Turn It Up! is open every day in the alley behind the Dirt Cowboy. We sell used and bargain-priced CDs, tapes, records and videos. You may listen to anything in the store before you buy it. You may also trade in your old stuff towards new stuff, or sell it for cash on the spot. Stop in, give us a call at 653-0256 or check out our web site at www.turnitup.com for more information.
Dear Jacko,
I totally disagree with your claim that there is absolutely no difference between the Renaissance and croissants. One is a period of enlightenment characterized by artistic masterpieces, and the other is the plural form of a crescent shaped pastry.

Sincerely,
Jean-Luc

Dear Jean-Luc
With enough butter and jam they both taste the same.
Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Yours truly,
A Mime

Dear Mime,
Die.
Jacko

Dear John,
I am leaving you, Jacko. I'm sick and tired of having to cook for you, clean for you, and manually masturbate your "fine selection" of livestock. You leave me no option but to leave in search of greener pastures.

And I'm taking the inflatable furniture with me.

Sincerely,
Your Other Half

Dear Your Other Half,
At this point, I would like to return a scathing, hurtful response to your note, but unfortunately you weren't very clear on where those greener pastures are. I will assume, however, that you will be back to do the laundry.
Jacko

Dear Sky,
Guess now you regret not getting that giant net we told you to buy. Huh? Idiot.
Jacko

Dear Jacko,
I'd like to ask for your support to help save the endangered Malaysian Spotted Wolf Dragon. Recent "developmental" construction has threatened these wonderful creatures' generic habitat. Please send us money to help fight the fight.

Sincerely,
The Sierra Club

Dear Sierra Club,
I gave at the office.
Jacko

Dear Jacko,
I'd like to buy a vowel.

Sincerely,
Mike Krzyzewski

Dear Coach,
Sure thing, but you can't buy a championship, can ya?
Jackoh

Dear Jacko,
Tobacco is a wonderful thing. I can't believe you have devoted half your issue to slandering this fine product. You'll be hearing from me again.

Sincerely,
Satan

Dear Satan,
After years of faithful worship, it is regrettable that you turn so easily on your devoted followers.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,
I can now hold my bladder for up to 20 minutes at a time!

Sincerely,
A small puppy

Dear Woogums,
That's a good boy! Who's my precious little puppy-wuppy? Who? You are! Yes you are! Give daddy a kiss... sit!
Jacko

Dear Jacko,
I am upset that your magazine continually projects a vastly oversimplified and whitewashed view of American life. You really need to learn how to address the grim uncertainty which is a part of reality.

Norman Rockwell

Dear Norm,
Thanks for writing! This shows how great our nation truly is. We can all work together with our God-given right to liberty and do good.
Jacko

Dear Jacko,
In your recent issue, you made use of the Roman alphabet. As the oldest campus publication, we clearly have rights to said alphabet. Please pay us $1000.

Sincerely,
The Daily Dartmouth

Dear Dartmouth,
Го Фук Йоунгсок.
Jacko

Dear Jacko,
I'm sorry I stole the plans for that atomic warhead and accidentally sold them to Korea for $3 billion.

Cordially,
China

Dear Tits,
Thanks for everything.

Sincerely,
Pamela Anderson
Until Dartmouth students learn how to read, the quality of the Jack O’Lantern is only as good as the artwork inside it. Fortunately, we are blessed with one of the most talented, most hilarious, most perpetually intoxicated art staffs in all of collegiate America. Since, in the process of creating an issue, our artists suffer through an unbearable amount of shit (“Wierzbowksi, I don’t care if it’s 4am, we’re going to press in 3 hours and I need a drawing of Queen Victoria riding a giant fire-breathing monkey, pronto!”), and since they haven’t killed me yet for everything I’ve put them through, I figured it was about damn time to give them their own issue.

Mad props for Art-o-Lantern go out to Scott Snyder, who didn’t expect to be elected Publisher but took the job nevertheless, and spent countless hours working on the issue; to Adam Wierzbowksi, our Art Editor, without whom this issue wouldn’t look half as good; to Sean Taylor, our brilliant Head Writer, without whom this issue wouldn’t be half as funny; to Steve Jackett, our Head Artist, who didn’t beat me mercilessly for not giving him credit for the last issue’s fantastic cover; to Eric Buchman, who feels he has a long way to go as a humorist, but as a humorist is going to go a long way; and last but not least to sweet, sweet caffeine, without whom none of what you are about to see would have been possible.

Vox Clamantis in Absurdo,
Count the Differences Between These Two Paintings!

**Anagrams**

Can you solve the anagrams? Each of these phrases unscrambles to form the name of one or more famous painters.

1) Boo! Piss! A clap.
2) Orgy if on cascade.
3) Oh Hell! Anal-porn, tooled egomaniacal dealer.

Answers:

1) Pablo Picasso
2) Francisco de Goya
3) Michelangelo Donatello Raphael Leonardo
Mona Lisa Credited to Leonardo DiCaprio

"Only someone as beautiful as Leo could’ve created the world’s greatest painting,” contends Yale Professor By Alex Nazaryan

Leo did it. After years of inconclusive debate and bitter argument, researchers at Yale University’s Art History Department have concluded that it was Hollywood hunk Leonardo DiCaprio, not Italian Renaissance painter Leonardo da Vinci, that created such masterpieces as the Mona Lisa and The Last Supper.

The debate over who created the works first began in the early 1990s, when DiCaprio appeared on the television series Growing Pains as a confused orphan seeking a home in the “burbz.” “When I first saw that dejected boyish smile,” says Yale Prof. B.S. Johnson, “I knew we had more than just a movie star on our hands.” Shortly after watching that episode of Growing Pains, Johnson began his quest to prove that DiCaprio was responsible for some of the world’s greatest art. “Only someone as good-looking as Leo could have painted those pictures,” furiously contends Johnson.

However, the road was a rocky one at best. The difficulty lay mainly in the fact that DiCaprio was born over 400 years after the paintings had originated, and had not been seen with a paintbrush until that scene in Titanic. His 8th grade art teacher also comments, “Leo was a horrible artist. But he did have devilishly blond hair and a million dollar smile. So, yeah, I guess he could’ve created the world’s greatest painting.”

Although Leo’s publicist admits that Leo “is not what you would call a painter,” he will neither confirm nor deny that Leo painted the Mona Lisa. “Have you seen that boy act?” Leo’s publicist asked the media. “He was incredible in This Boy’s Life. If he can star opposite Robert DeNiro, he can capture the spiritual subtleties of The Last Supper in a manner befitting the early Italian Renaissance.” The publicist added, “I will, however, confirm that Leo has a great ass,” which can be seen in this month’s Enquirer.

Johnson’s most prolific roadblock to proving Leo’s credibility has been Harvard’s distinguished Jack Donning, who has called Johnson’s contention “preposterous and ridiculous.” Donning contends that despite Leo’s impressive mastery of French culture in The Man in the Iron Mask, he simply does not have the emotional range ascribed to him by Prof. Johnson. But Donning contends that although Leo did not paint those paintings, they might have very well been created by Roberto Benigni.

The argument was put to a close last week, when the two parties met for a private session, where they reportedly watched Titanic an undisclosed number of times. When Donning exited the private screening, he made no attempt to hide his emotions as tears streamed down his face. “Leo is a beautiful, beautiful man,” Donning announced. “After watching the scene in which he holds Kate Winslet on the ship’s mast, I realized just how capable of a human being Leo is. There is no doubt in my mind that Da Vinci was nothing but a fraud.” With this, the controversy came to a close.

New reports also have it that Leo invented cardboard, guilt and Newtonian physics.

Woman Sues Museum Over “Penis Envy”

By Anna Van Meter

NYC- Frances Bagsby, a former museum guard, is suing the Metropolitan Museum of Art for extensive psychological distress and for ending her marriage. Bagsby left her husband after becoming obsessed with the well-endowed, nude, male statues in the museum. Her husband, Frank Bagsby, fell short of the handsome statues and “he just couldn’t perform up to the standards I came to experience at work.”

Bagsby felt her situation deteriorate when the museum unveiled “The Big One.” Her boss, while explaining the new edition to the collection, allegedly pointed directly at the statue’s “manhood” and winked. “The Big One made her immediately aware of her own husband’s inadequacies. Further, Bagsby noticed that the statue bore a striking resemblance to her boss. Consumed by illicit thoughts, she began bringing her work home with her.

“All she would ever talk about was her boss,” Frank continued, “and those giant stone cocks...what a slut!” Slut indeed, Bagsby eventually divorced her husband in order to pursue her superior. However, also enamored by The Big One, her boss ignored her advances leaving her not just single but humiliated.

According to Bagsby, her job at the Met was damaging to her quality of life from the time she was hired. Her first responsibility was to survey the Botticelli exhibit.

"Being instructed to stare at this ‘pornography’ made me feel uncomfortably thin as well as a bit over-dressed.”

Soon after, Frances Bagsby was transferred to the Husky, Hypermasculine Sculpture section of the Met. “Museum of Art, yeah right,” she continued, “more like Museum of sin!” The Met directorate declined to comment on the lawsuit because they were too busy looking at naked people.
1. Ensure that the model is comfortable with her surroundings before she disrobes.

2. Choose your models wisely. Never let any chance at new material pass you by.

3. In order for the subject to strike her most natural pose, it is important for her to feel as if you aren't even there.

---

**Bystogoggles**

**THE ADVENTURES OF PING & PONG**

You hollar slimeballs will be history, but not me. No social initiative will ever keep me down.

Oh yeah, Filthy Jill? I hear you go down pretty easy.

You think you're so tough slapping those balls around, don't you Peter? Well, when they shut down the frats, you ain't gonna have no balls to play with.

Aww yeah, Filthy Jill. I know you want me.

Yah. You and your thick, titanic, throbbing handle.

Go comb your foam.

C'mon Ping, there's more to life than this 4'x8' table.

Oh, yes. Who needs frats to get drunk? Wanna go to my room, and... share a drink?

---

Holy Sink! Pong, listen to this... "Trustees to End Greek System as We Know It."

Sweet. I hate frats.

Pong, you moron. If the frats go, we all go!

Damn. Better go roll off the table and wallow in booz while I still can.

Heh, heh, heh.

Good grief, it's Filthy Jill. What a cute cup of beer she is.

Hah! That ought to teach your friend that Peter Paddle's the boss around here.

Pong?
Une Critique D'art en la Playa Domingo du’Seurat

Sheer craziness is what I see when I look at Seurat’s Day At the Beach, or Lounging With My Surf and Turf - or whatever this stupid painting is called. As a certified Art Critic (I received my certification after successfully completing Sally Struther’s 8 weeks to being a Critique D’art) I can say with the power of a Sally Struther’s degree behind me that this painting sucks.

I’m not sure what was going through Seurat’s head, but I don’t like it. On the surface this painting is a nice, peaceful moment on the shore. You see kids playing, water sparkling, women walking around with, oh my GOD, the largest asses ever! And with this startling revelation, the painting falls apart into a scene of twisted mirth and debauchery.

Ahh... look at the cute little puppy sniffing the ground. Ah... look at the other cute little puppy sniffing his ass. Maybe this is what other art critics consider “art,” but this Critique D’art does NOT, and I am horrified by this flagrant display of canine rump wafting. You expect this type of in-your-face, shock-value, flagrant disregard for decent American values from Norman Rockwell. But NOT Seurat. It’s quite upsetting for those of us with quiet sensibilities.

And then after noticing the pornographic dogs, one’s eyes meander left to see the punk-ass kids loitering on the shore - with their fancy shmancy hair spiked up like a prom party punch bowl and their vile tattooed bodies. These hoodlums are what’s wrong with this country these days. Look at ‘em! Not a care in the world! Not a pocket! Not a job prospect to keep them honest! What they need is a good hair cut and a shine to their shoes. Then they’d be slick as a whistle and right as rain.

After being horrified by the no-good kids, the sight of an eight-foot woman assaults the eye. She’s a side show freak from the Bumpkin Valley County Fair. Hey everyone, come see the man with the arm growing out his backside and the woman who tracks upper-level atmospheric weather pattern changes with her face! Don’t even get me started about the girl in the Charlie Brown dress and her cross-dressing ways. And then there’s the unidentified rodent speared above the ass-lady’s head like a flea infested, rotting umbrella carcass. This Critique D’art has had enough with Seurat’s attempt at humor. He’s a sick man with sicker intentions. He’s a threat to our country and everything we hold dear. We need to send NATO troops to his house and bomb him until he submits to our demands of freak-free artistry.

God bless... oh, never mind.

-Anita Hamalainen
Origins of Paintings

Picasso

Seurat

Pollock

Rembrandt

Munch

Degas

Art by Todd Garfield
Dear Readers,

Many of you have recently written in asking "Culture Queen, how do I know the difference between good art and bad art and oh, why did you eat the corpse of your dead husband?" Well, I say: thank you, dear Readers, for writing in. And now I will get to the first part of your question.

1. Good art often contains historical figures doing historical things. For instance, I am reminded of that lovely painting of Washington crossing the Delaware where he and those other three men are pushing up that flag and wearing helmets at Iwo Jima. Now THAT is good art. Here you have the father of our country with three other hearty soldiers pushing the rod of Americana deep into the soft soil of Vietnam to make it stand erect with pride. Now that's art! It's also incredibly homoerotic, but that too can be art.

2. Bad art has historical figures doing unhistorical things. One great example is that painting of our beloved Thomas Jefferson straddling a donkey with a soup can stuck to his ass. This is inherently bad art. Why? Because of the aforementioned rule: bad art is bad, and this is bad art, so henceforth bad art = bad art.

3. Good art is in a frame. The bigger and golder the frame is, the better. Any sort of art that is: A) on the side of a building B) three dimensional C) made out of sand and then destroyed three days later, or D) surrounded by monkey skulls with the brains eaten right out of them is bad.

4. Bad art has naked people in it. Nothing that has naked people in it should ever be considered art. Take the sculpture Michelangelo's David, for instance. Not only is it not framed, but it looks nothing like David Hasselhoff. Here's the ballgrabber: This statue is naked. Butt-naked. Hog wild buck nekkid. That's bad! If we let everybody think that naked people are arty, well then, an issue of Hustler would be scotch taped to the wall in the Louvre! Naked people are ugly! Not only does this so-called "David" not wear clothes, but he also does not have breasts! There you go.

5. Finally, it is important to remember that bad art is like good cheese: it smells like feet.

Whoops! Looks like that's all the space we have for this week's column. I suppose we'll have to wait until next week to answer that question about my husband's corpse!

Until then,
Erica Rivinoja, Culture Queen
Those wacky Disney animators are always trying to find new ways to corrupt our youth through their art! Some examples you might not have seen on the news...

On the cover art for 101 Dalmatians, the dot in Disney’s “I” keeps “abreast” of the situation (1); a closer look at the mother dalmation reveals her Christian name (2); someone’s gettin’ nekkid! (3); little Hugh brandishes his favorite spot (4).

On Aladdin, Disney gives a nod to the competition (1); Elizabeth Montgomery makes an appearance (2); Aladdin enjoys a “handy” job from Jasmine (3); Jafar gives the duo his “digit” (4); the castle’s owner displays his name with pride (5).

Here we have the Lion King, upon whom the heavenly light descends from the hand of God — Disney CEO Michael Eisner (1); even we can’t print what’s under this black box (2); the confusing truth “comes out” (3); everyone from the elephants to the beetles are completing the “circle of life” (4).

This aristocat passes the dutchie to the left hand side (1); Disney dispenses some legal advice (2); here’s the star the Grateful Dead wish upon (3); look at this blatantly obvious phallic symbol the artists put in there! Disgusting! (4); these cats may land on all four feet, but they’re certainly not above tripping (5).
It's nearly 3am when I receive a blitzenl mail message from Chris Miller '97:

"You want to be Editor-in-Chief of the Jacko?"

Not knowing what to make of it, I respond that I hadn't really thought of it.

"But you'll do it, right?"

"Sure, I guess. What exactly would I need to do?"

"Do you know anyone else interested in the magazine?"

"I know Nathan Chaney wants to get more involved. What are you looking for?"

"Great. He can be publisher."

"But what do we do?"

Before I could send my last email, the server goes down.

This was the beginning of my sophomore winter, and I was blissfully ignorant of the commitment I had just leaped into. The Jack O'Lantern was a black and white newspaper that published barely more than every other term, and when I told people I wrote for the Jacko they had no idea what it was.

But what do we do?

Chris never answered that question, even when he got the chance. Maybe he had faith that we'd come up with something on our own, maybe we'd bring the magazine to new heights he'd never imagined. Or maybe he just wanted to get back to drawing a dirty little squirrel.

Two years later we're a glossy magazine with full-color inserts, stretching the diverse forms of humor we publish, pushing satire to new levels (with USA Hooray and The Dartmouth), pioneering new media and returning to the stunts and pranks that once made us notorious. With this issue, you can see how far we've come, as it's smarter, dirtier, edgier, and more artistically innovative than anything we've ever printed.

Yet the more things change, the more they stay the same. These words, from the premiere issue of the Jack O'Lantern over 90 years ago, are as apt today as they were in 1908.

"A new infant industry makes its bow upon the stage of Dartmouth literary activities and solicits your patronage and support.

It is the first periodical of its kind that has ever been offered to the college, and we trust that it will fill a long-called-for want.

The joke columns will be in the hands of able men and any 'grinds' that may from time to time appear in them, we trust will be received in the good-natured spirit in which they are written.

The three-fold mission of the Jack O'Lantern is to be funny, to be representative of the best undergraduate opinion, and to be a work of art. The Jack O'Lantern realizes that it's audience is a critical one, and delights in the knowledge: for such knowledge will spur its editors to their best. The Jack O'Lantern will not hesitate to give knocks and will expect to receive them in return, and welcomes criticism of any kind from anybody.

We are by no means satisfied with the first issue of "Jack O'Lantern." It in no way reaches the standard we have set for it, and we promise a better magazine in every respect in the following numbers."

Seven hundred issues later, and we're still not satisfied. I'm proud of what we've done so far, but even as I leave this organization I love so much, I can't wait to see what these guys do next, because I know it'll be even better.

May we always amuse you with absurdity, provoke you with parody, stimulate you with satire, and annoy you with literalization.

Love me do.
Kevin Goldman '99

---

"What do you say we round up the gang and play some poker?"
REJECTED
COMIC BOOK SUPERHEROES
VOLUME 1

PROJECTILE VOMIT MAN

RECESS LADY

THONG, GOD OF THUNDERWEAR

FAT, FAT, REALLY FAT (AND UGLY) WOMAN

THE GERIATOR

Art by Tom Kim
Welcome to the Art Museum of the Future!
Enjoy your vacation! ~Mona

Mona's Venetian Palace Grand Resort and Casino

SPACE MOUNTAIN!!!

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

Activity Booth #2: Pin the Wiener on the David

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

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

THE SCREAM! Florida's largest inverted, triple-loop, artsy roller coaster!

The Arteteria! Enjoy a sumptuous lunch of espresso and kale biscotti!

Bathroom/Found Objects Gallery

Gift Shop