



*College*



# The Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern's *"Guide to College"*

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*A constructive look at the history of Dartmouth's greatest erections*

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*Wanted dead or alumnive*

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Dan Smolinsky



Scott O'Brien



Sam Buntz



Kenny Baclawski



Laura Michet



Victoria Oosterhout

# Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society

Jamma  
Cracka  
Dopsilon  
Chapter



Keggy

Fall  
2009



Julie Fiveash



Sahil Joshi

## Dartmouth's Premier Fraternalia "Write, Edit, Die"



Benji Kessler



Ke Ding



The Spirit of Christmas Past



Sam Upton



Angel Castillo



Mike Gillis



Adam Schwartzman



Constance Q. Buttfuckery



Erika Murillo



Blake Neff



# A Note from the Editors

College is awesome. Most people will tell you that. They say it's the best four years of your life. But then again, most people also say you shouldn't run around naked in the woods armed with just a makeshift spear and a well-placed squirrel's skin. So, why should we believe them?

Is college really that awesome? For that matter, what exactly is college? Contrary to what you might think, college is more than just running around in the woods, battling other hunter gatherers for precious territory. Certainly not. Haha. Why would you even think that? College is filled with many other things, such as books. But, let's look at the facts:

## FACT #1:

College can cost as much as a house.

Yes, college is quite expensive. Quite astonishingly expensive. In fact, the word "college" comes from a French phrase meaning "money toilet." But college seems less expensive if you think about it as a house. A house you live in for four years, mostly constructed out of scraps of wood you find while wandering in the woods. This house will provide the foundation for the rest of your life. And after you graduate, even if the economy causes you to be homeless, you can always return to the four sturdy walls formed by college and its pleasant odor of spoiled berries and feces. But you may not live there physically. That is prohibited.



*A metaphorical representation of college.*

## FACT #2:

College helps people learn things.

Most colleges claim to teach things to their students. This is most definitely true. For instance, before we came to college, none of us knew anything about how to fend for ourselves alone, naked, and in the woods. And also, something about engineering and linguistics.



*A college student foraging for knowledge.*

## FACT #3:

Some berries can be poisonous.

This is an important piece of advice for many aspects of college life. When foraging for food, just remember the old rhyme: "If the berry is red, you're dead. If the berry is black... you're also dead," or something like that. But this situation can apply to classes as well, in the metaphorical sense. Students forage for berries of knowledge, but they must beware of some berries. They may find that it is better to move on to another set of bushes, especially if they are guarded by the rival group of woodsmen who have slightly more advanced spears.

These are the facts we know about college. And, following weeks of hunting and gathering, we have collected together this guide. Inside, you will find our attempts to explain the confusing modern social construct that is "College." From advice on how to handle college classes to random facts about Brown, we hope that you will come to understand how to survive alone and naked in the harsh forest, living with just your wits, making fearsome stone tools from scratch, collecting berries, hunting squirrels, killing them for their meat, wearing their skins, battling the other groups of fierce cannibals with your spear for their territory, feeling their fresh blood run over yo-



# Dartmouth Building Historia

Unearthing the arcane secrets hidden in Dartmouth's "spectacular" "architecture"

As new students roll in and old ones drudgingly return, all will storm in and out of Dartmouth's many prestigious buildings. Many have no idea what horrible or wonderful histories lie behind these excellent pieces of architecture, and could probably care less. Well, now they will be able to care even more less, with this comprehensive look at the History of Dartmouth Establishments.

The principal dining establishment on campus (besides the various dumpsters) would be Thayer Dining Hall. Built in 1901, it replaced the then usual hunting and gathering students partook for food and clothing. It was built entirely out of various forks, spoons,

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**"...the Collis Center... houses many student activities, ranging from ritual suicide to a good ol' round on the Ouija board."**

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and knives, unfortunately leaving the students to once again eat with their hands and feet. The original dining staff was comprised of hermits found living in the woods who agreed to cook on the condition that "*you kids stay off ma mountain!*" It now feeds Dartmouth's four thousand students, as well as the army of hermits that now live beneath Thayer, eating the scraps that fall between the floorboards, avoiding any possible sunlight.

Situated right in front of Thayer is the Collis Center. This building houses many student activities, ranging from ritual suicide to a good ol' round on the Ouija board. Collis CommonGround is the large central room; it's been famously used as "The Great Hall" in the Harry Potter movie series, due to being a natural hangout for the local owls. Collis was originally an oversized lounge for professors only, catering to their demands for student sacrifices, concubines, and illegal drugs. It now houses a café and several floors where student groups can meet and discuss the overthrow of

the college administration.

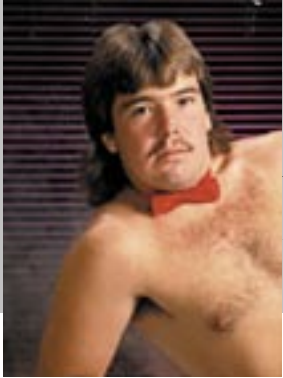
Of all the places on Dartmouth, students would probably agree that the worst place to peacefully study and do research is at Baker Library, Dartmouth's central library. It once only housed three books when the college was established: the Bible, How to Properly Dispose of Your Rotting Corpses, and a phone book. The Baker Library now houses thousands of books, periodicals, pornos, newspapers, movies, more pornos, and tons of computers for students to use (for activities like looking for good porn). The "stacks" are a labyrinth of books and volumes that stretches for at least 2 miles underground. Students can be found scattered throughout the stacks, attempting to locate books for research papers. It's best to bring a GPS and an overnight bag. Student skeletons can also be found scattered throughout the stacks. Some tell legends of the "Baker Snatcher," an ancient demon that dwells in that pit of darkness. It lures unknowing students to the secluded darker regions of the shelves. Most freshmen are weeded out with this monster, as all upperclassmen know to wear the Protective Emerald Amulet distributed at the Circulation Desk.

And finally, the most grandiose, prestigious, holier-than-thou building on campus is Dartmouth Hall. Built brick for brick by Reverend Wheelock, this magnificent piece of 16th century architecture stands today to teach and enlighten ungrateful students. Sketches of the building from the 1700's depict bustling students striding across servants' backs to get to class. It was originally built with five hundred chimneys to combat the murderous New Hampshire winters. Unfortunately, due to neglected fireplaces and burning crosses, most of the original building was destroyed in a deadly fire, killing twenty-three students and several hundred servants. During the rebuilding, several classes were taught outside, leading to reduced attendance due to bear attacks and frozen limbs. Dartmouth Hall is significantly less dangerous now and continues to be the background of class photos, towering over the students and remind them who controls who...



# FAMOUS ALUMNI

## ***Best Actor: Max Clyde '72, "Dick van Dick."***



While achieving fame at school as a shockingly skilled young Shakespearean actor, Clyde discovered the porn industry. He accelerated upon his graduation into an influential career in the Golden Age of Porn, rapidly realizing that "it was where the money was." He starred in many famous erotic and pornographic films, including *Titty Titty Bang Bang*, *Cherry Poppins*, and *Titzwilly*. Despite his age, he made a famous "cumback" to the industry in 2005 with "All Night Long at the Museum," but tragically died later that same year of horse urine poisoning after a colleague recommended it as an aphrodisiac. Whoops.

## ***Greatest Artist: Jean Fournier '32***



Jean was a legendary innovator in the field of macramé. In fact, he was so innovative he received a grant from the College to build an entire new wing for the library out of macramé. Unfortunately, all of his beautiful knots and designs were wasted when, the day after he had completed the new wing, a student accidentally dropped a smouldering cigarette in it and burned the entire structure down. Fournier had a weak heart, and he did not long survive this tragedy. The macramé urn containing his ashes, and the macramé vial containing his bitter tears, can both be viewed on request at the Hood Museum.

## ***World's First Curling Stone: Sal Dean '18***



Although it is not widely known, curling actually began at Dartmouth. It grew out of a prank carried out by the now-defunct Alpha Tau Omega, which took great joy in tormenting the quite rotund Sal. During Winter Carnival, brothers of the house would accost him with broomsticks, driving him to Occom Pond, where they would push him around for hours on end. This ended tragically when Sal eventually broke through the ice, which led to the loss of 3 lives, Omega's derecognition, and the bizarre discovery that Occom Pond is full of horse urine during the winter.

## ***First to Ruin the Dartmouth Experience: Sarah Smith '76***



Also the first female. Let us never speak of her again.



## ***Most Inspirational: James Gordon IV '52***



Born into a powerful WASP family in Connecticut and heir to a vast railroad empire, Gordon arrived at Dartmouth with a personal retinue of 5 servants and thousands in cash with which to “commence the downpour” at regional gentlemen’s clubs. However, by his graduation he had squandered his entire inheritance thanks to his addiction to injecting horse urine intravenously. He eventually died starving in an alleyway, proving once and for all that one can go anywhere regardless of one’s starting position in life.

## ***Funniest Alum: John Cameron '55***



Cameron had been a comic prodigy in his native Britain, where he was the youngest writer for Punch and had performed in several comedic plays. He hoped to hone his craft while studying at Dartmouth, but unfortunately, he did not understand humor, only humour. He crashed and burned at Dartmouth, unable to draw any laughs. When he was found dead in 1954 with large amounts of horse urine in his digestive tract, police assumed a suicide until learning that horse urine is a regular part of English diet. Foul play is now suspected.

## ***Greatest Athlete: Erik Gustavsson '90***



Arriving at Dartmouth from a small, rural reindeer farming village in his native Sweden, Gustavsson was widely considered one of the best young athletes in the world, possessing formidable strength. Unfortunately, Gustavsson’s chosen sport was team handball, which while popular in Sweden has essentially no following in the U.S. and no team at Dartmouth. Erik attempted to take up basketball instead, but was doomed by the tragic reality in basketball that “White Men Can’t Jump.” His jumping abilities suddenly lost, the despairing Gustavsson was eventually found dead after drowning himself in a vat of horse urine.

## ***Best Viking: Christopher Ndwana '89***



Chris graduated as a first-honors Government major in 1989 and, after interning at Ikea, went on to lead vast fleets of Norsemen against the frigid barbarian coasts of England and western France. Chris is still remembered today in the annals of Irish monks, who wrote extensively of the rapacity and cruelty of his murderous campaign. Geographic reminders of Chris’ expansive rule are maintained in place-names along the eastern coast of England, such as Chriskillington and Chriskilledmeburg.

We’re still looking for suggestions to add to our comprehensive list of Dartmouth’s best and brightest! Categories still lacking nominations include Best Horticulturalist, Best Forensic Entomologist, and Best Latin Lover. Please send your suggestions to [alumnithunderdome@dartmouth.edu](mailto:alumnithunderdome@dartmouth.edu).



# Dartmouth Traditions Throughout the Ages

by Gerard J. Motresykle, Dartmouth MALS Grad Student

As you may have heard, Dartmouth has some traditions. While established and momentous, they occasionally prove controversial. Some square tards think it's uncool to persecute and demonize the weakest members of society—a practice which most traditions focus on. Studies, however, have shown that these members of society are the most easily persecuted without fear of retribution. During the Golden Age of Tradition (17,000BC-1,972AD), striplings, weaksauce dudes, minorities, and kitchen wenches were given the brunt of jolly old tradition. Some of these traditions have survived until present day, though crude, offensive practices have often been eschewed in favor of less-invasive ceremonies. What follows is a sampling of some traditions from past and present—the traditions that define our community and make us who we are today. Verily, this is our cultural heritage, blah blah, preservation of Dartmouth folkways, blah, et cetera.

In the distant past, Dartmouth students' traditions were considerably more primal than they are today. When the woods around Hanover were populated by early hominids—known to archeological anthropologists as *Homo ragepithecus*—the most popular major was Fire Studies, with many students minoring in Animals, or Arrowheads modified with Stabbing. It was traditional to celebrate the manhood of new students by flogging them around a bonfire of burning corpses. The corpses would be provided by neighboring loosely-organized bands of hominids, whom the students would hunt through the woods, screaming war-chants. The youngest students would be forced to stack the corpses in a sacred pattern in the center of campus, then set them alight. Travelling in a circular path around the fire, they would symbolically reenact the passing of seasons, the revolution of the night sky, and the eternally recurring consumption and mystical rebirth of their chief religious figure, Keggaboth. The

evening's activities would end with the consumption of fermented pastes and juices, followed by a variety of fertility ceremonies. This annual night of revelry continues, totally unchanged, into the present day.

During the early modern era, Dartmouth students' traditions shifted. The growth of urban centers led, in some places, to an abandonment of the older harvest-related ceremonies. Due to their extreme isolation, however, Dartmouth students' traditions continued in the ancient mode. Midwinter celebrations associated with symbols of light, rebirth, and Smith College students continued to be popular.

In the chief of these wintertide celebrations, students would paint themselves with a green body paint made from crushed plants indigenous to the area. The paint signified Woden's protection; they would fear no chill of snow, nor bite of blade. They would then travel south in a loose confederation of thanes, each in his proper tartan, to seize students from various women's colleges in the south. Upon returning with their prizes, they would construct an enormous straw statue of one of their Gods, fill it with snow, and venerate it as a holy object. Again, fertility ceremonies would follow. Most of these practices still continue today, but, due to changes in social-political standards in the region, it is no longer considered appropriate to steal females from neighboring educational institutions, particularly when there are so many already on campus.

These little-known traditions are Dartmouth's ur-traditions: the traditions which provide the protoforms for all the others that have graced and/or plagued Dartmouth since the very dawn of human civilizations. We are, in a way, always already re-membering the remembered traditions of our racial memory's oh my fucking god this bullcrap is so soulless I can't do this anymore, it's so soulless. Seriously. I am fucking done with grad school.



*A Dartmouth tradition in full swing.*



# THIS SPRING at SANBORN:

## Upcoming Classes in the English Department

### “Homotextuality”

Homosexuality and texts –counts for nine Comp. Lit credits.

### Animals, Humans, and the Other

Are animals like humans? Only if they’re Russian! Lolz!

### Old / New Media(s)

We challenge the nature of plurality(s) in media(s).

### “Emily Dickinson’s Animal Pedagogies.”

Titled after a real Dartmouth Professor’s paper!—Part of the class is to find out who!

### Venezualean Chinese-Immigrant Transvestite Fiction In Context

Exploring fiction authored by the most marginalized population of all—hopefully, the fact that they’re being studied in the middle-of-fucking-nowhere New Hampshire will make them feel better about their freak status.

### The Jew in the Text

Based on a real University of Edinburgh course—essentially, we study texts with Jews in them—yeah, technically it could’ve been like, “Jews in Literature” or something, but then it wouldn’t have sounded like, you know, an academic sorta thing.

### “Rethinking Liberal Subjectivity: The Biopolitics of Animal Autobiography.”

Yet another class titled after a real Dartmouth Prof.’s real paper (the same Prof)!

### Jizz in Mah Pants: Examining the Modern Lyric Ballad

We will explore the sacred mysteries of the modern musical lyric. Why is the hip such a truthful body part? Ought we really do it like they do on the Discovery Channel? Why is the mariner on a boat, and why on earth does this actually *surprise* him? We will excavate these mysteries with the awesome power of academic bullshit.

### Creative Writing 87: Poetry in a Box

Have you ever spent ten weeks writing poetry in box? How about with a fox? Would you write poetry in a boat? How about with a goat? Come on. Give it a try.

### The Wonders of Opium

How many great English writers were influenced by illicit drugs? The answer: all of them. Discover answers to important questions about English literature, such as “Whoa, is my leg a part of this chair, or is this chair a part of my leg?” through weekly field trips to the professor’s apartment.

### The Wonder of Chiasmus, the Chiasmus of Wonder

We have long wondered about the secrets of the chiasmus, a mighty rhetorical strategy. Learn how the Romans used chiasmus, and how chiasmus used the Romans. A strategy of rhetorical might, the secrets of the chiasmus are now exposed to your wondering mind.

### “Race and Gender in Pornographic American Literature: The Revolutionary Era”

We will inspect the nature of race, gender, and sex in such classic works as, “Thomas Jefferson’s Jungle Fever,” “Benjamin Franklin Presents: A Cock in Time Saves Nine,” and “Thomas Paine’s Cummin’ Sense”



# WHY IT ISN'T HAPPENING:

CAUSES OF THE DELAY OF MEETINGS OF VARIOUS ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS

## Classics

- Bird-signs unfavorable
- Refusal to elect department chair's horse co-chair
- Orgy
- The Fabian Strategy



*The Classics department travelling to a meeting.*

## Women's and Gender Studies

- Refusal to penetrate the symbolic void of the meeting room

## English

- Fear of publication and ensuing death at the hands of Roland Barthes
- The department is, in fact, always already meeting
- Don't want other professors to know they couldn't make heads or tails of On Grammatology

## Russian Language and Literature

- Too busy brooding

## Microbiology and Immunology

- Meeting still incubating

## Anthropology

- Meeting actually occurred but professors all trying to observe each other
- Chair declares self god-king

## Japanese

- Giant monster attack

## Engineering

- Too busy building giant robot for Japanese Department

## Environmental Studies

- Printing meeting memo leaves unacceptable carbon footprint

## French

- Revolution
- Orgy
- Insufficient Phlegm

## Jewish Studies

- Meeting scheduled for Saturday. Profs don't work, don't get in a car, don't fucking ride in a car, don't pick up the phone, don't turn on the oven, and sure as shit *don't* fucking hold a meeting! Shomer shabbos!

## Italian

- Wine
- Women
- Song



*Italian I professors at a morning drill session.*



*Professor Toshiro of the Japanese department.*

### **Digital Humanities**

- Sorry, the meeting is in another castle
- Meeting held in virtual space (WoW chat)
- Half of department spawn camping other half

### **Sociology**

- Meeting actually occurred, but professors all trying to observe each other

### **Philosophy**

- Meeting was to occur “in the same room” as the last one. You cannot step into the same room twice
- Professors remain unconvinced they are Dartmouth professors and not brains in vats
- Afraid of being threatened with a fire poker

### **Earth Science**

- Avalanche

### **Math**

- Professors playing games on graphing calculator under the table
- Asymptotically approaching but not reaching meeting time
- Meeting to be held by the set of all sets of professors which do not contain themselves
- Room number accidentally given in base 8

### **Theater**

- Refusal to break character
- “Why do these people want to have a meeting anyway? What’s their motivation?”

### **Physics**

- Either the time of the meeting or the location of the meeting can be precisely known, but not both
- Until we open the door and check, they can be understood to both be having a meeting and to not be having one

### **Psychology**

- Meeting actually occurred, but professors all trying to analyze each other

### **Religion**

- Blood sacrifice
- Meeting breaks into sects
- Conference room pillaged by Classics Department; professors fed to lions
- 

### **German**

- Insufficient phlegm
- Too busy brooding
- Planning to sweep through the Belgian department on the way to the French department

### **Archeology**

- Chair called away on quest to recover important artifact from evil forces



*Professor Jones of the Archeology department thinks that Tuesday’s meeting belongs in a museum.*



# "What is the Big Green?"

*Sensuous musings on Dartmouth's elusive mascot from Professor Suave T. Excelsior, PhD*

I love Dartmouth. She affects me like no other woman. When she is near, my heart beats twice as fast. When she touches me gently on the arm, every hair on my body stands on end and tingles excitedly. And when I gaze deeply into her wide, bottle-green eyes, my mind races to comprehend the immense complexity of her beautiful soul. It's those Lily Potter eyes, those 'Big Greens,' if you will. But what are they exactly? What is the 'Big Green,' and why does it intoxicate me so?

To me, The Big Green is any number of things. It is Piccolo, the demon archnemesis of Goku known for his abilities of regeneration and muscle expansion. It is the Jolly Green Giant, who provides the huddled masses with frozen vegetables to eat.

The Big Green sometimes manifests itself in a list of super-heroes who are Big and Green. Take the Hulk: Big, Green, and consumed by rage. And then there's the Green Arrow. He kills stuff with arrows because guns are too easy. Why would he use guns when he can invent and then expertly deploy contraptions like the net-arrow, the explosive arrow, the tear gas arrow, the fire-extinguishing arrow, and everyone's favorite, the boxing-glove arrow? There's also the Green Hornet, who fights crime not with super strength or brilliant archery, but with a kickin' forest-green fedora. More importantly, he was responsible for launching Bruce Lee's acting career and for making Asian manservants cool (though that was in the Sixties and they have since become uncool, except at Princeton).

The Big Green is more things still. It is the color of Rosie O'Donnell's face when she finally consumes one burrito too many. It is the green light at the end of the Buchanan's dock—I'm not sure exactly what that light symbolizes, but man I just hope Gatsby gets that pussy. It is a recycled jam jar filled with the stickiest of the icky, the kind of weed that when smelled by the trained nose provokes a knowing smile, as if a spliff has already been rolled and smoked deeply; the kind of weed that when smelled by the untrained nose makes that man feel there is something missing in his life.

The Big Green sometimes makes me think of trees. I think this is because trees are usually Big and Green. Often it's just a single tree, a lone pine perhaps. Sometimes it's all of them, every tree that has ever lived.

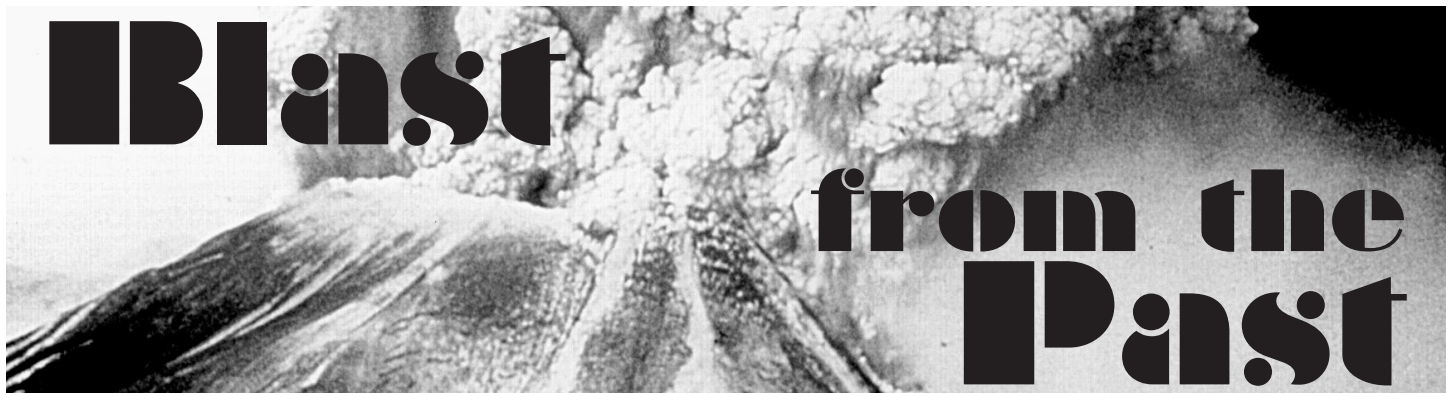


*Professor Excelsior gesticulates instructively.*

Now the Big Green becomes the Big Greenery, the total tonnage of trees throughout all the Earth's history. Associating the Big Green and subsequently Dartmouth with plant life has tremendous implications. Her photosynthetic properties would be crucial to life on Earth, but at the same time, she would literally be at the bottom of the food chain. As a mass of plants she would be completely passive, and could only conquer others by taking the form of some sort of massive, vicious, all-encompassing algal bloom that could choke out all forms of marine life in its path.

Unfortunately, whenever thoughts of the Big Green as plant life flash across my brain, so too do thoughts of Green Peace, tree-hugging, college hippies. It is when this happens that I am most filled with fear and hate. The body odor; the drum circles; the vague, misinformed, poorly organized protests; the music festivals that start off fun only to become horrifically unsanitary and ironically damaging to the environment. Hippies shake me to the core, blurring my separate notions of good and evil. What infernal process could possibly make them smell so bad? Is hippiecide morally acceptable? Are they really people? Your guess is as good as mine.

It is these nightmarish quandaries involving hippies that often snap me back to reality and end my musing on the complexity of the Big Green. However sometimes I lose my train of thought I can think of nothing more than the crystalline inside of a Green Apple Jolly Rancher, and I must run off to the candy store to consume as many of them as I can. Mostly though, after having gazed into the beautiful Big Green eyes of Dartmouth for a lengthy period, I am simply amazed by her hotness, and sex is all I can think about.



It is often said that in order to be famous, one should not graduate from Dartmouth. Indeed, there are many famous people who cut their Dartmouth careers short. Robert Frost spent two months here, only to leave and become a world-famous farmer. Gus Sonnenberg left the college because of World War I and then wrestled his way into history with his world-famous chocolate emporium. And, Dr. Seuss was expelled from the school due to his tendency to write ridiculous essays such as “One Chaucer, Two Chaucer, Red Chaucer, Blue Chaucer.” And of course, only a few years afterward, Dr. Seuss discovered the cure for yellow fever. Other famous people such as Bill Clinton, Albert Einstein, and Confucius spent even less time at Dartmouth!

Why do so many famous people not graduate from Dartmouth? The answer is that it’s difficult to get famous after graduating from any college. Take for example, Richard Greene ‘78. He transferred from Dartmouth College to Jonestown University, where he graduated and did nothing of note afterwards. Here, reproduced for the first time, are some excerpts from his diary, which lies in Rauner Library.

September 28th, 1978

Another fun day of college here at Jonestown U! In Astronomy class, we looked at Alpha Centauri. Professor Smith says that we will go there one day as a school trip! Later, in Chemistry class, we worked on “secret potions” for President Jim. We then used our secret potions in Biology. We fed them to flies, making careful note as to which ones made them sleep and which ones made them die. I sure hope we make lots of death potion -- the flies here in Guyana are excruciating! Tonight, we’re going to tell stories and sing songs around a fire with President Jim. Boy, is college exciting!

October 4th, 1978

My hopes have come true -- we are making lots of our

secret death potion! It smells really bad, so we combined it with Kool-Aid. I asked President Jim if we would spray it at the flies or if we would set up little traps for them. He looked at me confusedly -- I bet they are still deliberating on that issue. Today in Astronomy class, I calculated that it would take over 270 years for us to reach Alpha Centauri, but the professor insisted that it would only be 2-3. Gee, I guess I must have misplaced a decimal point... or two! Man, science is cool!

November 2nd, 1978

Our secret potion project for Chemistry class is nearly finished! We’ve been pouring it into lots of little cups. I guess President Jim decided that we would be using them as little traps that the flies will fly into. God, the insects are terrible here. I want them all to be massacred! I can’t believe I’m going to be graduating soon. These few years have flown by. Part of me wants to go home, but part of me wants to go with President Jim and everyone else to Alpha Centauri. They say we will be leaving right after we graduate. Hmm... I wonder if they have graduate programs in space!

November 17th, 1978

Man, I’m going to be graduating tomorrow! It’s so exciting! We stayed up really late tonight finishing our Chemistry project. We’ll present it tomorrow in front of everybody -- I sure hope it works! President Jim said we’re all going to get robes for our graduation tomorrow, and that’s all we’ll need for our trip to Alpha Centauri, which will start immediately after the ceremony. It seems like we’re not packing very much, but I guess we’ll all be a tight fit on the spaceship. I might bring a towel with me just in case. Better safe than sorry! President Jim also said we would all make a ceremonial toast at graduation with -- would you guess it -- Kool-Aid! I sure hope they don’t mix it up with our Chemistry project. I don’t like Kool-Aid, though, so I think I’ll skip out on that.



# HERE ARE SOME LISTS

## THEY ARE ABOUT COLLEGES

WE WERE THINKING "HEY WHAT ARE SOME FACTS ABOUT COLLEGES? MAYBE WE SHOULD TELL THESE FACTS TO SOME PEOPLE AND SO HERE THEY ARE. THERE ARE A LOT OF THEM THEY COME IN GROUPS OF FIVE BECAUSE FIVE IS A GOOD NUMBER FOR COMEDIC LISTS BECAUSE THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF A FIVE-OBJECT COMEDIC LIST IS EASY TO MANAGE. ANYWAY HERE THEY ARE. I HOPE YOU LIKE THEM AND ALSO AGREE WITH US WHEN WE SAY SHIT ABOUT BROWN BECAUSE IT'S FUN TO SAY SHIT ABOUT BROWN AND THEY ARE THE COLOR OF SHIT. ANYWAY, SO YEAH

### Top 5 "I Should be at State School but my Parents Couldn't Bear to Let That Happen" Douchey Private Schools

1. Brown
2. Wesleyan
3. St. Michael's
4. Tufts
5. Brown

### Top 5 Schools Where You'll Hear the Phrase "...is just a social construct"

1. Reed
2. Oberlin
3. McGill
4. Vermont
5. Your parents' basement (U of Phoenix Online)

### The "Harvard of Rhode Island"

1. URI
2. RISD
3. Roger Williams
4. Fucking Brown
5. Providence College

### Top 5 Alphabetical Colleges

1. Aardvark University
2. Aardwolf College
3. ABBA School of Swedish Pop Music
4. Alabama Art Academy
5. Harvard University (some dialects)

### Top 5 Fake-Sounding Colleges

1. Miami University of Ohio
2. University of Massachusettes – Dartmouth
3. Cornell College
4. California University of Pennsylvania
5. Cornell University

### Top 5 Foreign Colleges that You Can Think Of

1. Oxford University
2. Cambridge University
3. McGill
4. University of... um... Japan?
5. University of California -- Berkeley

### Top 5 Silliest Mascots

1. The MIT Fighting Amoebas
2. UC Santa Cruz Banana Slugs
3. The Harvard Fightin' John Harvards
4. The Yale White Male Land-Owners
5. The Banana Slug University Santa Cruzes

### Top 5 Things MIT Could Stand For

1. Mission Impossible Two
2. Mighty Insect Trickster
3. Mellifluous Irritant Transvestite
4. Moist Intimate Threesome
5. Mission Impossible Thirty-Seven



*This MIT seal will self-destruct in thirty seconds.*







“At College University, we learned a skill set that we were able to practically apply in a vocational field in the real world!”

-Ethnically Diverse Students

“I had a hard time moving from my home town to a new city, but at College University, you can find other like-minded people pursuing similar academic and/or creative interests, and build friendships based upon that common interest!”

-Another Ethnically Diverse Student



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- Research
- Learning

And PhD programs in

- Doctoring

## COLLEGE SPOTLIGHT

# BROWN

**Fun facts about the college whose name is most similar to the color of human feces.**

**Yes, we just spent an entire page shitting on another college\* for no good reason. So what?**

**Other famous inventions from Brown: Brown paper bag, Brown-nosing, Brown outs, Browntain of youth, hash Browns, and girl scouts.**

**Brown is the darkest college in the Ivy League, and is second in darkness only to Black College in Minnesota.**

**According to ancient creation legends, in the time before man, there was a great battle between the Spirit Entities of Harvard and Dartmouth. The Big Green and Crimson fought for centuries until they finally tired. It is said that in the aftermath on the battlefield some of the Spirits' blood mixed together, and from this Brown was born.**

**Brown's greatest football victory was against the Board of Education in Topeka.**

**Graduate student Crayonmush Browning, in an attempt to create a healthy alternative sweetener, invented a substance known as Brown Sugar. He was awarded the Punjabi Medal of Scientific Excellence in Science, but it was revoked after the discovery that Brown Sugar was essentially just sugar.**

**Brown's foreign division devised the Brønsted-Lowry theory of acids.**

**There has been much controversy surrounding Brown's genetic engineering department. Their creation of the Brown Recluse spider was not received well by the general population, who believed that the regular Recluse spider was poisonous enough already. In order to improve their image after this faux pas, the department created the Brown bear, a slightly toned-down version of the grizzly bear.**

**Brown students move in a seemingly random fashion when suspended in a gas or liquid.**

**Brown is a member of the prestigious Noun Association alongside other universities such as Duke, Tufts, and Rice.**

**Brown's motto at its creation was, "Fuck the British comin' straight out the Colonies, young college got it bad cuz we're Brown".**



**A Brown Student.**

**\* Pun intentional**



# Advice for Your Application Essays

Okay, so you want to get into college. Or you're already in college. If so, chuckle silently at your superiority. Colleges place an immense importance on the application essay. But how can you identify yourself in such a small number of words? Sure, you may be able to play three flutes at once, or you have discovered a small island nation near Micronesia, but how can you write an essay that separates itself from the thousands of others also about random talents and accomplishments? Here are a few tips we've compiled that are surefire ways to get yourself noticed.

1. If you want to draw attention, take risks: Let's face it, no one gives flying horse feces about how you 'admire' Bill Gates or Albert Einstein or [insert random alumnus of school here]. If you actually care about this person as much as you seem, we probably don't want you here. Write something interesting. For example, try this:

*I really admire Jonathon Horton. He has brutally murdered 18 people in Iowa, dressing them up in ballerina tutus, tying them up, dousing them in gasoline, and burning them alive, watching as their charred bodies slowly stop flailing and their screams die out. He is dedicated to his profession; he meticulously plans each kill so his victims never get away. In addition, he has put Iowa on the map, something that no one from the state has ever managed to do.*

2. Be original. Everyone talks about global warming or poverty; good for you, you give a crap. Go for other important issues. Write it in such a way that keeps our attention – innuendos are always good:

*Last night I was bent over a desk, when it exploded in my head: I realized that people should be able to walk around without clothes. When asked why, I say why not? There is no reason why we shouldn't always be naked. Animals do it. It will be hard. People won't like it. But eventually they will change their minds and will like taking it in while letting it all hang out.*

3. When answering why do you want to attend our college, be honest – don't give us that 'study abroad,' 'D-plan,' and 'faculty-student ratio' crap:

*I want to go to Dartmouth because my parents want to rub it in their friend's faces. And I like the color green. And because when I visited in Dimensions I met that hot girl at that party and she was like woah! Though to be fair after spending a weekend at MIT, seeing a girl who looked like a girl was like eating a stale sandwich after nearly starving to death. But yeah, pong was fun.*

4. Add endearing details. We don't care about the fact that you have two German Shepherds named 'Florentine' and 'Jeffery Maxwell III.' Skip right to the good stuff – things to include:

*--How, when, and where you were conceived (only if you have an awkward story behind it)*

*--Your last sexual experience that involved over 200 Watts of electricity, a brick, and a greenish rash.*

*--For guys: the last time you got hit in the crotch with a grapefruit*

*--For girls: anything about menstruation*

5. Answer the profound philosophical questions of life. If you don't know what the meaning of your life is, you just look stupid:

*You should admit me, because I am your God.*

If you follow all of these tips, your application reader will surely jump out of his or her seat and exclaim, "Wow!" Hopefully, this will be because your application is impressive, and not because of the foul-smelling herbs from your island nation that you sent along with your essays. And even if you don't get accepted into college, your application reader will certainly friend you on Facebook. And that is all that matters.

# “Seven Tips for Filling Space”

Sometimes, when you are in college, you will need to write words. Lots of words. You may find that you do not have enough words to fill the space needed, so here are some useful tips.

Number 1: Use an obnoxiously large font, as large as you can get away with.

Number 2: Subtly increase the number of spaces between words.

Number 3: If your professor is on to you, gradually increase the size of small things, like punctuation ●

Number 4: Spell out the word “Number.” Eh, why not?

Number 5: Include picture illustrations, even if they are only tangentially related. See, Figure 1.

Number 6: Use as many paragraph breaks as possible. This

A. Spaces your words out.

B. Makes you seem organized.

Number 7: Ensure the sentence spills over into the next line, even if it has nothing to do with hyperbioradiopolitarinisticalitude-ness.



Figure 1.



# How to Deal with Your Roommate

Congratulations, you've made it into your first year of college! You don't have your parents to deal with anymore, but now you have a first-year roommate. The first few days will almost certainly be awkward, so here are some tips on dormitory life. Remember, when you're dealing with a new person, always be invitational, not confrontational.

## #1: Hygiene

Maybe you're rooming with a football player who goes straight to his homework after practice without taking a shower first. Or maybe you're rooming with someone from Europe, where they just don't care for things like "baths." Either way, there's a smell, and something needs to be done about it. But, be invitational! Next time you head to the shower, tell your roommate something like, "Hey, man, I'm going to the shower, want to come along?" Your roommate will appreciate it, especially if he is European.

## #2: Intercourse

You return to your room after a long day of studying, but, what's this? A sock tied around the doorknob, indicates that your roommate must be in the throes of proving his manhood. Don't get frustrated. Just as you have spent hours taming Calculus, your roommate has spent hours taming his partner. So, be encouraging. Let out a round of applause for your roommate, so he can hear your approval through that heavy wooden door. If possible, gather some other floor-mates to cheer him on and chant his name. Your roommate will appreciate the fact that his performance comes with the complete support of his peers.

## #3: More Intercourse

After another long day of studying, you lie down in bed, but what's this? The sound of creaking and moaning indicates that your roommate failed to prepare the sock on the doorknob. As with a grizzly bear in the wilderness, lie very still and attempt to make as little noise as possible. Your roommate did not interrupt your studying, so you should try not to interrupt his schtupping. However, your roommate may be alerted to your presence due to a sneeze or other spasm. If this happens, do not panic, and, as always, be encouraging! Do not shield your eyes or run out of the room; that would hurt his self-esteem. Instead, adopt the same

cheering strategy as before, even perhaps get out a bowl of popcorn or Reese's pieces.



*Even more intercourse.*

## #4: Religion

You open the door to your room to find red wax candles arranged in a five-pointed star around your roommate, who's about to slaughter a newborn goat as an offering to the unspeakable harbinger of pestilence, Sh'brak'gik. You need to be firm with your roommate about religious practices. Let him know that you had saved that baby goat for your own terrible offering to the hoary lord of the dark, Mrawngdagor, on Saturday, and had even went to the trouble of labeling it when you put it in the communal fridge. While it is not unheard of for followers of Sh'brak'gik and Mrawngdagor to consort on days besides the holiday of Flagrin'chok, it is best for your roommate to know that you appreciate having your privacy respected, and if he wants viscera and gore in which to baptize the reincarnation of the deathbeast, he needs to ask politely before using it.

## #5: Even More Intercourse

You might find your roommate from time to time has a habit of holding your hand while you both sleep. When you ask why, he says that it's so "you don't float away." Also, instead of eating in the dining halls, he seems to prefer just lying on his back and eating seafood off of his own stomach. This means that your roommate is either a heavy user of psychotropic drugs, or he is actually an otter. If the latter, then there's nothing you should do about it. Enjoy your new otter friend!

*Think this cityscape looks cool?*

*Do you hate going outside?*



*Then go to* **UNIVERSITY OF  
HOBOKEN ONLINE**

*“Because your parents won’t stop bugging you about a degree.”*

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**WOULD YOU LIKE A COLLEGE WHERE...**

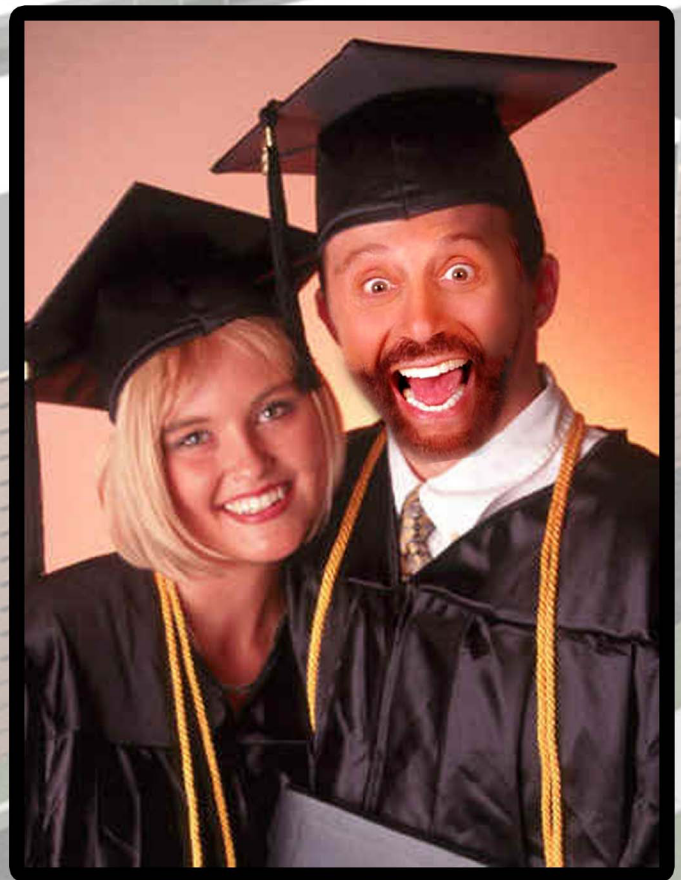
*...teachers learn from YOU?*

*...the classes come to YOU?*

*...the degree earns YOU?*

**YAKOV  
SMIRNOFF  
UNIVERSITY**

*“Where in Soviet Russia,  
college goes to YOU!”*







# STUDENT SPOTLIGHT

Sure, you've been accepted into college, but what is college like? How can you prepare for it? College is most certainly different from high school in many ways. You may have excelled in your high school classes, but what if your college classes are taught by militant Jedis. It could happen. How would you know otherwise? Jedis! Angry ones! What would you do, huh?

Follow Jacko University's freshman correspondent, Arbitek Ridgern, as he explores these important differences.

## Difference #1: College is hard.

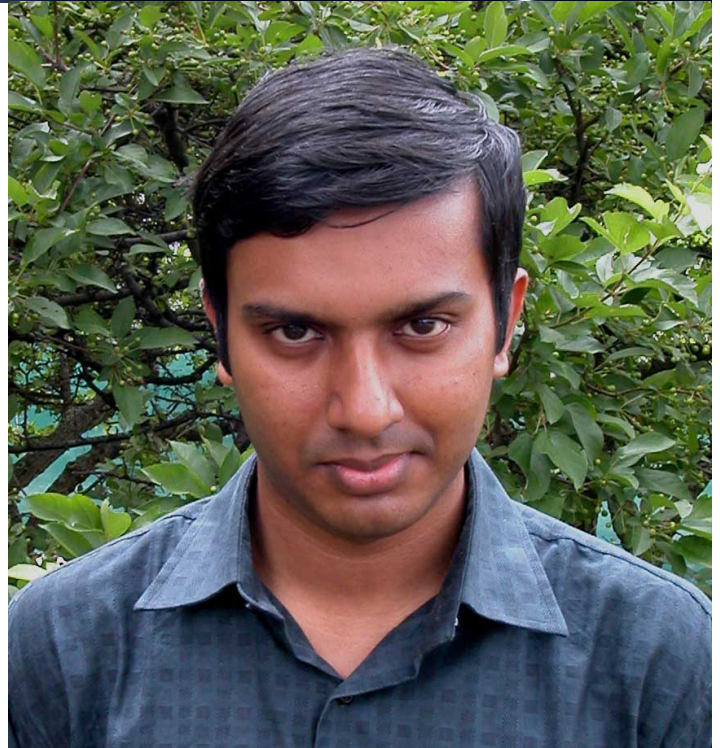
My name is Arbitek Ridgern, and I'm ready for this, baby. Who studied like almost two hours for this shit? This kid. Who attended almost, like, all the lectures? This kid. Who blundered their way through ALL the webwork? Yeah. This kid. Again, Me. There's no freaking way I'm not getting an A on this. I've NEVER worked so hard in a math class. There's a desk in my high school calc class with the drool stains to prove it.

The professor hands out the exams. I watch one of my classmates grimace a bit, and laugh heartily. That fool didn't study.

"Okay, here you go, we'll get started in when the minute hand hits 12... Ready, Go!"

Go time, baby! I look down at my exam. Name. Easy question. Date. Easy question. Section. Wait, do I fill that out? Whatever. Easy question. Good shit. Next page.

"Question#1: How do you maximize the volume of the curve that which exists upon the BITCH SLAP! BITCH SLAP BITCH SLAP BITCH SLAP! I touch my cheek instinctively and there's a burning sensation in my eyes. I look at the problem again. It looks at me. I start reading the problem again... BITCH SLAP! BITCH SLAP! I blink a couple of times and look around confusedly. Am I taking the right test?



*Freshman Correspondent, Arbitek Ridgern.*

My hands are getting sweaty. So is my neck. Maybe I should skip the problem. Yeah, that's it. That's what good students do, they skip the ones they don't know...

"Question#2: Please define the WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? Oh God. Oh God, please have mercy. Maybe it's all just a dream. I start pinching myself to wake myself up. The girl sitting next to me looks at me funny. I don't care. I keep pinching myself. Maybe I have to repeat it three times like in Wizard of Oz. It's a dream it's a dream it's a dream. I look up. I look back down. It's a dream it's a dream it's a dream. I look back up: Fuck. Wait, maybe I'm doing it wrong. I'm supposed to say: There's no place like home. There's no place like home. There's no place like home. I look back up. Maybe it's because I don't have red heels on?"

## Difference #2: Asians Are No Longer Necessarily Good at Math.

Damn.





# ADVICE FOR YOUR CLASSES

At college, many students are afraid to ask their professors for help if they are stuck or behind on work. This is a normal feeling, as professors can be fearsome creatures full of malice toward their evil department chair or the haunted coffee maker in the department lounge. But do not despair. Even if your professor really is in fact an alien or a robot, they will be kind and willing to help you. They are most likely lying in wait, fattening you up with grade inflation or biding their time until the inevitable robot apocalypse. However, if you still recoil at the thought of meeting your professor in person, here is a handy template for your future alien and/or robot overlord. Just pick the appropriate term from the parentheses!

---

Dear Professor,

While I understand that we have an **(essay / research project / thesis)** due **(next Friday / this Friday / tomorrow / in 30 minutes)**, I have developed an awful case of **(swine flu / mononucleosis / ebola / attacked by wolves)**. I have gone to see doctors at Dick's House, and they have recommended that I spend some time **(as an inpatient / resting at home / bleeding out of every orifice / not around wolves)**. Because one of the symptoms of my sickness is **(intense fatigue / horrible rash / allergy to school work / wolves)**, I don't think I will be able to concentrate well enough to finish this assignment on time. Thus, I would like to ask for an extension until **(the following Monday / two weeks from now / when the pack moves on to other hunting grounds)**, as that would allow me to turn in material that is **(more academically sound / better prepared / better edited / less covered-in-blood-and-fur)**. If that is not possible, is there any kind of extra credit that I could **(write / massage / lick / suck)** in order to make up for the lost points?

I really appreciate your **(consideration / sympathy / saving me from these wolves)** in this matter, and hope to see you when I **(feel better / recover / recuperate / leave the Yukon)**.

**(Sincerely / Yours truly / Love / FUCKING HELP ME),**

**(Name/AAAAAARRRRRRGGGHH)**



# The Stanford Fraternity Experiment

by Donald J. Roebeling '10

## Historical Note:

In 1971, Stanford psychologist Philip Zimbardo launched the infamous Stanford Prison Experiment. A group of students who had elected to participate in Zimbardo's study were assigned to one of two groups: guards and prisoners. The experiment rapidly descended into madness as the students took to their new social roles with malicious zeal, and Zimbardo himself became all too caught up in his assumed position as the prison's warden. Years later, Zimbardo resurrected his experiment in a new incarnation by simulating a frat house under controlled conditions. This time, the students were assigned to the roles of full frat-brothers and pledges. Once more, the situation quickly wound into the corridors of insanity...

Zimbardo: OK, so I have assembled you all in the basement of Chuckie Cheese for a reason. This is going to be our "frat-house" for the next week, and Mr. Cheese was good enough to allow me to lease this property for the duration. The group of you gathered on my left is going to be pledges and group gathered on my right will be the full brothers. I will be serving the function of house mother, as you may have gathered from these nylons. I'm going to head up stairs right now, but I'm leaving these kegs here and a couple of paddles and ball gags.

Pledge #1: But I'm the only person on your left.

Zimbardo: Yeah...

(Zimbardo leaves.)

Brother #1: Alright, guys...um... I guess we could start by making you clean this place up.

Brother #2: Yeah—clean this fucking place up!

Pledge #1: Um, I'm getting five dollars for participat-



ing in this, right?

Brother #3: Shut the fuck up!

(Pause.)

Brother #2: Hey—I've got an idea—let's sodomize him!

All Brothers: Yeah!

Pledge #1: Gulp!

(Cut to Zimbardo somewhere upstairs—he is staring in the mirror and applying lipstick. Back to the basement.)

Brother #3: Alright, leave me alone with the pledge for a minute—I'm going to beat the breaks off this bitch...with my dick.

(Exit all, except for Pledge #1 and Brother #3.)

Brother #3 (unbuckling his belt): Get ready for the Bruce Vilanch special!

Pledge #1: Gulp!

(Cut to one hour later—Pledge #1 and Brother #3 are still the only people left in the room. Brother #3 is weeping, while Pledge #1 cradles Brother #3's head in his lap).

Brother #3: And then I said, "No, Dad you're not going to do this to Mom, not to me, not to Timmy..."

(He cries even harder.)

Brother #3: Tell me I'm not a bad person! Tell me I tried as hard as I could!

Pledge #1: Shh... shhh... you tried, you tried. He just wasn't ready to listen.

Brother #3: Will he ever be ready to listen? No—not now... because he's dead!

(He buries his head in Pledge #1's lap. Enter Zimbardo.)

Zimbardo: Guess who brought cookies!

Pledge #1: Thanks, but were in the middle of a heart to heart. Just sit them to the side.

(Exit Zimbardo, leaving cookies behind.)

Pledge #1: You have no idea how glad I am that you didn't sodomize me.

Brother #3: I just wanted someone to listen. I never wanted to hurt anyone...

(Pause.)

What's your first name by the way?

Pledge #1: It's Leslie.

Brother #3: What a beautiful name... Leslie.

(Pause.)

Pledge #1: God, I never realized how moving being in a fraternity could be.

Brother #3: Yeah, all those un-affiliated hipsters with their Pavement records and Wes Anderson movies really don't know what they're missing out on...

(The other brothers come back.)

Brother #1: How was the sodomy, bro?

Brother #3: Oh, we didn't do it. We just shared a few moments of eternity.

Brother #2: Cool—we were throwing-up on each other.

Brother #3: Radical!

Brother #1: Hey—let's make this dude a full brother!

Pledge #1: All right!

Brother #3: And after we're done with that we can go beat off to the surgery channel!

All: Awesome!

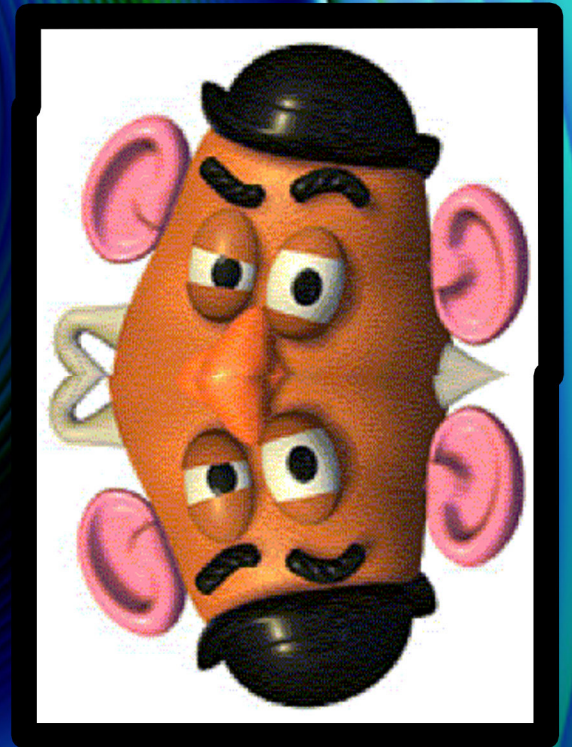


“Come tremble on our bodacious pie crusts, Ernesto!”

-Senior Professor Transient Q. Pathogen

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- Who are you?!
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*“Where the cement flows like grandma!”*





“What college do you go to?”  
“I go to Arfard. Where do you go?”  
“I don’t go to college. I am a dog.”