

# THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN HUMOR SOCIETY



JACKO EXPLAINS IT ALL



# JACKO EXPLAINS IT ALL

VOLUME XCI, Number 2

DECEMBER 1998

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"Jacko explains it all?" you say. "What information could Jack O'Lantern possibly possess that I don't already have readily available at my fingertips?" Well, first of all, your fly is unzipped, jackass.

Okay, okay, we know that holding ourselves up to be pillars of knowledge on such broad topics as evolution and Shakespeare is rather egotistical. However, since we're the smartest, funniest, and most attractive people on the planet, we feel that this is justified.

We here at Jacko feel that JACKO EXPLAINS IT ALL

will enlighten you, challenge you, and maybe even enrich your life. If anything, it will at least make you feel a lot dumber than you did beforehand.

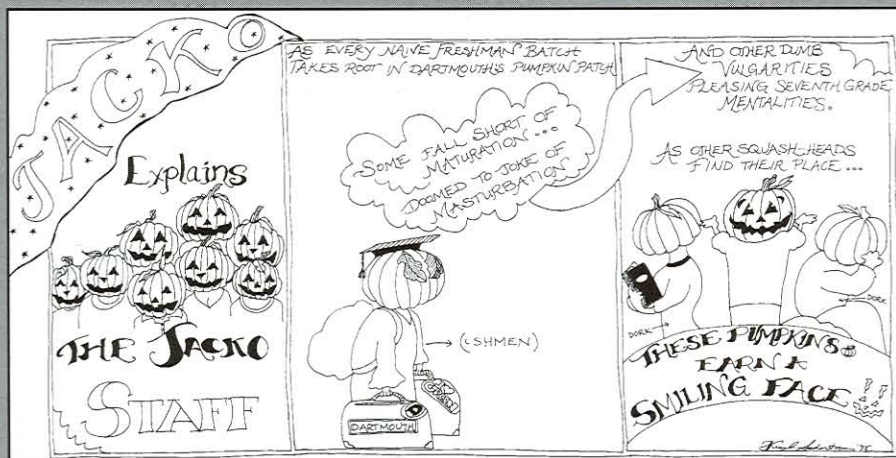
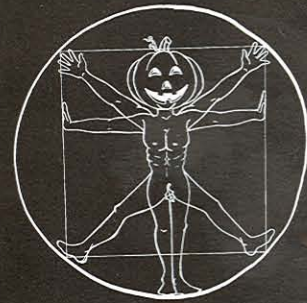
But don't take my word for it. Read on, gentle traveller, and find out for yourself that you don't know *Jack*.

Vox Clamantis in Absurdo,

*David Powell*  
Dan Powell

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Cover Art by Steve Jackett, Back Cover by Kim Soderstrom



# ASK JACKO



Dear Jack O'Lantern,

I don't know what to do. I'm obsessed with the paradox of the existence of evil and perversity in a universe supposedly created by a benevolent and loving god. How can I resolve this?

Sincerely,  
Dostoyevsky

*Dear Fyodor,  
We suggest expressing your struggle for understanding in a concise, tightly-written short story with simple, straightforward and rational characters whose names remain consistent throughout, such as Joe, Bob and Sally.*

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I recently met a great girl at the Bay Area Star Trek Convention. Unfortunately, during the course of our conversation it became obvious that she is a fan of TOS (The Original Series), while I am a fan of TNG (The Next Generation). Can I make a relationship work with her?

Captain Bob Haskill  
Commanding Officer/ Barbecue Chef  
Palo Alto Starbase 34

*Dear Bob,  
No. Never, ever breed.*

Jacko

Dear Know-It-Alls,

I really really like this girl. Let's call her Peggy (but her real name is Margaret). I have tried everything I can to woo her, but she just doesn't seem interested. She lets me buy her things, but then, when I run

out of money, she starts yawning and says she needs to go home and sleep. What can I do?

Used, Abused, and Utterly Confused

*Dear Casanova,  
Listen, she's just messing with your mind, dude. You need to fight fire with fire. First, get some fire. Then, burn her and accuse her of witchcraft. Address her as "Goody Peggy" when you do it -- she'll be so impressed with your use of seventeenth century vernacular that she just might decide to date you after all.*

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I have always been a proponent of animal rights. But recently, I realized "Hey, they're just dumb animals, what do they need rights for?" Does this mean I have to stop spray-painting obscenities on fur coats?

Bob

*Dear Bob,  
Get with the times. Spray paint uses chemicals which are bad for the environment. To vent antisocial rage, try slashing the tires of city buses. Don't worry, you'll think of a cause to justify this needless vandalism.*

Jacko

Dear Mr. O'Lantern,

Russia's economy could use a real boost right now. I think what my country needs is a hip, new image. Do you have any suggestions for me and my people?

Boris

*Dear Bobo,  
When it comes to hip new images, we here at the Jacko have only two words for you: "Puff," and "Daddy." Steal another country's national anthem, throw in a funky new technosynth background, make up some wholly uninventive lyrics, and presto: your economy is booming, crime rates are down, and your citizens are phat as can be, in addition to just being fat.*

Jacko

Dear Jack-o,

I'm constantly getting beat up and bullied on. You've got your share of geeks, what do you usually do about it?

Sincerely,  
Tibet

*Dear Tibet,  
Well, getting rid of any leader named "Dolly" is a start. You could also build mountains all along your border, so that no one can get in or out. If all else fails, resort to the one surefire way to earn respect: pack heat.*

Jacko

## Coming soon:

The long awaited retrospective of Jack O'Lantern's greatest Editor-in-Chief to ever animate a chain-smoking squirrel.

It's your personal guide to....

# CHRIS MILLER LAND

## Parents Lose Luggage, and Child, in Rockies

By Sean Taylor  
The Jacko Times

*Des Moines, IOWA* Mr. and Mrs. Kimble returned last night from their family vacation in the Rocky Mountains with plenty of new stories and experiences, but without their only son.

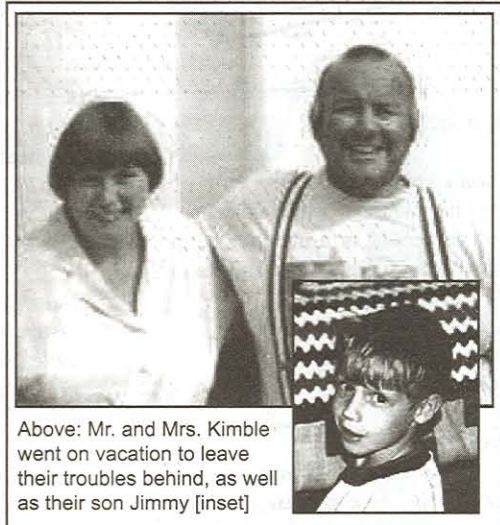
"That was one hell of a trail!" was Mr. Kimble's initial reaction after completing the rigorous 35 mile hike, "Now who's gonna help me load up the car?" It was at this tragic point that Mrs. Kimble stood in utter shock, as she became aware of every mother's nightmare: she had locked the keys in the RV. Fortunately, the passenger side window was open just enough for Mr. Kimble to unhitch the lock and begin loading the RV. The event that transpired next, however, will no doubt be etched in the minds of the Kimbles forever.

Just as the RV exited the park, Mr. Kimble prepared for the seemingly endless journey ahead. He then looked into the rearview mirror, stunned as he scanned the seat usually occupied by his son. Not believing his eyesight, Mr. Kimble slammed on the brakes and yelled, "Oh my God!" Immediately, his wife, also unnerved, joined in his excitement and screamed, "There's 3 quarters on the back seat! That's enough to get us on the Interstate!" Indeed, the \$.75 toll was paid, allowing the Kimbles to avoid all traffic and arrive home in record time.

While unpacking the RV, however, Mr. Kimble realized in horror that he was missing the bag he gave his son to carry, as well as his son. Within the next 20 minutes, the Kimbles had amassed the most comprehensive search party ever formed, knowing

full well the odds of locating one bag in the Rocky Mountains were greatly stacked against them. As fate would have it, the bag was discovered near an old abandoned shack with an attached note that read, "Sleeping inside, please help me!" Neither of the Kimbles remember packing such a note, and thus they ordered the search party to procure the bag and evacuate the premises. All of the contents of the bag were returned to the Kimbles in one piece and unharmed, whereas the boy is still missing and may be in many pieces.

"We probed every inch of every mountain in the immediate area," the Chief Search Rescue director Tom Bosco explained, "except an old abandoned shack -- that was just too creepy." Creepy maybe, but haunted as well -- other members of the search party swear they heard a faint

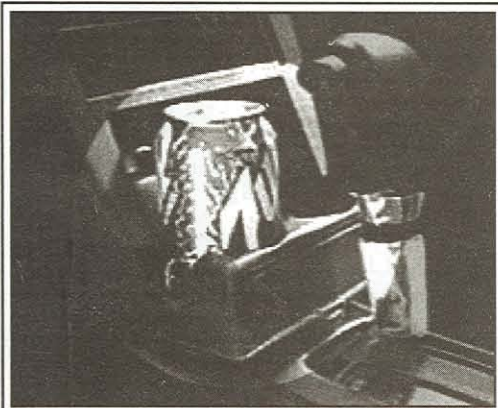


Above: Mr. and Mrs. Kimble went on vacation to leave their troubles behind, as well as their son Jimmy [inset]

crying sound echoing within the walls of the shack. "That's definitely no place for a child," Bosco said. Given the events of his recent vacation in the Rocky Mountains, such as the loss of

his son, Mr. Kimble was asked if there was any one thing he could have done differently. Without hesitation, he responded with a tear in his eye, "What was the question?"

## NATO: Albania Developing Working Cupholders



A Possible Albanian Cupholder Design

By Eric Buchman  
The Jacko Times

Larry Gutenberg, Chairman of NATO, recently warned several heads of state of the NATO alliance that he

is positive Albania has been exploring cupholder technology for the past several months. Whether or not they have been successful, he concedes, remains unclear at this time. This comes only weeks

after Pakistan announced to the world that they have developed a working Cupholder. "Our satellites spotted [the Pakistanis] conducting some cupholder testing in the north Atlantic back in October," says Gutenberg, "and although their technology is definitely primitive, their claims still hold water."

President Clinton was initially skeptical, saying that the Albanians are "too stupid" to succeed, but upon learning that the French Prime Minister Ceau-Jacques shared his skepticism, he retracted his statement, saying that the French are "too stupid" to agree with. "Ever since the fall of the Soviet empire, we knew about the possibility of their cupholders getting into the hands of one of our en-

emies," the President said in a press conference yesterday, "we just never knew which one."

Dr. Lim Chan, a scientist at the University of Florida, where Gatorade was invented, is a noted expert in the cupholder field. Dr. Chan says that Albanian-produced cupholders probably wouldn't function in the United States. "In my estimate, the bottoms would probably be too wide, possibly wider than the tops, which would render them useless," he said in an interview with Stone Phillips on last night's Dateline NBC. But when Stone asked if they could then just "turn the faulty cupholders upside down," Dr. Chan responded by warning "in that case, they probably would work. Let's just pray

for the sake of our children that they don't figure that out."

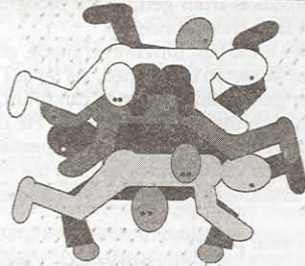
Meanwhile, Israel, the Little Nation that Could, continues to bomb targets in Iraq using modified American F-15's, fully equipped with cupholders. Israel, the lone middle eastern nation with access to Cupholders, happens to hold the patent on them. "If they do have a working cupholder," threatens Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu, "the moment they try to use them, you bet we'll sue."

Japan and Germany, two countries that are denied access to cupholders by the United Nations, declined to comment on the matter. But the German Prime Minister Smitten Kraus did have this to offer: "Wait till round three, baby!"

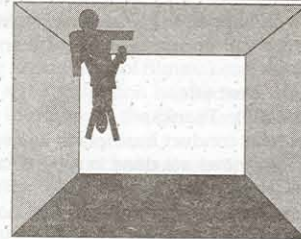
# The Jack-o-Lantern Kama Sutra

Dirty Words: ANNA van METER Dirty Pictures: MATT JONES

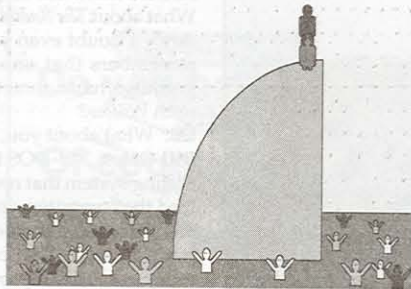
Have you ever wondered how the Jack-O staff manages to be so consistently upbeat and funny? I mean, what do these apparently average guys have to be happy about that is so obviously absent from the rest of our lives? I've unearthed their secret — lost sections of the ultimate sexual handbook, the Kama Sutra. The bliss created by the newly rediscovered contortions the Jack-O staff is now so fond of is sure to enable even the dullest guy to deliver a fantastic punchline. During my research I found some of the positions to be rather difficult; many require great skill and considerable practice (well worth it, I assure you). Others are just variations on the more common postures we all know and love. My discovery proves that in order to live a happy life all you really need is a little determination and genitals (your own or borrowed).



**The King & I:** While the gang bang has generally earned itself a bad name, it's a whole different game when the newest sorority pledge class teams up against the hottest ladies' man.



**Mounting Tape:** We all know it as a college student's favorite tool used to hang up wall paraphernalia, but how many have considered it as an accessory to a love marathon? You're gonna have to really work it to break this bond.



**The Goodship Lollipop:** This one has gained fame with the release of the movie Titanic: it's all about big boats and going down.



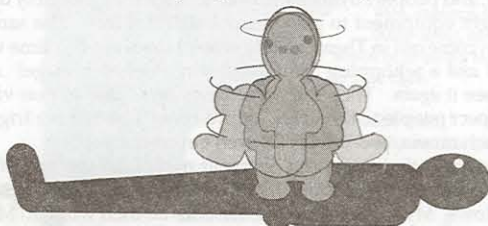
**The Gymnast:** While this position isn't performed very often, when it is used the scores have been 10s across the board. Ever seen a guy on the pommel horse? The speed and agility he shows as he twists his muscular thighs up, over, and around the thing? That horse could be you, baby...



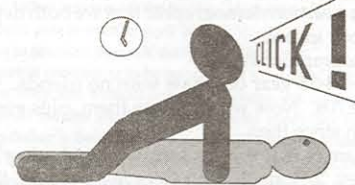
**The Ken and Barbie:** This one takes ambition and hours of stretching a day, but it's well worth it. Ever wonder why Ken and Barbie's plastic smiles never fail? Try it with one knee pressed to the front and one back of your head, the only way those flexible plastic dolls can.



**The Trapeze:** This exercise shows how a onetime investment can really pay off in the long run. Installing a trapeze may seem like a silly way to spend one's hard earned cash, but just imagine the possibilities when one or both partners come screaming through the air.



**Merry-Go-Round:** Return to the carefree days of childhood when nothing was better than an afternoon on the merry-go-round. In this more adult version, the man will learn it can be just as fun to watch his Mary go round on his Jungle Jim as it is to ride her himself.



**The Time Clock:** You know the feeling of satisfaction you get when you punch out after a long day at work? Extend that feeling of pleasure to the bedroom with this method. Using whichever measurement of time best suits you -- minutes, hours, or days -- punch in and out to mark the passing of time; for added authenticity the male partner may make a loud clicking noise when he "gets off work."

# EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: GATES AND LUCAS

Software magnate, William "Bill" Gates, and movie mogul George "Luke" Lucas are two men who each individually possess more wealth than the lower 50% of Americans combined. In fact, Bill Gates has more wealth than the lower 99.9997% of Americans combined. What do they plan to do with more money they can ever spend in their lives, even if they spent 1000 dollars every two seconds? That's what I intended to find out.

**Eric Buchman:** So, George and Bill, I'm honored to be able to interview the both of you in person, especially since both of you prefer to stay out of the spotlight as best you can.

**Bill Gates:** Yes.

**George Lucas:** Well, you happen to be catching me in a little bit of a break, as I'm in the midst of producing my new Star Wars film, *The Phantom Menace*.

**EB (sarcastically):** Yeah, great title.

**George Lucas (egotistically):** Thanks.

**Bill Gates:** I don't usually conduct business in such a cumbersome medium, most of my interviews are done in AOL Chat rooms under my screen name, CmeCUM4U.

**EB:** Here's the question the whole world wants to know: how'd you two do it?

**George Lucas:** It's simple, Eric, we each single-handedly created a product that completely revolutionized our respective industries.

**Bill Gates:** Exactly. Then we offer an insultingly cheap buy-out to anyone who tries to compete. If they refuse, we then begin a 4 step procedure to "encourage" them to enter a different industry. Step 1 is posting incriminating pictures of the company's owner on the internet. With the exception of one guy at Computech who committed suicide after step 3, we've had a very good success rate.

**George Lucas:** Speak for yourself, Bill. That's not how I do things.

**Bill Gates:** Right, and I'm going to be one of People magazine's 50 most beautiful celebrities next year. How else can you explain the fact that every movie made in America has at least one aspect of its post-production done by Lucasfilm?

**George Lucas:** Ha! Show's what you know. Lucasfilm didn't have anything to do with *Billy Madison*. The truth is, Eric, we make sure our product is marketed to just the right consumers — the most devoted kind. There is a certain demographic that we both depend on to sustain the base of our income.

**EB:** And what demographic is that?

**George Lucas:** The 13-25 year old male with no friends. Of course, that was back in the 70s. Now we still have them, plus every person with no friends born since then.

**Bill Gates:** We figure that if they're lonely enough, they'll do anything to feel like they "belong." With George's product, that means associating with a prepubescent space jockey named Luke who learns how to save the galaxy from a Muppet. With my product, it's the fact that a computer will be their best friend, no matter how big of a loser they are.

**EB:** It's interesting how both of you found success at around the same

time in the late 70s, early 80s. But in the past 20 years, there are many who feel that your successes are blown out of proportion, and that it's merely a bandwagon mentality among American consumers that is preventing superior products from getting the recognition they deserve. How do you address those concerns?

**George Lucas:** *Star Wars* is the best movie ever made, and I don't care how many Oscars James Cameron has earned. As far as I'm concerned, he and all his computer-generated stunt men can rot in hell.

**EB:** Well, you have to give the guy some credit. He controls every aspect of his films from writing and directing to cinematography and editing, and every movie he's made since he hit it big with *The Terminator* in 1984 has been amazingly successful with audiences and critics alike.

**George Lucas:** What's your point?

**Bill Gates:** I think his point is that everything you've done without Harrison Ford sucks. *Howard the Duck* ring a bell? What about *The Radioland Murders*? I doubt even your wife remembers that one. Didn't you also have something do with *Willow*?

**EB:** What about you, Bill?

**Bill Gates:** MS-DOS is the operating system that revolutionized the computer world. The fact that Apple soon came out with a faster, less complex, more user-friendly operating system doesn't mean theirs is any better.

**EB:** Well, you do seem to have a little problem coming up with new projects.

**Bill Gates:** What do you mean?

**George Lucas:** I think, Bill, he means that the heart of your success is merely updating the same thing over and over. But for some strange reason you never succeed in being able to fix all the bugs. Hmm...

**Bill Gates:** Yeah, like you're one to be talking. Your *Star Wars* Trilogy opens 20 years ago in theaters. People see it. It comes out on video. People buy it. It then comes out on video again, but this time with THX sound, and people buy it again, even though they probably don't have the right equipment to play it any better anyway. The same 3 movies then come out in Theaters for a second time, but this time with new sound *and* a whopping 5 minutes of retouched footage! And people go see it *again*. Then the "new" versions come out on video and you expect people to buy it for a third time! I own three friggin' copies of each movie, and the DVDs aren't even out yet!

**George Lucas:** Is that supposed to insult me? Like the rest of the world, you bought it every time. Unfortunately, I can't say the same about Windows. My special effects house does all their work on Macs. They did the dinosaurs in *Jurassic Park*, you know. But I guess you can always take solace knowing that the makers of *Godzilla* used PCs.

**Bill Gates:** Careful what you say, space cowboy. It sure would be a shame if the next version of Microsoft Internet Explorer had problems



Lucas, left, sitting next to Gates, right. Heads are in perfect scale.

accessing all those pretty little *Star Wars* web sites that give you so much free publicity.

**George Lucas:** Yeah, well people wouldn't even be forced to use your crappy web browser if you didn't bribe computer manufacturers into bundling it with the rest of your crappy software.

**Bill Gates:** And I suppose when I go to McDonald's this summer, I'm not going to be bombarded with *Star Wars* merchandise bundled with my Happy Meal...

**George Lucas:** Wrong again, Mr. Monopoly! Our deal is with Taco Bell, not McDonald's.

**EB:** Hey now, let's all be civilized. Bill, you might be the world's richest virgin, and, George, you might be a modern day movie slut selling out plots and characters for some flashy effects and a quick buck, but that's no reason not to get along. Just because you, Bill "Windows" Gates, have a monopoly on software, and you, George "THX" Lucas, have a monopoly on sound, doesn't mean you can't be friends.

**Bill Gates (crying):** George hurt my feelings. He said I was responsible for *Godzilla*. I never even saw *Godzilla*.

**EB:** Bill, if it weren't for *Star Wars* there wouldn't have been so many cool computer games, and home computing might never have caught on, which means there might not even be a Microsoft. And, George, if

it weren't for the computer and all that Microsoft has done to make it a staple in every business, including the film industry, the original *Star Wars* probably would have held up much better over time and there probably wouldn't be any need for you to produce new movies with the latest in computer technology, and rake in a couple billion more dollars in the process.

**Bill Gates:** So you're saying that we owe so much to each other, and that we should be friends and not enemies...

**EB:** Actually, I'm saying that both of you have become the Empire in each of your fields, and it's inevitable that some rebel entrepreneurs will rise to the occasion and challenge your overbearing supremacies.

**Bill Gates:** Oh.

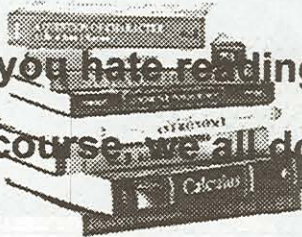
**George Lucas:** Interesting. So in your estimate the Empire has won, that the ragtag team of filmmakers I led in the 70s to make *Star Wars* in a such a rogue fashion has become the evil dominant force that we sought to expose in the first place. I think I now have an ending for Episode 9.

**EB:** Well, that concludes the interview, any last thoughts?

**Bill Gates:** No.

**George Lucas:** Not really, but Eric, can I get your last name? I want to make sure that you never ever work in Hollywood. I can do that, you know.

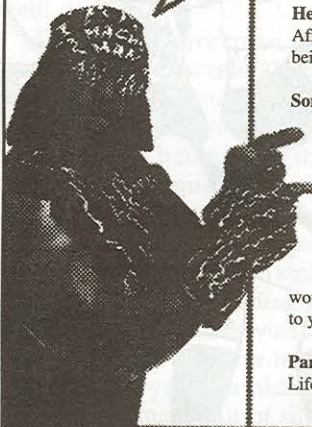
Do you hate reading?  
Of course, we all do.



X-treme

CLIFFS NOTES

Oh Yeah!!



### Some X-treme X-amples...

#### Dante's Inferno

Hell is not a fun place. Try to avoid being sent there.

#### Heart of Darkness

Africa is not a fun place. Try to avoid being sent there.

#### Song Of Myself

If you ever meet Walt Whitman, don't ask him to describe himself. He is verbose.

#### Scarlet Letter

If you are ever in position to have wild, monkey sex with a priest, think about how humiliating it would be to have a big red "A" pinned to your chest.

#### Paradise Lost

Life sucks and it's a woman's fault.

#### Medea

Not everyone is cut out to be a mother.

#### Brave New World

This is about a man who preferred freedom of thought over unlimited sex and happiness. He is a big dork.

#### Catcher In The Rye

Your parents don't love you, so they send you to an elitist private school and don't bother to pick you up for holidays. Might as well jerk off.

#### Hamlet

If your dead father appears on the battlements and tells you to murder your stepfather, pause to reassure yourself that you are a sane person pretending to be insane, but after that obey him without question. For extra credit murder stepfather's best friend, stepfather's best friend's son, stepfather's best friend's son's sister who is also your ex-lover, and two of your high school friends who came to visit because they heard you were not feeling well. Then leave your kingdom to Norway.

#### Lord Of The Flies

Never leave children unattended.

#### Awakening

A woman tests her limits, discovers her own liberation from confining social norms, empowers herself, then swims into an ocean and drowns.

#### Animal Farm

Humans may be in control, pigs may be in control. Either way the horse is sold to the glue factory.

#### Tale of Two Cities

French people are crazy.

#### Iliad

If a bunch of angry Greeks swear blood oaths, set up camps, then attack your city every day for 7 years then up and disappear one day with no warning but leave a giant hollow wooden horse with a note saying its a "farewell gift", don't think, just burn it.

"Macho Man"  
Randy Savage  
President  
American Union for Illiteracy

NAT RINK and JON COHEN

# JACKO EXPLAINS

## IT ALL





# JACKO EXPLAINS...

# COMPUTERS

DAN POWELL

When most people think of computers, they envision giant, evil supercomputers such as the ones in movies like 2001 and Tron. In reality, however, computers are wacky and fun-loving, unless they are controlling smartbombs and other things that kill people. Computers are responsible for the functioning of many household items, such as televisions, microwaves, and computers. In fact, if it weren't for computers, we would not have calculators to do math for us; instead, we would have to depend on less reliable sources, such as mathematicians. Computers are often used to create special effects for blockbuster movies, such as animating dinosaurs or making Tom Cruise seem tall. And guess what? When your entire credit history is deleted at 12:01 AM on January 1st, 2000, you can chock that up to computers as well!

Computers have come a long way since they were invented last July. Believe it or not, computers used to be as big as rooms. Now, of course, they are as big as small buildings. If the size of computers continues to grow in proportion to rapid scientific advances, they may one day be comparable to structures even larger than small buildings, such as larger buildings.

How do computers work? Well, in many ways, a computer is a lot like your brain, if you're a hideous freak with a brain made out of silicon and wires. Basically, a computer stores lots and lots of "information" (the scientific term for "stuff") inside of many little "chips." These chips are much like the

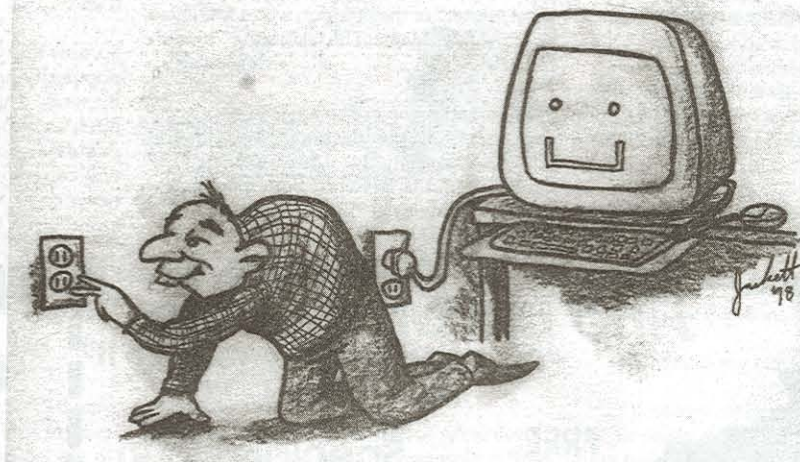
delicious snack food which bears their name, only they're made out of plastic instead of potatoes, and they contain hundreds of thousands of books worth of information instead of salt and cholesterol.

Just how smart are computers? Well, think of the highest possible IQ imaginable. That's a pretty big number, huh? Well, a computer could take the square root of that number in less than 5 or 6 seconds! Black magic? Nope -- just the wonders of modern technol-

ogy! tremendously wont to crash at the worst possible moment, such as certain members of the Kennedy family. IBMs, while less apt to freeze every 37 seconds, are notoriously complex. To operate one, you must have a typing vocabulary consisting of the phrases "DOS," "CD/," and "ajsdhjadshfhjh" (the resulting text of someone slamming down on the keypad while cursing at their computer). IBM's tend to sell much better than Macs, primarily because Bill Gates will have your family liquidated if you buy a Macintosh.

Though with one page of text I could never possibly dream of elaborating on every conceivable use of computers, here are some additional things that they can be helpful with:

- Accessing pornography if you are underage.
- Allowing you to interact, via chat rooms, with perverts all across the world.
- Being the human friend you could



ogy!

Many people argue that it is impossible for computers to be smarter than the people who make them. Even if this were the case, which it isn't (I'd like to see if Steve Jobs could spellcheck my term paper in 17 seconds!), I should point out that the people who make computers are a hell of a lot smarter than you.

One of the major controversies in the world of computers is the ever-raging battle between Macintosh and IBM. What's the difference, you ask? Well, Macs are characterized by their remarkably simple user interface, which can be operated even by extraordinarily stupid human beings, such as Ricki Lake. Unfortunately, Macs are also ex-

never get.

- Helping you pass the time between Star Trek movies (see above).
- Helping you fit complex or obscure words into your writing that you would never have been able to think of, such as "elucidate" or "obscure," thanks to that *Thesaurus* option in Microsoft Word.
- Acting as a father figure to the child you ignore.

So there you have it: Computers -- the Wave of the Future. Or, they could just be a passing fad, and we'll eventually have to abandon e-mail and resume normal forms of communication, such as talking. Either way, I'm gettin' my pictures of nude celebrities while the gettin's good.

# JACKO EXPLAINS... POPULARITY

ERICA RIVINOJA

Sometimes I start to think that popularity might be overrated, but that's dumb. In fact, if anything is overrated, it's being lonely and unknown. So, after years and years of being one of "the cool kids," one of the "people that everyone else wants to be like," one of the "people who gets ass," I've decided to share some of my tips with ye of little popularity.

•DO comment about how large other people's genitals are. You can bet that ANY male will be flattered by a simple statement of "Whoa, somebody was there when God handed out big genitals." Actually, wait, that only works on men. I don't know of any girl who would be flattered by someone saying "Man alive, I can see how big your genitals are right through your pants."

•DO NOT comment on the size of a woman's genitals.

•DO be disgustingly nice to someone's face. The minute they turn around DO talk shit about them. This is what I call "two-pronged popularity."

•DO be Norwegian and four years older than anyone else in your class.

•DO make an ass out of yourself occasionally.

You can bet that people will remember your face if you were the one who ate a kitten on a dare.

•DO make sure you know who you're saying mean things about. I'll never forget the time that Dirk, a boy in my history class, kept saying "Hey, look at that fat girl in the front row. Man, she's really really fat. How could somebody be so FAT?" His popularity waned the minute she turned around and said, "Shut up, Dirk, just shut up. I'm fat because I'm 9 months pregnant with YOUR baby!"

•DO NOT talk about your days as a "Dungeon Master" or the time you won a free chess board at the "Magic: The Gathering" tournament.

•DO travel to one extreme of the ugly spectrum. The most popular people are either really hot, or really ugly. Case in point: Cindy Crawford and Janet Reno. Both more popular than you are. Ever heard of Peter McCracken? No? It's because he is neither



very hot, or reeeeeally ugly. In fact, some people say "He's got a very nice personality." You know what that means.

•DO have a friend start a rumor that you're good at doing it.

•DO take a hint from Boyz II Men, if you are male, and refer to sex as "makin' love" when you're around women.

•DO NOT, if you are trying to impress males, refer to sex as "makin' love." Rather, describe it as "banging," "nailing," or simply "gettin' it on."

So, now that you have this 12 step program to popularity, never waver. Popularity is not for the weak. These are the keys to this elite circle, but it's a responsibility, just like taking care of grandma. Sometimes your old loser friends will come to you and say "How come you never come to our awareness meetings anymore?" Don't let them pull you down.



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# JACKO EXPLAINS... TIME

MATT KUHN

Time is loosely defined as the measurement of the passage of life. While Time is technically indivisible and unitless (particularly during any sort of dental work), the short and thick of it is that we always get charged by the hour... at least I do. Time on the planet earth is measured by the passage of the sun in accordance with the rotation of the earth. While this system is OK, it definitely has some kinks in it, such as the fact that because I live in the east I have to wake-up in the morning. Also, this system would fall apart if either the earth stops rotating or the sun explodes. With these important considerations in mind, perhaps it is best if we dissect this whole "Time" system and discover what it really means anyway.

## "TIME IS MONEY"

You hear this a lot whenever you want to take a vacation or just want to sit around and be jobless, poor and fat. When you think about it though, if time really is money, there are a lot of stupid people working way too hard when they could spend the same amount of conducting research on Gilligan's Island and The Price is Right reruns and still make the same amount of money. It's all in the transitive property.

## "DOING TIME/HARD TIME"

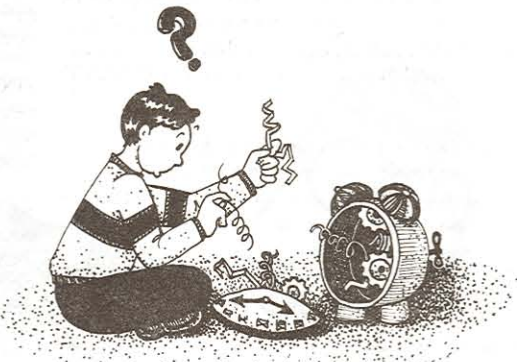
'Doing Time' refers to an extended stay in a correctional facility; 'Hard Time' implies that strenuous labor is also a component of your confinement. The overtly sexual nature of the two phrases is not coincidental. (SEE "No Time").

## "NO TIME"

If you go to prison, Rosco will make you his bitch in no time.

## "I DON'T HAVE THE TIME"

One normally hears this when they are a generally unattractive person who can't get a date, like Kevin Goldman for example. This is a confusing saying in that no one really has



possession of Time anyway. And even if anyone actually had Time, do you honestly think they would give it to you anyway? I know I wouldn't! I'd protect it like it was my own fragile esophagus.

## "TIME AFTER TIME"

This refers to a repetition of some event, usually a negative one. For example: "Time after time I was topped on the charts by that Madonna and now I'm stuck in the '80s as nothing but a memory, a VH-1 heroine and as

a background voice in 'The Goonies'."

## "TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN"

True, but it certainly waits for women, since women have a much longer life expectancy than do men.

## "WASTING TIME"

It's hard to suppress visions of some commando blasting a clock with an AK-47, but then again, anything's tough to suppress when you're tanked on PCP. This figure of speech is a little fucked up, but refers to time spent wasted.

## "ON TIME"

A rare situation in which something or someone arrives precisely when they're scheduled to. It's interesting to note that despite its appearance, the saying does not actually refer to something physically being on top of anything (SEE "No Time").

## General Meditations on the Present System of Time

- If I had a nickel for every time I lost a quarter in the cushions, I'd be a rich man.
- Thyme is my least favorite homonym.
- If history repeats itself, then clairvoyant people really aren't that special after all, and time travel would be fairly dull, and kind of embarrassing. Do I really need to go through pissing myself at the miniature golf course again? I don't think so.

# Quiz: Are You Ready to Start A CULT?

In the ever-changing market of the late 90s, many would-be entrepreneurs are seeking to make their fortunes in the recession-proof world of cults. A successful cult guarantees a huge work force of cheerful labor in return for a minimal investment. However, too many people try their hand at this profession without the requisite knowledge.

Save yourself the hassle of dealing with a failed cult, by finding out if you are truly ready to guide the lives of up to 300 mind-numbed idiots with this easy quiz. Answers at the bottom of Page 24.

- |  |   |   |   |  |
|--|---|---|---|--|
| <p>1: <b>Picking a god.</b> Which of the following is a good cult god?</p> <p>A) A Maytag Washer<br/>B) Your dog<br/>C) Andros, Destroyer of Light</p> | <p>best represents an effective cult scare.<br/>"Boy it's a good thing I gave up all worldly possessions and became a eunuch. Just think, if I hadn't done it, I'd be at risk for _____ right now."</p> <p>A) "a nasty papercut"<br/>B) "demonic possession by Thargon, the Redoubtable"<br/>C) "ennui"</p> | <p>3. <b>Maintaining Morale.</b> Which of the following does not belong in your cult compound?</p> <p>A) Mind-altering drugs<br/>B) Comfortable togas<br/>C) TV Guide</p> | <p>with your way of life. What do you do?</p> <p>A) Drug him<br/>B) Let him leave and encourage him to bring his complaints to the proper authorities so they can ensure only those that really want to be in your cult join.</p> | <p>other ventures. What is the best parting gift for your superfluous followers as they end their time with you?</p> <p>A) A fine letter of recommendation and a hearty bonus check.<br/>B) A new set of clothes to replace their togas<br/>C) Tapioca pudding laced with arsenic.</p> |
| <p>2: <b>Scaring people into joining the cult.</b> Fill in the blank with the correct word or phrase which</p>   | <p>4. <b>Conserving the labor pool.</b> One of your followers wants to leave. Apparently he just doesn't fit in</p>   | <p>5. <b>Parting Gifts.</b> Well, it's come time to move onto</p>   |   |  |

ALEX OREN

All too often, the deeper meanings of Shakespeare's words are masked by his antiquated vocabulary and writing style. Thus, this language barrier prevents today's readers from truly understanding the ideas that Shakespeare was trying to communicate in his day and age. We here at Jacko have decided to translate portions of the Bard's great works into contemporary language, so that all may enjoy his bountiful insights.

### Romeo and Juliet

Romeo: Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

(They kiss)

Juliet: You kiss by th' book.

### Translation

Romeo: Hey baby, I'll give you something you'll never forget, if you know what I mean (and I think you do).

(They kiss)

Juliet: Oh please, I've received more pleasure from barium enemas.

### King Lear

Lear: And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters-  
Since now we will divest us both of rule,  
Interest of territory, cares of state-  
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty extend  
Where nature doth merit challenge.

### Translation

Lear: Who's yo' daddy?

### Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

Hamlet (to Ophelia): Get thee to a nunnery, go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly, too.

### Translation

Hamlet (to Ophelia): I think we should see other people.

### Richard III

Richard: Remember who you are to cope withal: A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways, scum of bretons and base lackey peasants.

### Translation

Richard: C'mon, we're dealing with the French here.

### Julius Caesar

Brutus (eulogizing Caesar): If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who here is so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him I have offended. I pause for a reply.

### Translation

Brutus (eulogizing Caesar): Which one of you pasta-eating fat asses wants to fight with Brutus the Enforcer? Am I going to have to tap a keg of whoop-ass on you meatball-making Fascists?

### Macbeth

Lady Macbeth (to Macbeth): Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat I' th' adage?

### Translation

Lady Macbeth (to Macbeth): I didn't realize you had started wearing skirts. Boy, if only your friends could see you now. Namby-pamby Macbeth scared of a teeny-weeny bit of regicide. Well, listen chump, if you think you're gonna keep up with this "I'm afraid to do it" act, you better get used to not seeing any more of the proverbial pussy cat.

### Henry V

Henry: Gentlemen in England now abed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here  
and hold their manhoods cheap

### Translation

Henry: The boys back home will be pretty bummed that we're here getting mad play and they have to entertain "Sir Johnson" themselves.



### Othello, the Moor of Venice

Othello: Then must you speak  
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; one of whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this:  
And say besides that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. (He stabs himself)

### Translation

Othello: Shit.

# JACKO EXPLAINS... LOSERS

ERIC BUCHMAN

Since the history of time, mankind has been plagued with prejudice. And even as time passes and borders change, the recipients of prejudice change too — a group accepted now may not be tomorrow, yesterday's criminals are today's heroes — but there is one group that has always been the object of prejudice. In every society, in every population, these people will be always be second class citizens. These are the Losers. Even in America, where racial and religious differences are becoming fuzzier with each generation, the name Loser is still synonymous with incompetence and ineptitude. Losers are excluded from social gatherings, ignored when passed on the street, and degraded whenever they try to break free of the vicious cycle that ensnares them. When will the hatred end? No one can answer that, but the first step towards change is recognition, so by analyzing the questions that we can answer, we will be able to one day end the hatred.

The first question is the most obvious: who are the Losers? Not a religion or a race, Losers can be any nationality, any skin color, any ideology. Some say its genetic, but others attribute it to environment. It is often hereditary. Losers have been around since the beginning of time. Aaron Burr, for example, is one of the most famous Losers in American History, second only to General Custard. In the 20th Century, Losers can be identified with a number of criteria. Today, a Loser is someone who has to ask a dozen classmates to the Prom before settling for a blood relative. Losers are rarely married, usually either between divorces or never married at all. Sex is often a concept Losers are not able to understand with any certainty. A woman of the Loser faith is prone to engage in it too often, while males do it hardly at all — and when they do, it is almost always with a fellow loser. In fact, Losers are often castigated by society when they try to engage in any relations with a non-loser. Lyle Lovitt for example, was publicly shunned for his marriage to non-loser Julia Roberts. As a result, these mixed marriages rarely last. Because of the public's refusal to associate with Losers, Losers often turn to inanimate objects as playmates. Computers, magazines, VCRs — these are the most popular possessions of Losers. Losers can also be found wearing costumes in public, such as Starfleet uniforms, pointy-ears, or just nothing but black (and those that wear only black can be separated from those in mourning, because their unhealthy pale skin and spotty complexion is only magnified by their choice of clothing).

Once identified, one must try to understand the Loser experience: What is it like to be a Loser? Well, for one thing, Losers are almost always in denial. They try to hide their Loserness by taking turns with their Loser friends pretending to be

winners. This is done by taking up hobbies such as *Magic: The Gathering*, a card game that no one but a Loser can understand. Losers also like to pretend that their Loserness is a result of some conspiracy against them. Subsequently, TV shows like *X-Files* tend to appeal to a large sector of the Loser population. Losers also like to create their worlds, where they may hide their loserness behind masks and complex technical jargon no non-loser would ever use. The audience of some science fiction shows, like *Babylon 5*, is made up en-



tirely by Losers. Losers, in an attempt to compensate for their lack of social acceptance, will host their own gatherings (known as "conventions") where they can run free without being judged by the world that doesn't want them. Losers, unable to find an identity other than that of being a Loser, may then attempt to draw attention to themselves, to make believe that they really are important. They may write letters (called "manifestos") to newspapers, or publish their "original" material on the Internet — a haven for Losers. Chat rooms have become 21st Century Salons for Loserkind. Losers may even run for public office to find the attention they crave, but Losers never succeed in overturning their Loser status. Often times Losers hold office in areas where Losers make up a majority of the population (like New Hampshire). But no Loser has ever been elected to national office, attaining the position only through the laws of succession. Some Losers play with their names

in attempt to disguise their Loserness. They may drop their last name, change it to something of foreign origin, or replace it with an unpronounceable symbol. For example, Humphrey Bogart, the son of Losers, changed his name from Milton Poindexter in an attempt to hide his roots. Also noteworthy is that Losers are often the younger sibling of a proven non-Loser, such as Roger Clinton or any number of Kennedys.

The third question one must ask before reversing the prejudice is: How can we distinguish between a genuine Loser and someone with just bad karma? Occasionally, some people who are not certified Losers still suffer the losses usually attributed to Losers. These people might even claim to be Losers, when really they are not. In some very extreme cases, where non-Losers become convinced that they may in fact be a Loser, they might commit suicide. But the true Loser can only attempt suicide (sometimes multiple times), because even dying is something they cannot succeed in accomplishing.

Can Losers ever convert? Well, it's very rare, but it has happened. Though in most cases, the conversion is only temporary. Geraldo Rivera is the only person in the history of the US to convert successfully, but because his conversion was a result of cable TV, most non-Losers don't even consider him one of them. It is more likely for a non-Loser to become a Loser over a long period of time. O.J. Simpson is one such example. Pat Buchanan is not. Contrary to popular belief, Buchanan was, is, and always will be a Loser.

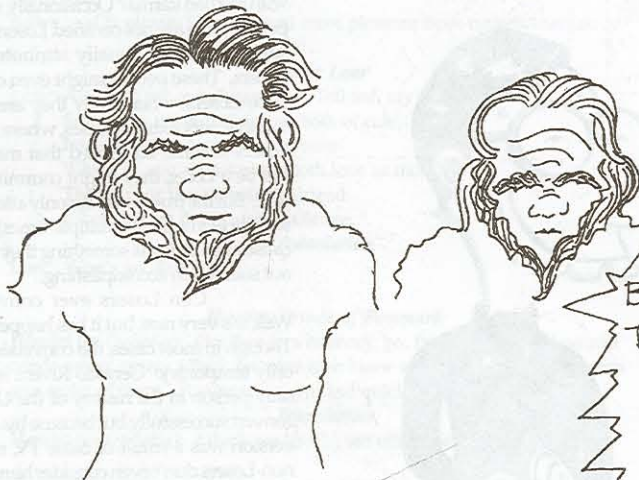
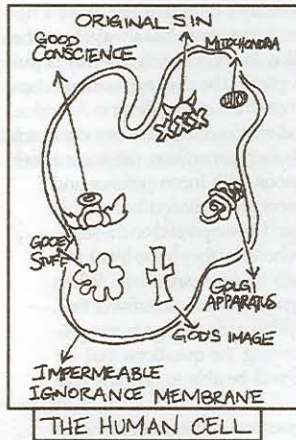
So how can we begin to change society to accept Losers? Widening affirmative action to include them is one option, but that has proven ineffective in some place where it has been initiated, such as Elementary School, where the "Honorable Mention" category was added to many science fairs, spelling bees, and sporting competitions to encourage Loser participation.

Change will not be immediate, but like all people that injustice and prejudice befalls, the situation of the Loser is finally getting some sympathy. Claudia Schiffer has admitted to being attracted to Losers, and has begun speaking in their defense in her native Germany. Foreigner, the popular music group from the 80s, has even started an annual concert called LoserAid to fight Loser inequality. Unfortunately, with rumors persisting for more than a decade that Foreigner themselves are Losers, their chances of success are severely slim. But a step in the right direction is still a step, and any help for Losers is better than none. One day, Losers will be free from tyranny, but it will take time.

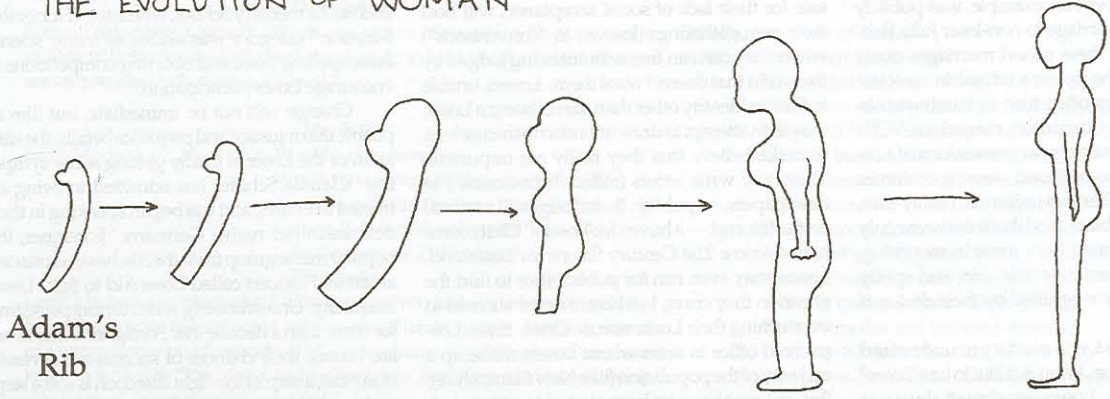
# Jacko Explains **EVOLUTION**

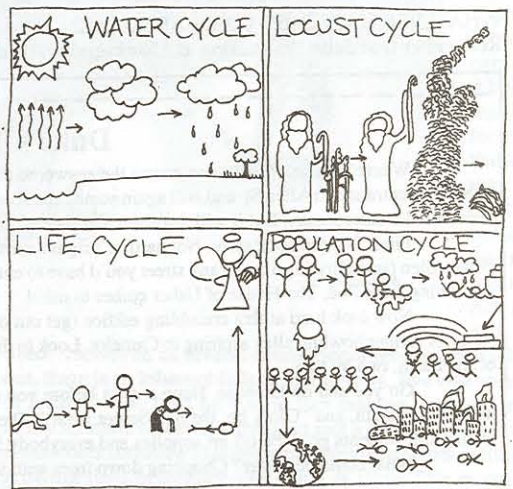
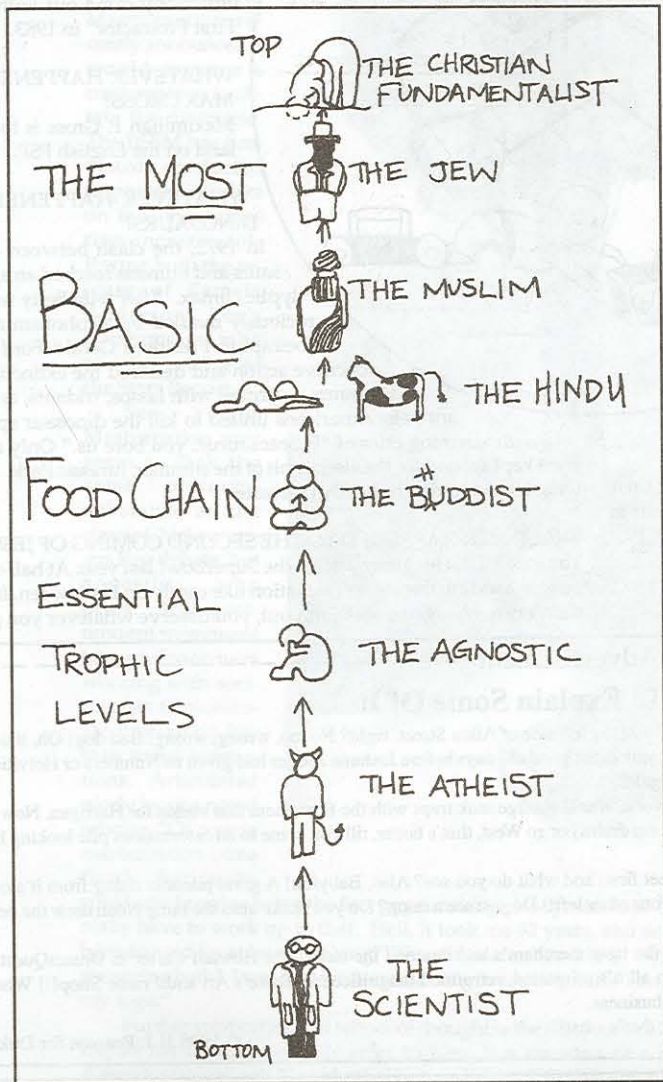
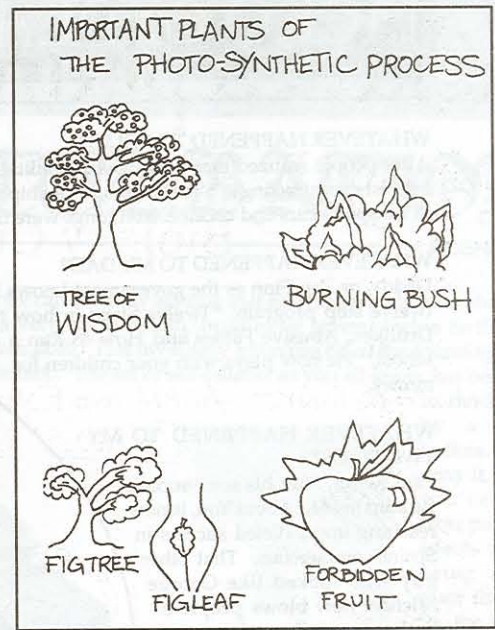
(As Dictated By The 1946 Mississippi State Approved  
Biology Curriculum)

THEORY OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT: NO PRIMATES  
THE MISSING LINK— ADAM AND EVE WERE JUST  
REALLY UGLY



THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN





IMPORTANT CYCLES

# JACKO EXPLAINS...

# WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO

NICK CALAMARI AND ERICA RIVINOJA

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO POLIO?

After people realized that Polio was a debilitating disease, they lost interest in contracting it. Wheelchairs, once a hip accessory, were traded in for sports cars and cocaine. Iron lungs were traded for babies.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY DAD?

Daddy, or Pap Finn as the government knows him, went through a twelve step program: "Twelve Steps in how to not be a Drunken, Abusive Father and How to Run a Pre-school." He now plays with your children for money.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY TWO DADS?

Paul Reiser, after his semi-successful stint in Mad About You, is now reaching unparalleled success in Sprint commercials. That other guy who looked like George Michael now blows people in bathroom stalls and gets arrested.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MOATS?

Two things:

- They were replaced by force fields.
- In North America, they were filled in with grass and we now call them lawns.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO POLYTHEISM?

Nothing. Look up Hinduism in the encyclopedia and become a little worldly, you ignorant bastard.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PANGEA?

In 1956 during the midst of the Cold War, Americans, fearing their proximity to Russia, decided to unite and push the Americas clear to the other side of the world.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY APPENDIX?

Remember that delicious stuffing at Thanksgiving? Mmmmm.....

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT CHILD I GAVE UP FOR ADOPTION IN MIDDLE SCHOOL?

Little Jimmy, or Little Javiar, as he is known to his new family, is alive and well in Marfa, Texas. He's captain of the curling team, and his girlfriend, Little Susie, is expecting.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FULL FAT YOGURT?

After doing an in-depth study, scientists from Fantastic, Altruistic, and Tantastic Association of Social Scientists (F.A.T.A.S.S.) realized that full fat yogurt was not yogurt at all, but just fat.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE ABACUS?

Slide rulers supplanted rudimentary adding machines in the early fifth century. However, the technology was lost and not rediscovered until Sony came out with "My First Protractor" in 1983.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAX GROSS?

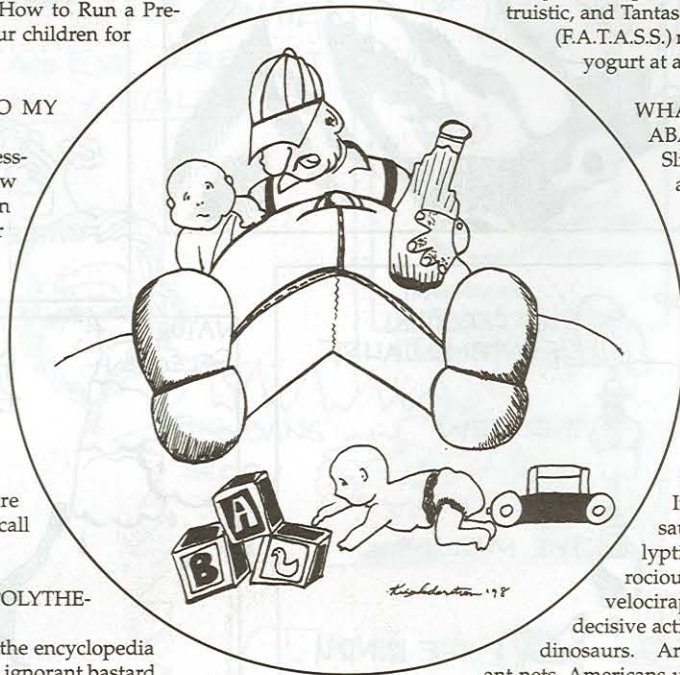
Maximilian P. Gross is in Scotland on the English FSP.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DINOSAURS?

In 1972, the clash between dinosaurs and humans reached an apocalyptic climax. After wife Betty was ferociously mauled by alcoholism and a velociraptor, President Gerald Ford took decisive action and declared the extinction of dinosaurs. Armed with lassos, tridents, and giant nets, Americans united to kill the dinosaur species with alarming cries of "Brontosaurus, you bore us." Only a few were kept around for the sleeper hit of the summer, Jurassic Park. They were kicked to death shortly thereafter.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS?

You missed it. He came back for the Superbowl last year. At half-time, he was handing out eternal salvation like candy on Halloween. If you didn't care enough to seek Him out, you deserve whatever you get.



## Paid Advertisement

### Duke's Tries To Explain Some Of It

Where's Duke's? Everyone knows the answer to that one. Down the left side of Allen Street, right? No, no, wrong, wrong! Bad dog! Oh, it used to have an entrance on Allen St. and will again some time soon but that was in the good old days before Joshuan Judges had given us Numbers or Helviticus committed Deuteronomy. But it will, brothers and sisters, have one again.

First, find the book store. Not hard, it's right next to those World War II vintage tank traps with the H on them that stands for Harrigan. Now go down Allen (in reality to go down any street you'd have to enter the storm drains) or go West, that's better, till you come to an ostentatious pile looking like something from Poe, The House of Usher comes to mind.

Now look hard at this crumbling edifice (get out of the street first) and what do you see? Alas, Babylon! A great pheonix rising from it's own ashes. A former bowling alley aspiring to Camelot. Look to the left. (Your other left!) Do you see a ramp? Do you? Like unto the ramp Noah drew the bests of the Earth, two by two.

Go yee and do likewise. Hang a right before you come to the taste merchant's and descend the steps, like Howard Carter in DreamQuest of unknown Kadath, and "Glory be, the hamburger meat!" There it is in all it's reinstated, retrofitted magnificence. Duke's Art and Frame Shop!!! Where Dartmouth students get 10% off art supplies and everybody is heavy business.

What could be easier? Chopping down trees with a herring, that's what!

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JACKO EXPLAINS...

WHICH CAME FIRST...

# ...SEX OR MASTURBATION?

ROSHAN SHAH

Although for centuries philosophers have debated the minutia between sins of commission and sins of omission, the past few years have seen scrutiny fall on a new class of dirty deeds: sins of emission. It seems the hottest question on the minds of today's intelligentsia is which came first: sex or masturbation? In light of the many new arguments being proposed, the little known JOURNAL FOR THE INTERNATIONAL STUDY OF SEX AND MASTURBATION recently announced it would convene a conference to facilitate the discourse. The JISSM has previously conducted important studies on the masturbation increase following both the release of Pamela Anderson Lee's honeymoon tape and the release of the Starr Report.

Sex versus Masturbation may seem to lack the same profound substance as the classic Chicken versus Egg debate, but honestly, who cares? This post-modern movement has philosophers working with sociologists to reevaluate prehistoric human social interactions. Articulated nicely by one noted scholar, "Of course masturbation came first! Seriously, could you imagine being the first guy to ask a girl to spread 'em? You'd really have to work up to that. Hell, it took me 32 years, and sex has been around for at least that long!" Three hits later, he added, "Where's the spring bath? I was told we were meeting in a spring bath. I brought my toga."

Further supporting this school of thought is the discovery of "Ed". Ed, as his finders lovingly refer to him, is a skeleton of a post-Australopithecus, pre-Neanderthal human being. From his bone struc-

ture, we can correctly assume that Ed was severely hunchbacked and had a very sharp mouth, protruding several inches farther than a modern skull. This invariably intimates Ed as the founding father of self-fellatio. The art of self-fellatio, as you all know, has been denied

to modern man by a mere 4 inches. (Don't deny it, we know you've tried. Now pay your respects to Ed for being a better man than you.) So, the argument goes, this twist on masturbation surely beats out sex in age.

Batting for the opposite team are the religiously inclined. They assert with divine authority that sex came first, relying on the Bible after its stunning success in the "Murder: Good or Bad?" Debate. Their argument: Adam came first. Eve came next (if at all -- she could have been the First Faker). From their union came Cain and Abel. Cain, marked and forced to wander the earth alone, was presumably the First Masturbator. Therefore no seeds were spilled until after Adam and Eve did the dirty

deed. However, as several counter-counter-arguments have pointed out, there is an inherent fallacy to this view. Eve was created from one of Adam's ribs, thus he was in fact making love to part of himself. Many scholars assert that this is in fact a form of masturbation. While researchers continue to explore new developments in this exciting and growing field of inquiry, one thing is clear: This question will continue to stimulate and arouse philosophers for generations to come. And that's no phallacy.



G. Fournier '98

# JACKO EXPLAINS... THE BIBLE

TARA DAIRMAN

Does the Old Testament confuse you? Have you ever read the Book of Obadiah and felt like *you just didn't get it*? Do you mix up the Ten Commandments with Ten Ways to Leave Your Lover? Are you the dumbest person in your Bible study group? If you answered yes to any of these questions, you're not alone! There are thousands of people out there just like you, who don't know their golden calves from their golden asses. That is why The Jack O'Lantern has come up with some good, clear answers to the most frequently asked biblical questions. We can't guarantee eternal salvation, but if you share these cutting-edge interpretations of the good book with your Bible-nut buddies, we promise that they'll look at you in a whole new light.

**Q: What are the books of the Bible?**

**A:** The Bible is divided into two parts. The Old Testament is made up of the Five Books of Moses: Genesis, Exodus, Spartacus, Clitoris, Leviticus, Hippopotamus and... ah yes, Numbers. To the eyes of a mere mortal, there appears to be more than five books, but that's just Yahweh's way of screwing with you.

The New Testament is made up of books like the Gospel according to John, the Gospel according to Paul, the Gospel according to George, and the Book of Ringo & his All-Star Saints.

**Q: Who are the most important people in Genesis?**

**A:** That would be the patriarchs and the matriarchs. There are three patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and four matriarchs: Brenda, Kelly, Donna, and Oprah.

**Q: Three patriarchs and four matriarchs... which lucky guy had two wives?**

**A:** That guy would be Jacob, although we might not consider him so lucky. He worked like a slave for Laban for seven years to win the hand of his younger daughter, Oprah. But Laban tricked him into marrying his older daughter, Donna, first, giving new meaning to the phrase "Being tricked into marrying your other daughter is like working for Laban for seven years as a slave."

—Clitoris, 9:18.

**Q: What else does the Bible say about sex?**

**A:** Plenty of things. The Bible is the Kama Sutra of Judeo-Christianity. It is full of stories that teach us what to do and what not to do when the mood to fornicate strikes us. Here are a few key quotes, in both their original forms

and in modern-day translations:

"None of you shall approach a close relative to have sexual intercourse with her."

—Leviticus, 19:6

*Translation:* Don't ride your Grandma.



"...he promised with an oath to give her whatever she might ask. So she, having been prompted by her mother, said, "Give me John the Baptist's head here on a platter..."

—Matthew, 14:1

*Translation:* Here we have the origin of the phrase "giving head." We also see the first biblical reference to oral sex on a giant silver plate.

"Moses was one hundred and twenty years old when he died, yet his eyes were undimmed and

his vigor unabated."

—Deuteronomy, 34:7

*Translation:* You're never too old to get it on.

"Now when Jesus had come into Peter's house, He saw his wife's mother lying sick with a fever. And He touched her hand, and the fever left her. Then she arose and served them."

—Matthew 8:14

No translation needed.

"So Moses spoke to the Israelites, and their princes gave him staffs, twelve in all, one from each tribal prince; and Aaron's staff was with them."

—Numbers, 17:21.

*Translation:* Political leaders get all the "staff" they want.

"If a man comes upon a maiden that is not betrothed, takes her and has relations with her, and their deed is discovered, the man who had relations with her shall pay the girl's father fifty shekels and take her as his wife, because he has deflowered her."—Deuteronomy, 22:28.

*Translation:* You break it, you buy it.

"Our father is getting old, and there is not a man on earth to unite with us... come, let us ply our father with wine and then lie with him, that we may have offspring by our father."

—Genesis, 20:31.

*Translation:* If all else fails, get it on with Dad (but not Grandma).

**Q: What is the sin of Onan?**

**A:** Let's just say that he cared too much for his brother, not enough for his sister, and just enough to make a mess on the floor.

**Q: Does God really care if I covet my neighbor's ass?**

**A:** Is your neighbor cute?

**Q: Yes.**

**A:** Then He'll probably let it slide.

**Q: How about murder... Are there any exceptions to that one?**

**A:** Sure. The Church has always endorsed the senseless murder of heathens, pagans, scientists, and anyone who ever questioned whether the Bible was the word of God. Join in the fun!

ERICA S. RIVINOJA

When most people think of the Miss America Pageant, they tend to think of thrilling spectacle of glamour and class with the most intelligent and sought-after women answering thoughtful questions about poverty. Well, I'm hear to blow the lid off that rumor. The Jacko sent me on a mission in September to Atlantic City to cover the Miss America Pageant. But rather, I UNCOVERED the pageant and the ugly realities behind it. Through a detailed series of investigations, in-depth interviews, 6 hours pleading with a losing slot machine, a drinking binge, and a night with a surprisingly expensive whore, I have discovered the truth behind the ugly, pasty, smiling, hairsprayed rumors.

**RUMOR: All Miss America Pageant contestants are extremely intelligent.**

**TRUTH:** All contestants appear to be intelligent on the subjects of makeup, pimples, boys, and how to punch the prettiest girl's prize-winning knockers.

**RUMOR: Pageant contestants are the most beautiful women in the land.**

**TRUTH:** A large group of contestants looks like a gathering of the horse people.

**RUMOR: All contestants put out.**

**TRUTH:** Only those from states below the Mason-Dixon line put out immediately. With the others, it takes two beers and a palm reading.\*

**RUMOR: All contestants have large boobs.**

**TRUTH:** All contestants have boobs bigger than mine.



**RUMOR: All contestants have very firm buttocks that stay perfectly in place in their swimsuits.**

**TRUTH:** There's a big roll of packing tape backstage. The laws of physics are defied as they shove 35 pounds of ass into a 4 liter capacity swimsuit.

**RUMOR: Miss America pageant contestants are pools of limitless talent in numerous categories from flute tootin' to tap dancing to belting out "Wind Beneath My Wings" with a southern accent.**

**TRUTH:** Contestants are most talented in the field of keeping a big, vaseline induced smile while stomping about the stage in spandex during which some sad ass show tune about how desperately a woman needs a musically gifted man blasts out of the speakers.

**RUMOR: All contestants have an equal shot going into the pageant.**

**TRUTH:** Only the southern girls will win.

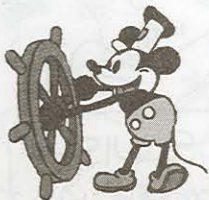
**RUMOR: Miss Americas go on to fame and fortune.**

**TRUTH:** Miss Americas go on to marry some jerk, have four children, one which arrives three months after the wedding. Oh yeah, and they run the local PTA. And did I mention they go on to be losers? That's right, loooooosers.

**RUMOR: Pageant contestants are all best friends.**

**TRUTH:** The Dakotas are always talking trash to each other. No one believes that Miss New Mexico is actually from the U.S. Miss Texas is always wanting to run off and start her own pageant. Everyone makes fun of Miss District of Columbia because as Miss Delaware said "That bitch don't represent a state. Shit. She represent the District of Shit."

\*Special thanks to the volunteers who helped me research this question.



## Jacko Explains How To Produce A Successful Broadway Musical In Four Easy Steps



### 1. Work for Disney.

No matter how bad it is, people will pay ridiculous sums to see anything produced by Disney.

### 2. Plagiarize

Although this will get you expelled from most respectable colleges and universities, it will win you heaps of praise from theatre critics and patrons. Simply take a pre-existing work and rewrite it to include '90s "lingo" and update the causes

they are fighting for or the diseases they are dying from. Try to wait long enough so that nobody will remember how superior the original work was to your own. If that is not an option, use puppets.

### 3. Cast Nathan Lane in a lead role.

### 4. Die.

Although this craze has died down some in recent years, it's still all the rage in the hip theater scene.

# JACKO EXPLAINS...

CASEY NOGA

Why do men and women never seem to get along? Why is it that men and women can only find true love when overcome by the groggy haze of a serious drug and alcohol binge? Armed only with a raging, unsatisfied male libido and a passion for the truth, we at the Jacko plunged deeply into (no pun intended) the battle between the sexes, hoping our research might shed some light on this eternal quandary.

The first shot in the war between the sexes was fired in the lush paradise known as Eden. Common knowledge has it that a vengeful God booted both Adam and Eve from the garden after Eve disobeyed his command not to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. However, we were able to track down the true author of the book of Genesis. According to Frank Perkins, who has written "dozens of other creation myths" in addition to Genesis, the original story was much more explicit, "But we had to tone it down a bit, you know how cranky those right-wingers get when it comes to sexuality." According to Perkins, the war between the sexes actually began when Eve laughed at the size of Adam's member; the "Original Grin" continues to loom in the subconscious of men to this day.

When the dildo was accidentally invented in 83 B.C. by a Roman peasant woman squatting in a cornfield to relieve herself, the male-dominated hierarchy quickly moved to ban the

new tool of pleasure. They worried that women would have no need to put up with the rest of the man since they now had a portable phallus. Emperor Julius Caesar decreed that women were to be prohibited from possessing objects longer than they were wide. This new schism set the tone for the next millennium of distrust and open conflict.

During the medieval period, the code of chivalry was instituted in an attempt to appease the female sex, as men were simply tiring of autoerotic stimulation. Male knights would risk life, limb, and dignity to prove their gallantry, while women would function as damsels in distress or enraptured maidens, much like modern-day cheerleaders but without all the shouting. This arrangement befitted both sexes because the men were free to take pointless risks and slake their thirst for armed conflict, while women could stand by and daydream of the strong, sensitive lover and occasionally swoon. Most importantly, neither sex had to wrangle with the trying ordeal of verbal communication; they grew fonder of each other the less they talked. But this Pax Womana, as it came to be known, ended abruptly when the sport of jousting became popular. Women recognized the inherent homoeroticism behind a contest in which sweaty men jabbed at each other with long poles in an attempt to penetrate the other's armor, all while straddling massive stallions. They clamored for an end to the spectacle, fearing a new rise in male/male relationships, which would presumably displace the women in their affections. The men eventually caved and dropped the sport, but the women had broken the peaceful silence, and the cease-fire in the war between the sexes was over.

In order to regain the affection of the females, the males devised a new strategy: become more effeminate. Hoping their dainty manners and foofy accents would impress the women, men accidentally made themselves girlier than the women. As contemporary gender studies scholar Sir Francis Cherie-Poppe puts it, "The male sex in France and Britain strived to become more feminine so as to appear less brutish to the women, but the women ironically became less attracted to these dolled up wusses and either ignored them or flaunted the conventions of society by seeking the pleasures of mannish women." This dark period in the history of male/female relations is characterized by the invention of such wuss sports as cricket, croquet, golf, and ultimate frisbee.

Over the last hundred years many important inventions have led to a de-escalation of the war between the sexes, including but not limited to: the automated nose-hair plucker, lederhosen, plastic surgery, Virginia Slim Menthol Ultra Lights, and the chastity belt skeleton

key. The "Sexual Revolution" of the 1960s has left an indelible mark on the gender battlefield, empowering women to a greater degree than even the mighty dildo. In his book "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised for Children Unaccompanied by a Parent or Guardian Over the Age of 18," famed gender analyst and conservative pundit Patsy O'Connell examines the way in which male/female relationships have evolved since the free love era. Instead of "only interacting with women in a date scene," writes O'Connell, "men today must cope with women at school, in the workplace, in the military, and even hell, where all the liberal scum who forced gender equity on us will fry on an open griddle in the toxic secretions of their own infected genitalia."

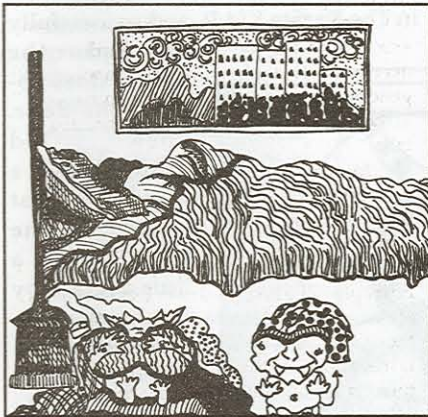
In essence, the war between the sexes has been raging on nearly unabated through all of recorded history. Adam's ire is still aroused when Eve laughs at his serpent, but he is easily assuaged with sports, drugs, and hardcore pornography. Eve is still wont to bicker over trivialities with Adam and start the cycle over like the menstrual cycle which holds sway over her. Is there hope for the future? Surely there is, for there is always the possibility that four-eyed galactic interlopers could invade our planet and use a transmogrifying raygun to turn us all into androgynies. But then again, oral sex would lose much of its allure if this happened, and is that what we really want?



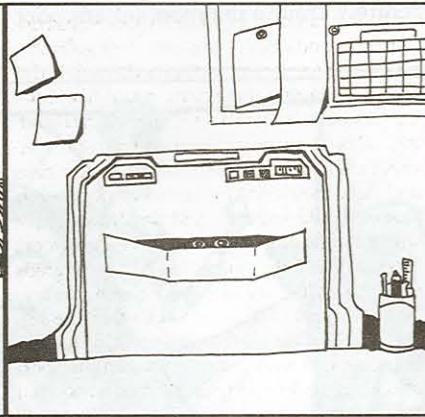
# JACKO EXPLAINS... GREMLINS

By KIM SODERSTROM

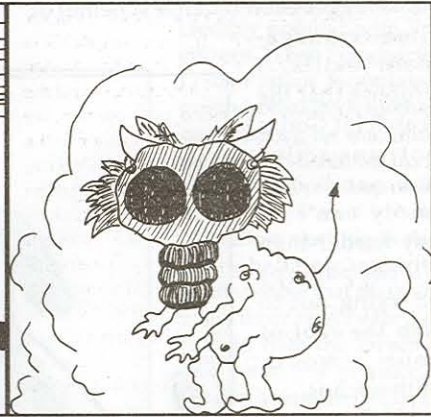
## JACK-O'S most *derivative* ... *academic* guide to:



**Peniblious Undiesnatcherous:** Plays with and hides randomly strewn underwear, making them impossible to find.



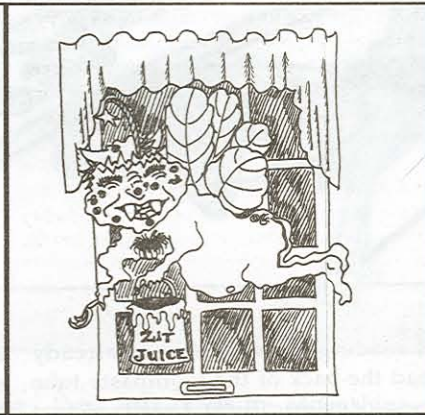
**Peniblious Printorus:** Jams the printer at the worst possible moment. Finds this funny *every* time.



**Peniblious Stencherus:** If it reeks, blame him.



**Peniblious Spikiuous:** Doubles the alcohol content of any mixed drink left unattended. Laughs repeatedly as victim collapses.



**Peniblious Zitius Maximus:** Dejected cousin of the Tooth Fairy, holds stock in Benzol Peroxide.



**Peniblious Kleptomous:** If you lost it, he stole it.

# MODERN



# Gremlins

# JACKO EXPLAINS... GOD

MATT KUHN

People spend hours and even years in deep meditation and prayer in order to discover God within themselves. While I'm certainly in no position to argue one's beliefs (I'm sitting on a wheeled-chair and my left leg is cramping up, neither of which are advantageous initial conditions for an aggression defense scheme) or time management skills, I propose that the search for God is not an active one, and certainly can't be any harder than a lot of pull-ups or trying not to stab the roof of your mouth with nachos.

Well, I began my quest for God like so many others, by asking my mother if she had seen God lying around anywhere. After we ascertained that I very clearly don't remember where I had last seen God (let's just say I don't remember much from that night except that I awoke at one point in the street with no pants on) and that It was neither in my pocket (debatable) nor in the drawer next to the refrigerator, I realized that this was going to be a lot harder than I had originally expected. Just as I was about to give up (it had already been 10 minutes), I felt something deep within myself. . . a sudden urge to use the facilities. Usually my bowels only deliver such urgent messages in the middle of economics exams, so needless to say, I

knew something was awry and also that I had to get to the potty fast.

As usual, the moderately quiet confines of the john allowed me to think clearly despite the putrid smell, that wafted in under the door from the kitchen (Mom was burning dinner for the family). As I looked desperately around the room for any sort

flash but unfortunately split seconds after I threw the floss. I pulled frantically on the string but the box continued along its flightpath right towards God's noggin. At the last second, God pulled a move similar to the one Ralph Maccio so pudgedly accomplished (we'll call it the turnstile) in *The Karate Kid II*, and successfully

knocked the dental floss toward the door. Phew! God didn't say a word. It just looked at me like It was a little angered by the projectile, then turned and battled the kitchen smells like an Iwo Jima monument and crawled under the door. It was at that point I realized that I had met God . . . naked! Man was I embarrassed!

Well, from what I could see, I would have to say that God is androgynous, or at most,

a very, very ugly Man. I hope that settles that argument. I guess what I've learned is that God is all around us, and that like an intelligent Oberlin student, if we try to look for It, we will never find It. I hope everyone gets a chance to meet God and that everyone cherishes that sacred moment, because you never know if or when it will happen again. I keep a small cage in the corner of the bathroom though, just in case. I sure don't want to miss my chance at those three wishes!



of reading material (I had already read the back of the toothpaste tube (twice dyslexically!)), I realized that the only inviting option was a toilet paper wrapper that was, of course, just out of seated-reach. Since it is clearly against the rules to leave the seat once engaged, I reached for a nearby box of dental floss and attempted to lasso the wrapper. Just as I released the box of floss in a perfect spiral, I realized that it *was* God who was sitting atop the toilet paper wrapper after all. It came to me in a

# JACKO EXPLAINS... WHY THE FRENCH HATE US

MINDY CHOKALINGAM

For years, American tourists in France have found themselves victims of unprovoked French ridicule and cruelty. Despite thousands of wholesome Americans taking their families on vacations to the supposed "Jewel of Europe", and flooding the French economy with money, French citizens continue to belittle and sneer at them. Countless Americans have been subject to wrong directions, spitting, and the ubiquitous middle finger by grumpy French citizens. One can only wonder at the number of times a hapless American has asked a resident Parisian directions to the Louvre only to get the reply: "*Je vous aurais bien aide, mais je ne vous aime pas.*" ("I'd help you, but I don't like you.")

To many people it is inconceivable that the nation that once gave the United States the thoughtful (if rusty and cheap) present of the Statue of Liberty could now treat Americans so poorly. This study will hopefully shed light on the conundrum: Why do the French hate everyone's favorite Super Power?

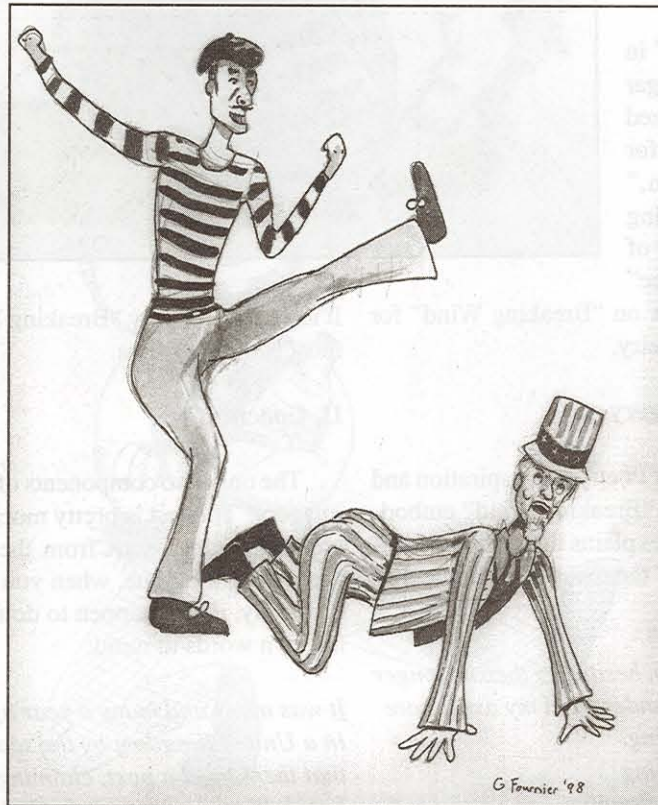
Why do they hate us? A look into history might help us discover the answer to this question. The French language was originally called "Latin." When Julius Caesar invaded France in 30 BC, he was so successful at conquering the unprepared and napping Gallic army, marrying his troops off to the easy Gallic women, and tricking gullible Gallic children, that everyone there started to speak Latin. The Gallic then started to get so sloppy with their Latin, (presumably because they were too drunk to be grammatically correct) that the language was soon bastardized and became what we now know as "French." To this day, "French" is still commonly referred to as "Illegitimate Latin" or the "Debauched Language of Drunkards."

Later, French incompetence led to their defeat in the French & Indian War. As troops led by the young hero General George Washington pummeled the strange fur-trapping madmen from their poorly-made forts along the Canadian border, the French first felt an antipathy towards Americans. Even with the pity and aid of regional Native Americans, the French consequently lost the war, having spent all

the last three letters of our words. French people apparently find this custom to be "snobby." Another study shows that we are hated because American women shave their armpits and don't smell up international airports. "Our women should reek with their fragrant blossoms of body musk!" says former French Prime Minister Francois Mitterand. The ancient law that prohibits women from cleansing is incredibly popular with French citizens. When French scientist Louis Pasteur formulated his ground-breaking hypothesis of germ theory, he was immediately put to death for his maverick beliefs of "soap and water".

Most startling is that an overwhelming majority of studies show that there are actually more reasons for Americans to hate the French than vice versa. For instance, take the pop sensation Celine Dion, who sang last years most irksome song, the theme from the movie "Titanic." She's French. Actually she's from Quebec, but that's the French wanker province, so it's just as bad. Canada would be a pretty cool country if not for Quebec. Also consider France's biggest contribution to American film: Gerard Depardieu. Mr. Depardieu, who has the honor of being the undisputed Ugliest Man in the Universe, could not even score a role in a low-budget action movie opposite French-born and more attractive American actor Charlie Sheen.

If you ever find yourself trapped in France (for whatever reasons) and you are being told you are a "Stupid pleasant-smelling American with no manners," there are certain things you can say to get by, such as "*Je préfère l'Espagne.*" Translation: "I like Spain better." Also good is "*Ce restaurant n'est pas aussi bon que le McDonalds.*" Translation: "This expensive French restaurant isn't as good as McDonald's."



their war funds on Moonshine and women, as opposed to ammunition and gunpowder. (Although technically the French lost to the British, they anticipated that the colonists would fight for independence and be known as "Americans" 20 short years from that point. The French, though stupid and terrible in war, are a very prescient people. Like gypsies.)

One other recent study reveals that the French hate Americans because we pro-

Just the word “poetry” brings back memories of my little league baseball coach. He used to always yell “there is no ‘I’ in ‘team!’” until finally one day I replied, “Well...there is an ‘m’ ‘e’ in ‘team’.” For the rest of the season, sitting on the bench afforded me the credentials I needed to explain poetry. After all, there’s no “I” in “Poetry.”

There is, however, a “Poe” in “Poetry,” and that Poe is Mr. Edgar Allan. He is forever immortalized in the hearts of poetry lovers for verses such as “The Raven,” “Annabelle Lee,” and “Breaking Wind”. Since so few copies of “The Raven” and “Annabelle Lee”

are available, I intend to focus on “Breaking Wind” for this in-depth exploration of poetry.

## I. Poetry = inspiration + imagery

The first two components of Poetry are inspiration and imagery. Poe’s third stanza in “Breaking Wind” embodies the essence of poetry as he explains through vivid images, what is undoubtedly one of the most inspiring activities known to man: farting.

*Presently my urge grew stronger, hesitating then no longer  
"Sir," said I "or madam, truly understand my ass is sore  
It merely began so faintly tapping,  
then suddenly started slapping  
when soon my ass cheeks were flapping,  
flapping loudly with a roar  
After the flapping and the slapping I heard a clapping  
behind my chamber door  
Ah, my fans--cheering for more*

from “Breaking Wind”  
by Edgar Allan Poe, 1845



It is no wonder why “Breaking Wind” is one of America’s most beloved poems.

## II. Conclusion

The only two components of poetry are inspiration and imagery. The rest is pretty much self-explanatory. If you are still unclear, start from the top and read this article again. But this time, when you read it, read slower. Additionally, if you happen to doubt Poe’s superiority, keep his own words in mind:

*It was many and many a year ago  
In a United Kingdom by the sea  
that there lived a poet, claiming to be as good as me  
I said, “you can’t touch the E-A-P”, I’m the real emcee  
while he’s suckin on limes and drinking his tea  
I’m bustin my rhymes, and bangin Annabelle Lee.  
So before you dis me you ought to know  
I’m Edgar Allan Poe, the king of poetry*

from “Freestylin”  
by Edgar Allan Poe, 1846

To receive the answers to the cult quiz on page 11, please call 1-800-DIAL-ATF as soon as possible. Leave a brief message containing your name, whereabouts, and a brief description of the contents of your arsenal. Expect to be contacted within several days.



# JACKO EXPLAINS... COMMUNISM

BEN OREN

Within the last ten years the world has witnessed the failure of communism within several countries--The Soviet Union, East Germany, and Yugoslavakianland, just to name a few. But why? It seemed like such a viable form of government. Everything was communal, from the land to the women; kind of like a swinging Kibbutz operated by Al Goldstein. You had nice dictators to tell you what to do. You got paid whether you did your work or not and you got to call everybody "comrade." Though it sounds like it was a good time, it wasn't. The land was icy, the women were fat, the leaders weren't that intimidating, and rubles bought you crap. The only cool part was the "comrade" thing, right comrade?

Communism failed because it was destined to. From the moment I read The Communist Manifesto last year I knew Communism wasn't going to work. And when I found out that it didn't work seven years earlier in Russian and Eastern Europe I knew I was right. Karl Marx and Frederick Angles, or whatever the hell his name was, must have been smoking something when they wrote this stuff because it's some of the stupidest drivel I've ever had the displeasure of reading. They just have no common sense. Maybe if they put down their hookahs

for a couple of minutes they would have realized what they were doing. They wrote, "Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into the two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other --



bourgeoisie and proletariat." Now I don't know who these Frenchie "bourgeoisie" are but I've never seen any French college students running away from Chinese tanks shouting "Down with commies, up with capitalism," so I don't know where this great conflict is going to come from. So when Marx and that other guy purport that "In a word, it [the bourgeoisie] creates a

world after its own image" I tend to think:

a) "It creates a world after its own image" is not "in a word," its more like "in a sentence." Way to proof-read, idiots.

And

b) Awesome! These bourgeoisie people sound like they're loaded. I'd want to live in a rich, francophone-led world where all you do is prance around in leotards and eat fancy escargoes. Sounds fun.

Furthermore, these two losers try to win us red-blooded Americans over by making the dumbest offers ever. They say: "Communism deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of society." So far so good, right? But then WHAM: "All that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labor of other by means of such appropriation." Yeah, but that's the best power anybody can have--EVER. What they're saying is that communism will give us as many chocolate ice cream sundaes as we can eat, only we can never have any

chocolate ice cream because they're bungling up the government. That's exactly what they're saying! So the next time you drive your Chevy down to the local DQ and buy yourself a big bucket of chocolate ice cream, be sure to tip your hat to the old stars 'n' stripes on your way out, because you live in the greatest nation to ever grace God's green earth, comrade.

# JACKO EXPLAINS...

NATHAN W. CHANEY

Space, time, life, death, infinity, God, male nipples-- the essential questions of our existence inevitably return to these things. Humankind has been trying to answer the simple question "Why?" ever since we were invented by Thomas Edison over 100 years ago. So far we haven't even been able to figure out how Tommy Lee managed to bag both Heather Locklear and Pamela Anderson.

One day, however, it occurred to me that maybe we're not supposed to find definite answers for such sublime and ephemeral things. Maybe what we need are decidedly indefinite definitions. Maybe, just maybe, we need to use the word "maybe" more often. I decided it was time to pay a visit to the fabled Anti-Clarity League.

Nobody really knows when the Anti-Clarity League was founded. Evidence suggests that the League began with a rogue group of Freemasons dissatisfied with the limited secrecy the Masons offered them. The first Anti-Clarity Leaguers not only didn't want to have other people know that they were members of such a society, they didn't want to know that they themselves were members of such a society--- or as it was put in their original charter: "None shall not not know that he or she either is or is not a member of the Anti-Clarity League, nor shall none not know or not not know this knowledge, provided that the negation of the first clause is in accordance with that of the second."

The primary purpose of the Anti-Clarity League is to propagate misinformation and vagueness the world over. Major milestone accomplishments this century include the phrases: "Go ask your father," and "D: None of the above." And of course, not to be overlooked is the Anti-Clarity League's army of transvestites, whose members prowl around bars intent on confusing those of us who are excessively horny and drunk.

When I first approached the League's World Headquarters, there was a sign in the window that read "Closed," though clearly there were many people bustling around inside. I decided to go in despite the sign, and seeing a handle on the plexiglass door in front of me, I pulled at the door. When it wouldn't open, everyone inside paused to have a good hearty laugh at me, and then immediately resumed running around the lobby in no particular direction whatsoever. I pushed on the handle and entered.

Feeling that I wouldn't get very far with the receptionist, who was most certainly a transvestite, I quickly accosted a short man in a toga who was shuffling by me, his arms filled with carved stone tablets.

"Excuse me, could you tell me where the Board meets?"

"Where the Board meets whom?" he replied.

"No no," I said, "WHERE the board meets?"

"How do you know that the Board meets?"

"What?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Jacko."

"Could you spell that?"

"J-A--- Hey!"

He snickered at me.

"Take me to the Board of Directors!" I demanded.

He led me across the hall to a door marked "Janitor."

I opened the door and found a group of people all sitting in chairs backwards, like Duane Wayne.

"Socrates!" they all shouted as the little man trotted nervously over to the only empty chair.

"What da fuck do you want?" a vaguely intimidating-looking guy shouted in my direction from his seat a few steps away.

"I just want to ask you some questions about the universe," I said.

"He just wants to ask you some questions," a motherly looking woman wearing an apron and clutching a platter full of tollhouse cookies announced as if I hadn't just said the exact same thing. "What's your name, sweetie?" she asked me.

"Jacko," I said.

"Ooooooh--- Jacko, I just ADORE that name!" purred an extremely attractive young woman to my left. "Come sit with me over here Jacko." She got up and allowed me to sit on her chair before immediately curling up in my

lap. "I feel like I know you so well," she said.

"But I've never even met you before," I replied, rather dismayed.

"I know... but I just FEEL it, that's all," she cooed.

"So what can we do for you my good man?" a plastic looking guy in a suit nearly as stiff as his hair asked me.

"I just told you. Look, let's try this very slowly," I said as the girl began to slide her long white fingers through my hair. "Why don't you start by each of you telling me who you are."

They all looked at each other to see if this would be permissible. Slowly, the plastic guy began: "I'm the Politician," he said, giving a double-thumbs-up signal and smiling a crocodile smile.

"I'm the Parent," said the noticeably repressed but friendly middle-aged woman, handing me a cookie.

"I'm the Girlfriend," the young woman in my lap whispered humbly into my ear.

"I'm the fucking Tough-Guy," the tough-looking guy said, glowering at me while smacking his fist into his hand.

"If I said my name was Socrates," the old Greek



asked, "How would you know if it was true?"

I started to answer and then didn't. My question was more important.

"All right," I said, "There are all of these unanswerable questions that I seem to think about every time I'm sitting on the toilet. I'd really rather just be able to read a newspaper or something like a normal person next time I'm laying one down, so I'm hoping you can help me out."

"Jacko, I want you to know that you can feel comfortable telling me and your father anything," the Parent said soothingly.

"I am your elected public representative," the Politician called out stentoriously, "And you have every right as a citizen to ask these tough questions of your elected representatives. As long as I am in office, I will strive to make sure that you are able to exercise these inalienable rights to their full extent. These sorts of tough questions are what make our great, great nation so great! Now give me money."

"What it is that you wish to ask us?" said Socrates.

"Ah, well first," I began, "I'd like to know why it is that we're born. I mean what's the purpose of life? Can you tell me that?"

"What the fuck do I look like, a dictionary?" the Tough-Guy shouted at me.

"Jacko, there comes a time in our lives when we just sort of realize that we don't know what we want anymore..." the Girlfriend answered, "I just really wish you wouldn't force me to give you an answer about that right now."

"What?"

"It's not you, it's me."

"I think what the young lady is trying to get at is that we live in complicated times with complicate problems. There aren't any simple solutions to these problems we face today, but I am confident that with your support, we the people can all pull through this together!"-- The Politician.

"It doesn't seem like you even trying to answer my quest--"

"Are you calling him a liar?" the Tough-Guy asked, puffing up his chest like a bullfrog.

"No, I'm only saying that--"

"Who fucking asked you anything anyway?"

"Jacko," I felt the dishwasher wrinkled hand of the Parent on my shoulder now, "When you have children of your own someday you'll realize that there are certain things that are better left unsaid. It's for your own good."

"Well can you ever tell me then?"

"We'll see."

"Aaaaah!!" I let out a small yell of frustration.

"Jacko, I really wish you wouldn't take out your anger on me like that." The Girlfriend.

"What?"

"Open your ears jack-ass!" Tough-Guy. "I mean, what do you want me to say," she continued as if I wasn't even there, "How am I supposed to explain to you why I don't lo you anymore?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Hey! Leave her alone!" the Tough-Guy said as he grabbed me by the shirt, "She's with r now!"

"But we were never even together!"

"I know right now that none this makes a sense," she said, dramatically wiping a te from her cheek. "But I think that in time you realize that this is all for the best. Everything happens for a reason, Jacko..."

"Stop talking! All I wanted to know was--" "Who do you think you're talking to?" TI Tough-Guy.

"I hope we can still be friends." The Girlfriend.

"Maybe this is a question you should ask you father. I think he has more experience in this area than I do," said the Parent after emerging from an especially deep dive into thought.

"There's no father in the room," I said, "Who do you want me to ask?"

"Don't snap at me like that young man. The problem with you kids is that you don't know how good you have it!"

"We live in the greatest country on earth!" the Politician shouted, spraying spit everywhere.

"It is our duty to help others in their times of need! Ask not what fourscore and seven years ago means, ask instead what truths are self-evident!"

"You're just talking around my question!"

"Are you a communist son?"

"Yeah, whose side are you on anyway?" asked the Tough-Guy threateningly.

"Jacko, I want you to go see somebody professional about your problems with authority. They can help you, you know, that's their job." The Parent.

"What? What problem?"

"Are you gonna shut up or do I have to make you shut up?" Guess who.

"I thought we agreed that we weren't going to speak to each other for a while." Girlfriend.

"Speak softly, but carry a big Fifth Amendment!" Politician.

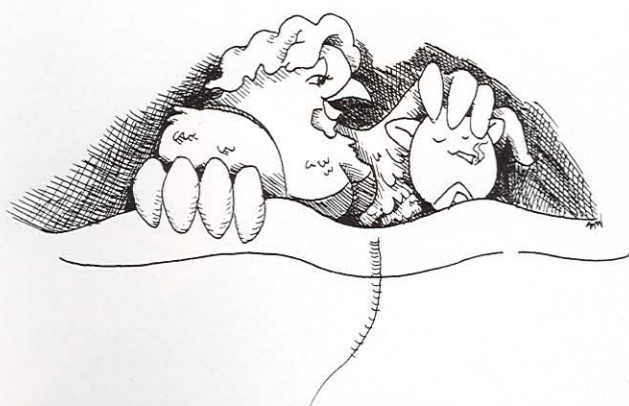
"LISTEN!!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. "I just had a very simple question and none of you have even TRIED to answer it. All I wanted to know is: what's the meaning of life?"

They all just stared at me blankly as if the question had never been uttered before. All that could be heard in the dumb silence of the room was the soft tapping of Socrates' chisel against his stone tablet. I looked over to him--- he had been silent nearly the entire time. He looked up tiredly from his work and was met by my hopeful gaze. Laughing weakly, he broke into a strange toothless smile. There was a spark in his eye which seemed to say that he had the answer I was looking for. But when he finally spoke, all he said was "Why do you ask?"

# Rejected Fortune Cookies, Volume 1



"Which of us came first?"



THE INCREDIBLE **OEDIPAL** EGG

## Stockman's Dogs



"It's kind of hard to walk when your front legs have no knees."

The Jack O'Lantern staff would like to express our profound appreciation to the Isaacson family for their assistance in funding this issue.

In Memory of Amy Gail Buchman  
1974-1998

# Memo

TO: Ben Goldstein, CEO of Ben & Sketchy's Ice Cream  
FROM: Jack O'Lantern  
RE: Research and Development

Dear Ben,

Thanks for giving us the opportunity to brainstorm some new ice cream flavors for your company. Enclosed are some of our preliminary ideas. Tell us what you think! --Jacko

