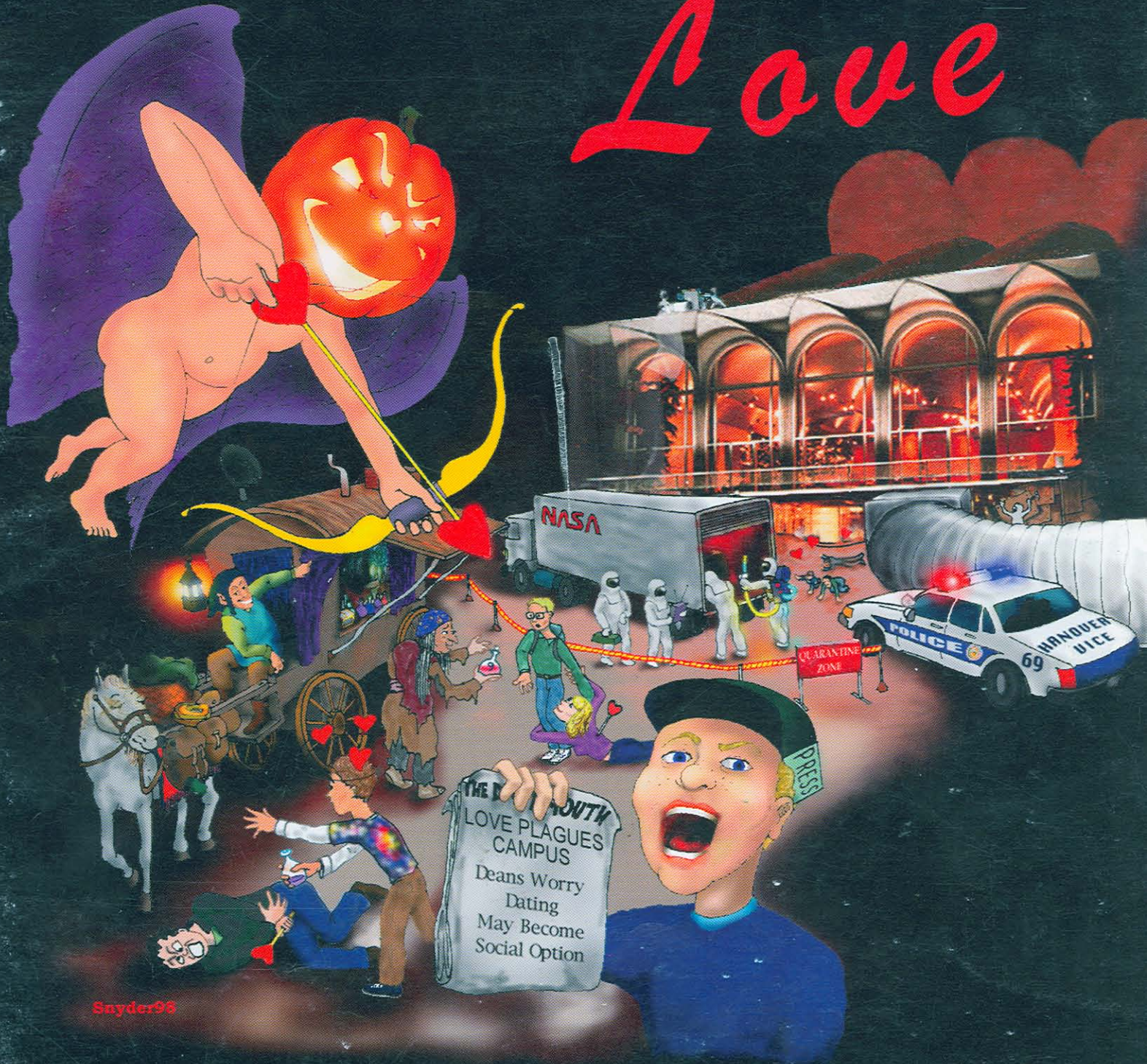


# THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

HUMOR SOCIETY

# Love



Snyder98

... and other diseases





Dear Jacko,

I just met this really great girl. We have all sorts of things in common, and to top it off, she's royalty! Sure, she's a little bit older than me, but I don't care. I'm totally smitten.

Sincerely,  
Oedipus

Dear Rex,

Way to go, man! Nail her!  
--Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I've been seeing this girl for a few weeks, but I just found out from my friends that "nobody doesn't like Sarah Lee", if you know what I mean. What should I do?

Sincerely,  
Chef Boyardee

Dear Chef,

Just put her in the oven, set it to 450° and slowly bake for an hour. That should do the trick.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Help! I haven't gotten laid in ten years, and now even that fat bitch from "The Facts of Life" is ignoring my calls. What should I do?

Kirk Cameron

Dear Kirk,

Give Punky Brewster a call. I hear she's not as "up front" anymore, if you know what we mean.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

It's been almost a year since I decided that just one of my true love, "Dolly", wasn't enough. Frankly, I don't think the press is buying this whole "I was pushing the limits of science" thing. What should I do?

Paranoid in Scotland

Dear Paranoid,

You are one sick puppy. Clone us Nicole Kidman and we'll forget about this whole thing.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I'm with a group of mountaineers trying to scale the Andes. We're not lost and we have plenty of food, but this one guy is really starting to piss me off. Can I eat him?

Irritated

Dear Irritated,

You gotta give the guy a chance, man. Nibble off a finger or two and see if that changes his tune.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I was always told I could join the army and see the world. Well, I signed up, but so far all I've done is dress up like Santa Claus and try to get donations by ringing a bell. What's up with that?

"Private" Brian Martin

Dear "Private"

Just dig through the warehouse of old

clothes, we're sure there's an army uniform in there somewhere. You can do a little role-playing.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

It has been put forth that the comedy of Shakespeare, as seen in Twelfth Night, involves turning men into women, while the comedy of Jonson, as evident in Volpone, centers around turning men into beasts. While I can see the rationale behind this argument, I fear the differences between these contemporaries are oversimplified in this comparison. As the pre-eminent humor magazine on campus, can you lend any insight into their dichotomy?

Northrop

Dear Northrop,

The important thing to remember is that they both love dick jokes.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

What is this funny thing called "love"?

Curious

Dear Curious,

Good question. Love was invented accidentally in 1947 in a government lab which was trying to secure an anecdote for polio. Unfortunately, it broke free of the compound and spread across the continental United States, killing thousands of people. The survivors of the horrible plague were left a bunch of flower-buying, poetry-writing, sex-obsessed zombies. There is no cure as of yet, but the condition can be treated with cold showers and a good dose of reality.

Jacko





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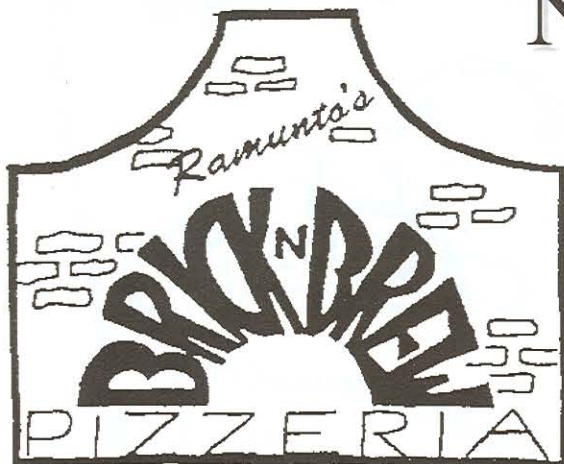
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### ENVELOP MY PELVIS

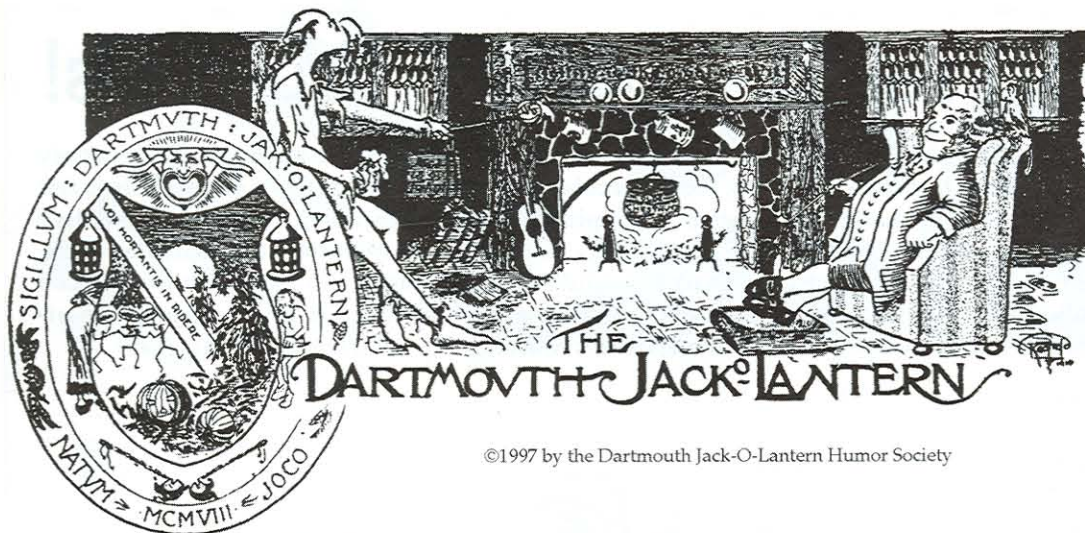
SCOTT  
SNYDER '00



LONG TERM RELATIONSHIPS AT DARTMOUTH.







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## Editor's Note

### The Perils of Wax Wings and Intellectualism

Since the last issue came out, I've had the opportunity to sit in a lot of offices and talk to a lot of students, deans, and faculty, and collect their views on the humor in the last issue that some found offensive. "Satire," everyone is quick to point out, "is very difficult to do well." They all go on to articulate how they would be hesitant to attempt it themselves. (I almost wonder if there was a secret memo sent out, instructing people on what to say to me as I made my rounds.) Although no one is openly advocating censorship, the question still remains, to what standard do we, as a community, hold our members? And what place in our community can satire take?

To quote from the letter which several administrators wrote to the college newspaper in response to the most recent issue, "Satire is a form of criticism which often pushes the boundaries of good taste; yet in its successful forms it has the effect of generating discussion rather than silencing those who would disagree." One thing that was evident, in the days and weeks following the distribution, is that we were incredibly successful in "generating discussion" on this campus, as measured either in editorials written, or in everyday conversations around campus. And who started this discussion? It was not those who agreed with our decision; it was initiated by students who disagreed. Although I respect the need of the deans to make a statement in deference to displeased members of the student body, their claims here are not only sanctimonious but fallacious.

There were a multitude of letters written in support of the Jacko, and many more affirming the need to guarantee free speech to student publications, written by individuals who themselves were offended by some of the latest issue's content. Although we have a long tradition of getting people angry, the instinct to suppress and ban that which is not understood goes back much farther than us. Plenty of satire, from Aristophanes to Shakespeare to Twain, has been subject to scrutiny and censorship. The argument has been made that if some readers do not recognize satire, then the satire was not well-presented. While this sound byte is nice and neat and able to justify sanctions, it completely ignores the obligation of the reader. If one reads Swift and fails to see the satire, would we say that Swift has failed? No. That individual did not put in the effort to derive the meaning inherent in the words.

If one were to take the sequence out of *Do The Right Thing*, in which people are spewing off long strings of racial epithets, and view it out of context, one might conclude that Spike Lee's purpose was simply to perpetuate hate and stereotypes. I am not attempting to place the Jacko on equal footing, but at a school which prides itself on its commitment to intellectualism, to judge the work of students by ripping it out of context is blatantly anti-intellectual, as well as unfair and irresponsible. There is plenty of positive discussion to be had surrounding issues of race, gender, and ethnicity, but to ignore context undermines the entire process. The deans wisely wrote, "In truth, our community might well benefit from efforts to find humor in our often ponderous and accusatory discussions of race and ethnicity." What they left off, unfortunately, was that for any such effort to take place, the context must be considered. Without it, no one is safe.

Why are some forms of humor so often berated? There is vice, folly, and hypocrisy in the world, and these are the targets of satire. There are those who intellectualize them and find the humor, and those who simply experience their brutality and find only pain. Perhaps Horace Walpole expressed it best, when he said "the world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

If you are reading this magazine, be warned. We are silly, we are sarcastic. Meaning cannot be determined simply by lifting selected words off the page. If you are going to read on, accept the responsibility to use your mind and search for the layers beneath the surface. If not, put this down, and write a letter to COSO urging them to defund anything which prints satire.

As always, we hope to amuse you with absurdity, provoke you with parody, stimulate you with satire, and annoy you with alliteration. Take everything personally, cuz we mean it.\*

Love me do,

Kevin Goldman

\*sarcasm.

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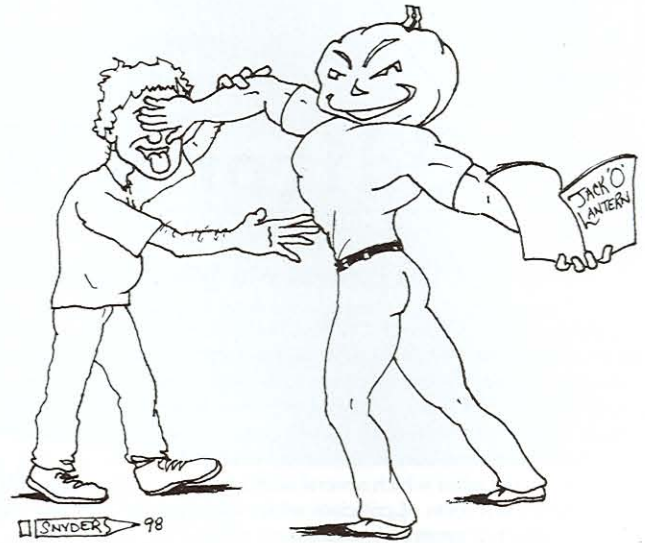
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# WARNING! Protect Yourself From Us!

The Jack-O-Lantern has a long history, dating back to 1908, and over the course of our 90 years, we have ran into a variety of scandals and controversies (as recently as last issue.) So now, we've decided to institute an advisory panel. This is not meant to imply that all individuals within a particular group are of one opinion or of one mindset, but we are sensitive to the fact that certain jokes and certain pieces of material are particularly unpleasant to members of particular backgrounds and affiliations. Therefore, feel free to use this handy chart as a guide to which pages you may wish to avoid, so that you can have a happy, fun, unoffended Jacko reading experience. (And remember, you are always free to be offended by material which satirizes a culture, lifestyle, Greek House, or 80's music group which is not your own.)

- If you are a white Anglo-Saxon male, avoid pages 1-34.
- If you are a woman, see above.
- If you are an attractive woman, Jacko meetings are Tuesdays at 8:00 in Robinson.
- If you are Jewish, you wrote this magazine, so I wouldn't worry.
- If you are illiterate, this is gonna suck.
- If you are Dean of First Year Students Peter D. Goldsmith, do not read pages 6, 10, and 22.
- If you are that blonde supermodel I met last week-end, you left your panties in my room. Come pick them up.
- If you are left-handed, you should try masturbating with your right. It feels like it's someone else.
- If you are a blathering, incoherent boob who likes to use big words despite the fact that they obfuscate your point rather than elucidate your ideas, you must write editorials for the D.
- If you spend the entire term trying to put out a crappy 4-page newsletter that no one reads (despite having a larger budget than the Jacko does annually) you must be that stupid Rocky thing.
- If you are on COSO, thanks! You funded this trash.



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## **TOO HOT** for *Uncommon Threads*



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More Digital Sex!**

**More Waves of Orgasmic Seizures!**

Check out what these celebrities  
had to say about "Too Hot":

**Dean Pelton:** "Screw that 'Principal of Community' crap, this is just too hot! Could you give me 15 minutes to myself, please?"

**Jerry Springer:** "This is so hot, I wouldn't even put this smut on my video."

**Howard Stern:** "Thank you, Uncommon Threads. Thank you."

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# Condom Catalogue

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Inside: All the Jews feel fit to print! Plus some comics and weather and shit.

VOL. MGMLC...No. 12.7

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1998

IT'S FREE, BABY

## RESEARCHERS AT M.I.T. DISCOVER NEW SPECIES THEY CALL "FEMALES"

PROSPECTS FOR SEX IN THE NEAR FUTURE "LOOKING PRETTY DAMN GOOD," SAYS SCIENTIST

By NATHAN CHANEY

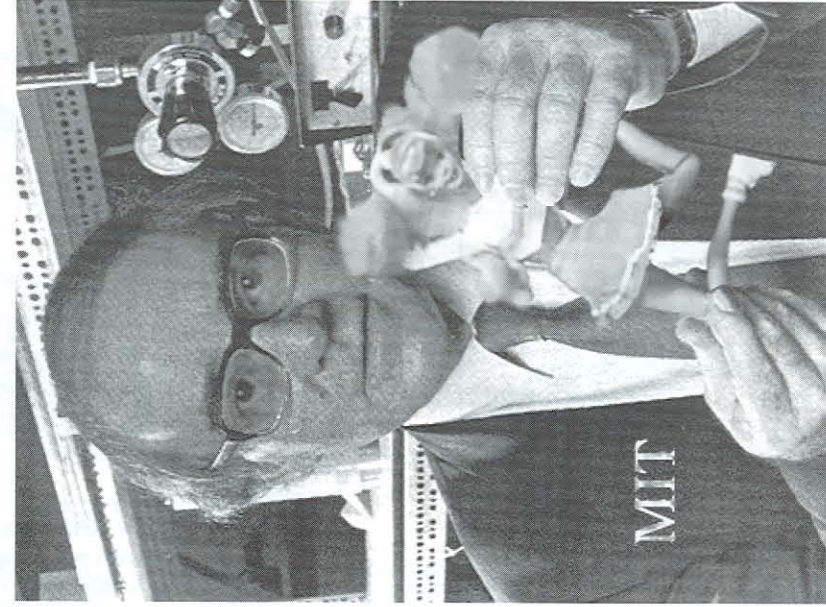
In a revelation they feel will forever alter the interaction and motivation of homosapiens, a team of researchers last Friday afternoon released its findings that there in fact exists another sex amongst humans besides the male. "While being extremely exciting news for all of us here at MIT, we also find this discovery very frightening," said team leader John Thomas at an internationally televised press conference. "We thought long and hard about whether or not to release our data to the public. We are still quite concerned that this news might provoke individuals to leave the sanctity of their homes in search of this creature which we have named 'Woman.'"

After this initial statement the research team went into greater detail of its findings and what they believe their implications may be for society. Dr. Hugh Johnson noted,

"It seems that Woman might possibly become a very positive addition to our world community. In several experiments we observed her to make us feel what, in scientific terms, we call 'all funny and tingly.'"

However, whatever positive reaction the MIT researchers exhibited towards the subject was not reciprocated. "I can't understand why, but she didn't seem to like us at all," said Dr. Ed Dong, "While we happened to find her very pleasant to look at and talk with, she said that we were just a 'bunch of skinny zitted covered geeks' and she kept insisting that we 'let her the fuck out of this sick gauntlet of pre-pubescent perversion.'"

Researcher Adolph Pienness revealed that, "Although we were not successful in our many hundreds of attempts to convince her to mate with one of us, we remain convinced that it is indeed possible and that she is merely exhibiting a variant of behavior we have deemed 'playing hard to get.'" He further speculated, "We are very excited by what seems to be the strong possibility that there exists a form of sexual activity other than that of masturbation. Although



there is the chance that many of us may never personally experience this thing called 'sex,' I still have some hope."

But Dr. Thomas quickly qualified this by stating, "The detrimental aspects of this discovery balance

benefits there may be. For instance, although Woman is pleasant to interact with socially, one must leave one's computer to do so. And even though she might lead you to believe that she likes you from time to time, she will invariably tell you when asked that 'she just wants to be friends.'"

In closing, one member of the team hypothesized, "Although these females might not ever willingly talk with me in public, I can always apply for another one of those government research grants and pay some of them fifty bucks to do so in the lab."

## Liver: Most Romantic Organ

by SEAN TAYLOR

Valentines Day, 1998: The Liver has officially knocked the Heart out of the top spot after an unprecedented 4,000 year domination as the Most Romantic Organ. Experts credit the Liver's victory on the increasing correlation between love and alcohol.

When asked what made the difference, the Liver responded, "I'm just an organ that does his job." He continued, "It's all a matter of filtering. See, anything comes my way, I filter it. Sure it's romantic, but it's also my job."

The Stomach, regarded as the Heart's number one contender finished a disappointing third. Critics attribute this to his unfruitful ad campaign responsible for marshmallowy tasting black stomachs in Lucky Charms and Gastric Juice thirst quencher.

Since the Liver's triumph, the music industry has been flooded with new albums such as the Spice Girls' LiverSpice and singles like Snoop Dogg's, "187 on a mother[stinkin] liver". Both seeking the popularity of Elton John's latest, "Candle in the Liver '98."

No one has predicted how long the Liver will remain on top, citing the simple fact we're all going to die in '99.



# WINGED SNIPER IS BAGGED

By BEN OREN

CUCKOLD FALLS, PA— After several months of intense tracking, and round-the-clock investigation, the notorious Cue Pidde a.k.a. "The Winged Sniper" has been apprehended by the Cuckold Falls Police Department. With help from several forensic scientists, the Cuckold Falls S.W.A.T. team surrounded the old oak tree at "Make-Out Point" in Cuckold Falls Park last night and found the cherubic, diapered sociopath eating chocolate kisses and watching Love Connection in his makeshift fort constructed out of used "Huggies". It took four officers to restrain him as he shouted "Wait, let's see if Woolery can do a better job than me! That smarmy, toupee'd rat bastard can kiss my feathered appendaged ass! Rot in hell, Chuck!"

The first reports of the "Winged Sniper" surfaced last October as Bette Suffringham, aged 17, brought her boyfriend, Billy Conkin, aged 18, to Cuckold Falls Community Hospital with a superficial arrow wound to his right buttock. In the official police report, Miss Suffringham states, "That night Billy took me to the Jack-in-the-Box and then to the Truckzilla show at the raceway. Afterwards, he suggested that we go to the park to see the full moon. Even though it was raining that night, I agreed. I figured that since he was a man, he knew what he was talking about. We parked, and then got out of the car. Then, out of nowhere, Billy



started crying like a pitiful little woman and he had a two foot arrow sticking out of his butt. All I heard was some rustling in the bushes, but then, out of nowhere I saw a little winged thing with a bow and arrow fly away. I figured it was some neighborhood kid with one of his new Japanese toys, like a Tomagochi, only one that made him fly and shoot people in the butt."

Similar events continued in this area to nine other couples, with the most recent being the Reverend Johnson with his niece, Candi Teatons. Detective Charlie Dukes said, "It is now safe for the good church-going citizens of Cuckold Falls to go back to 'Make-Out Point' and do whatever good churchgoing activities they do there now that we

Legal experts expect that Pidde's defense lawyers will enter a plea of pure, well-tempered insanity. When asked of this prospect, Pidde stated, "If lovin' is crazy, then just call me Teddy K."

# STONE TO HELM BONO/KENNEDY CONSPIRACY FILM

By ROB AUTEN

NEW YORK- In a national press conference held today, Oliver Stone announced that he will soon begin scripting for a film concerned with what he refers to as "the Kennedy-Bono Conspiracy." The director, known for paranoid reworkings of historical events, says that he will keep many aspects of the upcoming production secret, but "in the interests of the American people" he agreed to divulge "what are seemingly coincidences in an attempt to encourage others to seek the truth."

"Michael Kennedy died after skiing into a tree in Aspen, Colorado, while Sonny Bono died after skiing into a tree in Lake Tahoe, California," Stone began. "Parallels such as these cannot be ignored. Let us look at the names of the victims. We have, for example, noticed that U2's 'Bono' was recently interviewed by MTV's 'Kennedy,' while Michael Kennedy's favorite secretary is actually named 'Loni,' which is really close to rhyming with 'Sonny'." In addition, Loni told Kennedy, just before the accident, that he should forget skiing and take up snowboarding. Some might say that it is just coincidence that 'Bono' mentioned to 'Kennedy' that he had

just been snowboarding in the swiss alps. I, on the other hand, would not."

The director continued by noting that Michael Kennedy's socialist perspective would have wanted everyone to "share," while "Cher" was in fact Bono's famous wife. Further alluding to that ill-fated marriage, Stone pointed out that Kennedy was accused of molesting his underage babysitter, while Bono's daughter, who was once underage, was named "Chastity."

"Most damning of all," Stone said, "is the simple fact that Bono was skiing at Tahoe. Now, my investigations have revealed that "Fa, 'ho" were in fact Michael Kennedy's last words to the babysitter before the scandal broke. I have yet to make a connection between Sonny's life and the word "Aspen," but we are working around the clock to do so."

Stone concluded his conference by announcing that he intends to "find out what government department was responsible and make sure they pay. I cannot believe that our own leaders expect us to believe this two-tree nonsense. It seems the key to this puzzle will be my Magic Tree Theory, the idea that one tree was responsible for both assassinations. As long as atrocities such as this continue, none of us are truly free."

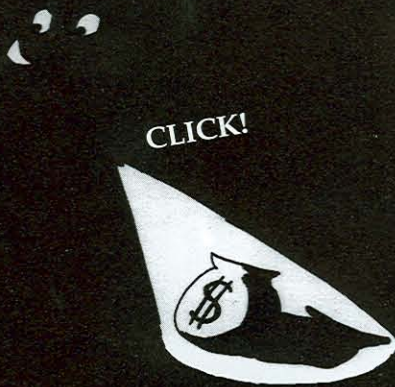


# BODY-PARTS

## GOD Should've Created



Kegerator Chest



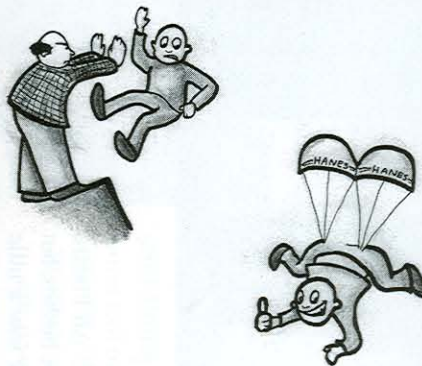
Flashlight Finger



Training Feet



Snot Faucet



Ass Parachute



A Backbone for Wusses



Disposable Liver



Bug Zapper Torso



Cannabis Beard



# CLASSIFIED ADS

One-armed, heinously ugly woman with facial hair seeks meaningful relationship. No fatties.

Come keep mommy warm on a cold night. Only my real children need respond.

Power crazy Roman Emperor seeks horse to lavish affection on and place in the Senate. Call 1-800-Incitus.

Hey, Board of Trustees! Tired of fraternities and a social life at your institution of higher learning? Former Dartmouth Dean of Students looking for new liberal arts college to fuck over.

LOST: Conscience. If found, return to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.

Come ride my Batmobile! Winged, cowed man-rodent looking for young companion to don tights and perform various feats of acrobatics. Live it up in stately Wayne Manor in the day, and come into my dark cave at night. Utility belt not supplied.

Philosopher seeks Paradigm.

Looking for hole to fuck.

Busty supermodel seeks 90 year old billionaire. Terminal illness a plus.



Disgruntled? Postal Worker? AK-47 "Zip Code" model for sale. Fires in rain, shine, snow, and sleet. No one will be able to keep away from your appointed "rounds".

Hello Dalai...Spiritual Single White Professional Male in need of hooker with a heart of gold. Must enjoy Julia Roberts, oral sex, and placing gerbils in my "Red Corner".

Heres to You...Married Older Woman wants short, able-bodied college graduate to seduce. Dating my daughter is a huge no-no. Don't forget to bring some "plastics".

Teeny Weeny Freshman Deany looking for Single Midget Mud-Wrestler to touch my penie. Knowledge of the collected works of Marlowe, Hemingway, and Peter North is a plus. Also must be willing to get cut to look like Margaret Meade.

Simple man seeks companion who enjoys renting tennis-ball machines and flinging whole raw potatoes at each other.

Hairy male chimp seeks aging pedophile pop star who drinks Pepsi, wears one flamboyant glove and/or fake arm cast, has plastic face, masturbates in public, was beaten as child, has marriage and child as front to cover confused sexuality, lives on ranch where he entertains and molests small children. Also, must have talentless brother named "Tito".

NBA superstar seeks bearded white male to choke and berate. Will pay years' salary for service.

Woman who's "been around" seeks man with elephantiasis to fill the gap in her life.

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?

50 year old unemployed crazy war vet with extreme dysentery seeks Ivy League supermodel who likes yachting and changing "Huggies". Must be willing to share me with other women.

Woman with Parkinson's seeks vibrator. Batteries not needed.



Hermaphrodite seeks no one.

Monk seeks Death so I can finally masturbate.

Blind/deaf/mute seeks man. I'll take your word for it.

Coprophage seeks crazy 50 year old war vet with dysentery.

Rogue space pilot seeks hairy, unintelligible co-pilot. Must be able to complete the Kessel run in under 12 parsecs.

SWF seeks VIP SBM w/WD40 + STD 4 :) X OBO

Jack-O-Lantern Editor-in-Chief seeks meaningful relationship with gourmet dessert, preferably chocolate mousse. Strawberry cheesecake need not apply.



WHAT IF Classic Literature had  
been written by MODERN AUTHORS?

# De Olde Classics Revisited

by CHARLES GUSSOW



## *Romeo and Juliet* by Danielle Steel

Juliet stood in the crypt, staring at the vile of poison. She waited for either the sensual embrace of her lover or of death. Her loins ached from the mingling of danger and yearning. Her breath came in short bursts as she caressed her moist bosom. "Oh Romeo, come to me," she whispered huskily.

The door burst open and Romeo appeared, his massive body glistening with sweat. Though he had spent himself in order to pry open the rigid door, he felt exhilarated rather than exhausted. "Juliet! Are you there?" He received no response. In a frenzy of excitement he began tearing through the objects in the room, fueled by the strength of his desire. His muscles rippled and strained against the confines of his clothing. Finally, he was rewarded by the sight of skin as pure as the wind-driven snow.

Juliet lay crumpled on the floor. Romeo's heart pounded with fear. Could he have lost his love? He bent to her and turned her over. The perfect spheres on her chest showed no sign of moment. He kissed her on the lips with a desperate intensity, hoping the force of his love could revive her. His hand gently stroked her stomach, moving down to caress her supple thighs.

With a moan of pleasure, Juliet's eyes opened. She looked deeply into the eyes of her savior. His love for her had saved her. "My life is yours," she said, guiding his body to her most secret throne of desire.

"My life has always been yours," he responded, taking the gift which she offered him.

## The Divine Comedy by DR. SEUSS

"That's the Styx and not a well  
We will cross it into Hell!"

"I will not cross that muddy moat.  
I will not cross it in a boat.  
I will not cross it with a man.  
I will not cross it with the Damned."

"We must bring you back to light.  
You must know that I am right.  
We'll go down and round and round.  
Let's meet Satan underground!

"We'll see Weebots and Whosits  
And Balgops and Snoofips.  
Killers and Traitors,  
And burning God Haters."

"You seem sure and pretty wise.  
Let's go see us some dead guys!"

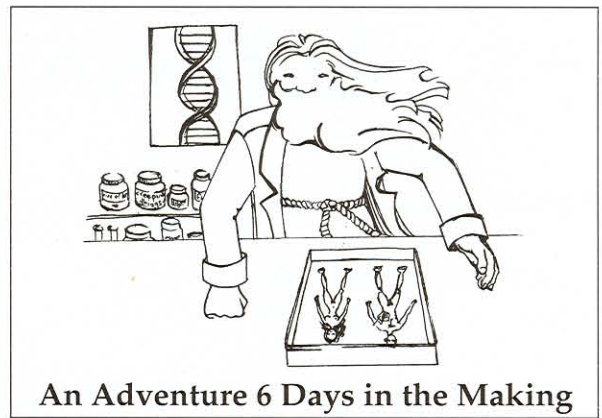




# The Bible

## by Michael Crichton

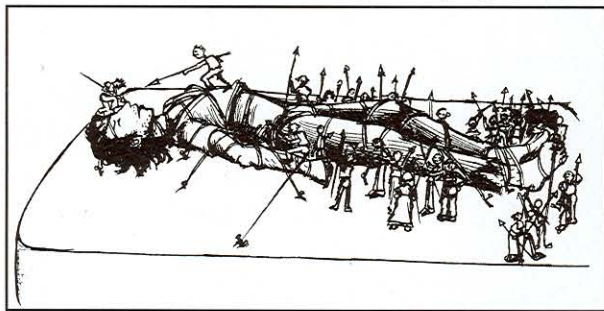
God's plan was to create women by extracting DNA from Adam's rib and inserting it in a reptile egg, but Adam, who had been studying Chaos Theory, felt that the introduction of a primitive, inferior species such as women to a stable ecosystem would free evil to roam the Earth. God, of course, thought that he had that covered: to prevent any such mishaps, he would make sure that all women were made dependent on man-made devices to live a normal existence, and without them they wouldn't be able to survive for more than five days. Little did God know, however, that women always find a way...



# Gulliver's Travels by STEPHEN KING

Lemuel Gulliver attempted to sit up, wondering why he felt a strange pressure on his chest. This movement was abruptly stopped, as he discovered he was unable to move his body. He raised his head and saw he was pinned down to a bed, his legs ravaged by a sledgehammer. Small clown-like figures swarmed over his body holding bizarre weapons. The creatures seemed vaguely human, and their tiny faces registered nothing but savage hunger.

"Who are you," he managed to gasp. "We're you're biggest fans," they replied. He strained his muscles against the ropes, but he couldn't budge them. A tiny guttural voice let out an animal scream and the creatures raised their spears. A jolt of fear shot through Gulliver, paralyzing his senses. In another instant, the spears were brought down on his body. His entire existence became pain as the creatures systematically tore off his flesh.



The creatures eagerly devoured the chunks of meat as they speared them. Through an increasingly dark field of vision, Gulliver could see his body become obliterated as the savage feast continued. Suddenly, he heard a sickening pop and everything went black. He could feel warm liquid rolling down his face as his consciousness slowly faded.

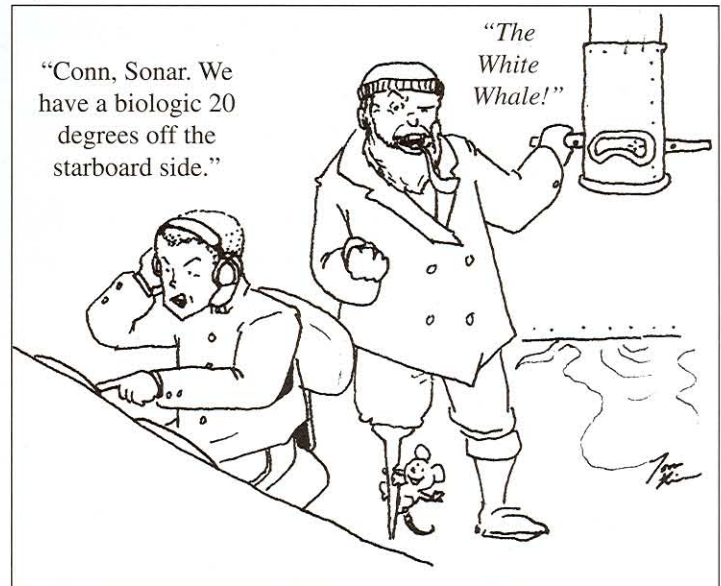
# MOBY DICK BY TOM CLANCY

(excerpt from page 2159)

The whale lay in front of the ship at a bearing of 2 degrees and was holding at a steady distance. In order to catch the whale Ahab would have to turn 2 degrees. "Helm give me right rudder two degrees," ordered Ahab. The helmsman complied and turned the wheel. This pulled on the rudder cable, which was connected to the rudder. By turning the wheel, the helmsman pulled the cable and moved the rudder in the water.

Though the pressure against the rudder increased as a result of this turn, it did not break. It was a sturdy piece of wood which came from Israel Hammond's Connecticut workshop. Israel spent two weeks working on the rudder, during which time his son, Peter, had a nasty cold. Peter, age 14, was the oldest of three boys. His younger brothers, George, age 13, and Michael, age 11, were also exposed to the virus, but they did not catch it. They continued to attend classes and George received an A in mathematics. Michael was not so fortunate; he forgot to do his reading and received a B in English.

Michael knew this was an unacceptable grade. He had only received two B's in his academic experience and each time he had been beaten by his father. This time was no different. When Israel came home from work, he beat his son and explained that he would have to do better. Michael went to bed and slept on his stomach to avoid putting pressure on his aching bottom. Israel then went to a local tavern where he had a bottle of Scotch and woke up in the arms of a young



lady by the name of Mrs. Harrington.

His work the next day was therefore incredibly shoddy, creating an uneven spot on the rudder. Preoccupied with caring for his son and avoiding Mr. Harrington, Israel didn't check to make sure his rudder was perfect. It was therefore attached to the Peaquod with the uneven spot intact. The water hit the spot unevenly, creating a small tremor which was carried up the rudder cable. The helmsman had to struggle against the unwieldy rudder, accentuating the soreness in his back which resulted from a particularly vigorous game of rugby he had played in before embarking on the ship. "Ow," he said.



# Academic Pick-up Lines

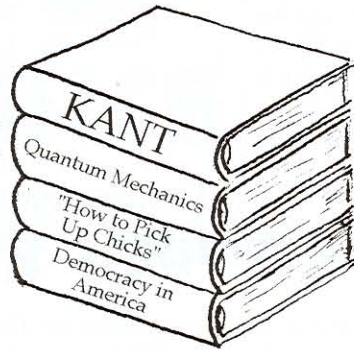
## MATH

What's your cosine?

I really need to learn to integrate, cuz I want to find the area in between your curves.

Wanna put two and two together and have group sex?

If my blood-alcohol level is .32 and yours is .27, how long does it take for me to get from point "a" to your bedroom?



## MUSIC

You know, I can do it in 4/4, 7/8, and cut time.

## GEOGRAPHY

Have you ever been to Thailand? Because you can really Bangkok.

## RELIGION

Nice Jews. Wanna fuck?

Hey baby, turn the other cheek.

## GOVERNMENT

Hey baby, you're a Republican and I like Bush.

Wanna see my Judicial Branch?

You must be big into Reaganomics, cuz I'm trickling down.

It must be Flag Day, because my "old glory" is flying high.

Mind if I violate your sovereignty?

## LINGUISTICS

Boy I'd like to get my tongue around your point of articulation.

## STUDIO ART

I think I'm moving from my "blue period" to my "you period".

## REGISTRAR

I got 2 A's, an A-, and a hard-on.

## WOMEN'S STUDIES

You know, I've spent hundreds of hours learning to appreciate women. Especially the breasts and stuff.

## GEOLOGY

My, you have well-pronounced cleavage.

My prof said diamonds are the hardest thing on earth. I guess he never stood near you.

## COMPUTER SCIENCE

Do you mind if I RAM my Hard Drive between your floppy disks?

## PHYSICS

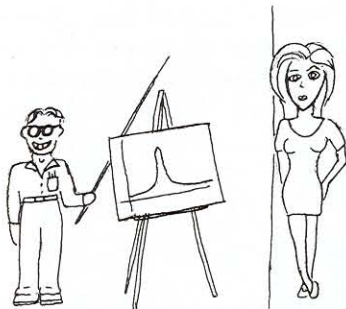
I'm falling for you at 9.8 meters per second?

Wanna see something that defies the law of gravity?

## FILM STUDIES

Last time I saw you, my Citizen Came.

Hey, wanna go listen to a movie?



## PHILOSOPHY

If a tree fell in the forest and no one was around to hear it, would you still have a nice rack?

What's the sound of my one hand clapping on your ass?

## ECONOMICS

Make like the stock market and go down.

Your daddy must be a banker, because you're really compounding my interest.

You're like a recession: when I see you, my deficit swells.

Is that a bible in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?

## CHEMISTRY

Hey baby, I forgot Avagadro's number. Can I have yours instead?

## SOCIOLOGY

Why don't you come over to my place for a nice discussion of resource mobilization theory in regards to the Iranian Revolution of 1979 and some sex? Whats the matter, you don't like Iran?

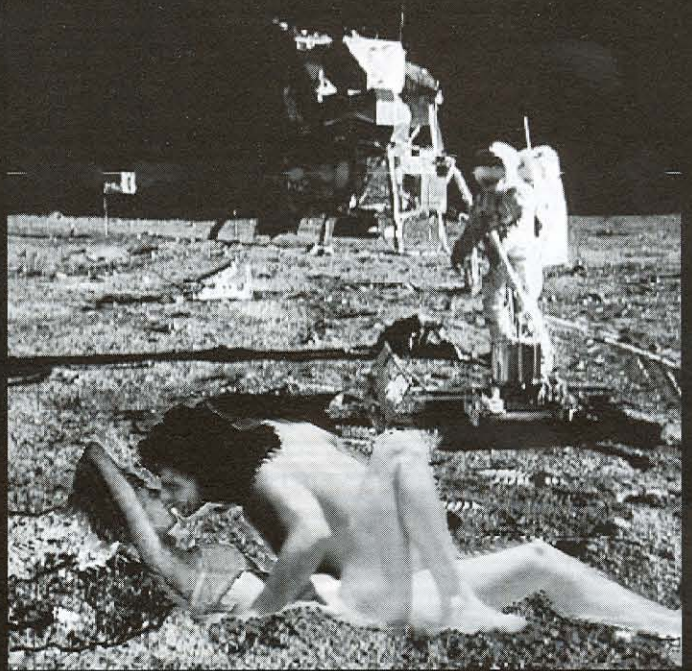


nappropriate locations

# for PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION



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The Apollo 11 Moon Landing



The Sacking of York



Forrest Gump's Bench



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*has the warmest heart*

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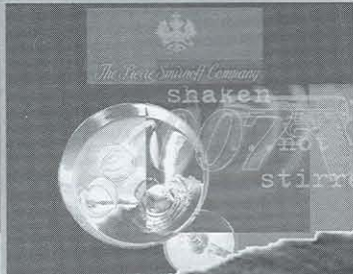
Has anyone noticed that the makers of the new James Bond movies are rehashing the old titles of the franchise? For example, "Goldeneye" sounds a heck of a lot like "Goldfinger" and "The Man With the Golden Gun", and "Tomorrow Never Dies" seems to be a cross between "Never Say Never Again" and "Live and Let Die". Also, what is up with all those product placements? We here at Jacko figure that if these trends continue, this is what you're going to end up seeing down the road...

ALBERT "CUBBY" BROCCOLI PRESENTS PIERCE BROSNAN AS IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND 007 IN

"Screw TWA!"  
Says 007,  
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Aston Martin? No.  
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You see that?  
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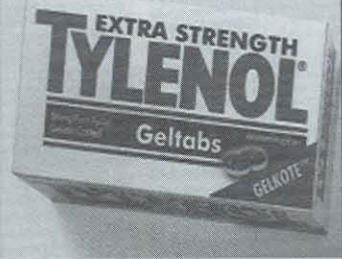
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I'm shagging supermodels" -007



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S.P.E.C.T.R.E. PRODUCTIONS PRESENT AN ERNST BLOFELD FILM PIERCE BROSNAN "NEVER SAY NEVER TO THE SPY WHO LOVED HER MAJESTY'S SECRET GOLDEN PUSSYRAKER" ODDJOB JAWS PUSSY GALORE Q XENIA ONATOPP AND FEATURING ANNA VAN METER AS LEIGH D'MEON WRITTEN BY ROALD DAHL AND AKIVA GOLDSMAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DESMOND LLEWELYN PRODUCED BY ALBERT R. BROCCOLI DIRECTED BY ERNST BLOFELD



# Jacko-in

<i>QUESTIONS</i>	Richard Gere	Freud	Canada	A
<i>Dream Date?</i>	Gerbilis Analis	Mom	July 4th	
<i>How do I love thee?</i>	Shaved and Declawed	With the physical representation of my repressed manhood.	For 30% Less than The Equivalent in Legal American Tender	Wi set ac
<i>Who wrote the book of love?</i>	Dr. Dolittle	Me, dumbass	Dudley Dorigth	V ar
<i>Most Romantic Gift?</i>	Exercise Wheel & Water Bottle	A Cigar	Admittance to the Union	A sy
<i>Best Pet Name?</i>	Dalai Llama	Id	Molson	Si
<i>Best Date Movie?</i>	An American Tail: Fievel Goes South	Shaft	Strange Brew	Lo



# Time-Box

Alien	Strom Thurmond	Bob Barker	Navy Seals	<b>QUESTIONS</b>
Alf	Carol Moseley Braun	Any of my beauties	A Warm Towel	<i>Dream Date?</i>
With a second t of jaws and acidic blood	Shriveled and Flaccid	Spayed and Neutered	With my gun, and not my rifle	<i>How do I love thee?</i>
Watson and Crick	My prom date, Jane Austen	Rod Roddy	Sun Tsu	<i>Who wrote the book of love?</i>
A healthy symbiont	Repeal of the Civil Rights Act	A NEW CAR!!	Saddam Hussein's Head in a basket	<i>Most Romantic Gift?</i>
Sigourney	Stonewall	Plinko	Maggot	<i>Best Pet Name?</i>
Love Story	Roots	Happy Gilmore	Uh, Navy Seals?	<i>Best Date Movie?</i>





## POINT:

# A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE ON MEN

by ANNA VAN METER

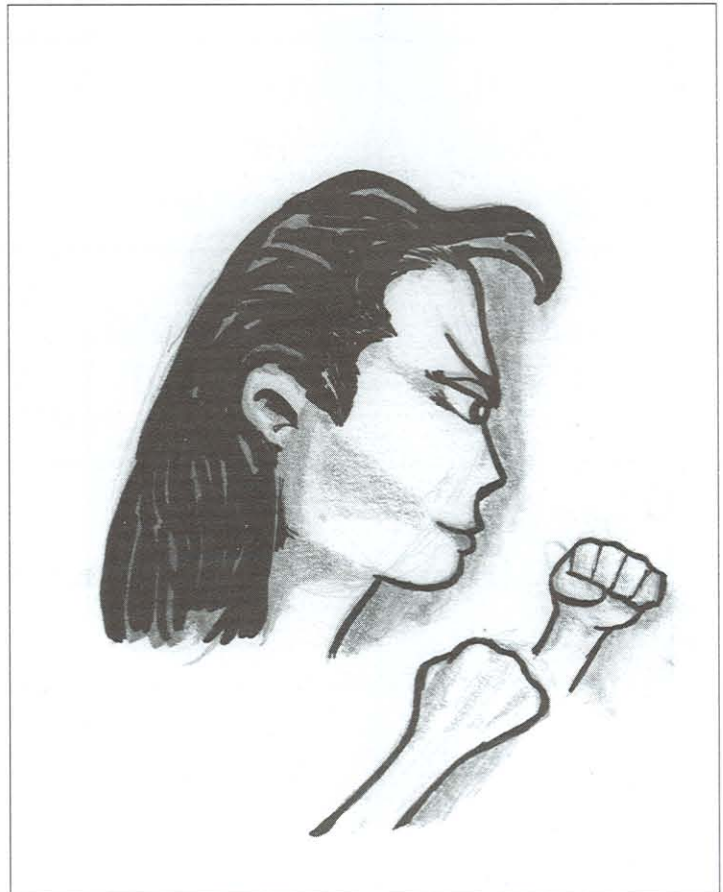
Guys have always tried to impress girls. You'd think that they might have the hang of it by now, but ask any girl and she will, undoubtedly, have no problem rattling off numerous ways men fail when attempting to impress. My question is why? Why do men continue to act out the same scenes when it's clear they're getting nowhere?

When guys approach girls to introduce themselves, they seem to think it's necessary to corner the girl like a Bengal tiger would corner a gazelle on the Serengeti, blocking off the rest of the world so she's forced to talk to him. If you have to force a girl to talk to you, you're never going to get past that initial conversation, Slick - trust me. Even if the girl has some interest in the guy, standing pressed against the wall, breathing in intolerable beer fumes while face to face with a guy she barely knows is bound to bring up feelings of gut-wrenching claustrophobia, not an emotion the guy should want associated with him.

Another difficulty Cornering Boy has is figuring out the appropriate time limit for a conversation. The girl wants to be able to talk to other people too, and monopolizing all her time and personal space is a major turnoff. A quick, interesting conversation may linger in a girl's thoughts as a taste of great future conversations, but a long drawn out conversation with inevitable awkward silences just reinforces an already bad impression. It's hard to make small talk with someone you don't know; you can only talk about the frigid Hanover weather for so long before the girl will become equally frigid. If the conversation lasts more than five minutes, chances are it will become focused solely on the guy, which points out another characteristic of many Cornering Guys - unreasonably inflated egos. He assumes the girl is enjoying the conversation just because he enjoys hearing himself talk so much. Self confidence is key, but arrogance is not attractive. Beware of guys who love themselves more than you could ever love them. He goes on and on about his classes, his family, his most recent visit to the urologist. You must realize: we don't care. Even if it's not a claustrophobic conversation, generally any information beyond where you're from gets oppressive. The Ego Boy never finds out where you're from, however because he doesn't bother to ask. Obviously he's so fantastic you'd much rather hear his long-ass story than share any of your own. If you're ever approached by Ego Boy, try to suggest that he try hooking-up with himself; he's the only one great enough to deserve such a fine man.

There are guys out there who do ask more questions, despite that fact that they're usually no more imaginative than, "So... um...do you like...the WB?" They rarely hear your responses. They act like they're listening as they scope out the other girls behind you, or think about how to get you upstairs. Generally girls want a guy to make them feel good,

not like a fill-in until something better comes along. There are girls willing to be fill-ins (ugly ones), and this explains why guys are occasionally successful. Some guys can pull this off, but most give themselves away when they start repeating the same questions ("I already told you I hate every show on that fucking network") or offering inappropriate comments to your remarks. "Want another beer?" is a common response to anything you say. Though this question could be seen as a considerate gesture, most girls aren't that



naive (or that thirsty). Guys know that the more alcohol they can get into you, the better their chances become. Repeated refusals of more alcohol will deter some guys - they know they have no chance if you're sober. Of course, Ego Boy typically won't read into any negative signs you give off, including looking at your watch, mentioning your vows of chastity, saying how tired you are, or talking about your boyfriend. He can't fathom that you're not enthralled by his great charm. Here's a secret, Ego Boy: any interest you might sense from a girl is probably just amazement at the size of your ego, not your great personality. One contributor to Ego Boy's monster ego seems to be his ability to drink himself into a stupor. "I'm so wasted," is a common refrain. Is this meant to

Continued on Page 21



## COUNTERPOINT:

# A MAN ON PROSPECTIVE WOMEN

by DAN POWELL

Guys have always tried to impress girls, and you would think that by now girls would understand the true motivations behind our tactics. However, as Ms. Van Meter (whom I will henceforth refer to as "The Princess of Darkness") has made explicitly clear in her article, this is simply not the case. Our noble actions continue to be misunderstood by women like her, who refuse to believe anything other than that every man on God's green earth is incapable of thinking about something besides fornication. Untrue. Many guys are also capable



of thinking about sports. I personally know a lot of guys who spend a great deal of time thinking about beer. I even hear some of them Harvard guys actually think about math and physics and shit.

Van Meter asserts that many guys have the nasty habit of cornering girls when conversing with them, thus blocking them off from the rest of the world. What she does not understand is that by doing this, we are simply trying to give them more breathing room. Fraternity basements are crowded, and it is more difficult to sedu... eh, converse with someone if she is suffering from asphyxiation. Plus, cornering makes it much easier to stare at their breasts which, as all guys know, women consider a gesture of respect.

As for The Princess of Darkness's assertion that men are unable to limit the length of their conversations, this is simply unfair. She should know by now, as should most women, that all men suffer from a mutual genetic disorder in which extremely cold weather causes us to lose our time perception almost entirely. It is simply not our fault.

The Princess of Darkness (whom I will henceforth refer to as "The Evil Man-hater") goes on to contend that a great deal of men suffer from a severe excess of, shall we say, self-confidence. "Ego Boy," as she callously refers to her delusional stereotype of the typical man, loves to hear himself talk, doesn't care about what you say, engages in a level of narcissism equaled only by the late Michaelangelo, blah blah blah. Whatever. These traits are nothing but simple ruses designed to make the girl wonder why the guy isn't really interested in her, thus making him more attractive to her. You see, every man knows that chicks love guys that treat them like crap; nice guys invariably finish last. So you see, Man-hater, what you perceive as arrogance and apathy is nothing more than a little good, old-fashioned reverse psychology. Ever heard of it? Apparently not, because otherwise you would fall for it, you ignorant slag.

"Want another beer," as the reverse-misogynist contends, is the most prevalent male response to any female statement. She insists that the reason for this is that guys feel that their chances are directly proportional to a girl's alcohol intake. This could not be more incorrect. The reason that we continue to offer girls beer is that we recognize that many women don't have enough carbohydrates in their diet, and as we all know, beer is packed with them. A secondary reason for the aforementioned response is that many of girl's comments are simply too inane to merit a decent response. Telling them this, however, would be extremely impolite; "want another beer" is a more subtle and polite way of telling a girl that her conversational ability is somewhat lacking, and to come up with some more interesting material before I die of boredom (by the way, Man-hater, this is the same reason we will venture to interrupt you, little miss "I hate to be interrupted"). One would think that the Princess of Darkness would appreciate some concern for her health and some constructive criticism, but apparently this is not the case. She has to insist that we are trying to pump girls full of alcohol, as if alcohol had some sort of magic ability to make a girl lose control of her senses and find relatively unattractive men appealing. P'shaw!

In her final diatribe, The Evil Man-hater (whom I will henceforth refer to as "That Stupid Bitch") goes off on the Loser Boy, whose primary tactic (she assumes) is to try and convert pity for their pathetic and worthless existence into some semblance of sexual attraction on the part of the woman. What she has failed to grasp is that guys who say "a pretty girl like you would never go out with a guy like me, would you?" are really saying, "you really aren't that attractive, but

Continued on Page 21



## VAN METER, FROM PAGE 18

girls to match him drink-for-drink, or is it meant as an excuse for all the lame moves he's bound to make? Either way, I don't know a girl who finds extreme drunkenness attractive.

Guys also love to interrupt. I hate to be interrupted. Not only does it imply that the guy wasn't listening, but also that he thinks that whatever he has to say is much more interesting than what the girl was saying. Not paying attention to what a girl is saying is a dead giveaway of a guy's intentions. He's interested in activities that don't involve talking, and beyond learning a girl's name he's not much into preliminary conversation. Guys should save some time and just ask if there's any chance of hooking up. I would definitely appreciate his direct approach and be more inclined to give an honest answer.\*

Equally annoying as the Ego Boy is the Loser Boy. These guys seem to think that the more pathetic they come across, the more the girl will like them. While it's true that many girls have an affinity for the underdog, guys that portray themselves as losers in hopes of stirring up some maternal instinct in a girl generally are losers. A guy might say, "A pretty girl like you would probably never go out with a guy like me, would you?" The guy's hope is that the girl will say, "That's not true, you're a great guy." Personally I'd say, "You're right," thank the guy for pointing out to me that I could do much better and for saving me the time and energy I might have spent getting to know him. If a guy says he's not worth going out with, it must be true.

It is important to sell yourself to whoever you're trying to impress, but you can't be too obvious about it. There is a fine line between Ego Boy and Loser Boy where the happy medium lies: not overly proud of himself, but not overly lacking in the self-esteem department. Maybe all guys should be required to take some sort of marketing class and learn how to sell their goods. Guys, think of this article the next time you're on the prowl. I guarantee more receptive girls, and, in time, a higher tally on the bedpost. My intent is not to ruin the collective male game plan, only to lend a clue to the clueless.

*The author would like to thank Mike Maharas, Tom Fazio, Chi Gam, and the Jack-O editorial staff for inspiring this article.*

\*"No."

## POWELL, FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

I'm very drunk right now and all I want to do is get laid. I figure if maybe I make some passing comment about you being pretty, which is a bald-faced lie, the sudden undeserved boost your self esteem gets will confuse you enough that you'll let me go home with you. If you reject me, it's no big deal, because you really aren't that good after all, and what I want is just a quick answer so that I can either get into your pants immediately or move on to the next mediocre girl. Because I'll be damned if I'm going to stand here for 10 minutes listening to your boring-as-hell remarks."

That Stupid Bitch, despite her obvious contempt for the opposite gender, seems enthusiastic enough about sex, as I'm sure are most women. Why then, I ask, does the burden of the hunt have to fall on us guys? Why can't girls follow Van Meter's advice, and simply ask *us* if there's any chance of hooking up, at which point we would be equally inclined to give an honest answer.\* Or, at the very least, study this article so that one day, hopefully in the near future, male-female conversations will go the way they really should:

Girl: "...so I'm going home this weekend because it's my brother's 13th birthday and I'm going to surprise him with a new toy car because he loves toy cars and I'm really excited that I'm going to be going home this weekend because my brother is so cute and..."

Guy: "Want another beer?"

Girl: "Gee, I appreciate your polite subtlety in telling me that my story is boring as shit. I also appreciate your concern for my

health, as you are obviously worried that my carbohydrate intake is not high enough. I suddenly find you extremely attractive."

Guy: "whatever, I wasn't listening to your stupid remark, now pay attention as I talk about myself for 15 minutes straight."

Girl: *Why wasn't he listening to me? He must not find me attractive at all. His lack of interest in me is so sexy, this must be the most incredible guy on the planet. I must make it my mission in life to sleep with him before the night is over.*

There you have it.

*The author would like to say that he has nothing but the utmost respect for Mike Maharas, Tom Fazio, Chi Gam, and himself.*

\*"Fuck yeah."





# How Manly Are You?

Rulers can be messy, and fairly inaccurate, so here's a sure-fire formula to calculate the size of your fully erect manhood by just answering a few simple questions. Okay, fellas, whip out your pens, cause here it is:

1. Begin with an estimate of how big it is right now; go ahead, guys, reach in there and get a good feel for things. Place your thumb at the scrotal base and your index finger at the tip. Then compare to this line, which equals 1-centimeter:



2. If it is cold out (less than 50°), add 2.

3. If you are near someone whom you are attracted to, subtract 4.

4. If you are near a picture of Chelsea Clinton, add 4.

**Now round this number to the nearest whole integer. This is going to be your Flaccid Figure.**

If you voted for Dole, subtract 2. If Clinton was your man, add 2. If you voted Perot, multiply by a factor of -1.

If you have ever submitted an article to the D, subtract 3.

If you have ever been published in the D, subtract 12.



If you are the man pictured above, multiply by one-fifth.

If your name is Snap or Crackle, add 2.

If your name is Pop, add 5.

If you're a woman, multiply by 0.

If you have a tattoo add 4. If you are Tattoo, subtract 9.

If you are in the Rolling Stones, add 40.

If you saw the movie "Beaches" and liked it, subtract 6.

If you like Tasters's Choice, subtract 3.

If you are the star of "Boogie Nights," add 29.5

Now, Multiply your number by 9, and add the digits together. Convert from centimeters to inches (remember, 2.52 centimeters equals 1 inch!)

## How you rate:

**Less than 0:** How do you like Harvard?

**0-2 :** Hmm... Kleinfelter's Syndrome has it's advantages. You get to spend more time on the SATs right?

**2-4 :** Are you sure you're not Jewish?

**4-6 :** You're almost average. Sort of like Forrest Gump.

**6-8 :** Glad to see that "surgical procedure" you had down in Mexico worked.

**8-10 :** How do you like being Attorney General?

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EXECUTIVE RATE: \$250 for a 1 Year Subscription, t-shirt, photo, totebag, and a guided tour of our 1-room office.

SECRETARY OF LABOR RATE: \$1,000. This means you, Robert B. Reich.

OBSCENELY WEALTHY ALUMNI RATE: \$100,000 for a lifetime subscription, all that other stuff, and our souls.

\*Almost as frequently as Presidential Scandals!



# The Rules

## Part 3

by ANITA HAMALAINEN

Following the publication of our two best-sellers for really homely women who desperately need to find a husband, *The Rules* and *The Rules II*, we've received many questions and concerns from our readers. Specifically, "your expectations are too high", "will this work if I don't want to live on Long Island," and "is this unsightly goiter going to spinsterfy me for life?" Many of our readers have begged us to lower our *Rules* standards. As Creators of *The Rules*, we're deeply insulted by the suggestion to alter the 90's Bible for dating women. However, we're more than willing to print what you want to hear since we have no doubt that a third volume will make all of you whiners flock to the bookstore like the mindless, big-assed sheep that you are and make us another couple million dollars. And while you're at it, don't forget to purchase *The Rules Stationary Set*, *The Rules Daily Calendar*, or *The Rules Mustache Trimmer*.

**Old Rule 1:** Never call a man unless you're returning a call. **New Rule 1:** Never, ever call *any* man. Some people were confused when we said: "Never call a man. If he likes you, he'll call you". They were, suffice to say, retarded. They ask, what if he's leaving the country forever? What if he has two days to live? What if he's my dad and/or priest? Tough! If you call one, you'll call them all. You start with returning a gentleman

caller's phone message and before you know it, you're harassing the paper boy for a date. You've got to draw the line somewhere. So we draw it at if it's not female, don't call. This applies to everyone except lesbians.

**Old Rule 2:** Never accept a date for Saturday after Wednesday. If he doesn't



clock is flashing 12:00. If he truly loves you for *you*, he'll give you a rock. Many women have asked us, "how will he get to know us?" Forget about it; familiarity is a technicality in relationships these days. If you're his Ms. Right, he won't have to get to know you.

**Old Rule 3:** Never stay on the phone more than ten minutes. **New Rule 3:**

Never stay on the phone with him for more than 30 seconds. You don't want to give him the impression you might actually like him. You're a Rules Girl, and we never admit affection or anything short of disdain or absolute disgust.

Believe us, this is the sort of thing that drives men crazy! Soon he'll be on bended knee throwing a ring at you.

Use really lame excuses to end the phone conversation. We recommend "Sorry, I have to go wash my hair." Another good one

is, "Where has the time gone? Gotta go shave my dog." Or you can use our personal

favorite, "Listen ass-face, I'm going to get a restraining order if you don't stop harassing me." It sounds crazy, but men love a challenge! This will make him

crave to be with you even more.

**Old Rule 4:** Never sleep with a man on the first few dates. Let him know you're "special". **New Rule 4:** Never sleep with a man before marriage. Actually, wait a year or two after marriage to see if his love can withstand a few

put any thought into asking you out, when else will he give you forethought? Never. **New Rule 2:** Never accept a date. Period. If he truly likes you, he'll marry you to see you. If we've seen it once, we've seen it a thousand billion trillion times. A woman dates a man, he breaks up with her, and she's devastated. No ring on the finger, and the biological



years of intimacy-free coexisting. If nothing else, wait until after the wedding night for him to know you as the dirty, rotten whore that you are.

**Old Rule 5:** During the first three dates let him do most of the talking. **New Rule 5:** On the first few dates let him do all the talking. Don't say one word. Zipping the lip on your first three dates will make you appear mysterious and sexy. Gesticulate frantically when trying to convey a message such as "For the love of all things that are holy! A pack of rabid lemmings just attacked our waiter! I think we should find another restaurant; the service will assuredly be deplorable here." One woman from Kansas had this to say: "Once he figured out on our fourth date that I wasn't a mute, he asked me to marry him. As he slipped the ring on my finger, he said, 'I like a woman who can shut her damn pie-hole up!' I owe it all to The Rules!"

**Old Rule 6:** Make yourself attractive. Read current fashion magazines to keep abreast of the latest styles. **New Rule 6:** For Pete's sake, why are you so damn ugly?! Lather up with make-up that thing you call a face; be sure to use extra foundation on that beard of yours. If you're feeling saucy, try the Arab look. Cover your face with a veil and wait for your phone to ring off the hook. Refuse to take the veil off until the wedding night to really drive him wild!

We know that you women who read The Rules are the McNastiest of all the McNasty's, and this is your last ditch effort to ever getting married. If you don't follow these rules to the letter, the chance of lightning striking your cat's ass twice on the same day is greater than you getting hitched. Marriage won't happen unless you become a devout Rules Girl. But, you claim, "Sue, my hairstylist's brother's roommate's ex-girlfriend, asked a young man out and now they're married!" Wrong. The ex-girlfriend is a loaded bowser with less social class than a constipated rhinoceros. He'll leave her penniless within the month. We've said it before and we'll say it again: the only way to get married and stay married is to adopt these easy rules. And for those you who have problems with the third edition of The Rules, you can forget about marriage and go straight to Barnes & Noble to advance order a copy of The Rules IV: Join a Convent, Fatty.

## STOCKMAN'S DOGS



I'm so happy Kennedy  
**T CENSORED BY COSO**  
 Kennedy.

## TOP 10 WAYS TO SEXILE YOUR ROOMMATE

by ANNA VAN METER

- 1) Why keep them out? Charge admission and let them watch.
- 2) Six words: Discover her allergies, and exploit them.
- 3) Say you want to play hide-and-go-seek. If they say they don't feel like it, tell them that it's too bad because you've already hidden their computer. Say that various pieces of it have been scattered about campus, and to retrieve them all she'll have to decipher a series of mysterious clues wrapped in riddles. Make sure that the computer is actually hidden under the bed.
- 4) Change the locks.
- 5) Enthusiastically say, "hey, you're not doing anything, why don't you join in?!" If she actually considers the idea rather than running away immediately, to hell with the sex — start looking for a new roommate.
- 6) Set off a bug bomb; sex in a cloud of fumes is better than no sex at all.
- 7) Both you and your partner stand in the room, buck naked. Begin shrieking, "GO TO THE LIBRARY! GO TO THE LIBRARY! GO TO THE LIBRARY!" in unison.
- 8) Expand your game of bondage to include your roommate. Once she is thoroughly tied, dump her in the trunk room.
- 9) Point to the clause in your roommate contract that says: "If one roommate is prepared to engage in sexual activity and the second roommate refuses to vacate the premises, the latter roommate shall be stripped down, placed in a translucent "Hefty" bag and publicly beaten with bamboo rods." If she accuses you of making up said clause, threaten to complain to ORL.
- 10) Prior to the event explain in graphic detail the "condition" your lover has. It's very rare, and although the doctors don't want to think it's contagious, it very well could be. Plus, it's fatal. If she proceeds to ask you why you are going to have sex with a terminally infected person, promptly tell her to "shut up".



INTERVIEW:

by ERIC BUCHMAN

76 Years of Love and Fidelity

At 97 and 92 years of age respectfully, Byron and Tabitha Hildencrantz of Evanston Illinois have been married for 76 years. They first emigrated to America in 1945, and have lived in Illinois for 52 years. In a truly eye-opening experience, I interviewed them for Jacko's *Love and Other Diseases* issue, learning the most cherished secrets behind the longevity of one of the most dedicated couples this country has ever seen.

Eric Buchman: So, Mr. Hildencrantz, how do you two keep the magic alive?

Byron Hildencrantz: Please, Derick, call me Byron.

EB: Okay... Byron, how do you keep the magic in your marriage?

Byron: Magic? There ain't no magic, son. We don't believe in magic, it's all just smoke and mirrors.

Tabitha Hildencrantz: I believe he's speaking metaphorically, Byron.

Byron: Shut the hell up, bitch. I know what he meant. I'd smack you if this little piss-ant wasn't here.

EB: Byron, that's no way to talk to your wife of 76 years!

Byron: You wanna know a secret, son? A fearful wife is a faithful wife.

EB: Are you saying you two are together only because she's too scared to leave you?

Byron: It works, right hunny?

Tabitha: Please excuse my husband. He's only like this when he's drunk.

EB: Let me guess... he's always drunk.

Tabitha: At least he doesn't hit me...

EB: Well, that's goo-

Tabitha: Often.

EB: That's not good, have you ever considered a divorce?

Tabitha: Actually, we have, but the opportunity hasn't risen yet.

EB: Hasn't risen yet?

Byron: We're waiting for the children to die.

EB: Do you have many children.

Byron: Two sons.

Tabitha: I wanted to have more, but whenever it was time for sex Byron insisted on doing it orally.

EB: Really? Why?

Byron: It's the only way to shut the bitch up for ten minutes.

EB: Are your children married?

Byron: No, they don't drive on the right side of the road, if you know what I mean.

EB: They're gay.

Tabitha: No, they moved to Great Britain. They vowed to move as far away from home as possible when they became old enough. To be honest, we don't really know if they have any children or not. We haven't seen them in 40 years.

EB: That's awful. Do you speak on the phone with them at all?

Tabitha: No-

Byron: Yes.

EB: Well, do you or don't you.

Byron: I do once or twice a year, but Tabitha's not allowed to use the phone.

EB: Not allowed to use the phone? Why?

Byron: Well, the phone's in the living room, son, and she's not allowed outside of the kitchen during the day or the bedroom at night.

EB: Bedroom? You don't mean to say you're still sexually active at your ages, are you?

Byron: Sexual yes. Active no. Tab's about as frigid as a passenger on the Titanic.

Tabitha: Hmm...

EB: Is there something you would like to add, Tabitha?

Tabitha: My nickname for Byron in bed is Superman...

EB: Superman?

Tabitha: Below the waist, he has about as much movement as Christopher Reeve. That Reeve fellow is paralyzed, you know.

EB: Is that true, Byron?

Byron: Yes, that young Reeve fellow is indeed paralyzed. A rodeo accident or something like that.

EB: I mean, is it true you're impotent?

Byron: HELL NO!!

EB: So at your age you have no problem launching your rocket?

Byron: You know what the most

active muscle in my wife's body is? My penis.

EB: Interesting.

Tabitha: Oh please. That last time you had an erection Truman was in office.

Byron: Maybe for you.

EB: You mean to say you've cheated on your wife?

Byron: When the well goes dry, son, you need to dig elsewhere.

EB: That's terrible.

Tabitha: Oh, I've known about his escapades with prostitutes for some time now. But he's not the only who can find satisfaction elsewhere.

Byron: I got her one of them handheld shower massagers.

Tabitha: Oh please! Aren't you the least bit curious why we're both white and one of our son's is half Asian?

Byron: I assumed it was because of my infidelity.

Tabitha: You really are a numbskull.

Byron: Well, then explain this, Ms. Know it all, why is our other son black?

Tabitha: Because the milkman was black, you numbskull. And the mailman was Chinese.

Byron: So why do your multiracial sexcapades have an affect on our kids but mine don't?

Tabitha: Because masturbating to Gladys Knight and Yoko Ono doesn't count.

Byron: Connie Chung...

Tabitha: Whatever. You beat it like you were the LAPD. How ironic you named it King...

EB: I think it's best that I go now.

Byron: Whore!

EB: Yeah, I'm going to leave now.

Tabitha: You three testicled freak!

EB: I'm standing up now.

Byron: You tramp! You... you, ahh, my chest! I'm having chest pains. I can't... breathe.

Tabitha: Are you dying? Good! DIE DIE DIE! I should have turned you in years ago for your Nazi war crimes, Mr. I Was Just Following Orders. Finally, do the world a favor and DIE.

EB: I'm gone.



# WINTER CARNIVAL SCHEDULE

## Thursday, February 12, 1998

**2:00 - 3:00pm Citizen's Classic Cross Country Ski Race @ the Golf Course.**

**3:00 Human Dog Sled Race.** Come and watch the Winter Carnival Committee attempt to make drunken stupidity an organized event. Mush!

**5:00 Opening Ceremonies.** Come freeze your hindquarters off as you enjoy what are sure to be eloquent speeches by: Andy, Ben, Todd, and Matt. We don't know who they are either. Except Todd. Hi, Todd.

**6:00 Main Street Speakeasy.** Hey, cheap food! Nope, no illegal substances and/or gambling like in the old days (makes you wonder what the point is), but hey, cheap food.

**9:00-1:00am Drag Ball.** Uh, we guess this is like when you run really fast until a parachute pops out of your backpack and stops you. Like drag racing, but you're holding a ball. Maybe a bowling ball. Yeah.

## Friday

**99¢ Ski Day.** Bring your football! Watch out for trees.

**12:00 PM: Polar Bear Roast Swim.**

**12:00 PM: Intermural Ski Race @ The Dartmouth Skiway.** Men & women's ski races, as well as a snowboard event for you "phat phreaks" who love to "thrash."

**8:00 PM: Eleazar's Dungeon Comedy Club** in Collis. Sponsored by the Programming Board. Sure to be a blast.

**8:00 PM: Winter Whingding @ Spaulding.** The biggest a cappella concert of the season. And a cappella is huge, y'know?

**10:00 PM: "Winter Carnival:"** The movie that F. Scott Fitzgerald came to Dartmouth to write but instead spent all his time drinking at Psi U, starting the alcoholic binge that eventually ended his existence. Not exactly brimming with good karma.

## Saturday

**12:00 PM: Psi U Keg Jump.** What do you do after you contribute to the demise of one of America's greatest writers? Drop some beers & hop over some kegs, of course! Bubblegum Mad Dog not included.

**4:00 - 7:00 PM: Outside Evening @ Occum Pond:** Music, free ice skates, food. Featuring the mysterious "Banathaon," during which Hanover Po will run around as quickly as possible & ban things.

**6:00 - 9:00 PM: Valentine's Dinner & Wine Tasting.** Nothin' says luvin' like zipped up grape juice.

**8:00 - 10:00 PM: Winter Carnival Swing Ball** in Alumni Hall, featuring the White Hot Swing Band. The Nazis bust in around 10, so be sure to show up early.

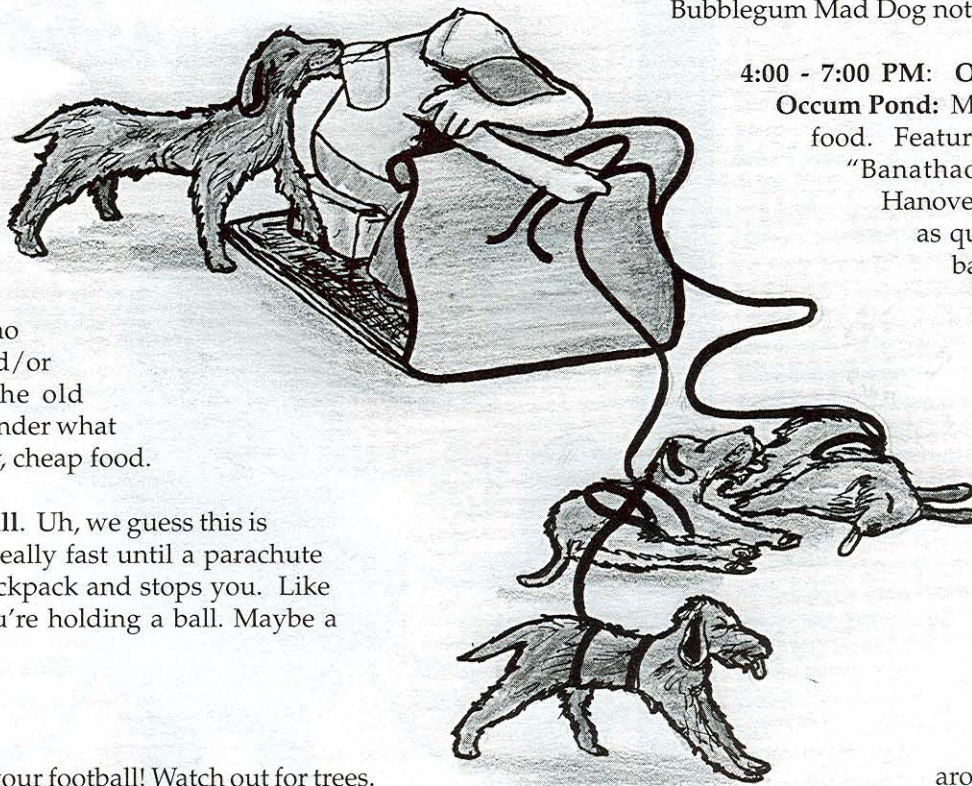
**8:00 PM: Barbary Coast Jazz Festival** in Spaulding, featuring Oliver Lake, performing a sensual duet with his cousin Rikki.

**12:00 AM: Midnite Breakfast** in Collis.

**12:00 AM: Midnite Drinking,** everywhere else.

## Sunday

**Recovery.**





# CITIZEN GATES

A Jacko Parody to the tune of CITIZEN KANE

by DAN "ORSON" POWELL

Many years from now...

The old man peered into one of those old-fashioned snow globes, the perennial novelty-gift of the holiday season. In it, a blizzard of fake snow suspended in water swirled and flurried around the miniature computer which the globe encompassed. Of course, it didn't make much sense that a computer would be in a snowstorm, but the old man was just too freakin' rich to give a damn about petty concerns such as logic.

"Rosebud."

He whispered the single word as he exhaled his terminal breath, and as his strength gave way, his grasp of the globe failed. Falling to the floor, it did not shatter into a thousand pieces, but rather flickered brightly and disappeared in a way that one might expect of a hologram. So maybe it wasn't that old-fashioned after all; oh well — this *was* the future.

"Rosebud."

Despite the fact that the old man had apparently died alone, his last word was almost immediately discovered by a rabid paparazzi, and it had become household knowledge just hours after the headlines had declared "William Foster Gates, Multimedia Baron, Founder of Microsoft, and Basically One Obscenely Wealthy Son-of-a-Bitch, is Dead."

\*\*\*\*\*

In a dimly lit room, a group of second-rate reporters had just finished watching the half-hour special on Gates' life which would run on Sunday's evening lineup along with "Melrose Space: The Final Frontier" and "When Lemmings Attack". They all begrudgingly muttered their approval -- except for the show's producer. "Boring!" he exclaimed. "Keep the gratuitous nudity in there -- this is Fox, after all -- but the rest has to go. What the show needs is an angle. Now what were the old bastard's last words? No, smart-asses, not 'guess who's sharing a bucket of the Colonel's original recipe with the Lord tonight?'. It was 'Rosebud'. What does that mean? Was it a childhood friend? A sled? His pet name for his wife's genitalia? Who knows? Find out, and hurry it up before an even more important celebrity bites the dust... I hear Pauly Shore isn't doing so hot."

\*\*\*\*\*

The young gentleman was new at being a reporter, and he had been forced to ask his producer just how exactly he was expected to find out what "Rosebud" meant. "You are a moron," his boss had replied, "this is what I get for hiring someone who graduated from Oberlin. What you need to do is go talk to people that Gates' knew when he was alive. Why don't you try the old man's stereotypical Jewish accountant, Mandelbaum? I think he's still around."

So the reporter flew from Burbank to New York to meet up with Mandelbaum, who had

known William Foster Gates from the very beginning.

"Damn straight I had known him from the beginning," he had started. "Well, if by 'beginning' you don't mean his birth but rather the time when he dropped out of Harvard to start Microsoft with that buddy of his. Which might as well have been the beginning, because before he did that all he was was a four-eyed, slack jawed computer geek who couldn't get laid if he bathed in Spanish Fly. Course, he was like that *after* Microsoft, but at least he was richer than shit.

Now it's a little known fact that Microsoft

"But Mr. Gates, this is a shel..."

"Shut up, dad, or you're fired. This *used* to be a shelter. Not anymore. From now on we're making computer software. Sure, we'll start out small, but pretty soon we'll revolutionize the industry, and our company will grow so insanely large that people will have no choice but to buy our products. And then we'll get real greedy and start violating federal antitrust laws, and the Justice Department will start issuing subpoenas, so we'll have to hire assassins to kill them all, and then we'll..."

"Whoa, whoa, put down the crack pipe and

**THE MOST TALKED ABOUT PICTURE IN YEARS!**

*It's Terrific!*

**CITIZEN GATES**

*I hate him!*

*I love him!*

*He's a dirty dog!*

*He's a genius!*

*I wrote this!*

*The hell you did!*

So different it's best to see it from the beginning!

*The Mercury Actors*  
 JOSEPH COTTEN    DOROTHY COMINGORE  
 EVERETT SLOANE    RAY COLLINS  
 GEORGE COULOURIS    AGNES MOOREHEAD  
 PAUL STEWART    RUTH WARRICK  
 ERSKINE SANFORD    WILLIAM ALLAND

wasn't originally founded by Bill, but was won by him in a card game. At the time, it wasn't a software company at all but rather a shelter on the east side of town which provided food for the homeless. Unbeknownst to his the shelter's caretakers, Bill was never exactly the "non-profit" type, and he had other plans for the place. I still remember exactly what he said the first time we went there, many years ago..."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Get rid of all these damn homeless people!"

come back to reality, shall we?" Paul Allen, Bill's best friend at the time, interrupted. "You can dwell on your demented visions of world-domination some other time. For the time being, however, I think we should just focus on the short-run."

"You're exactly right, Paul. Grab that pen and paper over there, and start taking dictation on a memo. Entitle it 'Microsoft: A Declaration of Principles.' Ready? Okay, here it is: 'We, the company known as Microsoft, hereby declare to make software which is both inexpensive and extremely easy to install and use. In addition, we solemnly swear



that each new program we produce will be perfect in every conceivable way, and will not contain any intentionally-placed bugs which will force people to continually upgrade until we're wealthy enough to buy small third-world countries. We will never bundle software together in an attempt to destroy the competition and tear away at the very roots of capitalism. Finally, we will never sell out the Rolling Stones by playing their music in our lame television commercials. Signed, Bill Gates, Chief Omnipotent Officer.'

\*\*\*\*\*

"That's all well and good," the reporter asked the old bastard after he finally shut his trap, "but can you tell me what he meant by 'Rosebud'?"

"Don't ask me, pal, I'm just the stereotypical Jewish accountant. Plus, we're only forty minutes into the film, you don't want me to ruin the ending now, do you? What you need to do is go talk to Paul Allen."

\*\*\*\*\*

So the reporter flew from New York to Seattle to visit Paul Allen. Mr. Allen was, of course, the other guy who had started Microsoft, and history would humbly refer to him as "That Other Guy Who Started Microsoft."

"Yep," Paul told the reporter, "I knew Bill ever since we decided to drop out of Harvard together. He wanted to drop out because it wasn't challenging enough for him; I wanted to because there wasn't a single attractive female on that campus. Have you ever been there? *Jesus!* Anyway, Bill stayed true to the promise he made on that fateful first day, and within a decade Microsoft was so powerful it was head to head with the Justice Department, which was led by the freakishly manish Boss Janet Reno. Bill had once met Reno at a cocktail party, and told her that she 'owned more stock in Barbisol than Stallone.' Of course, (s)he didn't appreciate that none too much, so she really had it out for him. Bill knew that he'd have to pull some fancy-pants shit to get out of that predicament, and he decided that the only way to screw over that overbearing she-male Reno was to get into the White House. Of course, running for President would have taken lots of time and money (and all of Bill's cash was tied up in the small third-world countries that he'd purchased) so he did the next best thing: he went after the President's daughter.

Yep, Bill and Chelsea were married in late 1998. Once that happened, Reno didn't dare screw with him, for fear of facing the wrath of Chelsea's portly, pussy-smitten father. Unfortunately for Bill, Chelsea wouldn't stay enthusiastic about their marriage of convenience for long. You see, she soon discovered that she would always be second to the computers...

\*\*\*\*\*

"You never pay attention to me! You'd rather while away the hours searching for pictures of nude microchips on the 'net than even talk to me!" Chelsea shouted.

"Damn straight I would! I'll start talking to you when you're made of silicon!" Bill responded.

"I got those breast implants!"

"I meant when you're a computer, you ignorant Stanfordite slag! Now leave me, so I can ogle the Intel homepage in peace."

"That's the final straw! You're going to regret screwing with this First Daughter! I can dish it out even better than that Reagan bitch!"

"Blow me."

The next day Chelsea made a phone call to the Pentagon, and within 24 hours Janet Reno was at Bill's door in Seattle issuing him a subpoena.

"You're not going to get away with this, Reno!" Bill screamed at her as she smugly walked away, "I'm William Foster Gates! If it weren't for me, you and this entire freakin' country would still be playing *Space Invaders!* You hear me, Reno?!! *SPACE INVADERS!!!*"

\*\*\*\*\*

"Soon after that, the government began to sue the man like a bitch in heat, and Bill's empire began to crumble. The monopolies... gone. The actors he had hired to pretend they were his friends... gone. The gold-plated statue of himself that he was going to have replace the Statue of Liberty... gone. With the remaining money he had left, he began to build an extravagant castle that he could lock himself away in and block out the rest of the world.

What did he decide to name that place again? 'San Simeon'? 'Xanadu'? 'Sloppy Joe's'? Oh, I remember... 'The Death Star'. Bitter old fool thought he could use it to blow up planets and shit. I told him not to be too proud of that technological terror he'd created; the ability to destroy a planet wasn't nearly as satisfying as a good piece of ass, but he just wouldn't listen."

"For the love of God," the reporter finally chimed in, "all I want to do is find out what the fuck 'Rosebud' means, and you people have to spill his damned life story to me. Just give me the goods so I can get the hell out of this lousy city."

"Rosebud? Sorry... can't say I ever heard him say that. What you need to do is talk to his second wife, Windows 2012."

"Great. Someone else who won't shut up, I'm sure."

"Still can't believe ol' Billy boy married a computer program. Asexual freak. Course, I'm not sure if 'she' is even still around. I haven't seen her in years..."

"For your information, sir, she happens to reside at 'Bargain Bob's Discount Software Palace'. Nothing particular is wrong with her, they say, just..."

"Obsolescence. It's the only disease, sir, that you don't look forward to being cured of."

\*\*\*\*\*

As his car pulled into the parking lot at Bargain Bob's, the reporter knew that the last stop on his nationwide tour had arrived. If Bill Gates' greatest love -- a computer program -- couldn't tell him what "Rosebud" meant, no one could.

"I can't tell you what Rosebud means," said Windows 2012.

"FUCK!"

"Sorry. I should also apologize for the fact that the manager just closed the store for the evening, and you're locked in here. That means

your sorry ass is going to have to sit here all night and listen to me spew my story."

[sob]

"Yeah, it sucks, I know. Especially since us computer programs remember everything."

"Please kill me."

"Like I said, I met Bill back when he invented me in 2012. When I was finally complete, I was unveiled in a spectacle of publicity the likes of which the world hadn't seen since 'Tickle-me Elmo.' The problem was, people soon began to realize that I was full of bugs, and they refused to integrate me into their computers. Well this, suffice to say, infuriated Bill. 'I'll show you, you lousy peasants!' he shouted, 'I'm going to marry this inanimate object, and make it my mission in life that she/it appears on every computer in the world! And then I'll finally be able to make that big golden statue of myself, and I'll..."

And so the story continued, until the manager arrived to open the store early the next day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Disappointed and exhausted, the reporter caught the morning flight back to Burbank to explain to his boss that the "Rosebud" expose' was simply not to be.

"Dammit," the producer said, "if we had found out what 'Rosebud' was we might've had something. We might've finally beaten out ABC's 'Everybody Loves Chowder' in the ratings."

"I doubt it... one word can't characterize one man's entire life. Maybe Rosebud was something he had, but lost. Or maybe it was something he lost, but got back. Or maybe it represents the basic concept that all he wanted was to be loved, but just never had any love to give. Or maybe it was a sled. Whatever. The simple fact is, there is no way you'll ever beat 'Everybody Loves Chowder'. That show is unstoppable."

\*\*\*\*\*

Epilogue:

Deep within the Death Star, hundreds of inexpensive immigrant workers sifted through piles upon piles of what were once the possessions of the richest man alive. By order of the State, everything that couldn't be auctioned off by the government to pay for illicit gubernatorial vacations to Tijuana was to be burned.

One worker, tired of inhaling the noxious fumes emanating from the veritable bonfire of electronic goods, paused to gaze at an almost impossibly antique-looking device among the clutter. *This looks almost like a computer*, he thought to himself, *fancy that*. Looking just above the keyboard (he chuckled at the notion that at one time people actually had to *type*) he read the device's label: Apple IIe. "Apple? Never heard of it," he muttered to himself, and without a second thought he tossed the device into the incinerator. The flames rapidly began to encompass the ancient machine, and for one brief moment they highlighted a solitary word that a lonely Harvard student had scratched into it's side eons ago: "Rosebud". One second later, the fire caught hold of the device, and it was gone.



# "Waiting for Sam"

Episode #78 of The Brady Bunch  
by Samuel Beckett

*Alice sits on the edge of the kitchen counter back stage center trying to crack an egg into the bowl resting in her lap. After three tries she finally succeeds. Mr. Brady Enters stage left. Alice hops off the counter and stands, arms at sides, behind the center island in the kitchen.*

Alice: Good morning Mr. Brady!

Mr. Brady: I find in every day that going forward only takes me backwards. I design seven buildings in an hour and tomorrow they are all gone. I do all the work. Greg just sings and drives.

Alice: Eggs and juice it is, Mr. Brady.

Mr. Brady: (worried) Alice I can't see you!

Alice: (angrily) Mr. Brady (waving her spatula wildly) I am right here.

Mr. Brady: (pleading) Embrace me!

Alice: Now, now, Mr. Brady. You know I can't do that.

Mr. Brady: (hurt) May one ask how Her Majesty ate her breakfast?

Alice: In small bites.

(Enter Marsha with Tiger. She sits on top of the kitchen table and starts brushing her hair. Tiger curls into the fetal position and waits by her feet.)

Marsha: It's too late. Nothing to do, nothing to do. (sighs).

Mr. Brady: You haven't called him, have you?

Marsha: Who?

Mr. Brady: (looking towards Alice, trying to recall the name) Er...

Alice: Sam.

Mr. Brady: Yes.

Marsha: I have called only Harvey.

Alice: No. Not once.

Mr. Brady: You haven't called Sam?

Marsh. No. Who's Sam?

Mr. Brady: Sam?

Marsha: You thought I had called Sam.

Alice: Oh no, Miss, I never said such a thing.

Marsha: Who is he?

Alice: Oh (turning away and blushing) just an acquaintance.

Tiger: (From the ground) I saw Joe Namath speaking with Davy Jones just-

Marsha: Stop! (Tiger stops) Stand! (Tiger stands) Brush my hair (Tiger brushes her hair) Stop! (Tiger stops)

Concentrate!

(Tiger heads towards island in the kitchen. Staggering a little almost. He falls. Alice, Mr. Brady and Marsha pile on top of him as he eeks out his words.)

Tiger: In view of the work done by Perdue and Sanders on the behalf of the world of poultry products, I find the need now is for a sharper phaphapha knife where the hairs of a Labrador can be split such as fine T-bone steak, but for reasons unknown every postman, milkman, klipman, trupman and chef have seen their chance and let it slip by waiting for a future of promise built on an empty past of only unending hope without action, minus movement sitting in the collelelele of everyday task work as a result as stated by Charles Harnard the labors of the chopping block the chopping block the chopping block stay unused in closed down warehouses on small towns once inhabited by which produced pork chops and applesauce...with...

Marsha: His yo-yo!

(Alice seizes the yo-yo and Tiger stops.)

Marsha: I must leave.

Alice: Au revoir.

Mr. Brady: Au revoir.

Marsha: Au revoir.

(No one moves. Silence)

Alice: Au revoir.

Mr. Brady: Au revoir.

Marsha: Au revoir.

(No one moves. Marsha grabs her lunch bag from the table.)

Marsha: Thank you. Now I must go. Tiger.

(Tiger rises from his crumpled heap on the floor, brushes the dust off his pants.) We're off.

We're off. (They begin to proceed out) Stop! Brush! (Tiger scuttles back to the table and grabs the brush. The two march out, one behind the other.)

A long silence.

Mr. Brady: Now we continue to wait. He will never come. Never come.

Alice: Who?

Mr. Brady: Sam.

Alice: Now Mr. Brady you have

got to go to work. There is no sense waiting for that old coot.

Mr. Brady: Everyday to work to work. I live in a split-level house with six kids.

Everyday a new tragedy that must be solved in half an hour. I can't I can't. A broken lamp. A high phone bill. A missing Kitty Carryall doll. Bang. Bang. I

trudge. At the end of it all sits a man named Johnny Bravo strum strum-

ming his guitar.

Alice: Maybe what you need is a vacation, Mr. Brady.

Mr. Brady: A vacation? To Hawaii! Yes I think that's it!

(Mr. Brady runs out of the room and within 10 seconds he returns out of

breath)

Mr. Brady: I have lost my beans and wieners and I can't find my way to the den.

Alice: Well shall we call him?

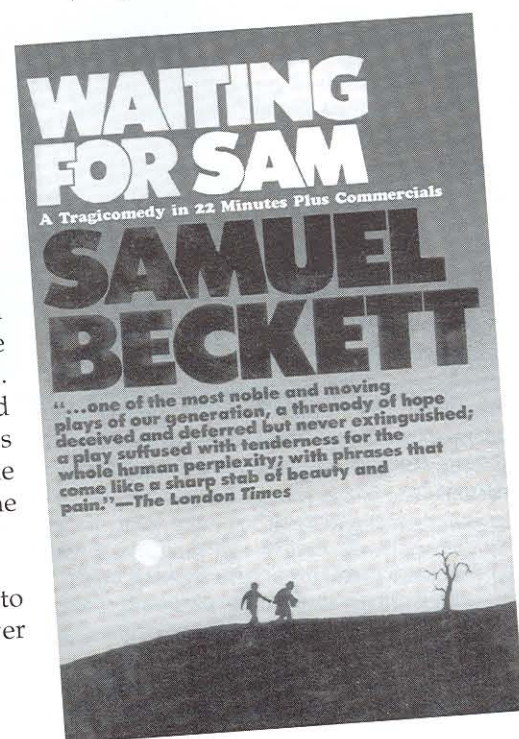
Mr. Brady: Finish the eggs.

Alice: They are all done Mr. Brady.

Mr. Brady: Then shall we call?

Alice: Yes. Let's call.

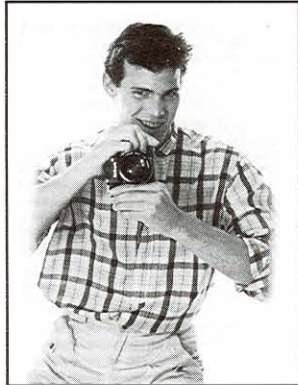
(They do not move.)





# It's the NAMBLA orth: American an boy love association

## FUN PAGE



### See if You Too Can be a NAMBLA Man™ with this Quiz!

- Meeting the kid, What do you say?
  - "Hey little boy, I'm really dirty, does that impress you?"
  - "Are you familiar with the photography of Mapplethorpe?"
  - "Have you ever tried a Spartan lollipop?"
- What's the correct pitch?
  - "Boy, these Good N' Plenties sure are good, I've got half a box of them in my blue van over there."
  - "Hey, I've got an idea, why don't we go over there into those woods and write our names in the snow as only North American men and boys who love each other can?"
  - "I'll pay you a quarter so you can ride that electric horse in front of K-Mart. And then I'll give you another quarter if you ride *this* horse."
- Making your move...
  - "Tag, you're it! Come get me! I'm in the blue van!"
  - "Hey, you've got a little cough there, why don't you chug like half of this bottle of Nyquil? Hey, you seem to be getting a little tired, why don't you come lie down on this bed in the back of my blue van?"
  - "Don't you love your mother? What would you do if she got sick? Why don't you get in the back of that blue van over there and I'll teach you some life saving techniques?"
- One last chance...
  - "Hey, do you think it's possible for two people to take a shit at once into the same toilet bowl?"
  - "Hey, you know if more than one person is in a bathtub, it's kind of like a pool party."
  - "My hands are so big that I can palm a basketball. What can your hands fit around?"

Meet Jimmie, Charlie, and Big Lou...



Pin the tail on the Boy Scout!

### MAD LIBS!

Floyd, the \_\_\_\_\_ placed his  
(job from list below)  
 burning \_\_\_\_\_ into the supple  
(garden tool)  
 \_\_\_\_\_. A look of \_\_\_\_\_ sud-  
(noun) (emotion)  
 denly appeared on his face. Overjoyed,  
 he \_\_\_\_\_ to his \_\_\_\_\_-colored van.  
(verb) (color)

### NAMBLA Dream Jobs

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. School bus driver       | 7. Guy who checks for cups at youth soccer game        |
| 2. Muppet                  | 8. Midget  |
| 3. Webster                 | 9. Kiddie-porn film director                           |
| 4. Mohel                   | 10. Owner of go-cart                                   |
| 5. Crossing Guard          | 11. Calvin Klein Photographer at McDonald's Playground |
| 6. Silly ball-room monitor | 12. A Pair of Calvin Klein's.                          |

#### DISCLAIMER:

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation deplors North American Man Boy Love Association's (NAMBLA) goals, which include advocacy for sex between adult men and boys and the removal of legal protections for children.

For more information, visit GLAADS web page at:  
<http://www.glaad.org/glaad/press/940116.html>



# CELEBRITY EXCLUSIVE:

## Places I Haven't had Sex in, but Gosh, I'd Sure Like to!

Pat Sajak

"Sure, I've had it on the wheel, but those bonus glitter pegs keep getting caught in my ass-crack. I'd really like to do it in 'The Price Is Right' studio with Rod Roddy in his little booth. We'll see if he lives up to his name!"

Dennis Connor

(Winner, America's Cup)

"I guess one place I'd like to have sex would be in a wind-tunnel. Yeah...in a wind-tunnel."

Martha Stewart

"I've always wanted to engage in intimate relations in a wicker bed, on a sunlight deck off the Aegean Sea. Of course, I would need handcuffs and I'd need to get it doggystyle."

Dan Jansen

"Anywhere I guess...as long as I don't fall down!"

Sting

"(Pensively) Umm...nope done it there...nope...sorry! I guess I've done it bloody everywhere! My work on this planet is done. Goodbye, my sexually inadequate feeble earthlings."

Katarina Witt

"I just want to have sex with a man who approaches me in physical beauty. Perhaps I'll find him in the offices of the Jack-o-Lantern Humor Society."

Kerri Strug

"I would really enjoy sex in the orthopedic wing with some monkeys. Woo-ha!"

Queen Elizabeth II

"I want it in the Chunnel, now!"

Heisenberg

"I'm really not sure."

William Faulkner

"In a dark secretive place, preferably near a wood where I once played as a child in the roaming wilderness near the tracks that lead away and not to the center of the town inhabited by the great, brown and seething bear who walked...."

Ernest Hemingway

"In Madrid. In a hospital. In the rain."

Pee-Wee Herman

"Anywhere nobody can see me. Ha-ha!"

Lassie

"Someplace that stupid fuckin' kid doesn't get lost, trapped or impaled."

Shakespeare

"Gosh, I don't know. Go ask Marlowe. He's the real brains behind this operation."



# Good God! Get JACKED!

...with the Official Jack-o-Lantern Unofficial Winter Carnival T-Shirt!

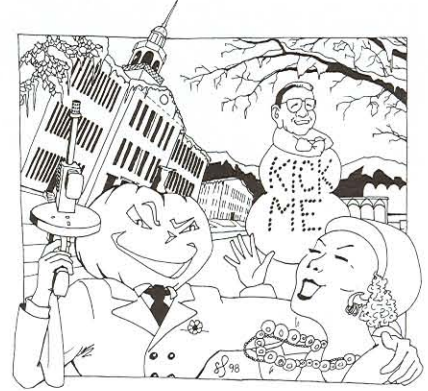


Front Breast Pocket [snicker]

(Sch)long Sleeve: \$13  
Short Sleeve: \$10

Monica Lewinsky says:  
"Wearing this shirt is even better than giving the President oral sex!"

Blitz "Jacko" for more info. DASH it!



Rear [tee-hee]

## THE ADVENTURES OF DEAD BABY by KATHY KIM

**"I'M STILL FAT: The Perils of Anorexia Bulimia" starring Dead Baby**

**"GIVE ME YOUR KEYS: The Perils of Drunk Driving" starring Dead Baby**

Well, Mr. Baby, considering the extensive work you've done in several box-office hits and your multiple appearances on the Jerry Springer show, it would be an honor to give you the starring role in my network "After-School Special" Series!

★ PRODUCER

Like, ohmygod dead baby, I can't believe you had TWO pieces of popcorn today. You're such a pig!

Look, dead baby, you're in no condition to drive dude. YOU MUST CHILL

**"JUST ONE FIX: The Perils of Heroin Addiction" starring Dead Baby**

**"I'M KEEPING MY BABY: The Perils of Teen Pregnancy" starring Dead Baby**

**"GO TEAM GO: The Perils of Steroids Abuse" starring Dead Baby**

Man, you're gonna die soon if you keep shootin' up at this rate, dead baby!!!

Yo, I'm too young to be a dad...

I don't care, I'm keeping our baby, you son of a bitch!

Isn't it dead already?

Listen up team, the school's doing a drug test... Start pissing in these tubes!



## GOOD IDEA

You grow flowers for your girlfriend

You serenade her with love songs by her window.

You buy her sexy lingerie.

You give your girlfriend a bottle of Chanel No. 5

You and your girlfriend share a candlelight dinner

You buy her a brand new computer

You call up your girlfriend to tell her you love her

You rent a romantic movie with your girlfriend

You give your sweetheart a diamond ring

You take your girlfriend on a romantic night in New York City

You bring your girlfriend out to a fancy restaurant

You cook a special dinner for your girlfriend

## BAD IDEA

You created the fertilizer and tell her with pride.

When you run out of love songs you sing Marilyn Manson's greatest hits and flash little signs to emulate "Pop-Up Video"

You wear her sexy lingerie.

You give her a Calvin Klein ad and tell her to rub it on her body. When she refuses, insist that you do it all the time so there's really nothing wrong with it.

In a fit of jealousy you burn her with the candle and yell "Liar! Liar! Pants on Fire!" Then you smile and say "Just Kidding."

You tell her that now she can look at the picture you put up of her on the Internet

You call up your girlfriend five minutes later and tell her that you still love her and remind her that you'll call back in five more minutes with an update.

You watch old episodes of "Married With Children" with your girlfriend and say, "Now there's a good relationship. Why don't I start calling you Peg?"

You tell your sweetheart "I never knew Foodtown had a jewelry department, but would you believe they had a whole vending machine filled with these beauties?!"

When you get to Times Square you say "Man, where did all the porn shops go? Now everything's ruined!"

McDonald's ejects you, citing the "No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service" policy.

The menu is homemade flan with arugula.

---BEN MANDELKER

## ART CREDITS

Cover: Scott Snyder  
Contents Page: Karin Goodfellow/Snyder  
Censorship Warning: Snyder  
Uncommon Threads: Eric Buchman  
Condom Catalogue: Fournier  
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The Rules: Kim  
Winter Carnival Schedule: Jackett  
Citizen Gates: Powell  
Stockman's Dogs: Stockman  
Back Cover: Concept and Graphics by  
Powell

## NEXT ISSUE...

# MUSIC!

...and other things that  
go with sex 'n' drugs

Sergeant Jacko's Lonely Hearts  
Club Band! Albums we would  
like to see! And will we ever get  
to see Virtual Prostitution? You  
never know...





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

# REJECTED

# Heart Candies

## VOLUME 1





GOOD SOURCE OF 10 HOURS OF HALLUCINATION-INDUCED DEAD BABY ON YOUR CEILING

**Kellogg's**

**FEW  
IMPURITIES**  
*No  
Bleach*

# HONEY SMACK

Good, old-fashioned honey-sweetened heroin



NET WT. 13.1 OZ. (371 GRAMS)... THAT'S A LOT OF SMACK!