

The Partmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

Humor Society

winter
2012

Great Minds



Unders the Sword of Damoclese

Kenny Baclawski
Michael Gillis

**O Captains! My Captains!
(Emereti)**

Dan Smolinsky
Laura Michet

The Garden of Earthly Delights

Victoria Oosterhout
Julie Fiveash

Band of Brothers

Brenden Mooney
Mitchell B. Jacobs
Sam E. Buntz
Aaron G. Colston
Richard Lange

Magister Bibendi

Jeffrey C. Ledolter

Photoelectric Effect

Julian O. B. Bangert

Want to write for the one of the oldest comedy societies in the country? Know who Michel de Montaigne is? Get out of here you dick! Don't know who Jacques Lacan is? Go away you simpleton!

We want only the most narrow range of culturedness to help write, draw, edit, and publish the Jack-O'-Lantern. That way we can look down on you and force you to buy us hot wings and copies of Hustler based on our knowledge of Michel de Montaigne. We hold meetings at 9 o' clock in the pub suite of Robinson Hall.

Cover Art by Photoshop
(and Victoria Oosterhout)

THIS PARODY IS A PUBLICATION OF THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O'-LANTERN ANY RESEMBLANCE TO AN ACTUAL PUBLICATION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

The Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern is published four times a year by a bunch of monkeys sitting at infinite typewriters for an infinite amount of time.

You may contact the monkeys at jacko@dartmouth.edu but beware, for they may become enraged and begin a lengthy diatribe on the literature of the French Renaissance or throw feces at you.

Dearest readers,

We were sitting around the other day, wondering what sort of illuminating, enlightening issue we could tackle with this latest installment of the Jacko. Perennial suggestions included 'World Peace,' 'Politics at Dartmouth,' and as always, 'The Only-Penis-Jokes Issue.'

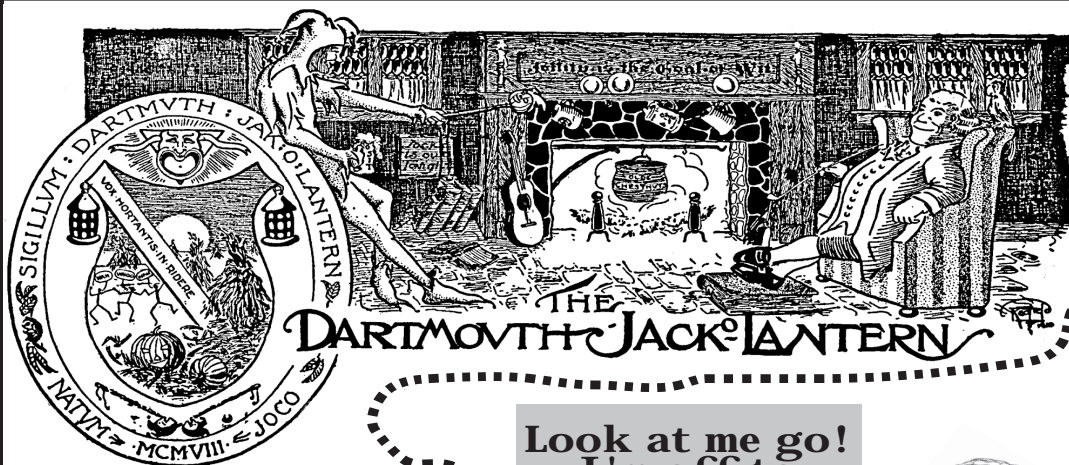
We turned to our idols for advice: Einstein, Mark Twain, Isaac Newton. But then, we had an idea: What was life really like for Great Minds? What did they eat for breakfast? Who did they

Winter, 2012
hate most? So, without further ado, we present to you, the Only-Penis-Jokes Issue.

Oh, and look over there. It's Brainsy the Brain! Follow him through the issue, and he'll tell you interesting facts about humankind's Great Minds. Aww, isn't he cute... with his outboard motor there... Anyway, enjoy the Jacko.

Sincerely,

Kenny Baclawski Michael Gillis



Look at me go!
I'm off to
another page.
Catch you on
the flip side!



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**EXERCISE YOUR
BRAIN**

**BE ABLE TO LIFT
REALLY FUCKING
HEAVY BOOKS**

with **READITALL**



Letters from the Editors

The Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern is proud to present this issue, entitled "Great Minds" under the auspices of special guest co-editors Harold Bloom and Michel Foucault. Following are their remarks on the question "Who are the Great Minds?" While the format is unorthodox, we hope their comments are enlightening.

Although the importance of literary influence can never be ignored there are those names – Shakespeare, Keats, and so on – who stand apart from the rabblement of history. These are the names whose influence is felt by lesser writers.

-Bloom

The concept of Great Minds is merely the product of Power-Knowledge. The bourgeois elevate their chosen few, thereby controlling that which is considered of value to be known and in turn protecting their knowledge.

-Foucault

The matter at hand is not knowledge but wisdom. If we look to Kant, one of the great Wisdom writers, we understand that the goal of man is the improvement of the self. How is this to be achieved without the exposure to true genius? For what after all is genius, but the reflection of what is great in one's self?

-B

Indeed, the Enlightenment is the source of our troubles, here. It was then that the bourgeois self emerged as primary. Our interpellation into the enlightenment episteme is so constant that we cannot but judge all thought against that rubric whether appropriate or not, making your preference for the historical text decidedly ahistorical. Also: Immanuel Kant? More Like Immanuel C███!

-F



Harold, an ignorant slut



Foucault, master of half-cocked bullshit

Twaddle and Nonsense. Your vituperation, although large on the page, is little in thought. Were it to cross my desk at Yale I'd be forced to give you a C+ and that's including grade inflation. If you choose to provide a coherent thought I shall debate it. Brevity, you may or may not recall, is the soul of wit.

-B

In brief, the fiction of history as such is the site of the ideology of power-knowledge. Eat that, bitch.

-F

You see? This is exactly the kind of half-cocked bullshit I'm talking about. What the fuck is this shit?

-B

Harold, you ignorant slut, if you weren't so busy trying to lay every co-ed with half a brain across your desk maybe you would recognize your own blinders as to your inculcation in the dominant paradigm of literature and its desire to situate all literary work into that paradigm.

-F

Well, you bald, ugly Frog, I mean only to suggest that those works which have been continually read across eras provide some value unrelated to their place inside of history.

-B

In the spirit of civil discourse, I believe that is a point on which we can agree to disagree
– The Editors March 2012.

Do Great Minds Think Alike?

In an attempt to see how the Great Minds of our day really think, French philosopher Jean Blanche-Drapeau asked the following question to dozens of Great Minds: "In exactly 20 words, what advice would you give to our world's youth today?" Here are some of his results. Try to see if any of the Great Minds really do think alike!

Stephen Hawking: With one blink, I can make black holes eat your cat. So keep playing "Angry Birds" and quit asking about the Universe.

Fun Fact: We heard about curiosity killing the cat. But black holes???



George W. Bush: Are you white or an Obama? Is your dad president? Okay, then don't worry about it. Things will be okay.

Fun Fact: We have no Fun Facts about George W. Bush on file! They're all actually horrifying!



Ernest Hemmingway: Fuck it.

Fun Fact: Hemmingway refused to say any more words!!!

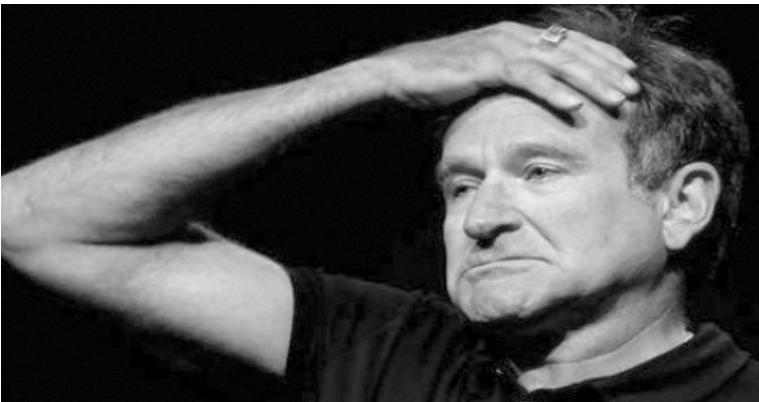


Jean Blanche-Drapeau



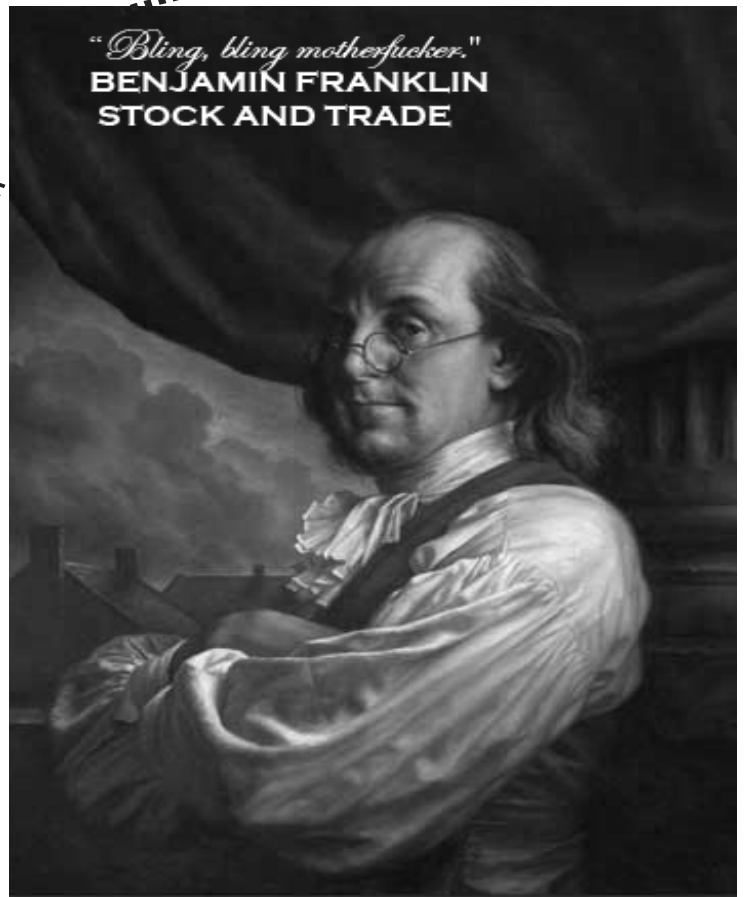
Microsoft Random Word Generator: Rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, sea-salt, flank-steak, vagina, vagina.

Fun Fact: Wow, Great Minds really do think alike!



Robin Williams: "Woo! What to say to today's children? I think they already know everything looking at Wikipedia every five seconds, and—"

Fun Fact: Williams went on to say over 400,000 more words!!!



Gertrude Stein: Rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, rose, sea-salt, flank-steak, vagina, vagina.

Fun Fact: Gertrude Stein, a true American original!

Break, Blow, Burn: The Lost Chapters by Camille Paglia

Jabberwocky

*“Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe...”*

The English language, it must be recognized, has a dual lineage. It is partially of Anglo-Norman extraction and partially Greco-Roman. Carroll, something of a scholar of Old English claims to have created this poem as a bit of a pseudo-Saxon lark. The preference for the Anglo over the Greco-Roman seems to carry from the form of the poem into the content.

The poem prefers Beowulfian violence to Catullan or Horatian sexuality. I need not explicate the vagina-dentata anxiety reflected in “Fear the Frumious Bandersnatch.” Where the female body hides its mysteries (as does the tulgey wood), male power can be expressed only explicitly – in the form of a vorpal blade. In this way, male Eros is displaced onto violent Thanatos as martial conquest is celebrated with the obviously orgasmic outburst of “O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”

I Am the Walrus

*“I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all
together.
See how they run like pigs from a gun, see how they fly.
I’m crying.”*



All Hail the Walrus.

Popular Culture has few better examples of sheer Dionysiac ecstasy than John Lennon’s lyrics to “I am the Walrus.” A clear dissociation of identity is expressed in the opening line: “I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together.” In Dionysiac worship, as demonstrated in Euripides *Bacchae*, a sort of group consciousness supersedes individuation in the course of pagan ritual (which is of course the source of our earliest Western poetry). The Beatles were themselves subject to such worship at Candlestick Park, for example. The woman present would likely have clawed John and Paul apart as readily as any group of Maenads.

Poetry: What the fuck is this shit? am i right?



A Young Camille Paglia, probably

To stretch comparison to the *Bacchae* further, we should recognize that men attend the bacchic rituals in female attire, among them Cadmus, Pentheus, and the serial-hermaphrodite Tieresias. Such androgyne behavior is reflected in Lennon’s line “Boy, you been a naughty girl you let your knickers down.” The dissolution of identity is also the dissolution of gender, which in turn allows the singer to take on the Sybillic possession and start issuing forth Delphic babbling for the listeners and the high-priests of criticism to receive.

[There once was a man from Nantucket]

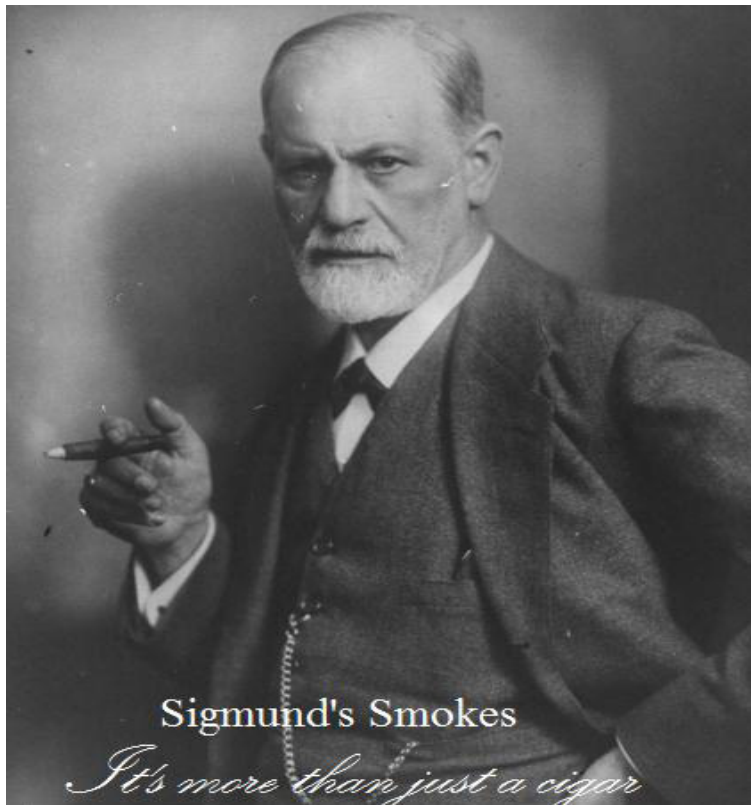
*There once was a man from Nantucket
With a dick so long he could suck it
he said with a grin
wiping cum from his chin
“if my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.”*

In a poem as succinct as the above, rhythm is paramount. As contemporary poets more and more abandon meter for freer and freer verse, the shape of the poem on the page, the sound of the words in the ear, and the rhythm as felt in the body become further ignored for conceptual matters. The rhythm here is powerfully felt, almost song-like. The two shorter lines provide, sonically, a building of anticipation to the final longer line, and on the page provide a space into which the reader may insert himself. The repeated k sound throughout the poem provides a steady, percussive element and perhaps an onomatopoeia for the squishing sound of the man from Nantucket’s ear-fucking. The self-contained beauty of this small gem cannot be overstated.

The Frog Round

*What a queer bird, the frog are
When he sit he stand (almost)
When he walk he fly (almost)
When he talk he cry (almost)
He ain’t got no sense, hardly
He ain’t got no tail, neither, hardly
He sit on what he ain’t got hardly*

I haven’t the foggiest. Sorry.



Sigmund's Smokes

It's more than just a cigar

Nine Fun Facts About the Creative Process

- Stephen King reported that he didn't even remember writing *Cujo* because he was "so high on cocaine."
- James Joyce wrote *Finnegan's Wake* by tearing apart several dictionaries (of various languages) and putting them back together while blackout drunk.
- Paul McCartney wrote the melody to "Yesterday" in a dream. That lucky bastard.
- Nietzsche's aphorisms were actually collected by the people to whom he shouted them on the streets of Basel.
- Most abstract art is created by accident.
- William Shakespeare reported late in life that he didn't even remember writing *Macbeth* because he was "so high on hemp."
- Gertrude Stein probably had a disorder of the brain's language center.
- Most writers say to "write what you know," which makes you wonder who writes crime novels.
- Vergil reported that he didn't even remember writing the *Aeneid* because he was "so drunk on Falernian wine" for nearly ten years.

I Had a Really Weird Dream

by Martin Luther King, Jr.

I had a dream, my brothers and sisters. I had a dream that, one day, dinosaurs of all species would emerge from the ground and devour everything in their path. I had a dream where my brothers and sisters could shoot laser beams from their eyes. I had a dream, where I was trying to convert an abandoned warehouse into a five-star day spa, but for some reason an angry mob of seventeenth century peasants, of all races and colors, were attacking on all sides.

So I abandoned the warehouse. I abandoned it and I ran. I ran and ran until I found myself in a dense forest with pink leaves on the trees but green leaves on the bushes. There, in my dream, did I find a great and powerful witch, who could move among trees as though she were a monkey. She wore red pants. This red-panted woman waved her arms, and lo and behold, I had my five-star day spa. Then she spoke unto me, "Toilet paper is not included."



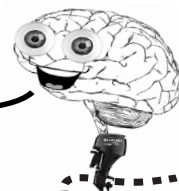
"I had a dream... there were dinosaurs. Zombie dinosaurs."

And so, with the help of my laser-eyed siblings, I traversed the land of dinosaurs and disgruntled peasants. We traveled across the Great Plains, to the tops of the highest mountains and across the seven seas. We traveled in search of toilet paper, for one roll would not do. Nay, we needed many rolls before I could open the spa. Everywhere we went, we found some toilet paper, hidden among rocks, in bushes, in caves. And though the roll were not covered in paper or saran wrap, it was always clean.

Yes, my brothers and sisters. I dreamt of a world where toilet paper was as rare as gold. I dreamt of a world where toilet paper never weathered or wore away, but remained fresh as the day it was made until the day it is used. Also, there were dinosaurs. Zombie dinosaurs. The dinosaurs were zombies. I forgot to mention it earlier, sorry.

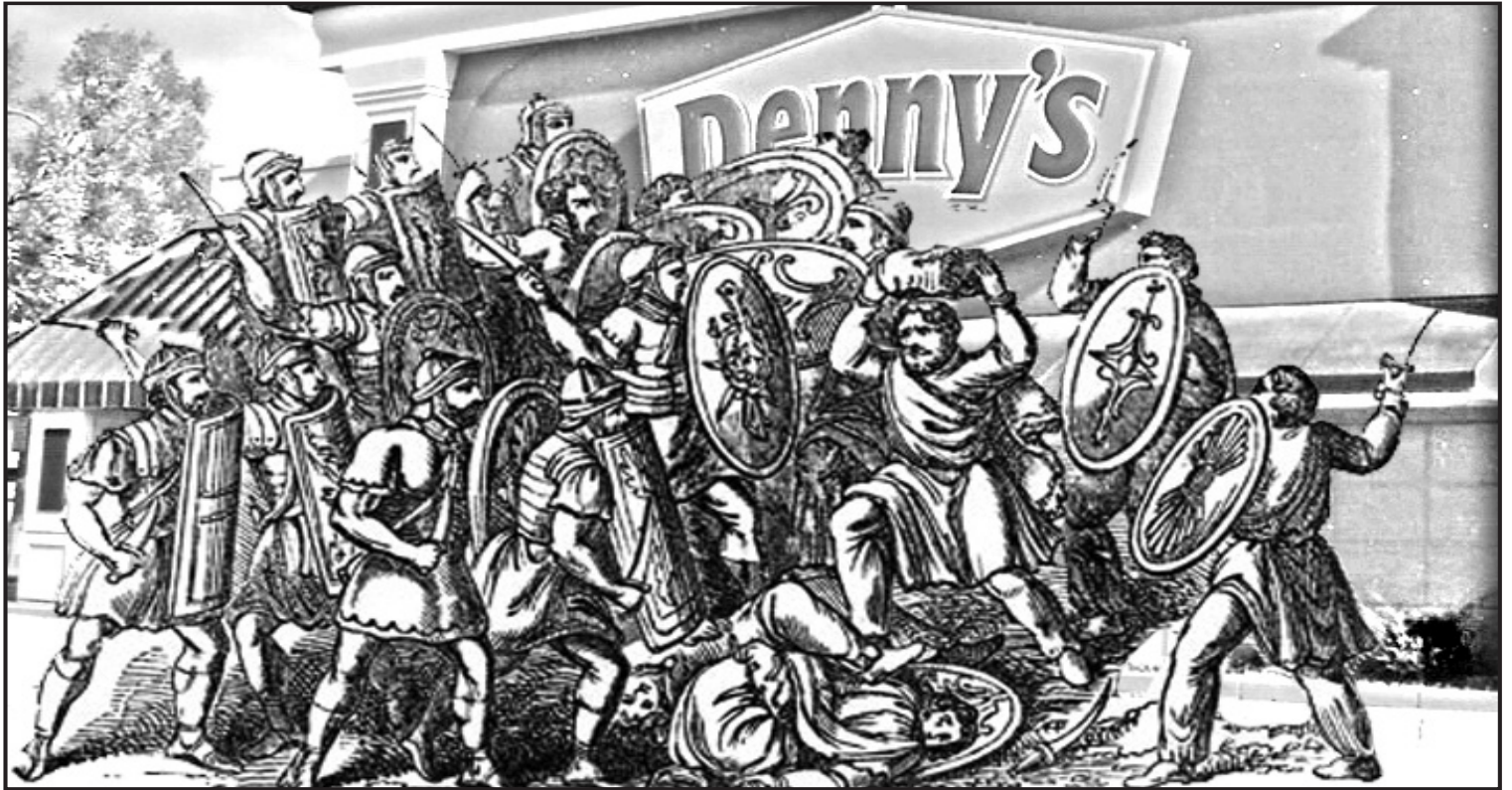
**True or False:
Dinosaurs are the
Raddest?**

Answer: True



THE DENNIAD BY HOMER

Following is a fragment from an up until now lost work in the epic tradition of Greek antiquity. It appears to depict a raid which the heroes have undertaken to obtain food. The exact date and authorship of the piece remain uncertain. Certain elements are of the Homeric style, including the typical arming scene which occurs in the fragment.



Hunger, Sing, O Muse, of the ache in the belly brought on by herb and grass, the burnt offering. Sing of Larry, leader of bros, who lead forth out from the haze his dudes at the first sight of rosy fingered dawn.

“Wait, who are these Rosie and Dawn chicks?” asked Ted, the man of twists and turns in conversation. And then there was silence among the gathered crowd Until Larry spoke, saying, “Shut the fuck up, dude, You don’t have any clue what’s even going on.” To which Ted replied “wait, what?” And the leader said then, “Never mind, let us journey far and long across the highway until we arrive at the Denny’s.”

And so they armed themselves to leave their encampment.

Upon his feet, Larry put shoes bearing the mark of the goddess

Victory all powerful in war and athletics.

Upon his breast he wore a raiment depicting the fall of Icarus

that man who dared to tread among the lofty heavens and fell to earth, heavy as lead. There upon the vestment

Icarus is falling forever arms and wings spread wide, plummeting into the unseen sea, naked – unarmored before the gods.

Finally Larry donned upon his head his red hat, for it was imbued with powerful magics by a blind seer who lived in the park.

Then Larry said to Ted, “Yo, can you give me the keys to the Corolla?”

For Ted possessed a chariot from farthest Phrygia driven with the power of 200 horses or more.

And so Larry and Ted and three other of their crew mounted that chariot and ventured forth.

Thus, they rode cross Hill, Dale and strip mall until, finally they reached the Denny’s.

Thrice and four times they encircled the Denny’s walls with their chariot, searching for a parking space.

When they finally found one they embarked, approaching the walls on foot without fear.

But when they reached the walls, the gates were locked against entry.

They battered the gate with their bare fists until Ted felt his smallest finger slip sideways

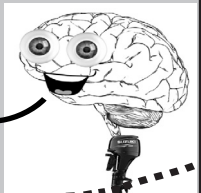
in the joint where the phalanges meets the palm.

Mighty Ted fell to one knee and felt black death slip over him

Until Larry struck him hard across the face, returning his war-friend from the threshold of Hades’ house.

They stood at the gates for what seemed ten years . . .

What would you eat if you could go to Denny's? A Grand Slam? Thousands of Trojan Soldiers?



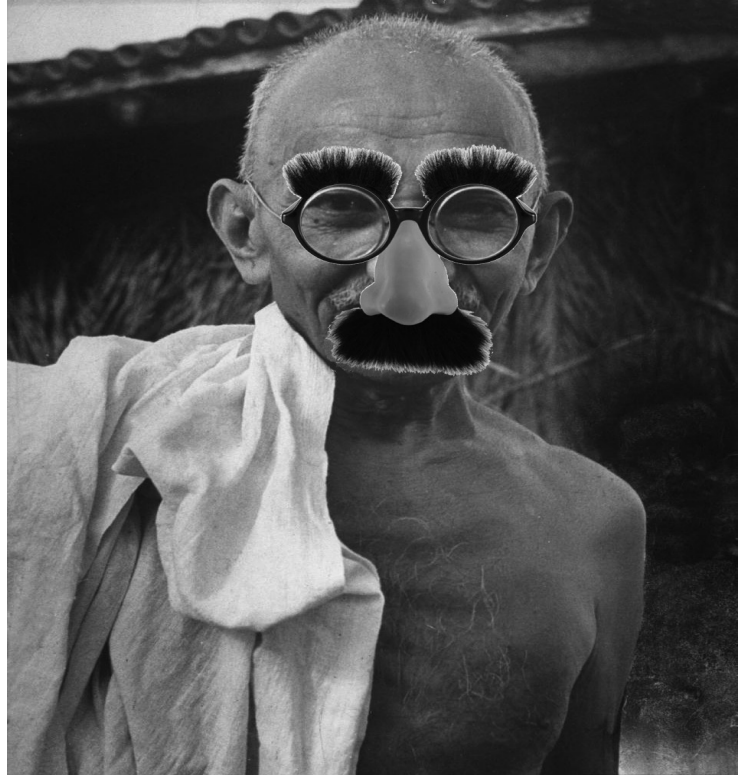
The Value of Testing Oneself

by Mohandas Gandhi

There are many temptations in this world that we should all strive to deny ourselves. In doing so, we are capable of achieving greater purity and greater control over ourselves, enabling a richer spiritual journey.

It is well known that I have spent many years sleeping naked with young women in order to test my vow of celibacy. Even my own grandniece slept naked with me for a while. And yes, these sleeping arrangements were crucial to my faithful abstention from all sexual activity. Too many people who vow to be celibate avoid severe temptation. But those who have truly reached spiritual purity can stand up to the most awkward and creepy sexual situations that they can possibly muster, and it is those situations that they should seek. In the same way, a man who wants to overcome his fear of heights should not simply stop avoiding high buildings and cliffs. Rather, he should seek situations that are frightening and dangerous to even the most courageous of daredevils. He should bungee jump from the Grand Canyon, and take his grandniece with him.

Yes, while my tests of celibacy are well known, it is not so well known that I encourage all people to test the limits of their behavior. I have done this myself on many other occasions, and the results have not always been pretty. When I was a young man, I brought a gun into a schoolhouse full of children, to test my resolution against violence. This was one of the most shameful of all my experiences; I was not ready for such a temptation. And yet, walking around every room of that school waving my gun, I only shot one child (on purpose). And I emerged from that day a more peaceful being, and stronger in will. I never again had the urge to shoot the face off of a person between the ages of 2 and 16. Imagine if I had never tested my resolve. How often would my neighbors find their children blown apart in the night had I not dared myself to defeat that urge long ago?



"Gandhi, who?"



Mohandas Gandhi, NOT going to whip this child around his head like a lasso

I urge everyone reading to test themselves as often and as intensely as possible. Go into the forest, find a small animal, cover it with gasoline, light a match, and then toss the match away from the animal and triumphantly stomp it out as the critter prances back to its home. Kidnap a senile elder and see if you can't bring yourself to bring the poor person back home when it's so much easier to leave the helpless old fool on the side of the highway. These are the paths to true purity and self-control. What does it mean to be a good person if you haven't pulled yourself away from the brink of depravity? I ask you, how can a man know he is not a thief if he does not break into his neighbor's house and take a good look at his neighbor's money, and his grandniece?

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Penis

by Allen Ginsberg

for Wallace Stevens

I

Among twenty snowy mountains,
The only moving thing
Was the eye of the penis.



II

I was of three minds
Like a dude
On whom there are three penises



III

The penis whirled in the autumn
winds.
It was a small part of the orgy.



IV

A man and a woman
Are one.
A man and a woman and his penis
Are one.



V

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of erections,
Or the beauty of innuendoes.
Nope, definitely erections.



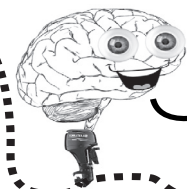
VI

Penises filled the long window
Like barbaric popsicles.
The shadow of my hand
Crossed them to and fro.

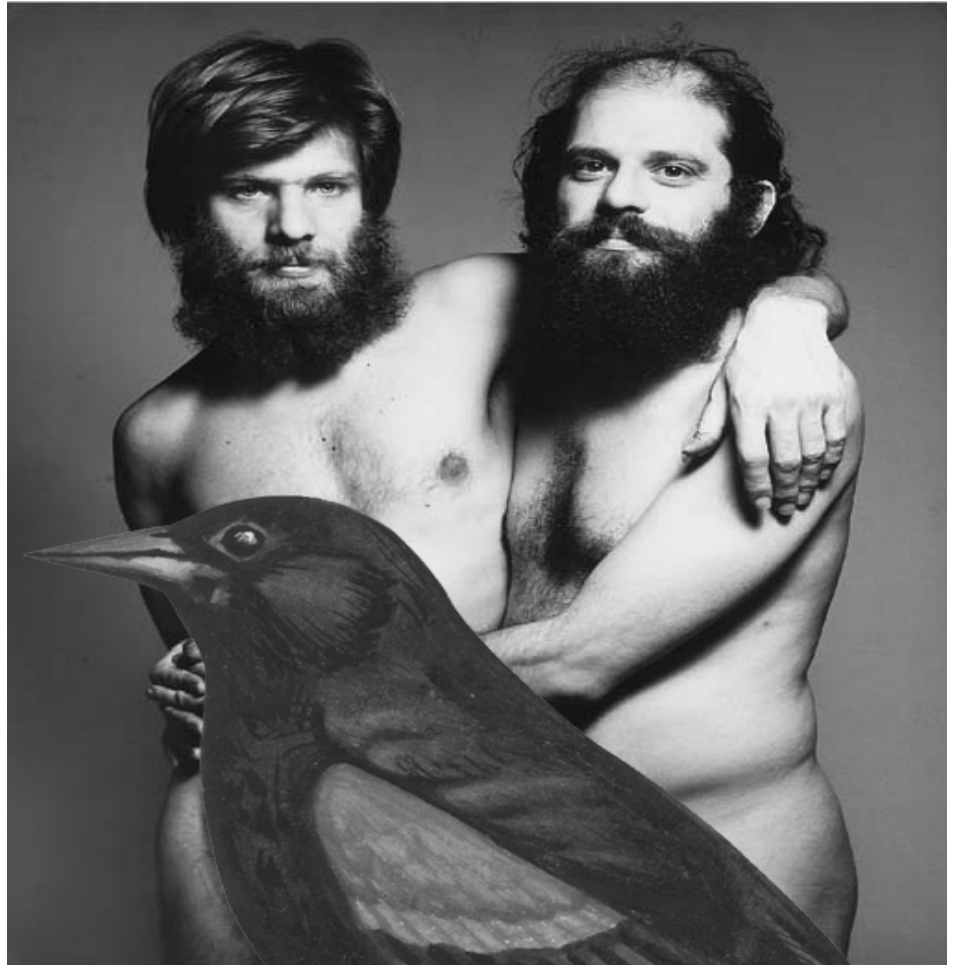


VII

Oh thin men of Sodom,
Why do you imagine golden penises?
Do you not see how
I kneel at the feet
Of the men about you?



That's a lot of ways of looking at a penis. Can you think of any others? How about lengthwise? Head-on? With scorn?



Allen Ginsberg with Wallace Stevens and their "pet."

VIII

I know noble desires
And lucid, inescapable condoms;
But I know, too,
That the penis is involved
In what I know.



IX

When the penis shrunk out of sight,
It marked the end
Of one of many nights.



X

At the sight of penises
Flying in a green light,
Even the balls of callboys
Would cry out sharply.

XI

He rode over New Hampshire
On a glass penis.
Once, a fear penetrated him.
No, it was just me.



XII

The penis is moving.
To San Francisco I must be flying.



XIII

It was evening all afternoon.
It was penis,
And it was going to penis.
I sat naked
On the other-limbs.

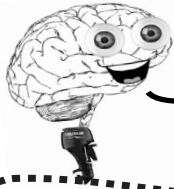


A Story for Scholastic

by Charles Dickens

Candi Sweet, having heretofore spent eleven twelvemonths on this Earth, was a novice at the art of romance. Presently, she was crafting a valentine card—for if romance can be called a craft, she was even more the novice—to present to Bobby, the immature object of her immature affections. The card was overrun with penciled ponies, all traced by a hand with still unmastered fine motor skills from a picture book she had acquired at a so-called “Horse Drawing Camp.” In the white spaces absent of identical foals were sketched sundry leaves and blooms, and hither and thither above them were spread tawdry rainbows topped with relentless glitter.

Notwithstanding her empurpled digits, Candi accosted Bobby, card in hand, and tapped his shoulder thrice.



Empurpled means what happens when you give someone a purple nurple. Warning: don't do it to girls or floating brains!!

“I made you a present,” she murmured, her sudden taciturnity contrasting with her previous horse-driven alacrity.

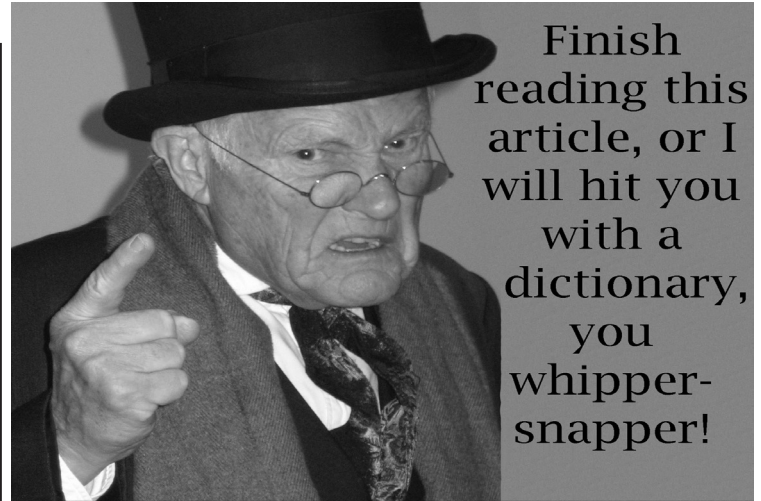
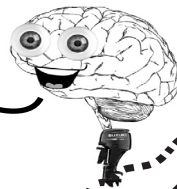
“Eww, don’t touch me with your cootie hands,” he shrieked, referencing the invisible contagion engendered from the contact between genders.

“Cooties don’t exist!” Candi insisted, but Bobby, disconcerted by the copious glitter which bore a queer semblance to some variety of iridescent dust mite, fled posthaste.

Candi crumpled to the playground’s woodchipped floor as the pieces of her former infatuation crumbled around her. She attempted to rip the rejected card, but alas, her prepubescent limbs were too unmuscled to do the work, for the paper was construction paper, and folded doubly at that. Instead, her creation fell to the ground, where stubbornly it opened and unleashed the once beautiful ponies to assail her now stinging eyes.

Erstwhile, Ernest Dirpshire had been observing the distressed Candi and proceeded to the site of the calamity. Ernest’s hair was orange, a heated, unexpected orange, much like the colour of oil which drips from the beef in substandard Mexican cuisine. His hands were gorged and laced with sweat, as if his skin were a thin barrier, and within it he could just barely contain himself. The moles on the skin were almost as numerous as the

What does "prepubescent" mean? ask your local congressman, priest, or ice cream man!



Finish reading this article, or I will hit you with a dictionary, you whipper-snapper!

A message from your friends at **READITALL**

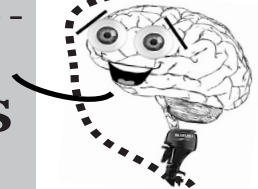
freckles, and he had spent a great portion of his early youth determining the identity of each spot on his body as either mole or freckle, as if his survival depended on it. Knowing that there were certain areas of his body which he would forever be unable to observe properly to undergo an analysis of mole-to-freckle ratio left him with an insecurity that would afflict him for the remainder of his life.

Candi glanced upward when she saw Ernest’s muddied shoes through her tears. Ernest extended his almost cylindrical arm toward her.

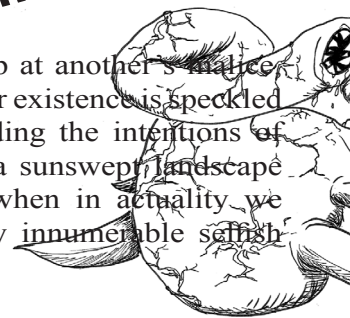
“Are you all right?” Ernest said with all the sincerity a fifth-grader could muster. “I heard Bobby talking to you. He wasn’t very nice. Here, let my help you up.”

Candi, beholding Ernest’s glistening hand which seemed to be infected with two different shades of pox, exchanged sorrow for fear. “Cooties are real,” she screamed, and fled posthaste. Ernest’s lonely tears spilled onto the abandoned valentine, causing the ink to melt into a variegated equine puddle.

A variegated equi -- WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS AAAAHHH!!!



So do our fickle hearts weep at another’s malice, only to deliver malice in return. Our existence is speckled with the shame of not understanding the intentions of others. We believe we travel in a sunswep landscape seeking pleasure and goodness, when in actuality we roam a shadowy cave haunted by innumerable selfish darkneses, of which we are one.



The Fashion Fission

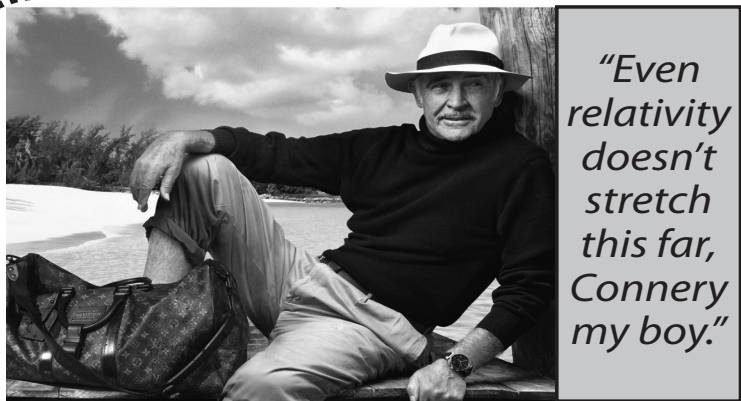
with *Albert Einstein*

In recent years, I have been drawn to one of history's most challenging problems—whether humans can ever hope to travel through time. Very optimistically, I hope to reach a practical solution in the next few weeks, allowing actual time travel within the decade.

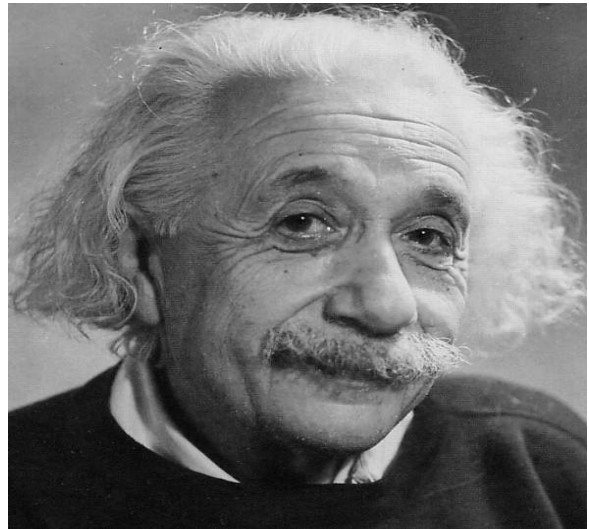
The motivation for the recent breakthrough was something I saw last week—Queen Latifah at the Emmys. I wonder if the Museum of Contemporary Art ever got that dress back. The painfully bright colors. The chaotic patterns. The rolls of fat devouring fabric. It was like watching a black hole assimilate the remains of a supernova. I'd like to go back in time and kill her grandfather, if you see what I'm getting at.



Speaking of grandfathers, why is Sean Connery still doing clothing ads? I saw one of these things last night and I called up Stephen Hawking to tell him the universe is way more than 14 billion years old. The guy's always dressed like a hack, anyway (both of them). If you were on the fashion train traveling at half the speed of light, you could look out the back window and see Sean Connery running his little Louis Vuitton boots off trying to catch up. And Hawking's been in that same chair for 40 years. Please.

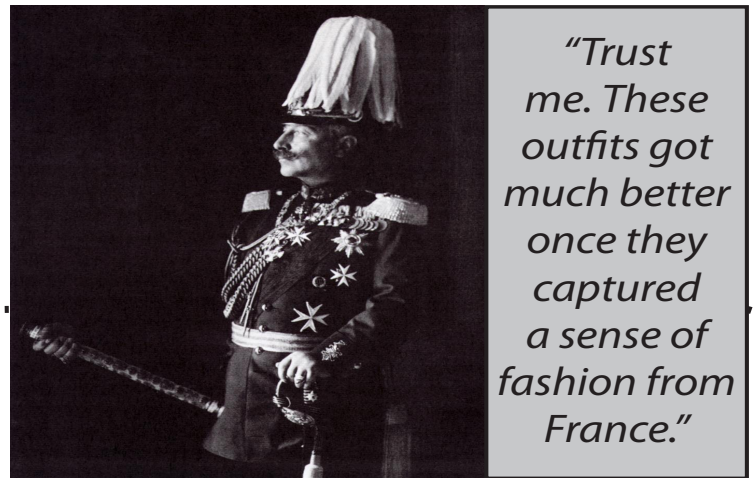


In other news, have you seen George Clooney lately? Earth to Georgie: If you're going to put on a tie that looks like a color vision test, why don't you just attach the end to a ceiling fan and hope the funeral director puts you in a nice outfit for once. Maybe that hippie turd around your neck would look good in four dimensions, but from here it's all ugly.



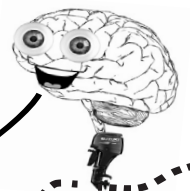
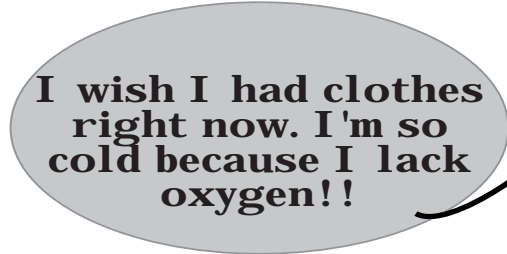
And what about this Lady Gaga? I haven't done my hair in a century and I know this chick isn't trying. In my day, we had fashion police to deal with these people. (Well, they were more like fascist police, but at least they knew how to match.) But seriously, "Lady," it's called taste. Get some.

Beyonce's still a flop, J-Lo's still a wreck, Bono's still a freak. And no quantum fluctuation in the universe is gonna change that.



My overall take on the Hollywood scene? Pathetic. I've seen nudist leper colonies with better fashion sense than this town. If I wanted to speculate about unwelcoming bodies wandering through space without regard for their surroundings, I would keep to my day job.

Oh, and someone tell the cast of *Glee*, even with all the mass I've gained on the newest Oprah fad diet, I still haven't got the energy for them.



World's Firsts

Humans have been inventing things for Millennia. Like, where does anything come from? It's like deep if you think about it. I mean, seriously, like, why do we drink milk? Why did we just look at a cow and go like, "Hey man, let's drink that!" Weird. But it happened, man. Here are some world's firsts that may surprise you!

FIRST: Blogging
GREAT MIND: Blogg the Caveman
DATE: 8000 BCE

We all know the story of an apple falling on Isaac Newton's head and inspiring his theory of Gravity. But few know the story of blogging. Great Mind Blogg the Caveman was once sitting under a similar apple tree. Out of nowhere, an apple fell and hit Blogg on the head, and it hurt! Blogg soon learned that you could kill things by dropping large objects on their head. This process, known for centuries as blogging, after its inventor, provided early mankind with an easy way to obtain meat from any animal that chose to graze underneath the "heavy-rock tree."

FIRST: Successful Firework
GREAT MIND: Hsing Tsu
DATE: 600 AD

Everyone knows that fireworks were invented in China shortly following their invention of gunpowder. But the true Great Idea came when Great Mind Hsing Tsu finally invented throwing them up in the air first!



FIRST: Safety
GREAT MIND: Ogg the Caveman
DATE: 9000 BCE

One day long, long ago, Great Mind Ogg was sitting alone in the cave, because all his friends were out volcano swimming. He sat there for hours and hours, painting animals on the wall. Ogg thought his friends must be having a really fun time volcano swimming! But then, the hours became days, and Ogg wondered when they would come back. Eventually, Ogg left the cave and went to the volcano, and his friends were nowhere to be found! Ogg never liked volcano swimming, but since he was there, he decided to give it a try. He put his toe in the hot lava. OUCH, it hurt! It was then that Ogg realized that volcano swimming made you dead. From then on, Ogg warned all humans to try volcano swimming at their own risk. And thus came the first instance of a safety precaution in mankind's history.

$$D = \frac{1}{c} \frac{dL}{dt} = \frac{1}{c} \frac{dP}{dP/dt}$$

$$D^2 = \frac{1}{P^2} \frac{P_0 - P}{P} \sim \frac{1}{P^2} \quad (1a)$$

$$D^2 = \frac{KG}{3} \frac{P_0 - P}{P} \sim 1/KG \quad (2a)$$

$$D^2 \sim 10^{-25}$$

$$e \sim 10^{-26}$$

$$P \sim 10^3 \text{ g}$$

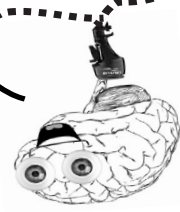
$$x \sim 10^{10} (10^{11})^2$$

**CONFUSE YOUR
 JOCK FRIENDS**

**DRAW LOTS OF
 SQUIGGLY LINES
 THAT EXPLAIN THE
 UNIVERSE**

**READ IT ALL
 MIND SUPPLEMENT**

Look everybody!
 I'm the
 world's first
 upside down
 brain... on
 this page...



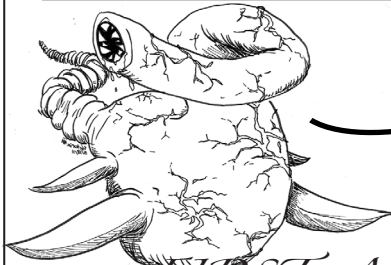
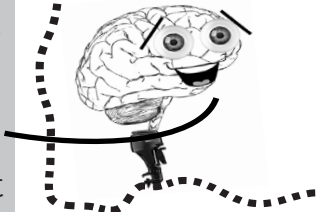
FIRST: Drinking Game
GREAT MIND: Gnarl Bergsson
DATE: 915 AD

In the cold, volcano-ridden shithole known as Iceland, the Vikings had officially run out of things to do. Tired of reciting Beowulf in the mead hall and playing "Find the Helmet" with beer-maidens, Great Mind Gnarl Bergsson was flat-out bored. But then, he had a Great Idea: instead of drinking mead all the time, they would drink only some of the time, and it would be a game. The challenge was to tell one's family lineage and to drink every time one had an ancestor named "Gunnar." Thus, the world's first drinking game, Beer Gunnar was born. The fun really started, however, when Gunnar Gunnarsson the Incestuous entered the mead hall. A Great Mind himself, Gunnarsson soon invented the Boot and Rally, vomiting copious amounts of mead by the time he reached his great-grandparents, but valiantly continuing for at least three more generations, before inventing Blacking Out. Tragically, Gunnarsson would later reinvent volcano swimming and meet his icy, fiery death at the hands of the famed Mount Hjolnjarfbjargljargn.

FIRST: Remix
GREAT MIND: Daniel Roberts
DATE: 1910 AD

Historians debate when the first remix truly occurred. Some insist that the famous stuttering Roman storyteller Bububulus remixed the Iliad when he accidentally told Book 6 over twelve times in a row causing an inexplicable festivus tripudium, or 'dance party.' But, most agree that the first true remix of a popular song was performed in 1910, when Great Mind Daniel Roberts, who was suffering from palsy, took it upon himself to turn the Victrola record player. The subsequently mangled version of "The Tin Can Rag" proved surprisingly popular. Though, future historians have attributed this success to the fact that most in attendance of the performance were massively high on opium. Nevertheless, Roberts would go on to perform his remix many times at opium dens across the country, becoming one of the most overlooked musicians of the Ragtime Era.

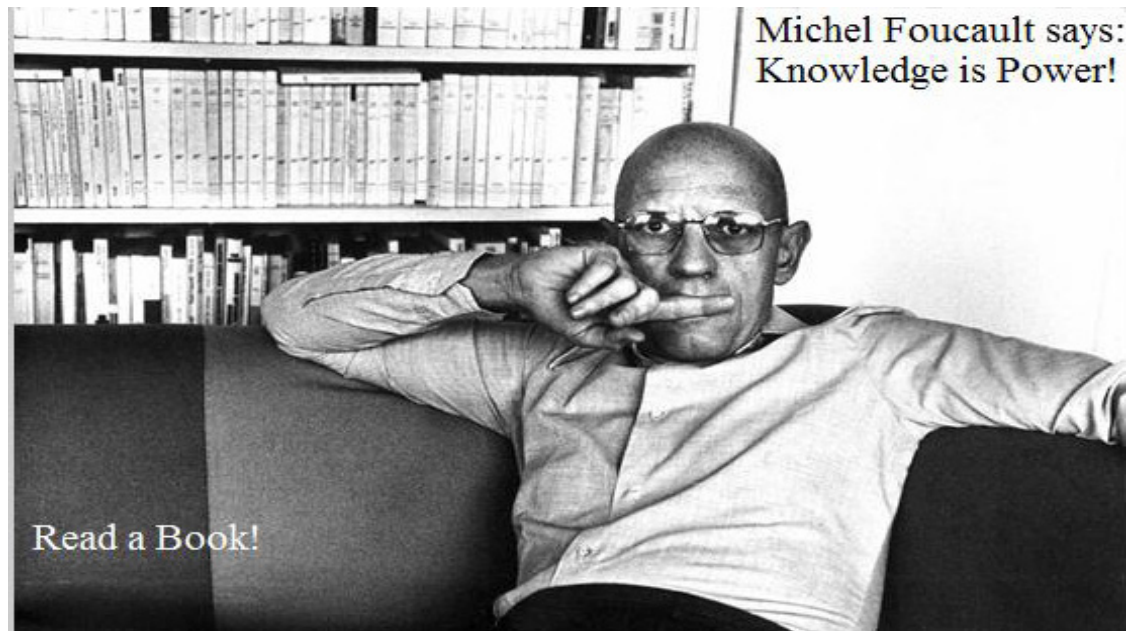
**This thing better stay the hell away!!
 What do you want?
 Hard drugs?
 Alcohol? Take anything, just don't eat me!!!**



Zogg blmff smorpf glggghmpf. grrgaaaahhh.

FIRST: Masturbation
GREAT MIND: Billy Horton
DATE: 2012 AD

"Seriously guys, I've discovered like the greatest thing ever," said young inventor, Nobel Prize candidate, and Great Mind Billy Horton at a press conference earlier this year. Indeed, Horton's latest invention has received world-wide attention. In a paper to be published in the next issue of the Scientific American, Horton outlines his startling discovery: males can stimulate their own genitalia through contact with their hands or any other surface, such as a pillow, preferably after having just looked at pictures on FaceBook of fellow fifth-grader Carley Nichols. Horton first told his friends about his discovery last month, and they tested his hypothesis, proving it correct. Following extensive Google searches, they found to their surprise that Horton's discovery was in fact an original invention, and a media frenzy soon followed. Some scientists, such as sixth-grader Charles Nance, have criticized Horton's findings, claiming, "It's just masturbation." Horton, et al, however, insist, "Naw, it's totally not like that at all. No way, man. This is like the best thing ever."



**Michel Foucault says:
 Knowledge is Power!**

Read a Book!

The World's Greatest Failed Inventions



BAD IDEA: The Number Broadway

Everyone uses math these days. But, few realize that numbers were invented in order to name streets in Manhattan. Indeed, city planner and Great Mind Frederick Broeger just had too many streets to deal with, so he invented new symbols to keep track of them. His so-called “digits” caught on quickly and were soon used for everything from money to mathematics to cheerleading chants. Not all of his numbers had the same mass appeal, however, such as the mysterious number Broadway, which represents anything from 7 to 10 depending on how far north or south one is located. Old mathematics textbooks still display examples of arithmetic and calculus problems involving the derivative of Broadway, but its enigmatic nature soon led to its misuse. Nowadays, the number Broadway is only seen in a handful of pizza shops who charge Broadway dollars for a soda, but it is rarely purchased because it’s a rip-off unless you are practically at the waterfront.

“Nice dong, mother fucker”

-Benjamin Franklin's

House of

Prostitution



America's #1 Benjamin Franklin Themed Whorehouse

BAD IDEA: The Cotton Gin and Tonic

“Cotton pickers needed. Will pay in alcohol!” read a sign posted outside a cotton farm in the late 1800’s. Following the Emancipation Proclamation, plantation owners found it difficult to obtain enough labor to meet their demands. Cotton gin inventor Eli Whitney was contacted, but declined to participate. In his place, Great Mind and racist George Abbott soon invented a potent alcoholic drink that stimulated one’s senses enough to pick cotton for up to forty straight hours without rest. Thus, the Cotton Gin and Tonic was born. The drink was heavily marketed across the South, but was purchased by only one person, George Abbott himself. Despite this, the potency of the drink allowed Abbott to keep the American cotton trade afloat on his own until his untimely death in 1868. An autopsy revealed that his cause of death was the main ingredient of the Cotton Gin and Tonic itself: crude oil.

BAD IDEA: The Mortophone

Following his invention of the telephone and the untimely death of his treasured assistant, Watson, Great Mind Alexander Graham Bell claimed to have invented a device to contact the Dead, called the Mortophone. Onlookers were wowed by the elaborate device, which was described by some as “a telephone with wires attached to a crystal ball and also to the ceiling.” Unfortunately, the Mortophone’s first attempt proved to be a failure. “Hello, Watson, speak to me! Come here, Watson! WATSON!” Bell screamed into the Mortophone. “Watson, I need you! I feel so alone without you! I miss you so much. Watson, come back to me!” The experiment concluded with a long silence pierced only by the loud sobbing of Bell himself. Inventor Thomas Edison, who was also present, consoled him: “Let it go man, let it go.”

BAD IDEA: Electricity-Resistant Elephants

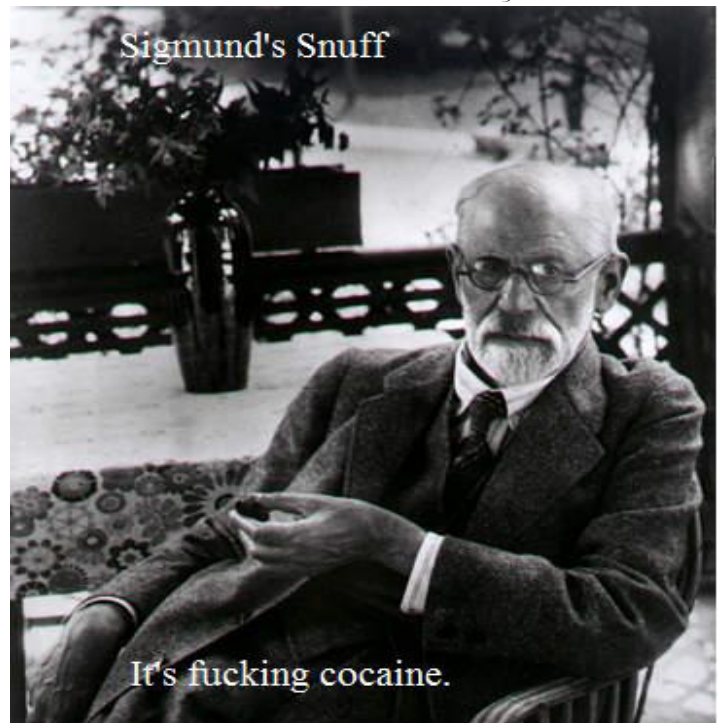
In 1893, America was locked in a debate between Thomas Edison’s Direct Current electricity and the AC electricity of Great Mind Nikola Tesla. While demonstrating the danger of his competitor’s idea, Edison famously electrocuted an elephant with AC electricity. Not easily defeated, though, Tesla realized that the elephant itself was the one at fault. Within a few years, Tesla had bred a new species of electricity-resistant elephants. Even though he toured the county showing these elephants could not be electrocuted, he was too late; America had chosen Edison’s DC electricity. Enraged, Tesla released the elephants into Africa and died a bitter man. The elephants, however, continue to thrive in the African Savannah, no longer threatened by their greatest predator: electricity.

BAD IDEA: Siegfried Morris' Equestrimobile

Hell-bent on creating a vehicle superior to the automobile, crazy British man and Great Mind Siegfried Morris purported to have invented a horse-based automobile in 1903. At a demonstration in London, Morris simultaneously impressed and terrified an audience with his Equestrimobile. The new device, apparently a horse fitted with roller skates attached to rockets, was described by some as "More dangerous than the disease-ridden world we live in." Indeed, the first attempt of the Equestrimobile proved disastrous: the horse perished almost immediately, but not before travelling over two miles, destroying seventeen buildings, and accidentally appearing in the latest Charlie Chaplin film. Not to be swayed, Morris continued to modify his invention for years across British hillsides.

BAD IDEA: Siegfried Morris' Groundplane

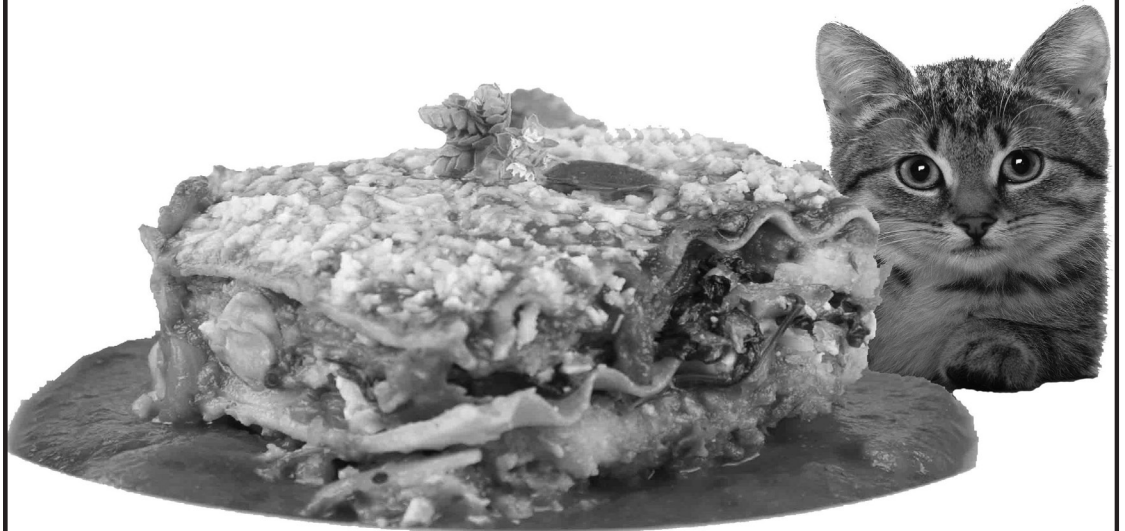
Hell-bent on creating a flying vehicle superior to the airplane, Great Mind Siegfried Morris, now legally insane, insisted that he had created a revolutionary new device. He was so confident in his new invention that he brought Prince Albert of Wales along with him on its first test run. "You know how everyone tries to make airplanes and most of them don't work? That's because they fly through the air!" Prince Albert recalled Morris saying. "This invention solves that by going the other direction entirely. That's why I call it the Groundplane!" As the Groundplane began its slow acceleration, Prince Albert became worried. "But how will you get through all the dirt?" he asked. "I beg your pardon?" responded a confused Morris. Just before take-down, Prince Albert fortunately jumped off the groundcraft and safely returned to London. Morris, however, was never seen again. Though, there have been several tantalizing reports of him surfacing near Beijing, China some years later.



Sigmund's Snuff

It's fucking cocaine.

Great Minds' Recipe Corner



Schrodinger's Lasagna

Ingredients:

2 cans of tomato sauce
23 ounces of ricotta cheese
12 lasagna noodles
1 cat (optional)

1 trustworthy assistant who can flip a coin with a random distribution. If you can't find one, a trustworthy coin-flipping robot will also do

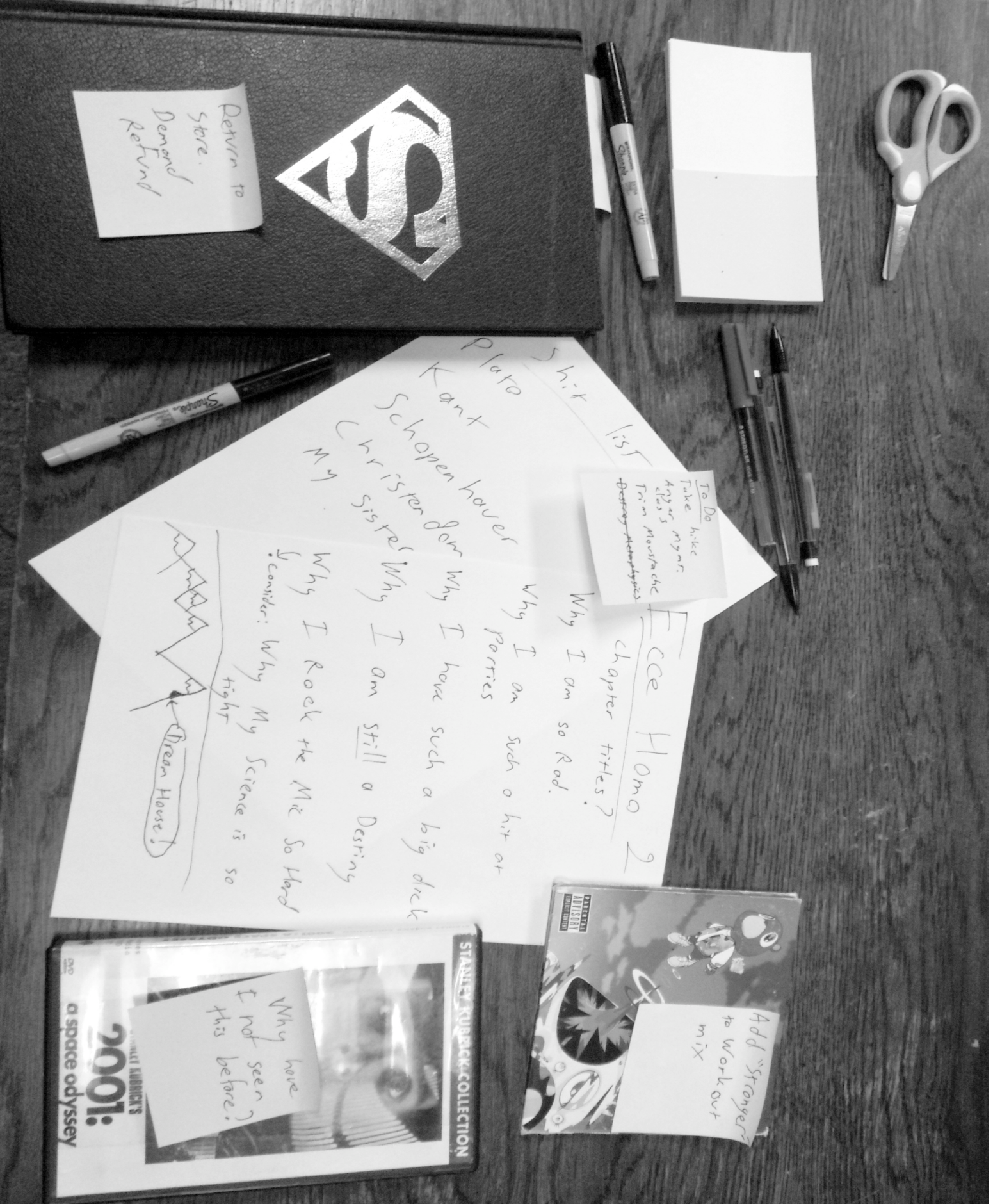
Step 1: Prepare the oven. Have your assistant flip a coin. If heads, he must turn the oven to 350°F. If tails, he may not turn the oven on at all.

Step 2: Layer the ingredients in a pan: first a layer of noodles, then ricotta cheese, noodles again, then tomato sauce, and finally, layer the cat on top. This order is imperative, as the cat may be tempted to eat the cheese.

Step 3: Have your assistant put the pan into the oven, and wait 30 minutes. Under no circumstances may the oven door be opened, except perhaps to let the cat out to play.

Step 4: After 30 minutes, the lasagna is simultaneously cooked and uncooked, ready to be simultaneously enjoyed and not enjoyed with a sprig of parsley, or perhaps catnip.

Nietzsche's Work Desk, circa 2012



Return to store. Demand Refund



Shaper

Shit list

Plato
Kant
Schopenhauer
Christendom
My Sister
Why I am still a Destriny

To Do

- Take hike
- Angus myn
- Train Nietzsche
- Pretend Nietzsche

Why I am such a hit at parties

Why I have such a big dick

Why I am so Rad.

Why I rock the Mic So Hard

Why My Science is so tight



STARBUCK RUBICK COLLECTION

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

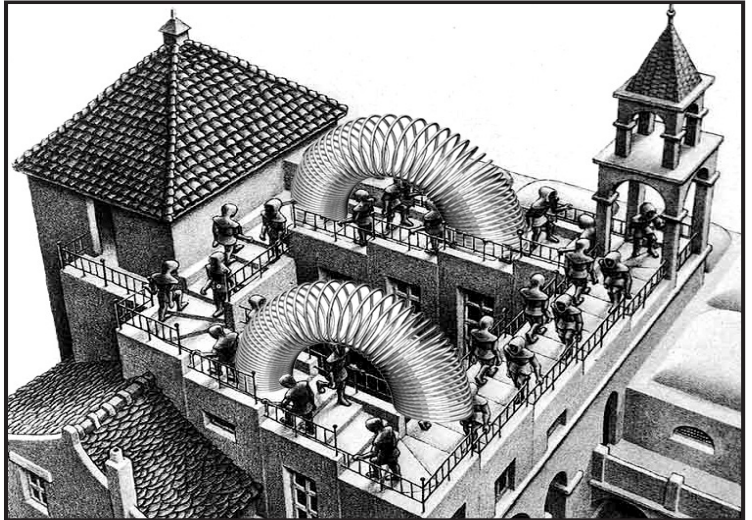
Why have I not seen this before?

ADD "STRONGER" TO WORKOUT MIX

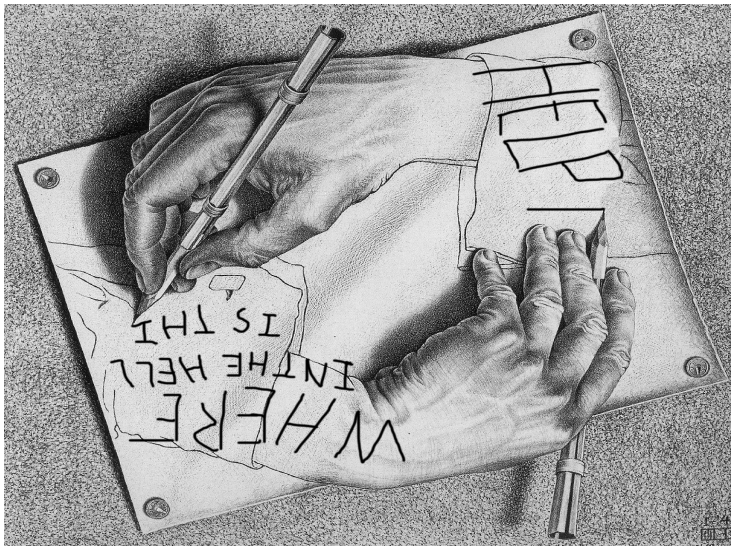
“SOS”

by MC Escher

Hey guys, it's me, Escher. I don't know if anyone will ever read this, but I'm getting rather desperate. Several months ago, as I was working in the library, I fell into some sort of rift in the time-space continuum, and ended up in another dimension. At least, that's what the locals say. I don't really understand it myself. From the other side of the rift I can see into my house. It's like, looking through the mirrored orb I keep in my library, but I'm like, inside the orb, and I can't get out. All I can do is drop items, such as this letter, into the rift and hope they end up on my library floor where somebody will pick it up, perhaps the new homeowners.



A wonderful toy in a Hell of perspectives

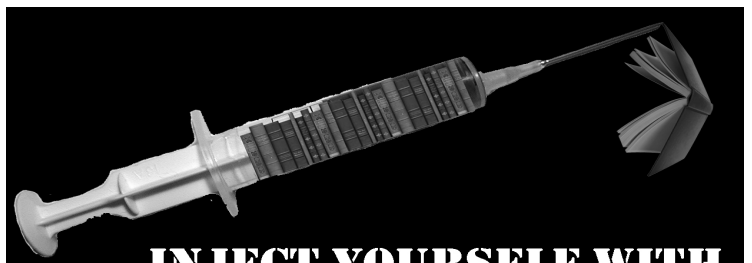


Two very well-moisturized abominations of nature

I've been charting the ever-changing landscape of this world. I'm attaching several maps to this letter to help any rescue missions that may be out there. The first one is a drawing of my new house. My apartment is located on top of the stairwell that runs right-to-left on the Northern side of the ceiling. I live with two guys, one named Salvador Dali and the other is H. P. Lovecraft. I don't know what the "H. P." stands for, but he's really creepy and spends most of his time away, so I never ask. They are both from Earth. Apparently, the government here has a housing program for all the humans who fall through time and space and end up here. Neither of them want to leave this place. Why should they? There is food, perpetual waterfalls, and all the giant chessboards a man can ask for (however, the chess pieces are alive, so you have to play on their terms).

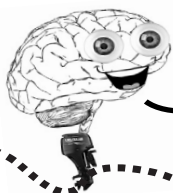
The government set me up with a job rubbing lotion on these two giant hands (picture included). Sometimes I place tic-tac-toe or hangman with the left one, but the right one and I maintain a strictly professional relationship. In my free time I like to go to the beach, where I watch birds transform into fish and vice-versa. This happens by the dozen; it's hard to depict but I've sketched it out as best as I could, and have included it in this letter. I'm also including Dali's picture of the same beach. He chose to depict the large number of clock-shaped fungi that grow along the shoreline. If you want to find me, I suggest you start there, since my apartment can be difficult to navigate.

Anyways, I imagine that somebody out there is looking for me, but I'm starting to lose hope. This is my third set of maps, after all, and I have not heard a peep from Earth. Never the less, I will continue to chart this strange land. Even if nobody finds me, at least these maps will teach later generations to stay the fuck away from that endless staircase.



**INJECT YOURSELF WITH
KNOWLEDGE**

**READ IT ALL
MIND SUPPLEMENT**



Check out that perspective! Man, I'm so disoriented now. Where am I??



GREAT MINDS IQ TEST

The final test: Are you a Great Mind???

Question 1

Martha, Stan, Frank, and Charles Manson are in a room. All of them are in the process of putting on ties. Martha has a violet gabardine tie when suddenly--the lights go out! When the power comes back on, one of them is MURDERED! Charles Manson is covered in blood and screaming incoherently. Who did it?

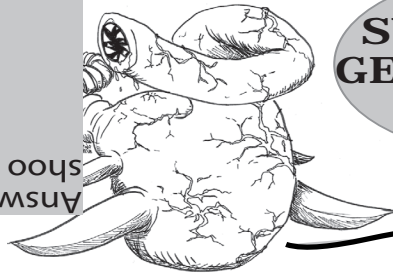
- a) Frank
- b) Stan
- c) The Butler
- d) Charles Manson

Answer: The Butler. The Butler always did it. You shoo now Charles Manson, you adorable scamp.

Question 2

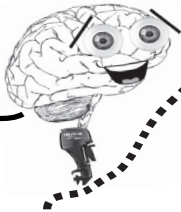
If three ⊗ three is 333, then what is six ⊗ six?

Answer: Six-six-six!---
 MHO SUMMONS THE LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD?



SWEET SHIT GET THE FUCK AWAY!!

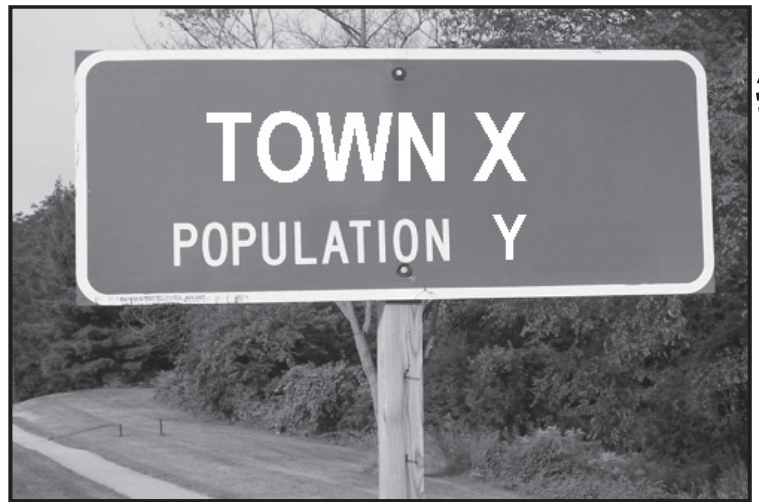
GRMPF!



Question 3

John is driving a Ford pickup from City Y to Town X at 45 MPH. When will we meet up? Marie, that bitch from my old high school, is driving a Toyota Prius 35 miles from Town X to City Y at 60 MPH.

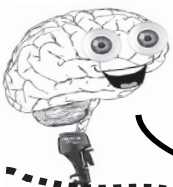
Answer: I don't know, man... I don't know. Either way I'm not getting laid by that hipster stuck-up hooker. Man, I gave her my copy of Nevermind. What the fuck? For a dude such as myself, that's like giving a girl your soul. You know what? Screw her. I hope her and John meet up in the middle and blow each other in a cornfield outside of Town X.



Question 4

Which shape best completes the sequence?

A.	B.	C.	D.



Hey, I've got a question: Has anyone seen my body???

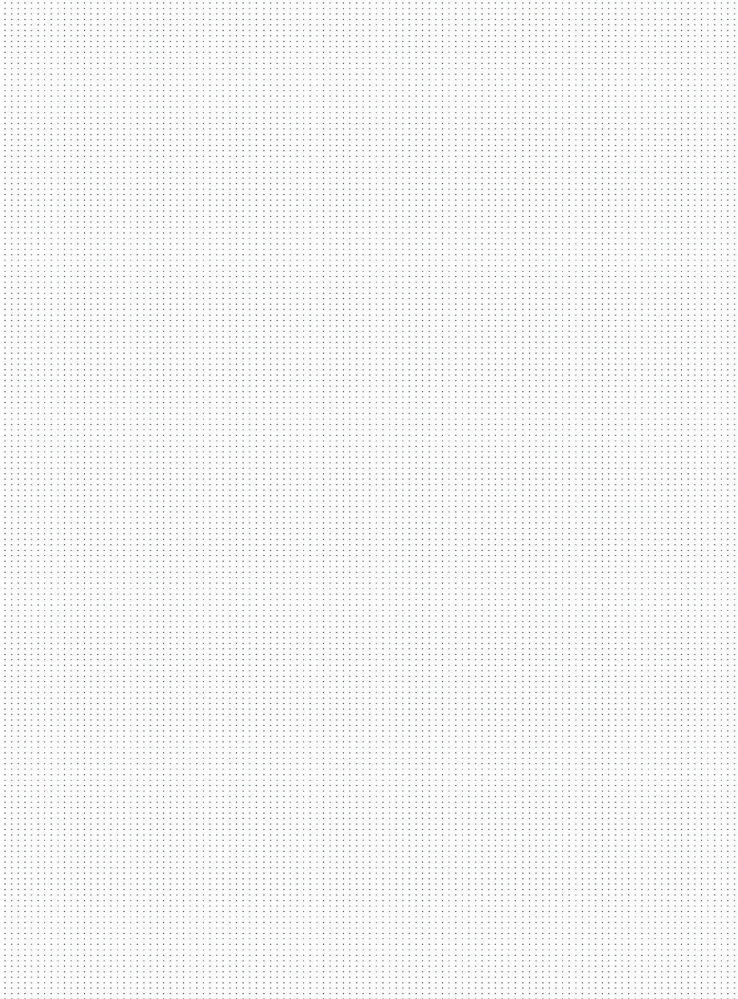
Question 5

You're going golfing at St. Andrews. A strong easterly wind blows in off the North Sea. Off in the distance, your caddy holds the flag, his neon pants billowing in the wind. You take a sip from a bottle of water, then open and close your mouth several times. Then you open and close your mouth a few times more. Okay. You adjust your posture and take a stance over the ball. Ah, yes... This is the moment. The moment you've been waiting for in anticipation of for what seems like an eternity. You tense the muscles in your back, your fingers, your toes. You— **WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THIS PROBLEM YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS!**

$$\left(\frac{p}{5}\right) = \begin{cases} 1 & \text{if } p \equiv \pm 1 \pmod{5} \\ -1 & \text{if } p \equiv \pm 2 \pmod{5} \end{cases}$$

Question 6

Connect the dots to make any picture ever!



Question 7

Bill is Aaron's brother. If Aaron's brother is Anna's sister, and Anna's sister is two cousins removed from Justine, and Justine puts Juliette, her mother, on the breaking wheel, and then Aaron comes over with a leather mask with Anna, Bill, Rufus, his dog, and Alexandrine, his clown fish, and is all like, "let's have an orgy"... and they DO. This is:

- A) Fucked up.
- B) Really fucked up.
- C) Morally repugnant.
- D) Kind of hot.

Question 8

Which of the following doesn't belong?

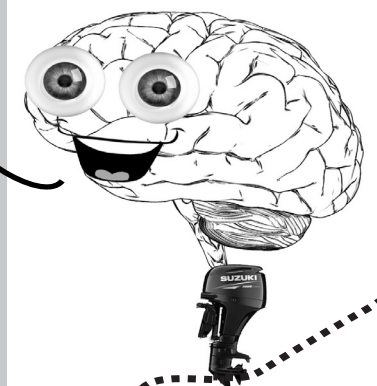


How many did you get right?

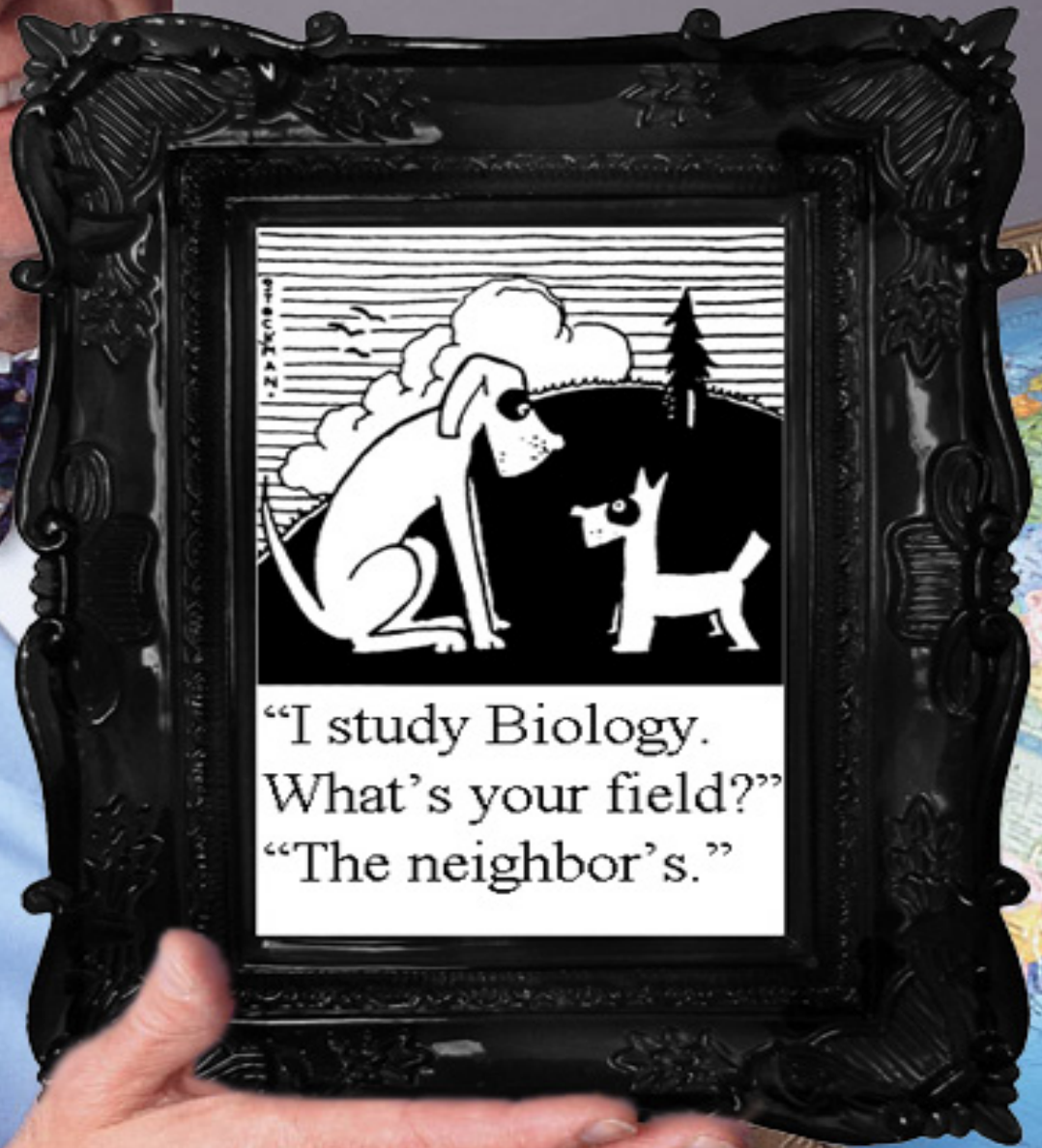
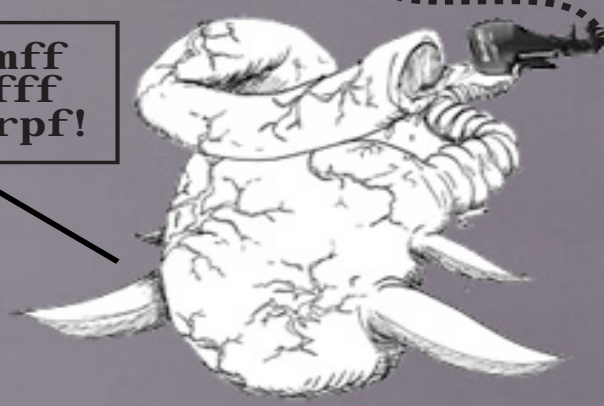
- 8 : Congratulations, you are a Great Mind!
- 7 : YOU ARE A DISAPPOINTMENT. GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM AND STUDY.
- 6 : Okay, fine, Jesus, I'm sorry. Listen, I'm sorry for snapping at you. You're kinda smart, okay? Kinda. Goddammit.
- 5 : Mediocre. Like Iron Man 2.
- 4 : Really freakin' mediocre, like that Jack Black movie Envy. Does anyone even remember that?
- 3 : A few colors short of a crayon box, if you know what I mean.
- 2 : You probably didn't get what I meant with that.
- 1 : You probably ate the crayons.
- 0 : You're stupid. It's statistically significant.

Remember everybody, no matter how smart you are, even if you're a little on the dumb side, or really really really stupid, you are all Great Minds!!!

It looks like my adventure ends here, but your adventure is just beginning! Go outside and do some GREAT with your MIND, like founding a country, reading the next Jacko issue, or getting me some oxygen. God, I'm so light-headed right now!



Mmff blmmff
snorp pllfff
gropff snorpf!



“I study Biology.
What’s your field?”
“The neighbor’s.”