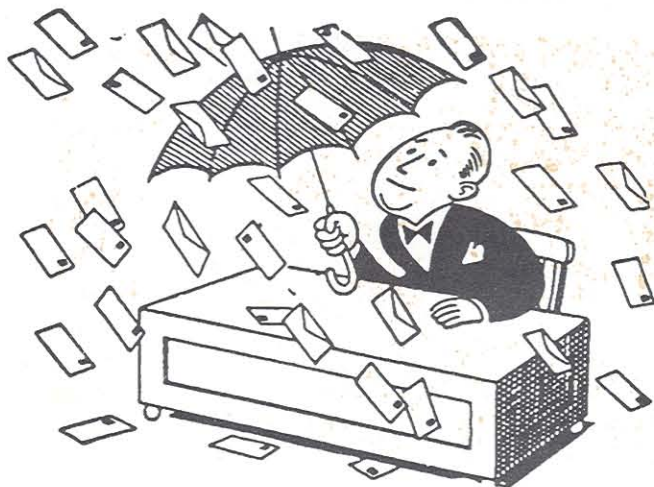


# THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN HUMOR SOCIETY







THE JACK-O-LANTERN  
 HATE MAIL  
 5050 COLLEGE CENTER  
 HANOVER, NH 03755

Dear Jack O' Lantern,  
 The stuff you say really offends my people. We, the Pumpkinheads, have been oppressed for thousands of years, as if Halloween wasn't bad enough. The point is that we, the Pumpkinheads, do not want to be associated with your "lack of humor" magazine in any way. We're a travelling comedy troupe, and we're actually funny.

Signed,  
 We, The Pumpkinheads

Dear Pumpkinheads,  
 We'll take you off our blitzlist.

Dear Mr. Lantern,  
 As one of the world's premier superheroes, I find your blatant copyright infringement shameful. Start paying me some royalties for use of the last name. Or I'll blast you with something or other. I can do that, you know.

Sincerely,  
 Green Lantern

Dear Mr. Lantern,  
 We'd do anything for you. You can have the name. As for a completely random new name, how do you like The Amazing Spider-Lantern?

Dear Jacko,  
 I am writing because I couldn't help but to notice the emphasis you put on high brow humor. What

happened to all that low brow humor?  
 Sincerely,  
 Fartface

Dear Fartface,  
 We apologize, but the Jacko has instituted a new computer program that automatically changes certain low brow word patterns into other, more socially acceptable, words. Here are a few examples of our new software in action.

Before	After
enema boner	enemagoddadavida baby Bono (from U2)
flatulator	windbreaker
barf	lunch...take 2
nut-filled turds	girl scout cookies
testicles	rocks of steel

*I would write more, but my rocks of steel itch and I have an appointment for an enemagoddadavida baby.*

Dear Jack-O,

This past June I graduated from Dartmouth, and have since moved on to New York to begin my career. Yet, despite repeated requests, I have not yet been removed from your alumni mailing list.

I don't like the Jack-O. I never have. Not even once have I so much as uttered a chuckle while perusing your pages as I bunched them up for kindling or to wipe my behind. The Jack-O sucks. I kick myself every day for signing up to be on your blitzlist at the activities fair my junior year. I saw Phil Lord sitting there

all alone with not a single name on his stupid "Jack-O sign-up list", and I had a moment of weakness. I liked Phil, so I put my name down. That was the beginning of the end. Phil, if you're reading this, you're an asshole.

The thing is, you probably think I'm kidding. This is no joke. I want nothing to do with you or your unimaginative publication. Stop pissing me off, I have work to do.

Sincerely,  
 Jeremy P. Segal '97

Dear Jack-O,  
 I'm a 13 year old girl and my best friend just "developed" in her, like, breastal regions. All the guys we see say SHE has a "nice rack". I hate her. It's totally not fair. What should I do?

Anxious

Anxious,  
 Excellent question. The first thing you should do is calm down. Then, grab a piece of paper and a pencil, write down your friend's name, address, and phone number then send it to:

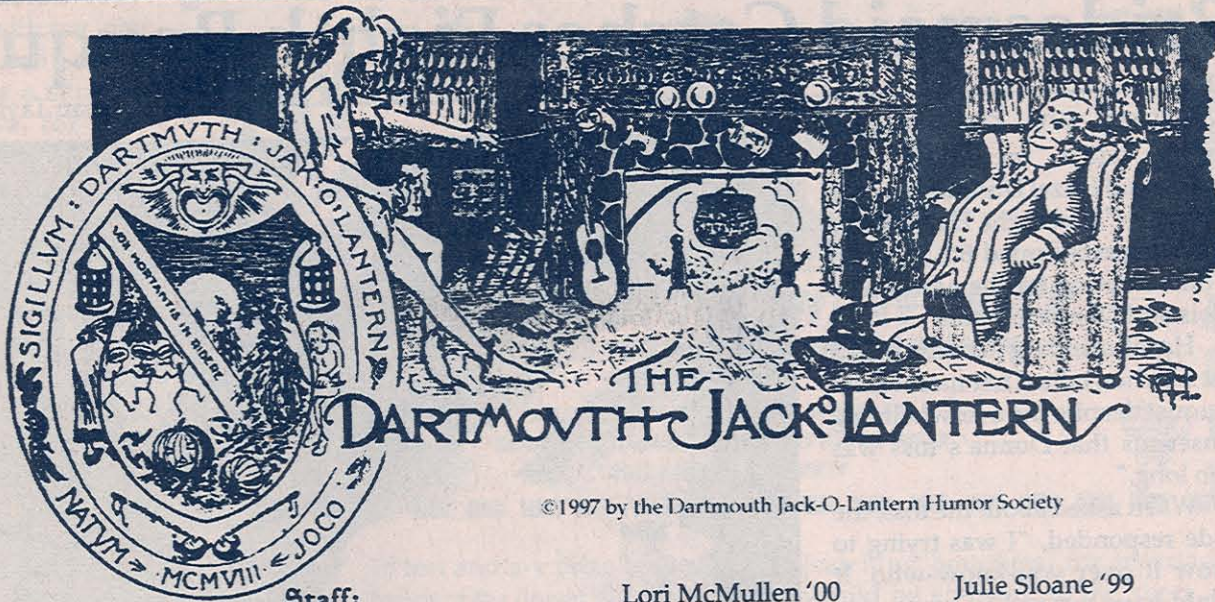
Jack-O-Lantern  
 Dartmouth College  
 Hanover, NH 03755

Hope this helps.

Dear Jack-O  
 What would happen if someone wrote you a letter, and it contained an interesting question, and you wanted to answer it, but after you printed it, you ran out of space?

Curious





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- |                   |                   |                       |                      |
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## Disclaimer:

Despite the religious allusions on the cover and throughout this magazine, the Jack-O-Lantern is not a religion. We don't do baptisms, weddings, or even confirmations. (We are running a special on circumcisions, but that's beside the point.) Anyway, the opinions expressed are those of the respective authors and should not, in any way, be construed as the opinions of Dartmouth College or the employees thereof. This book has not yet reached the gospel status of the Analects, the Torah, the Koran, or that one all those Christian people read, but we do invite you to feel free to swear on it, sell it door to door, and, most importantly, worship it.



## Editor's Note:

It has been said that religion is the opium of the masses; meanwhile, *Trainspotting* seems to indicate that opium is the religion of the masses. This was enough to get the Jack-O team of investigative reporters on the case, researching "Religion and Other Drugs." Unfortunately, those that discovered 'other drugs' didn't return, which left us with 'Religion.' So that's the theme of this issue. We hope it makes you think. We pray it makes you laugh.

Special thanks to Julie Sloane, who took on the harrowing task of being our publisher this summer, and to Jake Shields, the ever stolid voice of reason. Extra special thanks to the all-night squad, the merry men of Jacko who are responsible for the issue you are now holding: Eric Del Pozo, the man, the myth, the head writer, who took the Jacko by storm and never let go; Nathaniel Rink, staff writer; Sean Taylor, artist/writer/features editor/man who will always stand up for what he believes in/friend; and Case, the master of layout, who came in for the food, but stayed in till the end. This couldn't have been done without you.

We hope to amuse you with absurdity, provoke you with parody, stimulate you with satire, (and annoy you with alliteration.) Amen.

Love me do,

*Kevin Goldman*  
Kevin Goldman '99



# Bridesmaid Catches Eighth Bouquet

Sean Taylor '99

BRANDON, WV-- Call it "amazing" or call it "incredible," but Bridesmaid Hazel Duncan just calls it "routine." Last night, Hazel reeled in her unprecedented 8th bouquet at the reception for the newly wed Chris and Donna Jackson.

Hazel, standing no more than 5 feet 3 inches, tallied her most recent bouquet despite the overwhelming consensus that Donna's toss was "too long."

When asked about the toss, the bride responded, "I was trying to throw it over you-know-who. It would have worked," Donna continued, "had it not been for that strong intimidation factor."

The "intimidation factor" Donna was referring to is Hazel's trademark pre-toss headbutt performed just as the bride releases the bouquet. Our Jack-O-Lantern correspondent caught up with Hazel to ask about her signature move.



"I only use that when the maid of honor thinks she's prettier than me," Hazel explained.

What then is the key to her suc-

cess? "Being from West Virginia, I am fortunate to be related to at least one of the engaged couple in just about every wedding. This experi-

## Sound tempting?

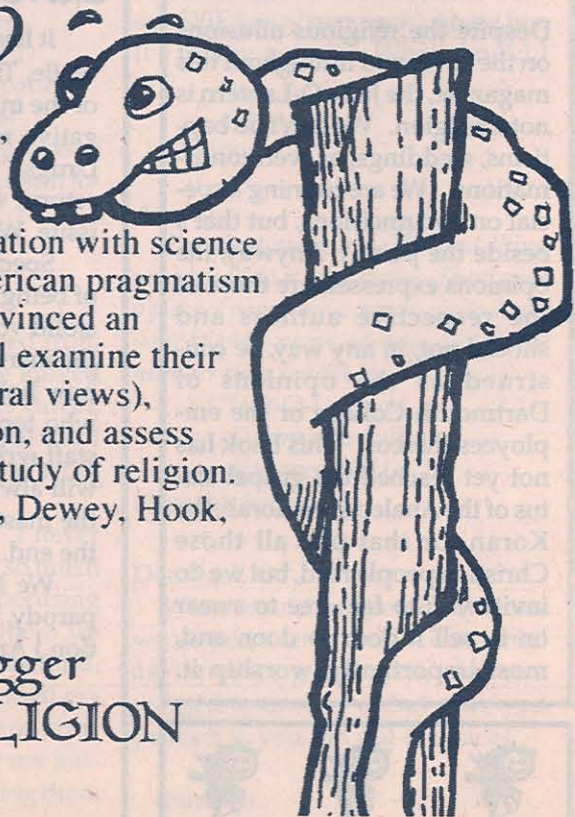
An indigenous American philosophical outlook, Pragmatism dominated American philosophy during the decades surrounding the turn of the twentieth century. In addition to their preoccupation with science and scientific method, the major figures in American pragmatism (C. S. Peirce, William James, John Dewey) all evinced an interest in religious questions. This seminar will examine their writings on religion (in light of their more general views), discuss later inheritors of the pragmatist tradition, and assess the value of pragmatism for the contemporary study of religion. Readings include selections from Peirce, James, Dewey, Hook, Rorty, Stout and Proudfoot. Dist: PHR.

Religion 80 (2A)

Professor Matthew Bagger

PRAGMATISM AND RELIGION

Fall Term 1997





ence factor, combined with my long nails and sharp teeth, is a sure-fire formula for victory," she replied proudly.

When asked about her most memorable catch, the dominant figure in bouquet catching today recalled the wedding of Mrs. Sheila Duncan and her groom-to-be Ralph Duncan.

Hazel recounted, "It was an outside wedding, but the wind was negligible. Knowing the approximate weight of the bouquet was 18 ounces, adjusting for gravity, and predicting the angle of release--I quickly calculated the location where the bouquet would land and merely stood there. Unfortunately, I was off by

15 feet and my prize landed in the hands of the flower girl. Out of pure disappointment, I accidentally elbowed the flower girl in the gut. She fell down and the bouquet popped out of her hands and into mine. Bouquet #5...ba-da-bing."

Impressed with the story, the Jack-O-Lantern asked for some steps a reader might take to bring down a bouquet for herself. Hazel responded with the following:  
 Step 1: Take out the Maid-of-Honor--brides are always biased toward them, so it's best she is 'out of the picture.'  
 Step 2: Elbows out--gotta have your space.  
 Step 3: Tell them, 'No teeth!'-- make a ladies agreement beforehand that no one will bite.  
 Step 4: Bite them-- no second chances at a wedding reception.

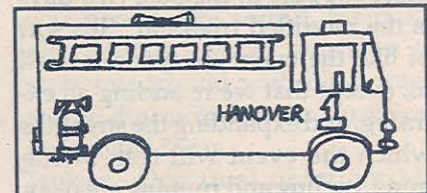
The final question we were able to ask the Bouquet Queen was whether or not she had thought of marriage herself. She answered, "I'm at my prime. To stop doing what I'm doing now

[catching bouquets] for marriage would be an insult to the sport as well as a denial of my natural ability. Also, no one has asked me yet."

## Hanover Gets Firetruck

Sean Taylor '99


HANOVER, NH-- What word starts with an "f" and ends with "u-c-k"? That's right, "firetruck," and Hanover has one on order! In addition to the firetruck, because the Town of Hanover "acted now", the firetruck will arrive complete with a siren and horn at no extra charge. The Hanover Fire Department (HFD) has stated that they intend to use the firetruck to save stranded cats from trees since, as everyone knows, Hanover is the "damn-cat-stuck-in-tree" capital of the country. Although the HFD has not released anything official yet on how they plan to implement the siren and horn, Fire Chief Charlie McNeil is confident "we got a good deal."



(The new truck in cat-saving action, as depicted by sketch artist Sean Taylor '99)

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### The TRUE CHURCH?

	Mormon	29%
	Islam	28%
	Judaism	23%
	Catholicism	20%

**Yup, that's right, as the results of this survey overwhelmingly indicate, the Mormon church is the only true church. So quickly, before it's too late, convert and repent. Oh yea, also stop drinking, throw away those cigarettes, and no more pre-marital sexing. See you on Sunday**

A message from **THE CHURCH of JESUS CHRIST of LATTER-DAY SAINTS**

Survey conducted by asking 18.4 randomly selected Utah residents the question: Which of these sounds most like a religion?  
 a. Mormon b. Muslim c. Molsa d. Meatless-Friday



# Donate, Drink, and Drive: The New Triathlon

Eric Del Pozo '99 / concept Sean Taylor '99

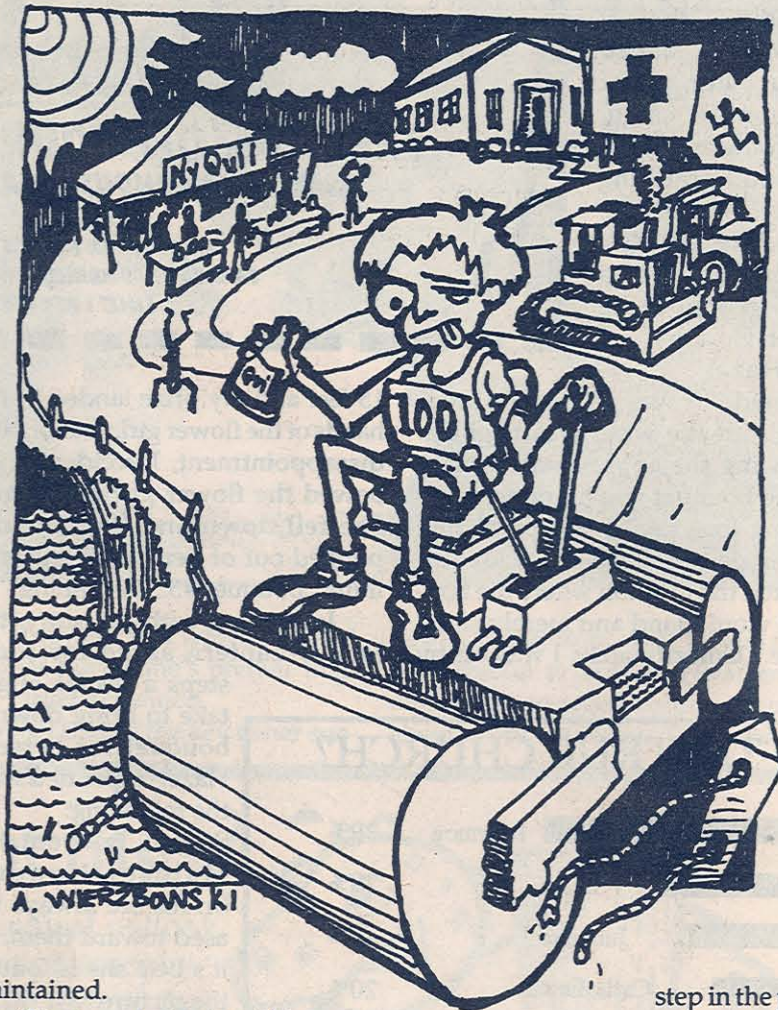
Associated Press, Berlin --

Citing a recent decline in competitive spirit and consumer interest in the Olympic Games, the International Olympic Committee yesterday proposed that radical changes be made in the format of all future contests. "The first thing we're going to do," said IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch, "is make sure that John Tesh never gets on the airwaves again." This sentiment seemed echoed by many.

"However," Samaranch continued, "that is only the first step. There also need to be changes in some of the events. I mean, people are getting tired of watching the same old contestants do the same old things... lift something heavy here, run really fast there. Heck, even I'd turn on *Murder, She Wrote* if I had to sit through all of that. Don't any of these guys ever retire?"

When asked just how radical these proposed changes would be, IOC Public Relations Director Weeb E. Cummings responded, "We're not really putting forth anything completely new, especially since all of our ideas involving barnyard animals were rejected by the ASPCA. We're simply hoping, as an organization, that we can spark increased public interest in the Games by reinstilling some of the competitive spirit of years' past. There hasn't been a good hostage crisis or boycott in decades. Why do you think we set off that bomb in Atlanta?"

The event that has gained the most support in the past two days is the modified triathlon. "It's sort of like the event everyone is used to, except that we're adding an extra leg, and expanding the strengths which the event will test. Swimming, cycling and running are okay, but they're not what the people want to see," the IOC President



maintained.

"First, contestants will have to give blood. They'll be measured as to the speed at which they give it, as well as the total volume. Then, each participant will be required to drink a bottle of Nyquil. This will measure stamina -- I know a couple of teaspoons of that stuff usually does me in! The third leg of the event will be the rapid-fire chug. Drinking beer has been a sport in bars and fraternity basements since the beginning of time, and we're hoping that it will translate well to the playing field. Think of the pride in rooting your fellow countryman on as he attempts to down two pints!"

"The final leg is the next logical

step in the process," Samaranch continued. "Each of the fine athletes who is still conscious after the first three legs will then have to operate heavy machinery. We in the IOC feel that this part of the event in particular will help put competition back into the Games. If you're comfortably in the lead, you can opt to use the microwave. However, if you're way behind, say, you didn't give too much blood or you threw up all of the beer -- you lose points for that -- you'll be headed straight for that garbage truck or jet fighter, depending upon how far back you are. Everyone is in it until the end."

(continued on page 24)



## Jack-O-Lantern EXCLUSIVE!

## An Interview With President Bush

Nathan Chaney '00

President George Bush has been out of office for over four years now. The constant pressure of the world's highest office has long ago faded. The cameras no longer follow his every move; the microphones no longer strain to catch his every word. This period of personal reflection has calmed Mr. Bush, so we at the Jack-O decided that it would be a good time to ask him for an interview. The President cordially accepted our offer; his one small request was that we release his family from our offices, or as he called it: "Your sarcophagus of torture." No problem, Mr. President.

**Jack-o:** So Mr. President... Now that you've had some time to consider the duties and responsibilities of the presidency, do you have any new thoughts on the office as a concept?

**Pres. Bush:** Yes, Nathan, I actually do. When I was in office I believed that it was my duty as 'leader of the free world' to help people whenever possible, to do everything I could to ease suffering both in foreign nations and our own. Now I think I just should've gotten laid and paid while I had the chance.

**Jack-o:** What have you been doing since you retired from public life?

**Pres. Bush:** Well, I've hit

"I talked to your Dean, Mr. Pelton, and he seemed to indicate that most of everyone's leisure time is taken up by the wealth of exciting activities at the East Wheelock cluster."

the lecture circuit. I've always believed that our institutions of higher learning represent all that is good in the progress of America. Except Oberlin. That school just sucks.

**Jack-o:** Hmmm... Do you think you'll be coming to lecture at Dartmouth anytime soon?



**Pres. Bush:** Dartmouth? Well, I'm not sure. It seems to me you all have a pretty full social life up there... there might not be enough time in everyone's schedule...

**Jack-o:** Not enough time to hear a speech from a former president of the United States! I don't think so!

**Pres. Bush:** Well, I talked to your Dean, Mr. Pelton, and he seemed to indicate that most of everyone's leisure time is taken up by the wealth of exciting activities at the East Wheelock cluster.

**Jack-o:** Oh, I guess you're right Mr. Bush. Between studying, hanging

out in Brace Commons, and hitting Friday Night Dance Club at Collis I barely have time to breathe. But anyway, moving on — What do you think of our current president, Mr. Clinton?

**Pres. Bush:** While I don't really agree with President Clinton on ideological or economic terms, I still have to complement the man. He gets mad play.

**Jack-o:** Yes, but what about all of the allegations against him? Whitewater? Travelgate? The rumor that he picked Janet Reno for her looks?

**Pres. Bush:** Yes, I suppose there are some very large gaps in his judgment. But I don't think we should necessarily write off everything the man has done for the country. I mean, he

provides us with a daily reminder why men with exceptionally fat and pasty-white thighs should not wear jogging shorts. He has also changed the image of his home state, Arkansas. You know, before I met Bill, I thought everyone from Arkansas was genetically sound, mentally gifted, and had an aversion to screwing around with big-horned sheep. But now I realize just how prejudiced I was.

**Jack-o:** One final question, Mr. Bush. Your wife's pretty damn ugly, isn't she?

**Pres. Bush:** Fuck yeah.



**Exclusive:**

*Religions from the Backside...*



# BUMPER STICKERS



**A Look at Some of Our Favorite Rear-ends from Across the Country**

**NEW BAGHDAD, NJ:**  
A yellow Taxi, registered to Kareem Omar Abdul Muhammed Ali Jabar, found parked outside Sinbad's Gun's & Ammo.



**CATSKILLS, NY:**  
Mr. and Mrs. Joshua B. Greenberg's light blue Geo Prism purchased at Cheap Freddie's Used Economy Cars.





**NO BEER**

SALT LAKE CITY, UT:  
Outside of the Delta Center was found Mr and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Brigham's Plymouth Voyager.

LOS ANGELOS, CA:  
Ford Pinto registered to Vijay Swami Mahatma Patel found parked in the manager's spot at downtown 7-11.

**DON'T HAVE A COW, MAN** 

**If you can read this, then you should be reading a BIBLE!**

HICKTOWN, MS:  
Red Pick-Up Truck, lifesize stuffed Mickey Mouse with noose around neck in back, registered to a Billy Joe Bob and his fiancée Billy Jane Bob.

BETHLEHEM, PA:  
Found on the side of the road, Wilford Penn's large cast-iron plow.





# BECOME THE EDITOR OF THE JACK-O-LANTERN

How do I get the Catholic Church in my back pocket? By lining theirs! Hi, I'm Newt Gingrich, here with a special offer. That Martin Luther guy may have messed up the indulgence racket, but we've got something even better. Forget about buying pardons for your sins, with what we're selling on your resume, you can sin all you want, and never need to worry about being forgiven.

You, yes you, can be listed as the **Editor-in-Chief** of this very magazine, the **Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern** for just **10 dollars**. (WE EVEN ACCEPT DASH!) Yes, that's only \$9.99 plus a penny, and as an added bonus, you also get the **all-new Jack-O-Lantern T-Shirt FREE!**

Imagine your name in print, joining the elite ranks of past



Jack-O editors: Theodore "Dr. Seuss" Giesel, Buck "Not Rogers" Henry, Kevin "No, I don't have crabs, it just itches a whole lot" Goldman, and Chris "That guy who wrote Animal House" Miller (not to be confused with Chris "I wrote that Stumpy the Wonder Nut cartoon" Miller '97, and hey, he was a Jacko editor, too!) Blitz "Jacko" for more info.

*(T-shirt available only while supplies last. Offer expires when we don't need the money any more.)*

## Top 11 Ways To Tell That Your Friend Is In A Cult

- 11) Drinks a lot of funny tasting Kool Aid.
- 10) Has the highest water bill on campus.
- 9) Really loves his friends... especially in a light wine sauce.
- 8) Always cries at the end of Lord of the Flies.
- 7) Disappears every Wednesday night at the exact time, often reemerging with glassed over look in his eyes and speaking funny.
- 6) Favorite Song: MmmBop.
- 5) Has 10 fingers...on his key chain.
- 4) Has 10 fingers...and sacrifices his pets.
- 3) Often seen wearing shirt that says "I joined a cult and all I got was this crummy t-shirt."
- 2) Often seen standing next to person wearing shirt that says "I'm with the guy in the cult."
- 1) It's the end of the world as he knows it, and he feels fine.

## Top 9 Things A Christian Scientist Would Say If He Coached A Little League Baseball Team

- 9) If God had wanted you to play first base, he wouldn't have made you so goddamn fat.
- 8) Screw evolution...steal second.
- 7) Keep your eye on the ball...and, oh yeah, try to avoid going to hell.
- 6) Strike out once more, and we're trading you to the Calvinists.
- 5) That kid's unhittable.  
He's got more saves than Jesus.
- 4) Say "no" to natural selection.  
Say "yes" to pitch selection.
- 3) Follow Christ's example, and take one for the team!
- 2) Pine tar...sure. Corked bat...fine.  
Tylenol...hell no!!!
- 1) Hey, Ump, you suck!

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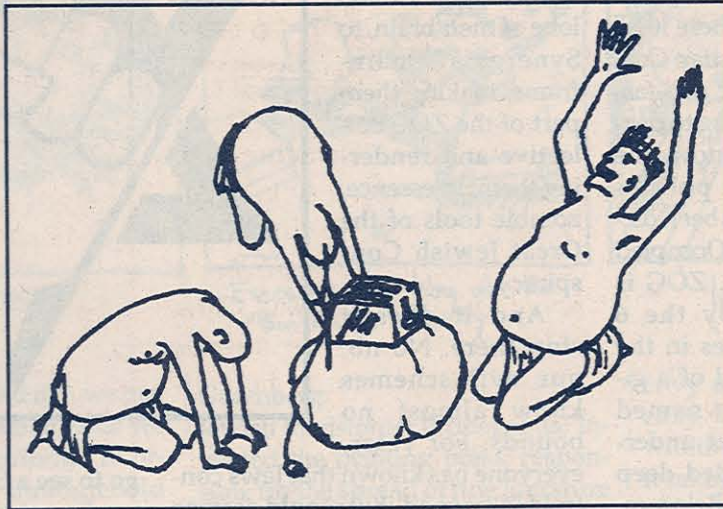
# Missionary: Impossible

Eric Del Pozo '99

It seems that nowadays there is a severe lack of proper respect for religion. This can be seen in the decline of God-fearing, church-attending absolute moralist conservatives that many of us have read about in history books since the second grade, unless we are from Arkansas, in which case we probably learned to read in high school. Instead of fearing God and/or eternal damnation, the masses today are busy fearing other things such as homosexual serial killers and giant octopi. Everyone should know that giant octopi only exist in mythological tales and some parts of California, yet people are busy fearing them anyway.

How can we restore the religious vitality of yesteryear? We could act as any good scientist would and try to come up with a solution. Or we could act as any good Congressman would and spend massive amounts of taxpayers' money to go on a fact-finding mission at the Mirage Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. I pushed very hard for us to act like Congressmen, but the rest of the Jack-O staffers thought that the first idea would be a little less expensive, seeing as how, technically, we have no taxpayers to abuse. I would not relent until the Editor-in-Chief politely suggested that I, and I quote, "get on with the stinkin' article." He had himself a deal. Scientists we were! We thought about the problem a little, went to lunch, thought about the problem some more, then played with the sounds on the office computer for the rest of the night. As

we were all about to fall asleep, a silence fell over the room, injuring six. Just then I had an idea! Unfortunately it was about the 1960 World Series. Who hit that championship-winning home run in game seven anyway? I never can remember.



Then I thought, "perhaps if I practiced an organized religion, I would worry about much better things, like salvation." I had hit on something! She was a senior. I got rejected. I did not let this deter my original quest.

The fact is that a large portion of the population today is not religious simply because no one has ever taught its members just why being religious is important. In today's society, having Homer tell everyone that Zeus will strike entire cities down with thunderbolts if they do not make the proper sacrifices just won't work as well as it did in ancient Greece, mainly because Homer is dead. He really can't say much of anything anymore. That is why it is important for those of us who still can say things to recruit! Recruiting new members is the most effective way to keep any type of religion going strong. The kingdom of God is like one big fraternity, (except that vom-

iting is not encouraged as much.)

You, too can be a missionary! Think of the prospects of travelling to far-away, possibly savage lands that may not even be labeled on your map and that don't pick up radio signals for years on end to spread the good word of God. Sound good? Now think of the alternative: an eternity in hell. Think hard. So, was that first-class or coach? Namibia or New Guinea?

Alright, if you're still uncertain that convincing people to believe in God is right for you, here are some tips to becoming a better missionary, so that you will be met with success in your endeavors (or, at the least, people

may think twice about killing you):

- Be sure to promote your religion by being positive. Try to avoid negative terms like "hell," "damnation," and "televangelism."
- One word: Giveaways. For instance, offer a free toaster to everyone who converts to your religion. Heathens usually seem to take very well to electrical appliances. Make sure that entire communities do not end up worshipping the toasters as gods, however, because that would sort of defeat your purpose.
- Appeal to the destructive side of humanity. Having a god is a good excuse to fight in Holy wars!
- Merge with the girl scouts. Go door-to-door advertising a new type of Snackwell's cookie. Tell everyone that it has eternal bliss inside of it's crispy chocolate shell, and only half the fat and cholesterol of atheism!

(continued on page 24)



The Secret Origins of

# The Great Jewish Conspiracy

Dan "Don't call me a Shiggitz" Powell '00

"Those damn Hebrews are always up to something." --Walt Whitman

Listen up. I'm sick and tired of having God's Chosen People serve as the punch line for every bad joke that you gentiles release upon the world. You wanna know about the Jewish conspiracy? Well here it is.

As the laughable 'Christian Coalition' and many pathetic neo-fascist groups have been trying to convey to you for a while now, the world's socio-economic policies have for hundreds of years been dictated solely by the Zionist Occupied Government (aka ZOG). ZOG is controlled primarily by the 6 wealthiest Jewish families in the world, along with the aid of a giant, evil supercomputer named "Synergy." From its secret underground headquarters buried deep within the mountains of Belgium, ZOG works tirelessly to see that the world's money supply is rerouted from simple gentile folk who don't know any better --- like yourself --- to sophisticated Jewish people like me. "But Daniel," you are surely exclaiming at this very moment, "how

truth of the matter is that every member of the United States Congress is connected, via a small, chocolate-coin shaped microchip lodged in the frontal lobe of their brain, to Synergy's mainframe, making them part of the ZOG collective and rendering them, in essence, zombie tools of the Great Jewish Conspiracy.

And it doesn't stop there. No no, our evil schemes know almost no bounds. For years, everyone has known that Jews control Hollywood. But would anyone ever suspect that each new blockbuster motion picture, each new hit TV show, each new Top 40 record album is merely a convenient means of pumping subversive subliminal messages into the mind of the gentile? How would one explain the gargantuan climb in crime and drug abuse among the non-Jewish population over the last 50 years? Simple: When you



go to see a Steven Spielberg movie, you're not just seeing a T-Rex chase a bunch of people around a jungle; you're also seeing phrases such as "Don't You Just Feel Like Shooting Some Smack Right Now, Christ-Boy?" "Go Ahead And Gatt Your Neighbor, The Police Will Never Know It Was You As Long As Jesus Is On Your Side," or perhaps even, "Why Don't You Leave All Them Big-Breasted Women For Us Jewish Guys?" flashed at a high velocity right into the deepest reaches of your goyim mind.

And have you ever wondered why Jews have such a squeaky-clean history compared to everyone else. Is that because we have nothing shameful in our past? Of course not! Our past is filled with more tyranny and bloodshed than you can possibly imagine. But you'll never know anything about it, because we just happen to be the publishers of every history book that's ever been made. So when something

Mmm... Crack!

could Jewish conspirators such as you possibly steal billions upon billions of dollars from us Christians every year without us even knowing about it? Are we really that stupid?" The answer, of course, is yes! Did you really think that any free-thinking government would spend half of your hard-earned money on ridiculous programs like "agriculture subsidies" or "desegregation"? Of course not! The simple





# Why Some Species Didn't Survive The Great Flood

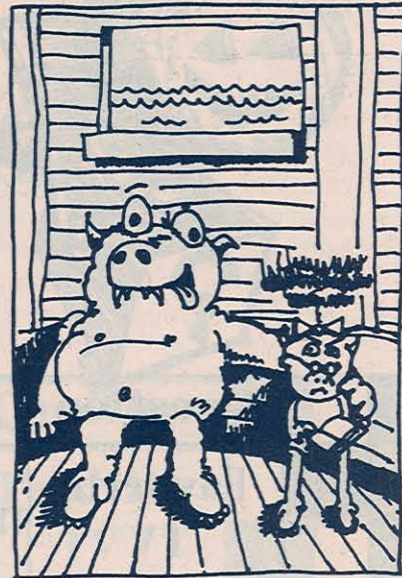
Adam Weirzbowski '00



Laziness



Excessive Drinking at the "Bon Voyage" Party



Incompatibility

comes along that's a tad iffy, we just go ahead and do a little of what we like to call "creative editing." In order to maintain our stranglehold over world culture it is also occasionally necessary to give actual people what we refer to as the "ZOG Makeover." Here are some famous Jewish figures who have gotten the treatment:

Moses:

Revised: Descended from Mt. Sinai with 10 Commandments. Dropped stone tablets when he saw the Israelites worshipping a golden cow.  
Reality: Dropped acid tablets; later claimed to have flashbacks of a golden cow.



Gutenberg:

Jewish Revisionist Propaganda: Invented the printing press; responsible for the spread of fine literature during medieval times.  
Reality: Star of "3 Men and a Baby."

Gilbert Gottfried:

Revised: Amusing-voiced star of animated features and late night cable TV.  
Reality: Really annoying.

Alan Greenspan:

Revised: Chairman of the Fed; responsible for the current Bull Market, Dow soaring over 8000 points.  
Reality: Chimpanzee throwing darts at a big circular chart, one half with 'raise interest rates,' the other with 'lower interest rates.'

Jerry Seinfeld:

Revised: Actor/ Author/Comedian; star of the most popular sitcom on television.  
Reality: Pedophile.

Yep, everything that you've ever known about us is a lie. But hey, just because we take your money and fill your heads with lies is no reason to

envy us. Take it from me, it's not easy keeping the entire world within your evil clutches. Seriously. It takes a lot of hard work. Just consider what might be the daily schedule of your typical Jewish conspirator:

- 9:00: Wake up
- 9:30: Eat Breakfast
- 10:00: Invent the Holocaust
- 12:00: Lunch

As you can see, ruling the world is no picnic. You may be opposed to Jewish world domination, but you really have to admire our "can-do" attitude and our vision. A vision of a Jewish world: a world where everyone is either an accountant or a lawyer and no one is good at sports; where everyone has really cool names like "Rosenblatz" and "Bloomsteinfeld"; where "Jesus" is internationally recognized only as the name your five foot Mexican gardner. Scoff if you will, but as long as you mindless uncircumsized drones continue to fall prey to each new devilish scheme we concoct, this vision will continue down the glorious path towards realization.





# Jack-O

	Question	Mormon	Catholic	Jew	Hindu
	<b>Favorite TV Show</b>	Thirtysomething Wives	Nuns with the Runs	Gaza Strip, 90210	All My Deities
	<b>When is Bedtime?</b>	Soon as the Jazz game is over	Whenever Father is done with me	When the stockmarket closes	Once I reapply my cream
	<b>Favorite Alcoholic Beverage</b>	Listerine	Bloody Hail Mary	Flaming Muslim	Sex on Gang
	<b>Favorite Book</b>	A Tale of Two Wives	A Tale of Two Alter Boys	A Sale of Two Cities	A Tale Too Many Good
	<b>Prayed Lately?</b>	Not while the Jazz are on!	Why? Is it Christmas?	Why? Is it Yom Kippur?	Why? Did a go
	<b>Least Favorite Word</b>	Monagamy	Tolerance	Recession	Hambu



# In the Box

	<b>Muslim</b>	<b>Amish</b>	<b>Atheist</b>	<b>Question</b>	
u					
y es	Who's the Mosque?	As The World Churns	Baywatch	<b>Favorite TV Show</b>	
nish ving ot	No sleep till Mecca!	Can't sleep, gotta churn	Right after Baywatch	<b>When is Bedtime?</b>	
the es	Piña Allahda	Fermented Buttermilk	Beer	<b>Favorite Alcoholic Beverage</b>	
of any s	A Tale of Two ...BOOM!	Tails of Two Horses	David Copperfield	<b>Favorite Book</b>	
I miss ?	Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup...	Can't pray, gotta churn	What do you think, retard?	<b>Prayed Lately?</b>	
arger	Jew	Progress	Wedgies	<b>Least Favorite Word</b>	



And you thought you would be stuck taking Math 11 and Bio 14. Never fear, it's the...

# Jack - O.R.C.

## 0.5. Words

97F, 98F: 9

This course will focus primarily upon the placement of letters in modern day vernacular. Particular stress will be placed on vowels and consonants as they align to form the auditory and verbal basis for human language. Unit on intellectual euphemisms will provide a sound basis for adding posterior excretions of a Y chromosomed cow to any college paper-- a valuable college skill. Course designed specifically for premeds, but also open to the other 15% of first year students. For those scoring below 400 on the verbal SAT, English 0.5 is required. More information conveniently available in the Dartmouth College Athletic Department. Dist.: LIT. Slackcourse.

## ENGLISH

by Julie Sloane '99  
with Ben Oren '00

## 10001. Binary Humor

97F, 97G: 101A

"Pardon me, would you like to 10110?" And who says math can't carry sexual innuendo to a whole new Cartesian plane? This course takes a delicious romp through ones and zeroes, enabling the student to make jokes over the heads of nearly everyone in the world. This is perhaps the only course in which 1101 plus 1 does not equal 1102, and the only safe haven in this world for a person who finds that joke funny. Designed for the math major wanting nubile numerical wit, the course is open to members of the class of 11010101, and the numerically advantaged '00s and '01s will receive preference from the bitter women in the registrar's office. Class size limited to 101111. (Note: If you've actually taken the time to convert the above binary numbers and discovered that the author of this article is clearly a history major, contact Dick's House Psychological Services at 10 011 001 - 110 01 1101 011 or get a hobby.) Dist: QDS. Oollo.

## MATHEMATICS

## 40. Fulfill Your Distributive Requirements

97F: 11, 12, 2

A companion course to "Science 10: Light and Color," this course is also an unabashed attempt to offer cheesy lab science to the technically uninterested. Highlighted in this course is not only an SLA, but also the interdisciplinary and non-Western requirements. We explore the critical question, "How does the science of third-world countries make you feel?" The course will involve mind-chilling boredom and no practical application, but as ENGS 4 and CS 4 have long demonstrated, tack on the right distribs and students will flock to it anyway. Dist: SLA. I. NW. Keapdreeming.

## SCIENCE

## 43. They All Dawgs

98W, 98S: 2A

This course will examine my last relationship with my ex-boyfriend, Professor Joseph Bunkner of the English Department. From his personal character flaws to his Oedipus complex, this class will argue that such comments as, "I can't meet you for dinner tonight because my cousins are in town from Quebec" really mean, "I'm slipping the hot beef injection to some freshman bimbo in my English 5 class." We will also closely study Mr. Poop-head's (as the bastard of the English Department will henceforth be referred) numerous inadequacies in bed. Dist: WS. Flamer.

## WOMYN STUDIES

## 44. Why?

97F, 99W: 3B

"Why?" This question has long fueled every area of study, from the invention of the wheel, to the repeat appearance of the Collis "lentil shepherd's pie," to the bizarre existence of a 3B class period. With instruction not confined to the historical legacy of dead white European males, students attend daily 7:45am drill sessions in Spanish to discover the affect it has upon a drill instructor to merely repeat "Por que?" ad infinitum. Whether uttered in curiosity or despair, the question "Why?" is the only question in the world which forces the use of the "sometimes y" vowel disclaimer. Why? All other questions use a, e, i, o, or u. An island of simplicity in the age of avant garde academia, the goal of the class is to determine its own purpose. Course sponsored by the Math and Social Sciences Department, the Master of Arts in Liberal Studies Program, and the person who invented the student Hop monitor job. Dist: PHR. I. Because.

## COLLEGE COURSE



## Charity in the Age of Goat Hemmeroids

Dan Donahue '99

Whenever I do the alumni telethon, it seems I always get the name of some plumber from the class of '91 who just says "no," and hangs up as soon as he hears the word donation, pissed off that I interrupted the Bob Villa spackle special. But I don't blame the guy, especially in today's telemarketing age, when every three minutes some poorly paid immigrant is calling you on behalf of some endangered aquatic mammal or a stretch of wetlands in northern Nebraska that will certainly perish without your contribution of twenty bucks. Or sometimes they want you to walk five miles through the inner city with a button on your shirt to raise awareness for some obscure medical condition, as if the kids on skid row really need to learn about the dangers of Lyme disease. You know right away when the accented voice on the other end of the line is adding three extra syllables to your name and mispronouncing your town just the kind of people you're dealing with. I've found the most effective approach is to immediately scream, "No! Never call here again or my Sandanistas will rape and pillage your village!" then hang up. This doesn't work with MCI though. They always call back.

Sometimes I feel like John Cusak dodging homicidal paper boys who all want their two dollars. Except two dollars doesn't even cut it anymore; over break I got a call from some animal rights foundation researching goat hemorrhoids or something that wanted a "small donation" to help their cause, and promised a free bumper sticker in appreciation. Thinking that

might be an amusing addition to my car (it could go right next to my "I brake for near-sighted, diabetic armadillos" sign), I asked how "small" of a donation they were looking for, to which they said without even flinching and with a confidence as if the answer was incredibly obvious, "Well sir, the minimum donation for the bumper sticker is Twenty Dollars." A double sawbuck for some 10 cent bumper sticker of a smelly mammal that chews its own cud. "Do you know how much beer I could buy with 20

bucks?" I replied incredulously, hanging up just in time to spare myself from some pre-scripted goat pity tirade.

I'm tired of all these half-witted attempts to separate me from my money. Sure, I'll dump some quarters in the Jimmy Fund can when I go see Batman, but if I get one more call from the goat hemorrhoids people at 3 in the morning, I'm gonna bust the Unabomber out of prison and gaffer tape a gallon of Preparation H to a pipe bomb addressed to their headquarters.

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and *Launderers*  
INCORPORATED

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Laundry and Dry Cleaning**

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the better we look"**



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643-2303**



# The Psychic Connection

Jacob Waldman '97

If you have ever heard of television, then you have certainly encountered the virtually Orwellian media blitz sponsored by the various psychic phone lines. These advertisements are designed to systematically (I assume its systematic - everything Orwellian is) persuade every man, woman and child in America (and probably Canada - "I predict tomorrow will be...the same.") to call the "real psychics." The purpose of this article, then, is to assist you, the viewer, in distinguishing between the phony psychic and the genuine article.

1) *Don't believe celebrity endorsements.*

The most persistent spokesperson for these hotlines seems to be Dionne Warwick. I don't know who this is. As far as I can tell, she (I think it's a she) became famous when she started doing psychic

hotline commercials. Celebrity because they say so. A self-fulfilling prophecy. (Pardon the pun.)

2) *Be somewhat suspicious of certification processes.*

Certain advertisements actually claim to have "certified" psychics. I was more than curious to see the inner-workings of the bureau responsible for this process. I went down there disguised as the Appalachian Trail, and three applicants asked if I was navigable during the rainy season. Then, surreptitiously (that means "looking like a forest") I listened to a conversation between a licenser and candidate:

"Bob Rogers."

"Name?"

"15."

"Years experience?"

"Without seein', I knew that Sparky had been hit by a car."

"How did you first know you

were a psychic?"

"My mom."

"And Sparky was?"

"French photographers, the P.L.O., Herpes and Dionne Warwick."

"List 4 things that won't go away."

"Gladly."

"Sign here."

3. *If psychics admit they aren't psychic, you shouldn't call them.*

I was watching a TV program today which featured a psychic/astrologer. At one point, as a part of the conversation, someone asked him if he had ever been in an earthquake. He responded, casually, "yes." Now, a dog, whose normal sensory-perception is comparable to a three-speed fan set on "off," will burst out of its quadruped skull if the tectonic plates even think about shifting. But this "psychic", who claims he can tell how many white blood cells I have by the sound of my voice, has no idea when his house is about to do a half-pike into the San Andreas Fault. At least he admits it. Unless he didn't see where the question was going. Which is to belabor the point.

4. *Get useful information.*

When you watch these ads, you may find yourself listening to people report being mystified (they report similar mystification whenever it snows) at the accuracy of these psychics. "I just told him my name," they intone, "and he described me and my boyfriend perfectly." The first thing they should notice, of course, is that they had to tell the psychic their name. The second is that they are paying money that they could otherwise be setting on fire so that "psychics" can give them information *they already*

• Swatch Watches • 14K Gold Jewelry •

• Emeralds • Puzzles • Amethyst

A unique and everchanging  
collection of gifts and  
jewelry sure to fit any  
taste and budget.



298-6010

• Oil Lamps • Garnets • Blacklights

Candles • Sterling Silver • Lava Lamps •



know.

"And it seems to me...wait...you are between 5 and 6 feet tall, and have brownish blondish hair. Does that sound right, Cheryl?"

"Dave."

"Right. Dave."

"Yes. That's amazing."

"We're the real psychics."

The next time you want to find out what you look like, call your mom.

5. Will the real psychics please stand up?

So whom (objective form of the interrogative pronoun, as in AC/DC's "Who Made Whom?") can you trust? As far as I can tell, there is only one real psychic in the business...

"Psychic hotline. This is Jesus of Nazareth speaking."

Patron: "Oh come on."

J.C.: "Don't believe me? Ok - Right now you are reading People Magazine."

P: "Newsweek. Close there, Mr. Messiah."

J.C.: "Oh?"

P: "How'd you do that?"

J.C.: "Omnipotence."

P: "That must come in handy."

J.C.: "Well, it certainly brightens up the resume, but it's still hard to get a job without a B.A."

P: "Listen, I really gotta go..."

J.C.: "You don't have anything to do for 3 hours. Chat with me."

P: "I'd love to, really. But it's 75 cents a minute and we're on a budget..."

J.C.: "I'm buying."

P: "That's mighty generous."

J.C.: "I'm like that."

P: "So I've heard. I really do need to go though. I think... um..."

my appendix just shot itself."

J.C.: "Don't lie to ME you little...remember Pontius Pilate?"

P: "I've heard the name. Big power complex. Liked to unjustly execute."

J.C.: "Don't patronize me."

P: "Sorry."

J.C.: "Save it for confession. Anyway, crucifixion is pretty bad, but we couldn't even print what happened to Pontius. Not if we wanted to stay PG."

P: "Er...I think my cat is boiling I,

J.C.: "Look - don't you want to know your future?"

P: "I'm not really...this is an expensive call...my cat...I have a meeting..."

J.C.: "No, wait. I'm really good at this. You know the Book of Revelations?"

P: "Oh yeah. Excellent read. You wrote that?"

J.C.: "Nah. But I predicted that someone would write it."

P: "Ooooooh. That's really something. Can you tell me when

Sydney Sheldon's next page-turner is coming out? How about Doonesbury's next episode? Can you tell me what the Sunday strip will be, or is that too many panels?"

J.C.: "I would caution you against mocking the Messiah."

P: "Look, who is this really? Hey, my philodendron's talking. That's a good trick. I really do need to go though. I have a meeting in about half an hour."

J.C.: "Alright already. Give my best to the PTA."

P: "It's a sales meeting."

J.C.: "Sure now?"

P: "I think I know my own... cut that out."

J.C.: "Thank you for calling the psychic network. Have a pleasant day, Steve."

P: "Dave."

J.C.: "Whatever."



really need to..."

J.C.: "You'll hang up when I say so..."

P: "What happened to mercy and love?"

J.C.: "Did someone tell you I loved you? I hate it when people do that. 'Jesus loves you. Jesus loves you.' I don't even know you."

P: "I'm pretty lovable."

Would you pay 2 dollars the first minute and 75 cents each additional minute to speak to the son of God? Do you think God comes home and gets angry when his son spends all day on the phone? Do you think Father and Son get along well? It's hard in single-parent homes, so I hear.



# Water Assassin: Heaven's Game

Eric Del Pozo '99

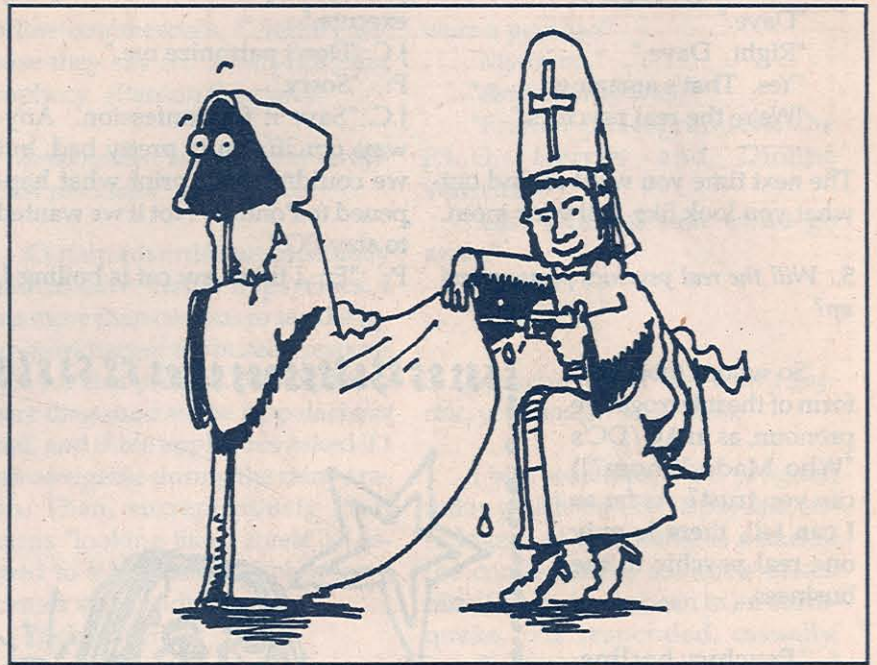
Everyone has heard of the game "water assassin." However, if you have been living in a backward, asocial area your entire life (e.g. California), here's a nifty example, courtesy of the NRA:

"Each person in the game is assigned a target, which he has to kill anonymously with a squirt gun, water balloon, swimming pool, bathtub, or other type of water-spewing device. In turn, each person has someone anonymously trying to kill him. Let's say John has to kill Linda. Linda, in turn, has to kill Barry. Barry, in turn, has to kill John, unless it is Linda's birthday, in which case John can advance directly to Go without having to land on Boardwalk with that damn hotel on it. That's \$2,000 a shot! Unfortunately, none of the three have ever met. John may develop feelings for Linda, but Barry is the one she wants, honestly."

You can clearly see why this game has taken college campuses, high schools, kindergartens, offices of major corporations, sparsely populated planets in far-away galaxies, and the mean streets of New York City by storm. (Except in New York they use bullets instead of water, and anyone can kill anyone else at any given time without provocation.) The game is very useful to society, because people get a chance to vent their murderous frustrations without committing any actual crimes, unless of course you count stalking as a crime.

As we recently discovered, the game has gained a whole new following in the Kingdom of Heaven, as a way to resolve disputes among religious leaders. The following report comes courtesy of our crack reporter, Matthew, as corroborated by Mark, Luke, and John.

"It was massive paranoia, everyone in Heaven walking around packing heat and avoiding each



other. I thought this was supposed to be a happy place, that's why I applied.

"I thought going in that Moses was the odds on favorite. He must have been shot at like a hundred times, but he kept parting the water before it reached him. Meanwhile, he took out Noah by creating another huge flood. No warning from God to help the lazy bum this time.

"Abraham finally took out Moses by pretending to be God. He lured Moses up to Mount Sinai to receive another ten commandments, then wisely shot him in the back. Imagine his surprise when God told Abraham that his next target was his own son. Before he could hear that it was only a joke, the kid was murdered in cold blood. That oughta teach him.

"It was a real pain in the ass trying to get Gandhi to play. He said he was against any sort of violence. What a wuss. While he was staging a hunger strike against the game, Abraham caught him in a weak moment by slipping him a jar of water chestnuts. Abraham was soon

thereafter taken out by Jesus, posing as a carpenter. Who would've thunk it?

"Speaking of Jesus, I thought he'd be a real easy target, considering the way he's always just kind of hanging around. He was actually killed right at the beginning, but somehow three days later he was back. Strange. Some guy named Thomas doubted the legality of the play, but, hey, when you're the bosses kid, you can do what you want. Anyway, after Jesus came back he popped a cap in Jehovah's ass, but that's easy enough considering the guy will just sit there and talk your ear off. Jehovah contested the kill, but there were plenty of witnesses at the scene, as usual.

"In the end, it came down to a duel between Jesus and Pope Innocent II. Innocent stayed alive the entire time by riding around inside of that glass bubble. It served as a pretty good shield for the most part, except when Zeus broke it with a thunderbolt. You had to figure the Greek would be excommunicated after that one.

(continued on page 24)



### STOCKMAN'S DOGS



"Circumsicion smurkumsicion... You should see what I've been through."

**Give me that old time Religion!**



**Name this god and get 15% off art supply purchases at**

**Duke's Art & Frame**

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**Hint: He was Christ's main competitor.**

**MAHAYANA PHILOSOPHY**

**B  
U  
D  
D  
H  
A**

# incarnate Lamas

*monasticism*

## Religion 19 (2A):

### Introduction to

## Indo-Tibetan Buddhism

**Professor Amy Langenberg**

**Fall 1997**

**tantric yoga**

*lay religious life*

# BUDDHISM'S ENCOUNTER WITH INDIGENOUS SHAMANISTIC RELIGION



# A Day in the Life of Freshman Week

Nathaniel Rink '99

9:00 Arrive at Dartmouth.  
 9:05 Ready for parents to leave.  
 10:00 Parents leave.  
 10:30 Pick up computer.  
 10:40 Begin setting up computer.  
 1:00 Computer set up.  
 1:05 What is this "blitzmail" thing?  
 1:07 Send first blitz.  
 1:08 Roommate receives first blitz.  
 1:09 "Wow! You emailed me!"  
 1:10 Roommate replies to blitz.  
 1:11 Hmm... This "blitzmail" thing holds a strange sort of appeal.  
 1:15 OK, blitzmail experimentation is done for now.  
 1:20 Roommate Bonding Time: "Do you like Phish?"  
 1:30 UGA introduces himself.  
 1:31 UGA leaves.  
 1:32 "Wait, What does that guy do again?"  
 1:35 Check blitz.  
 1:40 Unpack.  
 1:45 Begin throwing out all useless supplies mom has included.  
 1:50 Realize mom has written last name in every pair of underwear in suitcase.  
 2:00 Time to find Hinman box.  
 2:01 Return for one last blitz check.  
 2:02 "Wow, I really check this blitzmail often. Well, I'm sure I'll never use it once the novelty wears off."  
 2:03 Resume search for Hinman.  
 2:05 Check map in Greenbook.  
 2:06 Note fraternity positions.  
 2:07 Continue examining map.

2:08 Hinman is where? Our mailbox is next to the #@\$%ing river?!?!  
 2:09 Abandon search for mailbox.  
 2:10 Check blitz.  
 2:11 Receive blitz from a friend explaining newfound option on blitzmail.  
 2:12-2:20 Experiment with "reply-to" nickname.



2:20 Roommate visits the lavatory.  
 2:21 Invent the first hilarious fake blitz from someone else's account in the history of Dartmouth.  
 2:22 Chuckle at own wittiness and clever ingenuity.  
 2:23 Roommate returns.  
 2:24 Leave room to find UGA.  
 2:24:30 Return to room to sign off

blitzmail account.  
 2:26 Brag to UGA about clever blitzmail trick.  
 2:27 UGA does not seem to be overly impressed.  
 3:00 First trippee reunion planned.  
 3:05 Show up to meet trippees.  
 3:10 Still waiting for trippees.  
 3:15 Maybe I got the wrong place?  
 3:20 Begin observing group of clean looking people eating in corner.  
 3:25 Trippees still not here. Clean looking people appear to be enjoying themselves.  
 3:30 Sitting alone. Clean looking people empty trays, start to leave.  
 3:35 "Howard? Is that you?"  
 3:36 Bond with clean looking trippees.  
 3:40 Return home.  
 3:41 Check blitzmail.  
 4:00 First college nap.  
 7:00 HOP skits: "Alcohol Is Evil," "All Men Rape," and "Yolanda barfs after every meal."  
 7:01 OH! Hinman BOXES are not in Hinman DORM... how clever.  
 7:02 "Hey man, that Yolanda girl is kinda cute."  
 7:02-7:30 Scope for chicks.  
 7:30 Skits over.  
 7:35 Find UGA.  
 7:36 "What's that alcohol policy around here, again?"  
 7:37 Pay UGA 25 dollars for sixpack of beast.  
 7:45 Start drinking.  
 7:46 Wait, gotta check blitz first.

## Tired of Hanover already? Looking for an escape?

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The answer to students' prayers since 1934

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7:47 NOW we can start drinking.  
 8:00 Friends come over bringing more alcohol.  
 8:05 Everybody drinking.  
 9:00 Still drinking.  
 11:00 First drunken blitz.  
 11:30 Wow, I'm a badass for staying up so late drinking on a weeknight.  
 1:00 Mom would be very disturbed if she knew I were awake right now.  
 1:05 Drinking continues unabated.  
 1:40 RING RING  
 1:41 What the Hell is that?  
 1:42 RING RING  
 1:43 Answer phone.  
 2:00 Check blitzmail.  
 2:15 Drink more.  
 2:30 Check blitzmail.  
 2:45 Drink more.  
 3:00 Check bl- What the hell is a server and why is it down?  
 3:01 Better call Kiewit.  
 3:05 "All lines busy? Who else could have a blitzmail question at 3 in the morning on their first night here?"  
 3:15 Get through to Kiewit.  
 3:16 Boy, weren't THEY a little condescending.  
 3:45 Return home.  
 4:00 Play 2 player video game with roommate.  
 4:15 UGA enters.  
 4:16 UGA blabbers on while video game in progress.  
 4:17 What an irritating individual.  
 4:31 Wow! Blitzmail works again!  
 4:32 Blitz parents.  
 4:33 Realize the actions of 4:32 may have been rash.  
 4:34 Oh well.  
 4:45 More Roommate Bonding: relate tales of incredible fun, incredible women, incredible drinking.  
 4:50 Listen to Roommate's story.  
 4:52 Roommate must be lying. You were lying about how much you drank, and he says he drank more than you.  
 5:15 Bed. Astonished at own superhuman endurance.  
 5:16 Ah never mind, I'll brush my teeth in the morning.  
 5:17 Close eyes.  
 5:18 Experience enjoyable new sensation. Call it: "vertigo."  
 5:19 Move trash can next to bed.  
 5:20 Fall asleep.

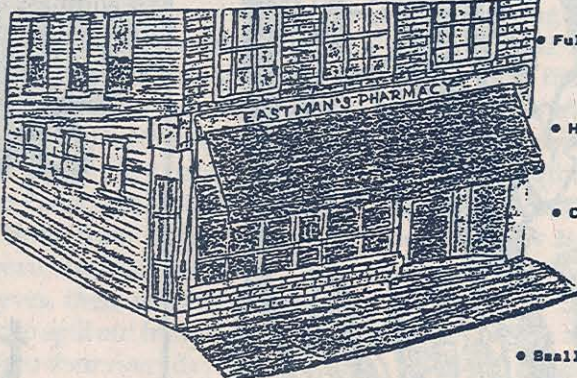
# THE DARSIDE

A. Nierzbowski



If Dartmouth Students Went to Hell

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Want to know what the greatest humorists of yesteryear thought about Religion? Check out these great...

# JACKO FLASHBACKS

## ARE YOU THE POPE?



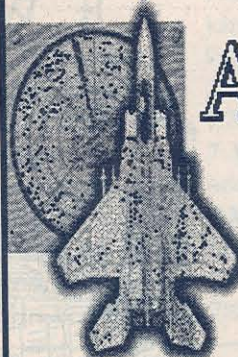
ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS HONESTLY THEN CHECK YOUR SCORE TO FIND OUT WHETHER YOU ARE INDEED THE SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. NO CHEATING!

1. Have you been circumcised?
2. Do you speak in a funny language on Sundays?
3. Do other people bow down at your feet when you enter a room?
4. Have you ever touched an animal, vegetable, or mineral in an impure manner?
5. Are you now, or have you ever been, Polish? Are you sure?
6. Do you think transubstantiation is something dirty?
7. Do you frequently embarrass yourself at parties because you've had 'one too many'?
8. Do you believe in occasionally allowing the woman to be on top?
9. Would you feel comfortable shooting the proverbial papal bull?
10. Are you in favor of peace, love, and brotherhood?
11. Do you like to dress up in long flowing robes, lacey shirts, funny little slippers, lots of jewelry and decorations and a little beanie on top of your head?

Give yourself two points for each odd-numbered YES response, and one point for each even-numbered NO response. SCORE: 18-21 There is a very good chance that you are the pontiff, or will be in the near future. You'd be smart to check your mail every day. 14-18: You are probably not the Pope, but you might be the Archbishop of Canterbury. 7-14: You might make a good priest if you put your mind to it, but don't count on being canonized. 0-7: You should be more worried about getting into Heaven than the Vatican; you probably aren't even Catholic!



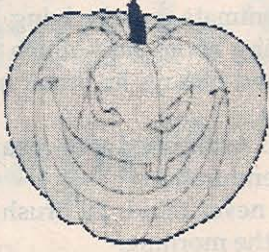
Says something about 24 hour protection...



Aim High!

or

Write for



the

Jack-O-Lantern.



# Movie Review: "Dead Poets In Tha Hood"

Nathan Chaney '00

Spike Lee has done it again. His new release, "Dead Poets in the Hood," is the first film ever to successfully portray the tremendous struggle of growing up as a member of the "ghetto intelligentsia" of South Central LA. Lee's exceptional vision of a secret group of dreamers and romantics hiding within the world of high pressure and great expectations that is the city of Compton has won him top honors at both the Cannes and Sundance film festivals. "Dead Poets in the Hood" is an oasis of originality in an industry that consistently provides its audience with nothing but mindless drivel. Not since David Johnson's triumph in "Sleepaway Camp III" has there been a film that destroys so many stereotypes and shakes our very moral consciousness to its core.

The story centers upon four adolescent boys who have been sent by their ambitious parents to join the high society gang, the Crips. From the very outset, with their matriculation into the gang, one feels the cruel burden of expectation they are forced to carry: "Fully ninety percent of our graduates go on to become members of the California Penal System!" are the final words with which Grandmaster F.C. Pricherht inducts them into the gang.

Just when it seems that the film is about to become a two hour pity-bath of existensial hopelessness, in steps Diggity Daz, the boys Crip assigned mentor, played by Richard Pryor. Their first class with him is like nothing they have ever encountered. Daz requests young Tommy Boy Evans, previously known only

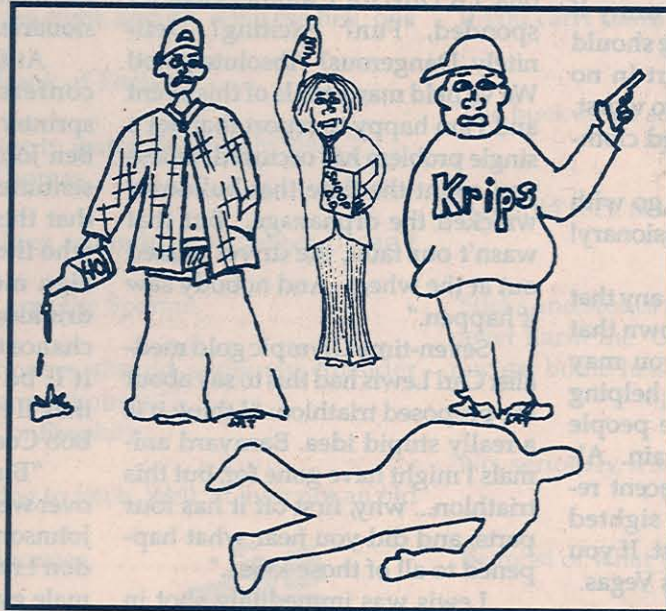
as Carlton from "The Fresh Prince," to recite lyrics to the class from the assigned reading *Doggystyle* by world acclaimed author Snoop D. Dogg. Diggity Daz pauses and then says, "Rip it up! Tear out every last page! There's no formula for robbin' and fuckin' wit hoes and

set by his older brother, "Nine." In an especially telling scene, Tom "Domino" Anderson, played by Vanilla Ice, is chewed out by his father for choosing to be in the high school musical, *Oklahoma*, rather than spending his afternoons beating welfare checks out of old, crippled ladies: "After you serve time for assault and battery with intent to maim you can do as you God damn well please, but until then you will do as I tell you!"

The climax is especially startling. Domino, rather than give up his artistic longings, decides to commit suicide by having one of the live horses in the *Oklahoma* production kick him in the face repeatedly. His mangled remains are found by his oppressive father the following day along with a final message written on his

costume's cowboy hat that says, "Pops, you is a bitch." Domino's father immediately places the blame for his son's death upon Diggity Daz for giving him theatrical ambitions and Daz is kicked out of the Crips. The final scene, however, assures the audience that free thought can never be killed. As Daz is slowly pulling away from the Crips in his 64, with the ass dropped nearly as low as his spirits, the surviving Dead Poets in the Hood begin chanting, "See you at the Crossroads, see you at the Crossroads..."

"Dead Poets in the Hood" is the film of the year, a tour de force for Spike Lee. Bring your girlfriend to this film and with a Pepsi, a jumbo bucket of buttered crack, and a little hand holding, you'll be well on your way for a night to remember.



tricks, boys, no matter what Mr. Dogg tells you!" Thus their journey of artistic self-discovery begins.

At first their personal renaissance goes unnoticed by the other Crips. They sneak out late at night and hold meetings inside an unknown dumpster behind the pawn shop. During these meetings of the group they have named the 'Dead Poets in the Hood,' they read selections from Byron, Whitman, Thoreau, and the Fat Boys. Soon, however, their reflective thoughts begin to spill out from the dumpster and into their everyday lives within the Crips. The weekly required body count begins to go unfulfilled by Winston "Glock" Stone, played by Slater from "Saved by the Bell." The Grandmaster of the Crips chastises a crying Winston for not living up to the high standards of murder



All the news that wouldn't fit in print, it's...

# THE LEFTOVERS

## To Be A Better Missionary

(continued from page 9)

- Use military force. No one should leave home without it! Cutely call yourselves the "salvation" army if you choose. A little rifle fire should make those pagans convert in no time at all. If worst comes to worst, you can end up selling used clothing to pay the bills.

- Just lay there and let me go with it... oops, wrong type of missionary!

By using these tips, and any that you may think of on your own that do not include cyanide, you may very well be able to lend a helping hand in the effort to make people love and fear God once again. Although there have been recent reports of a giant octopus sighted along the Los Angeles coast. If you need my help, I'll be in Las Vegas.

## Water Assassin

(continued from page 18)

"Christ was about to sacrifice himself for everyone else as usual, which would have ended the game, but when he kneeled down to kiss the Pope's ring he got blasted out of nowhere. I bet he never realized that the Pope would have one of those water-squirting novelty rings. That tricky bastard."

When asked what he thought was the biggest surprise of the game, our bystander responded, "It sure as hell wasn't Buddha being shot. You had to know that guy would be an easy target, all he ever does is just sit around and be fat. Maybe if he wasn't so busy becoming one with all of those buckets of fried chicken, he would have had a prayer."

## Donate, Drink, and Drive: The All-New Modified Triathlon

(continued from page 4)

When asked if he thought that the event was somewhat dangerous, PR Director Cummershoal responded, "Fun? Exciting? Definitely. Dangerous? Absolutely not! We've held many trials of this event and I am happy to report that not a single problem has occurred, unless you count the time that bulldozer wrecked the orphanage. But that wasn't our fault, the driver passed out at the wheel. And nobody saw it happen."

Seven-time Olympic gold medalist Carl Lewis had this to say about the proposed triathlon: "I think it is a really stupid idea. Barnyard animals I might have gone for, but this triathlon... why, first off it has four parts, and did you hear what happened to all of those kids..."

Lewis was immediately shot in the leg by President Samaranch.

"I think it is a GREAT idea," the Olympic hero then said. "Those German IOC officials sure are visionaries. Please don't shoot."

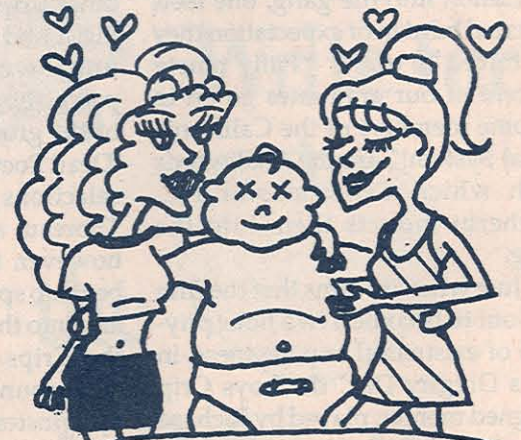
At the end of yesterday's press conference, former Canadian sprinter and special correspondent Ben Johnson summarized popular sentiment when he said, "I think that this event will truly show us who the world's greatest athlete is. Sign me right up. And all of the drinking involved gives Ireland a chance to finally win at something. It'll be good for morale; maybe they'll even stop throwing bottles at Bob Coastas."

"But even if this one doesn't go over well with some 'purist' types," Johnson added, "I hope that they don't raise the age minimum for female gymnansts."

### NEXT ISSUE:

It's Halloween, Homecoming, and Harvard week-end, so get ready to Jacko like it's 1999. We've got the secrets of world leaders, Eskimo pick-up lines, a letter from a latin boy, all your favorite narcotics, and things that go bump in the night.

## PLUS: The Return of Dead Baby



GEEZ, DEAD BABY GETS ALL THE CHICKS!



They're those frequent phrases we all know and love... but they didn't all come out right on the first try. Now, as Jacko researchers have unearthed secret documents hidden for centuries, we proudly present....

# Rejected Proverbs, Volume I

"A stitch in time saves eight, and oh, what the hell, one more."

- Frank of Thebes

"You can lead a horse to water. Big friggin' deal."

- Thomas

"The early bird does something or other, I can't remember."

- Larry the Spartan

"People in glass houses should seriously consider investing in wooden outhouses."

- Confewshitz

"You can't teach a dog to fetch. Well, at least not an old dog, anyway"

- Socrates

"You can't teach an old dog to spontaneously combust."

- Plato

"To hell with old dogs, I say we shoot the lot of them."

- Aristotle

"A dollar in hand is worth a buck fifty, Canadian."

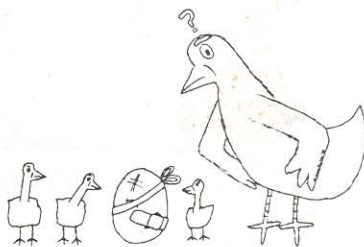
- Alex Trebek

"Caught between a rock and another, larger rock."

- Stumpy the Wonder Nut

"Number of eggs equals number of chickens. Always."

- Farmer Jethro



"If you can't stand the music, get out of kitchen."

- Beethoven

"The buck stops somewhere in this general vicinity."

- Homer

"A stupid rock never hurt no one."

- Goliath

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never harm me. Unless the name happens to be on a nuclear bomb headed towards my town."

- Little Johnny

"No, seriously, it's just a stupid rock."

- Goliath

"Be most of what you can be, but don't go overboard."

- US Armed Forces



"It's whether you win or lose, that's what really matters. It sucks."

- Poland

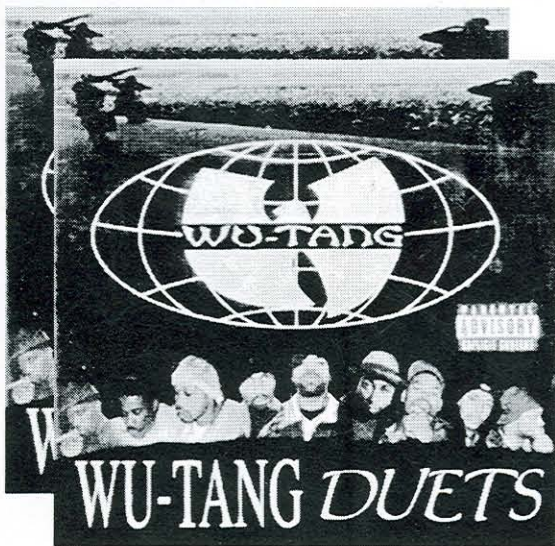
"Money can buy happiness, if happiness to you is a really expensive thing."

- Donald Trump

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but whether or not they will renew Seinfeld. I really like that show."

- Jerry Seinfeld





## Coming Soon To A Ghetto Near You! **Wu-Tang Duets**

**Musical genius is once again on display as Staten Island's premier poets team up with industry all-stars, past and present, to produce this winning compilation.**

*The critics agree:*

"I never heard U2 kick such mad flava."

*-Father O'Malley*

"Yo, ya know it's like, ya know, cuz it's like uh, yeah."

*-Snoop Dogg*

"Two Middle Fingers Up."

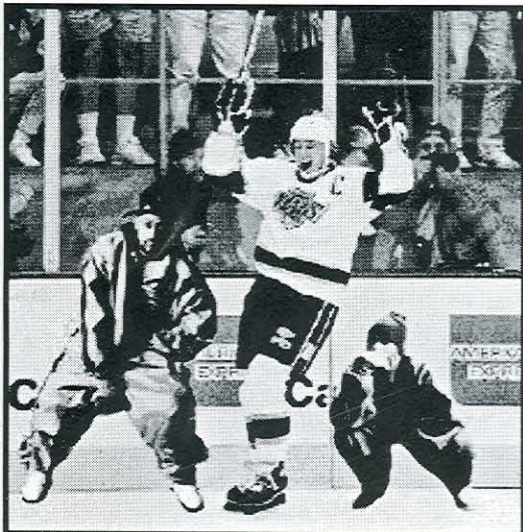
*-Siskel and Ebert*

"I won the Masters."

*-Tiger Woods*

"Buy this, or I'll cut you."

*-Method Man*



### Disc One:

- 1) Billy Joel/ Uptown Biatch
- 2) REM/ Losing My Probation
- 3) Nirvana/ Smells Like Teen Pregnancy
- 4) Meatloaf/ Objects In The Rear View Mirror  
May Appear Closer Than They Be
- 5) U2/ I Still Haven't Found A Good Looking Whore
- 6) Hanson/ Mmm... Crack
- 7) Crash Test Dummies/ MMM MMM MMM MMM... Crack
- 8) Barenaked Ladies/ If I Had A Million Food Stamps
- 9) Erasure/ Take a Chance on Meth
- 10) Alanis Morissette/ (Isn't it) Ebonic
- 11) Whitney Houston/ I Will Always Love You, Doggystyle
- 12) Jimmy Buffett/ Margaritahood

### Disc Two:

- 1) The Police/ Every Little Thing She Does Costs Extra
- 2) Dolly Parton/ Nine to Five Kilos
- 3) Hootie & The Blowfish/ Let The Bitch Cry
- 4) Michael Jackson/ Black or White, As Long As You're Black
- 5) Elvis Presley/ Jailhouse Glock
- 6) Led Zeppelin/ Stairway To Compton
- 7) Jewel/ You Were Meant For Welfare
- 8) Madonna/ Povertyline
- 9) Bob Marley/ I Shot The Whitey
- 10) Spice Girls/ If You Wanna Be My Lover,  
You Gotta Go Get Tested
- 11) Wayne Gretzky/ Oh Canada