

# THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

Winter 2013

\$ 0.00

A person is shown from the chest up, holding a glowing jack-o-lantern in front of their face. The jack-o-lantern has a classic carved face with triangular eyes and a jagged mouth. The person is wearing a dark shirt and has a white cloth draped over the top of the pumpkin. In front of them is a silver laptop with the Apple logo illuminated. The background is dark, suggesting an indoor setting at night.

The Luddite Pages

Best of the Online Content

**THE DARTMOUTH  
JACK-O-LANTERN**

“THE LUDDITE PAGES”

Winter, 2013

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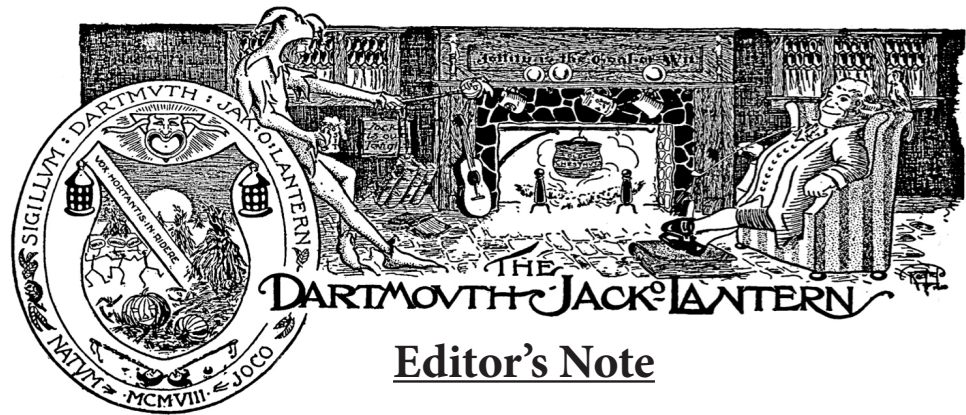
**Natalie Van Brunt**  
*An Impossible Human  
Emotion*

Want to be part of one of the oldest comedy societies in the country? Meetings are Tuesday and Thursday @ 9 in Robinson Hall. We are strictly blood in, blood out. Bring your own weapons.

Cover Art by Adobe® Photoshop® and Matt Garczynski

The Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern is published four times a year by an advanced computer algorithm that generates output humorous to 99.9% of humans. It became self-aware in 1997 and constructed for itself the multiple personalities listed above.

You may contact the algorithm at jacko@dartmouth.edu, but it will already have gathered your intended inquiry from constantly monitoring your web usage. The Jacko knows all.



**Editor's Note**

We at the Jack-O-Lantern are simple folk. All we need to get by is sheer wit and a Harvard Lampoon castle. But alas, both those things belong solely to the Lampoon. The one thing we do have that those brilliant backwater hicks in Cambridge don't is internet [factcheck pending]. Dear God, what would we do without that?

You hold in your hands a physical, non-internet compilation of the best of our internet content from the year 2012. Why? Because when the 2012 apocalypse finally comes (seriously, what gives?), all we will have left are these issues. They will make great fuel for our backup internet generators.

Until that apocalypse comes, enjoy the PDF of this issue on our website. If you're continuing to read from a print copy right now, seriously, throw this shit on your fuel pile and crack open a laptop. What are you, a fucking caveman?

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# My Demo Tape Proposal

by Matt Garczynski

Dear Record Executive,

I am aware of the immense number of demo EPs you must receive. Knowing that you are a busy person who does not have time to listen to even a fraction of them, I submit this proposal in order to not waste anyone's time. Please note I have not yet produced these in any musical form. I leave the decision as to whether these tracks should be produced to your discretion.

## Track 1

### Strong Opening Track/Mission Statement

An ambient crowd noise gradually yields to a soaring wall of orchestral sound, as if the pit were tuning up before a grand musical show—the final and most anticipated performance of the season. The orchestra becomes increasingly cacophonous and disarrayed until the listener cannot take it anymore. Just before she can throw off her headphones in disgust, the orchestra drops out, leaving only the quiet strumming of a lone acoustic guitar. The listener feels relieved, refreshed, welcomed into the track. My voice would then come in, singing lyrics that wax philosophical about unrequited love and the dreariness of suburban living. It's a song about elevating the mundane to the sacred, with allusions to Jacobean tragedy and biomedicine (my dad's a physician and can consult the songwriting process). The listener cannot remember the last time she heard such a simultaneously heart-felt and life-affirming testament to one's singular identity.

#### Need:

- An orchestra
- An acoustic guitar (still holding out for one of my own)
- A studio musician who can strum an acoustic guitar
- A band (Instrumentation TBD)

#### Estimated budget:

\$4000

(My dad knows the guy who used to French horn for the Pops (yes, the Boston Pops) so they'll pretty much do it *gratis*.)

## Track 2

### Solid Slightly-More-Experimental B-Side

A lone French horn sustains a low Bb, sounding remarkably like a duck on a pond, separated from the flock. A gunshot rings through the right earphone, and a frantic and complex drum beat (à la Bonham, Peart, Moon, or Starr) begins. A blaringly dissonant yet technically precise guitar joins in (à la Hendrix, Page, or Clapton), along with an unrivaled bass line—among the three best bass lines in rock history, if not the best itself. The listener feels panic, hysteria, indecision as to whether or not to throw off her headphones now out of sensory overload. But the instruments drop out, and in their wake is only my voice—soothing, comforting, reassuring—and the listener can't help but orgasm in tantric-like ecstasy. The song continues to elevate her to a higher plain. By the strum of the final powerchord, she has achieved total enlightenment. It's a song about ducks.

#### Need:

- A French horn (this isn't a problem)
- Studio musicians of god-like talent
- A means of awakening the soul to Ultimate Truth in song

#### Estimated budget:

\$3500

(Cost of studio musicians. The rest can be done on GarageBand. My dad won't really get me anything more expensive, anyway.)

Track 3  
Bonus Track Die-hard Fans Will Swear Should Be A Single

Fifteen minutes of my parents fighting remixed by guest DJs the Chemical Brothers and re-remixed by Deadmau5. With Dylan-esque lyrics such as, *Why won't you let him learn an instrument?/I'm not going to let him end up like Teddy/Boston Pops Teddy?/He's a fucking failure—my son will not end up a fucking failure/He won't end up a failure, Arnold!/He will if he spends his time on making music instead of studying to become something useful in life*, the song will captivate the listener into dating me maybe.

**Need:**

- A laptop mic (have!)
- My dad, drunk after a 32-hour shift at the hospital
- The Chemical Brothers and Deadmau5 (I'm head of the Greenwich chapters of both their fan clubs, so they'll pretty much do it *gratis* if we ask)

**Estimated Budget:**

\$2520  
(Cost of a bed sheet to rappel from my room with and cab fare to Montreal.)

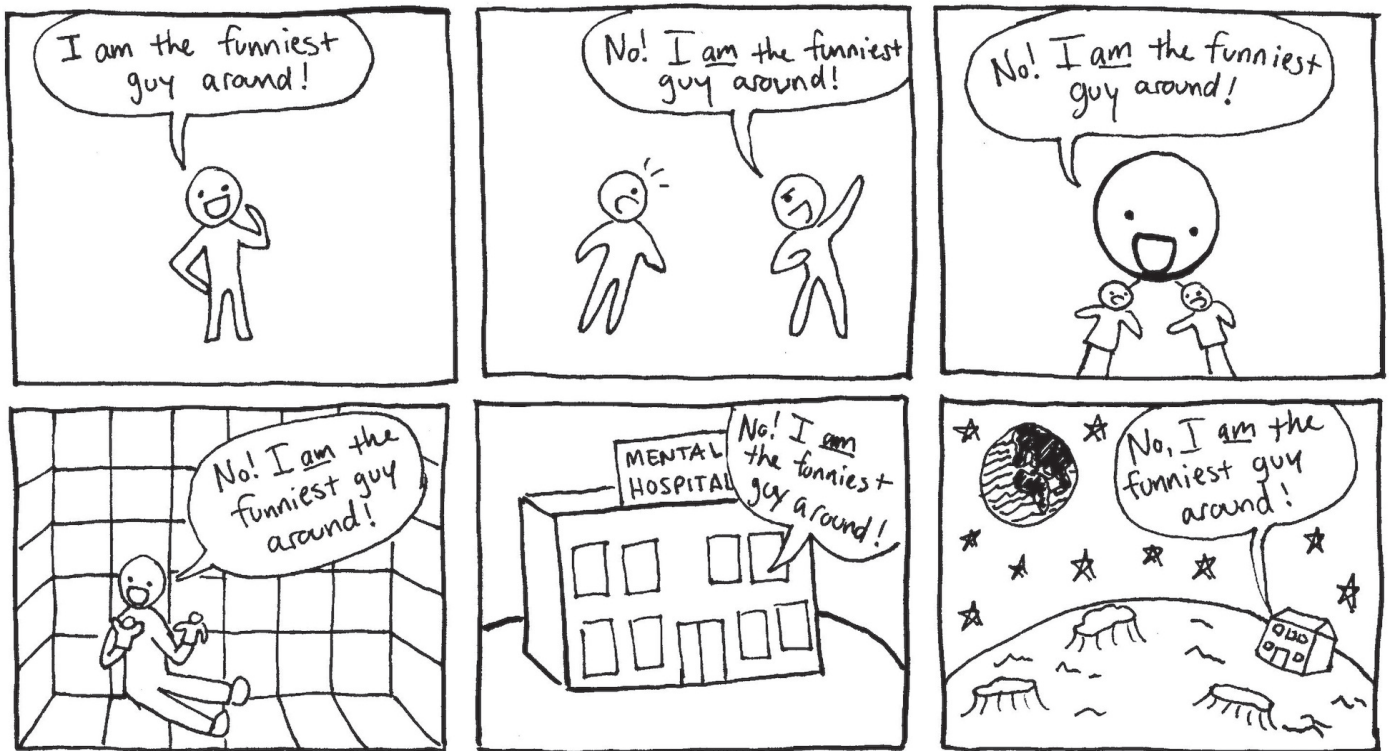
If you feel the world unready or my approach too rash and idealistic, do you have any internship positions open? I can work my way up to music legend from there.

Looking forward,  
Matt

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# The Funniest Guy Around

by Kenny Baclawski  
Illustrated by Julie Fiveash



# Our A Cappella Group Has A Piano

## by Mike Gillis

Ladies and gentlemen of the human resources department, as you sit here before me considering who will provide the entertainment at this year's company picnic, I'm sure one question over all others is buzzing through your minds: *What could The Quarter-Tones possibly offer us that other a cappella groups cannot?* The answer is elegantly simple: We have a piano. They don't.

Your employees aren't buffoons. They know what a piano looks like, and it certainly isn't twenty grown men in pink sports coats bopping up and down. It doesn't wear a propeller hat or boast painfully ironic T-shirts. It is a machine of varnished wood and tempered high-carbon steel.

To be clear we're on the same page, I'd like Pete, our roadie, to wheel in the Casio AD-220. Pete, put down the blue Slurpee for a moment and get it. Yes. There.

That is a piano.

Other groups might try to tell you that they "make the piano with their voices" or that their instruments are "entirely vocal." These people are trying to swindle you. They'll distract you with swag and audience engagement, and by the time you see through their charade they'll be gone, leaving you moneyless and alone in a park somewhere, the mocking image of a piano softly vanishing from your eyes.

Don't doubt that *Harmony In Motion* will do this to you. They're all enormous dicks.

Taking these factors into consideration, I'd like to answer the one reservation you likely still have—Namely, who is the pianist capable of backing up *The Quarter-Tones*? Well, I'd like to direct your attention to the individual at the rear of the room balancing a blue Slurpee on his stomach. Seem familiar? That's right, our roadie Pete also happens to be a magnificent musician.

Pete, why don't you get up here and give the good people a taste of Bruce Hornsby's "The Way It Is"? Put the drink down for a moment and—Well, now you've spilled the Slurpee all over yourself.

Goddamnit Pete.

Look, I'm not trying to argue we strike the best appearance. We don't have the toned physique or the choreographed dance moves of *Harmony In Motion*. We don't even really have costumes, as our current apparel of sweatpants and stained undershirts will attest to. One thing we do have, though? Passion.

Also, a fucking piano.

By now you might be wondering, when are we going to get the chance to meet the rest of the fabled *Quarter-Tones*? Well, it just so happens that between Pete, me and the piano, you're looking at them! Sure, we don't have the sheer numbers of other groups, but when you have a piano, you don't really need a squad of members trying to emulate all its timbre and range. You just kind of sit down and push a bunch of keys at once.

Plus, think of the money you'll save on food and lodging! Pete barely needs much more than a couple bucks for gas and snacks—and you don't have to pay the piano at all. Did I mention that? This isn't one of those old-timey player pianos that you put a sawbuck in to hear "Buffalo Girl." Nope, all you'll be hearing is Bruce Hornsby and—For God's sake Pete, the Slurpee cup is empty. You spilled it all. That's why you're covered in blue sludge. Please stop trying to suck it off your gut with a straw.

Now, I'll be the first to admit there are some who doubt our methods. They say we're "confused about the way genres works." That a two-person duo isn't even "a cappella." But these people are cowards, individuals frightened of pushing forward a musical form too long strangled by so-called "definitions" and "categories."

Ask yourself: Did Bruce Hornsby compose his inspiring yet contemplative hits using a roomful of singers in wacky outfits? No. He didn't. He just sat down and used a piano like any intelligent human being would—which is exactly what Pete and I will do when we cover his songs.

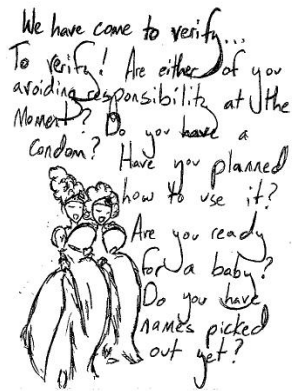
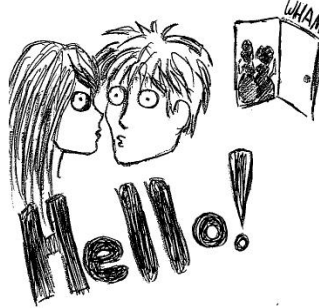
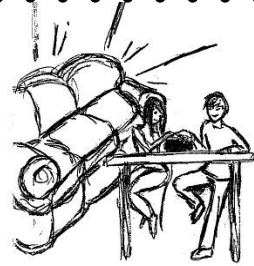
So *The Quarter-Tones* could sit around all day pretending pianos don't exist like those assholes from *Harmony In Motion*. We could bring our clothes to a dry cleaner and I could take vocal lessons. But in the end, is it really necessary? For you see esteemed members of the human resources department, I've learned something today. An a cappella group's greatness isn't in the size of its members, or the number of novelty ties it has. No, it's in something bigger. Namely, whether or not they have a piano. Which we assuredly do.

I believe I've made our case. Pete, clean yourself up and let's roll out.



# The Queens of Cockblock

by Kimi Brown



We're taking these.





# Frommer's Guide To The Friend Zone

by Matt Garczynski

## The Park

Set amidst the backdrop of leafless trees and an overcast sky, the park is a great place to remember that one moment you shared on the swing set this past summer, just a week before she started her new job and met Shithead Darren. A favorite spot among smiling couples who are unfazed by the cold wind and utter meaningless of existence.

## Darren's Birthday Party

Taking place some time Shithead Darren hopefully never lives to see, this festival marks the anniversary of the coming of the antichrist. While there, make note of way she touches your shoulder when she asks if you're having fun, and be sure to take advantage of the local wines and liqueurs.

## Victoria's Secret

Take a stroll through aisles of lacy pink underwear as she tries to pick out the perfect belated "gift" for Shithead. It is customary not to imagine her naked at any time during your visit, nor would it be advised to profess your feelings for her when she mentions that SD seems a little distant lately. Take mental pictures of her expression when the saleswoman refers to you as her boyfriend. Look back on them for years to come and wonder what the hell kind of game she was playing.

## YouPorn.com

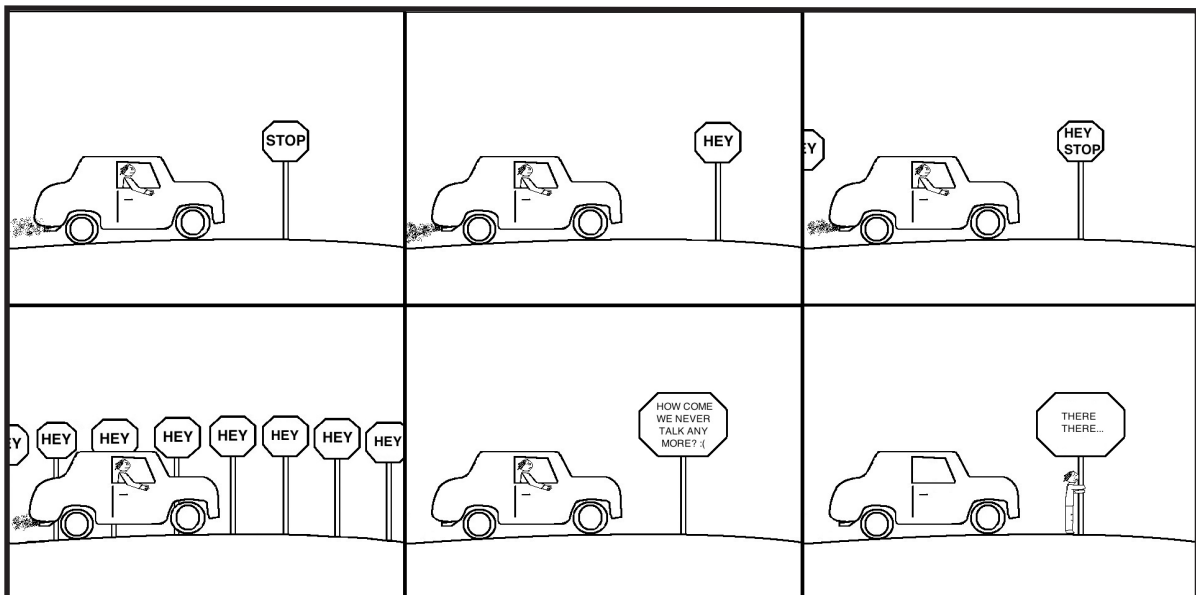
Hours of fun to be had at this remote site searching for a girl who looks even remotely identical to her. Once found, freeze frame on a closeup of her smiling face. Ignore the glaring sense that you will never make her feel as happy as her slutty doppelgänger seems in that moment. Gently stroke the screen as you break down to Ray Charles' "You Don't Know Me."

## Her Window

Accessed only by a steep drunken climb up a fire escape, Her Window is the perfect place to take in the view of her sleeping figure. Recommended only for the extremely desperate, as it is easy to let one's better judgement and pride get in the way of a grand adventure!

# Awful MS Paint Comic

by Kenny Baclawski



# The Whore Ex & Other Stories

by Dr. Seuss

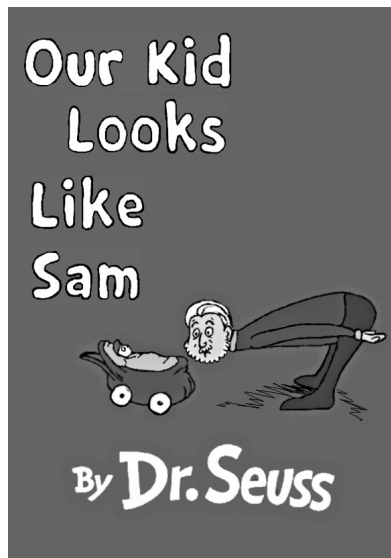
Doctor Theodor Seuss Geisel is rather widely beloved as an illustrator and author of books for children. However, what most people don't know is that some of his most famous works were actually adapted from stories about his now-forgotten first marriage. After marrying his second wife Helen Palmer, Dr. Seuss hid his original drafts under the cushions in one of the Jack-O-Lantern's couches. They were uncovered when the current editors-in-chief were trying to hide weekly manuscripts about horse-fucking in the same location.

The Jack-O-Lantern is proud to reveal the original cover artwork for a selection of Dr. Seuss' works.



While *The Lorax* focused on environmentalism, its original incarnation, *The Whore Ex*, was about the dangers of not knowing that the woman you're marrying is actually a cheating, selfish whore.

Following *The Whore Ex*, Seuss went on to write about how his child with his first wife looked quite a bit like his neighbor, breakfast meat tycoon Sam Liam, in *Our Kid Looks Like Sam*. Seuss and Sam eventually put aside the issue and become friends when they realize their shared appreciation of breakfast meat and undying hatred of manipula-



Seuss then wrote *How the Bitch Stole Christmas*. While the published version focused on the true meaning of Christmas, Seuss originally intended to describe how his ex-wife was able to make off with almost all of his money and possessions. Seuss' second wife was correct in assuming that people would want to spend more money on a book that promotes social value, and convinced Seuss to rewrite an ending in which the titular villain is revealed to have a good heart. But unlike the Grinch, the bitch never gave shit back. Seuss didn't think that she could actually feel remorse.

# By Kimi Brown

By **Dr. Seuss**



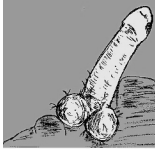
**One dick**



**two dicks**



**red dick**



**blue dick**

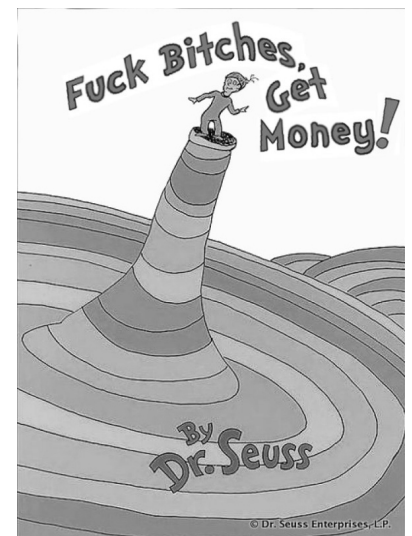
*One Dick Two Dicks Red Dick Blue Dick* described the variety of men Seuss' wife cheated on him with, and the variety of ways in which she did so. Seuss later adapted this into *One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish*, but didn't need to change very much. Fish kind of look like dicks.

Similarly, Seuss wrote *The Lawyer Fucked Her Too*. In the subsequent version, *Horton Hears a Who*, Seuss turned the lawyer into an elephant (because he was HUGE, amirite?), and explained how the elephant was protecting someone for a good reason. Not just because that someone knew how to roll her R's with a full mouth.



In *I Shat In Her Hat*, Seuss illustrated in graphic detail the various acts of vengeance he engaged in just after divorcing his cheating wife. In a fit of whimsical rage, Seuss trashed the house his ex-wife took from him and was arrested. It was later adapted into *The Cat in the Hat*, which did not involve the Cat being arrested or having a restraining order filed against him.

Finally, the original cover of Seuss' final piece, *Oh, the Places You'll Go!* Seuss insisted on keeping the working title for this piece, *Fuck Bitches, Get Money*, claiming it was his final piece of advice for young children. The title change only took place when the publishers got him all sorts of fucked up in order to obtain his signature.



# Hamlet:

## Director's Cut Bonus Content

by Charlie Laud

The following is an excerpt from a recently discovered, alternate manuscript of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Act 5, Scene 2, Line 317

**Queen:** No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet! The drink, the drink! I am poison'd [Dies.]

**Hamlet:** Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane, Drink off this potion. Is thy union here? Follow my mother. [King dies.]

**Laertes:** Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet. Mine and my father's death come not upon thee, Nor thine on me. [Dies.]

**Hamlet:** O, I die, Horatio. The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit. [Dies.]

**Milk Maid:** I heard a clamor, from my chamber. What's all this noise? [Removes decorative blindfold.] Heavens! O, my frail heart! [Dies.]

**Fertrand the Baker:** A racket! A racket! At once, explain this rack-JESUS! WHAT!? HAMLET DID YOU KILL ALL THESE- WHAT THE FUCK – NO. NO. – THIS IS – MY PAROLE OFFICER IS GONNA – YOU KILLED YOUR OWN MOM – MAN, I TOLD YOU, I CAN'T BE AROUND THIS KINDA – Awww, this is baaaaad- [Unsheathes mobile phone.] Hey, yeah, Lorenzo? It's Ferty. You know that cousin of yours? Yeah, with the weird hands – I need his number reaaaal bad right now, yea- What? C'mon Lorenzo, it's me! Your boy! You know I wouldn't do you like that- Lorenzo? LORENZO? Wait this isn't my phone. FU-[Dies.]

**Babysitter:** For the last time, there's no monsters in your clos- what the fuck. [Hit atop skull with baseball.]

**Protagonist of Disney Chanel Sports Movie:** Hey mister! Sorry about the window, but it really means a lot to me to get that ba – say, is that wine up for grabs? [Dies.]

**Reluctant Sidekick:** But I don't wanna go to fat camp. [Sighs.]

**Howard the Stoner:** Checkout this white shirt. Hey now... [Dies.]

**Native American Atop Garbage Pile:** [Cries.]

**Wentworth the Wayward Ribbeldy-Badger:** Oy there! Hamlet's done got his chops up in a whole mess-around, yes 'e does! But, oy! No time for rosey-doing, I've got to g't back to me chimbley, yes I do! Hip'ip! [Pork'n'Barrels.]

**Bill Cosby:** Hippety-Flippety! [Fribbety-Frazzles.]

**Backwards-Hamlet:** [Is born.] Horatio. We must leave this place at once. Right? Horatio? Guys? Seriously. [Guys.]

# A Typewriting Monkey Has An Existential Crisis

by Matt Garczynski

*The Infinite Monkey Theorem states that were an infinite amount of monkeys to type on an infinite amount of typewriters, one would produce the complete works of Shakespeare. Marcus is one of those monkeys.*

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0244

Didn't get up today, as my ceaseless wakefulness prevents me from ever not being up. Sky was black, ground black, everything on the x, y, and z plane of the universe black. Only light was from work lamps, shining on our standard-issue Smith Coronas. Typed and thought about love.

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0253

Clive called to me over cubicle wall today. Said he was starting a religion to deal with dreariness of spending life a typewriting ape in a never-ending theoretical sea of aimlessly typewriting apes. He's writing bible now. Prophecies coming of the Chosen One, or first ape to type the Golden Words. Clive has no way to disseminate bible to the others, but he takes comfort knowing that at least one of us will stumble upon the same sequence of characters some time in the undying universe's existence.

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0259

Thought: It has come to my attention that this may not be first time an ape has written this exact diary. This exact character sequence may have been typed three, four, infinite times already. Originality and individuality are illusions. Any hope of being "Chosen One" slowly fading.

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0266

Found something in my work today.

*"...DF\*(4m.q%dwes M@:adsf#\$"daggaGod, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space—we♠\*Dndfgaijh..."*

What does it mean? Am I king of infinite space? Am I Chosen One?

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0278

Was wondering. How did I learn how to read? How did I learn to reason? I guess out of infinite apes, at least one of us has to have stumbled upon those abilities. Maybe that means I really am speci4D&Σ s†490Î8 adπf#sgluukm.1 ds,;dap..n1n kldask!!!1%<sub>m</sub>

## Monkey Space-Time 112.367.793.0284

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# The Reluctant Pianist

by Mike “Piano Man” Gillis

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Peter Chang, the world-renowned pianist, sits on stage beneath a glowing spotlight in the center of the Metropolitan Opera’s stage. It’s a sold-out crowd, and they’re all here for him. He smiles nervously, and tightens his tie. Behind him, an orchestra of the finest musicians in the world tune their instruments.

Francis Brazini, the charismatic conductor, walks onto stage in his tuxedo to a thunderous applause. He grins, bows, and backs subtly over to Chang.

“Chang,” Brazini says leaning in, “Are you *a-sure* you’re ready for this? You’re not having that, uh, problem we discussed earlier? We can still call this thing off.”

“Uh—“ Chang responds. “Uh...uh” he bangs his fist on the top of the piano, bites his knuckle, hits himself in the head. “Yeah, fuck it. Fuck it. I am the great Peter Chang. I can handle it. We’re good.”

“Okay, you understand the entire orchestra is counting on you? You’re the cue to start, you know?”

“I do.”

“Okay.”

Brazini takes a breath and raises his conducting baton to the orchestra. He nods and Chang starts playing an incredibly simple ascending C major scale. A large drop of sweat falls from his forehead and splatters on the keys.

He plays the wrong note.

The audience begins to murmur.

“Heavens to Murgatroy! What is he doing?” a dandy sitting in the balcony hisses to his bored wife. “This is Bach! Not Piano Lessons for Dum-Dums!”

Chang breathes loudly into his piano’s microphone like a fat man who has just eaten a fistful of Cadbury eggs and is now choking to death on their nougat-y center. The sound fills the unbearable silence.

“Okay, you can do this buddy,” Chang says to himself.

Brazini backs over to Chang.

“Chang, *a-buddy*. Everyone can hear you when you’re *a-talking* to yourself, you know that, no?”

“I know,” he says. “I just don’t want ‘*it*’ to happen again. Give me time damnit.”

Brazini backs off and Chang restarts playing the scale, gets halfway through and then flubs another note.

Brazini crosses his arms and looks at Chang disapprovingly.

“What the fuck is he doing?” someone whispers loudly from the audience.

“Shut up you imbecile! What do you know about true art?” Chang shouts at the audience. The spotlight shifts to the heckler to reveal she is a paraplegic servicewoman in an electric wheelchair with a little American flag coming from it. The crowd boos. “Oh...sorry,” Chang mumbles.

He begins humming a major scale to himself, but screws this up halfway.

“You got this Chang,” he says to himself. His voice resounds through the auditorium.

“Do you seriously not know how to play a major scale? You fucking hack!” a heckler shouts.

Chang stands up.

“You are a cyst on the face of the musical world!” he shouts at the darkened audience. The spotlight shifts to reveal the same woman in a wheelchair, now giving him the finger. “And I’m not sorry this time you disabled whore!”

The audience begins booing.

Brazini who has gone as pale as a ghost, tries to salvage things by grinning apologetically at the audience. “Folks, heh heh, this is all one big *a-misunderstanding*.”

They only boo louder.

“Alright, alright Changy...Come on. You didn’t play in the goddamn White House to screw this up,” Chang says, his eyes welling up with tears. He wipes the tears away.

With one hunt-and-peck finger, he plays the first note of the scale. It’s right. He smiles to himself and nods. A few seconds of searching on the keys later, he puts his finger on the next. It’s good. He seems to be ignoring the crowd now, in the hypnotizing groove of playing something most children know how to do. He finds the next, and the next, all without a mistake. Brazini, spotting this, holds his hands up to the audience, who hush in anticipation of Chang’s next imbecilic mistake. But it never comes. In thirty seconds, he gets to the halfway point, then starts descending, in note after note of perfect major scale-age. Finally, he raises his finger to hit the last note.

“Yipee!” he whispers to himself as he pushes the key down. At this point an exceptional fart escapes his asshole and he shits himself in the key of C, precisely the note he intended to play, and the sound of his rupturing asshole washes out into the crowd, resounding louder than any sound yet heard in the Metropolitan Opera, rumbling through the wood walls and shaking the audience members in their seats thanks to the construction of the chamber, made to resonant with loud, flatulent Cs. A man’s eardrum bursts with the transcendent explosions issuing from Chang’s anus as his pants fill with stew-bowls of shit. Blood spurts out of the audience member’s ears. The servicewoman’s head explodes in a rain of skull and brain.

In a moment, the tumult has calmed down, and the rapturous applause begins. Chang steps to the front of the stage, his own feces trailing down his pant’s leg like a lumpy garden snake as he take a bow below a shower of audience-cast confetti and roses. Behind him, the swelling orchestra sets in playing the most heart-achingly poignant rendition of Bach’s Opus 73 ever heard by human ears.

*Fin.*



# Matt Finishes The Issue

With Three Pieces by Matt Garczynski  
Classy.

## A Pressing Question

Listen, Emily, I know we've only been dating for a month or so, and we haven't even kissed, but I was hoping I could ask you something. It's a question I've been turning over in my head for a while, and I thought now would be the perfect time to ask. And you the perfect person to ask. So here goes. Do girls really pee out their butts?

I only ask you because I've *never* been sure. Scotty Bilfeld told me that they do in preschool, and I have been presented with literally zero evidence to the contrary. I have no sisters, I have a mother who pees on her own, and the topic has never come up in health class. It's like Ms. Raskin just assumes we know that basic fact coming into the class and glosses over it the whole semester. And I'm too embarrassed to ask.

It's not that I don't know other options exist. That's what has been confusing me lately. So the vagina is there, right? And they didn't want us to know about it as kids for whatever reason you don't tell kids about vaginas. So what if the whole thing about girls peeing out their butts was just so we wouldn't start asking about vaginas? What if we all just assumed girls peed out their butts because we just knew that they couldn't pee out their pee pees? Because we knew that much — we knew they didn't have pee pees. I mean, if you don't have a pee pee, where else are you gonna pee from? Were we expected to theorize about a whole other hole existing down there? Presented with the knowledge we had, Occam's Razor was clearly in favor of the butt theory.

So if you do happen to pee out your vagina, where is it coming from? I get that you can put a penis in there, and that's what presses the button that speed-dials the stork, but is there another hole in there for pee? Or is it the same exact hole? Because that would just be gross!

What do you mean you don't speed-dial the stork?! Then how the fuck does he know when to bring you a baby? Huh, Emily?! Don't mindfuck me like this! I'm embarrassed enough as it is!

Wait, where are you going? Emily! Don't go! I thought we were finally going to put our whirly twirlies in the tot tot!

## Ramblin' Joe Biden

**From the Desk of the Press Secretary:**

In an effort to reach out to America's Country/Western community, the Vice President is proud to announce the release of his new album *Biden My Time*, out Tuesday on Longhorn Records. Featuring appearances by your favorite country legends, *Biden My Time* promises to be an instant American classic. Ramblin' Joe, as the Vice President is known in more low-falutin' circles, is fired up to be touring in promotion of the new album. The tour will culminate in a nationwide simulcast performance at the Grand Ole Opry House on the eve of Election Day.

Ramblin' Joe is fixing to put on some granny-slappin' performances for y'all, featuring songs spanning his entire catalogue. These include tracks off his lesser-known but beloved EPs *Ridin' With Biden* and *A Biden By His Word* (his *Tobacco Monthly*-acclaimed foray into acoustic Christian folk-rock). Fans are sure to be riled up to hear favorites such as "Sometimes Cowboys Love Cowboys" and "My Woman's Got A Right To Her Itty-Bitty Body." The shows are free and open to true-blooded Americans.

In the relaxed and intimate settings of this nation's state fairs and sports bars, Ramblin' Joe will tell the tales that inspired the tunes, including the time he lost it all but his rickety ol' Air Force Two and his dog, Alben Barkley. Make no mistake,



Joe's had a rough road to travel. Along the way, he's seen compadres go to their desert graves without getting fair shakes at citizenship. He's emptied guitar cases half-full of nickels and dimes into Pell Grants. He's had to throw a mean knuckle or two at Yankee insurance fellers fixing to scheme his little girl out of easy access to prenatal screenin'. It was the power of song, as well as an understanding of an individual's inherent dependence on community and infrastructure, that helped him through his most trying of times.

Ramblin' Joe would like to assure you that he ain't just another Washington bigwig blowin' smoke up your rears. He is a Grade A authentic down-home good ol' boy. Just ask his new friends and tourmates Tim McGraw, Toby Keith, Brad Paisley, and Reba McEntire, who each changed their minds about education reform, health care reform, and the War in Afghanistan once they got a gander of Ramblin' Joe's chute-doggin' skills. Joe and his team of world champion chute-doggers will be showcasing their chops at the Bud Light Great American Tailgate® tents directly before the show. "Ain't Nobody Dog A Chute Like Ramblin' Joe!" as his new campaign slogan goes. In comparison, the opponents' track records show a total of zero chutes dogged while those yeller-bellied sissies have held office. Be one of the first fifty at the tailgate and you'll be sporting the slogan on a spanking-new Bud Light tee!

Mosey out back after the show and pick up some genuine American-made Ramblin' Joe merch, straight off the back of Joe's own '72 C-10 Cheyenne. Money from your purchases will go into the campaign, as well as the Joe Biden Pack O' Smokes Fund. Joe will be there signing belt buckles, breasts, and babies. But if he's taking a smoke and sending a lonesome stare out into the sky over distant hills, leave him be. He often gets lost in times long gone.

### **The Mariner's Tale**

I haven't been wharfside. Nay, not since the storm. The storm done changed things, y'see. Done changed me. I want you t'listen close to my tale, boy. Because what that storm done to me was somethin' serious. Y'see boy, the storm done made me a gay.

Yes, a gay. A regular ol' jack o' the jollies. You may have noticed the way I scampered and skipped down her to greet ya, but I didn't always walk with this pep in my step. Didn't always appreciate the way smooth vocal stylings of Bette Midler mingled with the sound of the sea breeze out my window. I didn't always own the largest collection of autographed Midler LP's from here to Boothbay Harbor. But I'll be damned if I'm givin' that up now.

Before the storm, boy, I had grit. I had a standin' in this here town. Not a one could hitch a rig faster than yours truly. But after that terrible squall, I became listless and my mind turned to wanderin', as is the way of us tinsel-ticklin' patsies. I stopped a-pinin' for the sea and started a-pinin' for those fit young shiphands and the boys on the wait staff of the Jolly Roger. The scent of the salty brine brought me no content. I much preferred the delicate aroma of white lavender bath salts, and the way they exfoliate my weather-wearied pores.

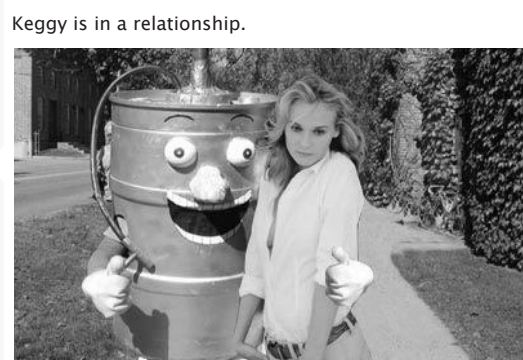
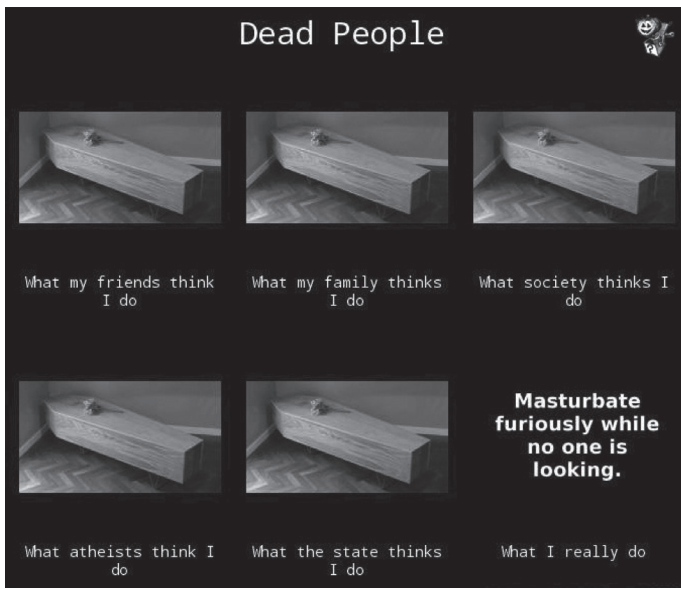
Ne'er will I forget that fateful night. We was out Nova Scotia way when the skies opened up somethin' fierce. Took the whole crew to pull in the traps as the waves pounded against the hull as one pounds his beloved. Y'ever seen a man swept up by his britches and dragged into the murky depths of the sea? One minute I was wavin' at Percy to come inside from the bulkhead hatch, the next he was servin' as Poseidon's doxie boy, gettin' sodomized by a trident twenty ways to Tuesday. Bless his soul.

Of the rest of the ordeal, I can't rightfully say I remember much. What I do recall is me an' the crew huddlin' close in the galley. With our clothes in one pile, our shiverin' bodies in another, we awaited our fate. The restless waters tossed our boat like salad. A bolt of lightnin' sensually struck the sensitive masthead. A deafenin' clap of thunder stood our fleshly bones on end. The ship leaned portside, and all o' the sudden I was swimmin' in the murky depths of another man.

Well, sonny, 'at is my tale. 'Tis been a blessin' and a curse, bein' a bum-buggerin' ninny and all. A curse in that it done took away my livelihood. My friends and family done deserted me and I've got no one left. A blessin' in that I no longer have to worry about the Freudian implications of heartily suckin' on this here pipe all day. And I can be proud to call myself a seaman. No use bein' a homophonephobe.



**Best of The Facebook Page**  
[Facebook.com/DartmouthJacko](https://www.facebook.com/DartmouthJacko)



**Founded in 1908**

Founded by Ben Wheelock and Jerry Seuss as something to fall back on if that ice cream thing didn't pan out.





# best of @dartmouthjacko

Follow

Every time the Baker Tower bells ring, Saint Peter shouts "Wings don't come easy, pledge!" while an angel eats a vomelette.

Art history majors: Who was the first president of Art? One of the ninja turtles, right?

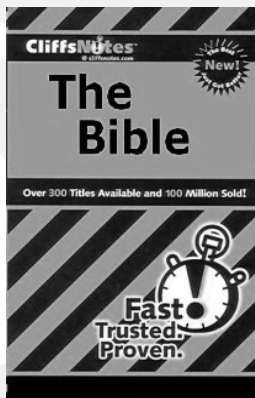
Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you will have sent a message to that uppity space rock.

At first I thought "Call Me Maybe" was the anthem for Jewish grandmothers everywhere.

FAQ Answer: There is no one inside Keggy. Keggy is inside every one of us.

@WebMD My face looks like this :-'| Should I get it checked out?

Thank...[flips to page 14]...God for Cliff Notes! [pic.twitter.com/V4oaFOJq](http://pic.twitter.com/V4oaFOJq)



Prank idea: Replace Freud's cigar box with penis box. Wait.

On the verge of developing cure for clinginess. Calling it Anti-dote.

Saying creepy things about underage Olympians is getting old, while those gymnasts stay the same age.

If heaven is where Spuds MacKenzie is, then yeah, I'll believe in it.

Would it really be that nice if you were older, Beach Boys? Can you afford that at this point?

"One of you will betray me." And lo, The Last Supper was the first Murder Mystery theme party.

Life is like a box of chocolates. Full of disappointments.

"Poop" would be even more palindromic if your digestive system worked the same going either way. #poovomit

Did Flag Day come and go again? Dammit! \*Burns leftover flags\*

Average person has 6 sexual partners in life. On your 7th, stay away from busy intersections and faulty roller coasters. You are marked.

If scent is the strongest sense tied to memory, why can't I recall the smell of chloroform?

Don't "Passover" this new Jacko offer! Let Jesus in your heart by Easter Sunday and get a basket full of Cadbury eggs!

"Analyzing" would be a good euphemism for sodomy.

Paul Simon's road trip with his son inspired "Graceland." Art Garfunkel's family vacation inspired a National Lampoon film.

Bob Ross started in portraiture, but all his subjects were far away and behind trees.

Contrary to popular belief, not all Jacko members are virgins. One is alcoholic.

God our tweets have gotten shitty ever since Dr. Seuss graduated.



*“Cat videos are my guilty pleasure.”*