

INSIDE: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH TIGER WOODS

Newsbleak

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September 2000



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**HUMAN GNOME
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Jacko Presents the News

VOLUME XCII, Number 4

Summer 2000

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We all remember the famous words, "just the facts ma'am," spoken so regularly by that guy on that show. You know, the guy, with the pants, and the shoes, who always carried that thing? Or, wait. Was it a movie?

Look at me, I'm getting side-tracked. What I was trying to explain is that we here at the Jacko decided to devote our summer issue to "just the facts." The problem then arose, "what are these facts, and where do we find them?" The only solution was to mobilize and find out.

We started with grand plans: spend hours and hours combing through news archives to find the best and most relevant stories to report. If it became necessary, we were ready to send correspondents all over the nation and world to get the most in-depth coverage. We re-

ceived a funding grant of \$120,000 to deliver the finest product possible. We were ready to deliver to Dartmouth just the cold, hard nudity.

I mean, facts. Just the cold, hard facts.

Unfortunately, our research time was taken up by repeated viewing of the *Survivor* season finale, and we blew the money on chips and salsa. Lots of chips and salsa. So, instead, we just made up a bunch of stuff and called it "news."

Enjoy, and read responsibly,

Alex Berger



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Watch this fall for "The Flying Screw" on DTV!

NEWSBLEAK: The nation's best source for the fake news.

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Letters to the Editor

Jack O'Lantern Staff To Burn in Hell

In the August 11, 2000 issue of the Jack O'Lantern's Dartmouth was an article titled "God Admits God Probably Doesn't Exist." The following are excerpts from the correspondence between the Jacko staff and one angry reader. [Note: These letters were printed with the permission of the author.]

August 11, 2000

All of you are [on] the "Stairway to Hell" if you don't truly repent of your sins and accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and turn to God in a mighty way. The Bible says that the wicked shall be turned to Hell. Your articles are a clear reflection of your sin-hardened hearts, as they (the articles) are full obscenity, profanity, and blasphemies. You know and I know where you will go if you are to die today: Hell (and the Lake of Fire after Judgment Day)... God does not play games and that sin always catches up with you in a mighty way in the life to come. So, repent while there still time.

Divine justice demands sin to be punished. Jesus Christ took the punishment those justice demands—on behalf of His people. Those who reject Christ must pay the price those justice demands. They pay for their evil in this life and in the life to come. Well, there's the solution to the problem of evil. If you have a better solution, I will give you the next 5 days to come up with a solution that does not destroy man or make God deny His own nature.

I am,
Yours very truly,
P. César De Los Santos

August 13, 2000

Dear P. César De Los Santos—

Five days to solve the problem of evil Can we get an extension? We have this final due for another class, and a field trip, and our Uncle is having gall bladder surgery that we've got to donate blood for. I swear—we have a note from Dick's House.

*Vox Clamantis in Absurdo,
The Jacko*

August 15, 2000

Whether it is mockery of academia or whatever you want to call it, the Jack-O-Lantern has been mocking God ever since I have been here. For instance, on one recent issue you made fun of the Godhead (Trinity) by comparing them to the three guys from Kellogg's Rice Krispies. On another one last year, you had the word "GOD" reflected in a mirror as a "dog" is looking at it. On other issues, Jesus Christ has been portrayed as a "hippie." And on and on it goes. There is nothing wrong with a clean, safe joke, but your people constantly use God and other spiritual subjects along with your profanity and obscenity in order to be "funny"...

I will pray for you soul and those of your friends from now on. Well, gotta get some sleep.

I am
Your very truly,
P. César De Los Santos

August 15, 2000 (later that day)

César--

We didn't know people actually read the Jacko. One time, a girl came into our office and asked for 200 copies of the Dartmouth, but it turns out she was potty training her grandmother.

*Still a material girl living in a material world,
The Jacko*



August 15, 2000

If you go to hell it will be because of your sins, but if you go to heaven it will be because you have accepted God's free gift of salvation through the work that Jesus did on the cross and truly repented of your sins and have lived a holy life in accordance to what the Bible teaches.

In Truth,
P. César De Los Santos '02

August 20, 2000 (from hell)

Mr. De Los Santos--

To be serious for a moment (Ha! Get it! We're a humor magazine, but we're being serious... it's funny!), the article titled "God Admits That God Probably Doesn't

Exist" was our attempt at being light-hearted and humorous. We understand that you, like many others (something like 94% of the world, in fact), take your faith very solemnly, but we don't think faith is exclusive with sarcasm, irony, or wit. We have angered pretty much everyone, including every religious, ethnic, and mentally/physically disabled group. Once we even got hate mail from an extinct tribe of Incan monks. Yet, we stand by our philosophy that laughter remains the best medicine (besides sudafed).

We did a general survey of the Dartmouth population about the article in question, and discovered that 99.7% of the general population thought the it was "meant to be funny" (the remaining .3% were unable to focus long enough to get to page 5 of the issue).

Upon carefully rereading the article (we didn't actually look over the issue before we sent it to print), we discovered that, in fact, the God referred to in the article is not actually a divine being, he's Edward Cafarella, 36, of Westchester, New York, decidedly unholy in every way. Although Cafarella did say that he "probably doesn't exist," this statement more likely stems from low self-esteem than from a desire to mock the Heavenly Father.

*Everyone's favorite bastard child,
The Jacko*

Letters to the Editor

Rage Against the Jacko

In the Spring of '98, Jacko published an article titled "Rage Against the Machine Abandons Fans." We revealed that Rage's lead singer Zack de la Rocha said to a group of fans at a concert, "Fight the power? You believe in that balderdash? You people give us money so you can feel disenfranchised. Great, we'll take all the cash we can get; the extra we'll donate to the GOP.... God bless America." Two years later, we received the following two emails. Mysteriously, they came on the same day. We think there might be a third hate-mailer on the grassy knoll.

August 21, 2000

I'm writing this e-mail to you because of your site: <http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko/music/rage>. Rage is not like that. Everything you wrote is bullshit, and I think it's pretty fucked up you're gonna make a site of nothing but lies about Rage. Those "quotes" you have from them, they're bullshit. I have met Rage before, and even if I hadn't, I'd still know that they don't talk anything like that. I just thought I'd tell you how stupid you are for posting a shit load of lies like that up on a website.

Peace,
Steffani

August 25, 2000

Steffani—
So you have or have not met Rage? We are confused.

You can't handle the truth,
The Jacko

August 21, 2000

You narrow minded little fuck—

Whats up Jack you bitch. What the fuck are you on.....I went to your web site wow you really show intelligence and what a

usefull thing to do, make a site to diss a band well fuckin' done heres your fuckin' noddie badge. Its people like you that get into government and dumb ass organisations, I hope all your narrowness made you happy. P.s Fuck You

August 25, 2000

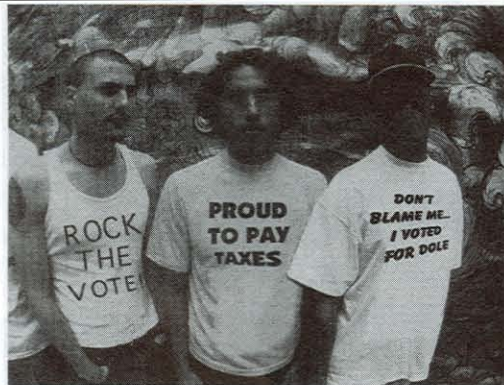
Dear Anonymous—

Who is Jack?

And what, exactly, is a "noddie badge"?

The best tuba player this side of Nebraska,
The Jacko

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR HAVE BEEN IN NO WAY CHANGED FROM THEIR ORIGINAL INTENT. ALL SPELLING ERRORS, GRAMMAR MISTAKES, AND PROPHECIC STATEMENTS ARE THE WORDS OF THE AUTHORS, NOT THE JACKO. ALL OF THESE LETTERS ARE REAL. WE ARE NOT SMART OR FUNNY ENOUGH TO MAKE THEM UP. P.S.: WE LOVE YOU.



Conventional Wisdom

RICKY MARTIN- ← → Decision to let GOP use "Cup of Life" as campaign song pays off big time. Puerto Rican pop star becomes Vice Presidential candidate. Ass-pinching from Barbara an unfortunate minus. "Do you really want it?"

HILARY- ⚡ To cater to New York Jewish voters, Hilary prods Bill to convert. Promises to "personally supervise circumcision, if necessary." *National Inquirer* reports Hillary was seen on making out in the back of a synogogue with Joe Lieberman.

AL GORE- ← → Attempts to gain the political center contradict advice to become an alpha male. Gore: "Fuck it, I'm forging my own path." Last report: Gore joins nudist trailwork camp in Guerneville, California.

"LEO" - ↑ Former teen heart trob mobilizes career for *Titanic 2: the Underwater Years*. Co-star Estelle Getty to play beautiful mermaid. Mama mia!

SOCCKER MOMS- ↑ Dodge releases new "magic transporter" minivan. Carpool problems no more. Rumors of children getting accidentally liquidated only mean one less problem to deal with.

What's New?

PUBLISHED. DARVA CONGOR. Now officially known as the artist formerly known as the wife of quasi-pseudo-multi millionaire Rick Rockwell, Congor has released a tell-all book about the goings on during her honeymoon. Just what wisdom did Ms. *Playboy* Centerfold have to share with us? "Let's just say, he didnt have it all with him," (p. 9); "He wasn't exactly... shall we say... packing a big rifle," (p. 184); "Some might say he was a little light in the shorts," (p. 254); "What I'm trying to tell you is that he had an extremely small wee-wee," (p. 446); "By wee-wee, I mean penis" (p. 645).



BORN. MCKIERAN CULKIN, child to proud parents McCaulay and Kieran. Says younger brother/lover Kieran, "we think this will revolutionize the world of acting. We're probably the first set of gay brothers to have a love child." According to his parents, McKieren will be an *uber-actor*. He'll be able to slap his face and simultaneously look endearingly cute. "Like me!" boasts McCaulay, who recently turned 20. "But he'll be much cuter. And better. And cuter, too." Some in Hollywood are reporting that Kieran may be leaving the family to spend more time on his magnum opus--*Son of the Father of the Bride IV*.



FAILED. ATTEMPT AT DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANET, reportedly initiated by Hades, Lord of the Underworld. The botched attempt at Armageddon injured eight people in a Cleveland outlet of Cracker Barrel. Said a representative from Hades' office, "the fact is, nobody will be taking the threat of Armageddon seriously anymore after this. People will hear a rattling at their windows, and go over and look. 'What's that, honey?' their wives will ask them. 'Oh, nothing, it's just Armageddon,' their husbands will answer. 'Not to worry, dear. Pass the mashed potatoes.'"

LIKES SHINY OBJECTS. CHRISTINA AGUILERA. "Mmm. Shiny."

PLEGGED TO BRING CIVILITY TO AMERICA. AL GORE, in response to Governor Bush's public description of a New York Times journalist as an "asshole," has made clear his intention to use non-English expletives when referring to our nation's celebrities. "Reporters, for example, will be known to our Mexican-American brethren as 'agujeros de los asnos,'" he said in a campaign speech last month.

DEAD. BEVERLY HILLS, 90210. Hit TV show dies a tragic early death at the young age of 10. Tens of millions of Americans gather together to mourn the loss. (See EUGLOGY)

Eulogy: Beverly Hills, 90210

In the fall of 1990, American television premiered its newest masterpiece: *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Brandon and Brenda Walsh had just moved to the ritziest area of Los Angeles with their parents, good old Cindy and Jim. Soon, Bren' and Bran' met the rest of the crew—Kelly, Steve, Andrea, Dillan, David, and the rest.

The first season was fairly uneventful, and in the summer of 1991, top level FOX executives considered canceling what had become known to America's teenagers as "Bev Niner." Instead, FOX took a bold move—it had the show tackle the serious issues that confront teenagers like no show had ever done before.

In the opening show of season two, the whole gang went to see the beautiful shores of the California coastline. America watched with baited breath as they boarded a cruise ship for a three hour tour.

A three hour tour.

Tragically, the ship sailed through the intersection of two class-5 hurricanes (the "Perfect Storm," as programming execs later named it). The crew was shipwrecked on the shore of an uncharted desert

isle.

For nine straight seasons, the cast lived on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific. Each show, the castaways voted off one member of their tribe. Amazingly, with each ejection, more and more new members seemed to make their way onto the island to join the gang. More memorable episodes include the suicide of David's friend Scott by a make-shift gun he assembled from a coconut and a stale cracker, and the five-hour primetime special when Donna thought Kelly might be anorexic because she hadn't been eating her ration of rats and bark.



After 10 years on "The Isle of Beverly," the *90210* cast mysteriously died a sudden death. Some speculate about the possibility of a rickets outbreak; others blame El Niño. We'll never know what caused the deaths of these poor castaways but we do know this: they'll be sorely missed.

Goodnight, you princes of Los Angeles, you kings of primetime.



Notable...

... Quotables	... Numerals
<p>“Those are copies of <i>The Daily Dartmouth</i>, the nation’s oldest college newspaper. Please feel free to take a copy and read it. It’s a great way to become familiar with pressing campus issues.”</p> <p>--Dartmouth College tourguide mistaking the Jack O’Lantern <i>Dartmovth</i> for the real <i>D</i></p>	<p>26 Percentage of people surveyed who think the death of John F. Kennedy, Jr. was the most tragic event of 1999</p> <p>66 Percentage who think the perpetual drunken state of Ted Kennedy was the most tragic event</p>
<p>“How do you feel about the inevitable likelihood that people will compare your Shafts?”</p> <p>--Briant Gumble, in an interview with Richard Roundtree and Samuel L. Jackson</p>	<p>1st Overall ranking of the Beatles in a recent survey of what band, defunct or together, Americans would most like to see in concert</p> <p>1st Overall ranking of all of ‘N Sync in a recent survey of what band, defunct or together, Americans would most like see ritualistically beaten, castrated, and killed</p>
<p>“In 1998, 1 out of 10 children was born into poverty in the United States. With your help, we can fix this problem... by building a time machine.”</p> <p>--Al Gore, campaigning in Atlanta, Georgia</p>	<p>\$2.7 million Average annual contribution to charity by Bill Gates</p> <p>\$9.4 billion Average daily contribution by Gates to his nasty addiction to “cocaine, maple syrup, and faberge eggs.”</p>
<p>“Aajkl;dfsjknmadnsfjknfadsjkl;ajlkfn. Ajdjejkwrerf!! Raetnsafnkmerr. Right.”</p> <p>--Kieth Richards, upon waking up this morning.</p>	<p>One of these celebrities did not write for the Dartmouth Jack O’Lantern</p> <p>a) children’s book author Dr. Suess b) director of Animal House Chris Miller c) former Secretary of Labor Robert Reich d) ruthless dictator Saddam Hussein</p>
<p>“He’s a stinky old man and I’m glad daddy let me get rid of him.”</p> <p>--George W. Bush, in reference to Dick Cheney, after dropping him from the GOP ticket</p> <p>“Vive la France.”</p> <p>--France</p> <p>“Eh, not bad.”</p> <p>--Eddie Vedder when asked how he was feeling</p>	

One of these celebrities did not write for the Dartmouth Jack O’Lantern

a) children’s book author **Dr. Suess**
b) director of Animal House **Chris Miller**
c) former Secretary of Labor **Robert Reich**
d) ruthless dictator **Saddam Hussein**

Think you know the answer? Come to the Jacko first year info session. Date, time and location TBA. For more information, blitz ‘Jacko.’ Free pizza included. Some assembly required. Power Rangers Jet Pack sold separately.

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- Patient may notice disturbances in the visual field—individual colors will vary.
- Patient may enjoy increased appreciation of sounds, smells, and highway road signals.
- Patient may report floating.
- Patient may not view dinosaurs at window to be entirely friendly.
- Patient will probably want to hear that particular Beatles song again.
- Patient may complain with increasing frequency that the transitory dimensions of the time-world are running into themselves.
- Patient may mistakenly think that he has entered the afterlife of the ancient Mayan peoples.
- You are not the patient's grandmother.
- You are NOT the patient's grandmother.

New Anti-Baldness Wonder Drug Causes Increased Self-Esteem, Terminal Leprosy

Drake Hetfield pauses for a moment to gaze at his full head of thick brown hair in the mirror. His mouth widens into a deep grin, and he turns to give this reporter a whole-hearted thumbs up. "What a difference a year makes," he says. Less than 10 months ago, a similar look at his reflection might have caused tears of anguish as Hetfield, a 37 year-old software engineer, peered at his hairless visage. Now, however, the new wonder drug Hairpatia has given



Hetfield has newfound confidence thanks to Hairpatia. He is eagerly awaiting the release of Dumb-be-gone, the intelligence-boosting pill soon to be marketed by Presspillow Pesticides. The pill will increase patients' IQ by 20-30%, although preliminary tests indicate it may cause early-onset rickets.

Hetfield both the hair and the confidence to enjoy the last 6 months of his life.

"I owe everything to Hairpatia," he says enthusiastically. "My promotion, my new girlfriend, the steady decay of my skin and nerve endings—everything!" Hetfield is just one of a growing number of men who are turning to science for the replacement of bald heads with healthy follicles of hair, as well as the replacement of healthy body parts with decomposing stubs.

Says Clarence Freeburg of Rockport, Illinois: "I cannot even describe the confidence

issues I had to deal with before I started taking Hairpatia. At times, my dating situation was so grim that I even considered suicide. Thank you, Hairpatia — you saved my life." Doctors have given Freeburg 3-6 weeks to live.

Self-esteem issues tend to be

the driving force behind the sales of Hairpatia. Psychologist Janet Parsons explains that pervasive images of handsome, fully haired men in magazines, on

television, and in movies have raised the bar on what is aesthetically acceptable for modern males. "Sex appeal is the most important aspect of masculinity, and many users of Hairpatia are consumed by the concept of being more attractive, much as they will soon be consumed by the incurable maladies that infect their bodies."

"Ever since Hairpatia gave me my hair back, I've been getting mad play," says avid user Craig Miller, 34. "Give me a couple weeks and I think I can nail that cute nurse in the intense

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

GENETIC DOWNSIZING

It's quarter past three in the morning, and Dr. Jonathan Steinman is still awake and in his den, slaving away at his sparsely populated desk. He types a few notes into his purple iBook, writes down a series of figures onto his Hello-Kitty notepad, and sits back in his chair to give his weary eyes some rest.

"I really think with a little more work, I'll be able to match the macrobiotic cell data from the host genome with the corollary RNA sequencing over here," he tells this reporter, pointing to a novelty skeleton he purchased at last week's county fair.

"Could you explain that in simpler terms?" I ask.

"Hmm." He scratches his head.

its people. "Sure, we could have encouraged resource conservation, or promoted family planning, or even made moon-life feasible," says Dr. Harvey Steinfeld of the NIH. "But why not just make the goddamned people smaller?"

Just how does this project work? According to the chief genetic engineer of the project, Jacob Steinberg, the process is not as complicated as it initially seems. "Do you remember those things you had as a kid that came in the little capsules? When you put them in water, they blew up to five or ten times the size, and ended up in the shape of a dinosaur or an elephant or a spleen? Well, this is basically the same concept. Except with people, not small capsules. And we're mak-

Hence, gnomes are really good."

"These little buggers are great," comments Jimmy "the Schnoz" Gambetti, of the New York Gambettis. "I can't wait 'til everyone's a gnome. Then, when I whack a coupla' thugs, I won't have to make more than one trip to dump 'em in the river. I can fit 'em all in my trunk at once!"

Not everyone is so enthusiastic about these changes. One advocacy group, the Society for Halting the Ostracism of the 'Reverse-Tall' (SHORT), has begun an intense lobbying effort in Congress to put a stop to federal funding of the HGP2. "Little people face serious discrimination every day of their lives. This is not something to deal with recklessly," argued Alan Fuller, a

"Don't call me a midget," requested the midget.

"Basically, we're going to make big people into little people."

Dr. Steinman is just one of dozens of scientists working on the new "Human Gnome Project," coordinated by the National Institute of Health, the Department of Health and Human Services, the Federal Association of Genetic Engineers, and the Lollipop Guild of Greater Washington. The goal of the coordinated endeavor is to build on the advances of the "Human Genome Project," recently completed by a similar group of organizations.

The Human Gnome Project (dubbed HGP2 among insiders) was born out of a fear among a small crew of scientists that world population growth would soon outstrip the capacity of the earth to house

ing them smaller, not bigger. And we're using incredibly complex genetic sequencing, not water."

The benefits of HGP2 can already be seen in a few small test populations. According to William Stein, a professor of sociology at Princeton, "gnomes are really cute. And cute, as we know, is really good.

midget, in a recent public debate concerning the future of genetic research in America.

Fuller argued that even the way we describe little people can be discriminatory. "Midget is considered a disparaging term among my community. Don't call me a midget," requested the midget.



Pictured: (Left) Former Speakers of the House of Representatives, Newt Gingrich and Robert Livingston sharing a conversation in front of the capital building. (Right) The duo after they underwent "genetic gnome resequencing." They are the first celebrities to have their genetic map changed to shrink their size.

The Race for the Perfect Gnome

Emmanuel Lewis, of 80's sitcom fame, is leading the race among private entrepreneurs to develop a patent on his own gnome. Lewis's company, "Webster and Webster, Inc.," plans to have a finished product by June. Here's a look at some of the other major contenders' take on the gnome craze:

Apple: "Gnomac" comes in five different colors and has 64 MB of intestinal RAM.

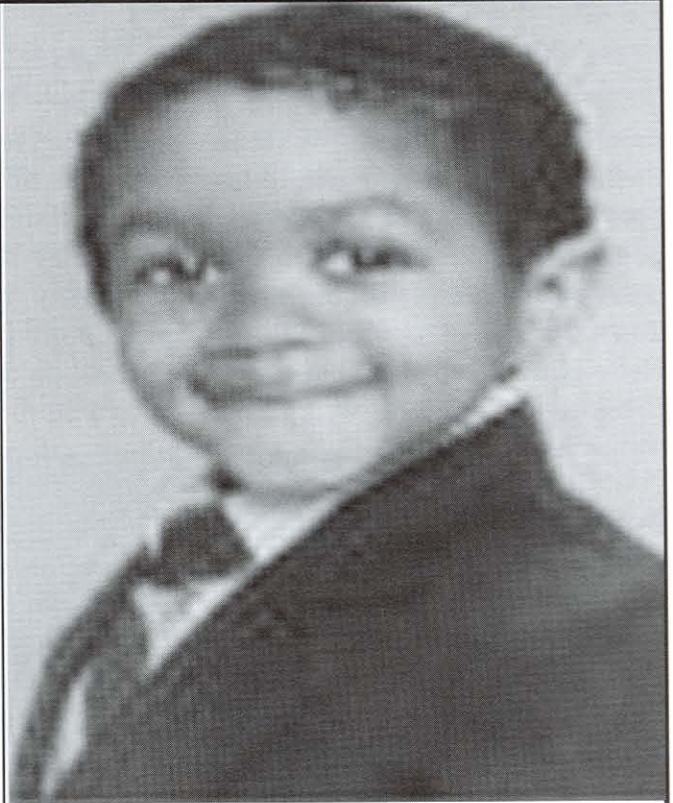
McDonalds: Gnomes will be cheap and fatty. Supersized gnomes, also known as "humans," to be available by 2010.

Firestone: "Tru-Grip" gnomes come in packs of four, eight, or six million.

Phillip Morris: If your gnome dies prematurely, you can get a big settlement.

Amazon.gnome: Eugenics made cheap. Only a click away.

Reform Party: Gnome splits into two warring factions three days after purchase.



Lewis is leading the quest to engineer the human genome towards smaller people. "I had a dumb waiter," he says, "but what about other child stars? Alex P. Keaton, Theo Huxtable, and that guy Rerun from What's Happening—what about them? What about their needs?"

Tuesdays at 9 on NBC: "Will, Grace, and Alan Keyes"



Alan doesn't approve of Will's homosexuality, and Will doesn't like Alan's nightly cult worship. This promises to be a wacky fall!

Genetics

Stoner Uncovers Crucial Link in Genetic Code

On 21 August 2000, Jeff Slater, a freshman at the University of Vermont, submitted to the NE Journal of Medicine the most important revelation in genetics since Wallace and Crick. Slater has uncovered the before unknown "missing link" in the genetic code that will change the face of science forever. The following is the account of Slater's discovery, narrated by his friend Peter "Bunny" Taft.

Dude, we were so high that night. I was all, like, "dude, let's do that thing where we watch *Wizard of Oz* and listen to *Dark Side of the Moon*." But then Jeff was all like, "no, dude, let's decipher the genetic code." He talks like that when he's stoned sometimes. But this time he was serious, because he pulls out all these papers and starts looking at them all funny and writing shit down. I am like "dude, that all just a bunch of A's and T's and C's and G's," and he was like "dude... that's the code to life!" It was so fucking trippy, man, but he was all serious and shit.

So then he looks at this one sequence funny and he is like, "dude I think I see the enzyme T56FX, used to create inner gelatinous membrane of the cell." I am like, "dude, you are so fucking high." But I was all fucked up too, because those letters looked like some dude looking out at me. And he is all like, "you're right its not T56FX at all, its T59GF, which is used to create saccharine structures within the cell."

I was all, like, "word."

We sat there and listened to some Bob Marley while Jeff got his genetic code on, and finally, he was like all flipping out and pulling out this "the TTCA sequence with the subsequent AACG code suggests a supplementation between the structure of the mitochondrion and the utterly unrelated formation of pituitary neurotransmitters." And I was just like, "is that, like, the meaning of life and shit? What does it mean?" And he said, "simple, dude. The meaning of life is to listen to Phish, smoke lots of weed, and jam until the jam is through."

Sweet.

Lab Coat: \$22

Rubber gloves: \$2

ID Card: \$5

New Horn-Rim-med Glasses-\$75

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Some things money can't buy. For everything else, there's MASTERCARD.

New State Department Study Released:

“Saddam Hussein Not as Nice as We Originally Thought”

The State Department’s office of International Rogue Regimes released a report this August that shocked the international community: Saddam Hussein, dictatorial ruler of Iraq, is “pretty much an asshole.” The 125-page document, which will be released to the American public this October, details several reasons for this finding, including an alleged 1982 incident when Saddam gassed his own people with chemical weapons in order to determine if these arms were ready to use against neighboring Iran.

“You’re fucking with me, right?” said a confused President Clinton.

Secretary of State Madeline Allbright was equally surprised. After reading section 2B of the State Department Report, “Ritualistic Public Torture in Iraq, Past and Present,” she shook her head and sighed, “wow. I guess this means we probably shouldn’t invite him to the White House Christmas party anymore. It’s a shame—he really made a good pineapple upside-down cake.”

Some international leaders were not surprised to hear about the U.S. finding. Said former U.N. Secretary Butros Butros Ghali, “I never really liked that guy. He always used to make fun of my name—he’d call me ‘Butros Butros Buttface.’ That, and he launched ballistic missiles at Israel. You just don’t do that.”

Former leader of Iran, Ayatollah Khomeini, had similar comments. “I remember this one time in the 80s, me and Saddam were having a sleepover at his house, and he suggested that we trade baseball cards. Well, I happened to have my collection with me at the time—I had just organized it alphabetically and indexed it by the Beckett value. Well, Saddam, that poopface, he dumped out my files of cards and ripped up my list.”

Saddam is outraged by the report. “I remember that time with that sissy Khomeini. I accidentally dropped his stupid box of baseball cards and he started crying like a little girl. My mom had to drive him home at two o’clock in the morning.”

“Then, when she got home, I shot her in the face,” he continued.



“Saddam was usually thought to be a jolly, beloved leader,” commented Alan Jones of the Heritage Foundation in Washington, DC. “Apparently, he starves his people to death so he can live in giant palaces and stave off rebellions. Go figure.”

Quiz: Do you know your Authoritarian Dictators?

With the release of the State Department report on Saddam, we here at *Newsbleak* thought we’d see how well you knew various fascist tyrants, past and present. We’ll give you two pictures--you decide who the authoritarian despot is. Read next month’s *Newsbleak* to tally your score and find out your “oppressor IQ.” Good luck!



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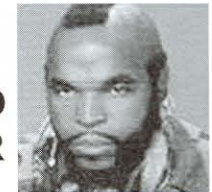
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Domestic News

Boeing 767 Crashes in Midtown Manhattan: Over 500 Pieces of Luggage Feared Lost or Damaged

Thousands of People Dead.

In a horrific accident last week, a United Airlines 767 plummeted 30,000 feet and crashed into midtown Manhattan. This crash that one witness described as "a motherfuckin' bomb that went off and threw firey shit all over the fuckin' place" has left the country in shock and disbelief with the news that over 500 pieces of luggage are feared mutilated or lost. Never before has the country seen such incredible loss of luggage.

Everyone on board also perished.

Combing through wreckage and bodies, rescuers desperately tried to salvage what luggage and carry-ons they could. By 11:00 PM, they had recovered only 25 of the presumed 534 pieces of luggage aboard the flight. The baggage they did recover was hardly recognizable.

"I pulled one bag out from under the seat in front of some decapitated chick that was caked with so much ash and guts, I had to spend at least 10 minutes scraping away crap before I could make out the Louis Vutton logo on it," mourned Harold Meyer, a disaster relief worker.

"This is the most horrific accident I've ever witnessed," said Robert Reynolds, head of Emergency Management in New York. "I've seen babies gutted and filled with poop, I've seen old people sliced up and eaten, but I've never seen anything as horrible as that mangled duffel bag I pulled out of the overhead compartment. I'm telling you, the perfumes and liquor bottles purchased in the duty free shop were shat-

tered. There was a cashmere sweater covered in Drakkar Noir and Skyy Vodka. Where is God now?"

One of the most difficult aspects of the recovery effort was the large amount of human remains covering or blocking the carry-on baggage. "I wouldn't have even recognized my Gucci handbag if I hadn't seen my daughter's mangled corpse clutching it," said Dr. Lynda Reiman.

Anger, sadness, and frustration run rampant among the friends and relatives of the luggage. Mary McClellan, whose set of Coach luggage and twin sons were on board Flight 392, demanded an answer from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



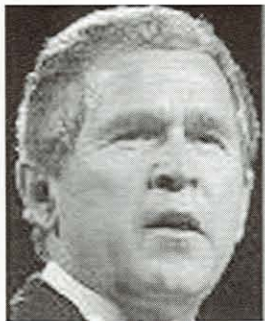
Virtually nothing survived the crash, not even Little Timmy O'Mally's toy jet (pictured above).

Campaign Blood Drive Watch

The plot, and blood, thickens.

Here's more from our continuing coverage of the major presidential candidates' quest to "give more goddamned blood than that other guy!"

BUSH



5,245 Pints

- Came out against American blood used to replace the blood of communists or vagrants.
- Promised to learn the name of all the different types of blood cells. Red down; white to go.
- Took a stand against the marriage of blood brothers, "if you know what I mean. Heh heh." (Bush's words).

GORE



7,256 Pints

- Will regulate the emission of greenhouse gases during the process of bleeding.
- Pledged to expand federal anti-discrimination legislation to hemophiliacs. Threw in necrophiliacs for good measure.
- "Read my lips: I can't feel my extremities."

Profiles in Courage

Imagine yourself to be a six-year old girl (we've all done this at some point in our lives, haven't we?). You're heading to the regional gymnastics finals in your specially designed pink sequined leotard and matching pink ribbon. You look just dashing. Then, tragedy hits. You arrive at the registration table—hair beautifully styled and make-up professionally applied, only to discover you cannot use your matching ribbon. You are forced instead to use a "standard issue red ribbon," that, besides being made out of cheap, synthetic materials, horribly clashes with your leotard.

Most people, faced with this horrible, disappointing, and embarrassing experience, would quit gymnastics forever. Not Kristina Elizabeth Hollsworth. Faced with this very situation, Hollsworth overcame incredible odds, showed her dedication, and placed 25th out of 47 in the tournament.

Eleven years later, Kristina is on her way to Sydney to compete in the 2000 Summer Olympic games. Born and raised in Greenwich, CT, she was the only daughter of real estate tycoon Richard Hollsworth and his wife, Misti. While growing up, she was cared for by a French au-pair named Brigitte. Her parents enrolled her in a rigorous schedule of singing, ballet, tennis, violin, and chess, but at the age of five, it became clear that Kristina was destined to be a world class gymnast.

The regional finals catastrophe was not the only hardship Kristina has had to endure. Every athlete is injured at one time or another, but in 1996, when Hollsworth went in for her weekly pedicure, she allowed a replacement technician to work on her feet. In a horrendous display of misjudgment, the pedicurist cut Hollsworth's left big toe nail too short, drawing blood. Hollsworth was rushed to the hospital and held overnight for observation. Although her doctors said she was "perfectly fine," Hollsworth was forced to take a week off from practice because her toe really hurt.

Winning a spot on the US Olympic team in 1998 served as a much-needed boost of confidence for Hollsworth. She knew her parents truly loved her (her father shelled out close to \$100,000 in bribes to get her on the team) and it proved that all her hard work had been worth it. But life on the team wasn't all rosy. The coaches didn't recognize Hollsworth's great potential, often placing her in the alternate position. The other gymnasts seemed to resent her because she stayed at nicer hotels and wasn't subjected to the same rigorous practice schedules. No doubt the cards have been stacked against Hollsworth from the start, but her dream has persevered. This story is not meant to elicit great sympathy for Hollsworth and the pain she has endured. She has earned a spot on the Olympic team and will surely prove wrong all those who doubted her, her medal will be her retribution. This story is meant to inspire, when you watch Kristina Elizabeth Hollsworth, remember her story and those of other athletes who have overcome unimaginable challenges to compete in Sydney and realize that truly anything is possible.

New Olympic Events

Watch out for these new events at the 2000 Summer Olympics in Sydney:

Go-Ball. Each contestant must be between the ages of eight and twelve. The contest begins when participants gather together their friends, enter a basement, and make up the rules for a game involving a soccer ball, some string, a pillow, and the concentrated avoidance of breaking Mom's nice China.

Full Contact Origami.

Scrapped from the Olympics after the 1892 games when five participants tragically died during the event, this game has finally made it back to the slated schedule. Keep an eye out for team France to pull out a huge upset and win the gold.

Pokemon. Single elimination tournament, beginning with 64 contestants and ending with one "Pokemon champion of the world." Battle to take place in newly renovated "Pokemon Stadium" (with fully retractable dome).

Pukin' Rally. Rules are straight forward: drink as many beers as possible until you vomit. First participant to successfully "rally" five times wins the gold. Expected to bring more college-aged men to the viewing audience. Sponsored by Budweiser.

Synchronized swearing.

Usually just an exhibition event at the Olympics, this true test of grace and style has been named an official game. This year's favorite: the US "Dream Team," comprised of Chris Rock, George Carlin, and the late Sam Kinnison.



Pictured here at age three at her family's ranch in Barbados, Hollsworth is already beginning practice for the "Olympic Trampoline Event" which her father plans to subsidize at the 2004 games. The tramp was specially designed to be light on Hollsworth's gentle ankles.



The respect you deserve

As we move further into the twenty-first century, one thing is more apparent than ever: Times are changing. No one is more aware of this than Merrill Lynch. That's why we're changing almost everything, including the way we do business. No one understands better than Merrill Lynch that, when you invest with us, you gotta get yours. It's all about respect, and mothafuckin' cash money. And we will work hard to find the best investments to be sure that yo' ass gets mo' cheddar and mo' respect than them fools who invest at the otha bitch-ass firms. *In any way possible.* 'Cuz at Merrill Lynch, it's all you. Ain't it about time them suits was workin' for you? We're inclined to agree.



Merrill Lynch

Changing the way we do business

Celebrity Interview

"I am Tiger Woods":

A closer look at one of sport's most modest and mild-mannered personalities

Tiger Woods, 24, set golf history this year when he became the youngest man ever to win the Grand Slam of golf. Despite his busy schedule, Mr. Woods managed to find enough time to sit down with Newsbleak for a few minutes:

Newsbleak: Well, Tiger, I would first like to thank you for finding the time to talk.

Tiger Woods: No problem. I am Tiger Woods. I've been playing, and winning, so much golf lately that I welcome the break.

NB: I hate to do this to you, but I have to ask. To what do you attribute your success?

TW: That's a great question, and I don't mind answering it all. God has given me the ability to excel at the game. In my youth, my father instilled in me a work ethic that has allowed me to succeed in golf. Also, most other golfers are overtly homosexuals. I, on the other hand, am very much a heterosexual. I fuck women, not men. Sorry for the pun, but I do not putt from the rough. Actually, I'm a bit surprised that my opponents don't just automatically concede all competitions to me, Tiger Woods, a non-homosexual man.

NB: That's an interesting, and surprising, take on your success. To be honest, I don't feel as though most of America is familiar with this aspect of your personality.

TW: That's because most Americans are idiots. I am Tiger Woods. I went to Stanford, so I am clearly smarter than every one of them. And they love me for it.

NB: On that note, The Beatles once said they were more popular than Jesus. Some have said that your popularity has eclipsed even that of the Beatles. Any comment?

TW: The who? You mean those Jon/Paul/George/Drummer-boy freaks? Screw them. I am Tiger Woods. They are not Tiger Woods. I am Tiger Woods.

NB: So you are or are not more popular than Christ our Savior?

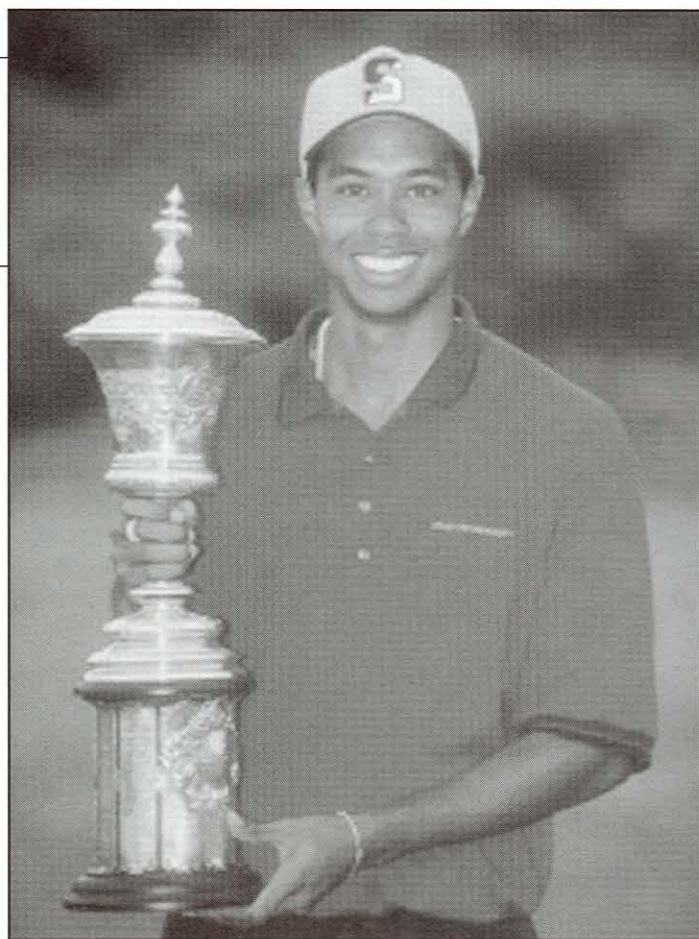
TW: Hell yeah. I am Tiger Woods. Presently, I am more popular than Jesus Christ. In fact, there are some Churches in California that have placed pictures of my face on top of the face of Jesus. By the end of my time on earth, all of America will revere me as their Lord.

NB: That's a pretty bold statement. How do you feel America will react to it?

TW: We're you not listening to me before? I am Tiger Woods. I own America, and they will accept whatever I say.

NB: Okay, Okay. I didn't mean to anger you. As the self-proclaimed "Future Lord of America," what do you see as the direction of this country?

TW: First, I will ensure that the feminist movement will end in failure. Women will accept that there are only two places in the world for them: the kitchen and the bedroom. When I eventually get married, my wife will sit at home, barefoot and chained to the oven. She will cook me dinner. If I feel



Some say Tiger may be the greatest golfer of all time. "Damn skippy!" confirms Woods.

like it, I will take her to the bedroom and have sex with her repeatedly, because, as I stated before, I am not a homosexual. I am Tiger Woods. I fuck women. Note how I said "women" and not "woman." I have unprotected sex with many, many women. Oh, and occasionally, I buy and have sex with child prostitutes. But that's only when I'm in a particular mood. I call it my "I feel like having sex with child prostitutes" mood.

NB: Thank you for clearing that up. Now on to other business....

TW: Shut the fuck up. I'm not through speaking yet. You must respect Tiger Woods. I am Tiger Woods and I have sex with women, not men.

NB: Sorry, I didn't mean to rile you up. Since time is running short, I'll ask only one more question: As of late, the amount of athletes entering professional sports prior to their graduation from college has increased. Having done this yourself, would you care to comment on your experience?

TW: That's an excellent question, and I clearly will provide an excellent answer. This is my advice to all aspiring athletes: Get out of school as soon as possible. Make lots of money and have unprotected heterosexual sex with as many women as you can.

NB: Thank you, Tiger. This interview was very enlightening for me, and I feel that people who read it will be given an opportunity to see the real Tiger Woods.

TW: No problem. I just hope that the people realize that I am not, nor have I ever been, a homosexual. As I've said before, I do not fuck men. Not at all. I am Tiger Woods.

Worshippers Discover Hidden Image of Jesus in Painting of Jesus

Arch Street has a bakery. It has an apartment complex. And importantly, it is home to Kennington Anglican Church, where worshippers have been flocking for days in the hopes of witnessing a miracle.

Upon arriving early Wednesday morning for a routine day of serving God, Deacon Samuel Cook discovered what appeared to be an elaborate watercolor fresco of Jesus of Nazareth abandoned on the Church's steps. Only upon closer inspection was the real discovery suddenly made.

Hidden within the portrayal of the Son of God is a striking icon of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"It's barely noticeable at first," testified Deacon Cook. "There was some kind of opaque packaging all around the thing when I found it. I had to get rid of that. Had the canvas been somewhat dusty, or had my eyes been closed, or had someone been carrying the painting in a plane while I was looking at it from the ground... those all might have been factors, as well. He's certainly there, though. You have to learn how to look for these things. It takes experience."

At least one member of Kennington's regular congregation concurred. "At first glance it looks like just your average painting of a carpenter," said Lawrence Pitman. "In a clouded mist, on a mountaintop, under a halo. Then I thought to myself, now Lawrence, remember your glasses. And by golly, there He was. Plain as day! But hidden."

Normally quiet Arch Street, on account of its mesmerizing new possession, has lately hosted a record number of strangers—most of them curious, some of them Protestant. Many are already calling the fresco's astounding arrival a true 'miracle'.

"Such a beautiful and meaningful gift does not just 'appear' at one's doorstep," the Deacon hypothesized, a tear falling from his eye. "The truly devoted among us believe that it was delivered by none other than the Lord Almighty!"

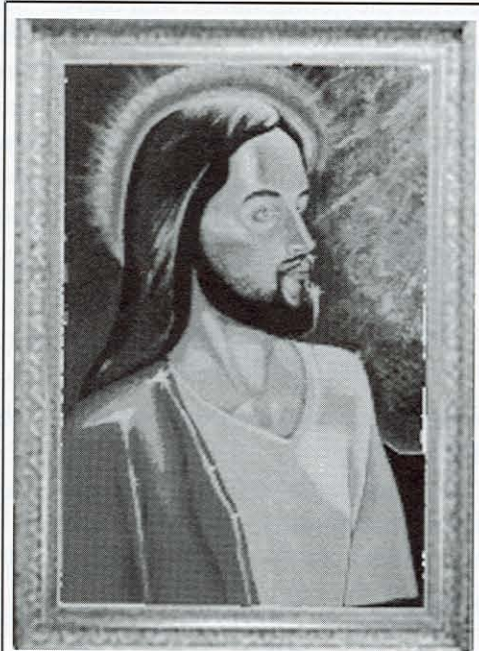
Among the only mildly less devoted, a popular theory is that maybe the painting was randomly carried to Arch Street in the middle of the night, by a homeless person.

"Or a bulldozer," pointed out Harry Yorkshire, a construction worker.

"No, we definitely ordered that painting of Jesus from a catalog," noted Wilma Peevers, Kennington's interior decorator and part-time accountant. "We needed something original to hang behind the altar, between the two large paintings of Jesus."

"Whether the depiction of our Sacrificial Father is real or perceived, it is nonetheless reason to believe, to have faith," maintained an atheist, hoping to get on television.

Individuals have reportedly not had much reason for hope since last November, when a potato, believed to have been thrown by the Holy Spirit himself, broke through the window of a monastery in Southern Ireland. Several monks allege that, quickly after it shattered, the stained glass repaired itself. Mere days later, the potato fetched over a hundred dollars in an internet auction.



"The painting cannot be Jesus," argued a visiting mathematics professor from Oxford, Harry Templeton. "Jesus came back from the dead in three days. He wouldn't have had time to stand around like that. He was a very busy man."

Man Who Does Not Speak Italian Translates *Divine Comedy*

Dozens of scholars have attempted to translate Dante's masterpiece, *The Divine Comedy*. But most of these translations fail to capture the sublime eloquence of Dante's language, and fall far short of the original. Which is where Chip Smithers, a retired mechanic from Souix City, comes in. He has an advantage over every other translators: he does not speak Italian. In fact, Smithers does not know anything about Italy except that it "looks like a fucking shoe."

Scholars feel that Smithers may add a fresh voice to the clamoring of current Danteists. "He's got some things to say. Sure, he does not understand the original language of the *Commedia*, but that does not mean he cannot translate it. It's all part of his originality."

Perhaps the best thing about this new translation is the unbridled creativity with which Smithers approaches the *Commedia*. Where other saw black, Smithers sees white. He finds the sublime where others have only found infernal torture

in Dante's words. For example, the opening of the *Inferno* usually reads "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita / mi ritrovai per una selva oscura" (or "When I had journeyed half of our life's way / I found myself within a shadowed forest.") However, Smithers injects these lines with a new found energy. His interpretation reads "Nell misses Dell's comin' dinosaurs Evita / my retard Perot showers Oscar." Smithers' translation does not seem to follow Dante's plot, as his interpretation appears to concern a group of homosexual drug addicts attempting to scrape rent by tending llamas and working in the Sunglasses Hut.

He is modest about his revolutionary interpretations: "Look, I ain't got much use for book learnin', and I don't want to know nothing about no dirty Italians—"

Editor's Note: We could not finish this article, for at this point in the interview, our reporter revealed himself to be Italian and was immediately stabbed twenty-seven times in the face by Mr. Smithers.

Survivor 2 changes course

The *Survivor* series is finally over. 51 million people watched the finale, Richard Hatch won a million dollars, and 11 other contestants went home to commercial endorsements, *Playboy* contracts, talk show offers, or obscurity. Surely, one would think, CBS would want to continue to capitalize on this success.

In a press conference on September 12, CBS executives surprised a crowd of reporters with the announcement that the next *Survivor*, set in the Australian Outback, would be cancelled and replaced with another series set in an abandoned building in an unnamed U.S. city. Twelve contestants will be locked in a single, windowless room and fed bread and water every other day. Once each week, five armed men will burst into the room and shoot a contestant of the TV viewers' choosing. Immunity challenges will be replaced with "fight back challenges": armed contestants shooting back at the CBS gunmen.

Director of programming at

CBS, David Brenner, says that the changes were made in response to suggestions made by viewers during the first *Survivor* series.

"The viewers loved the first series, but they complained that there was no real 'survival' element to it. They also didn't like the tribal councils," Brenner explains. "We thought it would be more intense



to replace the tribal councils with a firing squad."

Brenner also added that the audience complained that they only got a superficial look at the personalities of the contestants. "A person tends to be a lot more interesting when he only has a few days to live," Brenner elaborated.

Survivor 2 is expected to draw record ratings. When asked about the moral implications of the fact that people will lose their lives on

the show, Brenner responded, "unlike the original *Survivor*, the contestants are encouraged to try to escape. Of course our gunmen won't like that, but it should make things more interesting." When asked about the difficulty of finding volunteers for the new series, Brenner said that, to add to the reality element of the show, they would take hostages instead of asking for volunteers.

Another big change from the old show is that, on *Survivor 2*, no contestant will survive. Says Brenner, "when we polled viewers about the first show, we found that 67% did not have a favorable impression of Rich [the show's winner]. So we're taking the logical step--after the first 11 contests on the new show are shot, we'll shoot the 12th one too."

Some have complained that the killing of the 12th contestant means that the show doesn't really have a survivor. Brenner seems unbothered by these accusations. "No hablo ingles," he responds.

Survivor 2 is expected to begin airing shortly after the Super Bowl.

Credits

Cover--Bill Burgess

ComfoCar Ad--Anna Van Meter and Alex Berger

Conventional Wisdom--Andrew Leong

What's New--Jacko Staff

Notables--Jacko Staff

Celebrity Interview--Alex Oren

Cover Story--Alex Oren, Alex Berger, and Geoff Carlson

Race for the Perfect Gnome--Eric Del Pozo

Will, Grace and Alan Keyes Ad--Alex Berger

Stoner Uncovers Crucial Link in Genetic Code--Alex Nazaryan

Mastercard Ad--Alex Berger

New State Department Study Released...--Alex Berger

Authoritarian Dictators Quiz--Alex Berger

Boeing 767 Crashes...--Erica Rivinoja

Campaign Blood Drive--Alex Berger

Profiles in Courage--Anna Van Meter

New Olympic Events--Jermaine Williams and Eric Del Pozo

Merril Lynch Ad--Bill Burgess

Elesdie Elixer Ad--Eric Del Pozo

New Anti -Baldness Wonder Drug...--Harvey McFluegelhorn

Worshippers Discover Hidden Image of Jesus...--Eric Del Pozo

Man Who Does Not Speak Italian...--Alex Nazaryan

Survivor 2 Changes Course--Bill Burgess

Image Change for Dr. Pepper--Sergei Zaslavsky

Britnies Ad--Alex Berger

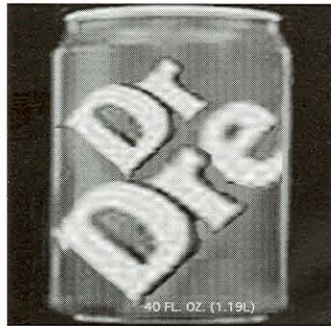
Image Change for Dr. Pepper

In response to plummeting sales and dropping stock prices, the Dr. Pepper soft drink company has announced that it will change its name to Dr. Dre. According to the marketing VP Marcus Rablenauer, this move is expected to appeal to males between the ages of 10 and 33, rich suburban kids who think they are cool, women in the 70-73 age range, and all the real mutherfuckers out there.

"We just felt that our old image wasn't hip enough for the hip-hop generation of the new millennium", explained Dr. Dre spokesman Freddy O'Toole. "But this will show all those bitches and hoes on Wall Street who the man *really* is."

The company plans to unveil a revised marketing campaign to go along with its new brand name. The old Dr. Pepper jingle will be replaced by the Dr. Dre-Eminem collaborative effort "Forgot about Coke." "The old jingle was catchy," explained O'Toole, "but we just weren't keeping it real."

Other soft-drinks are expected to react to this unexpected move with counter-campaigns of their own. Sprite has already retaliated by change its slogan from "Image is Nothing" to "Image is Everything." Pepsi is expected to make a move itself by naming a new soft drink after Phil Collins. O'Toole, however, didn't seem too worried: "If they try to move in on our turf, we'll just put a bottle-cap in their ass."



The following is a public service announcement brought to you by the Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

"In the year 1999, over 1 million hopeless teenagers tuned in for reruns of *Mr Belvedere* on Tuesday Nights."

Try out for "The Flying Screw": Dartmouth's best and only sketch comedy TV show.

Date, time and location TBA. Be there or be communist. For more information, blitz 'Jacko.'

"Who Needs Nerve Endings, Anyway?"

FROM PAGE 8

treatment ward. God bless hair."

Miller remains assured that women would rather have a man with hair than a man with fingers, ears, or a nose.

Hairpatia is being hailed in the medical community as a breakthrough, though a vocal minority has raised questions about some of the side effects. "Nonsense," replies Frederick Presswillow, CEO of Presswillow Pesticides International, the company that manufactures Hairpatia. "Hair is such an important element of what women find attractive in men, that most fellows are more than willing to put up with some minor side effects, such as drowsiness, short term memory loss, and terminal illness. Let's face it, a guy with a full head of hair can pack a whole lot of fucking into 12 weeks."

Sweet Lord Jesus, the Carnage!!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

the heads of United Airlines: "Why weren't seatbelts used on my bags? Maybe my suitcase would have had a fighting chance if those assholes at United had taken the time to strap it in."

"Thank Jesus our luggage had been sent on a later flight," said Melissa Gamble, whose daughter was blown into tiny bits of bloody crap and spread all over 49th Street. "I can always have another daughter--Little Tonya was kind of a slut anyway--but I don't know if I can ever find a bag like that Prada purse that matched those red pumps of mine. God must have been watching over me when those illegal immigrants at the airport put my suitcase on a flight to Decatur."

The recovery effort will continue over the weekend. However, many have given up hope of ever seeing their baggage again. The real face of tragedy was seen in the JFK airport when the news was announced to a small girl that both her parents were dead. Even the most stoic faces in the room wept violently when she asked, "What did they



Come to Britney Country



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Do not smoke Britnies while wearing a halter top. Refrain from inhaling Britnies while out of sync. Do not purchase Britnies if you are over the age of 17 (unless you are some kind of pervert.)