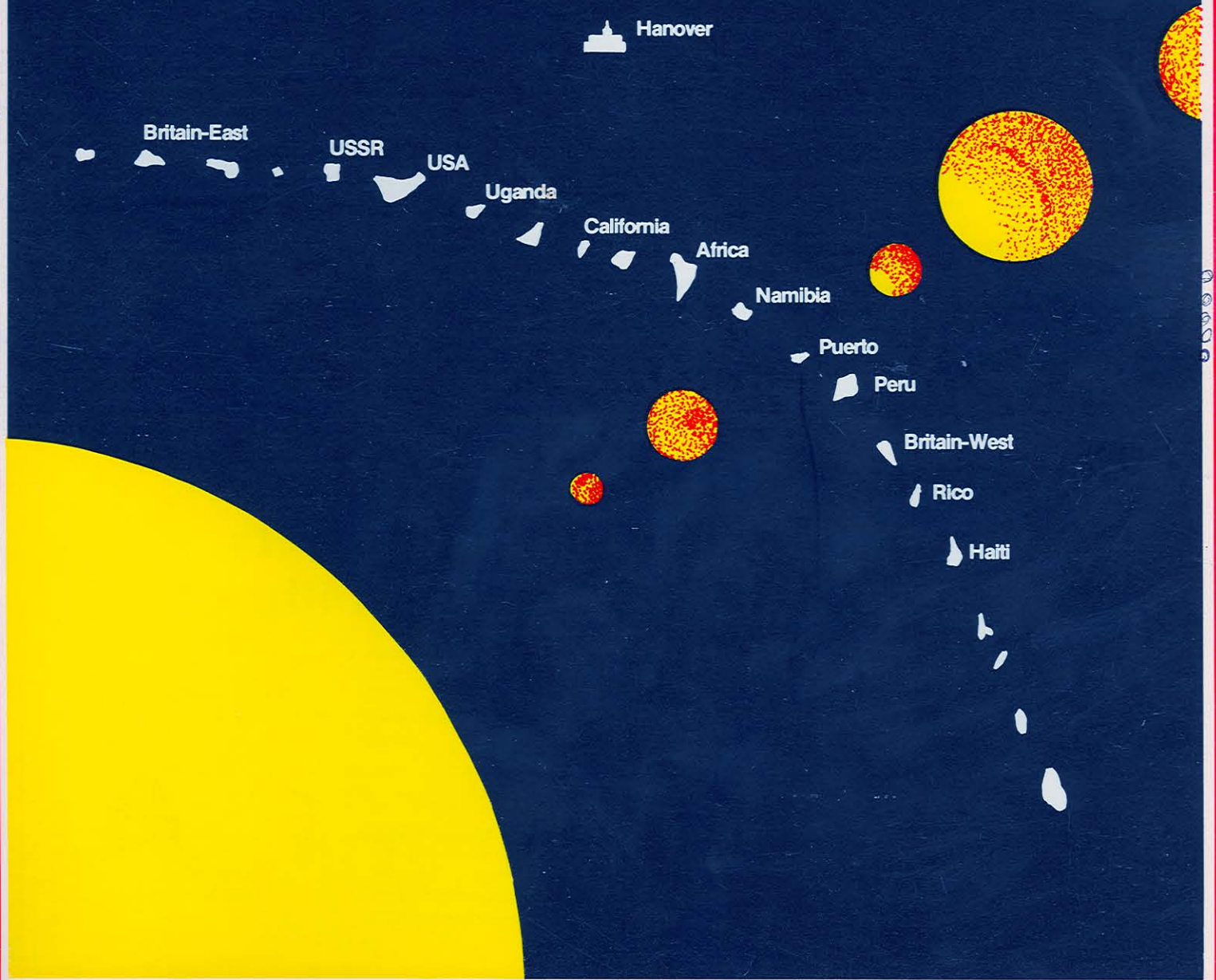


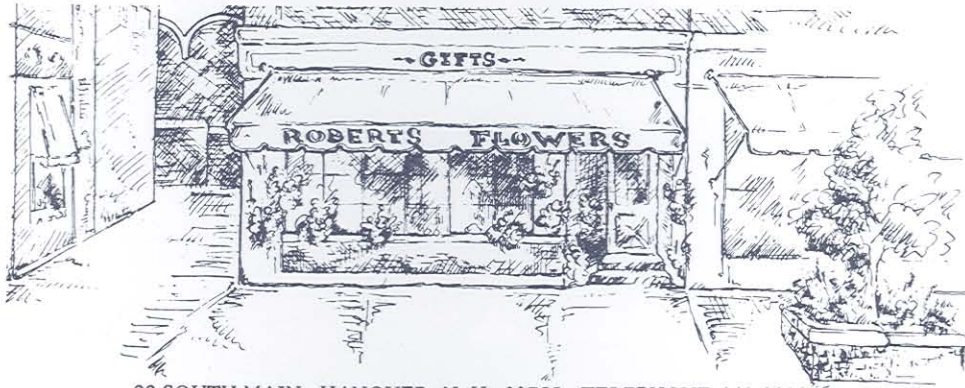
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THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

Volume LXXI, Number Two
Winter 1979

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Our generation has a habit of seeing every minor inconvenience as THE END OF THE WORLD; as a result, we slowly gnaw away at ourselves in neurotic frustration and fight over mole hills. So, let's put things in perspective, shall we? Let's look at what the end of the world really means. Getting a failing mark on a "final" isn't the hopeless fate that the word implies; the end of the fraternities isn't the end of mankind; and losing your date for Winter Carnival isn't losing the grace of God. In the face of doomsday, these catastrophes become insignificant, so why concern yourself with them? Don't they seem kind of foolish? You can't change the course of heavenly bodies, so you might as well sit back and watch them collide. As we at the *Jack O'Lantern* have tried to prove in the past, humor is the best answer to misery and fear. It is that nihilistic psychosis that enables us to turn anything brutal, humiliating, or horrifying into a delight; without it, the Three Stooges would appall us, Charles Adams would terrify us, and Rodney Dangerfield would depress us. This is how we view the end of the world and we hope that, like those who write in *SPACE*, you will finally come around to seeing *our* perspective on things.

—RSD

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Cover Illustration by Larry Anderson
Concept by Vaughn Halyard

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The views expressed in this magazine do not necessarily represent the views of our advertisers.

QUASI-Official Carnival Program

Thursday, February 8

9:00 a.m.	Men's Slalom	San Andreas Fault
10:00 a.m.	The Shah arrives	Reception at Phi Delta Alpha
3:30 p.m.	Lecture: "So what's wrong with alcoholism?" by Betty Ford	Webster Hall
4:30 p.m.	Winter Carnival posters chosen	Alpha Chi Alpha
5:00 p.m.	Ice sculpture nears completion	Green
6:00 p.m.	Cocaine Table	Topside
8:00 p.m.	Lecture: "Nitrous Oxide: No laughing matter."	Dick's House
9:00 p.m.	Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Lusitania"	Center Theater
12:00 a.m.	Midnight showing of "The Guyanese Kool-Aid Cyanide Test"	Spaulding Auditorium
1:00 a.m.	Death Pong and Turpentine Tails	Theta Delta Chi

Friday, February 9

9:00 a.m.	Oxygen tents open to Public	Top of the Hop
10:00 a.m.	Issues and Answers: "Fraternities: Animal Shelters or Nuclear Bunkers?"	Filene Auditorium
12:30 p.m.	All Campus Whalmeat Barbeque	Bema
3:00 p.m.	Sculpture completed; Collapses killing two; Boylen indicted	Green
5:00 p.m.	Candlelight Mass	Aquinas House
5:30 p.m.	Bonfire	Aquinas House
8:00 p.m.	"The Last Picture Show"	Webster Hall
9:00 p.m.	Rot In Concert	Thompson Arena
11:00 p.m.	Faculty Wife-swapping Party; Heavenly bodies collide	Common Ground
12:00 a.m.	End of the World	Common Ground (Ground Zero)

Letters

PUNKS ROCK CITIZEN

In response to an article in your last issue, ("Murder and Rape Running Rampant in the Streets") I must agree with you, and point to the cause: young punks are running the show. These rotten kids now smoke illegal drugs right there in fast-food restaurants and nobody does anything! They take drugs and worship and emulate bizarre, grotesque, deviant musicians who get on stage in effeminate costumes and convulse distastefully as they shout obscenities into the microphone! These kids buy magazines full of pictures of outlaws performing indecent, immoral, and probably illegal sex acts on every page—these same magazines sell instruments whose soul purpose is for taking illegal drugs! If that's not enough, crooked politicians, who have been put in jail for robbing the people, are now writing about their exploits and selling these books in public to make money! What's the world coming to?

—Baldwin U. Rethrum
Hanover, N.H.

P.S. Younger punks can now buy comic books like Vampirella which are only thinly veiled examples of the worst kind of pornography, featuring heroes who are nothing but dull-witted murderers! They even include ads for courses taught by Japanese murder experts!

DISSATISFACTION WITH DOOMSDAY

"The End is near." I was saying that ten years ago! Where the *hell* were you?!!

L. Gregor Melleau
Santa Rosa, Calif.

"I don't want to die. God don't let me die please don't want to die I want to live please save me I don't want to die I want to be alive I don't want to be dead please save me God right now I want to live not be dead please don't let me die God I don't want to . . ." God, is that good enough?

Joey Davis
Norstrom, Minn.

Just goes to show you what happens when you let Commies into the Olympics and the Arabs raise their oil prices.

Martin Blufigio
New York, New York

WHO CARES?

For centuries man has thought that the world was about to come crashing down around him. The Jews at Massada, the Japanese at wherever-it-was-they-jumped-off-that-cliff, the loonies at Jonestown, even the people of New York at one time or another felt that they were on the brink of total annihilation.

But let's face it, these are all kiddie games compared to what's going on now. Alright, so we're about to get nailed—this time permanently. I can face it. So can my wife. Our neighbors, too. My son-in-law didn't take it so well. Killed his wife, all the fish, the dog (a spunky little terrier named "Fritz"), and himself. He almost got the mailman, but he was late as usual and missed the carnage.

So what's the point? The point is this: I've got a strong feeling that when I get up on the Pearly Gates those folks who went first (with the fear that the world was about to end) will be really, really ticked-off at those of us who get to see the *real* show. I mean, there could be *violence* of there. Wouldn't you be a little angry if you went before *everybody* else? I sure as hell would.

It's like missing most of a good movie because the projectionist burned up the film. I just don't know what to think.

M. Stanley Thesaline
Laguna Beach, California

Dear Sirs:

Listen, I'm a college student. An *American* college student. When I was in Turkey I tried to smuggle a little hashish across the border, and those creeps put me in *prison*! How could they do that? I'm a college student! An *American* college student! Well, I found out that Turkish prisons are really icky. I mean, it was full of crooks and people who wanted to beat me up! Can't anything be done about it?

Yours Truly,
Billy Hayes

CRAMMING FOR THE FINAL

I am attempting to understand the history of human thought in a sort of comprehensive reading list. I have read, in addition to Bach's *Johnathon Livingstone Seagull*, the works of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., J.R.R. Tolien, Jack Kerouac, and Herman Hesse. Have I left anyone out? Also, do you know where I can get an abbreviated history of the world?

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In Louisiana: Post Planet Pioneers

The scar on Steve Pierre Dumerde's 26-year-old face looks like a zipper. His faded blue shirt is open, and his ribs are the first thing you notice. For this young Cajun shrimp fisherman, the natural havoc that came with the first disasters was a traumatic and discomfiting break in the routine of an occupation his family had known for three generations.

"It was them first fire-storms," he begins, "Three days of 'em out in the Gulf—followed right after by the clouds of ammonia and nitrous oxide. Gawd . . . we never had a chance." It is the end of another day in Fouville, La. (pop. 79),

and while Dumerde speaks, the dark sea boils and upper ionospheric flashes brilliantly break the monotony of another steamy bajou evening.

But this isn't just another normal evening for Dumerde. For it was this once-robust, strong and vigorous young fisherman who drifted helplessly in his 35-foot shrimp boat while Mother Nature raged and ranted all around him. After the initial shock of being blown into the whirling suction of a "Gulf funnel" (actually a 200-foot sea water cyclone), Dumerde and his 18-year-old crewman, Jacques Lafrage, were blown up and

out, into an expanding cloud of nitrous oxide. "That was *somethin'*" said Dumerde. "We felt like we was in *heaven!*"

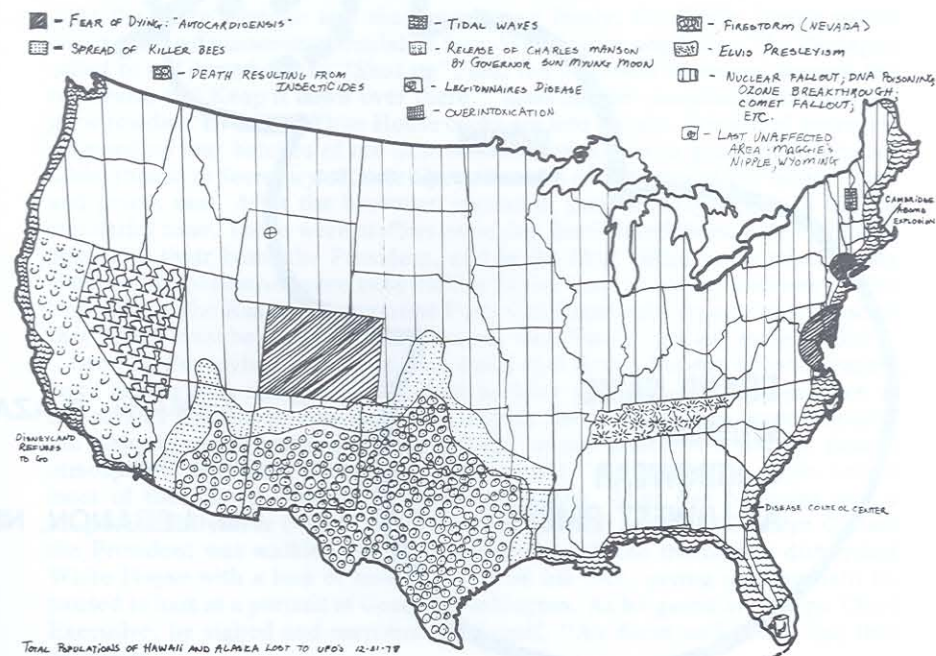
The boat, with Dumerde aboard, dropped three hours later into the New Orleans Superdome—injuring no one but scaring the wits out of Dumerde.

Now Dumerde and his father, Joe Henri Dumerde, 58, along with his 21 year old twin brothers Mike Jean-Claude and Marty Jean-Pierre, share an intense interest in rekindling the flame of family prosperity. As first steps, the Dumerdes have started making much-needed home repairs. As the older Dumerde explains it, "Well, of course the first thing we had to do was the 'weather strippin'—one inch of lead strippin around all our windows to prevent radiation from seepin' through the cracks and making everybody sick. We put steel plating in all the furniture to guard against sharp, flying objects. Tell the truth, the weather strippin is most likely real economical, and the steel in the Lazy-boy has been great for my lumbago."

The Dumerde women are a pleasant contrast to the men of the family. Becky Angelique Dumerde, a cute 8-year-old, and Louella Michelle Dumerde, 16, can now be seen sitting on the porch with their mother, Mabel Claudette, sewing flame-proof asbestos name tags on all the family clothing. "It's so important that everyone wears their *own* clothing," says Mrs. Dumerde. "In case of firestorms or other disasters, the labels help us identify the bodies. Last week, Uncle Charlie got caught in a meteor shower on his way home from work. Without the name tags that Aunt Jeanette had sewed on his trousers, we couldn't ever have told who he was."

As the men work in their Day*Glo asbestos jumpsuits and matching crash-helmets, and the women rock and sew in the warmth of the midnight sun, far-away explosions can be heard. Here and there a meteor can be seen crashing to earth, displacing hundreds of cubic feet of earth in the process. The slow drone of an army of retreating locusts can be made out in the distance. The heavy neon gas has left temporarily, and as the sun begins to set behind a pillar of smoke, the scene at the Dumerde home is like a mirror in time; this same scene could be one of a century ago, a lost reflection of man in his desperate attempt to cope with a deadly environment. Truly an American scene. But with this picture comes the knowledge that the Dumerde family is not going to make it. They too are destined to face eternity while their material world disintegrates into the sands of time. In short, they are all going to die. In the meantime, they continue to make home

AN AMERICAN CLOSE-UP



American Scene

improvements, which only goes to demonstrate the infantile optimism and the feeble-minded, illiterate leanings of the entire dimwitted family. The median IQ of this family is 78.

Despite all this, the Dumerdes feel that their future is bright. Says the family patriarch, "Listen, we know there ain't no need to run like a goosed cougar just because the world gonna end." Monuments of the family ethic of "Work hard, die hard" can be seen about the yard, inside the house, or behind the barn. The above-ground bomb-shelter (made of hickory wood and aluminum siding), the bird fountain and wooden bird-feeder (though no bird has been sighted in the Mississippi Delta region for months), are tributes to the Dumerdes' ingenuity. Joe Henri maintains that despite the conspicuous absence of any birds or marine life in the area, the bird-feeders are *still* squirrel-proof: "They can't get at it, no matter *how* hard they try. Pesky little fellers."

The Dumerde twins, Marty and Mike, have started an outdoor museum of aircraft wreckage and aviation materials. Planes have been dropping out of the sky for weeks. Their collections include the nose and right aileron of a U-2 spy plane and the entire fuselage of a DC-3 that crashed near the Dumerde home with 200 bales of high grade Columbian and Jamaican marijuana. For these practical peasants, even the plane load of pot went to good use. "We're usin' to make rope," says the eldest Dumerde. "Nothing like high-quality hemp to make good climbin' rope. We may find it handy."

Other artifacts include the wing of an F-105, and a fully intact MIG-21 from Cuba. The pilot, curiously enough, turned out to be none other than Raoul Castro, Fidel Castro's brother. The Dumerde's quickly put the guerilla leader and former philosophy professor to good use. Says Dumerde, "He's real good at usin' the belt sander an' he rolls fine cigars." Castro neglected to comment, saying only that this American family were "berry nice people."

And so, as Steve Pierre Dumerde leaves his family to become a crewman on Cousteau's Calypso in the search for California (last thought to be caught in a whirlpool in the South Pacific), and the twins continue to accumulate aircraft wreckage, and the women rock and sew, and the eldest Dumerde plants the flower boxes in the windows of the bomb shelter, the raging, dying sun casts a curious glow on the bajou and sets once again on this uniquely American scene.

—BTG

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THE PRESIDENCY/TUCK GILMAN

Savoring a Mellow Moment

As the first news of the natural catastrophes filtered into the White House, everyone—staffers, aides, cooks, gardeners, and even the First Family—reacted in a manner only those who live and work in the Executive Mansion could dream up. While most were admittedly shocked and disappointed, there slowly emerged an atmosphere of carefreeness, even joviality, which ultimately seemed to reflect this administration's typical response to adversity.

When the initial reports of meteor showers and cobalt rain reached the White House Situation Room, the nerve center for all crisis situations, the President was heard to say, "Can anyone di-rect me to the bathroom?" Among the top government officials present, Defense Secretary Harold Brown was the most subdued. Said the former Cal Tech President: "I believe that at this moment the mobilization of the armed forces would be useless in light of the current disasters. I refer specifically to California's aimless drifting in the Pacific and the melting of the polar ice cap."



As world-wide destruction continued, the mood in the White House became raucous. Amy Carter settled down to a marathon Monopoly game with Vice-President Walter Mondale and two friends from her school. Meanwhile, Chip and Caron Carter, recently separated, made up in the Lincoln Bedroom. At the same time, Press Secretary Jody Powell and Presidential advisor Hamilton Jordan displayed their best "Good ol' boy" spirit by spitting tobacco juice on the crisis map in the Situation Room, yelling "The South will rise again!" and generally making large nuisances of themselves. The White House Housekeeper, Eva Kridles, complained vehemently, "I just had the carpets and draperies cleaned, and just look at them. They're ruined!"

As the party wore on and the beer flowed freely, the White House switch board received numerous complaints from Washington neighbors. The Pentagon called to tell everybody to "Shut up", and the Jefferson Memorial begged the celebrants to "Keep it down over there." Ignoring the complaints, the parties grew rowdier. Even the White House cooks got into the act. The gifted gourmets whipped up four batches of the best hash brownies ever to grace the executive table, thanks to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's recent trips to the Middle East and points east. After the brownies appeared, people really began to have a wonderful time. There were staffers swinging from chandeliers, aides guzzling beer with their boss, the President, and in the Oval Office some mischievous staffers and personnel were busy calling Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev on the "hot line". The Russian Communist Party Chief later told reporters in Moscow that "They must be crazy there in America. Hey, Nicolai, got any more Vodka?"

Soon on Pennsylvania Avenue, one could spot Secret Service agents wearing large rubber ears and glow-in-the-dark neckties as they took target practice at the curious passers-by now gathering outside the White House fence. Clearly, the majority of the parties were "peaking" or just about to. Amid the riotous atmosphere, President Carter, who had started "celebrating" a while before most of the others, seemed detached and alone. After two brownies and a six-pack of Billy Beer ("and Lawd knows what else," lamented Rosalyn Carter) the President was walking aimlessly about through the thoroughly disheveled White House with a look of bewilderment on his face, saying nothing until he paused to look at a portrait of George Washington. As he gazed at the first Chief Executive, he sighed and muttered to himself, "Ah damn well *better* find that bathroom."

Time in a Bottle

For the Memories

In what appears to be a last ditch effort to preserve what we know of this country, a special space probe was sent up from a vacant lot in Bayone, N.J. late last week. The combined effort of the fourth graders at Sunny Knolls Elementary School in Santa Clara Cal., some residents of a West Palm Beach retirement village, two of the world's foremost anthropologists and a group of ECPI-trained truck drivers was funded by an assortment of institutions including The Dale Carnegie Fund for the Perpetuation of Inocuous Latter Day Drivel.

Said Director Rontoon Fazzone Makunda, "... we like to think that the components truly reflect the extent of man's cultural advancements." After spending innumerable hours assembling the rocket and compiling its contents, Makunda released the following list of items which were to be included:

- A manual on the workings of the diesel engine explaining, in some detail, why the Mazda went "hum."
- Two bilingual chimpanzees.
- A "Fonz" t-shirt and 666 square yards of multicolored polyester.
- An eight by ten glossy of Spiro Agnew.
- A mah-jong set.
- A Canasta rulebook.
- An anatomically correct G.I. Joe and an inflatable doll named Suzette.
- *Horton Hears a Who* by Dr. Seuss.
- A five album package including: Lawrence Welk's "Tacky Accordion Tunes for the Day of Judgment," Elvis Costello's "My Aim is Nukes," The Bee Gees', "Neutronium Fever," and Garcia and Weir's "Dead Dead."

There were many other additions though one youngster was somewhat miffed when he was not allowed to contribute his baby sister or the Collie puppy from next door.

It was unfortunate that, after months of preparation, the probe misfired and came down in a deli three blocks from the launch pad, killing twelve. Charged with the slayings were the two chimps and Welk and Costello who, it is suspected, participated in the sabotage because they felt that the probe's launching upstaged their subsequent combined concert at the Nassau Colliseum.

BM,RS

Manson vs. Moon

Mudslinging and Mayhem

In a move that appalled all of California and the United States last week, Governor Jerry Brown pardoned the famous "Tate-LaBianca" mass-murderer, Charles W. Manson. Brown gave no motive for his actions, and following the decision, Brown was unavailable for comment. On reaching the state house, reporters encountered bald-headed members of "The Family", who had taken up residence there. Sandra Goode, temporary spokeswoman



Manson's Frenzied Multitudes

for the group, indicated that Brown had in fact given up his gubernatorial post and was now vacationing in Reno. With a distant smile, Miss Goode admitted to knowing nothing of Brown's motives for making such a decision.

Concerned Christians moved quickly to find an opponent for Manson. After day-and-night deliberation, they nominated the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Moon, a self-made man and head of his own "Unification Church", has become increasingly popular on the West Coast and brags strong support from several religious sects. Manson, on the other hand, with financial support from the rock group "Heart", has been drumming up support among such diverse groups as the Hell's Angels, the Scientologists, and the California VFW. Both contingents have approximately the same number of supporters, but as Sandra Goode phrased it, "Who would you rather have on your side, Hell's Angels or Hare Krishna?"

The real test of faith will probably lie in the upcoming Manson-Moon debates which will be sponsored by the California League of Women Voters and the Citizens for Good Government. Manson is expected to revive his old "Helter Skelter" platform, and the topics of debate will range from metaphysics to murder.

—DG

Hanging Up Hang-ups

Self-expression Explosion

As you walk down the streets of Boston, you are met by many curious goings-on. In the middle of the Common, a group of young drug-users is being attacked by several old men and women with canes and pocketbooks. Though fewer in number and certainly weaker, the octogenarians seem to be overpowering their victims, spurred on by a raging enthusiasm. Around the corner, the strip joints and porn shops of the city's infamous Combat Zone are jammed to overflow with a multitude of customers varying in vocation from young school-teachers to librarians to Jesuit Priests. A few moments later, a short, skinny man with thick glasses approaches you on the sidewalk, stares you in the eye, and says, "I think you're ugly! You are ugly!", then walks away without a second glance.

Similarly bizarre, and seemingly disconnected events have been occurring throughout the nation in recent weeks, and sociologists are now beginning to draw some meaningful conclusions with regard to their cause. According to

Stanford Professor Giles Horny, "self-expression", the fad which swept the upper classes of the country in the sixties and seventies, has taken hold throughout society, and at a level never seen before. "People are learning not to give a darn," says Horny. No, wait a second. He said "give a damn." That's right, damn. I'll print it if I want to. What are you going to do about it? Horny explains that "when people realize that they and everyone else are going to be dead soon, they lose their inhibitions, and give in to their most deeply hidden desires and feelings." He claims this sentiment is the explanation not only for such incidents as those described above, but also for the drastic increases in the numbers of rapings and cases of indecent exposure lately. Since many of those recently arrested on sex-related charges have either been short, wore glasses, or spoke with a lisp, this theory seems to have substance.

—DT

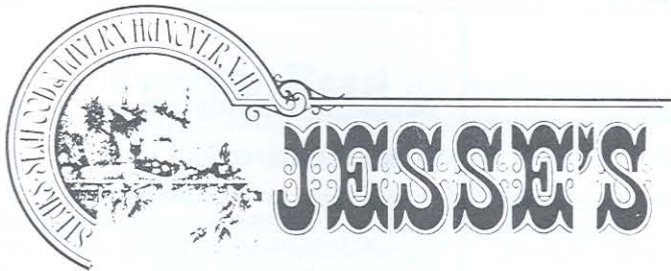


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Mortality Marks

Responding to the pressure of ever-changing statistics, the Census Bureau recently conducted a massive survey to measure fluctuations in the world population. Of those questionnaires that were returned, 63% responded that they were "very much alive", 22% indicated that they were "quite certifiably dead" and the remaining 15% were undecided.

Somewhat disconcerted by the replies, the Census Bureau plans to publish a pamphlet on mortality which will explain death's causes and symptoms.



The Last Laugh

Joel Hertz started laughing when he heard that the world is ending. Is this just an example of Joel's odd sense of humor? Perhaps not. Perhaps Joel has good reason for laughing. Hertz, it seems, killed his wife and kids with a Weed Eater lawn trimmer last year and was scheduled for execution at Pendleton in March. Upon hearing that the world was ending in February, Joel chuckled, "I guess we'll all get the chair together."

Intent on having the last laugh, however, Governor Bowen of Indiana moved his execution ahead to Friday, February 16th, just one day before the world is scheduled to end. Joel, infuriated by the move, cited an obscure statute in the Constitution which states that an individual may not be executed more than once for the same crime. "We're really not worried about this," mused Governor Bowen. "We can just count each murder as a separate crime." So who's laughing now, Joel?

Better Luck Next Time

Officials at the U.S. Air Force's vast Communications Central Complex have just revealed that they recently received the first verified communications from an extra-terrestrial race. Though it first sounded "not unlike a chorus of gerbils", according to one scientist, the transmission was soon translated into English. The aliens, who are apparently wise and peace-loving, said that they were "fleeing our dying planet, in hopes that we could live with the human race on the thriving planet Earth." So far, officials have refrained from telling the visitors that Earth, which the aliens have crossed an entire galaxy to reach in a 1500 year journey, will have been destroyed by the time they arrive here, some time in early March. "It's really too bad, too, because they have no more fuel," said one inside source.

At the end of the week, trained linguists were busy trying to translate into the aliens' language the phrase, "Hey, fellas, the joke's on you."

"We Won't Go."

After a six month respite, she's at it again. Famed actress, protester Jane Fonda has decided to fight the end of the world the best way she knows. She and 500 other demonstrators gathered outside the Los Angeles County Courthouse to protest American involvement in the end of the world. "This is one act of the Military-Industrial Complex that we simply refuse to accept! Doomsday is not healthy for children and other living things!"

Frodo Lives

Gen. Norbert Blackmun, head of U.S. Army Intelligence, announced in a press conference Tuesday that he had received reports from Middle-Earth indicating "All these troubles we're having lately are because the Dark Lord Sauron has captured the One Ring, and is wielding it to destroy everything Good in the world."

Reaction around Washington was mixed. Vice President Mondale, speaking for the Administration, said the charge was absurd. "Everyone knows Frodo cast the One Ring into the fiery pit of Mt. Doom," he stated. But F.B.I. officials were worried, pointing out that they had long feared the possible treachery of suspected Communist agent Mr. Smeagol "Precious" Gollum.

Mankind's Miniature

Monuments

According to metallurgists at U.S. Steel, one specific type of technological marvel will outlast everything else. It will outlast mankind, his writings, his art, and the majority of his technology; for when glowing lava covers the face of the earth, destroying cities and landmarks, only automobile hood ornaments will remain. Hood ornaments, it seems, are now made of the world's strongest, densest alloy, which was economical to use only in small objects. One speculates that, in the distant future, these precious little doodads will give clue to a civilization long gone.



Dishonorable Discharge

"It's not surprising when you consider that 80% of all accidents occur in the home." That was the official statement from Guito Bellacini, Vice President of Production for Nick and Tony's Electric Inc. The announcement came in response to the recent deaths attributed to a line of recalled "N&T Softwhite" Light Bulbs. The bulbs, it seems, have a structural imperfection which causes them to discharge their full voltage when connected to a circuit which cannot hold the 1650 watt capacity which each bulb possesses.

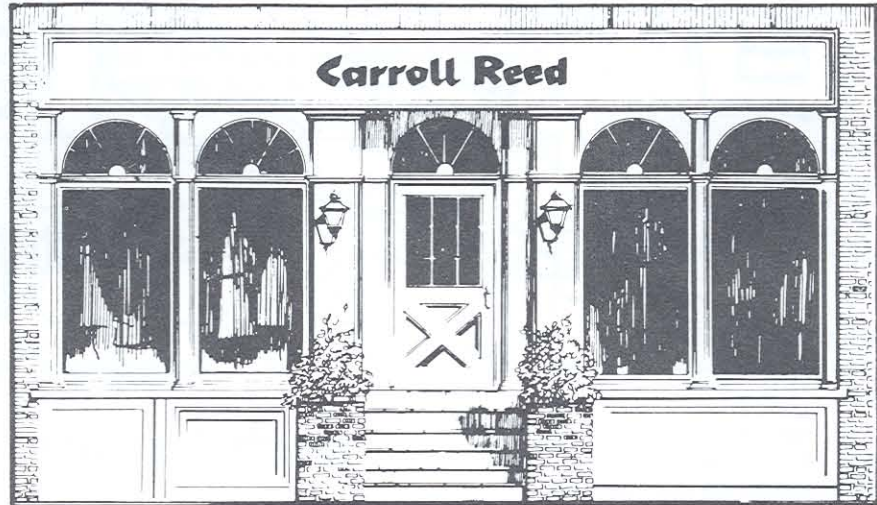
Said one N&T official, "Well, if those silly guys down in Safety Control wouldn't kid around during the voltage tests, this probably wouldn't have happened." The Corporation went to court last week under a class action suit lodged by 548 irate relatives. District Court Judge Alvin C. Munk handed down the following ruling: "I'll let them off this time if they promise never to do it again."

—RSD, EF, JFF, DG, SRH, BM, DDO

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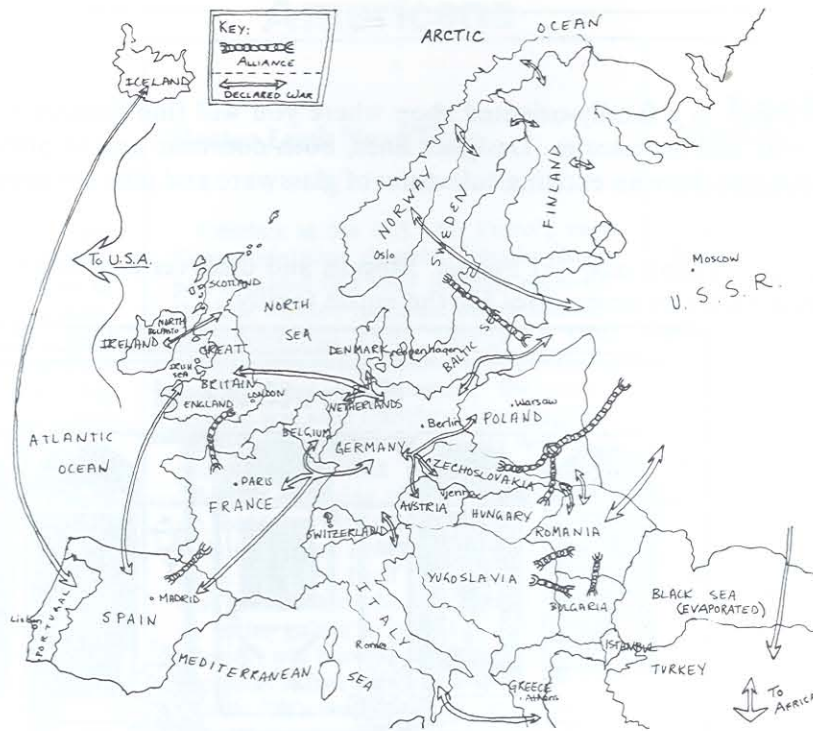
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Planet

Oh, What a Tangled Web

Complications on the Road to Peace

Among numerous new developments around the globe this week, it seems that perhaps the most significant will turn out to be the solution to the dilemma posed by U.S. Secretary of State Vance to President Carter Tuesday, when he shouted in exasperation, "What the heck are we going to call this war?" Indeed, though journalists and speech-makers were originally labeling the transcontinental conflicts engulfing nine-tenths of the civilized lands of the planet simply, "World War III", the developments of the past two weeks make that name appear somewhat inappropriate. The drastic shifts in alignments, newly declared enemies, and frequent *coups* and counter-revolutions, have far complicated the situation, so that it can hardly be seen as *one* war, World or otherwise. For example, when the USSR, Cuba, China and Vietnam all fell to rightwing revolutionaries and shifted their alliance to fascist Argentina and Chile, while at the same time the leftist alliances in Britain and France were overtaking those nations and declaring war on the capitalist United States and Japan, it can be argued that World War III ended, and World War IV began. However, not two

days later, when the Israeli army completed its month-long conquest of the entire Arab world, only to be immediately overthrown by anti-colonial isolationists, fully a quarter of the support among third-world countries that the U.S. had enjoyed since the war's outbreak was eliminated from the battle scene. This meant that only the anti-communist *coups* in the aforementioned nations had saved the West from certain defeat at the hands of the communists and their newly found British and French allies. In other words, World War III could have wiped up right there. It didn't, but rather shifted its position on the seat, so to speak, and resumed where it left off. "We've considered calling it simply The War," said Carter at a press conference Friday. "Or else maybe The Big One." he left the door open for suggestions, however, acknowledging that the possibilities were endless. "If anyone comes up with a real winner in the next few days, we'll use it!" claimed the President. Entries may be sent to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C.

In spite of the apparent futility of the international situation, the President pledged to continue his peace efforts

right up to the final moment. In pursuit of his goal, Carter has been dispensing advisors to all corners of the world recently, seeking to negotiate separate agreements, which could ultimately lead to what he calls "a just if not lasting peace." He has had to resort to some less-than-top-notch diplomats in this undertaking, due to the large number of conflicts taking place. One somewhat extreme case has Fred Coulomb, White House Maintenance Man and part-time lobsterman, attempting to mediate a hotheaded dispute between the Kenyan government and a band of exiled Senegalese rebels. Carter was asked in an interview if he did not feel his actions were a bit purposeless, considering the fact that the United Nations last month passed unanimously a resolution authorizing all nations to "do whatever the heck they feel like from now on," and subsequently disbanded. "Not in the least," Carter replied. "I'm convinced of the sincerity of all sides, and I feel certain the few disagreements that remain can be ironed out shortly. It's only a question of wording."

—DT

Starvation

First in Famine

Over 6,700,000 people died of starvation in India and Southeast Asia this week as a further result of the widespread crop diseases and raging fires over thirty percent of the region's cultivated areas. As of Sunday morning, the death toll was set at 6,724,066, or just 126,504 short of the all-time record for deaths by starvation in a week, set in Northwest Africa in 1971. With daily victim totals of well over one million, and virtually thousands

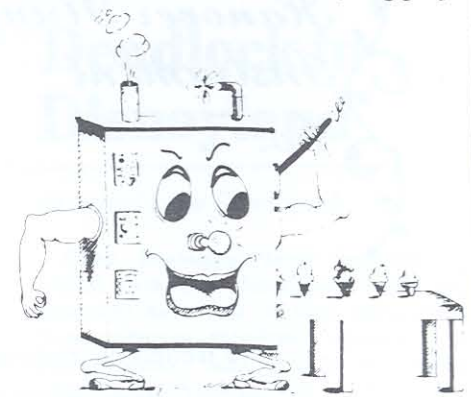
dying by the minute, there was no doubt among observers that the Southeast Asians would overtake the African achievement by sun down and establish a formidable new record. This accomplishment is even more significant in that the African starvation mark was until now considered to be one of the untouchable milestones of disaster. Reached during the high point of the locust invasions in Niger and Morocco in August, 1971, the African death toll smashed the previous record of 3,750,000 held by Potato Famine Ireland. From that time, the West Africans had been known among hunger-watchers as the "Joe DiMagios" of starvation.

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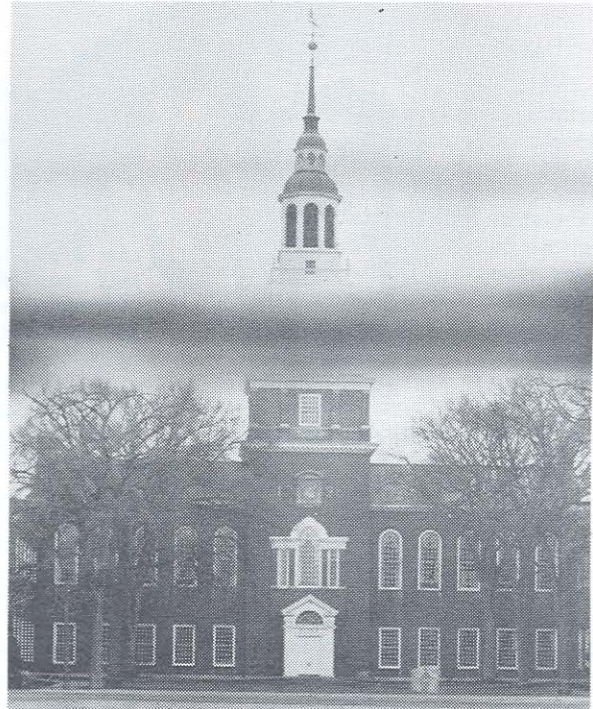
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Fans at a Rot Concert

Rot 'n Reek

Revolution 666

The last wave of rock 'n roll came to the coastal city of Albany, NY last week, accompanied by a multitude of frenzied followers. The four crazy guys from the ruins of Liverpool who call themselves Rot unleashed a torrent of musical madness upon America's shores. A mark of distinction among Rot fans is the extent of bodily damage: John "Basket-case" McGee (1956-1978) claimed to be the only Rot fan to survive six Rot concerts; unfortunately, he never made it to his eighth. As Rot say in their short refrain, "I Read the News Today, Oh Boy!":

The End of the World is near
You got nothing to fear—
Know why?
'Cause you're gonna die.

Powerful lyrics like these coupled with particularly relevant arrangement have brought Rot to the forefront of the world's eschatological consciousness. Their music has many labels, the least offensive of which is necro rock.

At a recent Rot concert the searing guitar riffs of bassist Jamie "no arms" McDuff was accented by the thundering explosion of several napalm anti-personal grenades interspersed throughout the audience. The effect was overwhelming as the screams of the fans mingled with Rot's neo-classical interpretation of "Feeling Groovy." The current lead singer, Freddie "no brains" Sullivan, sang his death rock hit, "Have you ever been a typhoid yellow":

Loud explosions in my brain
Blow my mind in utter pain,
Burn my eyes and crack my skull;

Nothing left of mankind's toil.
Mushroom clouds and sable smoke
Leave my head a burning joke . . .

Sullivan's distinctive voice has been a subject of much speculation. In the midst of some of his more animated singing, Sullivan often breaks into a long, reverberating screech—an inhuman, blood-curdling wail more hideous than the sound of a wounded animal. According to Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols, however, this is the oldest trick in the book. "In Punk Rock, we just used a safety pin through 'r nostrils. In Necro Rock, they just took it one step further. I could scream like that if I had shredded glass in me trousers."

The audience was literally blown away by the sound of Rot's 93 foot speakers. The treble chords only served to send visible shock waves throughout the audience, but the bass notes were reported to have shattered a van that was carelessly parked within a five hundred foot radius of the speakers. The multitude of overzealous fans attempted to reach their flaming idols by climbing up the speakers, but they were no match for the sonic power of Rot.

When asked about the success of the band, Sullivan thundered over the speakers that he was quite satisfied. The fourteenth vocalist to take the position as Rot's lead singer, Sullivan hastened to add that there was some difficulty with the rapid turnover of musicians. "When Rot began, it was an entirely different band—since then, we've gone through twelve guitarists, twenty-two percussionists, and thirteen lead singers."

—MSC

Deadlock in Disneyland

Martial Law Declared

Since beginning their in-depth research into the Disneyland case, our reporters have had to face harassment from unknown assailants. According to one reporter, who wishes to remain anonymous, "I sometimes get the feeling they're following me, and God knows they're conspicuous enough. The other day I was followed home by a ludicrous-looking bear with a corn-cob pipe, and my door man reports seeing a mouse with white gloves hanging around my apartment building. It's beginning to give me the willies, like something out of a Todd Browning movie." As unnerving as this surveillance may seem, it is not so frightening as the phone calls one reporter received on February 4. After hearing a series of threats over the phone, he asked his tormenters why they were harassing him. "Why?" the caller chuckled flatly. "Why? Because we like you."

Tourists can no longer visit Disneyland today, no matter how much money they're willing to spend; the past few weeks have brought massive changes to the magical microcosm. All of the mono-rails, trains, and steamboats leading to the Magic Kingdom have been closed down, and barbed wire has been strewn around the vast compound. Machine gun nests line the balconies of the hotels. Armed Donald Duck and Goofy guards march back and forth across the newly-built Great Wall of Disney, keeping a careful vigil on the outside.

Why all this martial law? Disneyland officials simply refuse to believe that the world is ending. So, under a new military regime, the governors of Disneyland have pledged to keep the end of the world out. If nothing else, they say, they will maintain that modern Xanadu known as the Magic Kingdom until the very end. In an effort to keep all of the citizens of Disneyland happy, the Mickey Mouse brigade has made it their policy to execute any dissenters who even mention the end of the world. These executions took on an even more brutal phase as Grumpy, an affiliate of the Seven Dwarves, was executed last week for his negative attitude. Now, in an effort to avoid overcrowding, Disneyland has barred its acres from new arrivals. Apparently the Goofy guard works night and day to fight off the multitudes of lost souls who try to climb over the Great Wall of Disney.

Meanwhile, rumor has it that the founder, Walt Disney, has been cryogenically unfrozen, only to take his seat as president of Disneyland. There have been numerous accounts of people who claim to have seen the latter-day Kubla Khan in downtown Los Angeles, browsing through toy stores and engaging in incredible milkshake binges at late-night ice cream shops. Eye-witnesses describe him as a charismatic old man: "the kind of guy who could tell you to parade around in a silly animal costume, and you'd do it."

Where is the Disneyland we used to know, where children used to romp and play? Why have its benign, delightful tendencies been perverted? Perhaps, as America's number one escape from reality, it has lost its direction; in these days of pep pills, punk rock, and *People* magazine, where is any reality to escape from?

—RSD

Cashing in on Catastrophe

*Doomsday:
Just Another Rip-off?*

Every time an event of even minimal importance is about to occur, promotional experts and professional publicizers take it upon themselves to exploit the gullible public. It appears this pattern will be followed again with the upcoming event which everyone is talking about, the end of the world. No sooner had the Christmas displays been taken down when department store entrepreneurs began posting End-of-the-World reminders, a full month and a half before the actual event. One can no longer walk down a street in Manhattan without being met by one of those atrocious signs: "ONLY 22 MORE SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD." The commercial fervor over the end of the world has not been equalled since the nation's bicentennial in 1976.

One symptom of this commercial trend is the new fad in T-shirts which commemorate various disasters. Although some T-shirts carry the simple statement: "I WAS THERE/END OF THE WORLD, FEBRUARY 9, 1979," others refer to specific disasters: following the conflagrations in Nevada, representatives from Las Vegas were on the scene, peddling their "I LIVED THROUGH THE NEVADA FIRE STORM/OCTOBER, 1978" T-shirts to the survivors. Other T-shirts have been

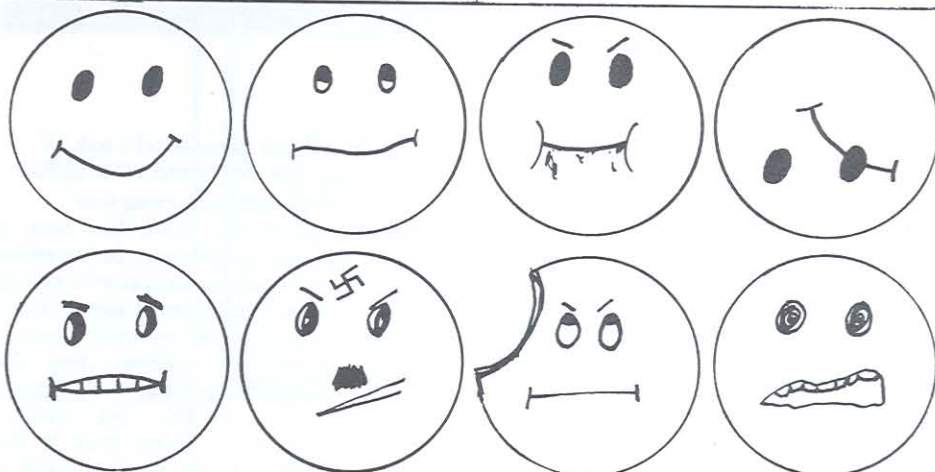
collector's items for the survivors of the Locust Infestation in Indiana, the Tidal Wave of North Carolina, and the Big Earthquake of California. It's getting to the point that obsessive curiosity no longer draws crowds to the doomed shores of California, but rather, it is the prospect of getting one of these great souvenirs.

Perhaps this exploitation would not be so contemptible if we weren't forced to live with the End-of-the-World spirit with which these advertisers saturate our airways. Such spirit is produced with such basic symbols as skulls, cracked globes, explosions, and locusts, portrayed in the three representative

apocalyptic colors, black, red, and yellow. Among the most repulsive effects this trend has had is in our fast-food chains, which feature Black Hemlock Shakes, Apocalyptic Punches, and Black Sundaes.

Even politicians are exploiting the event in their own way. Gerald Ford, who hopes someday to dethrone President Carter, has blamed the Georgian President of causing the end of the world. "I'm sure the people recognize this ploy for the mudslinging tactic that it is," claims Carter. "How could one single person bring about destruction all by himself in this day and age? I tend to think that former President Richard Nixon was responsible."

—WJK



Devastating Deviations at the Canvas

A Pop Artist's Mental Collapse

"Put on a smiley face!" "Have a nice day!" These cheerful exclamations are but a few samples of the post-sixties positivism that were the idealistic step-children of a simple Nebraska artist named Malcom Wing. A personable, imaginative man, Wing built an empire of beaming faces; his simple drawing of a cheerful pair of dark eyes over an infectious smile led to a commercial movement that had the impish "Happy Face" sprouting on buttons, T-shirts, jewelry and dinner-ware. After the first news about the impending annihilation of earth and all living matter, Wing went into a dark, brooding silence. Five days later, his first demented drawing came from the canvas. Entitled "Fear", it shows the once smiling happy face in a paranoid paroxysm of panic.

The realization that the world was going to be destroyed at any moment drove Wing into a profound depression that ended with a scream, repeated kicks and punches aimed at his fourteen year

old son, and a mad dash into his studio. There he worked feverishly on his new vision: "The Smile Behind the Smile." The Vincent Van Gogh of modern commercial art, Wing depicts his own alienated, hidden self in his smiles. In particular, the eyes are ghostly, inexpressive, and sometimes sinister; and if eyes are the windows into the soul, let us hope he keeps those windows locked. Yet, despite the obviously psychotic leanings that Wing now displays, the new "Happy Face" is once again enjoying commercial success. T-shirts and patches have been seen with the message "Freaky Faces Finish First" underneath.

Meanwhile, Wing remains in the Artist's Rubber-Brush Therapy Center in New York. The old building that once housed the center was destroyed by fire three weeks ago, so the directors have moved operations to a favorite spot of Wing's: Attica.

—BTG



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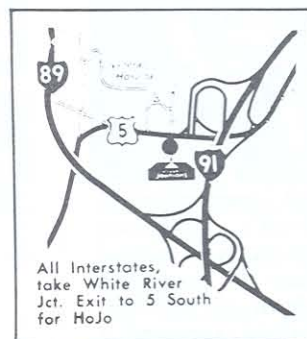
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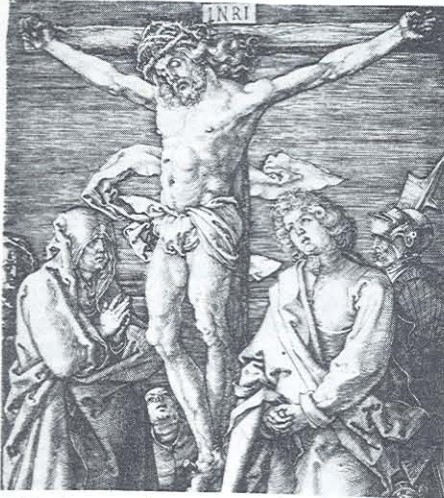
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Postworld Paranoia

THE WORLD IN RETROSPECT: WAS IT A CONSPIRACY?

by the late Thornton Bartlett Webster III
Omega Press; 356 pages; \$12.95



Perhaps the most comprehensive conspiracy in Webster's Conspiracy Trilogy, *Retrospect* purports to expose the longest conspiracy in mankind's history. With the dawn of mankind, Webster maintains, there appeared a clandestine group intent on bringing about the end of the world. Webster believes that the so-called "Thanatoes" began as a faction of a powerful prehistoric bear cult, and that these people were the founders of all human intellectual thought. "Without thinking," claims Webster, "there can be no stupidity." Webster proceeds to follow the growth of the Thanatoes through such notable leaders as King Tutankhamen, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who hoped to destroy the world by taking it over. In addition to the lack of technology, these plots failed because these leaders became too egocentric and refused to destroy their empires.

Webster also makes note of all of the great philosophical works that were produced by the Thanatoes: among them were *The Holy Bible*, *The Iliad*, *Tao Te Ching*, *Mein Kampf*, *The Communist Manifesto*, *The Theory of Relativity*, and many other writings by such brilliant Thanatoes as Plato, Socrates, Nietzsche, Rudolph Hess, Karl Marx, Benjamin Franklin, and Eleazar Wheelock. Their plan, according to Webster, was to create opposing philosophies for which human beings could kill each other off.

In the final chapter of the book, Webster tries to decide what motives this group had for such an endeavor: "I cannot believe it was just a matter of misanthropism. It must have started as

an elaborate practical joke, and as the years went along, it just got out of hand. Boy, I'd like to get my hands on the joker who started it all." After all is read and done, the reader is always drawn to one inescapable question: How did Webster know so much about them? Perhaps, unwittingly or not, Webster is the punchline of a very ancient joke.

The Last Men On Earth

ALL IN THE PAPACY

by Cardinal Julius T. Sin
Doubleday; 666 pages; \$10.95

The fascinating expose of the assassination of John Paul I. Cardinal Sin takes us through a mind-boggling run behind, in front of, and through the Iron Curtain. The author opens up his work by ripping the lid off the Vatican City myth. For the first time, the true story of the mysterious, pink, papal bedroom slippers is told and the web of dastardly intrigue is brought to the surface. In the closing chapters, Sin employs photographic plates and a gripping narrative to demonstrate that the angles of the book depository and the grassy knoll in the Pope's bedroom validate, beyond question, the three bullet theory surrounding his death. Fun reading for all, 8 to 80!

ADOLPH'S STORY

by Erich Sequel
Luftwaffe Inc.; 234 pages; \$19.95.

What can you say about a twenty-one year Old Reich that died? Sequel seems to have missed the beat on this one. Complimenting his original work, *Nazi Story*, the highly touted best-seller which instantly became a mammoth success, *Adolph's Story* fails to evoke the same romantic je ne sais quoi as its predecessor. Nevertheless, when proverbial push comes to proverbial shove, it seems evident that this tale should achieve the same monster commercial success as the first novel. Indeed, plans are already in the works for a Broadway production of "Holocaustomania"



"Who me? Not ready for the end?"

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Heads, We Lose

A Smorgasbord of Death

All over the country, scientists have theorized about the single basic cause of the end of the world. Our science editors travelled across the nation to ask them all a simple question: "What will be the major cause of the end of the world?" The answer was not so simple, for no scientists could agree on a single factor:

Dr. Leopold Finch, entymologist. "One insect in particular, the *Icthyngi craepiscarus*—those little roly-polly bugs you find on the basement floor—are going to multiply out of proportion to the rest of the animal world. They'll crawl up the basement steps and eat everything in sight. We've been stepping on them for too long. Now they're stepping on us."

Dr. Icarus Millistant, chemist. "The comet Kohoutek will return and ionize the water and atmosphere in such a way as to turn much of our oceans into ammonia clouds. The Ajax white tornado will become a reality."

Dr. Ethan Leewantock, astronomer. "When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter collides with Mars, then nothing shall guide the planets, and we'll all live to see the end. It is the ending of a queried race . . ."

Dr. Adolph Braunstein, sociobiologist. "Genes. Whenever a group of organisms are crowded too tightly into their environment, it is inherent to their survival and the law of natural selection that they begin to kill each other off. It's like the law of diminishing utility applied to people—by increasing the death toll, we are making the world a better place to live."

Dr. Milos Buddacek, physicist. "Increasing entropy."

In the long run, the most enlightening answer came from a statistician. Re-

search scientist Joseph Ludlow, sponsored by a grant from the Michigan Actuary Society, calculated that with the world's present state of entropy, the loss of human life on earth will rise in a bell-shaped curve, peaking on February 6 and levelling out on February 10 of the new year, when chances of survival are nil.

Ludlow explained that the causes of death range from the mundane, such as sudden fissures in the earth's mantle accompanied by geysers, to the ethereal, such as the increased intensity of ultraviolet radiation due to the breakdown of the ozone layer, and ultimately to the stellar causes as proven by last month's



Entymologist's Doomsday Bug

observations of the tidal effects of the rapidly increasing solar flares.

Statistically speaking, the chances of death increase exponentially. Breaking down the over all result to individual causes, nuclear explosions lead the pack in casualties. Emanating from the coast of Greenland, the radiation will travel eastward at 5-6 knots, only to pick up more momentum when it passes through convection currents over highly nuclear-tested Siberia. With the deterioration of the ozone layer, ultraviolet radiation will increase the number of radioactive particles by a factor of seven to every four particles.

Surprisingly enough, the plague of locusts and killer bees will follow nuclear

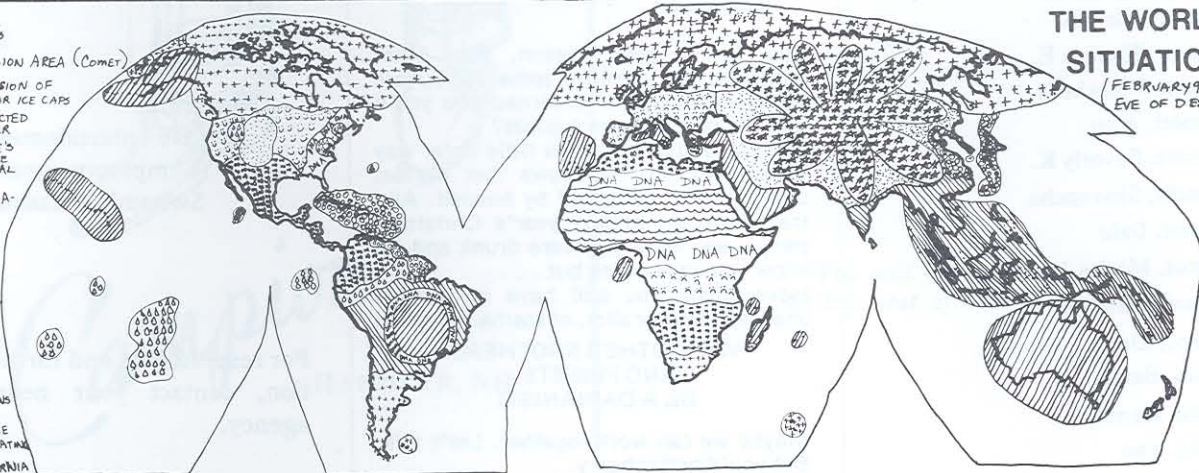
disasters as the most potent cause of mortality. Thus, the largest class of animals, *Insecta*, has risen to dominate the earth. Killing close to 500,000 people each day (including those who die of starvation from crop damage), these indiscriminating little creatures combine with nuclear disasters to cause 37.8% of the total deaths. (This figure is obtained by calculating the increasing number of radioactive particles and the increasing number of insects multiplied by the recently computed Mp factor which results from the mutant progeny caused by the influence of radiation on their mating habits.)

For those living near the seashore an increase of 13% is added on to their daily mortality chances since tidal waves will continue to engulf the shoreline. Bordering these flooded regions are the most active regions of earthquakes. Accompanied by shooting streams of hot water, these disasters effectively destroy all forms of life. Migrating inland, however, does not greatly increase chances of survival, since the spread of infectious diseases increases with the concentration of people.

In summary, Dr. Ludlow made a startling analogy. "What these factors boil down to is a worldwide pinball game whereby each person is just an anonymous silver ball. Unknowingly injected into the game, he rolls down a seemingly wandering path. Sooner or later, he must go down; no silver ball escapes the downward slope into death's gates. Each ball just adds a few more points to the statistical tally. What makes the game even more interesting is the fact that the machine can go tilt at any time, killing human life en masse and rendering the individual's flippers totally ineffectual."

—RSD, CS

- ☐ - UFO's
- ☐ - COLLISION AREA (COMET)
- ☐ - EXPANSION OF POLAR ICE CAPS
- ☐ - SUSPECTED CANCER
- ☐ - PEOPLE'S TEMPLE REVIVAL
- ☐ - STARVATION
- ☐ - FLOODING
- ☐ - FEAR OF DYING
- ☐ - KILLER BEES
- ☐ - DNA MUTATIONS
- ☐ - DISEASE ORIGINATING IN CALIFORNIA
- ☐ - ABSOLUTE INSANITY



THE WORLD SITUATION
(FEBRUARY 9, 1971: EVE OF DESTRUCTION)

Take AIM

Insecticidal Bullets Created

Spokesmen from the Pentagon have recently released plans for a new weapon that may ward off insect attacks from the south. Project AIM (Anti-Insect-Missiles) is now taking form in a top secret compound just five miles east of Black-foot, Nevada. Though it is now in its rough stages ("like trying to hunt flies with a .22 rifle," according to one scientist), the projected result will leave no insect to chance. Based on a concept similar to that of the ABMs (Anti-Ballistic-Missiles), billions of tiny bullet-sized missiles will be launched from the desert for the purpose of homing in on and intercepting each insect individually.

"We've gotten one or two of these bullets to work so far at a cost of 40,000 dollars apiece," claims one military spokesman, Major Gill Hawkins. "Now we just have to produce several billion of them to come to terms with the number of insects we'll be dealing with." When confronted with the scientists' reservations about the project, Hawkins clarified his relationship with the scientists: "Those spineless worms [the scientists] are always whining about the 'unfeasibility' of it all. So we just tell them that it

had better work or we'll have them all tried for treason. It always works. Where do you think we got all our outlandish weapons in the past?"

—RSD

Disease

Malady in Miami and Calamity in Cambridge

New outcrops of diseases have been plaguing several states along the east coast, the most notable epidemics occurring in Massachusetts and Florida.

The Mayor of Dade County called on the citizens of the city to work "brother with brother, side by side." (Anita Bryant was not around for comment.) He pleaded with local merchants and hoteliers to shut off all air-conditioning systems as a means of hindering dispersal of the bacteria. Cecil B. Rich, owner of the Blue Fountain, one of the area's most profitable establishments, stated the popular view by saying "It was unfortunate that the disease would choose to erupt during the peak of the season. We can't turn down the cooling

system; our guests would just die."

In Cambridge, the worst fears of modern Einsteins have been realized, as they feel the tremors of the biological bomb that has exploded at Harvard University. Recombinant DNA experiments have created a completely new virus that can not be controlled. Scientists have just in the past year perfected a means of inserting insulin-coding DNA into the bacteria E. Coli.

The bacteria, however, were not cooperative. Under microscopes, worried scientists have watched them altering their own DNA, metamorphosing with seeming deliberation into a new strain. When a Harvard undergraduate inadvertently dumped a container of them down the sink, they took to life in the gutters of the city. Highly resistant to heat or cold, they enter the human body through the water supply and cause death in four minutes. The symptoms are unmistakable; the victim turns a dark shade of green, and begins to babble as if in a drunken stupor, after which the hair and fingernails begin to fall off. Death from loss of air rapidly follows. Scientists have begun intensive tests to isolate the antidote but believe that it will take at least three years before any progress can be made.

—LB

Milestones

DIED

Aabdul, Airan
 Aabdul, Bjorn
 Aabdul, David
 Aabdul, Sharik
 Aabdul, Yovenk
 Aacaron, Haritu
 Aamon, Ivan
 Aamon, Korshen
 Aamon, Palkeshva
 Aamon, Thomas
 Aamon, Thomas E.
 Aamon, Wenchel J.
 Aamott, Alan
 Aamott, Beverly K.
 Aamott, Shavencha
 Aamot, Dale
 Aamot, Maria
 Aamot, Varin
 Aamot, Xindu
 Ababi, Barry
 Ababi, Kantu
 Ababi, Tao
 Abalene, Antonio
 Abanchi, Nickolai
 Abanchi, Nicholosa



This Man is praying.

And for a good reason, too! With judgment day coming, some of you are probably a little bit concerned how you'll fare—care to venture a guess?

God saw you beat up your little sister way back when and He knows that the cat didn't get her gerbil all by himself. And that secretary at last year's Christmas party—you know you were drunk and we know you were drunk but . . .

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Yes, Virginia, There is a Holocaust

Cluing Kids in on Calamity

Recent developments in the world situation—namely, it's imminent annihilation—have prompted many children to ask some very embarrassing questions. They want to know how, when, and why—questions which the average adult is hard pressed to answer. Just how do you tell a six year old kid that this world he has just entered is only temporary? Just when they have begun to take the world for granted, they must face its loss. Dealing with the child's questions in a careless way could give the child a very morbid perspective that could last his/her entire life.

Age is the primary determinant of approach. Dr. Spark, the pioneer of child psychology, suggests that for children under four years of age, the "lights out" approach is most rewarding. The parents simply tell the children that the day of reckoning "is like lights out time at eight o'clock, only this time the lights won't go on again." This is all the average three year old really needs to know. For children five to eight years old, whose

intellectual processes often revolve around television, a TV paradigm might be clearer: "It will be just like after the national anthem late at night, when the sound goes m-m-m-m-m." In the case of the older child, who may have some



conception of the great change before him, the straight forward, scientific explanation should be used: "There's really nothing scary about it. A deadly cloud of cobalt 60 gas will envelope the earth and extinguish all life."

Sometimes actions speak louder than words, and a sense of wonder can completely displace any negative feelings the child might have. The optimal setting for end-of-the-world discussions is when the family is sitting on the front steps gazing into the horizon: "See that, Jimmy? That's a fire twister. They say it's almost as hot as the sun and given a couple of weeks, it can incinerate the entire Appalachian Trail." Indeed, many families have reported that they have photographed rather beautiful specimens of ammonia clouds hovering off in the distance—unfortunately, few of them were around long enough to pick up the processed prints from the drug store.

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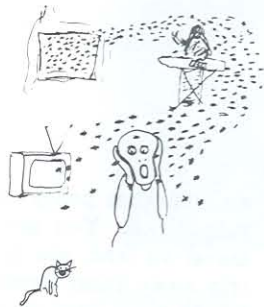
- John Paul Comes Alive/John Paul
- Papal Blues/John Paul
- John Paul I/John Paul
- John Paul II/John Paul
- John Paul III/John Paul
- Blinding Light/The Lost Souls
- Nuclear Alarm Clock/Rot
- Our Fathers/Who
- Our Tan/Heaven
- Hollow Bee/Ty Naim
- Thy Kingdom/Come
- Dine/Will B. Dunn
- Unearth/Tessie Tizz and Heaven

*and your little finger to seal the contract. Then merely buy a record album everyday, or in its place, a human sacrifice, postage paid. Failure to do so will nullify contract and bring about foreclosure on your soul.



Big Rocks and smelly rain
Mark H.
Grade 3

Bugs!
E. Munch
Fourth Grade



Cloud
Lisa M.
4th Grade

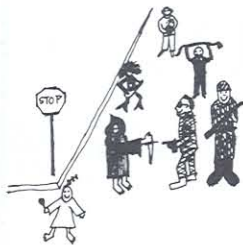


RIGHT AND SHADOW
Peggy B. Grade Six



Night Gas
Tom M.
Grade 4

People
by Phoebe S.
Grade 5



Evaluating Existence

As man's tenure on the planet Earth nears its expiration, it behooves those of us in the editorial business to undertake at last that ultimate task, that monumental assignment which each of us has dreamed of and feared since our first criticisms of the student council's policy in the high school newspaper: to pass final judgment on the human race, to weigh man's achievements against his failures, and to decide, once and for all: was it all worthwhile? For a billion years, philosophers, theologians and journalists have grappled with the unanswerable questions: what are we? why are we here? To be or not to be?...and of course the inevitable mind-boggler that has plunged countless pot parties into contemplative silence, what is the meaning of life? Until now, there have been no right answers, only ideas. No philosopher could be certain of his theories' validity as long as there remained a future in which man could disprove him. Such was the case with the ancient Greek, Necrophilius, who was convinced man's ultimate purpose was to find a cure for acne, as well as with the Indian Mah Jong, whose followers believed the Judgment Day would arrive immediately upon the invention of the oral contraceptive. Every culture has had its sages, spiritualists and other assorted wackos, who have claimed to have dibs on the knowledge of man's destiny. Each was credible in his time, yet has since proven either misguided, malinformed, or just plain stupid by the course of history.

Today, however, we can be reasonably certain that no drastic changes in the direction of our collective lives will occur within the next week or so. Whatever this strange creature called man really is will be found in those all around us, in Arnie the Garbage man as much as in Walter the Business Executive and Josephine the TV personality. We are the end product of a billion years of evolution. We're not going to get any better or worse: what we see is what we get.

To begin to evaluate mankind as a whole, one must first agree that there exist common bonds, universal characteristics, which can be judged in the few, but applied to the entire race. In other words, we must seek first to identify "human nature", before we can call it good or bad. Again, philosophers have traditionally had their hands full with this particular endeavor. While Jesus Christ felt man was basically kind and loving, Thoreau claimed he was essentially

selfish and useless. Both, however are contradicted by such modern sages as Sun Myung Moon and James Jones, who are convinced man's basic nature is to be stupid and gullible. Then there are those who will not accept a single analysis, such as John Vorster and Mel Thomson, who claim that man's nature varies depending on his race, religion, or party affiliation.

In truth, it is difficult to generalize. Who, for example, can find anything remotely in common between Muhammed Ali and Carol Channing, Fidel Castro and the Bee Gees, or Reggie Jackson and anyone? Can the driving, subconscious motivation behind the building of the Pyramids and the exploration of the moon be in any way similar to that which inspired the invention of the Pet Rock or the coining of the phrase, "Excuuuuse me!!"? Nevertheless, the fact that there exist *some* traits which are common to all humans everywhere, such as breathing, eating and emotional instability, leads one to believe that there must be some underlying, intangible essence which links us all. Probably, anyway.

Having established this undeniable fact, it remains up to those of perception and insight, of greater awareness than the common individual—specifically, me—to draw the final conclusions, based on an in-depth analysis of all the history of mankind, and a complete knowledge of the current status of human evolution. One can see how this might be considered a formidable challenge, even for a veteran journalist. Placing modesty aside for the moment, however, and examining the available evidence, we can draw some solid, if disconcerting conclusions.

To begin with, let us consider war, or more broadly, killing in general. Since the dawn of time, not a generation, not a decade has gone by in which there has not been a scourge of organized murdering, whether a small revolt in some rinky-dink African tribe, or a major confrontation between world powers. While professing, in most cases, to subscribe to a doctrine, religious, moral or otherwise, which has as a basic precept the notion of "Live and Let Live", man's actions more frequently reveal a tendency to Kill and Help Kill. In addition to wars, history has seen innumerable slayings for reasons of politics, jealousy, monetary gain, and personal amusement. "What other explanation can there be for this phenomenon, than that to kill is human?" asks Psychologist Isaac Williams, who



has spent a lifetime studying the evil tendencies of man's subconscious. To those who would claim that this trend isn't universally applicable because they, themselves, have never killed anyone, Williams responds, "Tell them to try it. Try it yourself. Go out and kill someone; your neighbor, your cousin Herman, your mother-in-law, anyone. Then see if you can stop. There is a deep, penetrating urge in all of us to terminate the lives of others, and once it is awakened, it can become irresistible. Believe me, I know."

Of course there are other vices besides killing which are well-known to us all. Drugs and alcohol have been consistently abused by all societies. Robberies and corruption are as common as semi-colons in any historical record. Sexual abuses, rapes, perversion, sodomy, incest, bestiality, fetishes, black silk panties... need we say more? The Survival of the Fittest more aptly translates into the Survival of the Fittest, as far as success in our world has been concerned. The most successful, famous people in history have been those who pushed and shoved their way to the top, without regard for the damage they caused others. Look at Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, Adolph Hitler, Idi Amin. Look at George Steinbrenner. The pattern never fails to repeat itself.

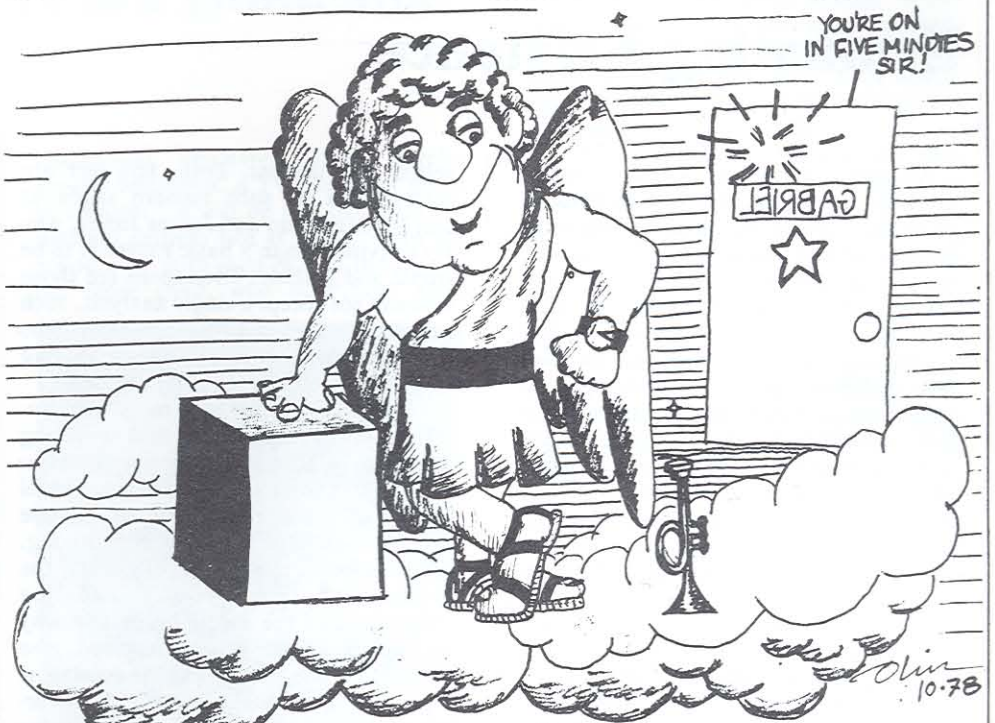
But what about the good aspects of human nature, one might ask. Well, what about them? One prominent psychologist and social scientist, Dr. Arthur L. Blur (author of *The Closet Face-Stomper*, and

SPACE Essay

You Hate Everyone), expresses the belief that every kindly act has behind it a greedy, selfish motive. Says Blur, "The only reason a boy scout helps a little old lady across the street is so he'll get the stupid merit badge. There is no such thing as altruism. Who do you know who's ever *really* put his ass on the line without making a buck on it? I mean seriously!" The proponents of a theory of human selflessness always seem to overlook these fundamental facts about real human nature. Kindness is merely an investment, designed to reap a profitable dividend.

If any doubts remain about mankind's true colors, one need only look around him to determine what's black and white. The world's on the way out, and it wasn't a Romulan or a Trafamadorian who brought us to this end. It was old homo-sapiens himself, messing around, polluting the environment, killing off his own species, not brushing after every meal, always grabbing the biggest piece of pie for himself, who did himself in. When the curtain comes down on this performance, no one should be surprised to hear something less than a standing ovation. Face it, human race: you blew it.

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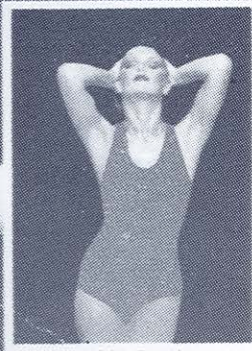
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