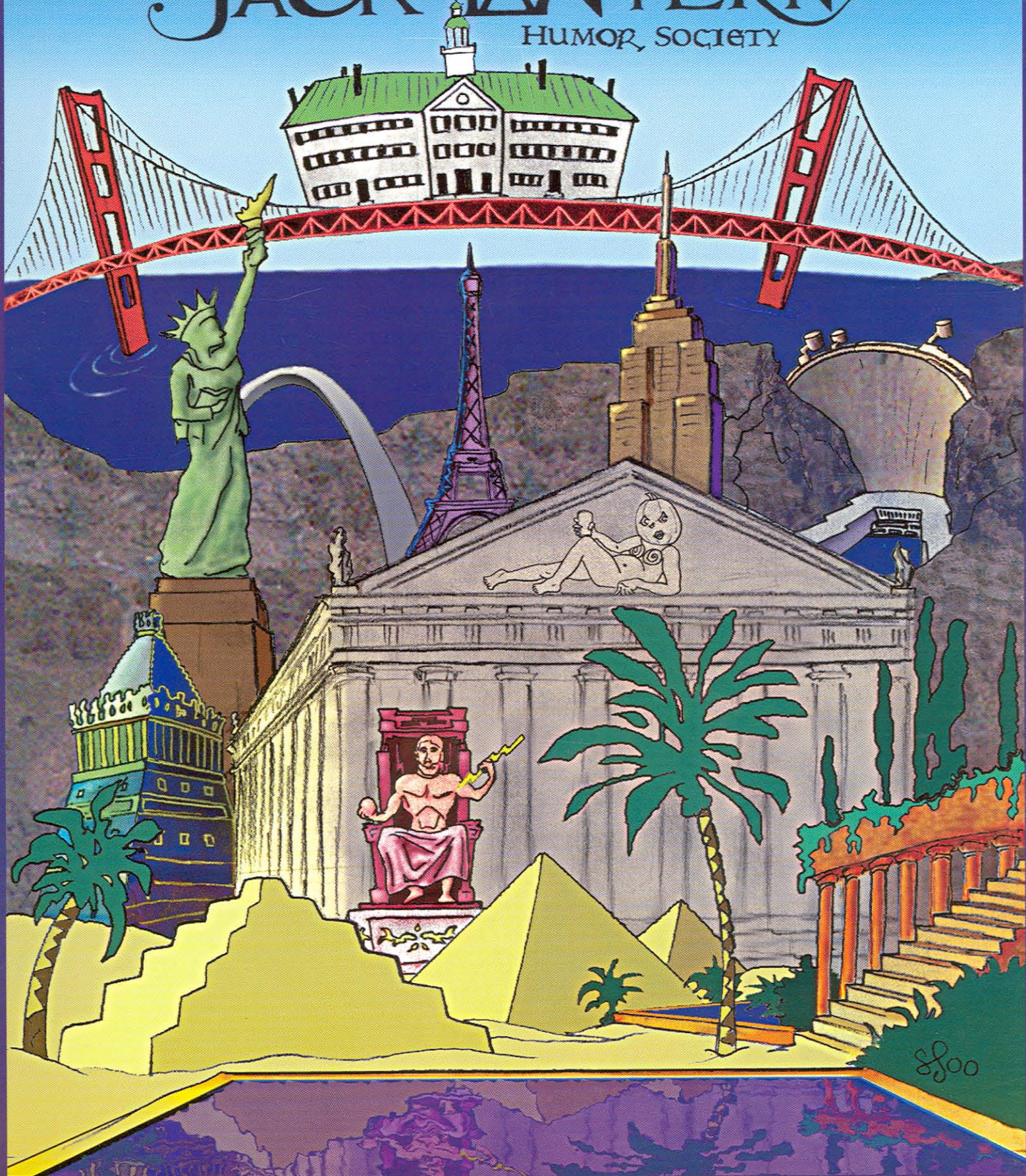


SPRING 2000

THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

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JACKO THROUGH HISTORY

VOLUME XCII, Number 3

March 2000

You may have noticed that Dan Powell is no longer listed as Editor-in-Chief in the credit column to the left. This is not a typo. Dan has in fact stepped down so that he can devote himself fully to cyberstalking the entire original cast of "Star Trek." Thus, the job fell to me.

It is always difficult for a new editor-in-chief to take over the Jack O'Lantern and put out a quality product. So I didn't even bother. Instead, I culled the Jacko's archives and have reprinted some of our classic articles and art spreads.

Some may think it irresponsible of me to simply plagiarize past Jacko editors rather than produce

anything original. To those nay-sayers, I respond by quoting Theodore Geisel '25: "Blow me."

Thanks go to Alex and Mike who stepped up to fill in for our vacationing editors and to Eric, who was always there to produce a ton of ideas. Finally, I appreciated all the help and guidance from the senior Jacko staffers, especially Adam, who stayed on as Art Editor to make sure that we youngsters would remember to include art in the issue.

Charles E. Gussow

Charles E. Gussow '01

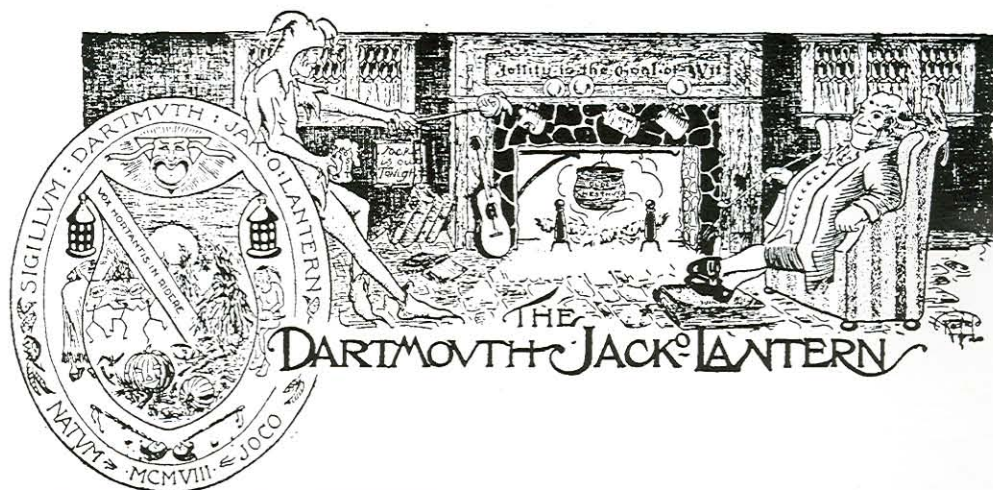
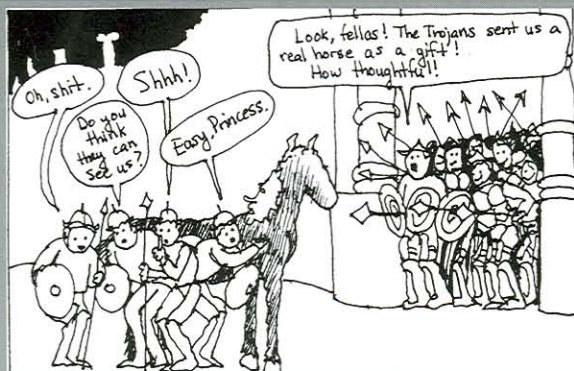


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Cover: Scott Snyder

Back Cover: Adam Wierzbowski



Hate Mail



Dear Jacko,

A friend recently offered me some mind-altering substances. I've never tried anything like them before, and in fact I don't even touch alcohol. Do you think I would be okay if I partook just once?

Sincerely,
Hunter S. Thompson
April 3, 1957

Dear Jacko,

If, theoretically, the Austro-Hungarian Empire were to write to the Jacko, would it say "I am very unhappy" or "We are very unhappy"?

Curious,
The Austro-Hungarian Empire
February 15, 1836

Dear Jacko,

Our son just dropped out of Harvard to write "software." We think he's actually wasting our hard-earned tuition checks on some psychedelic drug called D.O.S. and that we'll never see the money again!

How can we get our Billy to come to his senses?

Worried,
Maude and Arlo Gates
April 7, 1978

Dear Jacko,

I am so happy that I just qualified for the Summer Olympics. I can't wait to be welcomed with open arms by the warm and friendly people of Berlin.

Jesse Owens
April 17, 1936

Dear Jacko,

People were predicting big things for me. They said I would hamper communications, cripple international markets and bring the Pentagon to its knees. I even got my own NBC mini-series. But lo and behold, I didn't do a modicum of damage. Could it be that I am impotent?

Confused,
The Y2K Bug
January 2, 2000

Dear Citizens of the World,
(c/o The Jack O'Lantern)

You are all hereby excommunicated. There is one exception: Whoopie Goldberg. Sister Act 2 really got my juices flowing.

Invoking God's Wrath,
Pope John Paul II
May 4, 1996

(Editor's note: This letter was received before Whoopie began starring in the new incarnation of "Hollywood Squares.")

Dear Jacko,

It has recently come to my attention that you're Ivy Lege skool has cleared its students of cheating. I am appaled. That's what you get for making professors teetch.

Sinslerle,
"T." Rex Dwyer
March 10, 2000
p.s. I have posted this on a secured part of my web site. If you are reeding this, you are cheating.

Dear Jacko,

I am getting old and I still have not found a good wife. But decapitating scores of innocent women sure is fun! Just thought I'd pass this info along to all the other monarchs out there who can't find a quality mate, but who do have access to a guillotine.

King Henry VIII
London
March 3, 1545

Dear Jacko,

I'm tired of being used and manipulated. I just feel like I'm no in control of my own destiny. It seems that nobody cares about me.

Sincerely,
Left Rook's Pawn
September 12, 1979

Dear Jacko,

Even if the Great Wall of China were to somehow team up with the Great Sphinx and the Great Pyramids, they would still be no match for my Great Balls of Fire.

Goodness Gracious,
Jerry Lee Lewis
February 21, 1961

Dear Jacko,

Most readers seem to think that the Odyssey was about a war hero voyaging home to reclaim his wife and kingdom. It was in fact about a man trying to make a spicy mutton sandwich. Apparently, something got lost in translation.

Blindly,
Homer
Circa 500 BC.

Dear Jacko,

I was wondering if you could help to settle this minor dispute: a friend of mine says "to-MAY-to," while I say "to-MAH-to." Several people have suggested that we call the whole thing off, but I have a hundred thousand dollars riding on "to-MAY-to."

Awaiting your decision,
Pete Rose
August 20, 1989

Dear Jacko,

What's with this sliced bread crap?

The best thing ever,
The Wheel
March 5, 1924

Dear Jacko,

Did you ever hear the phrase, "Divide and conquer?" Well, I tried it and look at where it got me: I'm the bottom of the food chain. Back in the day, I was top dog. I didn't even need women for sex! Now, I live in a small intestine.

Bitter,
An Amoeba
3 million BC

Dear Jacko,

Sure I looked good then, but how do you like me NOW??? ha ha ha!!!!

Sincerely,
The Half-Baked Enchilada
You Ate For Lunch
February 4, 1996

The *Jack O'Lantern Law Review* began publishing in 1819 to serve readers interested in taking up the then-popular hobby of defending Dartmouth College in Federal Court. Presented here is the *Review's* first major research project which appeared in the October, 1820 edition.

Lost Constitutional Memos

researched by Alex Oren



art by Douglas Reid



art by Tom Kim

*Subject: Progress in Convention,
July 17, 1787*

Esteemed General Washington,

It is my feeling that the recent debates have delayed the Convention from achieving its original goals. It seems evident that we should declare the cantaloupe our National Melon and move onto more pressing issues concerning a New Government.

Yours truly,

James Madison

*Subject: Re: Progress in Convention,
July 18, 1787*

Mr. Madison,

While your input is greatly appreciated, I cannot help but feel that I am better suited to decide the direction of these debates. In fact, the next topic of discussion will focus on your daughter's voluptuous breasts. While I contend that they should be made the official Body Part of the New Democracy, Mr. Hamilton believes that they are too soft and supple. He believes that your wife's breasts better represent our Nation because they are, and I quote, "Big, firm, and rambunctious, like the country we are to build." I suspect that the debates should be quite heated.

Sincerely,

George Washington

Subject: Head Full of Wooden Teeth

Date: July 20, 1787

George,

Your bitter response to my letter leaves me shocked and dismayed. Your vile remarks about my daughter were highly offensive and totally unnecessary. In the name of good taste and our friendship, I ask that you retract your hostile statements.

Sincerely,



Subject: The Last Straw

Date: July 25, 1787

My Dear Friend and Colleague,

After all we went through in gaining Independence from the English Crown, I would have thought that a bond of mutual respect had developed between us. It is unfortunate that such is not the case. Being that I cannot work under these conditions, I must humbly submit my resignation.

Suck it.



P.S.—You're not the only one who's visited Martha's Vineyard lately.

Subject: Re: Head Full of Wooden Teeth

Date: July 21, 1787

Jimmy,

The only thing I will be retracting is my presidential member from what your daughter calls "Daddy's Favorite Spot." And I shall only be brought to do this at the favor of the other delegates who also wish to "John Hancock" the tart. If you have any other tidbits of advice, do not hesitate to contact me. I'll most likely be mounting your wife ...er...I mean going over the agenda for tomorrow's debates.

Until tomorrow.



Subject: My Sincere Apologies

Date: August 5, 1787

Dearest James,

While I deem sacred our relationship, I cannot be held responsible for the fact that your wife and daughter are dirty strumpets. As for Martha, you may have her—I've already spent her dowry on cheap liquor and...well, your wife and daughter. I pray in the future you do not take your frustrations over the debauched status of your household out on me. I await your apology as I await Virginia Madison's post-colonial orgasm.

Your Colleague,



This spread appeared in the Fall, 1920 edition of the *Jack O'Lantern Booze and Jazz Quarterly*. They will soon be featured as regular activities in Collis. Except, "Lick the Fitzgeralds" will now be replaced by "Exhume, then Lick the Fitzgeralds."

The 18th Ammendment: What do we do now?



Watch the Radio



Lick the Fitzgeralds



Put Your Head in a Butter Churn



Invest in the Stock Market



Give Yourself Malaria



Surf the Web



Visit an Adult Nickelodeon



Go Cow Tipping

Originally published in the 1368 edition of the *Jack O'Lantern Manual For Knights*, this pithy piece was a turning point in gender relations. It was also the first article to make fun of midgets. We're eventually going to get in trouble for that. But, until we do, enjoy.

The Queen's Decree to Knights of the Realm

Most Noble and Exalted Knights,

Things are changing in the kingdom. The Plague ended, literacy is spreading, and people are taking more baths. In other words, the party's over. To keep up with the times, I think that we should change the traditional chivalry code, don't you? Let's face it boys: your shit is getting old. It's time to clean up your act.

Your new motto should read like this: "Defending the honor of the weak." Stop laughing, I'm serious. In order to work towards this ideal, we have to: A) stop killing the weak, B) stop stealing their food and C) stop burning their villages. These are the main objectives, but I have a few other rules for you guys. You are going to have to strictly adhere to them, so pay attention.

* For instance, did you know that foreign knights don't burp the alphabet at their round tables? They have this idea that women are precious, beautiful creatures to be worshipped.

* Foreign knights also put down the toilet seat, so their gorgeous maidens don't fall into the john when they have to pee in the middle of the night. And since all we have in this primitive age are holes in the ground, it's really gross to fall down into that shit. Trust me.

* Let's discuss your "rape-and-pillage" technique of spreading public policy. It may work strikingly well, but it reflects badly on the kingdom, and it doesn't exactly fall under the new motto.

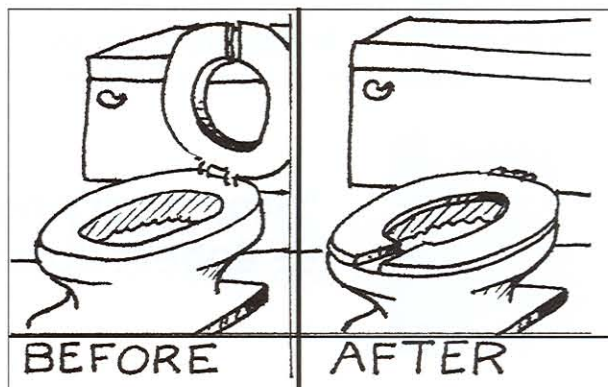
* Change your approach when dealing with those pesky dragons. I know that they breathe fire and burn up villages (which has historically been your job), but you have to limit the amounts of slayings per month. According to reports, the yellow-backed species is endangered, or some horse-crap like that. All I know is that "Druids for Dragons" have chained themselves to the drawbridge until we stop killing all their big lizards.

* I know all about your little unicorn horn black market ring. That's got to stop too. You grind the horns up into powder and that's supposedly some kind of ingestible aphrodisiac, huh? Well, hate to break it you guys but the King's been on that stuff for years and I can attest: this clause ain't hurting you any.

So, what do you have left? There are still lots of forests out there that you can go burn down to vent your testosterone. Just make sure there aren't any yellow-backed dragons or unicorns living there. Oh, or fairies. From now on, no more wing pinching. Apparently, it pisses them off.



art by Doug Reid



What have we learned? Be nice to everything smaller than you, including women, fairies, and midgets. Be nice to everything bigger too, like dragons, unicorns, ogres, and woolly mammoths. I know it's a whole bunch of niceness, which makes me want to puke all over your chain mail, but it's got to be done. And I'm really getting sick of falling into all that shit every night when I go to pee. So shape up or ship out.

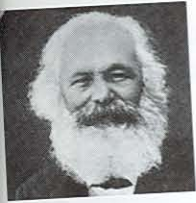
Cordially,

*The Grand Royal Majesty Gertrude VIII
transcribed by Sara Carpenter*

Everyone who was anyone saw to it that their final quotes appeared in the Jack O'Lantern Obituary, a regular feature of the magazine until death became passé in the late 1980s. This is a compilation of the most poignant quotes.

JACKO: OFF THE RECORD

Famous Last Words



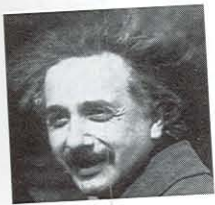
Just make sure I'm buried surrounded with the great riches I earned at the expense of my mass of underpaid employees. And can you pass the opium? -- Karl Marx

At least my lifelong ambitions came true: now America is protected from the evil forces of Communism by an elaborate fleet of intergalactic robots armed with B.B. guns and flying broomsticks. Oh shit, I forgot that I'm not on my deathbed! Damn, Alzheimer's a bitch. Mommy? -- Ronald Reagan



"Stop worrying and love the...Russians."
-- Robert Oppenheimer

Hey, somebody find that guy who shot me and kick his ass. I mean, give him one hell of an ass whooping. -- Mahatma Ghandi



Oops! Forgot to carry the one. Ahh, fuck it! -- Albert Einstein


Man alive! I should have taken that easy road. I wouldn't be dying now, if I'd been on the relaxing road more travelled by. -- Robert Frost



Sir, I have not yet begun to die. -- John Paul Jones


I can't take it anymore, living this lie! I didn't go into the wilderness and find inner-peace. I was camping with my girlfriend, and went into the woods to take a crap--I went really far because I could tell it was gonna be a stinker! Anyways, I got lost and chased by a bear. I wandered the woods and mountains for years and years, and when I got back I just told everyone that I had done it on purpose. They all thought I was in peace because I had gotten mono and I was so damn lethargic I didn't have the strength to fucking do anything except sit in that cursed position with a silly grin for the rest of my life. -- Buddha






MADAM, I MAY BE DYING, BUT YOU'RE UGLY. AND IN THE MORNING, I'LL BE DEAD.
-- WINSTON CHURCHILL

No, seriously. I want you guys to give this dude one hell of a beatdown. Beat the motherfucker so bad his grandmother bleeds.
-- Mahatma Ghandi



Control, I don't know if you can get this through the mountains, but I'm going to land and check out this group of guys...they look a lot like that soccer team that got lost a few months back. They look like they're really hungry, I hope I can help them somehow... -- Amelia Earhart

"I did it my way, alright. Now I'm going to Hell."
--Frank Sinatra



Ahh..what a nice day for a ride! I'm sooo popular! Look, that guy over there on the lawn is even looking through that telescope to see me in my limo.... -- John F. Kennedy

What's
Hot
What's
Not

A Look at Historical Trends

OUT

IN

7500 BC

Hunting

Gathering

5000 BC

Locusts

Boils

0 AD

Christ

Christ

1200 AD

Crusades

Jihad

1870 AD

Confederate flag as a symbol of explicit hatred and racism

Confederate flag as a symbol of covert hatred and racism

1945 AD

US defeating Japan using large, expensive military

Japanese defeating US with small, inexpensive cameras

1976 AD

David Bowie

Mick Jagger

1980 AD

Nobody caring about anything

Not even caring about that

Throughout its long and storied history, the Jacko has been a keen observer of social trends. One need only look at some of our most famous predictions to realize that the Jack O'Lantern is:

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

March 12, 1786

**Articles of Confederation:
A Lasting Blueprint For
Our Nation's Unity**

January 11, 1959

**Guatemala: Dark Horse
Candidate for Space
Supremacy**

October 17, 1985

**New Coke for a
New America**

April 2, 1977

**A CALL TO ARMS:
SAVE THE ROACHES
THE WORLD MUST SAVE THESE
PRECIOUS ENDANGERED
CREATURES FROM EXTINCTION**

September 12, 1864

**Jacko strongly urges everyone learn to whistle Dixie
Rampaging South Will Soon Conquer Union
It's Time to Surrender While We Can**

**College To Admit Women?
Hahahahahahahahahahaha**

**Trustees' Gag Doesn't Fool the Jacko
September 3, 1972**

The angry old male curmudgeons that are the Dartmouth Board of Trustees "announced" this week plans to admit female students to the College. Such an initiative would mark the most revolutionary change in Dart--ahh, who are we kidding? Those crazy geezers ain't fooling anybody! And we at the Jack-O-Lantern thought we were funny!

February 4, 1920

**Currency Unveiled. Poses No
Threat To Barter System**

July 16, 1533

**We Predicts: Subjects,
Verbs Never To Agree**

**Steamboat Willy:
Going Nowhere**

March 5, 1928 Walt Disney is a moron. What family will ever pay for the privilege of viewing a giant rodent? Disney is living in some sort of Fantasy Land if he thinks America will buy into his demented cartoon.

Though currently viewed as apocryphal, the Jacko was once a highly respected religious text. This final edition of the *Jack O'Lantern Anthology of Martyrs and Miracles* was edited by Marty Shwartzbaum (class of 1838).

Jacko's Short Introduction to the Lives of
Overlooked Saints



BUCKY

Patron Saint of Elitism

Saint J. Prescott "Bucky" Edgerton IV studied Economics at Princeton and received his MBA from Harvard. He heard the word of God while on holiday at his villa in Tuscany. Bucky was famous for miraculously turning mere filtered water into Perrier. His feast day is October 29. It is a black tie-only affair.



SPIKE

Patron Saint of Wedgies

Spike was a wayward child. As a youth, he would indiscriminately give wedgies to his classmates, siblings and the occasional unwary fire hydrant. The Lord taught Spike to use his energy for Good, and he has been pulling the underwear of those in need ever since.



NORM

Patron Saint of Middle Management

Norm was associate executive for a Syrian waste disposal firm. A devout Christian, he was martyred after the Romans invaded Syria and "downsized" the population. His feast day is awaiting executive approval.



MARTY

The Patronizing Saint

Born into a wealthy family in Jerusalem, Marty first heard the word of God at age 19. He immediately abandoned everything worldly, and took up God's task of spreading insincere compliments. He was put to death by the Romans for being obnoxious.



TINA

Matron Saint of Community Colleges

Tina heard the word of God at an early age, but was unable to gain a promising clerical career due to low SAT scores. Peddling bibles part-time, she worked her way through night school, and eventually became a nun. Her feast day is June 3. It counts for three engineering credits.

BUBBA

Patron Saint of Auto Repair



Bubba was called by God at an early age. Abandoning all material possessions, he began repairing cars for no fee (except for parts, labor, and shipping). Bubba once miraculously restored a rusted Pinto to working condition in under a week. After a heated exchange over insurance entitlements, he was martyred by the Romans.

Lest the Old Traditions Fail

A BRIEF HISTORY
OF PAST
DARTMOUTH
CONTROVERSIES

By Chris Curran, Sergei Zaslavsky and Jacko

1769 | College named for the Earl of Dartmouth, after the Earls of Yale, Harvard and Princeton decide to "entertain other offers."

1770

| Despite vehement protests from the professors, the Trustees vote to admit students, thus ending the College's career as all-faculty teaching institution.

1799

| The *Daily Dartmouth* is founded (according to the *Daily Dartmouth*), learns the definition of "solipsism."

Dartmouth Medical School enters into illicit arrangement with College for supply of young cadavers. Dick's House is subsequently established.

1842

An outhouse in the middle of the Green spontaneously erupts in flames after repeated use by dysentery patients. Bonfire tradition is started.

1850



Thayer school proposes that Dartmouth fans rally behind new mascot: the Engine. Angry pollution-minded students demand that the school switch to a less controversial mascot.

1924

1962

River Cluster built. Architect is shot, recovers, then builds the Choates.

1968

While students enjoy Homecoming festivities, hundreds of draft cards "accidentally" fall into annual bonfire. Everyone subsequently is absolved of mandatory military service.

A network of enthusiastic Romantics at Dartmouth submit proposal to college, calling for more opportunities to travel, greater access to Spanish literature, and maybe some women. And strippers.

1970

Trustees agree to coeducation, say no to strippers.

1971

1978

Movie "Animal House" is released. Faculty votes 81-0 to officially disapprove of movie, citing the fact that "REAL Dartmouth students just aren't cool enough to smoke herb with us and stay chill."

1981

New East Wheelock Super Cluster is built. Students remain dumb and inactive, but in larger rooms.

1995

President Freedman changes admission criteria to attract more "creative loners." MIT and Cal Tech sue for copyright infringement.



1999

Steering Committee releases SLI report. Students react with confusion upon reading that all '04s will live the River by 2001, while the river dorms will be demolished by fall of 2000. To account for this discrepancy the architect is shot.

JACKO PROFILES: LESSER-KNOWN RELATIVES OF FAMOUS HISTORICAL FIGURES

by Mike Weiss

art by Alison Muehrcke

Name: Mordecai of Nazareth

Parents: Joseph and Mary

Commonly Mistaken Parent: God

Personal Info: Born rather dirtily to Joseph and Mary, Mordecai was often viewed as the Black Sheep of the Of Nazareths, albeit by the neighbors as a "nice Jewish boy." He never matched his older brother in historical or religious profundity insofar as he never summoned a devoted group of followers. (Hard to be seen as a leader with Mom constantly wiping "schmutz" off your face with her tongue-moistened thumb). And though rather inept when it came to turning water into wine, later in life Morty's beloved wife of 59 years, Estelle, swore he had a holy ability to convert any ingested liquid into piss...often repeatedly in the middle of the night. Mordecai Of Nazareth, unremembered in *his* death, died of heart failure in Miami Beach at the mature age of 92. He never rose from the grave.



Name: Micky "The Squid" Ford

Brother To: Henry Ford

Personal Info: During their childhood, older brother Micky was known for his destructive behavior toward little Hank; smashing his sand castles at the beach, poking holes in his clay volcano sculptures for science fairs. Though Micky often successfully shirked his malfeasance off on the family cat, a shady character would follow "The Squid" well into adulthood. And when his enterprising sibling invented the automobile, Micky responded in kind by developing downtown Chicago's first "chop shop," pioneering such innovations in mass deconstruction as the disassembly line and division of kneecaps. In all its years of business, Micky's "corporation" never downsized its labor force...well, unless of course you count the occasional dismembered thumb. Micky "The Squid" died in 1967 after being hit by a...train. (We don't *always* have to be ironic, you know).

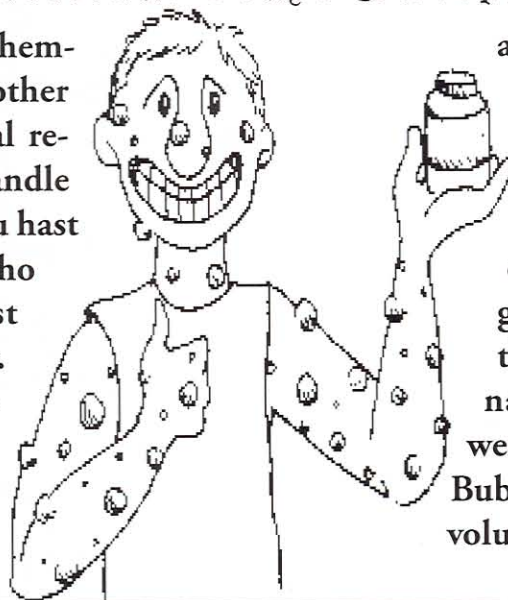
Suffering from Imbalanced Humours?

Try
Bubonicor

Copy by Colin McGlynn
Art by Alison Muehrcke

"It's the Medicinal Craze Sweeping Europe"

Warning: Maidens what thinkst themselves to be expecting child and other persons that have not the natural resistance to the plague shalt not handle broken Bubonicor tablets. If thou hast come in contact with a person who useth Bubonicor thou shouldst consult thy leech or apothecary. Thou shouldst not imbibe Bubonicor if thou plannest to guide heavy machinery, drive oxen, or exist through the following week. In clinical



and monastic trials, persons who useth Bubonicor did report one or more of the following side effects: drowsiness, dryness of the throat, dropsy, the protuberance of hard black pustules in the regions of the skin and lymph nodes, the sensation of having one's internal organs putrefying while one wereth still alive, and mild nausea. Bubonicor contains 11.6% plague by volume.

The turn of the century was tough for the Jacko. With yellow journalism no longer in style, we had to do something with our resident muckrakers. So we sent them to Egypt. Tex "Illinois" Montana, the Jacko's foreign affairs editor at the time, wrote this spread for the Summer 1910 issue of the *Jack O'Lantern Journal of Antiquities*.

Mysteries of the Pyramids Revealed

Fellow Jackolytes,

My research in Egypt has paid off! Can I come home now?

I have made a stunning discovery at the Great Pyramid of Giza: the thing has a basement. Credit goes to my research assistant, Peter, who first heard the baseline resonating through the sand.

From what I can tell, the rotting body in the top of the pyramid was just there to scare away tourists so the Egyptians could enjoy themselves in peace.

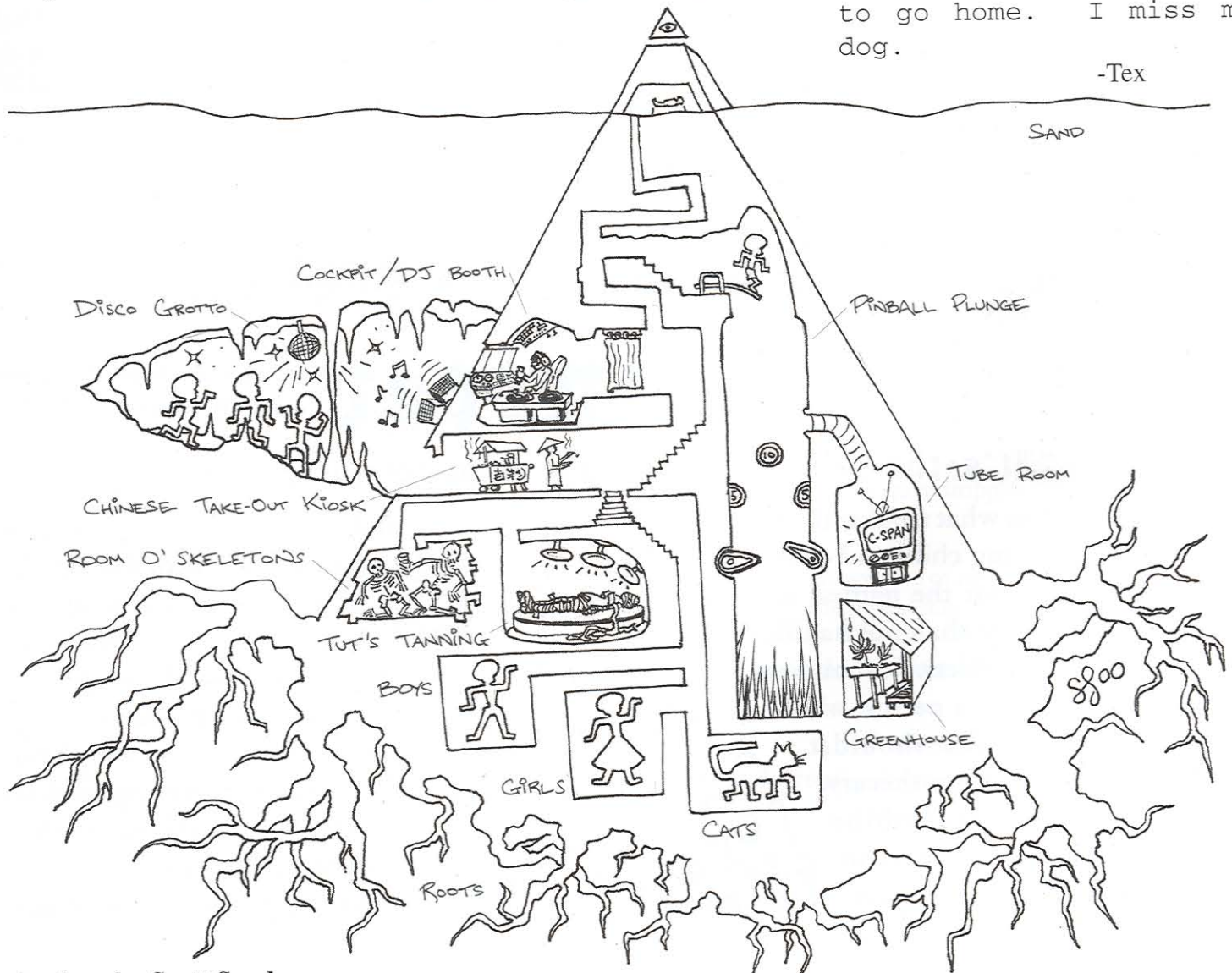
I have included a diagram of the pyramid with this letter so that you can see this marvel of ancient engineering.

With such an amazing find to my credit, don't you think I ought to hit the

lecture circuit as quickly as possible? I noticed you fellas at the home office canceled my return ticket—ah, does the Jacko humor ever end!?!—and I was wondering if you'd be so kind to allow me to return home on the auspices of my archeological success?

Not to be too pushy, but Summer's in full swing here and it's hot. I want to go home. I miss my dog.

-Tex



illustrations by Scott Snyder

Walls of hieroglyphics were generally used to depict the lives of great rulers (like the translated article below, "Pharaoh Ramses: Man of the Year"), but as we discovered, they were also a convenient way to make advertising revenue



→ (translation)

"If you're going to have sex, do it with Ramses!"



ANCIENT TREASURES OF THE PYRAMID



Finds from the Disco Grotto illustrate the opulence of the ancient Egyptians:
 -Well-groomed stuffed cow
 -Scale model of the pyramid made from beer cans
 -Bag of marinated mushrooms

Pharoah Ramses: Man of the Year

translated by Geoff Carlson

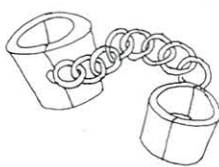


As the Nile slowly floods its banks and Spermbankicus, god of fertility, delivers his silt to the fields, we come upon an end to the Year of the Rat. We therefore take this opportunity to reflect upon the past flood cycle in an attempt to discover which of our revered leaders deserves the title of Man of the Year. Like always, we take many things into consideration when making this difficult decision, including: plagues survived, curses avoided, and number of new gods created. When all is taken into account, there is one obvious choice: Pharaoh Ramses.

That's right, our manly ruler and vengeful god has won the honor yet again, extending his winning streak to a record-breaking forever. We believe that his victory this year, however, is particularly well-deserved. First of all, Ra, our Sun God, has been



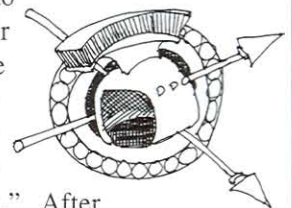
gracious to us, again blessing us with unbearable heat all year long. This is obviously a result of the eleven virgins Pharaoh ordered to be mercilessly drowned in the river last month. Wise Ramses!



In addition to Ra's good showing, we have acquired vast numbers of valuable Hebrew slaves in the past year as well. These foolish Hebrews have been quoted as saying that they have come to enjoy the fruits of our land due to their obvious 'Nile Envy' of Pharaoh Ramses. The magnificent Pharaoh has made the shrewd economic, political and military choice of keeping them here in grueling bondage, as it will surely result in lavish pyramids and absolutely no trouble at all in the foreseeable future. Insightful Pharaoh!

We have also had our fair share of tense moments this past year, tension that

Ramses has sliced through each time with cunning and guile. For example, we all remember two weeks ago when we made our first contact with the Greeks. The four pale emissaries spoke of their leader, Alexander, a man who will clearly do no harm to our great empire. Thus, Ramses made the calculated decision to respond to their overtures of peace and mutual prosperity with an ironic "Make my day, swine-hogs." After such a biting retort they can have no doubt as to the unconquerableness of Egypt, although their parting remark of "You're dead" did seem just a bit threatening.



The more we reflect upon the events of the past year, the more it becomes obvious that Pharaoh Ramses is the only choice for Man of the Year. We believe that as long as he continues making wise and giant bird god-consulted decisions, our empire will continue to prosper for eons to come. After all, with the elimination of good-looking virgins, and with harmless Hebrews toiling in slavery, and with the Greeks clearly intimidated, how can our future be anything but a story of unvarnished success??

The *Jack O'Lantern Sentinel-Tribune* was defined by its hard-hitting and informative interviews. This came from our special "World's Sexiest Savages" issue of March 12, 1978.

Lamar, The Last of the Barbarians

by Colin McGlynn and Michael Weiss

JACKO: So why aren't there any more Barbarians left in the world?

LAMAR: Ah, social contracts, enlightenment thinking—that type of deal.

JACKO: You're saying that aggressive amoral behavior is no longer acceptable, ergo: no more Barbarians.

LAMAR: I wouldn't say our practice is entirely unacceptable, just less explicit in today's world. Most of the tribe deserted and joined civilization to find jobs that had all the carnal benefits of the Barbarian lifestyle, but with less of the personal risk. You'd actually be surprised how well many of my people made the transition into the current labor market. They merely sought out jobs with lots of leisure time, travel, loose supervision by authority figures, and an overall lack of redeeming value to society.

JACKO: They went into i-banking?

LAMAR: For a short time during the 80's until it got too cutthroat—think *Barbarians at the Gate*. Now they're mostly into highway repair and competitive snowboarding.

JACKO: So what kept you from jumping on the bandwagon yourself, trading in the club and loincloth for the more *au courant* existence?

LAMAR: Well, I thought about it for a while. But to be perfectly honest with you, I just can't see myself with the wife, house and kids package. I've tried dating women instead of simply bludgeoning them over the head and violating them, but...I don't know. I'm not very good at human interaction in the modern social dynamic; conversations have gotten so polysyllabic (which is not to say any less awkward or vapid) and I find myself trying too hard to relate to people who I'd really rather disembowel.

JACKO: I'd imagine it's more of a challenge to raid villages and towns nowadays.

LAMAR: Man, how you wouldn't believe! See, a raid done correctly entails hundreds of horseman—minimal size for a proper "hoard"—descending upon a small community. That normally strikes fear into the hearts of townsfolk. But between the laughable sight of my being a singular marauder coupled with horse zoning laws in some states, ransacking's become a bitch.

And you never know what to expect with the local 5-0. Like in my last raid on this village called Greenwich. I always frequent the local taverns of the lands I'm about to conquest because, frankly, decapitating people when you're piss drunk is a lot more fun. So I walked into this one bar off Bleeker St. and lo and behold, it's full of men wearing police uniforms. They're all standing around, talking in pairs or dancing with each other under this large silvery ball, totally unintimidated by my Barbarian presence! They didn't try to arrest me or anything. Two cops even gave me their phone numbers.

JACKO: I guess pillaging just isn't the same visceral thrill it once was.

LAMAR: You said it. Yet there are perks to being the sole remaining Barbarian.

JACKO: Such as?

LAMAR: Well, for one thing, it's got this rebellious mystique to it. I mean, here I am, clinging to a way of a life long since forgotten amidst an ever-changing world. I do what I please and what I please is usually reckless and destructive. When history looks back on me, they'll see someone who stood his ground, someone who shunned conventional wisdom and social mores in favor of his own brand of outdated ideology!

JACKO: Like the N.R.A.?

LAMAR: Fuck you.

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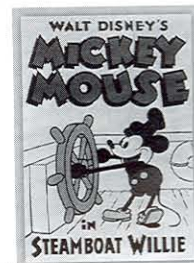
FILM STUDIES 41 *Animation History*

An overview of animation from its invention to the work of contemporary American and international animators. The class will feature studio history (Disney, Fleischer, Warner Bros, U.P.A.); an



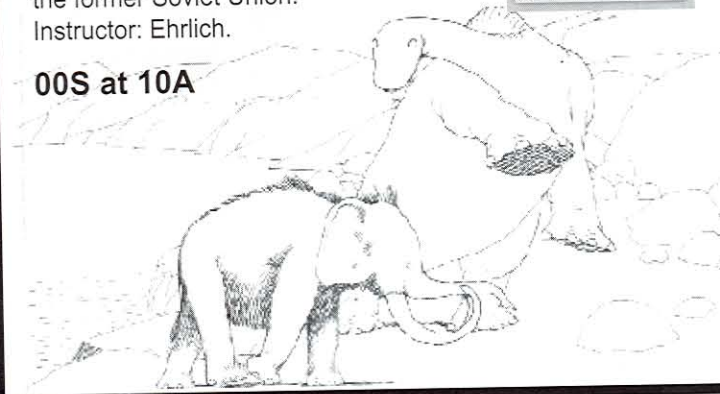
examination of animation techniques (cel, puppet, claymation, cut-paper, object, fluid and computer animation), and visits by

contemporary auteurs such as Frederic Back, Bill Plympton and Igor Kovalyov. Particular attention will be paid to politically based animation produced during and after socialism in China and the former Soviet Union.



Instructor: Ehrlich.

00S at 10A



In 1523, the *Jack O'Lantern Guide to Astrology* published a never-before-seen listing of Nostradamus's later predictions. While they are stunningly accurate, we must point out that one of these predictions did not come true. "Mexico" does not exist.

The Jack-O-Lantern Guide To Astrology Presents:

FINAL PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS

In 3019, at the exact moment when the Second Moon of the Twelfth Harvest Cycle passes through the Belt of Orion, then... oh never mind, you wouldn't understand.



The world shall end three months ago, this Tuesday.

By the early twenty-first century, a revolutionary named Pat Buchanham will rise to power and declare that Mexico is... bad. Also, there will be a "Mexico."

In a fiery rage, a powerful and mysterious Space Rooster will descend upon Asia with only one thing on its mind: Nothing Important. It is a rooster, for God's sake.



As I look into my crystal ball, I... son of a bitch, need to use the toilet.



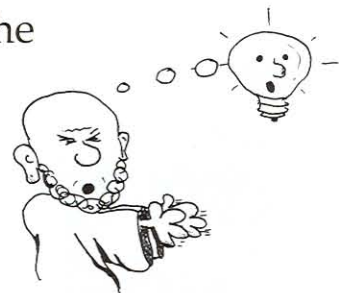
One day, the simple and natural act of bathing in various sauces will no longer be considered "public spectacle".

Pluto, the animated planet, will revolve around Mickey Mouse until the year 2002, and then it won't anymore.

You'd better watch out, you'd better not cry. Santa Claus is coming to Italy!

Macauley Culkin, Macauley Culkin, as far as the eye can see... but where are his parents?

I swear there's another guy in that mirror... he's alive. I fed him.



Tienes que comprar el coche, lavar la ropa y cambiar muchos gatos.

Recorded by Eric Del Pozo
Portraits by Megan Boyar

Back when political correctness meant offering colonized peoples the choice between death and Christianity, the *Jack O'Lantern World Domination Weekly* served as a trade publication for budding world conquerors. The following article appeared in our December, 1853 issue.

Imperialism Made Easy

Do you have what it takes to form an empire?

Take the following quiz and see if you, too, can oppress others simply because you're white and spread infectious disease!

1) Less technologically advanced societies are:

- A. Just fine. (0)
- B. On the ignorant side. (1)
- C. In need of help to join the great cradle of western civilization, as realized through hard labor and cheap wages. (2)

2) Who is your favorite musician?

- A. Bob Marley (0)
- B. The Clash (1)
- C. Wagner (2)

3) You are a nation which has just recently encountered a primitive society with extremely advanced mathematical skills but little by way of a swingin' fashion sense. Do you:

- A. Ask for directions. (0)
- B. Make friends and trade goods/knowledge. (1)
- C. Pretend you are a god, spread infectious disease, ally with their enemies, slaughter everyone, and destroy all remnants of their civilization. (2)

4) Which periodical do you enjoy most?

- A. The New Yorker (0)
- B. The National Review (1)
- C. Teen Beat (2)

5) What do you look for in a "significant other"?

- A. Sense of humor (0)
- B. Good looks (1)
- C. Total and complete obedience (2)

"White Man's Burden" Mad Lib!

Replace the selected words/phrases with new ones of your choosing to make this excerpt from Rudyard Kipling's famous poem best suit your agenda!

Take up the White Man's burden--
Send forth the (adj.) ye breed--
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your (noun)'s need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and (noun)--
Your new-caught (plural noun),
Half (bad thing) and half child.

Do's and Don't's For The Young Conquerer:

Do: Write home when you're off defeating heathens.

Don't: Mention your visit to a brothel.

Do: Remember the Maine.

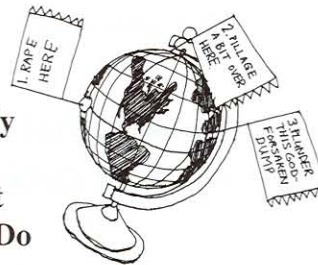
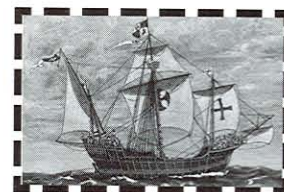
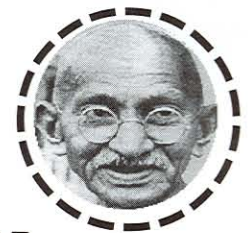
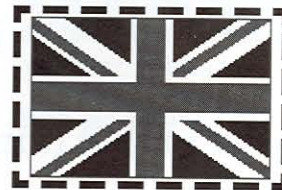
Don't: Remember Maine. It is quite unremarkable.

Do: Fight for King and country!

Don't: Fight for the right to party.

Build Your Own Imperialism Mobile!

Bored in class learning about non-western cultures? Then while away the minutes by cutting out these images, hanging them from the ceiling, and making them go spinny-spin!



Scoring: If you can calculate your own score, then you're ready to form an empire!

Stockman's Dogs Through The Ages



"The top of the food chain... we can't be stopped!!! Oh look, a comet."



"Whoops! We're extinct."

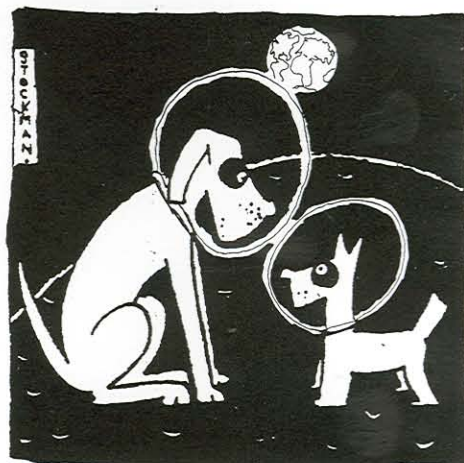


"You gonna eat that?"



"If these collars catch on, we may never be able to lick ourselves again."

Most people assume that we've run the same picture of "Stockman's Dogs" in every issue of the *Jack O'Lantern*. As this collection shows, this notion is just a myth, like Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and puberty.



"It's one small poop for Golden Retriever, one giant crap for... yup, for Golden Retriever. Sorry about that."



"In the latest poll, I got 58% of the fleas."



"Might as well get comfortable. We'll look exactly the same from now on. We've peaked."



"Shit! Wrong again!"

Gotta be oppressed by 'em all!

HEGEMON!

Hey Kids!
It's HEGEMON!
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!

Adolf Slither 50 HP

Snake Hegemon Length: 2' 0", Weight: 19 lbs.

Blitzkrieg Attack Flip a coin. If heads, subtract two hit points from opposing Hegemon. If tails, invade Poland

10

Luftwaffe 30

Obviously prefers hot places. If it gets caught in the rain, steam is said to spout from the tip of its tail. LV. 10. #109

Napoleon Bonabat 50 HP

"Sacre bleu! Je suis un bat!"

Hegemon Francaise Length: 2' 0", Weight: 2 lbs.

Weapons: Baguette, old bicycle.

Trade pack of Hegemon cards and red-striped scarf for pack of Gauloises Menthols

10

We it stores several kinds of toxic gases in its body. If it explodes without warning. LV. 13 #109

Alexander the Great 40 HP

Greek Hegemon Length: 2' 0", Weight: 17 lbs.

Halitosis

Macedonian Body Slam If opponent is a young boy, attack from behind

Its magical and cute appeal has many admirers. It is rare and found only in certain areas. LV. 14 #135

Winston Churchepillar 40 HP

Grandmotherly Yet Ornerly Hegemon

Corpulence Eat opposing players' cards until satiated

10

Special Yalta Conference Collector's Edition

Genghis Khanichu 60 HP

Evolved from Sternu

Mysterious Hegemon Length: 3' 7", Weight: 176 lbs.

Hooray for the Happy Mongols

Flip a coin. If heads, rule Asia. If tails, take a soothing bath

20

Its central core glows with the seven colors of the rainbow. Some people value this core as a gem. LV. 22 #121

Joseph Stalinturtle 40 HP

Apparatchik Hegemon

Red Square Dance of Doom If Defending Hegemon cannot prove Marxist orthodoxy, purge from deck.

10

"Special Yalta Conference Collector's Edition"

Franklin Delano Roosensaur 40 HP

Afflicted but Effectual Hegemon

Wheel and Deal If all opposing players have more cards than you, ask for a New Deal.

10

"Special Yalta Conference Collector's Edition"