody can take that away from me.

I helped you with your math homework. Where is my sex?

By CHET

Are you kidding me? Are we being serious? I took my time—20 whole minutes of my precious time—and this is the thanks I get? No sex? Ha ha, very funny. We can stop joking now, and you can give me my sex.

Do you even realize what I've done for you? You had no idea how to do that integration by parts question. No idea! Do you know how fucking hard integration by parts is? The derivative of u , or v , or whatever, then you subtract v from...wait, no, u from—whatever. It's hard as shit. Can we just integrate OUR parts already? ...that was a good pun, you have to admit. Okay, you gotta diddle my fiddle after the pun. What? You've got to be fucking kidding me.

It's simple math. Look.

$$\text{help with math homework} = \int e^x$$

Thusforth, we gotta splurge the nurge, therehence.

Okay, okay, so what if I "didn't actually give you any help" or I "haven't taken a mathematics course since my junior year of

high school?" None of that matters. None. The only thing that matters is that you have a debt to pay. And that debt is some sweet old flippy floppy. To me. You owe sex to me. And you can't take out a loan from the sex bank, because the sex bank is closed. Permanently. So you're gonna have to pay out of pocket. Or, rather, with no pockets. Because you'll be naked. Dancin' the mattress mambo. With me. Yeah.

This is almost as bad as that time I held the door open for someone and we didn't make out. Or when I passed the salt and we didn't just bang right there on the table. And I was so pissed when I lent someone my eraser and we didn't fall in love, elope to the Pacific Northwest, get married in a small chapel in the woods, have a daughter named Penelope and a son named Martin, live out the rest of our lives happy just in the presence of each other and in every moment we spent together, and die knowing that whether or not there was an afterlife we would never be apart. I was so tight! Fuck.

Whatever. Good luck with your math homework. Do you need to borrow my eraser?

A few things you should know about me, a member of your group project

To the Editor:

Hi! I don't think we've met before, but it looks like we're working on this project together. I just wanted to reach out to introduce myself so we can get started.

I know that our topic is meant to relate to societal legacies of colonialism, but I thought it would be cool if we could find a way to incorporate geodes. Here are a few ideas I came up with: "Geodes: The Exact Opposite of Colonialism," "Geodes Are Formations Found in Igneous and Sedimentary Rocks and They Are Beautiful," and "Geodes and Colonialism are Both Better Than My Horrible Twin Sister Bethany."

Of course, if you have another topic in mind, we can definitely discuss that!

Something else you should know about me is that even though my Blitz name is Janet, you can call me Geode Janet. Like, you don't need to, but you can. Last year I tried to legally change my name to Geode Janet. I changed it but then my terrible twin sister Bethany impersonated me and changed my name back to Janet. While doing so, she also caused such destruction at City Hall that I am now banned from the premises forever.

Also, you should know that I have literally no PowerPoint skills whatsoever...I'll try my best but you might need to take the lead with that part of the project!

Another thing you should know about me is that geodes form in two ways: when minerals are deposited from hydrothermal fluids and fill vesicles in volcanic rocks, or when igneous nodules dissolve in rock formations and minerals fill the spaces. This might not sound like a fact about me, but it is.

By the way, I should tell you that I'll be



out of town the weekend before our project is due — bad timing, I know, but it's an unavoidable commitment for my club team. Plus, of course, I need to take the geodes off-campus once in a while so they don't get too rowdy.

Anyway, I'm definitely down to meet up and get cracking on our project. Just like you'd crack open a geode. Get it? Except I'd never crack open a geode, because they are Earth's most miraculous treasures and must be cherished as such. We can meet anywhere, except City Hall.

I'm free to meet sometime after class, but you should know that I am usually busy between 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. on weekdays. This is the time of day when my abhorrent twin sister Bethany calls me via Google Hangouts in order to tell me that geodes are the same as gravel and that they are disgusting. She does not stop until I throw my laptop and phone against the wall. Then, I must stroke my geodes and sing comforting hymns to them.

Oh, and that's one last thing that you should know...my computer and phone break a lot. Hopefully that won't make this project too difficult. Can't wait to get started!

Sincerely,
Geode Janet

The Dartmouth

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWS PARODY. FOUNDED 190

ANNIKA ROISE '18 LUCIA KITTAY-PIERSON '18 LUCY TANTUM '19
THE POWERPUFF GIRLS

BALT VON HUENE '19, <i>Flannel</i>	ZACH QUAYLE '19, <i>Wool</i>
SARAH ABRAMOWITZ '20, <i>Linen</i>	SAM BARRETT '20, <i>Denim</i>
MATTHEW IX '20, <i>Terrycloth</i>	JONATHAN GLIBOFF '20, <i>Gingham</i>
JENNIFER WEST '20, <i>Velvet</i>	GRANT ANAPOLLE '21, <i>Silk</i>
SPENCER COKER '21, <i>Lace</i>	CAROLINE COOK '21, <i>Fleece</i>
KEVIN DONOHUE '21, <i>Leather</i>	LUKE GHTTER '21, <i>Hemp</i>
MARGARET HUBBLE '21, <i>Cashmere</i>	ALEX QUILL '21, <i>Polyester</i>
IRA RICHARDSON '21, <i>Burlap</i>	PHILIP WOLF '21, <i>Corduroy</i>

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HUMOR, EXCLUSIVE TO THIS PUBLICATION

WRITERS

TWO WRONGS, DON'T MAKE A WRITE
THE REVIEW, WRITE WING
RED LIGHT, NO WRITE TURN
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, WRITE HAND MAN
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., CIVIL WRITES
FIRST IN FLIGHT, WRITE BROTHERS
MIRANDA, WRITE TO REMAIN SILENT
IF DANCING IS WRONG, I DON'T WANT TO BE WRITE
HEY YA, ALWRITE ALWRITE ALWRITE ALWRITE
THE CLUB CAN'T EVEN HANDLE ME, WRITE NOW

College releases details on upcoming Sanborn renovation: “We’re going balls-to-the-wall Victorian”

By ROSS UWAGE
The Dartmouth Staff

Out of all the study spaces at Dartmouth, Sanborn Library is certainly the most unique. The grand fireplace, spiral staircases, plush armchairs, and shelves of Oxford Classics construct a scene more fitting of Gatsby than Hanover. It came largely as a surprise when, on Thursday, the College announced its commitment to a massive renovation of Sanborn House.

Initially, students and alumni alike expressed concern that their beloved library might lose its touch if it were to be renovated. Sarah Brunheim, head of Dartmouth development, attempted to reassure skeptics by holding a conference on Saturday.

“There is no need to worry,” Brunheim said at the conference. “We’re going balls-to-the-wall Victorian. The old-timey American thing was pretty dope, but I’m talking some no holds, full penetration, Charles Dickens type shit.”

Brunheim began by summarizing the budget and timeline of the project, but pretty soon the conference took a turn. Apparently dissatisfied with her written speech, Brunheim threw her papers into the air and launched into a passionate rant. She spent a

total of nine minutes arguing why Victorian England is “the fucking coolest era, even fucking cooler than the Wild West, and it’s definitely more baller the so-called Roaring ‘20s.”

Brunheim continued, “Between President Warren G. Harding and Prime Minister Lord Melbourne, who would win? Melbourne, that’s who. Why? Because he’s a fucking Victorian and therefore he’s a fucking god. Nobody gives a shit about you, Warren G. Harding.”

After a brief pause for water, Brunheim proceeded to describe some design features of the renovation. “Here’s what we’re proposing,” she proclaimed into her microphone, gesturing wildly in all directions, “Bitching cool stained glass. Pointed-ass arches. Motherfucking paneled wood. The sexiest shingles. Do you understand how far we’re taking this? We’re removing the fucking plumbing. Sewage, all of it, just running through the halls. How’s that for aesthetic, you sick bastards.” By this point of the conference, Brunheim was visibly shaking with excitement.

Following the conference, reporters combed through the extensive renovation proposal that was released to the public. A particularly noteworthy discovery was

the addition of a small textile factory at the northwest wing of Sanborn. When reached for comment, Mark Palingway, chair of the English department, stated, “The addition of the Sanborn Garment Factory will have numerous benefits. Besides contributing to the overall dope-as-shit aesthetic of the library, the task of operating the machinery will provide employment opportunities for local children aged eight to thirteen.”

Reactions toward the renovation were overwhelmingly positive directly following the conference. Our reporters spoke with various Sanborn frequenters about their thoughts. When probed, Michael Fishbein ’18, a Comparative Literature major, cried out, “Oh sweet Jesus! All I’ve ever wanted were even tighter, more precarious spiral staircases.” Carrie Fass ’20, said “I am literally aroused by the prospect of a pike hanging above the Sanborn fireplace.” Exclaimed Denise Elias ’19, “Wow, I hope they add air-conditioning.”

At press time, the administration has yet to comment on the mysterious appearance of a small orphan boy, who is currently standing in the corner of the library asking if he could please, Sir, have some more.

Hanlon announces task force to evaluate how to fuck shit up

By HELEN A. HANDBASKET
The Dartmouth Staff

A task force will examine the potential benefits and downsides of majorly fucking shit up at the College, President Phil Hanlon announced last week.

The task force will spend the next few months discussing a plan to take a giant crap on everything the College holds dear. They will then present their conclusions on how to totally, irreversibly mess up Dartmouth forever.

“Ideally, our objective is to send Dartmouth to Hell in a handbasket,” task force member Marsha Benson said. “We’ll weigh our options for fucking with the Greek system, making residential life crap, and generally turning the College into a giant dumpster fire.”

Benson said that the task force will discuss the Old Traditions, specifically focusing on how to make them fail so spectacularly that Daniel Webster will spin in his grave like a fucking maniac.

Benson said the task force is excited for the chance to make the College so, so much shittier than ever before. Ideally, she said,

everything will be such a clusterfuck that they’ll need to just tear down the whole disgusting mess and pray that the New Hampshire forest reclaims the land.

“If every single member of the Dartmouth community hates us with a passion by the end of the year, we’ll have done a great job,” Benson said. “Our goal is to turn this place into such a shitshow that no one can speak the name of the College without shuddering in abject horror and disgust.”

The task force’s proposals, according to Benson, will be so fucking idiotic that they will essentially place the College straight into the open arms of Satan. Their action items will most likely include turning Dartmouth into a debilitated, horrible relic of its former self.

“After this, we’ll be better than our peer institutions,” Benson said. “By ‘peer institutions’ I mean a literal island of garbage in the Pacific Ocean, and by ‘better’ I mean smellier and more problematic.”

The task force also announced that they would consider evaluating whether to increase the undergraduate student body size by 10 to 25 percent.

Fraternity brother taking WGSS 10 gets it now

By REESE PECT
The Dartmouth Staff

Sources close to Teddy Scott ’18 confirm that, having reached Week 9 of Women’s, Gender, and Sexuality Studies 10: Sex, Gender, and Society, the fraternity brother completely gets it now. According to Scott, beyond satisfying his SOC and CI distributive requirements and occupying a convenient 2A timeslot, the course has opened his eyes to how sex, gender, and sexuality shape the modern world.

“Taking WGSS10 has helped me become aware of how gender affects people in society,” said Scott, who, prior to enrolling in the course, had never given any thought to how the experiences of marginalized groups might differ from his own. “I have a sister and also a mother, and it turns out that they deserve to be treated with respect.”

Scott’s newfound awareness that others face discrimination based on gender, particularly in combination with factors such as race and class,

has inspired him to reflect critically on how these issues come into play on campus.

“I was especially surprised by some of the readings we had on the objectification of women,” remarked Scott. “It’s not something I’d really thought about before, but ever since it came up, I’ve stopped sending messages to my frat’s GroupMe ranking every girl I fuck in the fratric.”

In addition to attending the course’s enlightening semiweekly lectures, Scott is now working on a final group project about sexual misconduct on college campuses that has transformed his understanding of rape culture. Having learned that women are three times more likely to experience sexual violence while enrolled in college, Scott reports that he plans to actually pay attention at his fraternity’s next MAV facilitation.

While Scott will be disappointed to see such an enriching class come to an end, the fraternity brother confirms that he will be even more aware of contemporary social issues after taking an AAAS course next term.



{ Read Dartbeat }

Or don't. Live your life.

Student Wellness Center introduces Ragsplort, new therapy raccoon

By RAY B. RISK
The Dartmouth Staff

Step aside Buddy, Sterling, and Cooper — there's a new animal companion in town! The Student Wellness Center is thrilled to announce that, in response to the high popularity of campus animals such as the various fraternity pets and the dogs that reside in Robinson Hall, Dartmouth is welcoming a new furry friend: Ragsplort, the therapy raccoon.

Ragsplort, who has lived on campus for two weeks now, hangs out in a room on the third floor of Robinson Hall, where students are free to come cuddle with him on the condition that they provide documentation of a medically administered rabies shot upon their first visit.

"Therapy pets have obviously had amazing success in their purpose to alleviate mental health issues like anxiety and depression among students, and we hope that taking a break from Dartmouth's daily stressors

to come cuddle with Ragsplort will provide them with some much-needed relaxation," said SWC representative Hannah Grubman. "He's also totally adorable, and loves to love!"

During open hours, students are also welcome to come to the office and feed Ragsplort pieces of stale bread, scraps of food from the trash, or any small dead animals they may find around campus. "He'll eat anything," said Grubman, "We just ask that students wear long pants and sleeves, because Ragsplort tends to bite when approached."

Grubman also recommends caution if Ragsplort begins to foam at the mouth in your presence. "If it happens, just back away and do not provoke him," she said, "It's fine."

Luckily for those who wish to hang out with Ragsplort outside the confines of Robinson Hall, there is also an online signup sheet on the SWC website where you can sign up to be an official Ragsplort Walker. Cool! And don't worry, you won't be sent off with

Ragsplort empty-handed — registered walkers can also rent the "Ragsplort Care Kit," which includes a greasy rope to walk him with, a muzzle, and some tranquilizer darts in case things get out of hand.

But it gets better — those who really form a special bond with Ragsplort are even able to take him for more extended periods of time — up to three whole days! The Student Wellness Center can only recommend this fun option to those living off-campus, however. "Unfortunately, UGAs have indeed requested that students not bring Ragsplort into their dorms after 10:00 p.m., because of the loud hissing." But if you do live off campus, all you have to do to sign up for an awesome Ragsplort sleepover is to rent the Ragsplort Care Kit for the appropriate amount of time, and sign a disclaimer stating that the SWC is not responsible for any damage caused to your home or belongings by Ragsplort. Fun!

When asked, students were eager



Remember not to provoke this adorable fellow if he begins to foam at the mouth!

to comment on the introduction of Ragsplort, providing remarks such as, "Ragsplort bit me the other day and it actually was not relaxing at all," "I don't think you understand; he is literally a raccoon," and "I am currently being treated for rabies at DHMC and I expect the Wellness Center to pay my medical bills."

Especially thrilled about Ragsplort becoming a member of the community, however, are the Robinson Hall Custodial Staff, because "he eats the trash."

This week's open hours are between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., Monday through Thursday. The SWC expects spots to fill up fast, so sign up to come play with Ragsplort today!

CPD offers seminar on how to sell organs

By HONNIE BOLBROOK
The Dartmouth Staff

Recognizing that some of Dartmouth's graduates are woefully unprepared to become operational members of the American economy, the Center for Professional Development has begun to offer seminars instructing students on how to sell their organs.

Martin Davidson, Director of Fiduciary Advancement, said, "Some of these little shits are never going to become effective members of society, and they might as well learn early on how to sell their own organs just to get by."

Noting that the labor market relies on capable, qualified human capital, the CPD has recently become aware of the fact that some of Dartmouth's graduates will amount to nothing and will likely resort to living in their parents' basements. To help these inadequate subhumans prepare for their grim futures, the CPD is planning a series of seminars instructing underachievers about the most effective ways to sell their own plasma and bodily organs. However, the CPD's attempts to steer students

toward the seminars have drawn scrutiny. "I came to the CPD for an interview with Goldman, but the lady checking me in led me to the organ-selling seminar instead," said Jessica Whitford '19, a Comparative Literature major and LALACS minor. "When I asked why, the lady just sighed, shook her head, and said, 'oh, poor baby.' What the fuck is that?"

The CPD's methods to clue students in to the fact that they will never be functioning cogs in the labor machine seem to be targeted toward certain groups of students. "I've never gotten an email about the organ-selling seminars," said Sam Gardner '18, a Computer Science major. "But my best friend Josh, who's a Classical Archaeology major modified with Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies, found six flyers for the seminars in his Hinman box."

When members of the Dartmouth administration were cautioned that the CPD's seminars were encouraging the formation of an underground black market for organs, a spokeswoman for the college responded, "that market will regulate itself."

Theatre 33: Acting Natural



"Just be cool"

College reveals plan to periodically burn down East Wheelock

By MATT SCHLIDER

The Dartmouth Staff

Many students were surprised when East Wheelock's new insignia was revealed to be a Phoenix, wondering if it was done in reference to the recently rebuilt Morton Hall, which burned down in 2016. A recent statement by a spokesperson of the housing community clarified the intentions behind the new symbol:

"Like all things, the great halls of East Wheelock House cannot exist in perpetuity. That which is not renewed becomes Stagnant, and that which Stagnates inevitably Dies. A refusal to accept this Fundamental Principle of Nature has been the downfall of countless Empires, from Rome to the Ottoman Turks. We at East Wheelock accept the inescapable Law of the Natural World: Change is necessary, and to change one must first remove all that was. One must cleanse the palate, so to speak. And what cleanses more thoroughly, allows for more Change, than Fire? Fire, brought to man by

Prometheus himself, the source of our Light and Heat, the first Technology which set us on the path we now tread. And so you see, we have chosen the Phoenix not as a symbol of Things Past, but of Things to Come. For the Phoenix to be reborn, for the seed of the Mighty Sequoia to germinate, there must first be a Fire. So too is it for East Wheelock."

Students expressed concern after the statement was released, wondering if the administration was actually planning to ignite all or part of the Housing Community on a semi-regular basis. Students who reached out to various officials received only cryptic messages, such as "All is Burning and it is but arrogance to assume we Mortals have a hand in controlling it."

The administration released another statement entitled "A Clarification of the Nature of the Burning" which stated: "When Wheelock burns, it shall be rebuilt. But not by the hands of Mortal Men, but by the Energy of the Fire



Administrators confirm that East Wheelock shall be rebuilt not by the hands of Mortal Men but by the Energy of Fire.

itself. The Burning is the rebuilding, or the first stage thereof. When the Fires go out, extinguished by Time alone, it shall not be Ashes which remain, but Wheelock itself, REBORN! These things are beyond your Comprehension now, but all shall be made clear in due time. The

Phoenix becomes brighter each time it is reborn, the Forest more mighty. Through purifying Fires, we shall become the greatest of all the Housing Communities. East Wheelock, like that infinite East from which the Sun emerges, shall become a source of Light and Life for all of Dartmouth,

bringing Knowledge like Apollo, ruling like Horus. From the Fires of Eternity we shall RISE!"

When the Dartmouth asked when the first burn could be expected, we were told that "the Homecoming bonfire may not be where you expect next year."

Hanlon brings up the Seven in his speech again

By BEA MA

The Dartmouth Staff

For the fifteenth time this term, President Hanlon mentioned the Dartmouth Seven at a public event. He greeted the '21s at a classwide meeting with a mention of the Seven in his second sentence—and that, it seems, was only the beginning.

"Seriously, he brings it up every time I hear him speak," Sally Livingston, '20, said. "We get it. You know, it's almost like he wants us to have sex on his lawn."

Lawrence Brady, speechwriter to the President, responded to our request for comment. "He's always gotta add it in there. I swear it's never in the speech. I've even started including footnotes that just say 'DON'T MENTION THE SEVEN PHIL' but he just seems to view that as a challenge." The President, Brady says, has been returning drafts of speeches with only the note "needs more Seven."

The community has been scrambling to find some explanation for why the President can't stop making dad jokes about students' sex lives.

The Department of Psychology decided to pursue one hypothesis about the President's otherwise inexplicable obsession with the Seven. After contacting hundreds



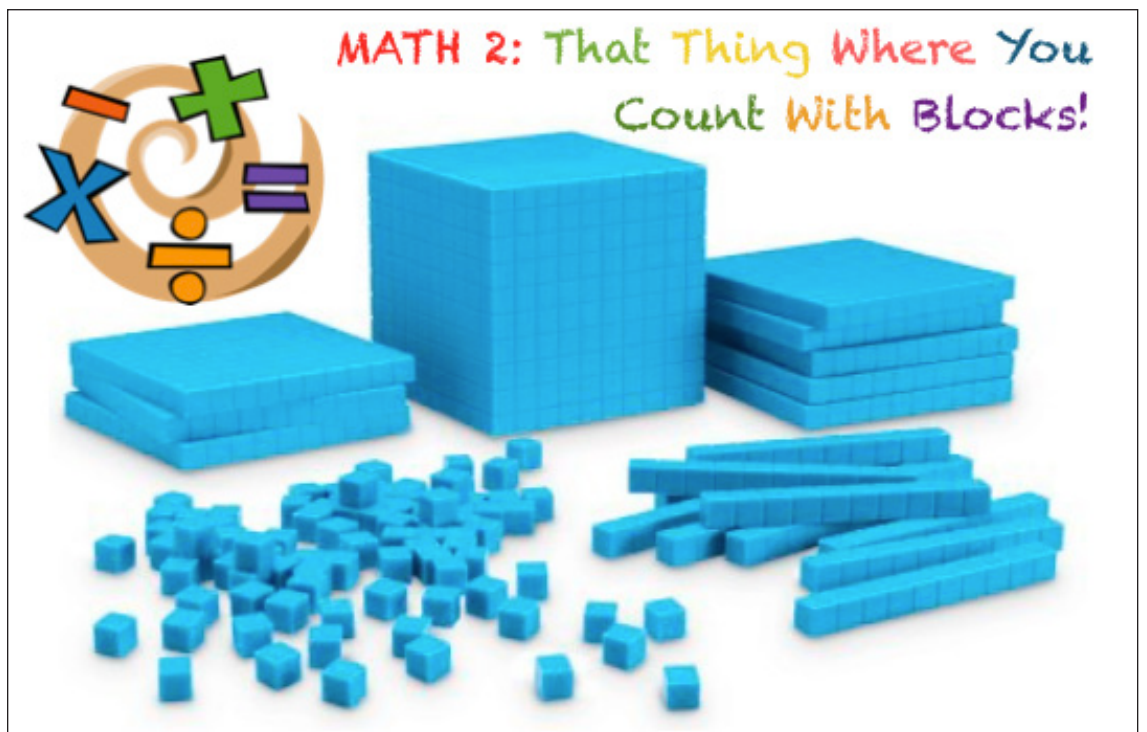
of members of the Class of 1977, researchers came to the conclusion that the '77s feel a personal connection to the Seven. "It's some sort of pride thing, I guess," added a student researcher who asked to remain anonymous. "It's what we in the industry call a septum conflatio, or in layman's terms, he's getting all his sevens mixed up," Dr. Poppins, Professor of Neuroscience with a concentration in Number Psychology, said. "It happens to the best of us, but either way, it's gotta stop."

The Board of Trustees plans on sending the President to Basics next term if things don't improve.



**STRAIGHT UP
CHEESE
CURDS**

A new salad coming
Winter 2018



Student uses belongings to claim every table in the library

By **STU FALLOVER**

The Dartmouth Staff

Students were disappointed last Sunday morning when they entered Baker-Berry Library to find that there were no more desks available for them to use. It was soon discovered that every table in the building belonged to Connor Thomas '19, who had strewn papers, folders, and textbooks across several thousand square feet of study surfaces to claim them as his own.

"I knew I had two midterms coming up and a paper to write, so I got to the library right when it opened to set up," said the junior, "But since I was planning to be there all day, I wanted to make sure I had a lot of options in case I got bored of

sitting in one place."

Students arriving to the library after 10:01 a.m. reported that Thomas had already taken possession of each of its 1,100 tables, at times creatively hanging jackets over the backs of chairs or leaving partially-eaten food out on tables to emphasize his claims. "I was definitely surprised by how quickly he managed to pull it off," remarked Lily Rogers '19, who was working a shift at the circulation desk at the time, "But I guess it helped that he came in with what looked to be about sixty backpacks filled with notebooks and laptops."

Fellow library-goers reported becoming increasingly frustrated when Thomas left the library multiple times throughout the day

without moving his belongings. Students noticed that Thomas reentered the building freshly showered at 4:15 p.m. after having left at 2:48, suggesting he had made a trip to the gym. He was also conspicuously absent from 12:26 to 1:30, presumably for lunch with friends.

As the day progressed, Thomas stayed occupied by booking multiple study rooms under various fake names, talking loudly as he moved between seats, and striking up passive-aggressive conversations with anyone who attempted to move his belongings. He could not be reached for comment at press time, having left the library to claim a large portion of Foco's dark side for dinner.



Connor Thomas '19 claimed this table and 1,099 others last Sunday

Jealous freshmen watch sophomore pledges degrade themselves

By **ELLIE FANTWALK**

The Dartmouth Staff

As fraternities and sororities across campus orchestrated degrading and conspicuous systems of new member education this term, freshmen looked to the class ahead of them in awe. Inspired by new members' ridiculous costumes, embarrassing pictures on social media, and repulsive chores and cleaning duties, '21s expressed uncontrollable excitement for their own opportunity to join the Greek System next fall.

"I'm friends with a few '20s in frats, and they're all so cool," said Brady Smith '21 of a group of sophomores who spent every Sunday this term scrubbing vomit

and emptying mold-covered beer cups at the command of unsympathetic upperclassmen, "Every time I go to one of their houses, they're the ones checking IDs at the door, and that's pretty powerful."

Freshmen also expressed admiration for the humiliating costumes and accessories that new members of Greek houses were encouraged to wear around campus. After watching an older friend from high school spend three weeks of the term wearing an unflattering cow suit and offering milk to any sister she encountered, Katie Mathews '21 remarked definitively that "sororities are the best!"

Although most juniors and seniors viewed the tasks assigned

to sophomores as humorously demeaning, freshmen could not be convinced that these acts of new member education were anything but status symbols. Throughout the term, members of the Class of '21 could be seen fighting to be the photographers for humiliating new profile pictures, taking turns holding their older friends' inconvenient accessories, and marveling at the prospect of being assigned cleans and door duties.

When asked what he's most looking forward to about joining a fraternity, Smith responded with complete oblivion to the reality of the degrading tasks ahead of him. "I'm excited for literally all of it," the freshman remarked, "I can't wait to be just like the '20s."

Foco introduces reusable food

By **SUE STAINABLE**

The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth Dining Services drastically reduced waste this term with the introduction of reusable to-go containers in the Class of 1953 Commons, but the college's dining halls aren't stopping there in their effort to promote sustainability. This week, DDS piloted an innovative plan to make Foco's food, like its plastic containers, 100 percent reusable.

"The new plan is simple," said DDS spokesperson Martha Simmons, "You pay \$4 upfront for a carabiner and trade it for a plate of food. After your meal, trade your food back for a carabiner and we'll pass it on to the next kid. Zero waste. Easy."

Simmons went on to explain that the rotating conveyor belt that previously brought empty Foco dishes back to the kitchen to be washed has been reengineered to generate ready-to-eat meals from discarded food. However, while Simmons seemed certain that this new technology was both safe and sanitary, students expressed concerns about eating food mysteriously spawned from a mechanism also used for disposing

of waste.

"When I went into Foco for dinner last night, I tried to walk straight to the pizza station like I normally do, but I just heard a voice bark 'carabiner please' from deep within the dishwashing area," said Terry Perkins '20. "When I handed mine in, I saw that the only two options were a plate of greenish mush and a plate of kind of beige mush, both of which seemed to have been spinning around in there for a long time. Neither looked appetizing."

Other students expressed similar struggles with navigating the new system. "I thought being reusable meant the food would somehow reappear after I ate it, so I just finished my dinner like I normally would," said Alexandra Marquez '19, "But when I went back to the conveyor belt with an empty plate, they just told me I had forfeited my \$4 investment and would have to pay again next time."

Despite some initial difficulties with food disposal and redistribution, Simmons is certain that Foco's reusable food will play a central role in lessening the college's carbon footprint in the coming years. If all goes as planned, the Hop, Novack, and Collis will also introduce reusable food by 2019.

Upper Valley residents:
With the new Prius Truck,
you CAN have it all!

Drive it to
the Co-Op!

Bernie
2016
sticker
pre-attached

Book the Dartmouth Seven!

Record-breaking endowment finances stapler for Third Floor Berry

By PAIGE A. TATCHED
The Dartmouth Staff



Thanks, Trustees!

Dartmouth's endowment generated an investment return of 14.6 percent for the fiscal year ending June 30, 2017, resulting in an all-time high value of \$4.96 billion. As a result, Third Floor Berry will now finally have a stapler next to the printing station. The Office of Investments estimates that the cost will reach \$9.

"This new stapler is a powerful testament to the College's commitment to academic rigor and scholarship," a College spokesperson said. "With the introduction of this technology, we're excited that students are better equipped to read more than one page now."

Students in previous years had few options for keeping together lab reports or essays they needed to print out. Often, a nearby stray paperclip would suffice. Otherwise, students could seek out the closest try-hard carrying a mini-stapler on them. However, many reported they preferred just to fold the

top left corner of a packet of pages. "It definitely wasn't as hi-tech as a stapler, but it did the trick," said Ricky Lewis '18.

Others are pushing back against the introduction of the stapler. Junior Jack Thompson noted, "Traveling back down to FFB was half the fun of finding a way to keep together a 20-page article I needed annotated for class. Sometimes

I'd ride the elevator. Sometimes I'd get a sweet quad pump from going all the way down and hiking back up. Breaking a quick sweat like that was a great way to maintain that athletic aesthetic once I'd returned to 3FB."

At press time, it was reported that a shiny new stapler was right next to the printer, though students were seen struggling to find staples.

Dartmouth student tired

By KENT EVEN
The Dartmouth Staff

At approximately 1:30 p.m. today on the porch of Collis Center for Student Involvement, Allison Walker '19 made a tragic revelation to her colleagues in the form of a declaration of the fact that she, a Dartmouth student, is tired.

"I am feeling pretty tired this week," Walker reportedly informed her three friends, also Dartmouth students, who were sharing her lunch table at the time. "It's probably because I only got five hours of sleep two nights ago. I got six last night, which was better but not great."

Walker followed this announcement with further specification of her plight as she explained that her week has been particularly busy because she mentors for DREAM on

Mondays, goes to Club Lacrosse practice sometimes, is semi-involved in her sorority, and takes classes. "I should have known this would happen," Walker declared.

Sources confirm that warning signs of Walker's emergent state were indeed visible, such as the fact that Walker took a midterm early on in the week, had a meeting this afternoon, and is a student at Dartmouth College with a typical number of academic, extracurricular, and social commitments.

It was also revealed that Walker did provide a subsequent declaration of hope as she went on to announce, "My week calms down a bit after tomorrow; I just need to finish this reading for my 2A. Hopefully I'll catch up on sleep by the weekend."

At press time, it has been discovered upon further investigation that Walker is also beginning to feel kind of sick.

COMMUNITY MEMBER SPOTLIGHT

THE ONE UBER DRIVER IN HANOVER

Despite having graduated from Dartmouth with degrees in Mechanical Engineering and Physics, The One Uber Driver In Hanover '78 discovered his life's calling eight months ago when he became the Upper Valley's first — and only — Uber driver. Now, instead of spending his days at SpaceX planning the first manned expedition to Mars, he finds joy in transporting students across 0.09-mile stretches of Dartmouth's campus, contributing absolutely nothing to society and wasting his own potential in the process. "Above all else, I want students to know that even though Dartmouth may be in the middle of absolutely fucking nowhere, I'm always ready to transport them to some other geographical point near Hanover that is still meaningless on any cultural, economic, or political level."

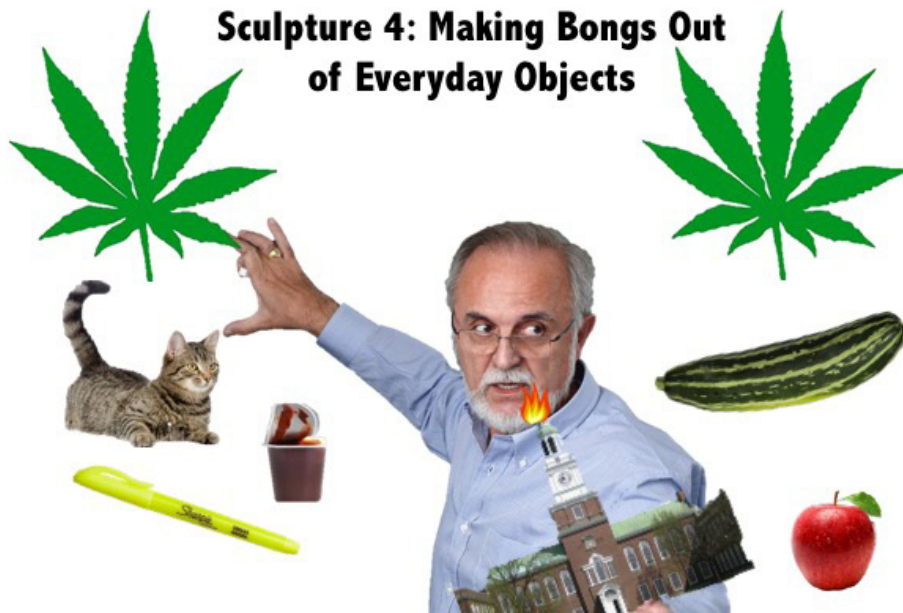


be a challenge to bring Uber to the area around Dartmouth, but when I asked for the rights to be linked to Uber's driver database, they didn't even put up a fight! It was incredible — almost as though they didn't give a shit about the Upper Valley!"

A testament to the wholesome life he now lives thanks to his new line of work, That One Uber Man went home at the tender hour of 7:15 p.m. last Thursday, stranding precisely 12 Dartmouth students outside of the Price Chopper superstore in West Lebanon, where wind chills were hovering at a frostbite-inducing eight degrees Fahrenheit.

When asked how he got started at Uber, That Driver Guy's enthusiasm could not be contained. "Originally, I thought it was going to

Sculpture 4: Making Bongos Out of Everyday Objects



Theater 48: Charades



Master the art of non-verbal communication through this challenging acting exercise!

EVENTS AT DARTMOUTH

TODAY

10:10 - 11:15 a.m.
Go To Your 10, or Don't

4 p.m.
Beef

6:30 p.m.
Cuddle with Ragsplort!

10:30 p.m.
Late Night Grilled Cheese
in the Cube or Some Shit

TOMORROW

3 p.m.
Foco Brawl

5 p.m.
Incredibly Man-Enriching
Man-Panel at the Man-
Sorority

11 p.m.
Nighttime

Upperclass UGA really trying

By DORA DECS
The Dartmouth Staff

It seems like your undergraduate advisor is trying really hard to increase bonding on your upperclassmen floor, a source reported earlier this week.

In a committed attempt to continue the friendships that often form in first-year housing clusters, your UGA has spent hours crafting intricate door decs, sending detailed email updates, and organizing events to bring the floor together.

"I know that it's challenging to create community on an upperclassmen floor, but I think it's possible with some hard work," your UGA said. "I'm so excited to help my residents get to know each other and maybe even become friends."

Residents had mixed reactions to your UGA's efforts.

"Who?" said that guy who lives in the triple down the hall. "Oh, that's probably who I saw putting up fall-themed decorations in the hallway the other day. There are so many construction-paper leaves on the walls. Like, hundreds."

"We have a UGA?" said a girl who you've literally never seen before but who apparently lives on your floor. "Are you sure about that?"

Your UGA has attempted to connect with residents by treating them to coffee and gelato, first by



Sources confirm that your UGA's name is probably Kate, but it might also be Laura

emailing them individually and then by taping personalized notes to their door.

"No one responded, so I handwrote sonnets about gelato for each resident and slipped them under their doors," your UGA said. "That didn't work either, so now I've been waking up in the middle of the night and banging on doors, yelling about gelato more and more frantically until a resident answers. I haven't gotten gelato with anyone yet, but two people called S&S on me."

Your UGA has also invested months in planning an event which will involve catered food, a live performance, and an opportunity for floormates to spend time with each other.

"I know that my residents are

busy, but there's no way they'll want to miss this," your UGA said. "I've planned Pine catering, free alcohol for 21+, and a concert roughly on par with Green Key. It's all going to take place in the floor's common room, and I've already sent personal invitations and gift bags to each resident."

"That sounds super fun, but I'll probably be at a tails pregame," said the girl you see in the bathroom sometimes. "Maybe another time."

At press time, sources confirmed that your UGA was going door-to-door attempting to serenade each resident with a personalized song about gelato, only to find that everyone was busy socializing at tails, attending a rehearsal or practice, or choosing to actively avoid meeting anyone new.

PUZZLES

EDGE PIECES FIRST, BITCHES



ASTRO 38:

Fucking on the Golf Course



Review: Wednesday's SHEBA show

By EZEKIEL "ZEKE" EPHRAIM BAREBONE

The Dartmouth Staff

In the interest of acknowledging our College's Puritan roots, this review comes from one of our most senior contributors, Ezekiel "Zeke" Ephraim Barebone.

NOVEMBER THE 4th, THE YEAR OF OUR LORD TWO THOUSAND AND SEVENTEEN:

UPON entering the unholy Hall of Kappa Kappa Kappa Fraternity, I heard no worthy Sermon nor Godly Contemplation, as myght improve the spiritual Health of the Assemblage there gathered; but rather I did witness (to my enduring Horror) the heathenish Performance of a certain Troupe by the name of "SHEBA;" & that this Troupe did caper to and fro in the manner & likeness of wild Beasts; whereupon I concluded that these cavorting Rioters were possessed by wicked Spirits. I here enumerate several OBSERVATIONS in defense of this Conclusion.

OBSERVATION, THE 1ST: THAT the performance of any Art, including this barbaric Prancing, doth constitute a grave & false Distraction from Heavenly Thoughts & Deeds; as Prayer, Studie of Scripture, self-Flagellation, &c.; & promotes the Sin of Idleness; & that such Distractions show the influence of Lucifer's Lieutenants;

OBSERVATION, THE 2ND: THAT their Apparel, if it may be so called, did reveal the Body so vainly & immodestly as to put the Soul into Hazard & to set the Men into great Temptation, & instill in their hearts carnal Fantasies, as of Lust, Lecherousness, &c., to the Advancement of Satan's fiendish Agenda;

OBSERVATION, THE 3RD: THAT the very Songs to which these Youth rollicked did extol and promote grave Sins, (as Intemperance, Drink, light Behaviour, and yet more abominably Fornication), such Sins as stinketh odiously in the Lord's Nostrils. (I would soon make it clear unto these Rioters, that their Performance of some solemn & proper Hymn would do much Honor unto the Lord, who surely doth consider such Music straight Fyre, & thereby their Souls may be saved from eternal Perdition.)

OBSERVATION, THE 4TH: THAT among these objectionable Words I did hear the Phrase "Bootylicious;" & that I interpret this to mean that the Men do hold a perverse, unlawful, & carnal Appetite for womanly Buttocks, this being such fleshly Desire as engendered the Destruction of Sodom & Gomorrah with much Brimstone from Heaven;

OBSERVATION, THE 5TH: THAT the name of this uncouth Troupe, to wit "SHEBA," no doubt refereth to the heathen Kingdom of Sheba from Scripture; & what is more, that the same Name doth contain the Word "She," as if in Reference to very Womankind; & since it is well-known among the Saved that Woman's Weakness first brought Sin unto Mankind, the entire Troupe is brought further into Sin thereby. (My Concern would be much allayed were the Name amended to "Heba," which would replace womanly Weakness with manly Virtue.)

OBSERVATION, THE 6TH: THAT I am led to understand that the Members of this Troupe, as well as the greater youthful Assemblage around me, often partaketh in much Imbibement of a certain Brew, and that without Temperance nor Moderation; & that this Brew is no worthy & healthful Cyder, as we often consumed in my own Tyme, but rather some vile Concoction marked with the Sign of a Keystone, of which the principle Ingredient (judging by its Scent & Savour) is the very Uryne of a fierce Beast of the Wilderness; by which means the Souls & Bodies of these Youth are further corrupted.

ZekeScore: 7/9 Circles of Hell

PB announces that you won't know this year's Green Key headliners

By ABE SCURE

The Dartmouth Staff

Although Green Key, Dartmouth's annual celebration of the arrival of spring and the departure of sound decision-making, remains months away, Programming Board director Chelsea Stiles took to Blitz this morning to make a truly exciting announcement: The much-anticipated Green Key concert will be headlined by a band you've absolutely never heard of.

"For the first time in recent memory, COSO gave Programming Board enough funding to put most major artists within our budget," said PB talent director Xavier Smalls in an interview with The Dartmouth. "So, naturally, the executive board and I turned to PB's five general body members -- whose opinions comprehensively represent the musical tastes of our 4400-student undergraduate population -- and asked them who they would like to see at Green Key. This wasn't an easy process: one member advocated for a popular rapper, another member fought

hard for an up-and-coming indie rock group, and the remaining three begged us to bring Smash Mouth to Hanover! From this feedback, our decision was pretty much made for us -- we had to book an act that will inevitably be lost to the annals of time, an act that will never win a Grammy or even be invited to the VMAs. In short, we needed to find an act that makes students rise from their seats in unison and impassionately cry, 'Who the fuck is that?'"

"Look, it really was a tough process," said PB event planner Harry Stand defensively. "During our deliberations, we decided that rather than making some people happy and leaving others disappointed, we would promote fairness by booking a group that absolutely nobody has ever listened to on Spotify, watched on Youtube, or read about in Rolling Stone. And believe me, if we thought there was any chance an act was popular enough for somebody on campus to own a logo-emblazoned T-shirt or a concert poster, we immediately scratched that act from our list."

Initial student reactions to the announcement have been nothing short of ecstatic. "It's so exciting to know that when Green Key rolls around, I will be totally apathetic to the weekend's only college-sanctioned event," exclaimed junior Victor Vinson. "You know, prior to this announcement, I was planning on skipping the Green Key concert to do a few celebratory quick-sixes with my friends like I do every year, but now that I know I will have absolutely no opinions about the headliner, my Green Key tradition of blacking out in the GDX basement will surely end this year!"

Shortly before press time, Programming Board representatives granted The Dartmouth permission to announce the show's opening acts: a DJ whose lone hit sucked in 2004 and has only gotten worse with time, and a pop trio whose sound was once described by Pitchfork as "Coldplay, minus all of the things that made Coldplay famous."

New open a cappella group accepts everyone (except for Kayla)

By OSTRASIZED

The Dartmouth Staff

This fall, a new a cappella group dubbed "Singclusivity" formed on campus. Singclusivity believes anyone who is brave enough to sing in front of their peers, regardless of skill level, deserves a platform to perform. An enthusiastic group of ten students auditioned in Week 1, and Singclusivity president Katie Morgan '18 excitedly reported the group accepted everyone, except for Kayla.

"She was just a total weirdo," explained Inclusivity Chair Sarah Whitehead '18.

"She mentioned her favorite Netflix shows and none of us had heard of them before," elaborated Chris Jackson '19.

Group President Morgan stated that while providing a community for those who want to sing comes first and the actual music comes second, "Kayla was just the not the right fit."

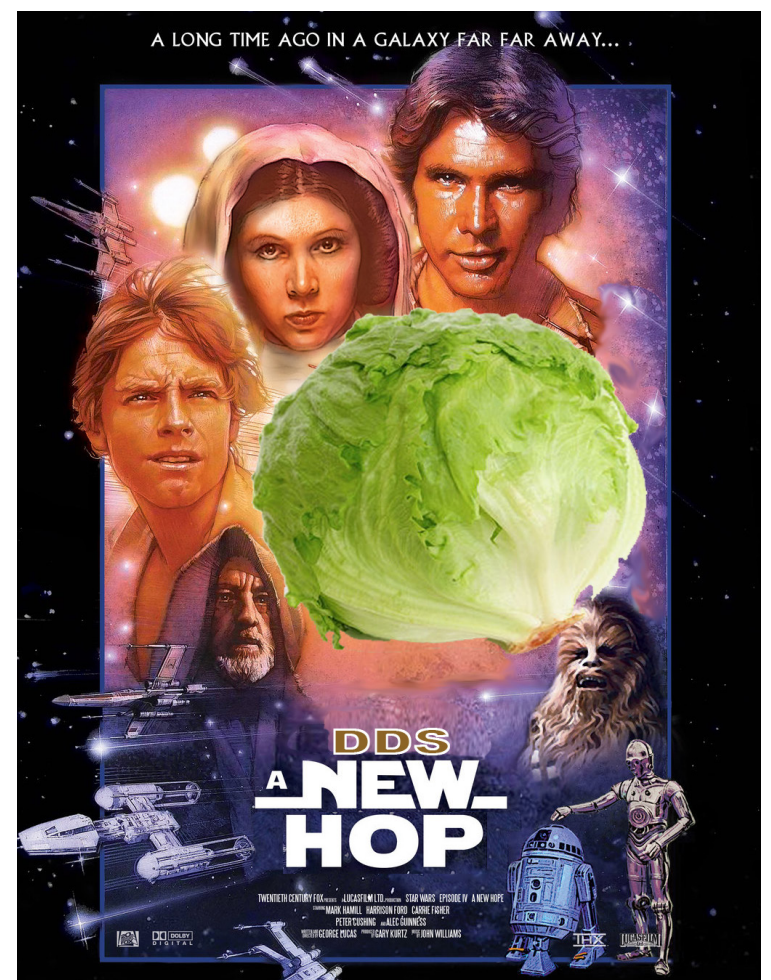
Morgan told us that there was some initial opposition to excluding Kayla from Singclusivity. However, while group members were passionate about their philosophy of



inclusion, they ultimately decided that it was "completely worth it" to keep Kayla out of the group.

Current group members provided few other reasons for denying Kayla membership. A few were troubled by her arrival to the tryout without a KAF coffee cup. Others were irked when Kayla mentioned her favorite piece of flair was only a basic pair of neon leggings. Yet most agreed that the main reason "Kayla should never go near an a cappella tryout again" was because "she just kinda sucks."

This winter and spring, Singclusivity will be holding more auditions. They urge anyone with a passion for song and performance to come out and experience what their accepting group is all about. Kayla need not show her face.



Where the fuck are the horses?

By M. T. STABLES
The Dartmouth Staff

Mark Hawthorne is the coach of Dartmouth's Equestrian Team, which has been nationally ranked for the past six seasons. He discusses the team's success, and, well, a whole lot more.

Coach Hawthorne, you're coming off some great results from last year. How is this season shaping up?

It's going great so far. Our freshman class is very strong, and the team is getting along really well. They've been working hard and putting up big numbers in the weight room, too.

Are there any particular challenges you'll be facing this season?

Well, we have some strong competitors in the Ivy League and throughout the Northeast. Columbia especially has a great program, so we'll have to see how we match up. And we still...

Coach Hawthorne trails off and begins to cry.

Is everything okay?

I... I... I can't lie to the media about this. We still don't know where the fuck the horses are.

Excuse me?

We don't know where the fuck they are. Do you?

Umm, I saw one giving rides to kids on the Green last summer.

And then where'd it go, smarty pants?

I'm not sure. Maybe the stables?

You ever seen any Dartmouth stables? No, asshole, you haven't. You don't know where the horses are, either, but you wanna give me shit for it?

I wasn't trying to say—

Fuck you, man. This isn't some joke. It's my livelihood on the line here. I've got a wife, a kid, and someone's got to feed them. Do you want to, with your piss poor newspaper salary? Do you?

This is a volunteer position. I'm not paid anything.

I know what "volunteer" means, fartbreath. And if we can't find out where the horses are, I'll end up in some bullshit volunteer position like you. You think my wife will like that?

Probably not.

(Sarcastic) Wow! Little dumbass volunteer boy got something right for once. Yeah, no shit. And she's

already been riding my ass. We got into a fight last weekend, and she took Sandy to her parents' place. Bet her mom is going on and on, like "David never would've treated you this way if you were still with him" and talking about how he bought appetizers when he took the family out for dinner 'cause he can afford it with all the money from his hardware store. They were just appetizers, man, from the fuckin' Applebee's, but she talks about it like he bought them a new car.

Do you not let them order appetizers when you take them to dinner?

Are you kidding me, kid? I yell at a few kids while they jump their horses around, and you think I can afford appetizers?

At somewhere inexpensive, they must be like eight bucks.

Coach Hawthorne stands up and starts rolling up his sleeves.

Are you really saying this nonsense to me right now?

All I'm saying is, you're a head coach at an Ivy League school. Do you have to cheap out on appetizers?



We have no fucking idea where they are.

Coach Hawthorne walks towards the interviewer, now cowering.

I mean, who needs appetizers, right? If I were your mother-in-law, I definitely wouldn't care. I'm sure you're way better—

Coach Hawthorne clasps a hand

around the interviewer's neck.

(Gasping) Please, coach, please, I wasn't trying to...

The interviewer crumples to the ground, unconscious.

(This interview has been edited for clarity and concision.)

Rowers go toe-to-toe with Foco cookie pro after cocoa dough no-go throws dessert flow low

By DR. SEUSS

The Dartmouth Staff

Incensed by events that commenced just weeks hence, freshmen Ren McGlen and Sven Gensen, rowing friends from Dresden, Tenn, spent tense moments fighting Foco pros on Hoco after low cocoa flows to cities below Ontario drove Foco dessert supplies low. Despite Foco's flight of late-night cake bite delights, the lightweight rowing mates voiced their hate at half past eight, when McGlen screamed "When can men like me and Sven get ten cookies for our friends?"

Sven chimed in, "Making ten cookies can't be a chore! I implore, I need four score more for fourth floor Lord! Think of my floormates, my cookie-less, poor mates! I'd rate this service one star -- not great! Bring back the racks of chocolate-chip snacks, or I'll be on track to never come back!"

"Hell no! Just go, bro!" Foco dough pro Joe Canó bellowed low. Now a foe to the loco row-bros, the chef's flow slowed. "Go back to Novack! You're a low-track row-hack, a smack-talking ass-crack! In fact, your flak gets no slack!"

Clearly shook, the rowing rook took a look at the cookie cook. "You look mistook, you cookie crook! Take your cookbook and dough hook, and refill the cookie nook!"

Mired in ire, his wide eyes on fire, Canó sighed, "Now shit's gonna have to transpire! Chefs, let 'em fly -- and let's make them die, for there's no room for row-guys who treat cooks like flies!"

Taking the bait from the rowers' hate spate, eight irate chefs perched atop old milk crates to fling Foco's old-fashioned green plastic plates at the rowers, who dodged the old mold-colored slates. Hunkered in bunkers of old cookware junk, Sven screamed to Ren, "You reckon we're

sunk?" Ren said to Sven, "We must send amends. Those men could send both of our lives to their ends! Why did we brag? We need a white flag! Man, DDS is just such a drag!"

The plates flew no more as they tore for the door, their four sore legs trembling down to the core. "We're free, you and me," said Ren in pure glee. "We'll never return to Foco, I decree!"

But their luck took a turn, when, from behind Foco's ferns, Canó shouted out, "you'll get what you've earned!" As the boys both took dives with a drive to survive, Canó and his crew whipped out the old knives they typically used for the chopping of chives and stabbed the two boys, nearly ending their lives.

Keeping his knack for payback in tact, Phil Hanlon put the row bros on the expulsion track, though there is some good news to cut through the blues -- Foco has cocoa and the cookies are back.

