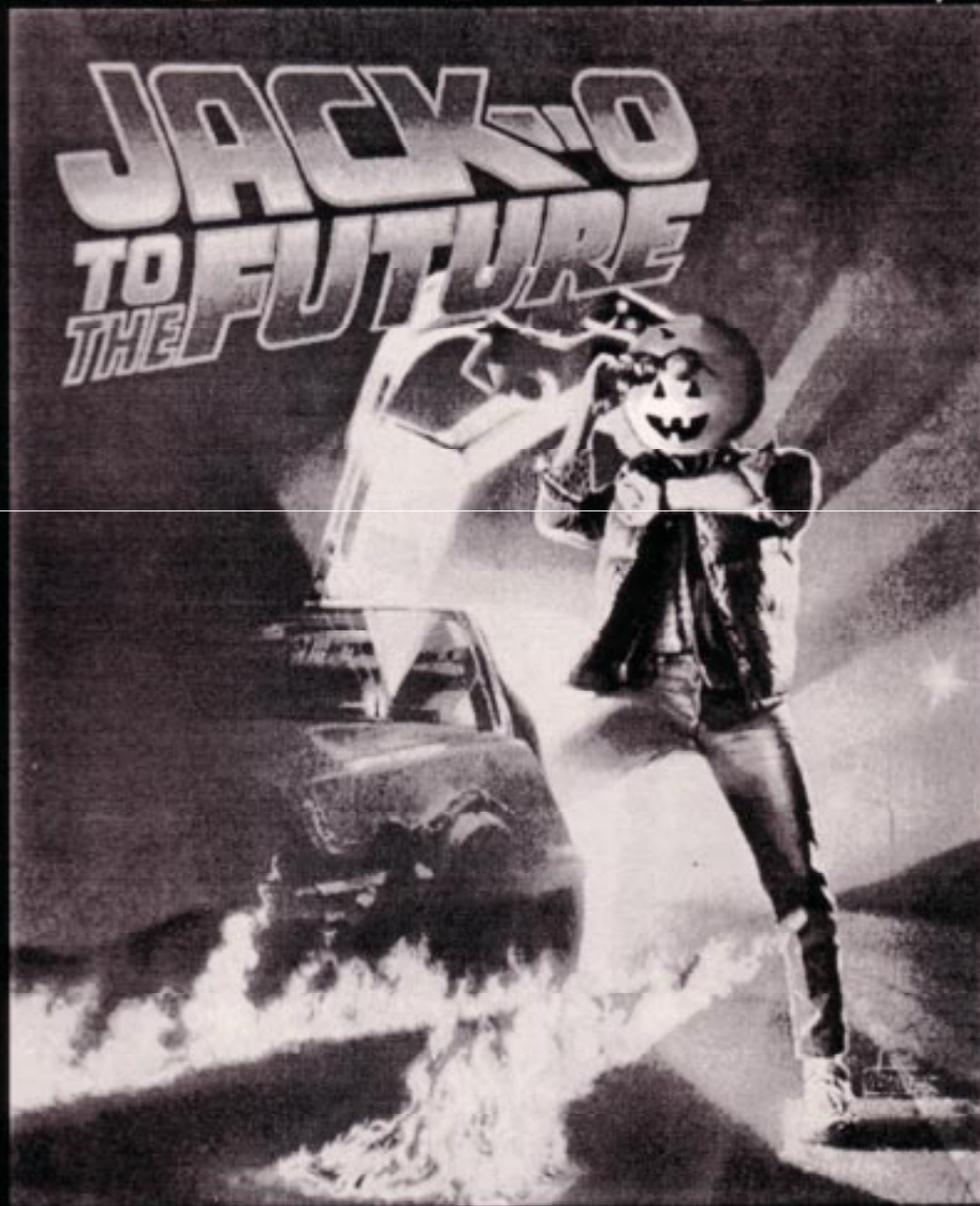


THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN HUMOR SOCIETY

Greek System Mergers Disney 'n' Pimps

Historical Superheroes

Eskimo Pick-up Lines



The Dartmouth Review Dictionary

Party Fails

Future Movie Sequels Crack Brownies!

and more...



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

Dear Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern
 Humor Society,

You are my only hope. I am trapped in a Guatemalan sweat shop where I am forced to make shoes for Fava and have numerous pregnancies in order to raise the number of workers. I cannot escape, for I have been tied to one of the sewing machines with my own arteries. Please, please help.

Sincerely,
 Chris Miller '97

Dear Chris,

What happened to the whole drawing squirrels plan?

-Ed.

Dear Jacko,

I ate this cake yesterday, and suddenly my life is insane. I've got this queen of hearts bitch chasing me, this drugged-out caterpillar blowing smoke in my face, and this midget pervert with a big hat hitting on me. Man, I don't even want to talk about those two stupid fatsos. What should I do?

Sincerely,
 Alice

Dear Alice,

Eat me.

-Ed.

Dear Jacko,

I read your last issue, and it made me want to emerge from my many years of hiding and hang out.

I got a case of Pabst and a new 18-inch acrylic. I'm ready to go. What're you guys up to tonight?

-J.D. Salinger

Dear J.D.,

Sorry, man, gotta study tonight.

Catch you later.

-Ed.

Dear Jacko,

Ever since I read your last issue, I've had a terrible burning sensation in my rear end. It's really hurting my career as a prison bus driver. I can't sit! What could be the problem?

Yours in flamed,
 Itchy

Dear Itchy,

Those are probably the promotional gerbils we included on page 14. Sorry about that.

-Ed.

Dear Jacko,

Hey boysh, what's up/ I'mm bakc in twon and ready tp party. I'm over at Psi U now, and jsut a little bit drynk. I here J.D. Salinger is stoppnig by. See u later!

-F. Scott Fitzgerald

Dear Old Sport,

OK, dude, just don't start a two year drinking binge that will eventually end your existence.

All the Best,

Jack

Attention Jacko:

We have intercepted an encrypted message from a Russian spy satellite. We believe it to be regarding the sale of nuclear weapons to the White River Junction Militia. Please help us decode it:

"Jesus Vladimir! Have you seen the movies they play on Cinemax 2 after midnight?"

Thank you,

Lewis McPolestein, Dir. CIA

Dear Mr. McPolestein,

"Tango, charlie, bravo, foxtrot, enema, Shannon Tweed!"

I'll bring the popcorn.

-Shitrick McAssquirt, Dir.
 Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

Dear Jack-o,

My roommate has red skin and a goatee. Everytime I walk in the room he offers to trade his copy of the Sports Weekly for my immortal soul. When I ask him where he's going to spend his leave term, he replies, "Hell." Is he Satan?

Yours truly,
 Suspicious in Streeter

Dear Suspicious,

Good deal! That paper rocks!

Sincerely,
 Nobody

Dear Jack-O' Lantern

I believe in miracles, you sexy thing.

Mary

Dear Mary,

I suppose you're a virgin, too.

-Kevin





Jacko's Last Supper (from left): Webmaster Rob Auten '00, Creative Loner Charles Gussow '01, Art Editor Adam Wierzbowski '00, Layout Editor Case Dorkey '99, Graphics Editor Eric Buchman '00, Editor-in-Chief Kevin Goldman '99, Our Savior, Dead Baby Artist Kathy Kim '00, Publisher Nathan Chaney '00, President Dan Powell '00, Head Writer Eric Del Pozo '99, Supermodel Randi Barnes '98, Publicist Matt Kuhn '01. Not pictured: Business Manager Lori McMullen '00, Faculty Advisor Peter Cosgrove. (Special app. by Casey Noga '00 as Jesus)

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Disclaimer:

The opinions expressed in this magazine are solely those of militant Northwestern Pakistanis. They laid siege to our offices several weeks ago, and have forced us to write many lewd jokes about genitalia and drugs. We were planning on continuing our practice of exclusively highbrow humor, such as the peculiarities of the Chanticleer's song from *The Canterbury Tales* (when considered from a post-modern twentieth century viewpoint). That's the last time we pick up armed hitchhikers on unpaved, mountainous Middle Eastern roads. Our bad. The opinions are also not those of Dartmouth College and it's employees thereof.

Editor's Note:

- Who are you?
- The new Number 2.
- Who is Number 1?
- You are Number 6.
- I am not a number, I am a free man.

With these immortal words, Patrick McGoochan opened the classic TV show *The Prisoner*. Unfortunately, classic TV is not the theme of this issue. Humor me this small rebellion.

It could be argued that we are all prisoners of the future, helplessly bound to a fate we can never know, let alone control; that the motivations in our minds predict how we will react to any given situation, trapping us in a Calvinist loop devoid of free will. The people making those arguments don't appreciate classic TV. Hate them, as I do.

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

Love me do,

Kevin Goldman '99

Subscriptions: We'll send the Jacko anywhere in the world ("world" meaning "mainland United States") for \$15 a year (three terms; 6 issues). Send check or money order to:

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern
 5050 Collis Center
 Hanover, NH 03755

Nebraska Booted

Associated Press, Washington--

In a ground-breaking yet widely expected maneuver, the Federal Government yesterday decided to kick Nebraska out of the United States. The resolution reads as follows:

Whereas we, the Federal Government, are the presiding lawgivers of this nation, and whereas our nation is comprised of fifty states, each one equal under Federal law, and whereas some of those states just suck (specifically Nebraska), we have decided to kick them out.

The bill, which passed easily in the House of Representatives four score and seven (i.e. 11) years ago, was held up for minutes while Ted Kennedy attempted to drink an entire crate of whiskey because "it was Monday." The bill finally squeaked through the Senate narrowly, by a vote of 99-1.

"I was actually drinking the whiskey to filibuster," Senator Kennedy (R, Massachusetts) was quoted as saying. "Not for any reason in particular; those are just my two favorite activities. I was a bit worried that if the bill passed we would have to depend on the Communists for all of our corn, but someone reminded me that, hey, we've still got Oklahoma. Luckily I was out of whiskey by then."

The State Budget Depart-

ment has reportedly already set aside six hundred thousand dollars to purchase four large chain saws, in order to cut the former state from its current location.

"The plan is to get Nebraska out and into the Atlantic Ocean as soon as possible," said House Speaker Newt Gingrich. "The White House is confident that most Nebraskans can float. And even if they don't, it's like not anyone is going to care."

The lone Senator from Nebraska who did not vote for the reform remarked, "I feel cheated. I was sitting there watching Ted Kennedy plow through a crate of whiskey, and all of a sudden I'm being told that I have one week left of citizenship." The ex-patriot continued, "That's not to say that I wouldn't have voted for it if I had been paying attention. I fucking hate Nebraska. And like I said to Kennedy, hey, you've still got Oklahoma."

The process of cutting Nebraska along its state boundary is set to begin next week. As a rider on the reform bill states, the laborers doing the cutting must be sure to get "as much of Kansas as they possibly can." This may confuse many workers, because as House Speaker

STOCKMAN'S DOGS



"Bite me"

Gingrich added, "Everything looks alike out in the middle of nowhere. But hell, if they get it all, bonus."

President Clinton addressed the media during a press conference following the historic mandate. "This is a great day for American policy-making. The way I see it, we're not at all losing valuable fellow Americans. We are losing a bunch of unproductive uneducated Midwestern farmers, and that's good."

When asked if any other states in particular should be on the lookout, he responded, "I'm not going to name any names, but I will say that the 'Show-Me State' hasn't been showing me much of anything lately." An anonymous State Department source has indicated that the President is also looking into acquiring Trinidad and Tobago in a package deal for Rhode Island.

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A.D.D. Fun Page

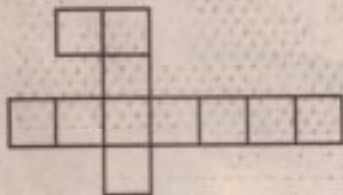
Wacky Word Jumble!

Unscramble the following:

Pants

Answer: Pants


Crossword Puzzle



Across:

1. ___ the People (2 Letters)
2. Miss _____ (Country Where You Live)

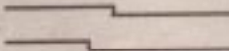
Down:

1. Direction in which this arrow is pointing:  (hint: rhymes with "frown")

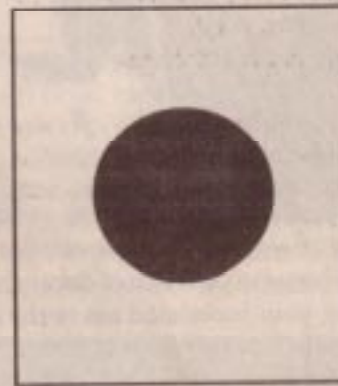
note: If you get to the point where you realize the letters don't match, you don't have ADD.

can you survive the...

MAZE OF DOOM!

start  finish!

Can you tell the difference?



Try and find as many differences between these two pictures as you can.

Check out these groovy articles by the Jacko staffers who have A.D.D.!

"Man, This School is Really Funny!"

—by Dave Eagleton '00

You know, man, this school is pretty funny sometimes. Hey, what's that over there on the wall? I wonder what time it is. Hey, look, an ant is crawling on the ground. God I love Taco Bell.

25 Years of Co-Education at Dartmouth

—by Matt Mulhearn '00

First, Dartmouth had only men. Now they also have women. Hey, my mom is a woman. I remember once at Christmas she gave me a tricycle. Man, that John Travolta sure can dance.

7 Best Side Effects of Ritalin

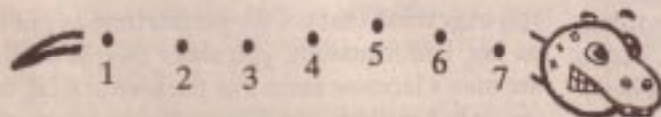
1. What was the question?
2. Can you pass the gameboy?
3. Man I never noticed my fingernails before.
4. Are you done with that?
5. What was the question?
6. Can you pass the gameboy?

List of Things to do Today

1. Bite fingernails until they bleed.
2. Play gameboy.
3. Spend 12 hours taking the SATs and still not finish.
4. Watch preview channel for 14 hours.

note: if you noticed there are not actually 26 hours in a day, you don't have ADD.

Connect the Dots, la la la la



hint: it's a snake.

Jack-o-Lantern's List of

PARTY FOULS

Eric Del Pozo '99 & Matt Kuhn '01



The two of you really hit it off. But as you're ready to take her home to your den of debauchery, play halts while you drag your inebriated ass to the nearest stall for one final hurl before the show begins.

Penalty: "DELAY OF GAME." Result: Loss of possession, especially if she goes for the non-vomiting type (i.e. the next guy who walks by).



Let's face it, you may have had one too many. Okay, make that twelve too many. Quotes like "I'm sorry, officer, I could have sworn that guy had breasts" just aren't acceptable. You should know your own kind by now.

Penalty: "INELIGIBLE RECEIVER." Result: Possible arrest on sodomy charges (surprisingly enough, they still enforce these laws in New Hampshire).



She likes you, or at least in your drunken state you firmly believe this. However, contrary to what you may think, this is no excuse for you to engage in unabashed, excessive public pelvic thrusting to no end (except maybe hers).
Penalty: "INTENTIONAL GRINDING." Also known as "ENCROTCHMENT." Result: Public erection (a.k.a. loss of down).



You may think that it's the perfect time to put the moves on her. Unfortunately, you share this view with the entire men's lacrosse team. For the love of God, one female can only handle so much testosterone at any given time.
Penalty: "TOO MANY MEN ON THE FIELD." Result: Auto-eroticism, and by this we don't mean "in a car."



"Hey, look over there! It's Richard Nixon," you shout as you orally ingest another small bit of paper. "No it's not, it's just a tree," she responds. "Maybe so, but either way, I think that lawn chair was winking at me."

Penalty: "TRIPPING." In volleyball, "TOO MANY HITS." Result: Confusing plantlife with famous historical figures, and / or engaging in random sexual acts with lawn furniture.



"Dude, she's heinous," your pal says in no uncertain terms. "Naw, she's actually kinda cute, if you can look past the multiple cysts and glaring lack of personality," you adamantly maintain. "Whatever," your friend says. "Have another beer."

Penalty: "FACE MASK;" more commonly referred to as "BEER GOGGLES." Result: 15 unanswered blitzes and loss of dignity.



She walks into the party, and nearly every head (and we mean "every" head) turns at the sight of her skin-tight leather mini-skirt, which is complimented nicely by her fishnet stockings and bustier. However, although she may be good from afar, she's definitely far from good.

Penalty: "FALSE TART." (Not to be confused with "FALSE START," or "yogurt-in-the-pants.") Result: After further review... no good!! Dead ball. Replay the down.



As you start to make your move, her roommate, who never gets ANY, who couldn't score at a Midwestern family reunion, whose idea of a good time is playing full-contact Solitaire until she passes out from boredom, steps in the way AGAIN. "What are you doing here?" you ask. "Why do those damn Asgard meetings always end so early? And why is that guy hooking up with the lawn chair? And what the hell is Richard Nixon doing here?" Penalty: "PASS INTERFERENCE." Result: 15 beers and loss of consciousness. By yourself. Damn ho.

WRITE FOR THE JACKO, AND BE
RIVALED IN COOLNESS ONLY BY
MAO TSE TUNG

Nat Rink's Pick Up Page
Presents...
Eskimo Pick Up Lines

Do you mind if I search for your Northwest Passage?



Just looking at you gets my Bering Strait.

Is your daddy a thief? 'Cause he stole the Northern Lights and put them in your eyes!

So YOU'RE the one responsible for melting those ice caps!

Is that an icicle in my pocket or am I just happy to see you?

Are your legs tired from snowshoeing through my dreams all night?

I feel that body heat is just so essential up here.



Have you ever put your tongue on cold metal on the playground? Kiss me once and you'll end up attached for hours.

How about we play The Commodore Perry Game and you let me explore your tundra...

Wow, who woulda thought I'd need a cold shower HERE?

So, what's your sign? (The great ones never die!)

Hey, wanna come back to my igloo and make out? What's wrong, you don't like igloos?

Nice snowshoes. Wanna fuck?

I think I've lost feeling in my legs. Can I try feeling yours?

It's really cold out, but you still have huge genitals!



Wanna come with me and find that white elephant lost in a white field in a blizzard that everyone's always talking about?

What would you do for MY klondike bar?

I never knew they made beautiful Eskimos 'til I met you.

No, really, I'm Tom Cruise! I'm just wearing this heavy parka and ski mask for warmth.

It may be long, hard and white, but it ain't no walrus tusk.



It may be cold, but I know one pipe that's not frozen!



Wanna club my baby seal?

You're so hot the igloo's melting.

Can I buy you a drink or will you just suck my popsicle?

I'd give you the shirt off my back, if it weren't so damn cold!

Give it some time, you'll get Inuit.

I bet somewhere under those furs there's a beautiful body.



I'm a polar bear, will you be my penguin?

JACK-O-LANTERN MAIL ORDER CATALOG

COMPTON POWER WHEELS

Does your 5 year old cousin ever come up to you and say, "Man, let's go to the beach, man!" and you're always forced to respond, "but you ain't got no ride, fool!" Well now he does! Our Compton Power Wheels™ comes complete with 16 switches, chrome-plated everything, "Shaq Diesel" license plate and 120 bikini-clad women in the trunk.



\$250. Buy now and get a free LAPD Power Wheels to pull him over at every intersection and illegally search the vehicle!

DEAN GOLDSMITH TALKING DOLL

Are you an upperclassman? Miss the warm, caring words of our freshman dean? You won't for long... Pull the doll's string and you'll hear all-too-familiar Goldsmith phrases such as, "Have you ever taken an anthropology class?", "I hope you realize this meeting is cutting into my weight lifting time," and "Have you ever experimented with marijuana before, Nathan?"



\$19.95 Sorry, no COD's.

SELF ESTEEM!!

For the first time ever, you can now receive through the mail an honest-to-goodness sense of self-worth, since you obviously don't have one. This great deal is usually available for \$1,000, but if you ACT NOW we'll still have to charge you \$25,000, because you're such a loser.

Order today and we'll also send you, at no extra cost, a year's supply of small plastic friends. They'll never run away like the real ones did.

JACKO SPERM BANK

Do you want your kid to grow up to be like us? To get his Jewish ass kicked all through junior high by that bastard Sean McWilliams, then have him come to Dartmouth and make tasteless jokes about Smack, Splooge, Big Breasted Women and the Wu-Tang Clan? Damn straight you do!



Come on down to the Jacko "Sperm Bank!" It only takes about 30 seconds, and it's free, baby!

REAL VOMIT

Are you the kind of person who likes to pull pranks involving boot, but are tired of fake plastic imitations? We're not afraid to provide you with the real deal, slugger! It's straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak. Only it's not a horse... it's us!



\$20, while supplies last.

IIM ABBOTT BASEBALL KIT

Comes complete with baseball, batting glove, mitt, uniform, and a hack saw to cut off that pesky left arm. Don't send us money, just send your left forearm after you get the package in the mail, and we'll call it even.

KEVIN GOLDMAN BLOW-UP DOLL



Hey, ladies! Have you had your eye on our esteemed Editor-in-Chief for years, but been unable to get that Hot Kosher Beef Injection? Fear not, gentle traveller. This doll will provide you with a good, hearty 96 seconds of entertainment.

\$100: \$50: \$10: Free with Every Purchase. Just come and take the damn thing, okay?

SIAMESE TWIN DIVORCE LAWYER



Sick of sharing your house, your car, your liver, with that bastard attached to your hip? You know what we mean. Always wearing the same clothes, eating at the same time, sharing the god damn shower. And then that time that he screwed your girlfriend while you were in the room!! Now you don't have to take it anymore. Our attorney will help you with that nasty break-up! \$50 per shared vital organ.

To place your order, send a check, money order, or naked photo of yourself (or possibly someone else, so long as they're naked. Its the naked part that is really important. Or rather, it is important that every part is really naked. "Naked" meaning "no clothes whatsoever") to:

Penthouse Forum
5050 Collis Center
Hanover, NH
03755

Jack-o to the Future!

To explain how we found the theme for this insert, the future, we must first travel to the past. Specifically, last Tuesday, when one of our staffers said "Hey, why don't we make an issue about the future." We all thought it was a pretty stupid idea, but then the pizza came, which pretty much settled the matter. Call it karma, call it clairvoyance... whatever you will, you've got to agree, that A.D.D. Fun Page was something. Welcome to the Future!

Who's Gonna Die?

Nathan Chaney '00

Over the past year, Planet Earth has lost many of its most cherished — Mother Teresa, Tupac, Versace, B.I.G., Princess Di, Mobutu, Sadé (okay, she's not dead but someone should either explain to her that her name is only one syllable or put a bullet between her eyes).

This period of mourning has caused some of us at the Jacko to wonder who will be stankin' up the box in the year to come. So without further ado, here are our predictions.

1. **Frank Sinatra.** Yeah, we know everyone's been laying money on him kicking it for years, ever since Mia Farrow dumped him for Woody, but this is the year it's really gonna happen. A likely scenario: Franky goes to the graveyard to dig up Sammy Davis, Jr.'s body and kick his ass one last time. But by now the Candyman's butt is so rotted that Blue Eyes gets his foot stuck in it on only the third kick. Just then, Tony

Bennett shows up and says, "Ever since you screwed Nancy Reagan I knew you were a necrophiliac, but I



never thought you were such a smut-sponge to get your shorts sweaty over this dead geek!" Sinatra, in an epiphany, realizes that it has been his life-long subconscious desire to roll in the dirt with Sammy, and bashes

his head open on a tombstone before falling prostrate on top of the thin, virile carcass.

2. **Gerard Depardieu.** Yes, when it happens the world lets out a collective cheer that would make any Coca-Cola ad executive proud. It all begins when the Frenchy volunteers to be a contestant on *Celebrity Wheel of Fortune*. Vanna, who is much more crafty than she appears, decides to pull a prank by putting Depardieu's name up on the board under the category "phrase." Knowing that all the flesh that should have been made into brain matter went to his nose, the producers of "Wheel" extend the time slot of this episode to six weeks just to give Gerry a chance to actually solve the puzzle. After nine days he still does not have enough money to buy the sufficient vowels, and in a fit of despair throws himself under the wheel just as Mr. T takes a massive spin. His final screams of agony are punctuated by a dual grunt of "Foo!" by both B.A. and Pat Sajak.

3. **Martha Stewart.** She accepts the harrowing task of rebuilding the MTV Sports empire in the wake of the demise of the Dan Cortese regime. After six months of squats and tripled creatine dosage, she feels that she is ready for her first assignment: rock repelling on the inner craters of the world's most fiercely active volcanoes. However 'roided out she may be, she still puts too much faith in her distinctive brand of MacGyver-like domestic craftiness, and instead of using actual harnesses and bungee cords she opts for chrysanthemums and over-sized turkey basters. The only thing that survives the carnage is her hair.

HOMECOMING '97: THE T-SHIRT

So these Class Council types come up to us the other day and say, "Hey, Jacko! We need a T-shirt for homecoming, stat!" Because we here at the Jacko have loads of school spirit, we enthusiastically agreed (provided they give us half the profits and let us put a Jack-o-Lantern on the front and back). **Scope out the back cover for a preview of the shirt in all of its shagadelic glory.** Available in short or long sleeve—buy them, wear them, love them, and help us milk you students for well over a grand.



CREATIVE LONERS: THE NEXT GENERATION

Charles Gussow '01

The reign of James Freedman as President of the College is finally coming to an end, and with it, the search for the Creative Loner. Everyone knows the deal on the Creative Loner. He likes translating Latin poetry and thinks Dartmouth would be great, if it weren't for those pesky earthlings who might try to make eye contact with him before he graduates. In his inaugural speech, President Freedman welcomed the Creative Loner to Dartmouth with the following words: "We must strengthen our attraction for those singular students whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely acts of writing poetry or mastering the cello or solving mathematical riddles or translating Catullus."

The next president would be wise to follow the example of his distinguished predecessor. He, too, should seek the type of Dartmouth student who would deemphasize the college's obsession with such antiquated notions as social interaction and friendship. Of course, thanks to our good pals at the Review and that oh-so-ancient form of dork torture, the wedgie, we have successfully driven all of Dartmouth's creative loners either to suicide or to Oberlin, which is probably just as bad. Hence, the new president must find his own, unique group of students to recruit. The best guesses....

The Child of Nature - "We must strengthen our attraction for those singular students whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely acts of chewing on bark, storing nuts for the winter, and eating their young."

Reared in the woods by a family of beavers, this student was attracted to Dartmouth by its strong environmental program, but was a little put off by the urban lifestyle of Hanover. His greatest ambition is to hike the Appalachian Trail equipped

only with a loincloth and a "Dartmouth Recycles" mug.

The Satanist - "...whose greatest pleasures come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely acts of drinking the blood of small woodland creatures, consuming human flesh, and cutting themselves with razorblades."



A true believer in the Ways of Evil, he spends his summers interning as Lucifer's Dark Minion. He was kicked out of Butterfield when he sacrificed his roommate to the Prince of Darkness. Apparently, he basted the flesh in honeyed wine before consuming it, violating the hall's substance-free status.

The Wunderkind - "...whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely act of making a thermonuclear detonator out of a paperclip, chewing gum and a handful of 'Wisk' detergent."

This talented individual was designing electro-transistors while her classmates were still trying to figure out how not to shit themselves. Her perfect man would be "a more cerebral Stephen Hawking". Until

she finds that special man, she spends her nights designing an electronic boyfriend who will act like it's actually interested in having an extended conversation about the true nature of quarks.

The Deeply Disturbed Individual - "...whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely act of sitting in a pile of their own feces while masturbating to the movie 'Seven'."

He stares at his roommate all day with a glazed smile. When asked why he is staring, he replies that he is trying to figure out, "how much pressure it takes to explode the average human head."

The Neo-Nazi - "...whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely act of attempting to eradicate Jews and Blacks from the face of the earth to preserve the purity of the Aryan race."

The Neo-Nazi came to Dartmouth from a militia compound in Arkansas and was surprised that up North, "they let their Jews walk around unsupervised." As a social alternative to drinking, he keeps trying to convince ASGARD to organize a good old-fashioned lynching.

The Canadian Foreign-Exchange Student - "...whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely acts of ice fishing, drinking Molson Golden, and insisting that Canada isn't 'the fifty-first State', eh?"

The Canuck peevishly insists that he lives closer to Hanover than most people from the USA. He can't understand why the bell tower never plays "Oh, Canada." After his first year, he joins the French-affinity house and tries to get them to secede from Dartmouth because they're actually a separate entity from the English speaking part of the school.

It is no secret that the administration at Dartmouth is looking to phase out fraternities and sororities sometime early in the next century. However, we here at the Jack-o wonder just what type of institutions will exist in their place. We've certainly got our own ideas. So, we proudly present to everyone...

Greek System Mergers We'd Love To See

by Jack O. Lantern

ΑΔΔΔ

Alpha Delta Delta Delta

The men's rugby team meets Good Housekeeping in this co-ed offering. The smell of freshly-baked cookies may not be enough to cover up the stench of hurl in living room trash buckets after meetings, but in no time at all those AD boys will have a newly found respect for women's issues, as well as the ability to each bake a mean strawberry shortcake. In return, the Tri-Delts will spend their afternoons learning invaluable life skills such as hitting on females relentlessly and vomiting on command. As for parties, AD will only be allowed to hold its usual Saturday night basement gatherings if, as one Tri-Delt put it, "those bastards learn to vacuum once they're done."

ΧΓΚΔΕ

Chi Gamma Kappa Delta Epsilon

By having Chi Gam and KDE join forces, the administration could limit the population of obnoxious New Yorkers in the Greek System to one solitary house. Commonly overheard questions would be "How much did you pay for that tan?", "What borough are you from again?", and the ever-popular "You sure you're not a high-school student? Damn." Parties will not be open to the undergraduate public, in order to allow for more effective internal scamming. And of course, as always, freshman girls and Theta Delts are welcome.

ΚΚΚΓ

Kappa Kappa Kappa Gamma

What kind of dynamic do you get when you mix cliquish blonde girls with cliquish Korean guys? That's what we're looking to find out. We don't expect the sexes to inter-mingle much, but the semi-annual softball team/KASA formal should prove to be memorable. The Kappa and Tri-Kap combination will have the lowest slush fund on campus, as two drinks will be just about enough to get any brother or sister hosed off their proverbial asses. They'll also lead the Greek system in credit cards per capita. If nothing else, this house is a sure bet to land all of the blonde Asian girls every fall come rush.

ΑΞΗεοροτ

Alpha Xi Heorot

Our guess is that the College's infant sorority, Alpha Xi Delta, would love to have numerous large beer-swilling hockey players turn its sisterhood into a co-ed brotherhood that any underage drunk would be proud of. Routine debates would include "Should we go local or national?" "Who cares? Let's just all get really shitfaced and see if we can still skate." The Heorots will develop a certain fondness for flowers, but in return, five times each day the Alpha Xi's will have to turn in the direction of Pittsburgh and pay homage to Mario Lemieux. We think that this new house will prosper until the Heorots tell the sorority girls to, and I quote, "Get the puck outta here."

ΣΔΝ

Sigma Delta Nu

Are you a male in the band? Are you a female who can beat the crap out of any male in the band? Either way, this is definitely the house for you! The gender gap will surely be bridged each time the Sigma Delts, led by the women's rugby team, pick up those dusty trombones and cymbals and break into various renditions of "Hawaii Five-0." The ever-popular "Early Eighties" theme party will still be the highlight of the social schedule, but don't expect any of the former Sigma Delts to allow any Sigma Nus to attend. "They may be our new brothers," said one Sigma Delt, "but they'll definitely get in the way when we try to pick up other guys."

ΣΦΤ

Sigma Phi Tau

Are you tired of hazing? Do you consider the term "pledge" to be synonymous with "heathen?" When you were a child, did you break into tears every time your mom told you to do something you didn't want to do, like brush your teeth or eat broccoli? Then you'll find a home here with Sig Ep and Phi Tau. Don't worry about not getting in—as always, rush is open, and everyone is invited. Popular theme parties will include "The Cat in the Hat Comes Back To That Place Next to Kiewit That Nobody Ever Goes To," and the house motto will be the catchy, "Milque, Cookies, and Still No Pledge Period."™

AΘΔΧ

Alpha Theta Delta Chi

"You're playing lacrosse. You've got the ball, and you're running up the field towards the goal. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, a huge dragon appears. Do you use a magical spell, or just plain beat the crap out of him?" That is just one of the many interesting role-playing scenarios that the men and women of Alpha Theta and Theta Delt will no doubt come up with on lazy Wednesday nights. You can forget pong and thunderdomes; Magic Cards and Monty Python will be every lacrosse player's favorite activities before too long. To quote one member, "The basketball team had a lot better record before they stopped going to practice in favor of Dungeons and Dragons."

ZΨΥ

Zeta Psi Upsilon

This house is a combination of two fraternities, because technically, we've run out of sororities. However, Winter Carnival is when Zeta U will really stand out, though you can expect the traditional keg jump to be replaced with an ever-increasing number of Aires concerts and the popular new "tails on ice." The basement will still smell only slightly better than a pile of festering beetle dung; if The Psi U's pick up on Zeta's trend of recruitment dominance, don't expect this house to have enough pledges to clean it up any time soon.

EΚΤαbard

Epsilon Kappa Tabard

It will be creative vision that will make the combination of Tabard and the Theta sorority so successful. Part of this vision includes plans for a new "organic slush fund," as well as con-

vening at 4:20 every afternoon in place of the more traditional 10:00 PM Wednesday meeting time. Problems may arise if the former Theta gals confuse the ever-popular "Disco Inferno" with a large group-bonding cookout, and ask Tabard to bring the mushrooms. However, we are pretty sure that the Thetas have always wanted friends in high places. Word is that Bones Gate already has inquired about co-sponsoring.

ΔΓΔΧ

Delta Gamma Delta Chi

This new house links two Greek organizations that until recently have been hurting for members; that is, until a certain fraternity lost its charter and the football team needed a new home. The new arrangement will benefit everyone; the women of DG have probably always wanted to learn how to punt, pass, catch, bench press 450 pounds and drink 20 beers in a given sitting. Conversely, we are confident that the football team will prove to be quite prolific at kitting. We just hope that the administration doesn't catch them sewing any "unregistered" quilts; they might be derecognized, and forced to change their name to Zeta Beta Theta Pi.

ΦΔΑΕ

Phi Delta Alpha Epsilon

Madness is sure to ensue when dozens of non-drinking pledges who would originally have dry rushed SAE are forced to join Phi Delt, the house traditionally known for having the harshest pledge period known to humankind. We will truly sympathize with the crew team coach each time he is informed that his heavy-weight rowers cannot make a race because they are "passed out and chained to the basement wall." Judging by the current make-up of the two individual houses, this new house

may just turn out to be the single whitest group of exclusive males in the history of the world, with the possible exception of the Dartmouth Review. We just wonder if any of the new brothers will talk to each other, let alone girls.

ΑΧΑsgard

Alpha Chi Asgard

Although Asgard is not a Greek organization, we feel that they should be incorporated into Greek life so that they can learn that, hey, drinking until you pass out alone is really a productive thing after all. And who better than the Alpha Chi's to teach them? "Joining the Greek System is one of the best things that could ever happen to me," said one Asgard member who wished to remain anonymous. "I didn't get a bid when I rushed, and I have pretended not to drink this whole time simply because I don't know anyone over 21 who'll buy for me. Also, all of my friends say I'd look really cute in a red pledge hat."

Sphinx Gate

Sphinx Gate

We have no idea why the brothers of Bones Gate would want to become part of a secret society, because nobody really knows who a lot of them are anyway. This may be due in large part to the fact that they hardly ever leave their house. We don't blame them, because if the police were constantly trying to bust us on drug charges, we wouldn't leave our houses either. The traditional system of fall rush will be replaced with the Sphinx' current method of tapping new members; but instead of a "tap," new members will receive a "tab." Sphinx Gate will still have the highest water bill on campus, but this time it will be to continuously fill up the huge internal bong formerly known as Bones Gate's chimney.

Being the Adventures of a Mildly Retarded Redneck on the Hollywood Lounge Scene

*M*A*S*H dance*

SIGOURNEY WEAVER • ALF

AFTER USING YOUR BODY AS A WOMB, I'LL BURST THROUGH YOUR CHEST AND START KILLING PEOPLE WITH MY ACIDIC BLOOD!



OH ALF...

ALLEN V

GARNAGE ON MELMAG

MRS. SLATER

MRS. LAWRENCE



MEN ON CRACK

THE FUTURE OF MOVIE SEQUELS

Dan Powell '00

Karl's love life just hasn't been the same since he brutally murdered his mother's lover 25 years ago. But now his best friend Trent is taking him out for a night on the town, to get him back into the "sling" of things...



'Swing Blade

LIAM NEESON

EVERYONE'S
FAVORITE
RIGHTEOUS
GENTLE
IS BACK...



...AND KICKING SOME NAZI ASS!

SL2

SCHINDLER'S PISSED





Jack-O

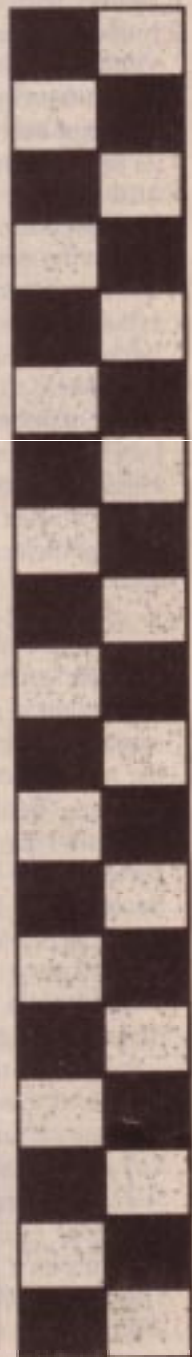
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| Questions | Jackcé | Longshanks | Brian Boitano |
|---|---|-------------------------------------|--|
| Favorite Thing to Clone | Jessica Rabbit | Them Hanson Boys, for Spear Fishing | Men Who Aren't Afraid to Cry |
| What Really Happens When You Reach the Speed of Light | You Reach Infinite Mass, Like Nell Carter | You Miss Your Exit | You go to Pensacola and talk to your dead dad, who's really an alien from Vega |
| Best New Invention | The Wheel | Windows 2010 | 2,000,000 Flushes |
| Most Popular Name | Wilt Chamberlain, Jr. | Xena | Puff the Magic Daddy |
| Where Have All the Cowboys Gone? | Not to the Super Bowl | Deep within the recesses of my mind | They're "Cowpersons," you insensitive prick! |
| Most Nostalgic Thing From the 20th Century | The Ozone Layer | Prima Nocte | The Pet Crack Rock |

in the Box, O.A.O.

| Petr the Croat | Rebel Roberts | *Ted Kennedy | Questions |
|---|-------------------------------------|---------------------|---|
| Computer-Generated Dinosaurs | Lesbian Seagulls | My Liver | Favorite Thing to Clone |
| The Earth spins backwards and Lois Lane comes back to life. | You Get Tons of Those Nascar Points | Less Filling? | What Really Happens When You Reach the Speed of Light |
| Nuclear Gonads | Soylent Green (it's people!) | Cotton "Gin" | Best New Invention |
| "John" for girls, "Mary" for boys | Dick Trickle | Heineken | Most Popular Name |
| Not Oberlin, that's for damn sure | Phi Delt | Chappaquidick | Where Have All the Cowboys Gone? |
| My Virginity (October 28, 1997) | Illegal Pot | Narrow-Mouthed Cans | Most Nostalgic Thing From the 20th Century |



A "Blast" from the Past: Historical Superheroes

Jacko Staff/Concept by Ben Mandelker '01

Traditionally, Hollywood has been known to go through fads. Most recently an extra-terrestrial craze has swept through studios. However, if it were not for the astounding success of *Independence Day* in 1996, this fetish would cease to exist. In fact, unknown to the public until now, Hollywood has a bizarre array of movies ready to go into production this very moment. The main theme — you guessed it — historical figures with superhuman powers. Obviously inspired by the runaway successes of such films as *Jefferson in Paris* and *Meteor Man*, Hollywood saw where the cash was and fused two powerful genres together in what promises to be a string of unbeatable box-office triumphs. Here is a sneak peak at the stories set to besiege theaters this summer:

The Wrath of Franklin - After being caught in an F-5 tornado, much like the one depicted in *Twister*, Benjamin Franklin (played to perfection by Kevin Bacon) gains the uncanny ability to internalize electricity. After a leisurely canoe trip into the heart of West Virginia, Franklin is lured into the perverted hands of two hillbillies, who proceed to make him squeal like a pig and then sodomize him. With his view of humankind tainted, Poor Richard rampages across the United States shooting lightning out of his fingers at every moving object, a la the Emperor in *Return of the Jedi*. Things are pretty fucked up. With the White House on fire and the Empire

State Building in pieces, the reign of terror finally ends when Franklin tries to demolish the Liberty Bell. But like the spirit of American Independence, it is indestructible. The electric charge reflects off of the bell and hits Benny where the sun don't shine; this brings Franklin to his senses. He realizes that you can't destroy America, no matter how hard you try, or your genitals will pay the price. *Memorial Day Weekend 1998*



Polio Position: Franklin Roosevelt: president, leader, role model, sex machine! This brave man led the United States (US) out of the Great Depression (GD) by using many clever acronyms to confuse political foes. (What the hell is the TVA anyway? Can I buy another vowel?) After being smuggled underground by the evil Harry "Please, No Period After the S" S Truman (HPNPATSST) and passed off as dead, Roosevelt is subjected to A-Bomb tests, through which he gains

superhuman strength to compliment his souped-up, four-on-the-floor, technologically advanced, AM /FM equipped wheelchair. Now he's back, and he's pissed (PO'd)! Roosevelt escapes from containment with only minor psychological impairment, and is ready to fight for the rights of those physically challenged—and no politician is going to stop him. And what's better, he seems to have kicked That Damn

Polio (TDP)! FDR is back with a New Deal on his mind, and he's also the newest American Gladiator, Limpy. So don't get in his way, because those wheels ain't stopping for no one. Except maybe his wife Eleanor (played by Kevin Bacon, who gained over 40 pounds and grew a full beard for the role). *July 4, 1998*

BatEvita: Hoping to feed off the successes of previous *Batman* movies, the producers of this new epic have made Eva Peron into an action heroine for the 90's. After climbing her

way to the top of the Argentinian empire, Eva, played by George Clooney, fakes her death in order to pursue a life of fighting crime. Before long, her quest turns into a personal vendetta against each and every person named "Argentina" who cried for her. With Kevin Bacon as her sidekick, the two prowl Buenos Aires at night in their Batlama and put criminals in their place. A full plot hasn't been developed yet, but studio executives think it would be really fun to watch George Clooney and Kevin



Bacon ride around on a llama. '98

Speed 3: - In stark contrast to the first two *Speed* movies, this new addition to the franchise takes place in the 19th Century and stars "Sloth" from the *Goonies*, in his first adult role as the handsome and sterling Brigham Young, and Kevin Bacon as Sandra Bullock (he lost over 40 pounds and shaved for the role). The film begins as Sloth and his followers trek across the States towards BYU hot on the trail of some quality Mormon lovin'. However, some maniac (played by some maniac) plants a bomb on their covered wagon; if the wagon goes below five miles an hour, it will explode, causing the group to lose valuable livestock (ie Sloth)! The tension builds as Sandra Bullock must steer the Sloth-heavy wagon past numerous deadly obstacles, including the great plains, so that Sloth may live to visit Dairy Queen yet again. Oh yeah, Brigham Young is also a superhero. He's got some powers, maybe

a force field or something, but he won't tell anyone. It's a secret. Critics have already called this one the "best Sloth movie since *Goonies!*" July 26, 1998 Also noteworthy: *The Rosenbergs* - that famous family of the fifties returns to life to wreak havoc in Washington. Insiders tell us to



watch out for the scene where they both are really old purported spies. *Chester's Gift* - Chester "The Molester" A. Arthur, played by John

Travolta, has the incredible gift of predicting the results of home pregnancy tests. Execs at Columbia are hoping for a quirky, *Forrest Gump*-style sleeper. Early buzz is strong, and rumor has it that Travolta might be looking at another Oscar nomination after the harrowing Clear-Blue-Easy scene. In *Mr. Hinckley Goes to Washington*, Jodie Foster (played by Kevin Bacon) appears to Hinckley (also Bacon) in a dream and convinces him that he is a superhero named "Wolverine" whose destiny it is to plug the star of that flick "Bedtime for Bonzo," B-movie star Ronald Reagan (portrayed by Kevin Bacon's younger brother, Lofat). Emanuel Lewis will be back on the big screen in the new flick *Honey, I Shrank Abe Lincoln*. In this on-again-off-again performance by Webster, President Lincoln is portrayed as his usual honest, modest, and overall eloquent self. And also, he's short and black. Look for a surprisingly poignant portrayal of Lincoln's wife by "Mary" Todd Bridges. Mr. Poppadopolis stars as John Wilkes Booth. Finally, everyone's favorite tormented Prince of Denmark is bitten by a radioactive

arachnid in *Spider-Hamlet*: "Forsooth, my Spider Sense doth tingle."

Well, that's it for our "Jack-o to the Future" super-special insert. Tune in next time, when you'll hear Nurse Piggy say "Doctor Rolf, I think this cow has a deviated septum." (If you're the first person to identify this almost-famous reference, you will win a free Jack-O-Lantern Homecoming T-Shirt. What's the Jack-O-Lantern Homecoming T-Shirt, you say? Doesn't matter, you want it.) Happy Trails, to you, until we meet again. See you... in the Future!

Excerpts from the...

Dartmouth Review Dictionary

bitch (bich) *n.* 1. a female dog, fox, or wolf. *She refused to lick me, so I finally had to smack the bitch.*

choose (chooz) *v.* (**chose, cho • sen, choos • ing**) 1. to select out of a greater number of things. 2. to decide, to prefer. *Who do I like better, Germans or Scandinavians? Man, I really hate the Jews... I mean, to choose.*

col • ored (kul-ord) *adj.* having color. *Don't forget to separate the whites from the coloreds... when you're doing laundry, that is. Yeah, that's the ticket. Laundry.*

coons (koon) *abbr.* raccoon, a small woodland creature. *I booby-trapped my lawn just in case any coons come and wander around my property.*

fag • ot (fag-ot) *n.* a bundle of sticks or twigs bound together. *I can't wait until Homecoming, so we can build the bonfire and burn some fagots.*

For • eign • er (for-i-ner) *n.* a rock band who achieved great popularity during the 1980s. *MTV planned an 80s reunion concert, but they booked too many bands, so they were forced to say "go the hell back to where you came from, Foreigner!"*

fu • ror (fuhrer) *n.* 1. an outburst of enthusiasm. 2. an uproar. 3. a popular craze. *I sure love going to these massive rallies in Berlin and checking out the furor.*

gay (gay) *adj.* (**gay • er, gay • est**) 1. light-hearted and cheerful, happy and full of fun. *Every administrator in Parkhurst is really, really gay. And when I say gay, I mean flagrantly gay; just gay as hell, they are. They dance around like a bunch of fairies all the time, they're so gay.*

honky (han-kee) *n.* 1. a phrase of reverence or respect (see **aryan**)

sal • ad (sal-ad) *n.* a cold dish consisting of one or more vegetables (usually raw), often chopped or sliced and seasoned. *There's nothing James Freedman loves more than tossing a salad.*

soc • cer (sok-er) *n.* a game played by two teams of eleven players in which the ball may not be handled during play except by the goalkeeper. *The slag wouldn't go back into the kitchen and make me dinner, so I had to soccer.*

spick-and-span (spik-an-span) *adj.* neat and clean, new looking. *The only people I hate more than Blacks and Jews are those damn spicks and spaniards.*

tol • er • ance (tol-e-rans) *n.* 1. willingness or ability to respect people of different races and/or creeds. *Man, I have such great tolerance, I drank 17 beers last night and was still sober enough to beat up some hispanic kids with my baseball bat "chubby".*

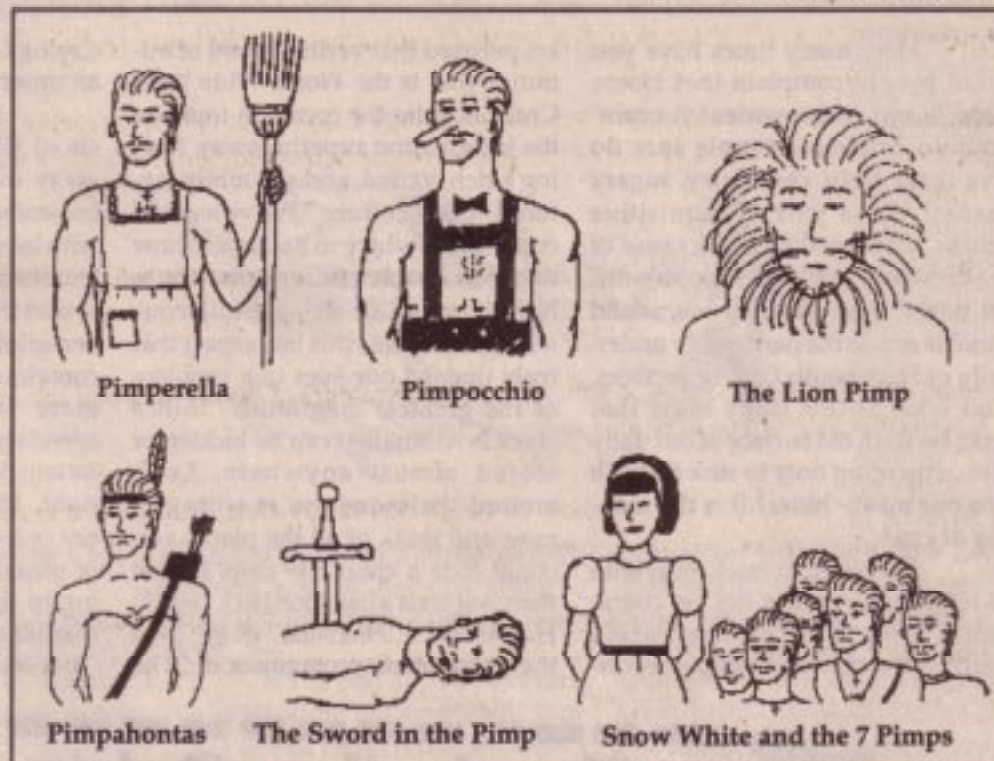
you (yoo) *pronoun* 1. the person(s) addressed. *You are about to receive a serious can of aryan brand whup-ass, Jewboy.* 2. one, anyone, everyone. *You never can tell what those damn Hebrews will do next.*

Disney and Pimps: A Formula For Success

Anita J. Hamalainen '00

As the spokesperson for PJHAA (Pimps Join Hands Across America), I'm here to expose a national crisis to the proud people of the U.S. of A. Pimps are discriminated against, harrassed and noogied everyday! Does the media bring this travesty to the limelight for even a second? No, they're too busy chasing down harmless English monarchy. PJHAA is not asking for VIP treatment, but our main concern is underrepresentation in this society. When thinking about this great country of ours, sure, you immediately think of Mom's apple pie, the Fourth of July Parade, Amber Waves of Grain, and Bill Clinton's pudgy white thighs. But do you think of Enrique, your neighborhood pimp? Well, you should. Pimps are part of our lives too! So what if they control, beat and force women to engage in sexual actions with complete strangers to earn a few bucks? We can't all be lawyers and doctors, you know.

The members of PJHAA would like to join the ranks of respected citizens, and what better transition into American Culture than through Disney? If Disney would revamp its entire image, I think we could really make a difference. Epcot Center would be no longer. Hello, Pimpot Center! Instead of... hmmm.



Alright, if I had ever been to Disney World, this would be a lot easier. Unfortunately, my parents' teaching salaries only got us to the airport, where we'd sit forlorn in the waiting area, crying unto our empty suitcases. I think my dad cried the hardest.

Though we never quite made it to Disney World, its fine array of feature films, filled with buxom lasses and strapping aryan lads, is very familiar to me. Here are some suggested re-created Disney flicks: "The Fox and the Pimp" (about the unlikely friendship between a fox and Guido, the local Pimp); "The

Pimp of Notre Dame" (I can't remember if Quasimodo gets the busty Esmerelda in the real movie, but in this one he coerces her into a lucrative "business arrangement"); "101 Pimps" (the name says it all; pimps by the dozen); and "Lily and the Pimp" (see above under "The Pimp of Notre Dame").

For those folks out there who didn't skim over this pithy article because either they have a shitty attention span (see page 3) or because they just plain can't read, check out the box in the upper right-hand corner, where I've illustrated some of my suggestions. Support PJHAA!

JACK-O-LANTERN RADIO

1340 AM, WDCR

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY, Wednesdays, 6-8pm DP LAND, Tuesdays, 4-6pm

Listen to the sweet sounds of O.J., Shoeshine Boy, Ofer, Hot Weather Girl, Christopher Walken, and Matt from Norwich talk about the most pressing issues of the day, such as which administrators need to get laid, Josh Green's homicidal tendencies, and words you can fucking write in a magazine but not say on the radio.

One is an Aire. The other has no hair. One writes for the Jack-o. The other is on crack-o. Both of them are single. Won't you come and mingle? Sometimes we play music. Neither be a Jew (sic). Both of us are cute-e-o. Free whippets in the studio! (Not that we do whippets. Hope you liked these snippets.)

"Cracking" Open a DDS Scandal

Rob Auten '00 & Mike Holmes '00

How many times have you heard people complain that Home Plate is out of brownies? Jumpin' Jiminy Christmas, people sure do love those tasty, chocolatey, sugary snacks! We, a pair of inquisitive youths, wondered as to the cause of the brownies' unbridled popularity, yet never imagined that we would stumble across the dark, seedy underbelly of Dartmouth Dining Services. And what is this filthy beast that lurks beneath the surface of our daily diets, emerging only to sink its teeth into our meaty hides? It is the monster of crack.

Interested in crack (bear with us for a moment) but not yet cognizant of its relationship to our dear old Dartmouth, your two intrepid report-

ers perused that veritable font of minutiae that is the World Wide Web. Crack is quite the common topic on the information superhighway, having a rich, varied, and yet subtly textured "crack culture." We've learned crack slang, where to buy crack, how to smoke crack, and even where to hide it, in all of its splendiferous whiteness. It was this last aspect that truly opened our eyes to a problem of the greatest magnitude. "Since crack is so small, it can be hidden or stored almost anywhere. Look around the room you're sitting in now, and think of all the places you could hide a chocolate chip. I'll bet there's at least a bazillion [sic], right?" Hmmm.....chocolate chip? Like the unfortunate protagonist of "The

Crying Game", we had been granted an unsettling revelation...

Imagine one day in the bowels of DDS, a coven of chefs slave away over their "original recipe" brownies, only to have them received with less-than exuberant enthusiasm. Unsatisfied with the enhanced mood, sexual interest, self-confidence, conversational prowess and intensified consciousness derived from eating a mere "standard" brownie, our friends hit upon a new gustatory sensation: "crack brownies." Yes, that's right, there is crack in each and every one of those delectable nubbins of pleasure! Think about it: according to its nature, Home Plate must market its confectionery delights as "low fat." Well jeez, there's fucking

crack in the brownies! Nobody's getting fat off of these babies. Just one bite, and your hypothalamus lights up like a Christmas tree. Your metabolism becomes that of a crazed weasel on... well, CRACK! With recent losses suffered by DDS, they needed a financial "shot in the arm." Nothing spells profit like physical addiction!

As to where this crack is coming from, the answer is obvious: Collis. Who has not heard whispers of the secret network of tunnels that harbor shady dealings



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right beneath our feet? Anyone who eats at Collis is fully aware that food preparation is not their first priority. While an unwitting pawn assigned by Dartmouth Student Employment doles out the 27-bean soup and smoothies (whose exorbitant prices reveal their true function as a some sort of money-laundering operation for the illicit trafficking), a hive of lowlives transport the subterranean contraband directly to Thayer....the very heart of DDS.

What can you, the consumer, do to combat this nefarious scheme? Education is our first line of defense; make sure you know the symptoms of crack use. If you detect in yourself or your loved ones any of the classic side effects, such as: "sweating,"

"weight loss," "phlegm," or especially, "death," contact a medical professional immediately. Dick's House does not count. Not to imply any-

ner of your mouth remember that a key ingredient (i.e. the crack!) was picked and processed by a crack team (no pun intended) of exploited Colombian children. And I'll bet they didn't wash their hands.



SPECIAL NOTE: If you would like to learn more about crack (and gosh, who wouldn't?), Haight and Ashbury have hit a new "high" in investigative

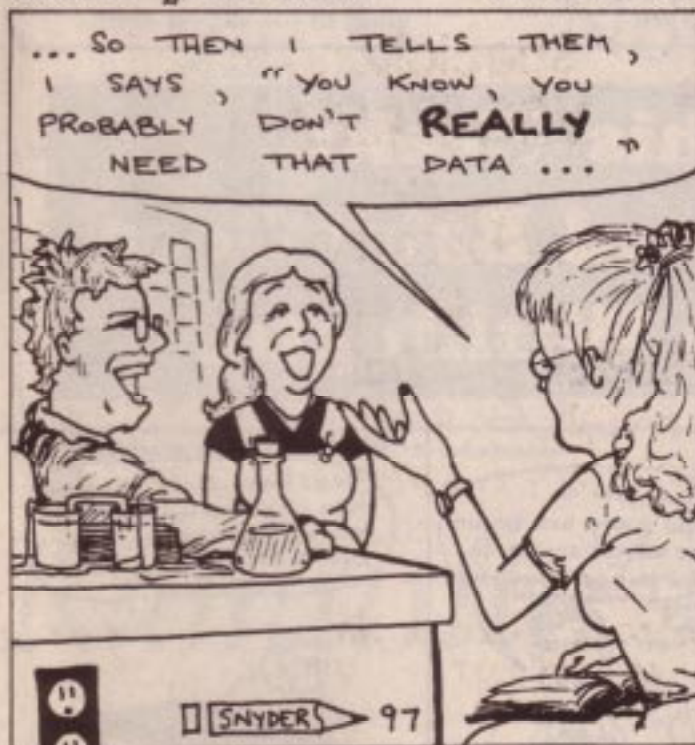
journalism with their epic twenty-eight minute video, "Smokeable Cocaine: The Haight-Ashbury Crack Film." This cinematic tour-de force is available for the asking at web address <http://ashlanddesign.com/cns/hascokev.htm> for the paltry sum of \$195. (After all, they need more money for "experimentation.")

thing, but it's run by a bunch of crack-pushing junkies. Are you going to trust them with your lousy crack-addicted ass?

To roll this up, the next time you're standing in Home Plate, staring at one of those brownies with a gleam of yearning in your eye and flecks of spittle falling from the cor-

Comb your Hair

SCOTT SNYDER '00



PRACTICAL JOKE STORIES OF CHEMISTRY LAB T.A.'S

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Ruminations on the First Week of School...

Mindy Chokalingham '01

Since it's the Jacko to the Future issue, I decided to spend a little time thinking about my vast future here at Smartmouth College. But it's really hard to predict just what my life will be like over the next four years. I mean, my impressions now, just four weeks after I got here, are already so different from when I first arrived.

Just as I was first reflecting on my earliest days here, I came across my journal of the first week, and I realized just how radically different things are. There is a HUGE discrepancy between what I believed on those first fateful days, and how I see things now.

Trip:

Now: "I love the outdoors! Thoreau was right; nature is so serene, diaphanous and breathtaking"

Then: "I just contracted ring-worm! Mother Nature is a dirty whore!"

DOC Trip leader:

Now: "Wow, its gross how Ricky '98

lives his life vicariously through his time as a trip leader, but now he's just some senior schmoe who is also a pimply pedophile."

Then: "Wow, of the three older guys I have met here, Ricky is the hottest, by far!"

Trippees:

Now: "My trippees are the nicest, coolest, funniest, warmest group of individuals I have ever known."

Then: "Why doesn't Steve ever brush his teeth? They're all mossy and black! And if Carla complains about her period again, I will bitch-slap her."

The Walk to Class:

Now: "Who do I have to sleep with to get a ride in this fucking school!?"

Then: "Yippee! Look at the abstruse magic of the leaves changing colors in synchronization with the season!"

The Salty Dog Rag:

Now: "Eeeek...THE SALTY DOG!!! Remember how fun that was at Moosilauke?! Wheel!"

Then: "Why does that Hanover crew guy keep copping a feel when he tries to teach me that stupid dance?!"

Frats:

Now: "Yeah, they're okay, I don't know, whatever."

Then: "I will sell mom's soul if you can get me into AD."

Food Court:

Now: "I wonder if there is a good reason why this grilled cheese sandwich costs 5 dollars."

Then: "HOLY MOLY!! FROZEN YOGURT AT EVERY MEAL?!?! (pant, pant, pant) I can't WAIT to tell mom about this one!"

HTH's:

Now: "Oh, hi Bert. Uh huh, yup, I love you back. Really. That's not hesitation in my voice, its excitement/lust."

Then: "Bert, I wrote you six letters today, and mailed you a stuffed animal that symbolizes my feelings towards you. I wish I could lose my virginity to you all over again!!"

The
ADVENTURES
of
dead baby
by Kathy Elm '00

This Week:
Dead Baby Goes
to Washington



Top 8 Uses for the House Formerly Known as Beta

8. Attach helium balloons to the ceiling, and boast the nation's first flying defunct fraternity house.
7. Build an underground tunnel to soon-to-be-former President James O. Freedman's house. What the hell this would be used for, we don't know, but damn it it's been a long time since anyone's built a sturdy tunnel!
6. Five words: Public basement slip 'n' slide.
5. Start up an infirmary. Make the new slogan, "Beer: it's good for what ails you." Blow Dick's House, with all of its unqualified nurses and pesky "medicine," clear out of the water.
4. Re-open as an All-White Male Christian Athlete affinity house.
3. Donate it to Ronald McDonald, seeing as how he can't seem to buy his own friggin' house. Christ!
2. Put on wheels. Fill with beer. Ram Butterfield.
1. Give it to a bunch of lonely, drunken, horny chicks.

THE DAR SIDE



As he entered the party, Joe thought to himself, "I could have sworn the poster said, 'Disco In Fern.'"



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Top 9 Ways to Confuse Your Seminar Prof

— Andrew Butterworth '99

9. Ask the professor to proof-read your notes in the middle of class. Tell him it's urgent, then nervously ask whether he spells "moustache" with or without an "o".
8. If the professor raises his voice above a whisper, halt the discussion and condescendingly remind the professor to use "the inside voice".
7. Whenever the professor states a fact that he seems especially sure of, declare in a singsong voice "Ding dong, you're wrong!"
6. Take off your shoe and speak into the heel: "Hello, Mom? I'm talking on the new Sports Illustrated Sneaker Phone™."
5. Cover every last inch of your notebook paper with pencil. Take notes in eraser.
4. Ask to borrow the professor's pen and chew it up beyond recognition. Offer it back at the end of class. When he tells you to keep it, look worried and exclaim "But I hardly know you!" Threaten with legal action.
3. Bring an empty 1 gallon milk jug to class. Every hour, on the hour, aim it at whoever is talking and stomp on it, making the cap fly off. Whether it hits or not is unimportant. Just remember, you did NOT do it.
2. Bring a remote control to class. During the lecture, appear upset and point the remote at your professor, while clicking the button. Complain of your dissatisfaction with the Professor Channel.
1. Stare longingly and dejectedly at a well-worn photograph of Alex Trebek and murmur "You're all I've got left." Ask in a quavering voice to buy a vowel, and leave the room in tears. Pretend to be too emotional to notice the discrepancy between game shows.

NEXT ISSUE: LOVE AND OTHER DISEASES

I'm Yours. Be Mine. It's Valentine's Day, baby, and what better way to celebrate Jacko's least favorite day of the year than with Prenuptial Disagreements, American Gladiators, Las Vegas Love Letters, Armageddon... and, of course, everyone's favorite deceased infant!



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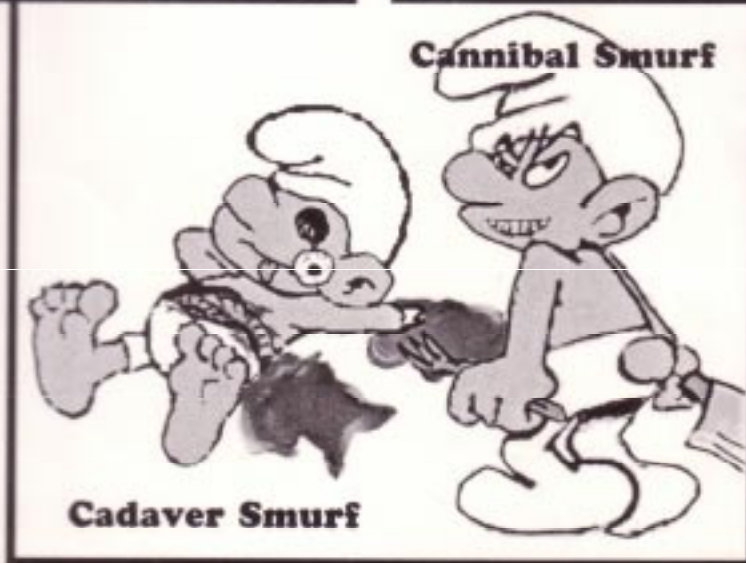
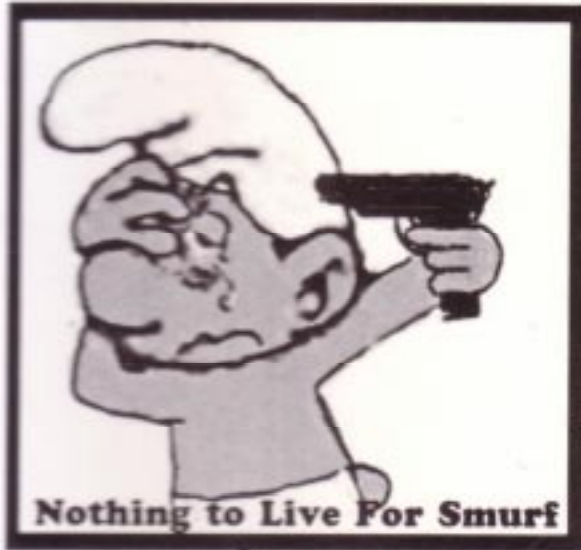
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Rejected Smurfs, Volume 1



Tinkles with his Pants Down Smurf



