

Best of Jack O' Lantern Class of 2000

JACKO'S BEST OF 2000

Special Issue

Commencement 2000

This entire issue is very much a last-minute thing. The Class of 2000 Jacko kids have long since moved on from the magazine, having handed over the reigns of this sleazeball rag to the '01s. Little did we know, however, that the juniors would end this term sitting on a budget surplus of over three thousand dollars. Some say they are financial geniuses; others, that they forgot to put out an issue this term. Either way, we decided to spend their money.

So about one week ago, Eric Buchman, Adam Wierzbowski and I gathered in 109 Robinson, the old stomping grounds, to compile a tribute issue to the Class of 2000; a "best of" edition, containing the finest humor writing and artwork that members of our class have churned out since they set foot on this campus. That's right -- we put together a tribute to ourselves. And why not? The zeros are the best damn

class to come to Dartmouth since the legendary Class of 1883, when it is rumored that all five matriculating students had full sets of teeth.

Anyhow, as you will see, the issue is divided up alphabetically into the '00s who put a lot of work into making this magazine what it is today (interpret that however you want). We've also included some group stuff, some behind-the-scenes humor, and several pages on our infamous parodies of "The Dartmouth." If anything, seniors, it's something for you to enjoy while you're sitting at commencement, anxiously waiting to get the hell out of that gap and gown -- which, by the way, we know you're naked under.

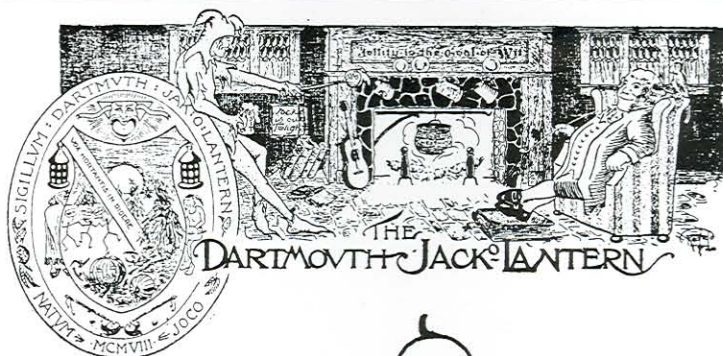
Vox Clamantis in Absurdo,

Dan Powell

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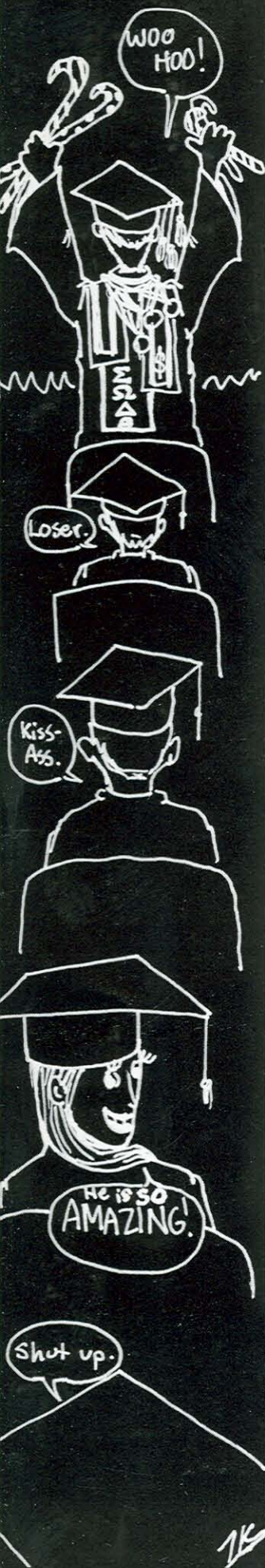


Cover: (Clockwise from top left) Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell with Eric Buchman & Adam Wierzbowski; Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell with Adam Wierzbowski; Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell; Adam Wierzbowski; Scott Snyder; Scott Snyder.

Back Cover: (Clockwise from top left) Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell; Adam Wierzbowski; Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell; Adam Wierzbowski; Dan Powell; Dan Powell & Todd Garfield.

Title Page Art by Tom Kim

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Rob Auten

Rob wrote the following fake news item during our sophomore spring for the "Music" issue. It got a good reception here at Dartmouth, but when it was posted on our website it was soon discovered by a number of rabid yet computer-savvy Rage Against the Machine fans. A sample of their numerous reactions are at the bottom of the page (all of them are real). One clever individual, in a statement of profound magnitude, simply e-mailed us the lyrics to the song "Bullet in the Head" without any accompanying message.

Rage Against the Machine Abandons Fans

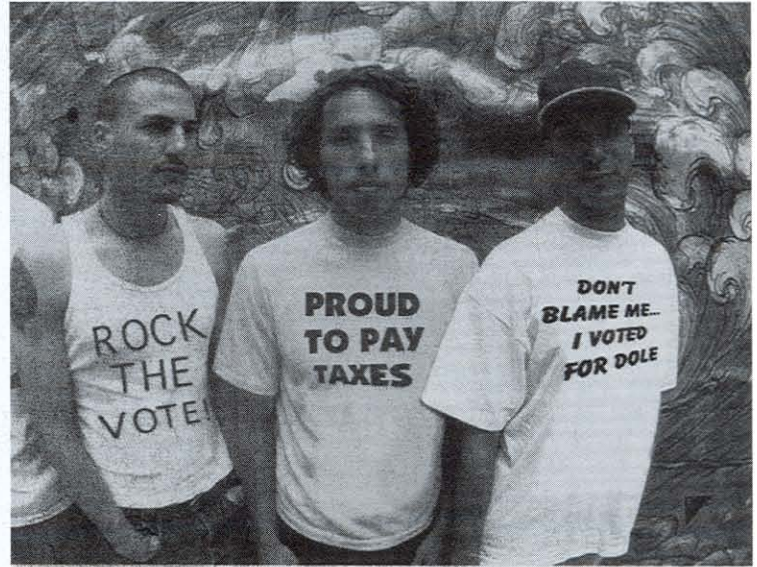
Rage Against the Machine is, as many expect them to be, angry. But this time their wrath is directed at their anarchist cult following.

"We were kidding, you stupid bunch of simian rabble-rousers!" were the words screamed from the mouth of Zack de la Rocha, the band's lead singer, during a performance last night. The band was amidst a blistering set of seemingly anti-establishment favorites when the crowd began to chant "Fight the Power." De la Rocha turned to the crowd and screamed "Fight the Power? You believe that balderdash? That's why you think we're up here? 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."

Amidst a barrage of boos and hisses, Harvard-educated guitarist Tom Morello grabbed the mike and screamed "You want a revolution? Go read a friggin' book. I like 'George Washington Is My Hero' by Pat Buchanan and 'Those Indians Got What They Deserved' by Rush Limbaugh, myself. You're just a buncha spoiled rich kids who think you're part of the 'revolution.' We manipulate you as easy as anybody else. Why don't you all just jump back in your sport-utility vehicles and drive back to Westchester?" At which point the band dropped their instruments and left.

Backstage Morello seemed worried. "I can't believe these kids," he said, "they actually believed all that crap? We put Che Guevara on posters and stuff because Brad, our drummer, said he looked like his uncle. There wasn't anything political about it at all." Several of Rage's lyric passages, such as "Fuck you, I Won't Do What You Tell Me" have become neo-mantras for the teen set. "That lyric was actually suggested by Tipper Gore," recalls de la Rocha, "She had heard some of our demos and asked us over for tea. We were discussing some of our news ideas and ol' Tipper suggested it as a parody of the binary mentality of the revolutionary. I'm just surprised at how gullible people are these days."

De la Rocha feels the band's next album "We're Prepared To Fight and Die For Our Country Because We Love Our Elected Leaders" will help clear up what he calls "a massive misrepresentation." Featuring such songs as "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme That Win-



dows 95," "Proud to Be a Part of the Pepsi Generation," and "Love That Flat Tax (w/ longtime Rager Steve Forbes)," the album will include coupons for a free Cherry Coke Slurpee at a local 7-11 and a civil service registration card.

"We're just excited to do our part," admits bassist Tim Commerford, "Our founding fathers set up a great blueprint for this nation and it's great to see every one of their visions being followed exactly as it was intended. God Bless America! I pledge alliance, to the flag..."

>To: <Jacko@Dartmouth.EDU>
>Subject: Rage Fans Speak Back...

[SIC]

hey, i just wanted to tell you that your site licks my balls. who ever wrote "rage abandons fans" can go suck my whate anarchist ass. i seriously hope that all those involved in the publication of that article fucking dies. go to hell you stupid cock-sucking dumb fucks!

WE WILL KICK YOUR ASS!!! You are NOT FUNNY!!! I have a .357 Magnum, and if I ever see your ass around here, I will BLOW your ass AWAY!!!

If it is true what you say about Zack de la Rocha, I will be pawning my Rage CDs.

you guys are idiots i cant believe they let you in college i hope you all catch fire and burn to deathand for supposedly being the most intelligent and beautiful people around... with idiots like you running the schoolpaper they will soon lose all dignity oh and any one that subscribes to your paper are idiots to

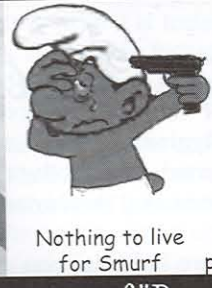
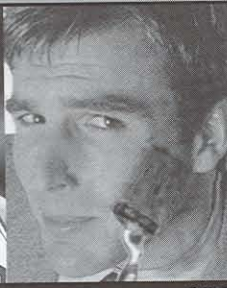
BULLET IN THE HEAD

This time the bullet cold rocked ya
A yellow ribbon instead of a swastika
Nothin' proper about ya propaganda
Fools follow rules when the set commands ya
Said it was blue
When ya blood was read
That's how ya got a bullet blasted through ya head

[etc.]

Eric Buchman

While at Dartmouth, Eric Buchman wielded more control over Dartmouth College than most administrators. As a member of COSO, Palaeopitus, Senior Executive Committee, Programming Board, and a two-time class president, Eric has probably had direct control over \$100,000 of the College's funds -- your tuition. Keeping that in mind, check out this compilation of Eric's work from the Jacko. I recommend you pay close attention to the suicidal Smurfs, the "Your Mom" jokes, the gun-wielding baby, and the close-up shots of Jennifer Love Hewitt's breasts.



Nothing to live for Smurf

Tinkles with his pants down Smurf

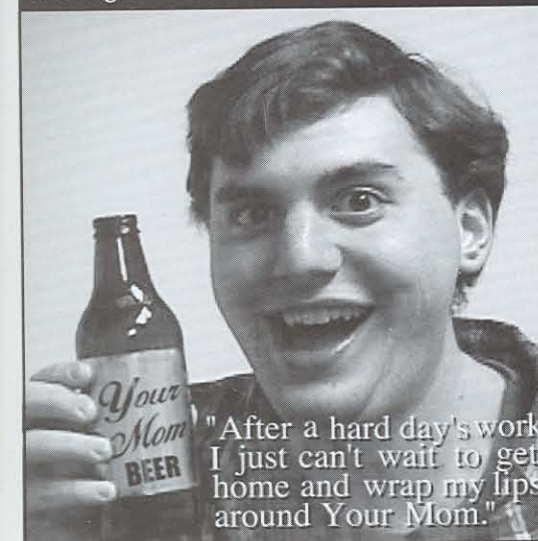
From the writer of "Scream" and the director of "Boogie Nights"



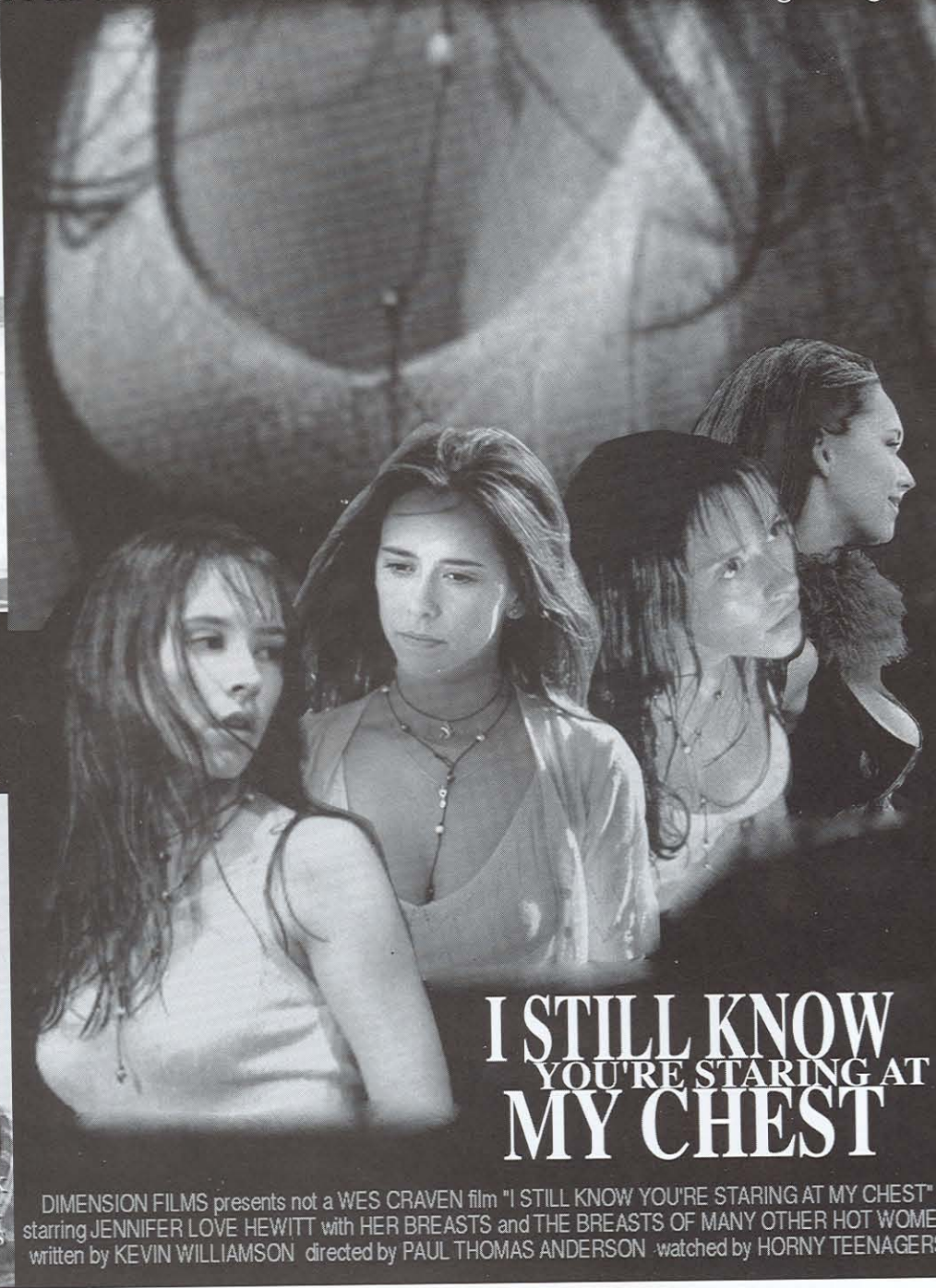
Keg Jumper meets Polar Bear Swimmer

Your Mom Beer

Nothing Goes Down Easier Than YOUR MOM



"After a hard day's work I just can't wait to get home and wrap my lips around Your Mom."



I STILL KNOW YOU'RE STARING AT MY CHEST

DIMENSION FILMS presents not a WES CRAVEN film "I STILL KNOW YOU'RE STARING AT MY CHEST" starring JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT with HER BREASTS and THE BREASTS OF MANY OTHER HOT WOMEN written by KEVIN WILLIAMSON directed by PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON watched by HORNY TEENAGERS

76 Years of Love and Fidelity

An interview with America's longest married couple.

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, that'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?

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 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 hand-held 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 idiot! 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 testicted freak!

EB: I'm standing up now. And I'm leaving...

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.

Nathan Chaney

I have always said that in terms of comedy writing, I am Saliere to Nathan's Mozart; cursed by the fact that I could never write as well as him, but competent enough to recognize his genius. The following samples of Nathan's work do not come close to illustrating the fact that he is probably the most brilliant creative mind at Dartmouth, but they will have to do. (His best Jack O'Lantern works, including a parody of Hunter S. Thompson and a short story called "The Anti-Clarity League," are too long to reprint here; I refuse to edit them for length -- it would be an injustice).

"The chant: 'Hey Ref! Having trouble seeing the game? That's because I've been slowly lacing your toothbrush with cyanide!' has never seemed to catch on."

From "Things Not to do at a Football Game" in DARTMOPOLITAN (97W)

MIT Research Team Discovers the Female Sex

In a revelation they feel will forever alter the interaction and motivation of homo-sapiens, 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. Donald 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 researches 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 zit-covered geeks' and she kept insisting that we 'let her the fuck out of this sick gauntlet of pre-pubescent perversion.'"

Researcher Adolph Pieniess 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 out any 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 in-



variably 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."



Who's Gonna Die?

(An excerpt from the JACKO TO THE FUTURE article, 97F)

2. Gerard Depardieu

Yes, when it happens the world let's out a collective cheer that would make any Coca-Cola ad executive proud. It all begins when the Frenchy volunteers to be a contestant on Celebrity Wheel of Fortune. Vanna, who is much more crafty than she appears, decides to pull a prank by putting Depardieu's name up on the board under the category "phrase." Knowing that all the flesh that

should have been made into brain matter went to his nose, the producers of "Wheel" extend the time slot of this episode to six weeks just to give Gerry a chance to actually solve the puzzle. After nine days he still does not have enough money to buy the sufficient vowels, and in a fit of despair throws himself under the wheel just as Mr. T takes his massive spin. His final screams of agony are punctuated by a dual grunt of "Foo!" by B.A. and Pat.

Jacko's Guide to Dartmouth

(Published at the end of our sophomore summer)

THE TYPICAL TERM SCHEDULE

The typical term at Dartmouth is very different from academic terms at most other colleges. First of all, the typical Dartmouth term takes place at Dartmouth College. Secondly, it is shorter (10 weeks), and you only take three classes. So, in order that your feeble freshman minds do not short-circuit when confronted with the typical Dartmouth term, we the members of the typical Dartmouth College humor magazine known as Jack-o-Lantern have in our all-too-ordinary manner compiled the usual schedule of eerily familiar events.

WEEK ONE

The first week of the term is extremely hectic, but fun as hell. Yes, you've spent the entire month of August outlining your classes for the next four years, and you are probably at this point patting yourself on the back because you've managed to fit in all of your premed requirements along with a double major in physics and film. But come the first day of classes it will probably occur to you that, gee, Chem 5 sucks balls with the utmost alacrity, and you will promptly decide to change

your courseload. Now there are a few things you should realize about changing classes. First, you should do it as soon as possible. Ten weeks is a short amount of time and even missing a week of a particular class can put you seriously behind. Secondly, when you go to find the Registrar, you will invariably not discover it on the first try. I have changed my courses basically every term I've been here and I still can't remember whether it's in Parkhurst or McNutt. But it's okay, keep your calm. You'll need it when you finally do find

the Registrar because the people who work there hate you. Call it strange, but there's something about working in a job where all you do is take orders from rich, self-absorbed, know-it-all young adults that makes you go psycho. Just keep in mind that you'll only be here in the Upper Valley of New Hampshire for four years and these people will be here for life, and they will probably have to take orders from your rich, self-absorbed, know-it-all kids one day too.

Once you settle on your classes, make a point of attending them. No matter what your high school teachers have told you ("No one's going to baby-sit you in college!") professors really do pay attention to who goes to class. Most of them include in their final grades the infamous "class participation" consideration, so definitely watch out.

WEEK TWO

...And speaking of sex, the relationship between you and the person or thing you hooked up with the first weekend will now begin to proceed in one of two directions. The two of you could continue to have liaisons this week, building a bond that goes beyond that formed by the genitals. Or you could just avoid one another for the next four years.

WHAT TO BRING

The biggest problem freshmen encounter when coming to Dartmouth (besides the fact that they become prone to hooking up with *extremely* unattractive people) is that they have this nagging inclination to want to bring all of their stuff with them. "I'll definitely look at my junior high school yearbook," you say, "and my medieval Japanese sword collection, I mean c'mon, who knows when I'll have to cleave some limbs off of my hallmates?" Well, once you join us here in reality you will quickly come to realize that you have a shitload of stuff which has absolutely no use aside from denying the other three people you share that one closet with shelf space. It's tough to decide what to leave behind, but all we can say is— all of it, Diana Ross. The few items you will need will be succinctly outlined below:

1. Fleece: What's the only fabric that says "Hey, I'm too hungover to care how I

look?" That's right, it's the one and only polyester fabric that warms, wicks away post-substance-abuse-toxin-purging perspiration, and costs more than sex with Anna Nicole Smith. Fleece comes in many forms (jackets, pull-overs, pants, gloves) and can be found in any style (provided your idea of style consists only of obnoxiously large logos advertising just how much you've spent to look this slovenly). If you don't bring a lot of it you might be very cold, but you definitely won't be very cool.

2. Underwear: Remember how there used to be that person who had no greater joy than to wash, dry, and fold all of your dirty laundry? And remember how you used to call her "Mom"? Well something special hap-

pens to you when you go to college: she goes away. Now, with each of God's blessings, there is a punishment. The corresponding punishment to the fact that your mom finally leaves you alone is that you have to do your own laundry. Some people at Dartmouth try to avoid this inevitability, just like all of you heathens have tried to avoid the prophesied Apocalypse, but laundry, unlike the horrible consumption of the world in hell-fire, cannot be denied. All we can say is bring lots and lots of underwear because, as Confucious once said, "Anyone can wear the same sweater fifty times, but it is only the true leper who is willing to do this with his drawers."

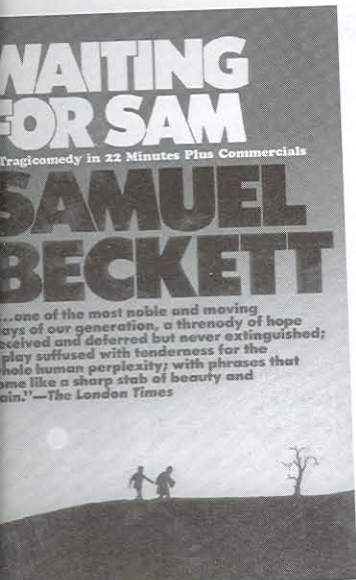
3. Incidentals: Bring an electric fan, your room will be extremely hot, even in the winter, because Dartmouth radiators are apparently heated by the earth's molten core. Bring lots of quarters— laundry again. Bring an alarm clock without a snooze button if you have any intention of attending class.





Morgan Faust

Throughout my tenure as Editor-in-Chief, if I were to get more than one article before the deadline I would burst out of our office in Robo and do a celebratory dance on the Green. Most comedy writers (myself included) are lazy, irresponsible slobs, many of whom are intoxicated more hours per day than they are not. On the other end of the spectrum, there's Morgan. When I was in a clinch, I always knew I could count on her to produce something both brilliant and, most importantly, in on time.



Waiting for Sam: The Brady Bunch by Sam Beckett

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?

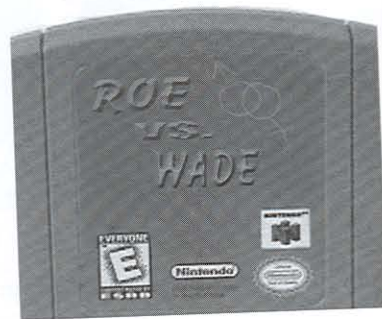
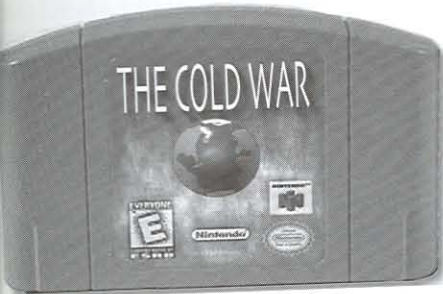
PLAYFUL LEARNING

The Cold War

Match wits with some of the worlds greatest minds and decide the fate of the good ol' US of A. Strategically place nuclear weapons all over Eastern Europe! Plan useless peace talks! Senselessly bomb weaker countries! While trying to remain in office. (Warning! may take 30 years to win).

Roe vs. Wade

In this game you get to tackle the legal system like you never have before. Struggle with one of histories most talked about issues; Abortion. You pick the jury! You argue the case! You be the judge!



A Day in the Life of an Inventor

9:00 AM Wake up. Get out of bed.

Realize hey, I'm my own man and I can sleep as much as I damn well please.

10:00 Wake up. Get out of bed. Think to yourself, I do the work of a god; I am a deity who walks among men. I need more sleep.

10:30 Get out of bed. Look in the mirror. Damn you're good looking.

10:40 Make breakfast using a replica of the machine Dr. Brown used to serve his dog food in *Back to the Future*.

11:00 Write fan letters to Ron Popeil, Bill Nye, and Mr. Wizard.

11:30 Sit and look pensive.

11:45 Take a ginseng tablet to make your brain smarter.

11:46 Play with those silly silver relaxation balls, and look pensive.

12:00 PM Take apart a pen.

12:05 Explore the magical world of Chemistry with your 'Whiz Kid' science kit.

Burn a hole in your carpet.

1:00 Cook and eat 14 hard boiled eggs

while trying to invent a new and improved way to cook eggs using only a stove, a pot, and a cup of water.

2:30 Masturbate.

4:00 Look up words you don't understand in the dictionary.

4:30 Read chapter six of "The Way Things Work."

5:30 Watch *Kids Say the Darndest Things* for inspiration.

6:00 Work on gadget that turns broccoli into a chocolate laser gun.



Todd Garfield

One of the most interesting aspects of working on the magazine, besides watching Nathan Chaney try to mount inanimate objects (see the inside back cover), was watching people improve and mature as writers and artists. No one illustrates the latter more than Todd Garfield. Todd was always funny, and his artwork was always good, but you can see from the pictures below what hard work, perseverance, and huge amounts of alcohol consumption can do for an illustrator. What the following panels cannot show you is that Todd is also the most talented animator to come out of Dartmouth in years.



philosophy majors



drama majors

Illustration for "Major Sex" in DARTMOPOLITAN (97W)

Illustration for "Major Sex" in DARTMOPOLITAN (97W)

Chapter illustration from JACKO'S GUIDE TO DARTMOUTH (98X)

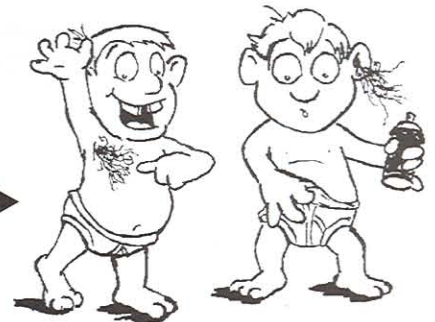


Cone o' Asbestos

From "Origins of Paintings" in ART-O-LANTERN (99S)

From "Oral Fixation" (things to put in your mouth besides cigarettes) in NOBACCOLANTERN (99S)

Chapter illustration from JACKO'S GUIDE TO DARTMOUTH (98X)



ROGAINE FOR KIDS

From "Artistic Animals" in ART-O-LANTERN (99S)

From "Artistic Animals" in ART-O-LANTERN (99S)

From "New Toy Ideas" in TECHNOLOGY (99F)



Anita Hamalainen

Many people complain that Jacko is too male-oriented. We have two answers to this complaint. The first is "fuck off." The second is Anita. Why Anita? Because she's a woman? No, because she's a woman and she consistently writes better than most of the men. Anita is also one of the rare talents who can both write and draw; Adam Wierzbowski is the only other senior staffer I know of who has contributed both art and text. Anyhow, without further ado, here are some of the highlights of Anita's Jacko career.

The Rules, Part 3

Following the publication of our two bestsellers for 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" and "will this unsightly goiter 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. The blasphemous few that toned down the Holy Commandments of dating can be thanked for The Rules III. Thanks for nothing! We bet you didn't even 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 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 harrassing 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 put any forethought into asking you out, when 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, she's devastated. No ring on the finger and the biological clock is flashing 12:00. If he truly loves you for *you*, he'll give you a ring. Many women have asked us, how will he get to know us? That's a technicality in many 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, we never admit affection or anything short of disdain or 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." Or, "Where has the time gone? Gotta go shave my dog." Or our personal favorite, "Listen ass-face, I'm going to get a restraining order if you don't stop harrassing 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 years of intimacy-free coexisting. Hey, look at how much your grandfather must love your grandmother. Now that's love. If nothing else, wait until after the wedding night for him to know you as the dirty, rotten whore that you are. We recommend donning Black and Decker's Chastity Belt/Can Opener™.



Old Rule 5: During the first three dates let him do most of the talking. Don't tell him your life story. **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 "Oh 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, stop beating yourself with The Ugly Stick. Lather up with make-up that thing you call a face. 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 get married. If you don't follow these rules to the letter, the chance of lightning striking your cat's butt twice on the same day is greater than you getting married. 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, we say. 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. Anyone with problems with the third edition of The Rules can forget about marriage lest we're forced to beat your ass with The Rules IV. (Hint. Rule 1: Join a nunnery. Trust us.)

Disney and Pimps: A Formula For Success

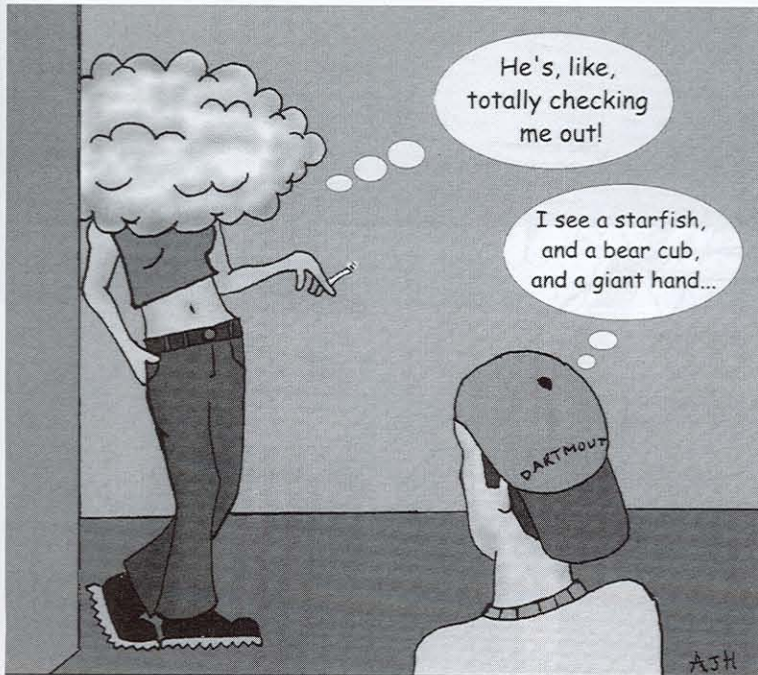


Pimpocchio



Pimperella

As the spokesperson for the PJHAA (Pimps Join Hands Across America), I'm here to expose a national crisis to the proud people of the U.S. of A. Pimps are discriminated against, harrassed, noogied everyday! Does the media bring this travesty to the limelight for even a second? No, they're too busy chasing down harmless English monarchy. The PJHAA are not asking for this VIP treatment, but their main concern is under-representation in our society. When thinking about these mountains majesty and the amber waves of grain, do you think of Mom's apple pie, the Fourth of July Parade, and Enrique, your neighborhood pimp? You should. They're part of our lives too. So what if they control and beat women, forcing them to engage in sexual actions with strangers to earn a few bucks? We all can't be lawyers and doctors, you know.



Above: From NOBACCOLANTERN (99S)

Right: Excerpt from JACKO TO THE FUTURE (97F)

Seth Hoffman

You know those kinds of people who are really quiet and reserved, but you know are hiding something? The next-door-neighbor types who eventually go crazy and kill someone? Well, Seth is that kind of guy. Only, replace "go crazy and kill someone" with "display profound talent for writing comedy."

What if real people had soundtracks?

(From Music, 98S)

Boris Yeltsin:

- Man on the Moon(shine)
- Sledgehammer (& Sickie)
- Message in a Bottle (of vodka)
- Right Here Waiting (in line for bread)
- Unbreak My Heart (with another quadruple bypass)
- Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? (Because no one takes rubles anymore)
- Back in the USSR (at least we had some respect)
- With or Without You (This means you, DUMA)
- Revolution 9 (and 10, and 11, and 12...)

БОРИС ЕЛТСИН
Хорошая Музыка о Нем

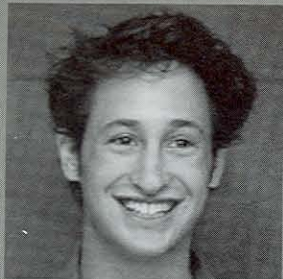
Bill Clinton:

- Push It (Through Congress)
- Lay Down Sally (or whatever your name is)
- Let's Get Drunk and Screw (the taxpayer)
- If You Want to Be My Lover (apply for an internship)
- Like a Virgin (Where?!)
- This Land is Your Land, This Land is Swamp Land
- With a Little Help from My Friends (I violate Article II)
- Fool on the Hill(ary)
- Don't Stand So Close to Me (In Public)
- Me So Horny

Bill Clinton
Music Inspired by
the Human Being

"By using hairspray and other spray bottles chock full of CFCs, not only did Courtney Love get a quick, cheap high, but she also enabled the growing holes in the ozone. She used the publicity that these holes were getting to advertise her up and coming band, Hole, a brand of pollution all its own."

From "Courtney Love Conspiracy Theories" in Music (98S)



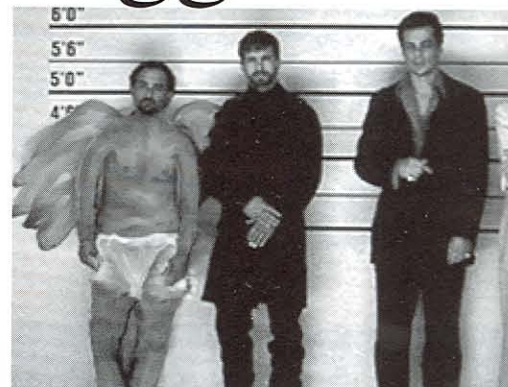
Ben Oren

As anyone who has ever seen a performance by the Dog Day Players knows, Ben has the sharpest, quickest wit of anyone here at Dartmouth. I'm in the group as well, and I can't even count the number of times I would've given my first born to have thought of the one-liners he thought of during a show (It's too bad I've already promised by firstborn to a number of individuals). Ben is also a highly competent writer, as the following works will show. I am quite fond of the last article, which is particularly relevant today with... uhh... you know, that shit that's going on in the news.

Winged Sniper is Bagged

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, toupeed 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."



"If I've learned nothing from the last NFL lockout it's that there's always someone who's dumber, slower, and cheaper who's willing to work the same job as you without rocking the boat."

From "Jacko Explains Communism" in JACKO EXPLAINS IT ALL (98F)

The People vs. God

America files anti-trust lawsuit against God for monopoly over the universe

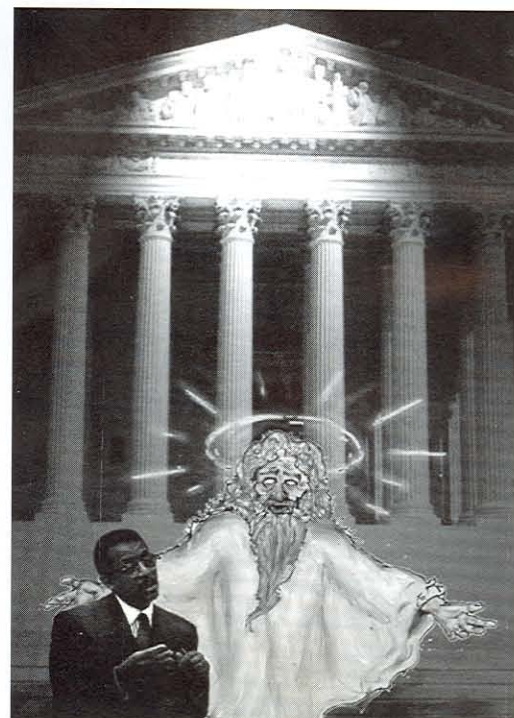
By Ben Oren
USA Hooray

Yesterday, in an effort to bring more choice to human beings in their pursuit of spirituality and everythingness, the United States Department of Justice and the Free-Trade Commission took the first step to curb God's monopoly on the universe by enforcing America's anti-trust laws and taking Yahweh all the way to the Supreme Court.

After receiving several complaints from prospective supreme beings whose hopes for entering the divine creator industry had been preemptively aborted by the "Big Man" himself, U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno began investigations into God's business practices and His company, Infinity Plus One Inc.

According to industry experts, God began his company with only supernatural powers and a dream. He was a child prodigy who mastered His technical skills in creation at an early age and by the time He was only 19 He had dropped out of college and gathered up the capital to begin Infinity Plus One Inc. After two years God turned a profit, and after some 2300 years many corporate insiders would say he had cornered the industry as well.

Preliminary findings by the government have unearthed shady business dealings by God to quell any potential competition from others. James Milton experienced the wrath of Infinity Plus One last year when he made his own attempt to jump into the burgeoning god market.



NOT TO MENTION...

(Memorable humor from articles by '00s not on the Jacko staff)

"Consider that you've dipped your food item and taken a bite. You move to dip again. Most people would say you're committing the worst of the party fouls. I say nay! Go ahead and dip for the following reason: When taking a bite, you leave a couple of germs on the outer layer of the dipped food. Most people think that in the process of the double dip, you spread these germs back into the dip. This is simply not true. When you re-dip your snack, the only part of the dip that the food touches is that part which ends up on the food. You eat that anyway, so the dip is none the worse for wear. I hereby declare double dipping socially acceptable."

-Curran Stockwell

"If you can't afford a cool video game system, you can always set your final exams on fire, laugh while pissing on them, and scream 'Let's handle this shit in the street, biatch, fuck learnin' at your profs. It has the same effect on your GPA."

-Mike Holmes

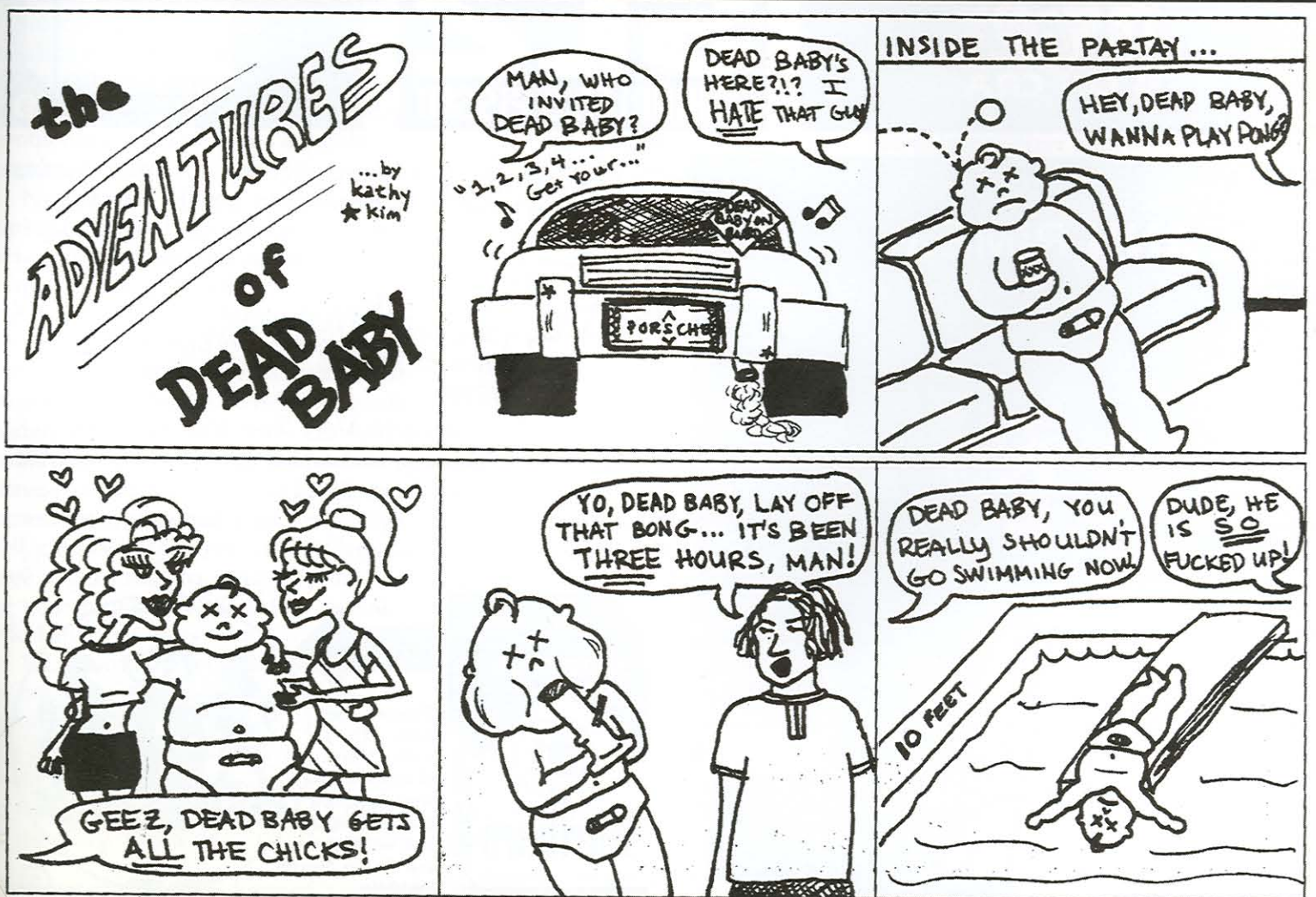
"**Rugby:** Tackling dummy by day, drunken slob by night. Yes, the mens' and womens' rugby clubs have it all for you 'Shmen. The DRFC and DWRC boast the single largest contingent of meathead alcoholics on campus. Yet they consistently beat every team they play. This could be brought about by alcohol's ability to remove one's concern for bodily harm. You don't have to be big and strong, but you'll get the crap beaten out of you if you're not.

Team Requirements: Complete lack of concern for self. Predisposition towards alcohol.

Toughest opponent: Discerning which of the three large people running at you are real and which are hallucinations."

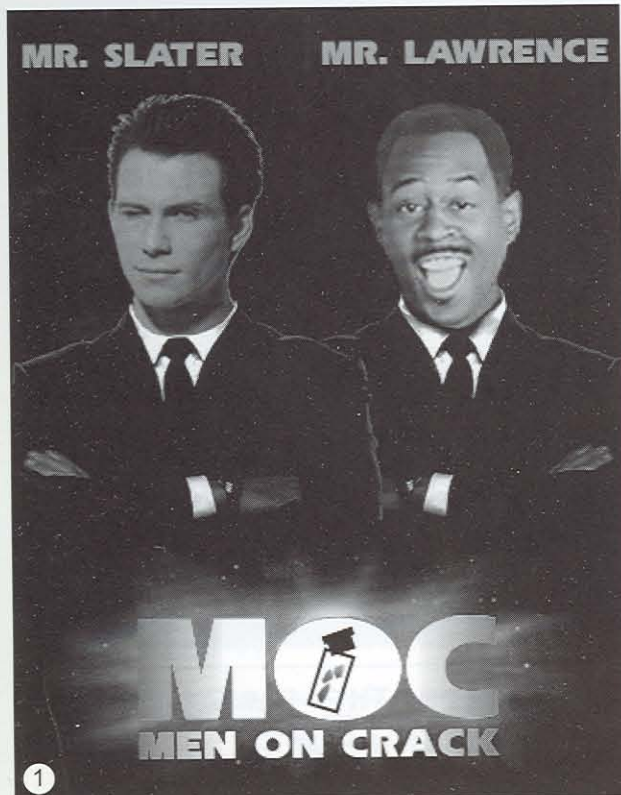
-Kevan Higgins (from JACKO'S GUIDE TO DARTMOUTH SPORTS)

Kathy Kim's comic strip "The Adventures of Dead Baby" was a huge cult hit on campus during our freshman spring and sophomore year. They were all funny, but for me nothing tops the original (below). To this day, I still think it's one of the most hilarious things I've ever read.



Dan Powell

Well, this is my page. Shit, what can one say about themselves? I guess the only real comment I have is that I just read over some of my stuff I submitted freshman year, and -- Sweet Jesus -- if I were the editor at the time, I would've asked my sorry ass never to come back. How the hell did I end up in charge of this magazine? Oh yeah, I won it in a raffle. My bad.



During my time at the magazine, I always considered myself a writer more than anything. While putting this issue together, however, I realized that I've done an assload of graphics-based humor. Here are some samples of that stuff. The articles and issues these appeared in:
 1&2: The Future of Movie Sequels from JACK TO THE FUTURE (98W)
 3: The Jacko Guide to May Sweeps from JACKO FEVER (97S) *This was my joke but Adam Wierzbowski did the graphic.
 4. Rolling Stoned from Music (98S)
 5. Subliminal Messages on Cigarette Cartons from NOBACCOLANTERN (99S)



“Computers are responsible for the functioning of many household items, such as televisions, microwaves, and computers. In fact, if it weren’t for computers, we would not have calculators to do math for us; instead, we would have to depend on less reliable sources, such as mathematicians. How do computers work? Well, in many ways, a computer is a lot like your brain, if you’re a hideous freak with a brain made out of silicon and wires.”

From “Jacko Explains Computers” in JACKO EXPLAINS IT ALL (98F)

The Great Indoors

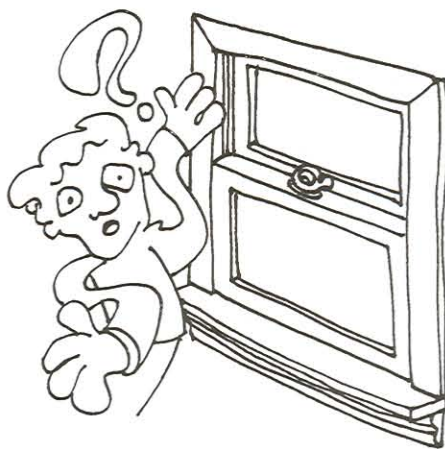
From THE GREAT OUTDOORS (99W)

There are many nature enthusiasts in this world who would have you believe that for one to experience the glory and splendor of the outdoors, one has to go outdoors. Fortunately, this assertion is nothing more than false propaganda invented by unwashed hippies (many of whom will go minutes, even hours, without bathing) who are intensely jealous of those of us that can afford televisions, clothes, and places to live. In this article I will discuss ways for you to witness the wonders of nature without having to resort to such desperate measures as leaving your home, exposing yourself to dangerous organisms such as “animals,” or listening to Phish.

Now many of you are assuredly thinking, “Powell, you asshole, the easiest way for us to witness nature from our living rooms is just to turn on the television. Surely with 700 different cable stations there are myriad interesting nature-related programs, many of which are narrated by Peter Graves.” Well, yes, gentle reader, this is indeed true. However, would you believe that there are ways to witness nature *in person* from inside your homes, without the aid of television? No? Well, guess what? You’re wrong! Here are three suggestions to assist you in turning your humble abode into a veritable Wild Kingdom of its own.

1. Look out the window. Many modern homes contain rectangular glass panels, built directly into the walls, which allow the occupant to view the outside world. These “portholes to nature” are perfect for viewing the Great Outdoors all its glory. From your windows you

might be able to see grass, trees, and possibly even winged creatures known as “birds!”* Look carefully to try and locate the bright yellow ball in the sky. This is known as the *sun*, the celestial being which serves as the Earth’s energy source. Quite a sight, isn’t it? There are few things more relaxing than spending hours on end staring directly into that



magical ball of gas which enables us to see things without flashlights. WARNING: Be sure not to spend too much time near the window, since years of growing accustomed to artificial light has left your fragile body susceptible to damage by the sun’s many dangerous rays, such as real light.

2. Leave out rotting meat. If you’re like me, you live in a perfectly sterile bubble which is so effectively sealed off from the outside world that not even bacteria can gain entrance. The chances are, however, you are *not* like me, and your

home contains at least one or more faults in the infrastructure which allow various small creatures to enter at will. One easy way to get a good look at these organisms is to leave perishable foods out in the open, preferably in the light of the sun (see suggestion #1). Within days, the food will begin to attract many exotic members of the animal kingdom, such as ants, maggots, and sewer rats.†

3. Steal your neighbor’s pet. Though the successful execution of this suggestion might at first seem to require leaving your home, don’t fret. All you need is a can of tuna, an open window, a low-level tranquilizer gun, and — presto! — Rover is the first specimen in your own personal zoo. Though domesticated animals are not technically *real* animals, they share many of the same characteristics, such as:

- Smelling bad
- Shitting indiscriminately
- Not speaking English
- Breathing oxygen

Please keep in mind that these suggestions are merely the beginning of the vast outdoor world one can discover indoors. Some other helpful suggestions include:

- Starting a compost heap in your bathtub.
 - Growing “medicinal” marijuana under a sunlamp in your basement.
 - Raising your child as an orangutan.
- Have fun, and remember: If it weren’t for nature, we wouldn’t have the Nature Channel.

*Does not apply to residents of New York City

† Does apply to residents of New York City



Scott Snyder

The picture in the bottom right-hand corner of this page, the one portraying former Dartmouth President James Freedman as the Winter Carnival snow sculpture, was Scott's illustration for shirts that we sold sophomore year to raise money for the magazine. The shirts sold really well, and we used all the money we made to pay for the "Music" issue, which came out our sophomore spring. Of course, I completely forgot to pay the t-shirt company, and thus we immediately sank two thousand dollars into debt. We finally finished paying it off a couple months ago. Seriously.

ENVELOP MY PELVIS

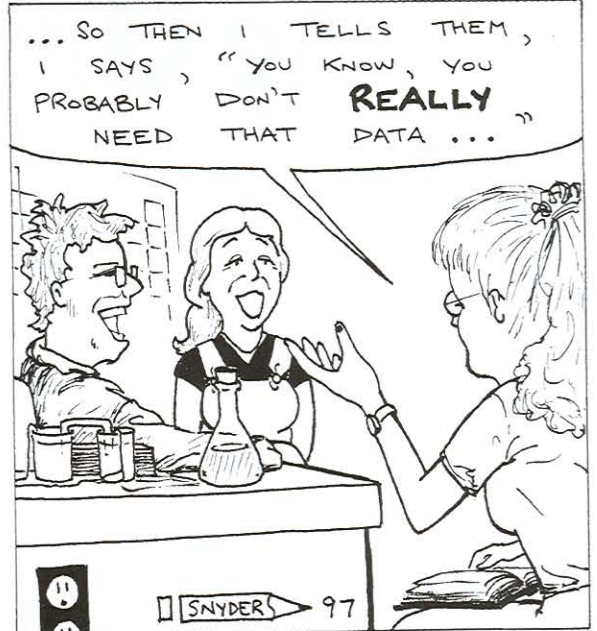
SCOTT SNYDER '00



LONG TERM RELATIONSHIPS AT DARTMOUTH.

Comb your Hair

SCOTT SNYDER '00

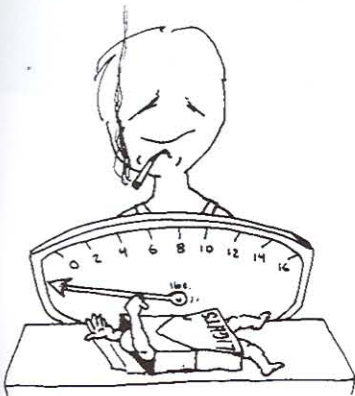


PRACTICAL JOKE STORIES OF CHEMISTRY LAB T.A.'S



The Smoking Olympics

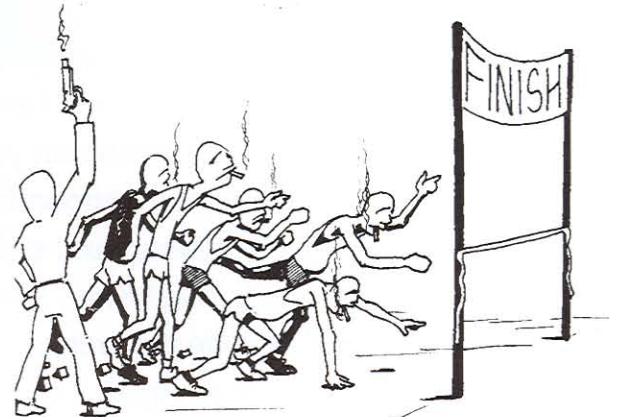
(From NOBACCOLANTERN, 99S)



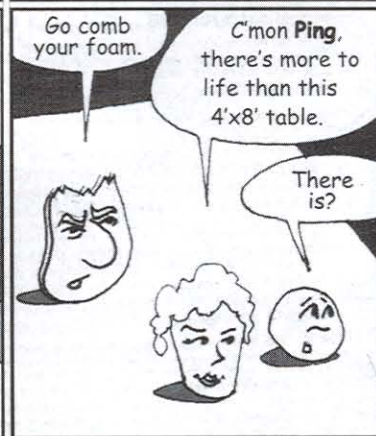
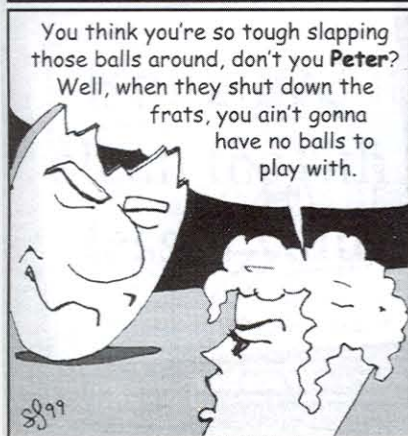
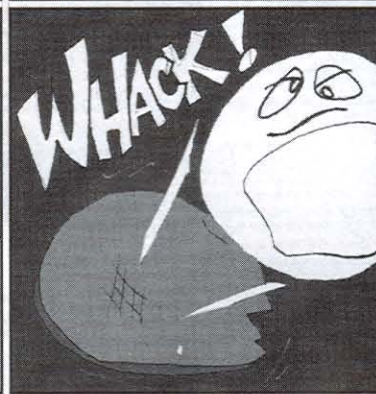
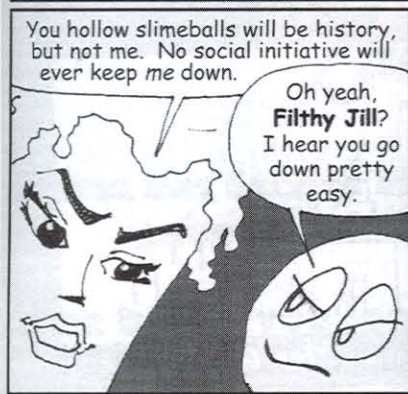
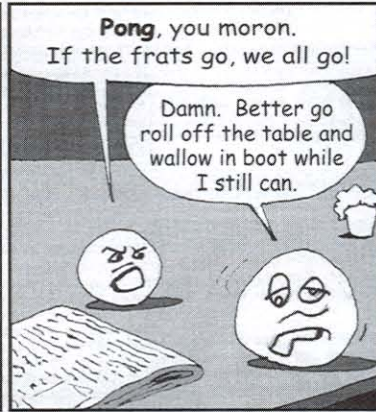
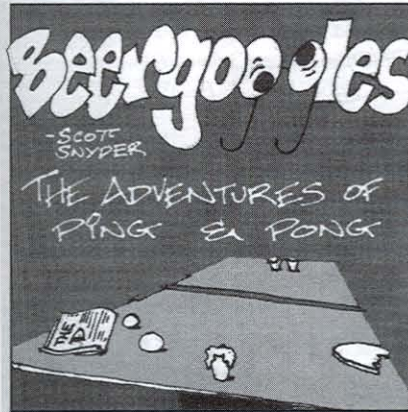
LOWEST BIRTH WEIGHT CONTEST



IRON LUNG TOSS



10 METER DASH



899

To be continued



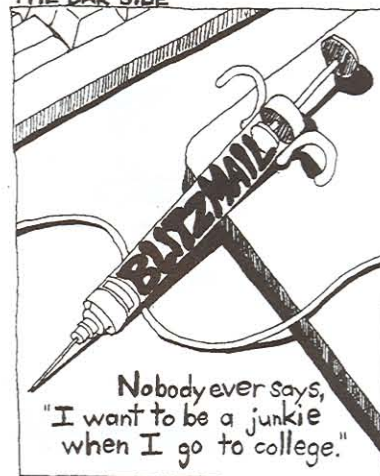
Adam Wierzbowski



Adam, our Art Editor, has been here since the beginning, making this magazine look pretty damn good for 3 straight years. When I told him I was putting together a "Best Of" issue, he asked if he could lay out his own page. My response to this was pretty much: "Hell's yeah, less work for me." In fact, to be honest, I haven't even looked at it. So if there are any typos, blame Adam.

This is the first comic I ever drew for the Jack-O-Lantern (right). It was freshman year. It was a time when I thought I could one day cartoon for the New Yorker, where the comics are smart and sophisticated. I dreamed of living on the Upper West Side, smoking Dunhills and frequenting Café Lalo on the weekends for a \$12 slice of cake. During my Junior summer, I did end up living on the Upper West Side in a three person, roach-infested studio, smoking three packs of GPCs -Good Priced Cigarettes- a day and frequenting the SUBWAY on the corner for \$3 breakfast, lunch and dinner subs. But, I digress. To return to our original narrative . . . as a freshman I dreamt of cartooning for the New Yorker. I thought a great stepping stone for that future career would be a stint at the local humor rag, the Jack-O-Lantern. Perhaps there I could draw intelligent little peeks into the sophisticated lives of Dartmouth students. After I realized how lame that sounded, I just started drawing what they told me to. I wanted to somehow combine some of the "artwork" I've made for different Jack-O issues, but the pictures scattered across the page looked cheap. So a friend came up with this wacky story. His name is Skip.

THE DAR SIDE



Dartmouth Public Service Announcement



Eric Buchman '00

What Eric Buchman told me at the first Jack-O meeting is that the only way to party at Dartmouth is to get silly with some crazy X-ray technology. Because I had a kidney stone, I decided to construct my own lithotripsy booth with the X-ray machine in the basement of Fairchild. In order to get into the building, though, I had to befriend the doorman, Herr Tigerface. He stopped me and said, "Who goes there? . . . Ahem. Wer geht dort?" I brought along some sweet butter that I had churned that afternoon in my homemade churn and he was more than happy to let me in once I gave him a taste.

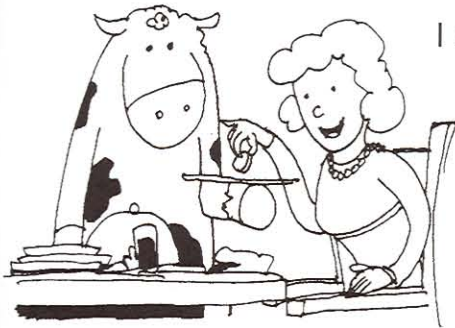




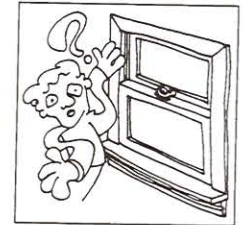
The X-ray dial was womanned by a woman with narcolepsy. This was good since I needed a nice long dose of X-rays to pulverize the uric acid-based stone that was blocking my ureter. So, I set her up in front of the dial and just let her nod off to sleep.

As she slept, I danced around in front of the X-ray machine for a few minutes. I thought the stone would be pulverized,

but nothing seemed to be happening. I decided to make my way over to the chair surrounded by indoor power lines that the IMPS students use to massage their brains. I needed to relax for a little while. The heavy dose of X-rays had thoroughly mutated my chromosomes so that I looked like a middle aged man with glasses.



I checked out the narcoleptic lady to make sure she was ok and found she was having a conversation with a cow who was waiting on her table. I said to myself, "That's strange, she's only tipping him a nickel."



I suddenly felt a rumbling in my bladder which I could only ascribe to the newly agitated kidney stone. My glomeruli were playing the opening movement of Carmina Burana and I cried out in agony as the glowing stone popped out of my body and flew through the window. I was perplexed. How had it flown through the window without breaking the glass? I never figured that one out. But I soon awoke in a pool of sweat as I realized that I had been giving myself malaria with a Hellman's Mayonnaise jar full of mosquitoes instead of zapping myself with X-rays. I felt relieved, although I certainly don't look it in the drawing below. That's because I'm really caught in a giant spider's web, holding a surf board as a hungry spider approaches. I'm sure you've enjoyed how

flaw -

lessly I've interwoven these drawings into a cohesive and entertaining story. Happy graduation. And I don't really smoke.



-Adam

GROUP EFFORTS

(Some random bits authored by the collective staff)



ACADEMIC PICK-UP LINES

MATH

Wanna put two and two together and have group sex?

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.

GEOGRAPHY

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

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?

GOVERNMENT

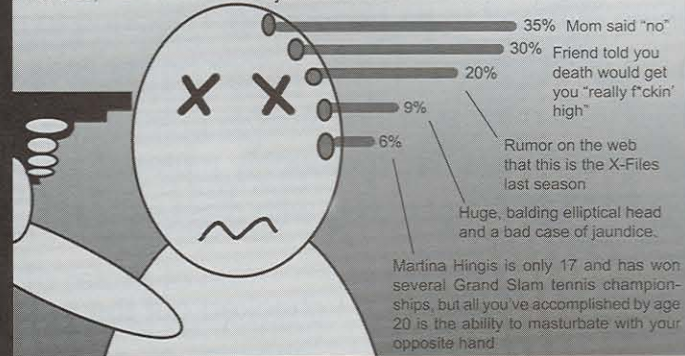
Hey baby, you're a Republican and I like Bush.

Wanna see my Judicial Branch?

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

Why Nobody Loves You

Contrary to stereotypes, not all Gen-Xers plan to waste their lives snowboarding and playing Sega. Some of them prefer more contemplative hobbies, like suicide. The major reasons behind modern XTREMicide...



A.D.D. FUN PAGE

can you survive the...

MAZE OF DOOM!

start _____ finish!

Wacky Word Jumble!

Unscramble the following:

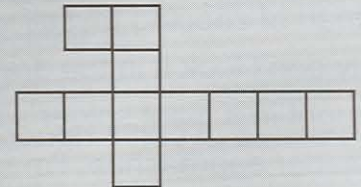
Pants

Answer:

6 Best Side Effects of Ritalin

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

Crossword Puzzle



Across:

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

Down:

1. Direction in which this arrow is pointing: ↓ (hint: rhymes)

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

—Inside This Issue—
 Today's D will have lots of well-written stories about the latest price increases in Home Plate's brownies.

The Dartmouth

America's most pretentious college newspaper. Founded 1983.

Weather
 Today: S
 Tonight: Really cold, s
 Tomorrow: Snow, some

Vol. XV No. 13 Wednesday, April 15, 1998 35 C

Dartmouth to Become Female-Only College Board of Trustees Announces Plans to Systematically Eliminate Men from the School

BY HENRY MILLER
 News Editor

College President James Freedman announced yesterday that the Dartmouth Board of Trustees has unanimously voted to remove the "all-pervasive male influence" from the Dartmouth campus. This decision has angered many students who, having been born male, wished to be able to continue their studies in the current coeducational setting.

Dartmouth, one of the last of the Ivies to go coed, will become the first to allow the women to take over. Freedman explained that he personally feels responsible for the rampant spread of testosterone-laced activities, citing the "blight of Ultimate Frisbee" among others. He continued his apology, admitting his tenure in office as being "just dripping in masculinity" and expressed the "moral imperative" that forced him to push this decision to the Trustees.

Many have expressed outrage over the decision, including alumni and current students. One of the most vehement protests has come from the former members of the Beta

female people."
 In response to student worries, studies have been commissioned by the Board of Trustees to determine if "sensitive guys" could be permitted to remain. "I hope the studies come out in favor of the

fested itself here.
 One organization, the recently formed DartGrrl-Power-Yeah! (DGPY) has led the charge against the male race. "If you look at the actions of

Campus Briefs

Harvard Just Not That Good

This year's annual *US News and World Report* college rankings noted a significant new development in the academic world as Harvard, last year's number one ranked liberal art school, dropped to a startling three hundred fourteen. "In retrospect, it may have been a mistake to disregard SAT scores," remarked the President of the college, "We just kind of figured they didn't really matter that much anymore." When asked how he plans to regain Harvard's traditional top-of-the-Ivies status, he said "Well, we don't want to

ists like these. They confronted the two offenders as they sat watching "Silver St Princeton house. "I you beca Princeton did go her on you b are as goc offender. became a people ge be a lawy me throu I'm gonn

The Daily D Receives Benito Mussolini Award for Excellence in Journalism

BY HUGO BLACK
 News Editor

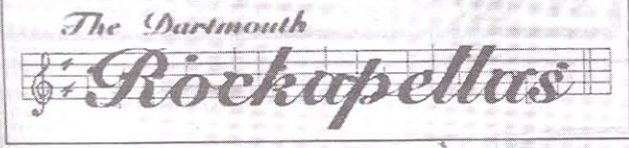
what really put them over the top." The D's "Exclusivity Policy" (see page 4), developed earlier this year, prohibits any members of other campus publications from writing for the. When asked to comment on the fear who wished to



The Dartmouth MORI

Dartmouth Exclusive.

10 Campus Groups You Should Get to Know



1. The Rockapellas: Are you ready to get funky? It's never a party without a cappella, and these sultry divas are always ready to "break it down" with their vast array of songs about doggies in the window, freeing oppressed peoples, and boots that are made for walking. And just when you thought it couldn't get any funkier, the Rocks hit you with their greatest innovation: a cappella techno. These girls can vocally emulate the sounds of percussion instruments with a flawlessness typically reserved for real drums. But the en-

wacky Congressional antics of Jesse Helms? Do you bone over breaks? Do you until the next Ronald day bash? Abortio Punishment-Yes? } for you!

3. Sports Weekly: meeting someone they're really, really wish that you could weekly athletic achi good ol' Big Green bets with your frie

SA President Frode Eilertsen Tries Desperately to Prove Virility

BY F. DOSTOYEVSKY
 Sports Editor

Since the beginning of the mation season, both the c.

Chi Gam field just last weekend, with Eilertsen racking points, four

bag, you can always get jiggy with i by putting together yet another Hom Dance Club. Just don't forge the napkin bas

BY DEREK ASSADORIAN

THE ADVENTURES OF DARBARI-'SHMAN



The Dartmouth

Jack O'Lantern's Oldest College Parody.

Weather
 Yesterday: All my troubles seemed so far away
 Today: Is the greatest day I've ever known
 Tonight: My darling, you look wonderful tonight
 Tomorrow: Tomorrow! You're only a day as-way

Campus News: How many college humor mags does it take to screw The D? Find out in this issue. ALSO: Life without fraternities, what will we write about then?

Vol. XXX No. 867-5309

Tuesday, November 30, 1999

35 PESC

STEERING COMMITTEE BOLDLY PROPOSES 'GREEK SYSTEM II'

To Be 'Bigger, Badder' Than Any Greek System Previously Known to Man

BY JACK O'LANTERN
News Editor

In a rather unexpected development, the Steering Committee on the Student Life Initiative has unveiled what will surely prove to be the biggest announcement at Dartmouth since the 21st Amendment.

"Behold, the Greek System of the new millennium," said the chairman Professor [Name],

computer-generated mock-up of the new Greek System project for the North Side of the Alumni Center. The System is designed to demolish the existing fraternities at which wouldn't even qualify as fraternities, having been labeled "weak" by the Steering Committee's members. "I'm going to name names," said Smoot '01, one of the members elected to the Steering Committee, "but let's just say the name begins with 'G' and ends with an 'E'—mad better watch out."

On the other hand, Gamma Delta Chi fraternity will not only be immediately removed from suspension for their alleged "panty raids," but will be given a certificate of commendation.

President Wright, who was viewed by many to be an opponent of Greek life at Dartmouth, was surprisingly receptive to the proposed changes. "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!" said Wright as he guzzled down

a bottle of Mad Dog.

No one was happier with the new Dartmouth's new Greek System than the entertainment industry. "Now we can finally do that sequel to 'Animal House' we've been wanting to make," said screenwriter Chris Miller '62. "only this time, we won't have to cut the good stuff."

As a result of the new changes, a morning classes will be abolished.

See BOOT & RALLY, page [Number]



New Poll Suggests Not Enough Students Read The Dartmouth

'Despite all our attempts to shape student opinion, some still think for themselves,' says D President Elberg

paper "I don't think there is a statistic that will refute our Dartmouth sent out 26 years ago WORLD & NATION

Bush defends foreign policy, does crack

The Associated Press Washington, DC - Republican frontrunner George W. Bush defended his four major hot spots, possibly including the Middle East, during a campaign stop in New York.

Trustee Susan Dentzer Propose the 'Structured Patronizing' of Student Body by Administration

BY JACKSON O. LATRINE
Boston Correspondent

In an interview conducted last week with The Dartmouth, trustee Susan Dentzer '77 said she was "pleased to see the college get first Starbucks in May, second and third in June."

Bradley to Gore: 'Bring it on, bitch'

The Associated Press Former New Jersey Governor James Florio said that he would support Al Gore in the presidential election.

'D' staff member fired for covering non-Greek related campus event

BY MARA POOPINSTEIN
News Editor

John Byars '03 was let go from the staff of the Daily Dartmouth earlier this week, specifically for acting as a "D" staff member fired for covering non-Greek related campus event.

College to get first Starbucks in May, second and third in June

BY JACOB ELBERG
Staff Writer

The Town of Hanover's block on chain stores came to a halt last week with Starbucks's successful litigation to build here.

By May, Collis Cafe will henceforth be known as Starbucks Cafe. By June, Westside Buffet will become Starbucks Buffet, and Parkhurst is already prominently displaying the sign that will solidify it as "the ultimate place to get a cafe latte and a three term suspension."

When informed that The

Dartmouth is the oldest college publication in the nation, she rolled her eyes and then affected exaggerated grin that she had heard here.

Sort Of Funny Girl

"To be honest, we just didn't understand what Hanover had against monolithic franchises, so I had a problem with making a sign for Starbucks."

MAN: Jersey ketba pund to D "to!" spo rig

Sort Of Funny Girl

By Mindy Chokalingam '00

the shameless endorsement
 self-deprecating racial humor
 more of mindy's inside jokes
 Living Vicariously through this cartoon

Hello! In case you haven't been reading the comics page this term, we here at Sort of Funny girl have 4 basic kinds of strips...

Havent heard enough "freedom songs" this week? Come see the Rockapellas tonight at sigma Delta!

I'm Indian!

Hi there, "Wenda Brithers" and "Aidan Fallard" how are you?!

Sort of Funny Girl, I want to make sweet love to you.

Beyond the Magazine

(A Brief Look at Jack O'Lantern Behind the Scenes)



These two photographs are taped to the door of our office. I have no idea where the hell they came from; I think maybe Anita Hamalainen took them when she was in London, but that's just a guess. I'm not even positive Anita's ever been to London. Whatever. Either way, they're pretty damn funny.



JACKO TV

At the end of our junior winter, Eric Buchman purchased a digital camcorder and some fancy-pants editing software for himself (Eric is one of the many film majors on the Jacko staff). Anyhow, after the magazine had been sent to press for the term, we started using meetings to write and act in various sketches that Eric would shoot and edit. DTV was just getting started at this point, and so we started airing some stuff just for the hell of it. Thus was born the short-lived Jacko TV. To be honest, I hardly ever watched it, but I hear that it had a minor cult following. Those 2 people, I say; you should get out more. Some screen shots:



Baker Tower exploding.



Eric showing off his stunt work.



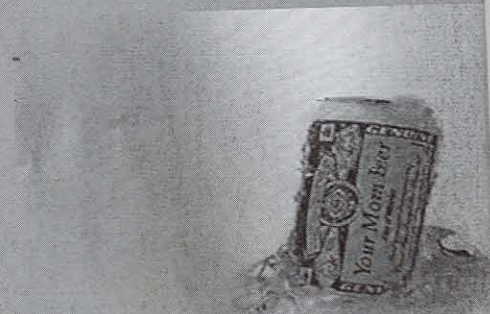
Eric showing off his... uhh... special effects.



Anita explaining to her fake parents that she's pregnant.



Rob Auten addressing the A.D.D. cameraman.



An advertisement for "Your Mom Beer" (see page 4)

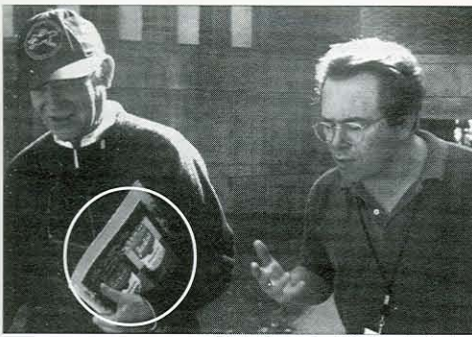


Photo Courtesy of Cahier du Dartma

This is a photo of **Buck Henry** -- screenwriter of "The Graduate," prolific host of *Saturday Night Live*, and former *Jack O'Lantern* editor -- when he returned to campus last fall for the 50th Anniversary of the Dartmouth Film Society. We just wanted to point out what he's carrying in his left arm. Boo-yah!



This is a [staged] photo of former editor **Nathan Chaney** trying to have sex with a chair while tripping on acid, taken during the making of the *Future* issue (97F) for an article called "Party Fools." It was pretty funny in the context of the article, but I think it's even funnier completely out of context.

Stockman's Dogs



"I'm gonna miss those '00s as much as I miss my balls."

During the spring of last year, we were awarded "Best Publication" and "Best Event Publicity" by COSO, finally unseating the all-powerful, seemingly invincible *Sports Weekly*.



From Left: Eric Buchman, Scott Snyder, Anita Hamalainen, Matt Kuhn '01, Charles Gussow '01, Anna Van Meter '01, Dan Powell.

The FRASIER Episode

At the beginning of this year, we received a phone call from two writers for the TV sitcom *Frasier*. Apparently, these two Emmy award-winners were planning a sitcom based upon, of all things, an Ivy League humor magazine. Having perused our website and concluded that we were "funnier than the Harvard Lampoon" (they really knew how to kiss our asses), they convinced Paramount to fly both of them up here for "research." After taking us out to dinner at the Hanover Inn, we took them out for a night on the town -- specifically, the Crackhouse and AD, where they stayed all night (upon arriving at AD, Scott Snyder told the brotherhood that one of the writers was his mother; she proceeded to ask numerous brothers if they were "majoring in handsome"). One week later, we received the following letter in the mail, along with a check for \$500:

Paramount Pictures

5555 Melrose Avenue
Hollywood, CA 90038-3197
213-956-5000

October 12, 1999

Linda Kennedy
and the Jacko Staff
Dartmouth College
6181 Collis Center
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

Dear Jacko Staffers --

As unselfish and beautiful as it was for you to share your lives, laughs, and dorm rooms with us, in Hollywood we feel nothing says "thank you" quite as much as cold hard cash. So please use the enclosed wherever it will do the most damage, with our gratitude.

All the best,

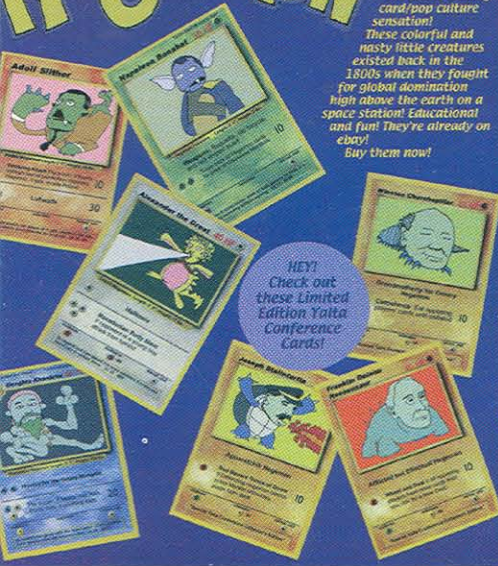


Marx Bros. Bldg. Room [redacted]

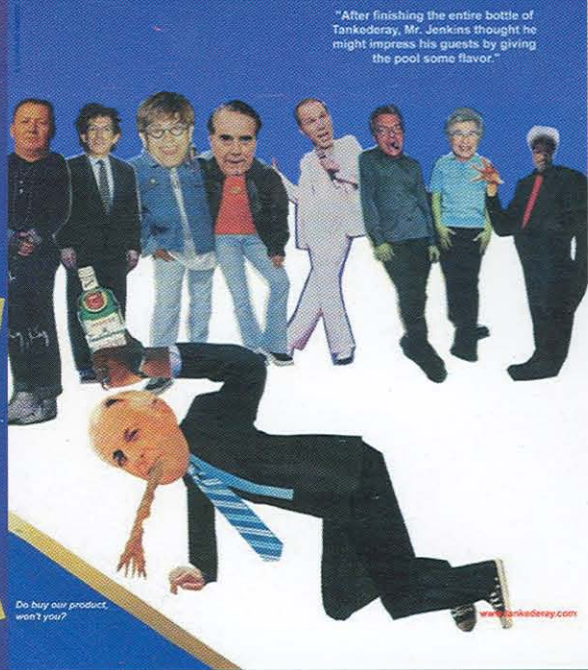
A few weeks ago, Eric Buchman ran into the duo at a convention in New York, where they informed him that the humor-magazine sitcom didn't fly because of "creative differences" they had with NBC. Oh well. I guess all that "research" was for nothing.

Hegemony

Hey Kids!
IT'S HEGEMONY!
The latest trading card/pop culture sensation!
These colorful and nasty little creatures existed back in the 1800s when they fought for global domination high above the earth on a space station! Educational and fun! They're already on ebay! Buy them now!



HEY!
Check out these Limited Edition Yalta Conference Cards!



Do buy our product, won't you?

"After finishing the entire bottle of Tankedary, Mr. Jenkins thought he might impress his guests by giving the pool some flavor."

www.tankedary.com

Abstinence

What kind of a loser are you, anyway?



The terrifying facts about abstinence... Did you know...?

- Abstainers are 50% more likely to have unplanned pregnancies?
- Abstainers are 80% more likely to be embarrassed during late night "Truth or Dare" sessions?
- If you abstain, you are committing blasphemy? "And God said unto Jacob, 'Abstainers are dorks.'" —Deuteronomy 4:17
- If you abstain, your groins are 200% more likely to sweat?
- One night stands are 600% more likely to be disappointing if you abstain?
- 100% of abstainers die?

For FREE information, counseling and support, talk to anybody good enough not to be a virgin



It's never too late to break the cycle of abstinence

PAID FOR BY THE NATIONAL CONDOM ASSOCIATION

GOOD SOURCE OF 10% HOURS OF HALLUCINATION INDUCED DEAD BABY ON YOUR CELLS

Kellogg's

HONEY SMACK

Good, old-fashioned honey-sweetened heroin

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

They're Scripture-licious!

The Road to Heaven is Paved with 100% of Your Recommended Daily Allowance of Vitamins and Minerals!

CHRIST KRISPIES

THE BREAKFAST OF THE LORD

INSIDE... REVEAL RECORDS FROM THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF THE BIBLE!

What Eternal Salvation Would Taste Like if it Were a Delicious Rice-Flavored Cereal!

NET WEIGHT: 13.1 OZ. GRAMS OF FAT: 12. SINNERS GO STRAIGHT TO HELL



Welcome to the Art Museum of the Future!

40 new rides and attractions! New for 1999: Toon Village, Splash Bayou, and Winged Victory of Samothrace (sponsored by Nike). Enjoy your vacation!

ART?

Activity Booth #1: Pick the Fake! Was it created by a genius or our janitor?

Activity Booth #2: Pin the Wiener on the David

Activity Booth #3: Make-Your-Own Masterpiece! with oils, acrylics, urine, and feces!

3-D Multimedia Performance Art! The avant garde, without the bloodstains!

Gift Shop

Bathrooms/Food Objects Gallery

Interpretal! Enjoy a uxous lunch of iso and kale biscotti!

THE SCREAM! world's largest worted, triple-loop, roller coaster!

SPACE MOUNTAIN!

Mona's Venetian Palace Grand Resort and Casino

"Art" Gallery

Flight Safety Instructions

TNA

Emergency Exits

HEAD EXITS

REAR EXIT

MAIN DRAIN

No Smoking

No Reading

No Electronic Devices

No Luggage

No Food

No Alcohol

No Pets

No Weapons

No Flammable Liquids

No Sharp Objects

No Aerosols

No Fire

No Smoking

No Reading

No Electronic Devices

No Luggage

No Food

No Alcohol

No Pets

No Weapons

No Flammable Liquids

No Sharp Objects

No Aerosols

No Fire

NO!

YES!

OKAY