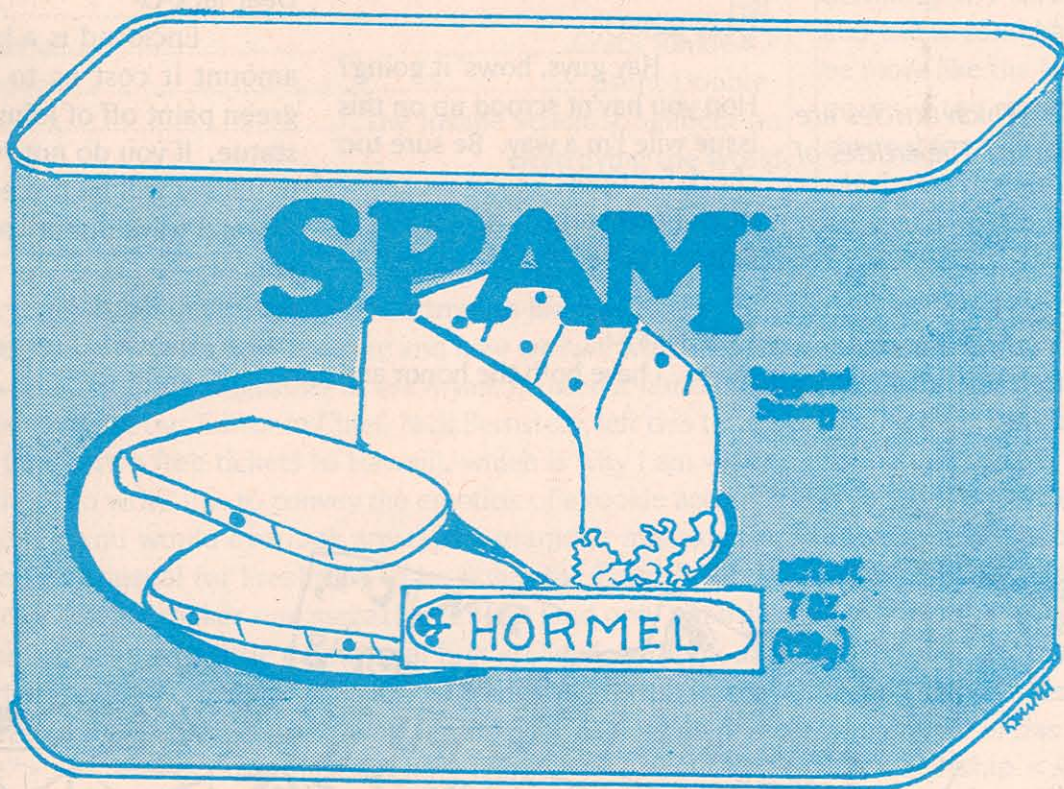


Kids, Don't Touch That Dial! It's...

THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



NO-S-O-N

S-S-S-S-S-S

Brought to you in part by ... Schmucker's K-Y jelly. "With a name like Schmucker's, it has to feel good." And by Tide laundry detergent, "If it's gotta be mostly clean, it's gotta be Tide."

Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern

HATE MAIL

Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern Letters to the Jack-O-Lantern

Dear Jack-O,
 I am a Psychology major, researching my senior thesis on the socio-psychological implications of eating disorders. Please ask the following question of your staff, and record their responses: Are you cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs?
 -Cyn Sear

Dear Jack-O,
 What is Victoria's Secret? What is she hiding from me? It sure doesn't seem that she's hiding much, what with the outfits she wears. I'm not a sicko or anything. My girlfriend gets the catalog, and I just read it for the articles.
 -Mrs. Doubtfire

Eds response: Which articles are you talking about? The articles of clothing?

Dear Jack-O,
 I can't go on like this.
 -Zsa-Zsa Gabor

Dear Jack-O,
 I find your paper very soothing. Unlike other papers I've tried, which are all terribly abrasive, yours is soft and does

Mail your letters, comments, complaints, submissions, nude pictures of Cindy Crawford, communicable diseases, and/or burnt offerings to:
 The Jack-O-Lantern
 Dartmouth College
 5050 Collis Center
 Hanover, NH 03755-3586

not irritate my sinuses.
 -Bill Snout

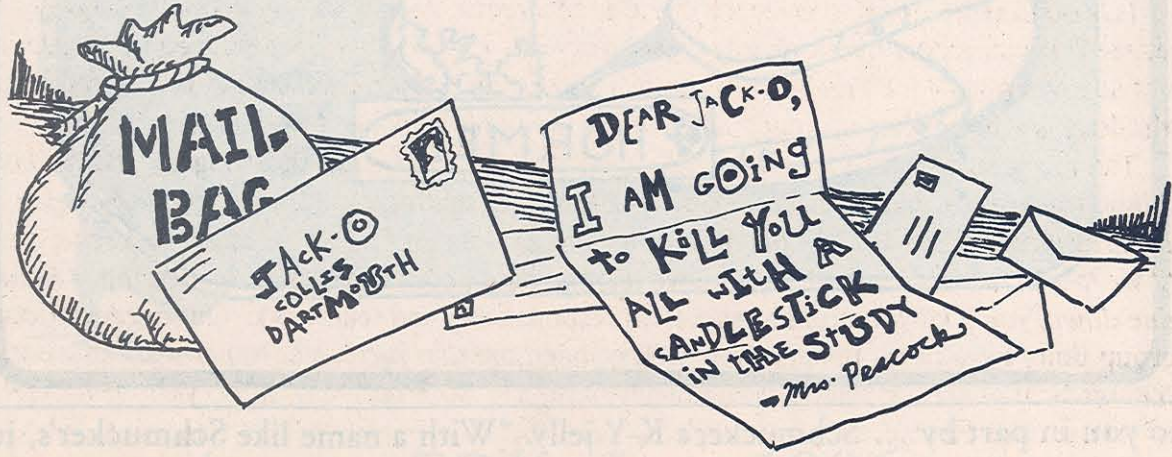
Dear Jack-O,
 Hay guys, hows' it going? Hop you hav'nt scrood up on this issue wile I'm a way. Be sure too check for tipos.
 -Nick Bearnstein
 Editor-In-Chef

Dear Jack-O,
 I have both the honor and

pleasure of informing you that your organization has been awarded the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for outstanding work in the field of journalism. It is always such a distinction when hey, wait a minute, this isn't the New York Times.... never mind....
 -George Kartopoulous
 Chairman
 Pulitzer Prize Commission

Dear Jack-O,
 What is it that Ma'am and George do late at night that makes them yell so loud?
 -Webster

Dear Jack-O-
 Enclosed is a bill for the amount it cost us to clean the green paint off of John Harvard's statue. If you do not pay the bill in full we will be forced to taunt you and wave our private parts at you.
 -Nhit Juan Pearl, II
 Editor, Hahvad Lamspoon





Disclaimer!

This is a test of the Emergency Disclaimer System. This is only a test.

"The opinions expressed in The Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Dartmouth College or its employees."

This has been a test of the Emergency Disclaimer System. The publications in your neighborhood have established this service to inform you in case we come out with an issue that does reflect the opinions of Dartmouth College. Had this publication reflected Dartmouth's views we would have spent the first half of it condemning the Greek System and the second half trying to be more like the Harvard Lampoon. Stay tuned to this channel for many more issues which don't reflect Dartmouth College's opinions.

Starring:

- Nicholas Bernstein:The Hero
- Vanessa Butnick:The Heroine
- Bryan Farrow:The Morphine
- Chris Miller:The Wacky Neighbor
- Sander Schlichter:The Institutionalized Uncle who offers bits of wise and poignant advice between medications
- Hal Lieber:.....Hal
- Ronald Kimball.....Crack Junkie#3
- Jeffrey Moore.....Stunt Double
- Jute Ramsay.....The Insane Scientist hellbent on destroying the world

And
Anthony Foglia as Jerome

Hello Everyone! Welcome back to the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern. This issue is sort of a big deal for us, for it is a sign of how responsible we are and how well we work as a team <How the hell am I supposed to know where the fire extinguisher is, ask Bryan, he used it last to hose down that writer from the Spare Rib>. It seems that our Editor-in-Chief, Nick Bernstein, left this term because he had confidence in our abilities (and a two free tickets to Hawaii), which is why I am writing this instead of him.

I chose to write this to convey the emotion of a rookie accomplishing a job this large (so I would appreciate it if you would overlook any typos, grammar mistakes, articles written in crayon, etc.). I know it seems unusual for Freshmen to be doing the Editor's job (i.e. writing the introduction) but unorthodoxy is what makes our magazine unique (and only published once a term).

The job seemed a little daunting at first <Oww! Anthony, stop throwing the exacto knife, you could hurt someone>, but we have all slowly adjusted to the increased work load <Vanessa, I know we are three weeks behind, if Jute hadn't set the filing cabinet on fire, we wouldn't be in this mess, now would we?>. In fact, as Layout Editor I have learned a lot about timetables, leadership <Ronald, put the glue down, you'll kill braincells>, as well as responsibility and teamwork. Our organizational skills and group unity have never been better <Chris, hand me that picture of Nancy Reagan wearing the Riddler suit.> If only Nick could see us now, he would be so proud <What do you mean "Hal ate it"! Again? What does he think it is? Paté? Jesus, we're never going to get this thing out...>

--Sander Schlichter '97

California University: Home of the Losers

By Sander Schlichter '97

Name one public high school populated by rich kids who all end up at the same college, in spite of the fact that one got into Yale, one is learning disabled, one consistently has bad hair days, and the college doesn't exist. It doesn't happen anywhere. Even in California. It just doesn't happen ... at all.

But when has TV ever tried to be realistic? It's bad enough to have one show with that scenario. But there are actually two shows with this ridiculous situation (both with the bad hair days

and Yale). Are the writers of both shows sniffing out of the same glue jar? If beaten senseless, I can accept the fact that there are two shows which have a group of students from one high school going off to college together. But both sets of students end up at the same college! Hence we have California University, the fictitious home of both the sniveling, problematic, much-to-old-to-be-just-out-of-high-school-where-are-the-wife-and-kids? graduates of West Beverly High (Beverly Hills 90210) and those wacky, mixed-

up, and annoyingly perky kids from Bayside High (Saved by the Bell).

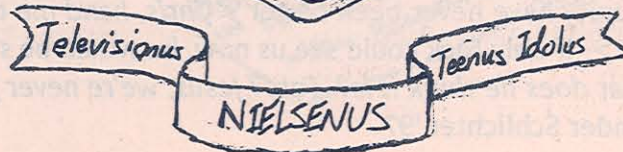
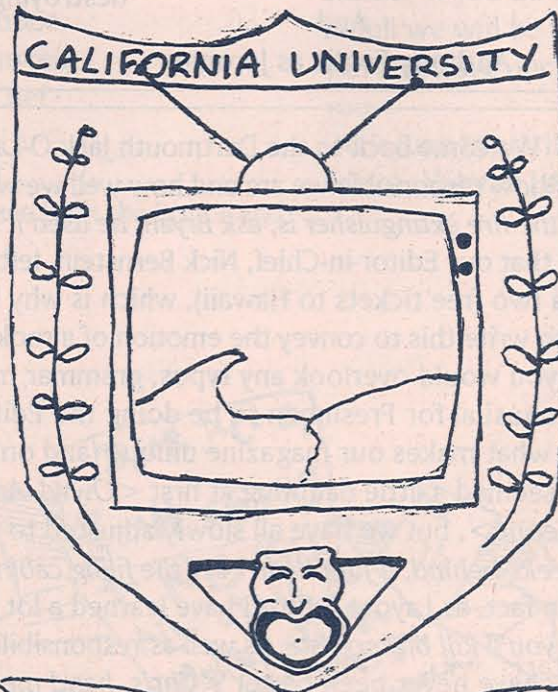
Why don't these groups of people ever meet? What if Zack dated Brenda and got so fed up with her that he "accidentally" drove her off a cliff? There could be a big rumble between the two different groups, filled with hair pulling, eye scratching and name calling. It would be even cooler if the girls joined in too. Then we would have these ideal situations:

Scenario 1: They all got kicked out of California U. and had to go to real schools where people would laugh at them and they would get their asses kicked on a semi-regular basis.

Scenario 2: Slater pulls a knife (or a can of Nair™ or something equally dangerous) on Brandon, seriously injuring him. Then there could be "A VERY SPECIAL EPISODE" of Beverly Hills 90210 about the dangers of knife (or Nair™) fighting.

Scenario 3: They all died.

Or what if David and Screech discovered their latent homosexuality? Wouldn't that be wacky? Or Slater and Donna were stuck in the same chem. lab, and they accidentally blew it up! That would be cool. The possibilities are endless. I would go on, but I'm feeling a little queasy.



THIS IS JEOPARDY!!!

By Bryan Farrow '97

Like any educated TV. viewer, nothing pleases me more than watching three cerebral mutants and Alex Trebek intellectually duke it out every night at 7. And while I always pick up at least one piece of arcane knowledge- I now know which country entered the largest rutabaga in the 1946 World's Fair- my academic self-image is inevitably shattered. Still, I can't help but wonder, "What if I were a contestant on Jeopardy?" In fact, usually before the first commercial break, my ritual fantasy begins. With my fourth grade teacher to the left of me and my Junior Prom date to the right, the three of us anxiously await the beginning of Double Jeopardy. A strange fantasy, I admit. It is, nonetheless, mine, and each category is a subject of my expertise. Appropriately, I emerge as the victor, but at all too great a cost, I think...

Alex: "Welcome back as we're about to begin our second round of play. Bryan is in the lead with 86,000 dollars. Mrs. Davis is a close second with 800 dollars and 86 cents. Finally, we have Marilyn in the hole with negative 5 trillion dollars. Bryan, lead us off by selecting from one of these six categories."

•SENTENCES THAT START WITH "I ALREADY HAVE A DATE."

•AVOIDING LAUNDRY

•GIRLS ON THE HIGH SCHOOL CHESS TEAM

•CEREALS WITH NON-HUMAN SPOKESPEOPLE

•GEOGRAPHY ACCORDING TO BRYAN

•RHYME TIME

Bryan: I'll take **Starts with 'I Already Have a Date'** for 600 dollars, Alex.

Alex: The cute brunette who you thought had smiled in your direction in 10th grade chemistry responded with this to your inquiry about a date to the Valentine's Day Dance.

Bryan: What is 'I already have a date ... ah, you scrawny little nobody. I can't believe you'd even ask me.' Alex?

Alex: Correct. Select again.

Bryan: I'll take **Starts with 'I Already Have a Date'** again for 800 dollars, Alex.

Alex: After you wrote her entire English paper, she responded with this to your proposal to attend the

Sophomore Formal.

Bryan: Um, what is 'I already have a date ... why don't you ask that girl with the orthodontic headgear from math class?' Alex?

Alex: Right again! You still have control of the board.

Bryan: O.K. I think I'll move to **Geography According to Bryan** for...1000 dollars.

Alex: HERE is where you'll find Bryan's boxer shorts.

Bryan: What is the left side of my bottom drawer, Alex?

Alex: Correct! You may select again.

Bryan: I'll take **Geography According to Bryan** for 800, Alex.

Alex: Of the Scandinavian countries, this one is recognized by the numerous fjords jetting out into the North Atlantic Ocean.

Mrs. Davis: What is Norway?

Alex: No, I'm sorry. Marilyn or Bryan?

Bryan: What is, ah ... Wyoming, Alex?

Alex: Yes.

Mrs. Davis: Wait a second. Wyoming is not a Scandinavian coun... it's not even a country, dammit!

Alex: Mrs. Davis, try to remember the category is **Geography According to BRYAN**, who still maintains control of the board.

Bryan: I'll take **Cereals with Non-Human Spokespeople** for 200 dollars, Alex.

Alex: Sorry silly rabbit, THESE are for kids.

Bryan: WHAT ARE TRIX?!

Alex: Yes. Select again.

Bryan: The same for 600 dollars, please.

Alex: A chocolatey, sugary delight, THESE are bound to drive you cuckoo.

Bryan: WHAT ARE COCOA PUFFS?!

Alex: Yes. Very well done, indeed. You still have control of the board.

Bryan: Okay, I'll move to **Girls on the High School Chess Team** for 800 dollars, Alex.

Alex: The high school's chess champion in 1988, this girl publicly declared her affection for you during lunch.

Bryan: Who is the girl with the orthodontic headgear from math class, Alex?

Celebrity Endorsements

By Chris Miller '97

Let's face the fact that the Winter Olympics have been over for months, and Tonya Harding's trial is over, too. The key word in that sentence is 'over.' So why is she still on T.V. and newspapers everywhere? Now that there is nothing left to report on her, the only way she can stay in the public eye is to be in commercials. So I was thinking. "Boy, I bet the ad people are knocking down *her* door to get her to be their spokeswoman." (Note the intended sarcasm). I started to think that there might actually be companies that would want her to be in their advertisements. I can see it now: "Hi, I'm Tonya Harding, for The Club."

This was great. I pictured myself as an advertising executive, with the power to get any celebrity to endorse any product. I could see myself in a client meeting: "We'll have her saying, 'I never leave home without The Club.'"

I'd definitely get Sinead O'Connor to do a commercial. She really bugs me*. Getting her to compromise her principles and endorse a product would be funny enough, but I'd have to take it a

step further. I'd make her do something completely against her moral credo, like a commercial for McDonald's. "Hi, this is Sinead O'Connor for the Burger of the Month at McDonald's. This month's burger is McVeal, which is a choice cut of the meat of a baby cow which was clubbed and bagged, never having seen the light of day, tortured to death, and served a sesame seed bun. Mmmm, it's delicious."

There are certain people you would like to see degrade themselves on a national commercial. Like Ross Perot. "Hi, this is Ross Perot here for Taco Bell. Make a run for the border." Perhaps that would be too cruelly ironic on second thought, no, I'd don't think so.

I'd pay to see a commercial starring Bernard Getz, the New York City commuter transit vigilante, endorsing a restaurant like Subway. He'd point to the camera, grinning, and say, "I'll see you at Subway." It's perfect.

How about Andrew Dice Clay doing a candy commercial during Saturday morning cartoons? He'd be standing there in

his leather jacket and he'd take a bit of foil out of his pocket and say, "When I bite into a York Peppermint Patty, I get the sensation of a dumb bitch sucking my ..." Anyway, you get the idea. Come to think of it, maybe they'd have to schedule that one a little bit later in the day.

NOTE: IF YOU DON'T WANT TO CRINGE, PLEASE SKIP THIS PARAGRAPH. I heard Clint Eastwood the other day, doing an anti-littering public service announcement on the radio, using his Dirty Harry persona. I hope he doesn't keep this up, because it can only lead in one direction: Clint endorsing the Days' Inn. "Go ahead. Make yours Days'." (See, I told you.)

I'd abuse my advertising power. The potential in this situation is amazing: to make Roseanne Arnold do a 'Save the Whales' announcement, or to make politicians dress up as Fruit of the Loom characters would be too overwhelming to pass up. But then again, if you look at the ads they put on TV today, it might not be that hard to picture these commercials after all.

*Other "Things That Bug Chris Miller" include: trying to open those grocery bags at Topside, trying to spread hard butter on bread, the maroon boxers that find their way into the white laundry load and make all of your t-shirts pink, and the part of the Pez dispenser that kind of looks like a Pez after the last candy pellet is gone, so you almost try to reach for it before you realize that it's just a plastic mechanism. But I digress. Until next time.



Spin-ins

By Jute Ramsay '97

In recent years, a trend called "spin-offs" has become popular with television program. By taking a successful show and creating a similar show with some distant relationship to the first, television producers are almost assured of another success. For example, *The Facts of Life* was a

spin-off of *Different Strokes* (talk about two titles with double meanings...) However, has anyone thought about the ramifications of this trend and where it might lead? Someday, our television networks may become so flooded with spin-offs and their spin-offs that precious

viewing space will become tight. That's why I suggest trying the opposite of spin-offs: The Spin-in. The spin-in takes two shows and puts them together to form a more interesting version of either of the original shows. A few examples of spin-ins currently in the works:

Cops in L.A.: CHiPs - The real life actors who play John and Poncherella get to find out what it's really like to wreck motorcycles at 90 mph and get shot at by psychos. "Hey Ponch, I think I got shot." "Don't worry, John, it's only your head."

Beavis and Butthead Come to Smurf Village - The boys from MTV smoke the mushroom houses, smuck Smurfette, and learn to become better friends with their inner selves.

L.A. Law in The People's Court - In three-piece suits, Mackensie and Brackman argue over whose dog peed in Mrs. Hoochinson's prize fern garden.

Seinfeld Goes Rescue 911 - Seinfeld is forced to come up with snappy one-liners about choking babies, burning orphanages, and old people dying.

Three's Company moves into Melrose Place - That posh yuppie haven in L.A. gains three new wacky tenants who totally blow the joint's "cool" reputation.

Wheel of Fortune Does Jeopardy - In a freak mishap, the contestants on these two game shows are switched and the consequences are hilarious. Alex Trebek personally strangles a player when no one is able to get a single answer in the whole half hour, except for successfully writing their names on the cool TV screen (after three tries). Conversely, the *Wheel of Fortune* episode ends in about 10 minutes after Pat runs out of puzzles when the contestants get each one after the first letter (Vanna does a lot of sitting around).

Roseanne Joins The A-Team - A far out one, I grant you, but wouldn't it be worth it just to see Roseanne get her fat ass kicked by Mr. T on a weekly basis?

Star Trek on The Real World - Picard and cronies move into an apartment house in 20th century Los Angeles and are required daily to field questions from average college physics students about the actual scientific principles upon which such inventions as the warp drive, communicator, and transporter are founded.

Mr. Wizard Lands on Gilligan's Island - Mr. Wizard explains to the castaways the scientific contradictions in being able to construct radios, hot air balloons, and microwaves out of coconuts and palm trees yet the virtual impossibility of patching a hole in a boat.

Knight Rider Meets the Dukes of Hazzard - Michael and KITT are stranded in a backwater county in Kentucky where they use their technological supremacy to best Boss Hogg each week with radar, smoke screens, and detailed computer schematic diagrams.

Geraldo Guest Stars on NBC Nightly News - Actually, this would probably flop because, instead of giving the news, Tom Brokaw and fellow reporters would spend the entire half hour laughing...

Kind of scary, isn't it folks?

Details!

By Nick Bernstein '95 and Sander Schlichter '97

One of the most significant differences between the two sexes (male and female, for the uninformed) is their markedly different attentiveness towards detail. Watch now as I make sweeping generalizations for the rest of this article. To begin with, men are interested in overviews while women demand details about everything.

Fig 1a Men's Conversation

John: So Ray, did you get laid last night?

Ray: Yup.

John: Cool. Let's go play basketball.

Ray: OK.

Fig 1b Women's Conversation

Jane: So Rhonda, did you have a good time last night?

Rhonda: Yeah.

Jane: Well come on, details! What happened? Was he cute? Did he bring you flowers? Where did you go to dinner? Did he kiss you good night? Did you have sex? Was he big? Are you sore?

Rhonda: Ray picked me up at 7:13 in his black Ford Explorer. I was a little bit worried because he said he was going to be there right at 7:00. It's a good thing he was late though because I couldn't decide between the blue evening gown and the red strapless...

While men can easily avoid divulging details to women (and often do), it is not always easy to avoid the influx of detail. Case in point: feminine product commercials. When I was

younger, the only TV I watched was Saturday morning cartoons. Thus, my exposure to the differences between boys and girls was limited to this knowledge: girls have a pink plastic slinky and boys have a classic metal one. As I got older and my viewing preferences changed to late night shows, the barrage of tampon commercials began. I don't know about you other guys, but I really didn't care about the difference between OB and Tampax brand tampons. No, I did not enjoy the lecture on plastic applicators and fingering oneself that were given to me by my sister. I simply didn't want to know. But that's what women do. They force their anatomical femininity upon us men. As an example, I point to a typical family dinner.

Fig 2 Typical Family dinner

Mother: So, Billy, how was your day today?

Billy: OK, I guess. I got a B on that english paper.

(yes, somehow Billy managed to speak the word "English" with a lowercase 'e'.)

Father: That's pretty good. You worked hard on that paper. And Betsy, how was your day.

Betsy: Dad, I got my period again today and I was wearing those white pants. I had to run out of the cafeteria and I got a detention for standing up without raising my hand.

My sister forced other such lectures upon me. Now, I want to tell her this: men don't want to know why they have

"wings". We don't want to know about the "not-so-fresh feeling". We don't want to know about the bloating, cramps, or aches. Yet every time another commercial about feminine products came on, I got another lecture.

After the inner workings of the menstrual cycle were fully explained, I thought I was safe. But I was wrong; then came yeast. Yeast is the newest ploy to gross out men. Honestly, I think it's all made up. I mean, why is it that there were no yeast commercials until about 3 years ago? It's because there is no such thing. I think the invention of yeast went something like this:

Fig 3 The Genesis of Vaginal Yeast Infections

CEO: Fellow women of the board, here at Vagi-gag, we strive for new products to advertise on TV just to make men who watch these commercials feel uncomfortable. Unfortunately, due to recent overexposure to Tampon commercials, men have become desensitized to these products. We need to come up with some new feminine problem that will repulse any male viewer.

Woman 1: Why not relate it to man's favorite pastime, drinking beer?

Woman 2: How about eating pizza?

CEO: Good thinking, you two, we'll say that we're growing yeast inside our bodies! Oh, it's brilliant.

Woman 1: Won't they wonder how it got in there?

CEO: Don't be silly. Men don't want to know stuff like that. The thought of how it got in there, or even better, how we're going to get it out, will surely disgust men. And if they ask, tell them that *they* put it there!

My sister is fond of saying

"Women comprise 50% of the population". Now, this is very true, but correct me if I'm wrong (and this is math, so I could be wrong) doesn't that also make the population 50% male? And tell me, when was the last time you saw a jock-itch commercial

on TV or an ad for foreskin cleaner? Until women take their intrusive ads off TV (just the thought of yeast – it makes me gag) I'm going to watch nothing but the Playboy channel and ESPN so that I know I'm safe.

Television Scandal! Foreigners invading our homes through our TV sets!

By Ronald J. Kimball '97

This may come as a surprise to you, but I have recently discovered that foreigners have been purchasing advertising time on American television for unknown purposes. This astonishing fact was revealed after a careful study of the word 'infomercial'.

As you all know, an infomercial is one of those television advertisements which doesn't feature any of the following:

- slogans
- scantily clad women
- music
- buff men
- bright colors
- facts

Rather, these advertisements generally feature a well-dressed woman and lots of enigmatic photographs. I'm sure you all recall the "Skin Science Update" infomercials. (Not dermatology, mind you, but 'skin science'... Not 'intelligence', but 'moronic creations'...)

My study of the word 'infomercial' revealed this startling conclusion: INFO-MERCIALS ARE ACTUALLY PRODUCED IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES!!!

That's right. This isn't just another example of bureaucratic stupidity. We're talking interna-

tional plot here.

This conclusion is easily proven. 'Infomercial' is obviously a combination of two separate words: 'info' and 'mercial'. Clearly, 'info' comes from the word 'information', although what information has to do with infomercials is beyond me.

More important is the source of the word 'mercial'. After extensive research, I discovered that 'mercial' is a form of the word 'Mercia', which is, as any educated person is well aware, located in Europe. Clearly, the Mercians are attempting to propagandize the American public through the medium of television. Since Americans are well known for watching televi-

sion to excess, the Mercian strategy has the possibility of being frighteningly effective.

As of yet, I have been unable to determine the motive behind the Mercian propaganda (although, of course, the Mercians are foreigners, and foreigners are well known for being extremely sneaky and untrustworthy). Be that as it may, it is unlikely that the Mercians are attempting anything which would be beneficial to Americans.

Therefore, I must take this opportunity to warn the American public. Be careful when watching television: you never know when the foreigners will strike next.

"I'd know him in a dark basement."

A new cologne that combines the scents of:
urine • beast • chew spit • boot

Fraternity for men.
By Calvin Kline.



WARNING: Fumes may be noxious.

TV Scavenger Hunt

Bring this checklist with you when you watch TV, and once you've checked off everything, you win! Well, you don't win anything, really. But you do get the satisfaction of knowing that you're a WINNER! Or you could be competitive about it and challenge a friend, but let's face it; that's pretty lame. Look out for things in these five categories:

Category 1: Blatant Inconsistencies in Saturday Morning Cartoon Shows

Looney Tunes are exempt from this category because it was part of the humor that Bugs Bunny could dress up in costumes that came out of thin air and that there was no way a coyote could pay for all of those fancy weapons and gadgets. What we're talking about here are unintentional hypocrisies. The classic example is that Smurfs are supposed to be "three apples high", and yet they live in mushroom houses. Unless the blue buggers live near a nuclear power plant, those mushrooms can't be taller than two apples, tops. Also look out for:

- Halfway through the series a transformer undergoes a "voice change"
- He-Man can stop a whole moon from colliding into a planet, but in the same show exhibits an obvious strain while lifting a large rock.
- the Flinstones' house on the outside looks like a small cave with a chimney, but when Fred runs through the inside, there are four hundred rooms and every other one has the same lamp and table.
- other _____

Category 2: Movies Shown at 4 A.M.

Examples of these movies are "Sinbad and the Seven Seas", starring a brown-haired, blue-eyed 'Arabian' as Sinbad; any low-budget Japanese monster film; the 1956 American classic, "The Blob", which opens with a family starting a picnic on a large boulder in the country and falling asleep - a natural thing to do on a picnic - only to find themselves eaten by a gooey amoeba from outer space. You get one point each for finding:

- totally unrealistic clay-mation
- bad dubbing
- scantily-clad women
- story flaws
- a complete lack of touch with reality, logic, or common sense

By Chris Miller '97

(example _____)

Category 3: The Cosby Syndrome

This is a fairly simple category. In almost every sitcom, once all of the kids grow up, the writers come up with sketchy and vague reasons to bring another little kid in, thus boosting the cuteness factor and allowing extreme use of "awwww" sounds on the laugh track. This is called the Cosby syndrome because, in the show's later years, it seemed like they had a day-care facility for all of those little tykes running around and nobody knew whose they were. You had to be a Cosby expert to know all the writers' "explanations" for each of the little people living with the Huxtables. You can find them on:

- Growing Pains
- Who's the Boss? (only 1/2 a point for this one because, really, it does not count as a TV show)
- other _____

Category 4: Complete Morons

You can tell they are morons either by what they wear or what they say (or both). The men wear sky blue suits, burnt-sienna polyester pants (bellbottoms, large enough to have homeless people living under them) and wide harvest gold ties. The women have hair poofed out to the size of some small colleges and wear lavender stretch pants. And when they speak, well...we trust your judgment. You can find them:

- in audiences of Donahue or Oprah
- being interviewed on local news shows
- on game shows like Family Feud ("Name a country in South America." "Spain?" "Um... good answer...")
- other _____

BONUS 1: Five points for spotting incest in the families on Family Feud ("This is my daughter, Lurlene, and her husband, as well as my nephew, Hank.")

BONUS 2: One point for each sexual innuendo in a commercial. (ex: "Take a stick; pull it out. The taste is gonna move you when you pop it in your mouth.")

BONUS 3: Five points for each show besides Family Ties where the youngest child experiences a time warp and "ages" five years between seasons.

Interactive TV: Jamaica, Beer, and the Encyclopedia Britannica Kid

By Nick Bernstein '95

For years I've heard talk of "interactive television." The picture that continually comes to mind is the scene in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* when Charlie reaches into the TV and pulls out a candy bar. This is not, of course, what the phrase means, but damn, wouldn't that be cool? Every product you ever wanted would be right at your fingertips. Why allow 4-6 weeks for delivery when everything you want is right there? Ginsu knives, breakfast cereals, feminine hygiene products, cars, would all be just an arm's length away.

For those of you who aren't interested in material goods, there are still plenty of advantages:

Jump right into the best parties. Every beer commercial becomes an instant personal orgy with beautiful, scantily clad, buxom women and enough beer to swim in.

Vacation to far-off lands. No need to wait for a plane when there are commercials all day long. The next ad you see for Jamaica, jump in! Spend your lunch hour enjoying rum and cokes on the beach. To get back home all you need to do is sit in front of a TV and wait for an ad for Hanover, New Hampshire – or watch an episode of *America's Most Inbred*.

Interactive TV offers advantages for even the most intellectual of viewers. You could spend your Sundays solving murder mysteries before Jessica

Fletcher. When you see the bad guy walk by on the screen, just grab him!

Perhaps the best thing about interactive TV would be the people you'd meet. You could spend the day with the President of the United States. Stay tuned to NBC and when Willy comes out to make the *State of the Union* Address, hop in and shake his hand. Be sure to watch McDonald's advertisements first and bring some lunch with you.

You'll be able to assault your favorite sports stars from the comfort of your own room. Don't waste valuable time and money flying to the Olympics; watch them live from your own living room.

Perhaps the most satisfying aspect of this new technology would be the newfound ability to beat up both G. E. Smith and the Encyclopedia Britannica Guy in the same day!

Unfortunately, you know there have got to be disadvantages to this. Otherwise it would have been developed already, right? The problem is, people on the other side would be able

to come into your home. You see the problem already, don't you? You'd be watching *Top Cops* or the nightly news, and some homicidal freak comes into your house and takes your little sister hostage. Or, as you flip through the channels, a stray bullet from a TV western could ruin your new sofa. Not to mention the dangers of watching wildlife shows. *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* could put your life in danger – while what's-his-face is watching "from a safe distance", how are you going to escape from a pack of hyenas in your living room?

It's not just physical damage that could be dangerous. The emotional damage this might cause is immense. Let's say you're watching *The Dr. Ruth Show* and laughing at some caller's stupid sex problem, and Dr. Ruth turns to you and says, "Let's discuss the first time *you* had sex." Of all these problems though, the one that I'm sure is preventing anyone from developing interactive TV is this one: you just want to keep the "happy-little-tree" guy from ETV as far away as possible.



The Jack-o Shows You: How To Get on TV

By Nick Bernstein '95 and Vanessa Butnick '95

Dear Readers,

There are some sure-fire ways to get on TV, but you may not be willing to risk the bodily harm involved in doing so. Getting on *America's Funniest Home Videos* is as easy as falling off your roof or being mauled by

bears, but the dangers inherent in these activities may be enough of a deterrent so that you may look for other means. If you're willing to cut off your penis, or be shot in the head, you might make it to the evening news if not all the way to *A Current Affair*, but

once again, there are sacrifices associated with these. Now, the Jack-O presents the easiest way to get on TV, and the only thing you need to sacrifice is your pride: Write a letter to a big company. Below, Mitch Petermeyer shows us his work as professional letter writer, a.k.a. Judy M. Donovan

Dear Tide,

[Always address your letters to the product, never to an individual. Notice that, 'Dear Tide' really means, 'Dear soap product' and there is no way that soap is going to read your letter, but ad companies love it.]

I never thought I'd be writing a letter like this, but I just have to tell you how your product saved my life. My husband was at work, making money as a man should always be doing, while I was at home, watching Jane Fonda and trying to make brownies. I had just taken a load of laundry out of the wash and was settling down to take a nap. All of a sudden, a man bursts through my front door holding a machete. He angrily stomped around my living room and was kicking things around. He spotted my laundry sitting on the couch and a gleam seemed to light in his eye. "No," I screamed as I held my little ones behind me. "Not my whites! I just washed them." He didn't listen to me and proceeded to throw my husband's unstarched shirts (starch gives him hives) on the floor. Looking directly at me, he did a dance on each and every article of clothing, starting with the meringue and ending with the lambada. He exited as quickly as he had entered, but not without leaving a good amount of havoc in his wake. Since the same thing had happened last week, I couldn't very well explain to my husband why I wasn't being a satisfactory wife and mother. I stared at those shirts and I didn't think anything would get out those stains. But Tide left those shirts as white as if they had never been danced on. Thanks Tide!

Sincerely,

Mrs. Judy M. Donovan



Or how about the following? Trucks really seem to appreciate all of this personal attention:

Dear Toyota,

I never thought I'd be writing a letter like this, but I feel compelled to tell you how much I enjoy your vehicles. When I was growing up, my family always bought American. My father said that foreigners didn't know how to make cars. I guess I always accepted that as true. One day recently, I met the most adorable little Asian man. He had come to my door selling vacuum cleaners, something in which, as a woman, I naturally have an interest. I thanked him, but told him I was satisfied with the vacuum I had. He asked me out to dinner and really, how could I refuse? I had rejected the poor man's vacuum so I felt compelled to accept his invitation. He came to pick me up in a Toyota Camry. We had a lovely time that evening, and I must admit that I have never enjoyed a ride so much. From now on, I am switching to Japanese vehicles. Oh what a feeling! Thanks Toyota,

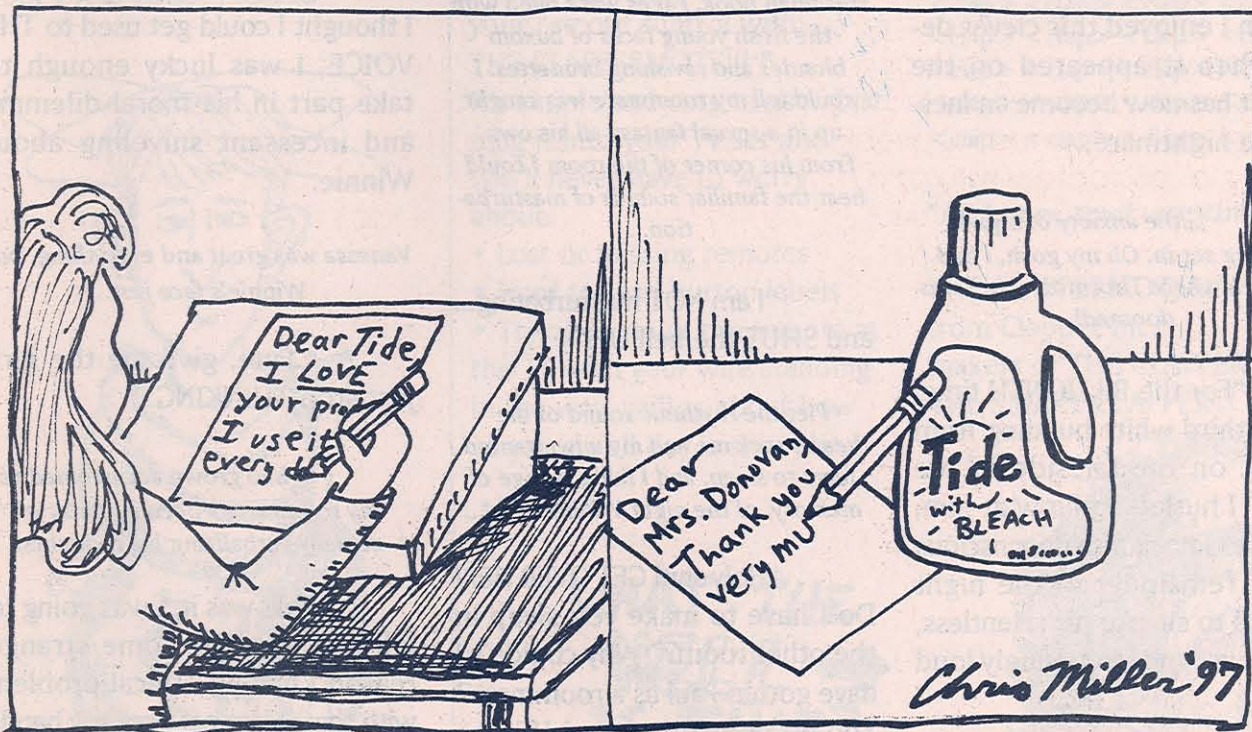
Sincerely,

Mrs. Judy M. Donovan

As you can see, this is a quick and (relatively) painless way of ensuring that hundreds of people will know (and love) you. Thanks for reading,

Sincerely,

The Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern



I Was Fred Savage's Roommate

By Bryan Farrow '97 and Sander Schlichter '97

As I lay there, in a strange place, far from the baseball fields and backyard swimming pools of my youth...

I used to like The Wonder Years. The bittersweet blend of angst and humor unique to adolescence truly rendered the series a classic. I was excited to hear that I would be sharing a double with one of my favorite actors and a true American icon. Yet since being assigned to room with the "boy next door" in September, my already feeble hold on sanity has become even weaker.

They say Jeffrey Dahmer heard voices. I, for some inexplicable reason, could hear Fred Savage's every cerebral inkling as manifested by the voice-over, that omniscient voice that verbalized every one of Kevin's thoughts. Though I enjoyed this clever device when it appeared on the show, it has now become an inescapable nightmare.

...the anxiety of higher learning set in. Oh my gosh, I had forgotten where Thornton was. I was doomed!

"For the BILLIONTH time, it's the third white building from the left on the far side of the green!" I hurled a pillow at him, hoping to knock him unconscious for the remainder of the night and thus to silence his relentless, obnoxious, and surprisingly loud thinking.

Obviously, my roommate was having

trouble adjusting to our cohabitation...

"No. I am JUST... FUCKING... TIRED! Now please, TRY not to think, okay?! You don't hear me venting my hormonal frustration to the entire floor."

He asked me not to think. But nothing could keep my mind off of the girl I had left behind... Winnie.

"No, no... Not Winnie again. There are over five HUNDRED freshman girls here. Why don't you flip through the 'Shmenu, okay? Look at the pictures. Find a girl you like. Just DON'T read any of the words, even to yourself."

I picked up what would soon become the 97's dating bible... the Freshman Book. Pages were filled with the fresh young faces of buxom blondes and ravishing brunettes. I could tell my roommate was caught up in a sexual fantasy all his own. From his corner of the room I could hear the familiar sounds of masturbation...

"I am NOT masturbating... and SHUT the hell UP!"

I let the rhythmic sound of the heater rock me and my unwarranted fears to sleep, and I felt a twinge of memory, of the night Winnie and I...

"Holy shit! GET OVER HER! Do I have to make you sleep in the other room?" Why couldn't I have gotten Paul as a roommate? You never heard a word HE was thinking. He was a nice

boy...quiet, normal, free from any sort of parapsychological aura. He's a little boring, but THAT'S NOT SOUNDING SO BAD NOW!

My roommate's sense of frustration paralleled my own fears of inadequacy and...

And so on. My life became a living hell. No matter where I was, I could hear THE VOICE. I shared his every experience...like everything was some life-changing event.

After minutes of soulful deliberation, I decided to eat at Home Plate...

Who fucking cares? And that wasn't all I heard about: his first class, his "rude introduction" to AD's basement, his annoyance with DDS, every lame blitz he sent out. Then there was the night he brought home a girl. Just when I thought I could get used to THE VOICE, I was lucky enough to take part in his moral dilemma and incessant sniveling about Winnie.

Vanessa was great and everything, but Winnie's face just...

"Fine, give me the girl, just stop THINKING."

I had grown accustomed to my roommate's peculiar habit of actually verbalizing his thoughts.

That was it. I was going to kill him. No, for some strange reason I had an ethical problem with that. Maybe if I got my hands on some sodium pentathol? No,

too temporary. A lobotomy? Too risky: if he was still going to think out loud, I didn't want it coming from someone with the mental capacity of a second grader. There was nothing I could do. So, after several months, I suffered a complete nervous breakdown. In fact, I'm writing to you now from my bed in the psychiatric ward of the Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center .

Nurse: More juice, Sander?

Me: Mmm ...juice. I like juice.

Nurse: Sander, honey ... can you hear me?

Sander? It's me, Fred. Quick question: Should I take that bio. course this term? Winnie always liked bio...

Nurse: Sander? Some more Prozac?

But I was already lost...



The Clappermote!

A Paragon of American Laziness
By Ronald Kimball '97

Has this ever happened to you?

"Honey, where's the remote?"
"I don't know, where did you leave it?"

"I left it on my armchair."
"Well then, why don't you look on your armchair?"

"It's not there!"
"Oh, I moved it to the bookshelf."

"Why did you move it to the bookshelf? It doesn't belong on the bookshelf! It belongs on my armchair!"

"Well, I didn't think you'd mind..."

"(Stupid bitch.)"
"I heard that!"

Of course it has. Well, worry no more! You will never again lose your remote control with: **THE CLAPPERMOTE!!!!™** It's simple and easy to use. Just plug it into your TV set and you'll never have to worry about:

- Lost or missing remotes
- Hard to read button labels
- Trying to point the remote at the TV with your wife standing in the way, yelling about how all you do all day is sit around

watching TV

To change the channel, all you have to do is clap!

<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>

"And now, a Channel Four newsbreak..."

<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap>

"Welcome to the Channel 7 celebrity golf tournament..."

<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap>

"-EEL... OF... FORTUNE!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>
<clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>

"And now, mud wrestling!"

THE CLAPPERMOTE!!!!!!™
from Clapper Inc.
makers of **THE CLAPPER©** and **THE SMART CLAPPER©**

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? →



Mr. Wizard, Whirled

By Nick Bernstein '95

Don Herbert (Who IS Mr. Wizard) has one of the greatest shows on TV. I'm not biased just because I'm a physics major; his experiments are just so cool. He can crush tin cans using only the awesome power of the 3rd law of Thermodynamics. But in today's TV world, biology majors are getting the shaft. Newton's Apple, Bill Nye the Science Guy, and Mr. Wizard all have great physics experiments, but no biology experiments. I wonder, what if Mr. Wizard had an evil twin (like on *Night Rider*, or better yet, like on the *Star Trek* episode with the alternate universe) who did only biology experiments. This Mr. Wizard would use his knowledge only for evil.



Mr. Wizard: Hi Johnny. Welcome to the show.

Johnny: Hi, Mr. Herbert, I mean Mr. Wizard. What are we going to do today?

Mr. W: Johnny, do you like pigeons?

J: Well, no, not really. Why?

Mr. W: Today, we're going to test the tissue integrity of a pigeon's digestive tract.

J: How are we going to do that?

Mr. W: Do you have any alka-seltzer at home, Johnny?

J: Sure, I use it to get over my hangovers.

Mr. W: You shouldn't be drinking at your age, Johnny.

J: Well, you shouldn't be throwing parties for little boys, Don.

Mr. W: Listen kid, you'd be nothing without me. I made you. Remember that. Without this show, you'd still be mining for coal in India. Get that straight. Let's get going with our first experiment. You go get the alka-seltzer and wait for some pigeons. When the pigeons come by, you just throw them some alka-seltzer.

J: What's going to happen?

Mr. W: You're probably too young to remember something called the Hindenberg, but it's going to be something like that. Let's go check on Suzy.

Mr. W: Hi, Suzy, how are you?

S: Mr. Wizard, you know that rash that I showed you earlier?

Mr. W: I'm afraid we don't have time for that right now, Suzy. Did you find that alley cat I asked you to get?

S: I couldn't find an alley cat, but I brought Blackie, my own cat, with me. Careful with Blackie, she just had kittens. Do you want some?

Mr. W: Sure, you can never have too many cats. Just put them in a box in the back yard, right next to the mulching machine. For this next experiment Blackie will work just fine. Here's a little experiment that the nice people at Mary Kay cosmetics asked us to do. Do



you have any bleach handy?

S: No I'm sorry. The only implement of destruction I have is this razor sharp hat pin. Will that work?

Mr. W: Sure. Now for safety reasons, lets put on some gloves before we start this experiment. Safety is the number one rule in our work. Can you hold Blackie's eye open while I get the pin?

S: What are you going to do?

Mr. W: We're going to see why it is that cats can see so well in the dark.

S: Why do we want to do that?

Mr. W: We don't really. We just want to see him writhe.

S: Not with Blackie!

Mr. W: OK, you brat, get out of here. I know what the audience wants to see. I've been doing this show for 15 years. I don't need you. I can do this act alone. Let's take a look at how Johnny is doing.



J: Mr. Wizard, the pigeons won't come near me.

Mr. W: Let's forget about that for the time being. Our next experiment deals with that interesting plant known as Hemp. We'll tell you our results after these commercial messages. We'll also be answering the age old questions, can cows jump on trampolines, and what happens when you inject hamsters with Helium?

How to Escape...Capt. Kirk Style

By Sander Schlichter '97

Don't you hate it when you get caught in one of those situations in which you are being escorted down a long corridor by two hostile aliens and your hands are bound together and hanging uselessly in front of you? Of course you do. Well, thanks to the recent perfection of the William Shatner Break-Away-from-Two-Hostile-Aliens-in-a-Long-Corridor-Escape-Method™ (BATHALCEM) this will no longer

be a problem. Just follow these five easy steps:

1. **Distract your alien captors.** Try using a sudden illness in the hope that these aliens slept through their human physiology classes back at Zaphdorf Academy (they always do). A good example would be to clutch your abdomen and yell "Ouch, my uvula!", or "I'm going into labor." [Editor's note: William Shatner often used this second

approach, especially during his later years. His pronounced Romulan-ale belly added a good amount of credibility.]

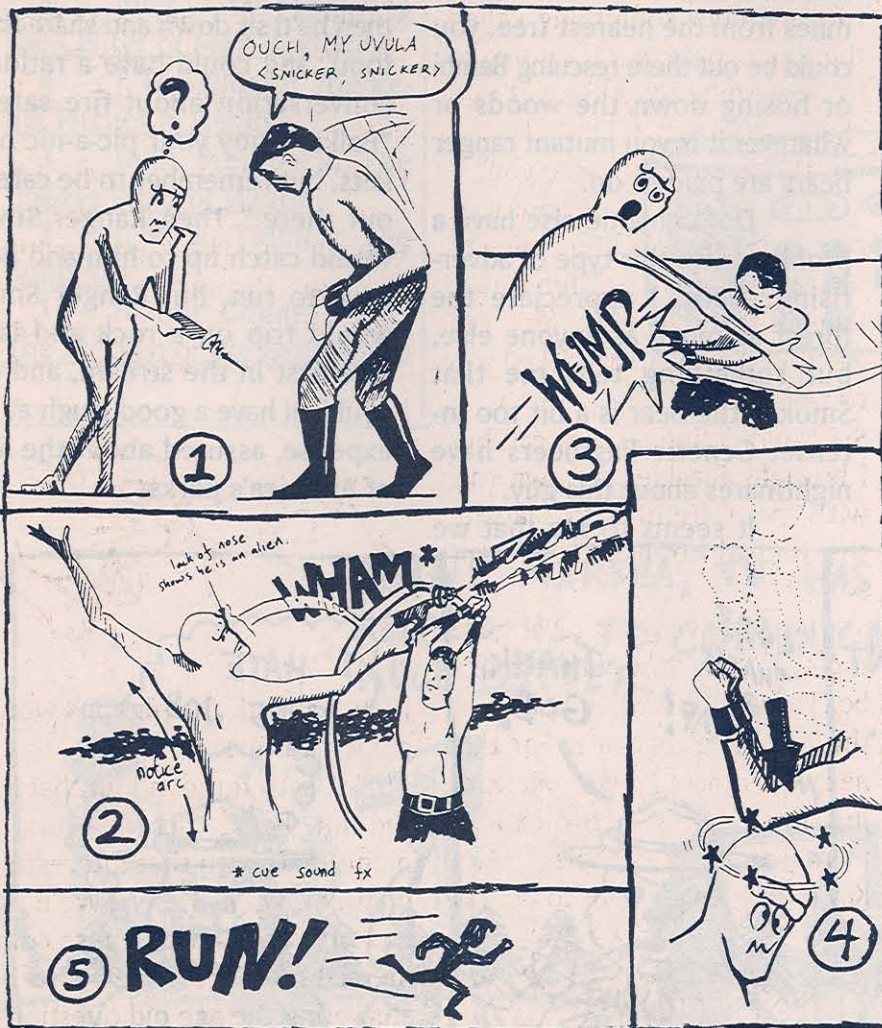
2. **Swinging upward, club one of the aliens in the face.** While the aliens are standing around wondering what a uvula is or how human babies taste, swing your conveniently bound hands into the alien's face/chin region (assuming, of course, that they have one). This will both force its head up and its back to arch, thus leaving its abdomen (or comparable mid-section) vulnerable (Dig. 2A). This sudden action should cause the alien to accidentally fire its hand-held weapon, hitting the chandelier, which will most likely fall on its buddy (Dig. 2B). In the unlikely absence of a chandelier, count on Mr. Spock to use the Vulcan neck pinch on the other duly distracted captor.

3. **Nail it in the stomach.** Just swing with all your might: It's fun, it's easy, it's completely safe and, best of all, 100% effective.

4. **With your elbows, bonk it on the noggin.** Dreamland.

5. **Run.** (Dig 5A) Other options include the following: **Take back your phasers; Take back your communicator; Thank Mr. Spock; yell "You <name of Alien> bastard, you killed my son."** (Dig. 5B)

Remember, never be cad enough to use this method on female aliens. In case of capture by female aliens, always use their repressed sexual desires to aid your escape.



My Favorite Mutant

by Hal Lieber '96

Picture a beautiful forest, with a stream running through a clearing. A small tent is pitched in the clearing and a family is camping, roasting hot dogs over a small campfire. They laugh, and know that it's going to be a great weekend.

<RUSTLE>

"Honey, did you hear that?", the mother asks.

"It's only your imagination, my dear," he replies, "or perhaps the wind rustling through the trees of this beautiful forest."

"You're probably right, Sweetie," she sighs, "how beautiful nature is."

Just then, a ten-foot tall hairy beast wearing a ranger hat leaps out from behind the lush foliage! "FIRE!" he roars, his eyes as red as the flames themselves. His mouth foaming, Smoky the Bear raises one of his giant oversized mutant paws and, with one swoop, guts the father and proceeds to maul the entire family.

As the forest bursts into

flames behind him, Smokey wipes the blood from his lips, turns to me, madness in his face, and growls, "Only you can prevent forest fires. Only you."

Whoa, there, hold on a second, big guy! Think we ought to cut down on the honey intake, Smokes? Smokey, you genetic freak, you're in the forest! I'm in my living room. Tell me, which one of us is better equipped to deal with this situation? While you're on my TV set preaching to me, in the heart of the suburbs, miles from the nearest tree, you could be out there rescuing Bambi or hosing down the woods or whatever it is you mutant ranger bears are paid to do.

Does anyone else have a problem with this type of advertising? Sure, I appreciate the forest as much as anyone else, but something tells me that Smokey the Bear is a bit too intense. Genetic Engineers have nightmares about this guy.

It seems to me that we

have a lot of trouble pinning down the real character of the forest bear. I'd like to believe it's somewhere between Smokey and Yogi Bear. Wouldn't a compromise between the two accomplish the same goal as Smokey without frightening children all over the world?

That's the ticket. Smokey-Yogi wouldn't scare people away from the forests. Maybe they'd be a little startled when a bear with a ranger hat and a green bow tie popped out at them, but then he'd sit down and share their food, and could have a rational conversation about fire safety. "Folks, enjoy your pic-a-nic baskets, but remember to be careful out there." Then Ranger Smith would catch up to him and he'd have to run, but Ranger Smith would trip on a rock and land face-first in the stream, and we could all have a good laugh at his expense, assured about the fate of America's parks.



Top Ten Discarded Novel Titles

by Jeffrey Moore '96

10 - Charles Dickens: Oliver Screwed

9 - Victor Hugo: The Hunchback of Joe's Bar & Grill

8 - Shel Silverstein: The Taking Tree

7 - John Milton: Paradise Misplaced

6 - William Shakespeare: Romeo and Fred

5 - Jules Verne: Journey to the Center of Ma's Beef Stew

4 - J. D. Salinger: The Relief Pitcher in the Rye

3 - John Steinbeck: The Cheese Whiz of Wrath

2 - J. R. R. Tolkien: The Bobbett

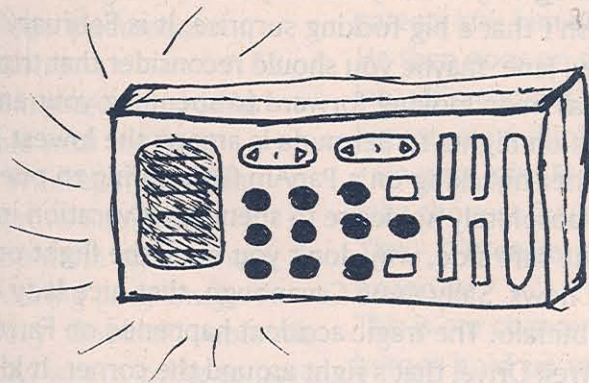
1 - Arthur Conan Doyle: The Chicken of the Baskervilles

The Personality Remote

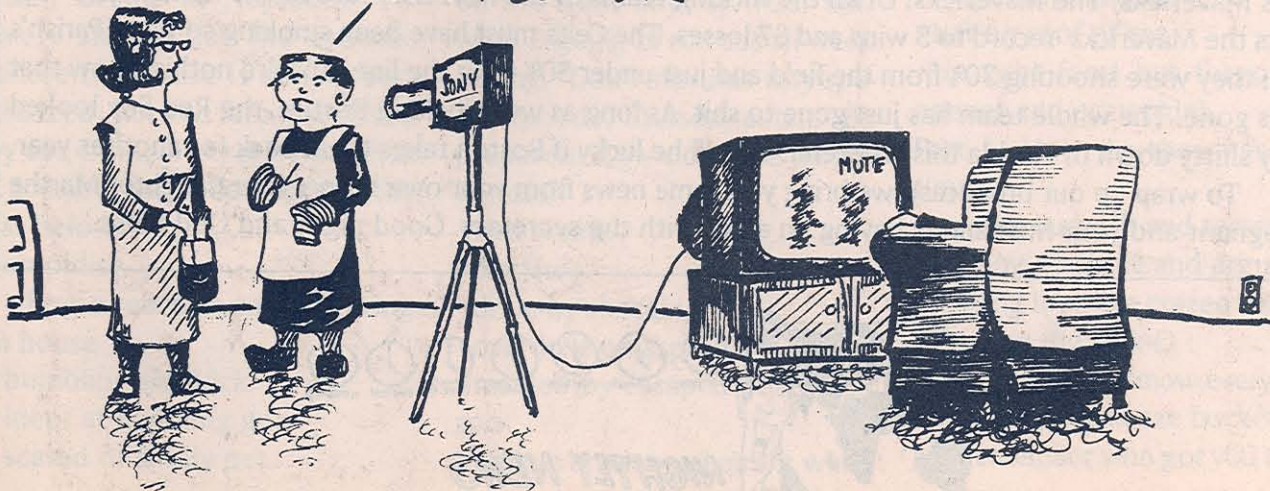
You've seen voice-controlled remotes. Now, witness an amazing new product, the Personality Remote™! The Personality Remote© combines the modern technology of electronic vocal interface with the sexy voice of a European model. The Personality Remote® is more than just a remote control; much more. Let's listen in on a conversation between 'Bob' and his new Personality Remote™®.

Bob: Channel 39.
 Remote: I think you've watched enough TV today.
 Bob: Channel 39!
 Remote: Shouldn't you be mowing the lawn?
 Bob: Channel 39!!!
 Remote: You know your wife doesn't approve of the Playboy Channel, Bob.

The Personality Remote™®©!
 You talk to it ... it talks to you!



REALLY, MARSHA, TV HAS HELPED US TO COMMUNICATE MUCH BETTER



Personalized News

By Nick Bernstein '95

Television has brought the world into our living room. (Who would have thought it would fit!) It has shown us things that we didn't really want to see and brought us places where we didn't really want to go. The best (or worst) example of this is the evening news. In the space of a half hour news broadcast, there

may perhaps be five or six seconds that actually interest you. Too often, the highlight of the evening is spotting Uncle Eugene during the coverage of the Macy's Thanksgiving day parade or seeing a real life murderer on TV. I don't know why they (they being the nameless millions who are responsible for creating things)

haven't come up with a personalized news broadcast. They could easily use computers and modern editing techniques to help alter the news to suit the individual viewers taste.

Imagine Jane Q. Public coming home and turning on the news:

Good evening, Jane. I'm Dan Rather and this is the news. Earthquake in California today. It was pretty bad and people died, but since you don't have any relatives in California, you really don't care about that, and we'll just skip on to the next story.

Groundhog Day came yesterday and Phil said there are going to be six more long weeks of Winter. Well, isn't that a big fucking surprise. It is February in New Hampshire! What do those jokers expect? Anyway, Jane, maybe you should reconsider that trip to Bermuda. You know how you hate the cold and Bob has been looking forward to spending your anniversary alone with you. The number of terrorist attacks on flights to Bermuda is among the lowest in the world. Speaking of terrorist events, there was another hijacking on a PanAm flight going to one of those Middle-Eastern countries. Good thing you have absolutely no desire to spend your vacation in the middle of a vast desert drilling for oil. Just to be on the safe side, why don't you book the flight on United?

In local news, Sally Anne Cavanaugh, that nice lady down the street, died today when her car struck a water buffalo. The tragic accident happened on Farrell Drive as she was coming home from the health club. Farrell Drive; that's right around the corner. It kind of makes you think - had she given *you* the 12 day membership to the club that she got, it could have been you coming home from a work-out. It could have been *you* who died. But instead she gave it to Elaine Jones. What a bitch. She didn't give it to you even though you send her a fruitcake every year at Christmas and the only thing she ever sent you was that stupid letter where she bragged about the raise she got and the new car and how Steve was promoted. God-damned braggart, good riddance.

Turning towards sports: The Celtics fucked up again last night when they lost 89 - 91 against the Dallas Mavericks. The Mavericks! Of all the fucking teams in the NBA they lost to the Mavericks!! This boosts the Mavericks' record to 5 wins and 87 losses. The Celts must have been smoking some of Parish's weed; they were shooting 30% from the field and just under 50% from the line. They're nothing now that Bird is gone. The whole team has just gone to shit. As long as we're talking Boston, the Red Sox looked pretty shitty down in Florida this weekend. They'll be lucky if Boston takes them back for another year.

To wrap up our broadcast, we bring you some news from your own home: your daughter Martha is pregnant and your husband is having an affair with the secretary. Good night and God Bless.



How to Write Your Own Sitcom

By Chris Miller '97

So you want to write your own sitcom. Well, it's really not all that hard; all you need is some ideas for episodes. Don't bother trying to be original; people have already done all of the research for you. Some nameless faces have worked out exactly what scenarios are sure to invoke a laugh out of even the most brain-dead viewer. Here are some skill building exercises to get your creative juices flowing.

The "That's not what I said" episode

It's important to start out this episode with one character overhearing part of a conversation between two other characters and misinterpreting it. As an exercise for yourself, break up the following lines so that they mean something completely different from what was intended. (The first one is done for you).

• "We'll have to get rid of the kid's...old clothes."

• "As a taxi driver I need to collect well; fare."

• "Hey Jim, there's something wrong with my tennis serve. I just can't get it up anymore."

The "Break In" episode

Every sitcom has the episode where the house is almost burglarized, but the family is saved by the criminal's tragic flaw. Pick a possible tragic flaw(s) from the list below.

- stupidity
- allergic reaction to something in house
- stumbling sidekick
- inept at handling gun
- scared of family pet

- melts when contacted by water
- tunnel vision

• can be destroyed only by a direct hit to main nuclear reactor
The "Celebrity Encounter" episode

Once your sitcom gains enough popularity you'll have to think of clever ways to invite celebrities for cameo performances.

- Michael Jackson-a trip to the skin-lightening hospital
- Stevie Wonder-car accident
- River Phoenix-our hero experiments with drugs
- Dr. Kevorkian-grandpa develops pneumonia symptoms
- Frank Sinatra-our hero has trouble with the mob
- Oprah Winfrey-mom tries dangerous liquid diet
- Dr. Koop-mom starts smoking during pregnancy

The "Very Special" episode

Eventually, you're going to have to write an episode dealing with a current problem in society. The good news is that you get to kill off one of the characters. The bad news is that it's going to be the stupid neighbor who was never on the show anyway. Your network is going to run ads all week stating, "Don't miss this *very special* episode, Thursday at ten." Be prepared! How does the neighbor die?

- bad breath
- diarrhea
- drive-by shooting
- overdose on aspirin
- mauled by escaped bear from zoo
- tongue stuck on chair lift while

skiing

- hit by meteorite

The "Should I Or Shouldn't I" episode

Our hero is faced with an ethical dilemma (that's why the show is interesting). For simplicity, let's consider cheating. The episode goes something like this. Hero is caught supposedly cheating on a test. He pleads innocent and the teacher let's him take it again. How does the episode end?

• He takes the test again without cheating and gets a C+

• He cheats on the test and his parents kick him out of the house. He then goes on to make chocolate chip cookies for a living and becomes a millionaire at 16

• He gets John F. Kennedy, Jr. to take the test for him.

The "Weekend Getaway" episode

This is our chance to see how our heroes hold up under pressure. The whole group goes out to a cabin in the middle of Winter and gets trapped there.

Part a: How do they manage to lose their food?

- eaten by bear
- forgotten in house
- left on roof of car
- brought food but forgot can opener and/or napkins

Part b: How do they pass the time?

- writing last will and testament
- playing scrabble and arguing
- making love like crazed weasels
- reading the Jack-O

Now you know everything sitcom writing sleaze buckets do. Just remember who got you there.

Test Your TV Knowledge

By Bryan Farrow '97

1) True or False: The remote control is a phallic symbol.

This is clearly false. I can't speak for every man, but my penis is not box-shaped, nor does it emit infrared signals. Further, if the remote control were really my penis, I'd be a lot more careful about losing it between the couch cushions.

2) True or False: The medium of television does very little to intellectually stimulate or otherwise elevate the cognitive capacity of its viewers.

Again, false. Here, the answer is obvious when one considers that program offerings like "The Psychic Hotline" run almost continuously.

3) True or False: The lady from Romper Room really could see you when she looked through her magic viewer.

Absolutely true. She said my name when I was watching one time. I have a tape of the show if anyone cares to argue.

4) True or False: The overhead shot of Mr. Roger's neighborhood, projected behind the opening credits, is a shot of an actual neighborhood.

Surprisingly, this is false. The houses are actually plastic miniatures. And if you look closely, you'll see that none of the cars are moving. That's okay. I thought it was real too.

5) BONUS: When Mr. Roger's PICTURE - PICTURE was not in use, what did it read?

This one's tricky. The default setting was 'HI!'. (It used to be an original Picasso depicting a woman with five breasts hung in that wall space. However, Mr. Producer didn't find such a cultural addition appropriate for the viewing audience.)

6) "Jim, I'm a doctor, not a _____!" Which one does not fit?

- a.) blood-thirsty mall Santa with sickle-cell anemia
- b.) prostitute
- c.) piece of Styrofoam packaging
- d.) writer for the Jack-O

Another trick question. If you listen carefully, you'll hear that Bones mutters each of these phrases once during the running of the Star Trek series.

7) Which show might have been brought to you by the letters "X", "X" and "X" ... and the numbers "6" and "9"?

Of course, Sesame Street.

8) BONUS: Which business on Sesame Street specialized in laundering, racketeering and drug smuggling?

Mr. Hooper's "Grocery" Store. When you think about it, only a giant yellow bird could see that talking elephant, right? Something tells me you could buy more than a peanut butter sandwich there.

9) Finish this quote from an episode of Cheers:

Sam: "Norm! What can I do for you, Normie?"

Norm: "_____"

a) Resolve the ideological differences in the religious doctrines of the fundamentalist sects warring in the Middle East, Sammy.

b) Using Cartesian and Lockean philosophy, place the sciences on an infallible base for me, Sammy.

c) Help me integrate the arctan function on the interval between one and infinity, Sammy.

d) Rip out my liver and soak it in a pool of beer, Sammy.

Answer: b

10) FOR ALL THE MARBLES: Carol's nephew, Oliver, comes to visit the family for a few weeks on an hysterical episode of the Brady Bunch. (He's the nerdy one with the blond hair, bowl cut and glasses.) For some reason, he is at the center of about a zillion mishaps that occur around the house. Which of the following is he responsible for?

a) accidentally neutering Tiger

b) destroying Mike's architectural model

c) walking in on Bobby as he was masturbating

d) electrocuting Alice

e) all of the above

You guessed it: d. Man, what a jinx.

TALLY YOUR SCORE
 1-4 You call yourself cultured?
 5-7 Get out a little bit more.
 8-10 Do you know they finished construction on Collis?

Failed Toy Ideas

by Jeffrey Moore '96

- 6-Bertha the Barfing Doll (Vomit™ not included)
- 5-Complete Set of Magnetic Roman Numerals
- 4-Collection of Rainy Day Welding Torch Games
- 3-Your Child's First AIDS Testing Kit
- 2-Basic Instinct: the Action Figures
- 1-Roe v. Wade: the Nintendo Adventure Game

'Nuff Said

By Sander Schlichter '97

- Chia Pets
 - Spam
 - The Encyclopedia Britannica Kid*
 - Spam Lite
 - Graceland
 - The Clapper
 - (I can't believe its not) Tofu
 - (With a name like) Smuckers
 - Massengil
 - Local Commercials
 - Ramen Pride (23¢!)
 - G.E. Smith and the Saturday Night Live Band*
 - The Psychic Friends Network
 - Gynelotramin
 - Pork: The *Other* White Meat
- *Favorite punching bags of the Jacko

JEOPARDY! (From 5) CONTINUED

Alex: Right. Select again.

Bryan: The same category for 1000 please, Alex.

Alex: In a moment of extreme passion, Marcy Dunbar blurted THIS from the not-so-soundproof confines of your bedroom.

Bryan: What is 'pawn to rook four', Alex?

Alex: Right again. However, time has expired for the Double Jeopardy round. We'll have to go directly to Final Jeopardy. Marilyn, we bid you farewell from a well-played game. Bryan and Mrs. Davis, you may now make your wagers depending on your knowledge of THIS subject....

19th Century French Poets

Alex: Okay...you will have thirty seconds to come up with the question for THIS...

"He wrote, **What is that sad, dark island? - It is Cythera...**"

Alex: Okay, time's up. Let's take a look at your answers. Mrs. Davis, you're in second so we'll start with you... You wrote 'Who is Baudelaire?' That is absolutely correct, and you wagered... all 86 cents, bringing your total to 1 dollar and 72 cents.

Bryan, you wrote 'Who is Dr.Seuss?' I'm afraid that's incorrect. Let's see what you wagered...**negative** 12,000 dollars. Bringing your total UP to 189,200 dollars! What a brilliant strategy!

Bryan: Thank you, Alex.

Alex: Thank you and thank you Mrs. Davis for another exciting game of Jeopardy. Join us again next time, won't you?

Join the Jack-O-Lantern!

Are you sick of real news? Do you need an outlet to vent your social frustrations in the form of satire and wit? Do you want your name on the floor of every bathroom on campus?

Blitz "Jack-O-Lantern", or come to our meetings on Sundays at 2 in 242 Robinson (that's right! We share an office with the *Spare Rib*).

Fear that you won't fit in?
You've read this far; I think you're qualified.

Coming attractions:

The Real World: Hanover.

This is the true story (true story!) of seven Jacko editors, picked to live in Robinson and have their lives taped, to find out what happens when people stop being polite, and start getting real.

Next, on The Real World: Chris and Bryan's trip to West Lebanon is brought quickly to halt when they run out of gas, and Bryan goes into labor!!

SUPERBOWL XXX

Debbie Does the Dallas Cowboys

ADULTS ONLY!!!

admission: 25¢



Tight Ends!

Wide Receivers!

**The Dallas
Cowboy
Cheerleaders!**

coming to FOX, Jan. 1996