a. sun hits plant, causing it to grow
b. aphids rush to eat plant, scaring monkey
c. agitated monkey attacks doll, pulling chain
d. chain lifts booze, attracting tramp
e. tramp steps on trigger, activating catapult
f. catapult fires, slaying friendly dragon
g. dragon dies, saddening little boy
h. little boy reflects on life and decides to become an artist instead of a lawyer like his mean old dad wants, and carves jack-o-lanterns all day
AN OVERAMBITIOUS JACK-O-LANTERN OF FINITE JEST¹

¹being another coyly self-conscious pale imitation of yet another famous publication wherein this one, shoulder-punchingly collegiate and nice-try-kiddo-ingly underfunded, once again reaches for the stars only to hit the....roof.

³i.e. McSweeney’s, as opposed to the Onion, which, as you know, we’ve previously and repeatedly filtered, deionized and overpasteurized* through the rubric of the Fake Dartmouth.**

*But not plagiarized — it’s not as though they invented the genre, either.
**Which we are becoming so, so sick of doing, but they’re popular, so how can we stop?

³Okay, let’s stop it with the footnotes.
Here is a list of people who do editorial stuff (and what they do):

- Nicolas Duquette — Editor-In-Chief
- Colin McGlynn — President
- Cal Newport — Managing Editor
- Kevin Pedersen — Art Editor
- Adil Ahmad — Web Editor
- Chris Plehal — Foreign Correspondent

Here is a list of people who aren’t editors, yet. They are staff members, which precedes editorship. This magazine could not exist without them, since they write a lot of stuff, especially those trying to impress us and become editors. It’s amazing how people will kill themselves with work to climb a institutional/corporate ladder, even the ladder of a fun silly humor magazine that isn’t paying anybody. Anyway, here are their names:

- Ilya Abyzov
- Craig Cagney
- Cole Entress
- Sarah Hackney
- Todor Kalaydjiev
- Alexander Lawrence
- Nicholas Manners
- Wally Pabst
- Annie Snider
- John Timmer
- Andrew Argeski
- Josh Cain
- Matthew Gens
- Nathan Hamilton
- Noah Kaufman
- Samuel Means
- Lucky Nelson-Schmitt
- Alexei Pytel
- Matt Sueoka
- Jessica Tory
- Sanjay Banerjee
- Jonathan Cofsky
- Kacy Gordon
- Anita Johnson
- Christopher Laakko
- Kelly Morr
- Melinda Ross
- Lauren Schwitzer
- Brad Tavares
- Maxwell Young

Lastly, we are advised by a faculty advisor, a wonderful man named Kevin Peterson. Note that Kevin Pedersen is not the same person as Kevin Peterson. Look carefully — see the difference? It’s confusing to us, too. The two can be distinguished as long as you keep in mind that P-E-D Kevin is an ‘05 who also draws a comic for the Dartmouth, is a member of Casual Thursday, and co-editor of Jacko-TV with Cal. P-E-T Kevin, on the other hand, researches evolutionary developmental biology, something nobody on the Jacko staff understands at all. P-E-D Kevin is dating Kelly Morr, unless they’ve broken up recently and nobody told me, in which case this note is probably pretty awkward, isn’t it? P-E-D Kevin doesn’t teach a course called “Dinosaurs.” P-E-T Kevin does. Now do you see that they are two very different, unique individuals? Their interests are so far apart, they only way to merge them would be a comedy about biology or a drawing of a dinosaur.

Here is a drawing of a dinosaur:
# Table of Contents

*cover art and dinosaur doodles
all by Kevin Pedersen*

## EPISILARIAN
- Hate Mail ................................................................. 6
- In Quest of Nigerian Millions .................................. 9
- Letters to Tazo .......................................................... 16

## 212 WAYS TO BE A SOLDIER ................................................. 21

## PARODYARAMA
- If commercials were more like the front page of the New York Times ............................................. 30
- As Retold by Clive Cussler ........................................... 32
- Further Interrogations of the Grand Inquisitor ........... 35
- The Gettysburg Address: An Early Draft .................. 44
- Fear and Loathing in Los Alamos .............................. 45
- Tom Brokaw’s The Shittiest Generation ..................... 46
- Falstaff & Costello: Who, Marry, Is Upon First Base? .. 48

## A RANDOM GRAB BAG MIX OF MISCELLANY
- Two upstanding gentlemen of sparkling reputation debate on the dichotomous nature of all things pertinent ........ 50
- Tibble in Paradise: A True Story ............................... 52
- Confessions of a Narcoleptic Skydiver ....................... 55
- Multiple-Personality Death Weight Loss ................... 56
- The Brief Adventures of Notable Figures who do Ordinary Things to Achieve Extraordinary Results .......... 57
- Inside Hallmark Inc ................................................... 59
- If World History Were an Ice Cream Parlor ................. 64

## THE DARTMOUTH STONEFENCE REVIEW
- Ann Coulter #1-4 ....................................................... 66
- Affirmative Action ..................................................... 67
- Trent Lott Speaks Out .............................................. 67
- I Know Why the Caged Man Fries ............................ 68
- Tucker Carlson #47 .................................................. 69
- A Gun Controlled ..................................................... 71
- Bill O’Reilly with Moxie .......................................... 71
- Contributors ......................................................... 72

## AN ECONOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF ROMANTIC DYNAMICS AND PROSPECTS ........................................... 73

## STOCKMAN’S DOGS ........................................................... 80
Editor’s Note

I always feel like an arrogant jerk writing these notes at the beginning of a student publication — I imagine dozens of Dartmouth students snorting derisively, making some snide remark about putting too much work into self-congratulatory editor’s notes and not enough time into making the magazine funny. I especially feel that way now, because this particular issue of the Jacko is pretty self-indulgent, and this editor’s note is pretty self-congratulatory. But generations of self-back-patting editors before me have written these things, and who am I to stop a tradition? At least it’s kind of an abashed note, right?

I love editorial and layout work, but I’m still glad to be stepping down as editor of the Jacko after this magazine is published. I don’t think I could pick a better magazine to go out on than this one. I’ve always believed that there was more to the Jacko than dumb jokes about celebrities and genitalia, and I was right. Critics of the Jacko can no longer dismiss it as a trashy and sophomoric. Instead, they’ll have to accuse it of being pretentious and inaccessible. It’s not a step up, necessarily, but it is a change.

This Jacko would not have been possible without many people. I’ve never seen so many people write so many things for the Jacko — we easily could have added 40 pages with the submissions we ran out of room to print. This magazine certainly wouldn’t exist without the enthusiasm of every single person listed in the staff box. This Jacko was made possible through the generosity of the awesome people on COSO and their overlord, Linda Kennedy. Lastly, this issue would have been far worse without the creative criticism of Mike Weiss ‘02, who is as funny as ever and actually has a job now, folks, can ya believe it?

Okay, that’s it. McSweeney’s mimicry notwithstanding, this layout session has stretched long into the night, and it’s time to get some sleep, so this little introduction is going to stay short. I hope you enjoy reading this magazine as much as I enjoy sitting directly behind you, my hot breath blowing uncomfortably against your ear, reading the same copy of it over your shoulder.

Nicolas J Duquette
EPISTILARIA

Letters, mail, and other postal humor
Hate Mail

In a normal Jack-O-Lantern magazine, we print a set of made-up letters to the Jacko and call it “hate mail.” However, the Jacko has received an unusually large amount of electronic hate and fan mail. Reprinted below are some of our favorites.

All of these letters are real. Grammatical and spelling errors are uncorrected due to editorial laziness (or spite).

Web Site

From: Morgan Shevett <mshevett@nyc.rr.com>
Date: Thu, 3 Oct 2002 11:23:15 -0400

i really thought your site was funny, when it was called The Onion.

derivitive and not that humorous. I can see it now, all of you sitting around the table, cracking each other up as you read your little stories, convinced that you practically re-inventing the genre. think again.

Oh Shit #1: Registrar Deadlines

From: [name withheld to protect the obtuse]
Date: 30 Oct 2002 23:59:46 EST

i had a question...
i just got an add/drop class form and my professors are only able to sign it by monday... that still means i can transfer classes and make this change, right?

From: [name withheld to protect the obtuse]
Date: 31 Oct 2002 02:40:46 EST

Thanks for the info, but I don’t see the point in your telling me that I missed the deadline (which, by the way, does not concern me in any way), when my knowledge of missing the deadline could only piss me off, and not help in any way. That was probably your intention, however. You oh SHITS are the best.

P.S. You were quite articulate in your message.

Oh Shit #2: The Swim Team

From: Susan R. Dubois
Date: 26 Nov 2002 16:44:54 EST

hey guys,
normally I find jacko really amusing, but I really just don’t see any tasteful humor in bringing up the budget cuts about the swimmers in a joking manner
again right before thanksgiving. I am not a swimmer, but some of these people lost what is really most important to them. I know you are trying to make a statement, and I might be way off, but they might not want to hear jokes being made about the pool becoming used for recycling, etc. Some of them lost a greater part of their life unexpectedly. I just can’t find humor in it.
-sue dubois

From: Paul A. Schned
Date: 26 Nov 2002 17:16:15 EST

Whoever wrote this: thank you.

I’m the captain of the men’s swimming team and your blitz was hilarious. Not only does it support my team’s cause, but it also adds something that is missing from this entire fight: humor. Lighting up the mood and making people laugh is a good thing. Thank you.

Happy Thanksgiving

From: [name withheld to protect the obtuse]
Date: 26 Nov 2002 17:30:35 EST

oh shit.
so cut the expenses and give out 25000 dollar presents and rides in helicopters?
that’s the poorest thing i’ve ever heard. that’s pathetic. i would never expect such a thing from dartmouth.

i hope there will be 300 07s next year... at least...

From: Andrew Biteen
Date: 27 Nov 2002 05:26:59 EST

hey, how about I cut off two of your limbs and then, while you’re awkwardly trying to keep balance as you stumble around campus, I’ll send a blitz to the student body saying that we’re having a really cheap bbq on the Green, just don’t ask what’s in the sauce.

Keep up the good work with the 3rd rate humour. Hey, I think a dead baby just rolled up here. Time to say something witty!

The “Big” Issue

From: Crawford A. Arnold
Date: 06 Dec 2002 20:20:19 EST
To: Kevin A. Pedersen

I am shocked that you, as the faculty advisor, would write something as repulsive as Apocalypse Cow. The way that you depicted southerners as stupid,
racist, that like to eat road kill not only offends me and every other southerner but it says very little about yourself. I hope for your sake that we never meet. Crawford Arnold

Note: Kevin Pedersen is Jacko Art Editor, whereas Kevin Peterson is our faculty advisor. They are not the same person.

**Misdirected Merchandise Requests**

From: Jamil M. Batcha  
Date: 11 Dec 2002 00:41:03 EST

hey i need 2 dart review t-shirts and i need to pick em up today!! when is this possible? thanks

**A Robot Valentine**

From: Daniel L. Kovler  
Date: 15 Feb 2003 03:23:25 EST

i want to right for the jack... i think i could do a funny article. it would be about drunken blikzes ive written , like this one, but funnier than this one. if you're all interested, i could forward you a blitz i wrote to Sigma Nu this fall. i hate Sigma Nu. seriously. i dont much care for them. no real reason, really. i just do. fuck Sigma NU!!! hahahahaha!!! i want to witewe for you guys, because your funny, and because spongebob likes Hitler, and that just aint cool, homie!

Fo Sheeeezeee, my nizzzzzeeee

Big Danny Kovsa

**Oh Shit #3: Iraq War**

From: Tyler E. Lavin  
Date: 25 Mar 2003 20:42:22 EST

I swear to god if you send me any more of this hippy bullshit, i will personally hunt down all responsible for this shit email, and force feed them pro-us government propaganda until you love this country as much as teh guy from clockwork orange hated rape.....

Write that down....
In Quest of Nigerian Millions
by Kevin Pedersen ’05 and Michael Coker, con artist
All letters are real. We have changed no names or addresses, because we don’t care.

To: jack-o-lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
From: coker michael <coker7@latinmail.com>
Date: Tue, 4 Feb 2003 14:09:08 -0500
Subject: project mail (reply to: coker2@consultant.com)

Hello,

I am a Private Investigator based in Europe. A group of Government Officials from an African Country contacted me with a Proposal. I am to Make contact with you and state their offer, if your Interest is Genuine, you will be Contacted for your Account details to which will be transferred the sum of $45,600,000.00 USD. (20% of which is yours). You are then required to forward the remaining balance (Minus the Interest, handling and tax clearance charges, which Will be offset by Us & Deducted from the transferred sum) to a nominated Bank account in the Cayman Islands. I don’t think I need to spell out the importance of Secrecy in this Matter considering the amount involved. Let me state clearly here that the account that you would be providing does not need to have funds in it and we have choosen a bank in the Phillipines where no questions will be asked about the source of the funds or any clearance demands made on it.

It is only needed to be active and be able to receive funds. So, if I don’t hear from you within three days I will assume you are not interested and will solicit for a new partner, but if you know you are interested let me know. List your phone & fax Numbers so we may communicate with you. This is important as we would Have to talk about the modalities of the transaction.

Waiting to hear from you.
yours faithfully,
Michael Coker.

Date: 04 Feb 2003 16:02:32 EST
From: Jack-O-Lantern
To: coker2@consultant.com

Hello,

Today you contacted me regarding a Proposal from a group of Government Officials in an African Country. It involved, it seems, a large transaction of money and secrecy.

I can assume that you have selected me because of my help in past matters of this nature. I have actually established something of a reputation in parts of the world... I’m sure that you can understand my hesitance to expound upon this topic any further.
Michael, you strike me as an honest person, and I’d be interested in lending a hand to your case. However, there are a few caveats that I would like to put forward before moving on with this. I don’t like to get involved in anything that would wind up hurting the tobacco industry. I have an extensive vested interest in these companies and would rather not contribute to their downfall. I also do not want to get involved at all in financing the controversial new anti-keg legislating, nor do I want to inadvertently finance the SLI. If you can at least tell me that I would not be doing these things, it would be greatly appreciated.

I also congratulate you on your choice of the Cayman islands as a “third ground” to this operation. They’ve certainly begun to make a name for themselves (nudge nudge, eh?)

Hoping to hear from you,
Jack Orville Lantern

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Tue, 04 Feb 2003 18:37:26 -0500
Subject: thank’s a million!

Hello Jack,
how are you? Well i got your response to my mail and what really baffled me was the way you encoded your response as an attachment, shows that you must be really secretive!
Actually i guess you must have heard about so many scams from Africa and i believe that even though you will not admit, mine seems to have that semblance.
Well the only difference about this transaction is that my client in Africa does not need you to send any money to him in Africa.
He will take care of all expenses over in his country, while you handle your aspect with the bank in the Philippines!
I have had quite a few responses like yours, but where the problem usually arises is when they are required to activate an account on-line with the bank in the Philippines.
They expect that my client should send them the money with which they will use to open an account with their names in the bank in the Philippines.
To any business minded person this is very outrageous as you cannot expect that you will be receiving 20% of such a sum and you cannot even afford to open an account into which the money will be transferred into!
The point i am driving at is that your only obligation per say is to activate an account with the nominated bank in the philippines into which the fund in question can be transferred into!
I expect that i should stop here as you next response will enhance me to brief you further on this project.
Michael Coker.

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Hello Jack,
please confirm that you received my second mail to you.
Michael Coker.

Hello-
I just received your e-mail... sorry it took a little while to respond, I have a couple of different e-mail accounts so I am not always immediately up to date on them... also my pager kept going off and I had to run off to fix a few things... argh, it’s been one of those days.
Anyhow, yeah, there are a few encryption programs on my computer I have running... I’m not entirely sure which of them sent my mail as an attachment, but at some point I must have thought it was a good idea. You see one of those things, you buy it on a whim - you know the drill.
I did hear about some similar scams, but you’re right - they all involved money up front, pyramid schemes, excessive stuff that was clearly over the line. A friend of mine had some little plot where he would send out people requests for donations and actually made a good amount from it. Sometimes those things work, it seems! Ah, it’s a crazy world.
Anyway, to business... you mention nominated banks in the Philippines. Is it a Fleet bank? Because I can tell you now, Fleet bank has a lot of hidden fees. Perhaps a Citibank would be better, or HSBC. Well, I’m sure you’ve done your research on it. Watch out for Fleet, though - they’ll get ya. How do I set up this account? Is this information that you will give me later?
-Jack

How are you once again? Got your mail and i feel that at this stage i have to let you into the real game plan of this deal.
My client is a Nigerian and he is a bank managing director. Some years back a banker in his place of work died and since then non of his relatives have shown up to lay claims on his money.
Now some top government officials are planning to sit on this money!
My client needs you to come in as the maternal cousin to the late Dr.Paul Mullen, an Irish by nationality.
The advantage is in the fact that all investigations and findings that the forex(foreign exchange allocation unit) of the bank will make will finally be approved by my client.
So you have no fear as my client has everything over there in Nigeria taken care of!
Like i said earlier on, all you have to do is to maintain a high level of secrecy throughout the duration of this project and follow all instructions that he will give out to you carefully and then activate this account with the nominated bank in the Philippines.
No fear for the bank as he my client being a banker, has already put in a lot of research to come up with this choice!
I have to stop now as from hence forth you will be contacting my client directly as my services have elapsed and he will be in a better position to highlight you about the necessary procedures to follow.
Please Jack, if you pull off this deal successfully, i want you to remember that i hooked you up!(from a friend to another)
My client’s email address is :pourggy@soon.com or you best give him a call on his private mobile number:234-80-34744113. His name is Prince George Irene.
I wish you the best as i will now forward your responses to my client over there in Nigeria, and feel free to always update me on your dealings with my client as he actually is a great guy.
Michael Coker.

Date: 07 Feb 2003 16:22:12 EST
From: Jack-O-Lantern
Subject: sorry for the delay!
To: coker2@consultant.com

Hey:

I’m real sorry that it’s taken me a little while to get back to you. I went on holiday and had limited access to a computer. Then I went and tried to set up a few ghost accounts; this is probably not necessary for your purposes, but I’m always comfortable having at least three of them, just for my own ends.

So — in your e-mail you asked me to please reach you immediately. What is it that you would like to say? Do you want me to call this associate of yours? Because I’d like to know some things before I do that. Mainly, will the call be in English? I don’t know too many foreign languages well... in fact, I always was one of the low scorers whenever I took a foreign language class. So I hope that this conversation isn’t going to be in Nigerian (is that even a language? LOL) or else I might need a translator as a sort of go-between guy. Would you do that for me, Michael? Thanks in advance, man!

-Jack

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Sat, 08 Feb 2003 07:26:00 -0500
Subject: thanks a lot!

Hello Jack,
thank you for your response to my mail and i was really beginning to get worried as i had already forwarded your response to client.
The issue of the language is not a problem as my client is very fluent in English language and as such he does not need a translator.

How are you? I guess that you are O.K, well I wanted you to contact me immediately as I wanted to find out from you if you will be capable of activating this account as this is the major key to the successful conclusion of this transaction.

I know this because I have forwarded several responses to my client and the issue always dies when they are required to activate this account.

The website of this bank is www.firstpacific-fc.com and I want you to check it out and let me know if you are capable of activating this account.

My client has arranged everything over there in Nigeria so that you will not have to pay for any charges and the project is so well planned that the final approval will fall on the desk of my client for final approval.

I want you to give him a call immediately so that you can commence with this deal. His name like I told you before is Prince George Irene and his private mobile number is 234-80-34744113.

Do give him a call and try to familiarise yourself with him.

I assure you that this deal will surely come to a successful completion.

I expect your response to this mail.

Michael Coker.

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Sun, 09 Feb 2003 08:53:43 -0500
Subject: re: please jack, send me a mail

Hello Jack,

what is happening, no response from you? Please respond to my mail immediately.

Michael Coker.

Date: 09 Feb 2003 12:37:24 EST
From: Jack-O-Lantern
Subject: re: please jack, send me a mail
To: coker2@consultant.com

Mike! Glad to hear from you, it’s been a little while. So yeah, I’m sooo sorry again that I haven’t reached your client yet. Thanks for giving me that web site, I checked it out - trust me man, this is going to be a breeze. I’ve got everything figured out. Yesterday I went out and started doing a little bit of window shopping for some accessories that I think will augment my life a little bit, boats and cars and whatnot. Nothing big, mind you - I know never to throw caution to the wind, but looking at those always has been a little hobby of mine, and I thought, well Jack, why not reward yourself? Before I call your client though, I feel I just need a little more information about what to say to him! I don’t want to screw this up - and lets be honest, this is a big deal, life-changing, even! - and god knows that I don’t want to mess it up by allowing the bad parts of my personality to take over and talk about the weather with this guy over an awkward silence or what not. You know? I don’t feel as comfortable talking to random people about stuff like that. Not like you, Mike.
I feel like you understand me — so what should I do? Any pointers?
Yours,
Jack

Date: 10 Feb 2003 14:51:57 EST
From: Jack-O-Lantern
Subject: please respond!
To: coker2@consultant.com

Michael? Are you there? I am awaiting your further instructions. I tried calling the number you gave me, but the phone didn’t work for some reason. I am ready to go on this web site but I don’t know what to do! Michael! Don’t abandon me like my father did!
Sincerely,
Jack

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Tue, 11 Feb 2003 10:38:51 -0500
Subject: hang on!

Hello Jack,

how are you? Sorry for not responding to your mail, it was due to the fact that I had to rush go see my aunt cos I got information that she was ill!

I really appreciate your attitude towards this deal and I assure you that at the end of it you will be duly rewarded.

Now this is what I want you to do, send a mail to my client letting him know that you have been contacted by me and that you are fully interested. Assure him that you are trustworthy and capable of handling this deal. Also send him a profile of yourself and let him know that you are willing to activate the account with the bank in the Philippines immediately he wishes that you do so.

Then give him a call on this number once more: 234-80-34744113.

Please I want you Jack to at all times let the man know that you are capable and trustworthy enough to handle this deal.

my clients e-mail address is: pourggy@mindless.com.

I want you to contact him immediately so that I can get a feedback.

And by the way hope I will be rewarded by you also once this deal pulls through successfully.

I expect your response.

Michael Coker.

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Thu, 13 Feb 2003 11:07:31 -0500
Subject: hello Jack.

Hello Jack,

how are you? I sent you a mail and you have not responded. Jack, I really need you to improve on your attitude towards this project.
You were supposed to send me your profile and you have not done so yet. Have you called my client? Or have you sent him a mail? These things really mean a lot to this deal!
Any way i look forward to hearing from you.
Michael Coker.

From: Jack-O-Lantern
Subject: Well
To: coker2@consultant.com

Greetings, my friend,
I am sorry to hear that your aunt was sick. I have an aunt as well, and when she gets sick I often worry for her well-being, so it was certainly understandable that you would want to go visit her. I hope that she is feeling well now. Did she have the flu? I hear that the flu is going around. If so, you ought to have given her some herbal tea. It may not combat much of the virus, but it does ease a sore throat.

I too have been sick, my friend. And though I think that I might be getting a little better now, i didn’t want to do any deals while under the weather while I was not exactly, as they say in Arkansas, “sharp as a tack.”

So I’ve probably gone and screwed it all up. The Nigerians have had their election, I’m sure, and not some dictator has his 46 billion dollars. I realize you might feel guilty about this, but I will agree to shoulder some of the responsibility. Maybe even the brunt of it. But someday, Michael, we will come up with a new scheme to help the Nigerians. A better scheme, even. And when that day comes, the sun will rise over a new, liberated Nigeria! You and me, Michael! We’ll take ‘em as they come!

Someday...

Yours in friendship,
Jack

From: “michael coker” <coker2@consultant.com>
To: Jack-O-Lantern@Dartmouth.EDU
Date: Fri, 14 Feb 2003 08:04:41 -0500
Subject: Re: Well

Hello Jack,
how are you? You really dissappoint me i must say.I was thinking that you are a serious minded person.
Any way i just want you to know that you have just thrown away a chance that will never come your way again!
I expectedc that you would take this opportunity to the fullest of your advantage.
Good bye!
Michael Coker.
Dear Tazo,

I really, sincerely believe that we are all the puppets of our genes, and our lives are simply a means to an evolutionary practical end. We are nothing but the agents of our genes. Every thought thought, breath breathed, and tear shed is part of a mechanical, calculated process to propagate. This belief troubles me deeply. I want to believe in things like God, justice, and true love, but such things are contrary to the Darwinian tenets our biological sciences are founded on.

See, there is this girl that I am really crazy about. And I like to think that I am a good, moral gentleman, and that my motives concerning her are pure. But why the dichotomous conflict between mind and genetic intent? In my mind I value her on a romantic, intellectual, nonsexual level. But my genes (via my loins) are much more pragmatic in their motivations. They must want a baby. But sex out of wedlock is immoral and a child is economically disadvantageous (I am a debt-laden college freshman). Why aren’t my mind and the forces that dictate my life more in synch with each other?

By sheer evolutionary logic, everything I do is a function of some innate, primal urge to perpetuate my genes. If I am nothing more than a reproductive automaton, can I believe in what feels like true love? Am I right in pursuing this young woman if I am right, and the “love” I am feeling is nothing more than a carrot on a genetic stick? And what does this suggest about the concept of a human “soul?”

Chris
Dear Tazo,

It’s me again. I’m struggling with a new philosophical conflict. What the heck is the point of hope? It sucks. I consider myself to be a hard-line pessimist but sometimes I can’t help but dream, “Wouldn’t it be wonderful if event X occurred at time Y?.” A demonstrative table might help:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event X</th>
<th>Time Y</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I get good grades</td>
<td>This term</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God exists</td>
<td>Judgement Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Red Sox win the Series</td>
<td>Before Judgement Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I win the heart of a beautiful woman</td>
<td>Soon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I eat 5-star cuisine for dinner</td>
<td>Tonight</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

None of things are going to happen (except for the God part, maybe), so why do I bother tantalizing myself at the prospect of them? It only leads to pain and disappointment. Why hasn’t evolution killed off hope? And what evolutionary purpose did it ever serve?

I try to discuss this with my friends, but they just laugh at me and say I need to get a girlfriend, because then I wouldn’t have all this time to get depressed. I refer them to the table and they laugh harder. Oh well. What do you think?

Chris
Dear Tazo,

I’ve been thinking more about this girl I like and trying to figure out how to get her to notice me more than the super/artificial pleasantries that pervade this world that would be hell for Holden Caulfield. I am too shy to outright ask to court her, and I also don’t want to blow what I feel to be a one-shot, do-or-die opportunity. I want to move slowly and carefully, but also generate swift and obvious effects. I want her to notice me as a sexual entity, not just a casual acquaintance. I want to convey my interest in her without being creepy about it. My ever-helpful friends firmly and unanimously believe that I have no prayer of ever getting this girl, but I believe I am far overdue for some good fortune and happiness, so I remain slightly optimistic.

One particularly insouciant wag has commented that my best bet in winning her attention and eventually her heart is to take her hostage and hope for a severe case of Stockholm Syndrome to set in. In case you are wondering, Stockholm Syndrome is a psychological condition that manifests itself in people who have been placed in a lengthy and stressful captivity whereby at the end of their confinement, the captives have begun to identify and sympathize with their captors. I naturally dismissed this idea as twisted and ludicrous but upon later reflection I think it might hold some merit.

What if I spend so much time around her that she is practically a captive? If she sees me enough hours out of the day is there a chance that a sort of modified Stockholm Syndrome will develop even in the absence of stress? I suppose if stress is a truly necessary ingredient, I could light off firecrackers at irregular intervals. But that seems pretty preposterous. How can I get her to notice me and my feelings for her? I am too shy and quiet for it to happen on its own. And firecrackers are kind of expensive.

Take her easy,

Chris
March 5, 2003

Dear Friend of Tazo,

Thank you for taking the time to write and make human contact.

My apologies for the form letter, I usually write everyone back personally. Maybe it’s the way the earth is aligned with the sun and moon, maybe it’s the weather, or maybe it was a popular new year’s resolution, but I’ve never received so many letters asking for human contact at once and I haven’t been able to write back.

But no matter how many letters we’ve received, your compliments, observations, and stories have caused me to pause in my day, bringing a smile to my face. I’ve shared many of them with the folks who make Tazo, and we appreciate all of the kind words and stories you taken [sic] the time to share.

We know it’s not everyday [sic] when you stumble upon something as simple and pure as Tazo. Thank you for recognizing the time and care that we put into every cup, and that [sic] you enjoyed Tazo enough to take the time to let us know about your experience.

Thanks again for writing.

Kind regards,

[signed]
Jen
shaman’s apprentice

At the bottom of the letter was a handwritten note:

Chris —
I could help [sic] but notice you wrote a few times over a few weeks. I am sorry that I did not respond sooner. Hopefully you are figuring things out for yourself and taking action, or not, if that’s what you’ve decided to do. Just make sure to make a decision before life makes them for you.
—Jen
Hey Jen,

This will probably be my last letter, because my report cards have demonstrated that I have to spend more time writing papers and less writing letters. Thanks for writing back, by the way.

This war has me kind of upset. I mean, I see how Saddam is a really bad guy and everything, but so what? Why send so many American soldiers over? Aren’t we leaving ourselves wide open to invasion? The Roman Empire collapsed because it overstretched its bounds militarily, leaving it vulnerable to barbaric German tribes. Now I’m not suggesting that Germany will make a move on us, although they have the economy to back up any action they might want to take. Have you seen the Mercedes Maybach? Holy smokes!

I just saw a TV show that hypothesized that Delta Force snipers actually killed Pablo Escobar in 1993, not the Colombian police force tasked with neutralizing him. Pretty freakin’ cool in my opinion. It’s nice that we aren’t shy about using the most proficient fighting force in the history of the world with complete disregard for stringent legislation banning assassination and intervention in foreign affairs. Like Miss Piggy says, if you’ve got it, flaunt it!

There seems to be a pretty heavy reincarnation theme in your products and advertising, and this is a concept that has always intrigued me. For example, within the context of your company’s model of reincarnation, is good behavior rewarded in the next life? What happens to people like Saddam? Do you guys believe in God? Or an ultimate goal/reward? Is there an end to the reincarnation cycle? And do you have any moral qualms about employing theology sacred and meaningful to more than a billion people in a very secular corporate advertising campaign? And is my bad luck in this life possibly a punishment for my sins in a previous existence?

Thanks for putting up with all my ruminative ramblings, and good luck convincing the public that the Rosetta stone actually contains tea recipes.

Take her easy,

Chris
212 WAYS TO BE A SOLDIER

by Nic Duquette and Nick Manners

with additional material by Brian Dermody
The U.S. Army has spent a fortune in the last few years on a saturation ad campaign promoting the life of a soldier as an “Army of One” and mentioning that “there are 212 ways to be a soldier” — as described in the free recruitment video pictured at right. The ad campaign has not been particularly successful. But to save you the time and expense of ordering the video yourself, we present the 212 ways below:

#1) You can’t exactly torture the POWs, but you do laugh to yourself when the balloon animals you tie for them start to slowly deflate.

#2) You’re really sad that Hitler died at the end of World War II, because you really wish you’d gotten to waste that jerk. Though if you get a chance to take out Gerhard Schroeder, you’ll settle for him.

#3) After crash landing your Blackhawk helicopter, a crowd of angry Africans surrounds you. If you had actually been experiencing a mechanical problem, they might not be so angry with you for crashing into the traffic control tower at Johannesburg International Airport.

#4) You tell people you play tuba in the Army band. You don’t tell them that BAND is an acronym for Battalion Anti-Nuclear Division. You also don’t tell them that it’s technically a sousaphone.

#5) As a member of the Army National Guard, you’re part of an organization directly descended from the colonial militias. It’s your job to defend the country from attack on our home soil. Too bad that no longer seems like an outlandishly remote possibility, eh Sunshine?

#6) You wave your hand at the Iraqi guard and say, “These are not the droids you are looking for.” He doesn’t let you go, but you still think it might have worked if you had said it in Arabic.

#7) You complained yesterday to your commanding officer that enforcing this cease-fire was boring. Today, he walked into the enlisted men’s club with a twenty-year-old Sylvania television and four decks of Magic: the Gathering cards. “Have a ball, boys,” he said with a wink.

#8) It’s up to you to rescue a private trapped behind enemy lines whose brothers have all died in the war effort. Sure, more lives will be lost than will be saved in this rescue attempt. But unless John Stuart Mill is judging on the court-martial circuit these days, you’d better get your ass moving, soldier.

#9) When you were a kid, you thought the Army would be like M*A*S*H*.
But it’s more like *Family Matters* crossed with *The Real Ghostbusters*.

#10) Can you take your gun apart and put it back together in ten seconds? Without damaging the Nerf balls inside? Good work, soldier.

#11) You had no idea that the “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy meant you couldn’t openly enjoy George Michael. Or that your commanding officer can be punished for borrowing your box set.

#12) You haven’t outgrown your teenage feelings of invincibility. But that’s okay, since you’re stationed deep within Cheyenne Mountain.

#13) In the heat of battle, the only rule is that there are no rules. Especially when you’re the banker.

#14) In the Army Special Forces, you’ve mastered many types of force regular troops don’t even know about. For example, the “strong” force binding protons and neutrons together in the atomic nucleus.

#15) You work in an Army Munitions Factory in Ohio, inserting the pins into live hand grenades.

#16) There’s a topless bar near your base called The Bare Racks. You give them credit for the witty pun, but you prefer the Big Bouncy Juggz O’ Fun bar for its frank imagery.

#17) Your commanding officer once told you never to become detached from your unit in the confusion of battle. You aren’t sure whether he meant to stay with your battle group or to avoid severing your genitals. So you strive to do both.

#18) You are ridiculed one night when your friends discover you’re the only man in the division who doesn’t know the words to our national anthem. However, you’ll more than make up for it when you reveal you know all the words to *Copa Cabana*.

#19) You had heard there are no atheists in foxholes. What you never heard was that there are also no jacuzzis in foxholes. You’re still pretty bitter about it.

#20) Some of the boys in the barracks like to send you out on occasional snipe hunts. But you don’t mind, since you’re a sniper.

#21) You’ve got to kill Charlie before he kills you. Otherwise, your laser tag team will lose. And Corporal Charlie Spinks is a really poor winner.

#22) You’re not actually in the military, because you failed the physical examination. But you have a subscription to *Soldier of Fortune*, you’ve read *The Killer Angels* twenty-three times, and you watch the History Channel all the freakin’ time.
#23) If Cat Stevens can go from singing *Peace Train* to funding Islamic terrorism, then you, James Taylor, can go from singing *Sweet Baby James* to slitting Stevens’ throat in the night with a katana.

#24) You’re the kind of soldier who will be angry if, after your retirement, a prominent historian plagiarizes your story. And you’re also the kind of soldier who will be even angrier when his book is a commercial failure.

#25) Kurt Vonnegut observed in his novel *Slaughterhouse Five* that the word *motherfucker* was still a novelty in World War II. On your mission, that word lost any impact it ever had after about ten minutes.

#26) You were once excited to be part of the Army’s Task Force to Combat Cyber-Terrorism. Then you found out it was nothing like *Tron*.

#27) The Air Force won’t lend the Army any airplanes right now, so you have to avoid flying too close to the sun.

#28) You fold flags for Army services at Arlington National Cemetery. Your superiors were impressed by the efficiency of your Fold-O-Matic flag-folding invention, but you think they’ll like your Enbalm-O-Matic even more if they ever let you field test it.

#29) You’re a sleeper in an Egyptian Al Qaeda cell. You sleep in their secret Egyptian headquarters. Hopefully, soon one of them will trip over your recumbent form in the doorway.

#30) As part of the Army’s Enemy Wilderness Tracking Squad, your mission is to find Muammar Quaddafi, tranquilize him, tag him, and release him back into the wild.

#31) Your qualifications make you ineligible for training in daisycutter bombs, so you pluck the daisies by hand. Then, you tie them with a rubber band and present the bouquet to your commanding officer.

#32) If there’s 212 ways to soldier, there’s over a thousand ways to solder. Your favorite is the Reverse Braid Welding Twist.

#33) Minefields are best cleared with high explosives and special equipment. Looks like you’ll have to make do with a big pointy stick.

#34) Your first week reporting to an Army codebreaking unit, you had to master theoretical combinatorics as quickly as possible. And that was just to unlock the cabinet where they keep the instant coffee.

#35) You self-edit your letters home. Not because censors are reading your mail, but because you think they might be read aloud in a Ken Burns film some day.
#36) You just peeled your 25,000th potato. It’s hardly glamorous, but you can get into the commissary on base where a fifth of Wild Turkey is only two bucks.

#37) You sign up for extra training that will teach you how to garrote the prime minister of Suriname and make it look like a suicide. You know, in case it comes up.

#38) You never thought you’d be working a desk job. But every time the general needs to sign some papers, it seems he always asks you if he can use your back for a minute.

#39) Your day started out poorly when you accidentally used napalm to gel your hair.

#40) Sometimes you wonder whether the men you kill on the other side have wives and children like you at home. You wonder how those widows will explain to their young infants why they have no fathers. You hope Disney will make an animated musical addressing the issue.

#51) You’ve read Sun Tzu’s *Art of War*, but didn’t really absorb much of it. The way you see it, Sun Tzu was a classical artist, whereas you’re an postmodern avant-garde carnage sculptor/social critic.

#52) For you, each of your enemies is like a dancer in a the grand ballet of war. A ballet that happens to have a huge production budget, a really loud score, and crummy choreography.

#53) The little pills you’ve been issued might be aspirin, or might be suicide pills in case you’re captured. Nobody’s had a headache bad enough yet to find out.

#54) You like your tank well-enough, but you wish you had one of those new gas-electric hybrid tanks.

#55) It’s your job to search the remaining Tora Bora caves for Al Qaeda diehards. So far you’ve found three copies of *Die Hard*, six of *Die Hard 2* and four of *Die Hard: With a Vengance*. You also came across a terrorist, but all he had was some heroin and a copy of *Air Force One*.

#56) South Korea is okay, but you wish they’d build a strategic military base in Cancun, and station you there.

#57) You giggle like a fifth grade sex-ed class every time you hear the phrase *dishonorably discharged*.

#58) You wouldn’t have to be on this crummy mission now if the government had captured COBRA Commander back in the early ‘90s when they had the chance.

#59) You’re a woman.
#60) Your career has been continually frustrated as the Wars on Drugs and Terrorism have pushed your Wars on Vampires and Werewolves, respectively, off the front page of the newspaper.

#61) You hope that some day your heroic mission will be commemorated by a documentary on the History Channel. Or the Discovery Channel. Or the Lifetime Channel. Or the USA Network.

#62) The only armor thicker than the walls of your Abrams tank is your emotional armor, the thick wall you’ve built to keep others away from your inner self, that vulnerable part of you that hurts.

#63) Every time you switch off your rifle’s safety, you announce loudly that you’ve “turned on the danger.”

#64) You’ve been asked to test the new U.S. missile defense shield. Yet no matter how defiant you make the North Korean government, they remain a little skittish about letting one rip.

#65) Until you got this assignment, you didn’t even know the Army owned a fleet of armored spider-bicycles.

#67) After blowing the shit out of Iraqi tanks with your Apache, on weekends you take it barnstorming for kid’s birthday parties. Of course, you paint it rainbow colored. Wouldn’t want to scare the kids.

#68) You used to climb mountains before you joined up, and now you get to do it for the Army. Unfortunately, there are usually people on those mountains, trying to kill you.

#69) Sometimes, you relieve the sheer tedium of packing parachutes by substituting that special silk-nylon composite with an old pair of your boxers.

#70) You take special pride in your role. You are satisfied that your efforts in the Army have helped save hundreds if not thousands of soldiers from untimely deaths. Of course, field-testing flak jackets isn’t for everyone.

#71) You are an Army of One. You used to be part of an army of roughly 25,000, but hey, that’s attrition for you.

#72) The Navajo code talkers of the Second World War were pretty good, but you think it would be awesome if someone based a code on the ear-splitting shrieks and guttural groans the boys in the barracks claim you make in your sleep every single night.

#73) You blow **real hard** down those mortar tubes to make sure they’re nice and clean. And when no one is watching, you get different size ones together and fill them with some water, and blow across the tops and make some really lovely tunes.
The more you think about it, the more you realize that the mess really isn’t that clean.

For whatever reason, your paper “What If We Gave a War and Nobody Came?” has not been met with much praise by your superior officers.

Well, somebody has to make and sew on all that insignia. Just so long as you don’t feel insigniaificant.

You’re trying to follow in Ronald Reagan’s footsteps: soldier, to actor, to President who plays head games with an unfriendly nuclear power.

Yesterday, you had lunch with a friend and told him how your work in Military Intelligence was going. When he said, “Military Intelligence? What an oxymoron!” you asked him to explain.

You’re ashamed to say it out loud, but as a member of the Chem Corps you’re willing to bet our chemical arsenal can melt eyeballs at least three times as fast as anything Saddam’s got.

You load magazines. As you put the latest batch of Stuff into the truck, you wonder how the boys out on the front enjoy it.

You flipped out after seeing Apocalypse Now. After all, you were the one who killed Marlon Brando after weeks in the jungle. And it was nowhere near as easy as it looked in the movie. Actor or not, that Brando guy was a tough son of a bitch.

You can floss with garrote wire. You like to think it’s a talent, not a skill.

You’ve spent some time finding out that War ain’t pretty. In fact, War is barely cute. Well, not to mince words — War is rather plain looking.

You like using mortars. You drop the round in, and it comes out of the tube with a nice <poomp>. It’s remarkably like feeding your senile grandfather.

You pick out contractors for the army to get its supplies from. Just for kicks, you once picked the highest bidder instead of the lowest bidder. Unfortunately, your boss found out when soldiers started reporting that their boots were remarkably warm, dry, comfortable, and free of holes.

That “shock and awe” bombing campaign probably damaged more of the Iraqi infrastructure, but you still think your “ennui and moral malaise” bombing plan would have gotten France on board.

As you leave for a shift in the Afghanistan reconstruction, the chaplain recites Kipling’s “Go to your God Like a Soldier.” It doesn’t make you feel any better.
#88) Bunker? You hardly know her!

#89) You catch the clap from a cheap whore near your base. You take antibiotics, but that can’t stop you from clap, clap, clapping your hands. But at least now you have rhythm.

#90) Your job in the Army’s Interstellar Warfare Preparation and Contingency Reserves was really easy until five minutes ago.

#91) Looking back on when you first entered the service, you realize Agent Orange caused your sickness. Not the defoliating chemical — Agent Irwin Orange of the CIA, who asked you to hold some documents while he used the restroom. You’re pretty sure you got that nasty flu from him.

#92) The top brass wastes so much money. You suggested saving the expense of reconstructing the Pentagon and just calling it the Messy Rhombus. But nobody listened.

#93) A Purple Heart is a Purple Heart, but you still can’t help but wonder why the hand you broke doing engine work on a jeep counts as a battlefield injury. Perhaps they’re trying to screw you out of some workman’s comp?

#94) You work on high-tech R&D for the Army Corps of Engineers. Specifically, you’re working on George W. Bush’s Star Wars missile defense system. Right now you’re trying to make a light saber for the president to play with. He’s always wanted one.

#95) You wish World War III would break out already, because it’s clear the Pentagon isn’t going to let the grunt troops use the secret antigravity boots any other way.

#97) You feel a deep sense of shame as the guy from AAA jump starts your armored personnel carrier.

#98) Invading Irkutsk through Alaska not only proved more difficult than Risk made it seem, it also doesn’t seem there’s anything worth invading there anyway.

#99) You like to think of battle as a gigantic game of chess. You’re a bishop. Diagonal attack!

#100) If you guessed Way to Be a Soldier #100 was “mentalist,” you’re right!

Note: We don’t have enough pages to publish this entire article. It’s really long. But we do have all 212 ways written out. Look for the full version on our web site, http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko.
PARODYARAMA

Parody: the only plagiarism protected under copyright law
If commercials were more like the front page of the New York Times

by Matt Gens

Spot opens with twenty seconds of montage footage from the Taliban P.O.W. camp in Guantanamo Bay. Shots include prisoners sitting in tiny cells, prisoners holding bars and staring off into the distance, prisoners trying to find shade, and prisoners scraping together the last bit of food in their containers. The screen goes black. A voiceover comes on, saying, “Not going anywhere for a while?” A Snickers bar appears on the screen. “Have a Snickers.”

Spot opens on a room with a bunch of men seated at a round table. A sign on the wall says, “London NATO Summit.” Each man has a placard with his country name in front of him. The only empty seats at the table are for the United States of America and Mexico. The British representative says “How are you all today, sirs?” A subtitle reads, “How you doin’?” Next, as George W. Bush enters the room wearing a cowboy hat, the French representative says, “Comment allez-vous?” A subtitle reads, “How you doin’?” Dubya takes his seat and says, “I’m doin’ fine! Just got in from the airport. Mighty big airport y’all have here, and the people sure are nice.” All the other delegates have embarrassed looks on their faces. The British representative says, “Would you care for some spirits?” Subtitle says, “You wanna beer?” Dubya says, “I’ll have a Bud.” As an attendant goes to get the beer, the Mexican delegate enters the room. As he is about to open his mouth, the whole room starts mouthing “NO!” to him, waving their arms. The Mexican delegate says, “Que pasa?” Subtitle reads, “What’s up?” Dubya says, “I’m doin’ fine. Just got in from the airport…” The German delegate gets up, interrupting Dubya, and with a gruff look on his face says, “Auf Wiedersehen,” and leaves. Cut to a black screen with the Budweiser logo and white text that reads, “True.”

Spot opens to country music with a subtitle that reads, “North Korea.” Several men in uniform are loading long marked metal boxes into the back of a truck. A voiceover comes on. “Got a tough job? Trying to build up weapons of mass destruction? There’s no job the new Chevy Silverado can’t handle. Be just like Iraq.” The song then has vocals, “Like Iraq. Ohhhhhhhhhhhh like Iraq.” The Chevy logo appears on screen and the picture fades.

Spot opens with ten seconds of Saddam Hussein pacing back and forth in a room that resembles a study. Books and empty food packaging are scattered all over the place. All of a sudden, a whirring sound comes out of the distance, getting louder. Saddam takes notice and goes to the window. He pulls back the blinds and we see a missile fast approaching. The missile is just about to hit the window, and Saddam says something in Arabic. A subtitle appears on the
bottom of the screen, displaying the words, “Oh shit.” The screen goes black for a second, and a voiceover says, “Sierra Mist. Yeah, it’s kind of like that.” Cut to a shot of a soot-covered Saddam in a crater chugging Sierra Mist out of a 20-ounce bottle.

Spot opens on the Capitol building with music playing. “Doo oh doo wah wah... It doesn’t matter what comes; fresh goes better in life...” Camera follows Trent Lott entering the building. He notices a sign next to a door that reads, “Congressional Black Caucus Meeting. Free Pizza!” He puts his hand to his chin with a focused look on his face for a second, and then he smiles. He sticks his hand into his coat pocket, grabs a stick of Mentos, and pops one into his mouth. He walks through the door into a room full of black men and women in casual attire, all eating pizza. He walks over to the pizza boxes, as people begin to notice him and have baffled expressions on their faces. As he grabs a slice and puts it on a paper plate, a guy taps him on the shoulder with a “What gives?” sort of expression. Lott then whips out the stick of Mentos and holds it facing the camera, smiling. Everyone starts to laugh, and the man gives Lott a pat on the back. The song ends, and the screen cuts to a close-up on the Mentos. The caption and voiceover both say, “Mentos, the freshmaker.”

Spot opens on a building surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards. A caption at the bottom of the screen reads, “Iraq.” The shot then cuts to inside the location. Men in military uniforms are scrambling all over the place, carrying bombs from one place to another and yelling random words in Arabic. Just then, a man with black hair, glasses, and a dark jumpsuit meanders into the middle of the screen holding a cell phone. He yells over the commotion, “Hey weapons inspectors, can you hear me now? Good.” He walks off the screen. Cut to a shot of the Verizon logo. A voiceover says, “Verizon. We never stop working for you.”

Spot opens with a couple of guys carrying metal detectors and wearing hardhats and UN armbands walking several body lengths apart down a dirt road. A subtitle says “Afghanistan.” The guy on the right says, “So I say the Jets should never have even made it to the playoffs.” A couple seconds later, there is a big explosion from the ground and he goes soaring into the air. He lands, and the other guy comes running over to him. “Are you all right, man?” he says. The other guy gets up, visibly missing a leg, and calmly says, “Yeah, but I’m kind of short one appendage.” “That sucks, buddy,” says the other guy. “I hear they grow back though. Here, let me get you a refreshing Mike’s Hard Lemonade.” “You’re on,” says the other guy. Cut to the two of them in a bar. The bartender puts out two Mike’s Hard Lemonades and says, “That’ll be seven fifty.” The one-legged guy instinctively reaches for his wallet on the side with no leg, but then stops when he realizes he has that pocket and pant leg sewn up. Everyone in the bar, including him, starts laughing. Cut to a shot of an empty bar. As a bottle falls down onto the bar from about a few inches up, a voiceover says, “When you want a hard lemonade, make it Mike’s.”
As Retold by Clive Cussler

By Cal Newport

Notable literary passages as retold by Clive Cussler, author of the bestselling DIRK PITT™ techno-thriller novels.

Pride and Prejudice

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his troubled friend to join it.

‘Come Darcy,’ said he, ‘I must have you dance. I understand too well the distraction upon which you ruminate, but I wish not to see you standing alone in this melancholy manner. I beseech you, forget about the plot you uncovered this very morning revealing the intention of that band of pirate smugglers to assassinate the queen and rob the royal treasury. For now, you had much better dance.’

‘I certainly shall not,’ responded Darcy, ‘at such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with. They all eye my inescapable masculinity and enduring confidence and think of nothing but marriage. I am much too occupied trying to crack the pirate smuggler code and foil their dual assassination and burglary attempts to lay myself down as the supine prey upon which their matrimonious instincts can feast.’

‘I would not be so fastidious as you are,’ cried Bingley, ‘for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty.’

‘This I do not deny. But if you grant me a fine mug of ale and a full-roasted leg of lamb I shall be equally satiated, that is of course, without sacrificing my adventurous spirit at the altar of their companionship.’

‘Darcy, you are truly incorrigible,’ replied Bingley. ‘You can spend a lifetime hunting for lost treasure and helping the royal family defend themselves against overly-elaborate and incoherently planned assassination plots. But alas, the tides of inevitability foretell that you must one day find a woman to parlay into a role as your opposite...’

‘But of course,’ cried Darcy.

‘Of what do you speak?’ demanded Bingley.

‘The pirate smuggler code, they have recorded the words backwards. So by placing the intercepted message against this nearby mirror to read the notations in opposite order, I can decode that...dear lord, the Queen shall die within the hour, by means of elephant trampling! That is, of course, unless I have something to say about it!’

Elizabeth Bennet gasped in astonishment, for the profound nature of the pronouncement she had quite purposefully overheard was now quite more then she could bear. Yet, she could not help but note that an odd reassurance lingered beyond the fringe of severity surrounding the eminent catastrophe. Looking past the plainly uncordial nature with which Darcy had carried himself that evening, she instinctively knew that if anyone could prevent the Queen from
being assassinated by means of elephant trampling, it was the odd, yet fascinat-
ingly rugged and detached, Mr. Darcy.

Without another word, the determined bachelor turned towards the
door, and made his egress with swift purpose.

A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius

It’s too cold to lie bare-chested, though from the looks of it, a group of
passing young beach bunnies seem glad to see that the chill does not deter me, a
fact which isn’t surprising because I’m six three, weigh 185 give or take five
pounds, and the sun-darkened skin that stretches seductively over my well de-
finned muscles would catch most people’s attention, I’m a fucking god and they
know it. I agilely lift myself from the sand, a movement bursting with life and
vitality and Toph gets up and he runs and I throw the Frisbee ahead of him,
leading him by a good twenty yards, but the Frisbee, because I have thrown it
perfectly, floats up, floats slowly, and he reaches it with time to spare, overtakes
it, stops, turns, and catches it between his legs. He looks at me for me approval,
and I give him a deserving grin, a grin that says good job, a grin that acknowl-
dges that my masculine cool and calm under pressure is a hard standard for
him to live up to, because god knows Toph doesn’t always meet my expecta-
tions, like the time when we were chasing those kidnappers hired by that evil
neo-Nazi crime syndicate and Toph refused to jump from that sinking passenger
ferry onto my rapidly pursuing jet ski, but I still love him, because our mother
and father died, and that was sad. We play by the shore, and we run barefoot,
paddling and scratching into the cold wet sand. We take four steps for each throw,
and when we throw the world stops and gasps because our throws are so good
and my casual indifference towards my excellence is even better. Nothing can
stop us, we are perfection, harmony, young and lithe, fast like Indians.

But then I spot him, attempting to stand casually behind a nearby life-
guard shack, straight legged khaki pants, a deep five o’clock shadow, and ner-
vous beady little shifting eyes, he stands and he shifts while a passing crowd
giggles and shoves and walks by with such fucking indifference kicking the sand
and shuffling out a parade of ignorant anecdotes. But the shifty stranger can not
escape my well-trained eyes, I’m like a hawk, a fucking superhero with x-ray
vision that pierces his dark-stained soul and picks out the fatal mission to which
he has been assigned, little does he know it will be his last. “It’s on,” I intone
softly towards a bewildered Toph, who knows enough to bring my trusty Beretta
9mm without asking any unnecessary questions. I love this fucking kid, we should
just get into our convertible and drive to L.A. where we will open our own pri-
ivate investigator service and catch crooks by the busload, Toph doing the inves-
tigative work and me making the thrilling arrests, we would be famous, they
would make movies about us, we would live in Hollywood and drink for months
at a time before going clean and finding god and doing those sappy interviews
on Entertainment Tonight where we would cry and the world would love us
again. But Toph needs to go to school, and I need to fulfill the promise I made to
the National Underwater Marine Agency to help them locate that WWII-era cargo
ship carrying a mysterious asteroid which inexplicably disappeared in the Ber-
muda Triangle 55 years ago, and there is still the matter of that stranger with his
khakis, whiskers, and the nervous little beady fucking eyes. He begins to move
so slowly, so fucking slowly, exuding cool like I don’t notice that his very gait
yells a piercing alarm to my instincts. He heads towards a pair of sailboards tied
to a nearby piling. It looks like he thinks he is going to make his escape. A wind picks up and the sailboards strain against their bounds like one of those TV horses trying to break free across one of those smooth-flavored Marlboro sunsets, the waves beat the shit out of those boards, but they love it, and so do I, for the only thing I like better then a spectacular goddamn Frisbee toss with Toph is a high-speed sailboard race. I take off my shoes and turn to follow.

*To Kill a Mockingbird*

Tom Robinson took the oath and stepped into the witness chair. Atticus very quickly induced him to tell us:

Tom was twenty-five years of age; he was not married; had been in trouble with the law before: he once received thirty days for disorderly conduct.

“‘It must have been disorderly,’” said Atticus. “What did it consist of?”

“Got in a fight with another man. He tried to cut me.”

“Did he succeed?”

“Yes suh,” Tom shifted to reveal a small rugged scar on his shoulder, “but it was his last victory, ‘cause I don’t take kindly to people attacking me.”

“Witnesses say you judo chopped the knife from his hands, caught it in midair, and stabbed him in the leg.”

Tom’s eyes twinkled, “Yes suh, I guess he got the point.”

Several female members of the spectator gallery giggled. Tom shot a sly wink in their direction.

“That’s enough Tom,” growled Judge Taylor, who found himself uncomfortably intimidated by the casual confidence exuded by the former slave.

“Let’s get right down to it,” intoned Atticus, “did you attack or intend to cause harm in any way to Mayella Violet Ewell?”

A silence landed heavy upon the courtroom. Expectant eyes turned upon the accused laborer who answered at first with only an insouciant grin. Finally he turned casually to the Jury. He ran a hand over the taught muscles of his torso.

“No suh, I did not attack Miss Ewell. She wrapped me up in a big hug, and put a kiss firm on my cheek, and told me to kiss back. But I did not. I pushed her aside, and got right out that door.” A brief pause. “‘cause I had ‘a other date that night which I didn’t want to be late for!”

At this the assembled spectators burst into laughter. Several members of the jury actually began to applaud. Atticus sat down. Seeing the admiring look on the female juror’s faces, Mr. Gilmer knew that there wasn’t a person in the courtroom who didn’t believe that Miss Ewell must have made an advance towards Tom. He was just too ruggedly handsome and overwhelming masculine to ever settle for so plain a woman as Mayella Violet Ewell.

Unfortunately for Tom, his real trouble was just about to begin. A plaintive cry arose from the mulling masses. Tom’s sharp eyes caught sight of Jem being roughly pulled from the room: pulled by the same bald-headed, eye-patch wearing jewel thief whom Tom had fought earlier on his hot-air balloon trek to central Africa. Too bad for the evil agent, thought Tom reflecting on his past encounter, that this time there is no steel-plated zeppelin to pull him to safety. Looking around for the nearest weapon of convince, he deftly swiped the gavel from a bewildered Judge Taylor.

“It is about ‘a time that justice was served in this two-bit town,” intoned a grim-faced Tom. He then turned to follow the escaping villain.
FURTHER INTERROGATIONS OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR

An encounter written by Nic Duquette
Doodled by Kevin Pedersen
SO, YOU DARE RETURN NOW — NOW, WHEN WE HAVE ALMOST UNDONE THE MISTAKES YOU MADE WHEN YOU FIRST CAME TO EARTH. WHEN YOU WERE "TEMPTED" IN THE DESERT, YOU HAD A CHANCE TO MAKE MAN HAPPY. INSTEAD, YOU MADE MAN FREE.
FIRST, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THE OFFER OF SEED. THE DEVIL SAID UNTO YOU, LOOK AROUND YOU, AT THESE STONES IN THE DESERT! WHY DO YOU NOT TURN THEM INTO BIRD SEED, SO THAT MAN WILL FOLLOW YOU ETERNALLY? BUT YOU DID NOT, FOR YOU KNEW THAT EACH PILE OF BIRD SEED WOULD BE MAGNETIZED IRON PELLETS. IT HAS TAKEN US YEARS TO MAKE MEN GLAD FOR THIS MAGNETISM! FOR YOU WOULD HAVE TOLD MEN, BE FREE AND STARVE. WE HAVE SAID TO THEM: BE GLAD TO EAT, AND KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE BURDENED DOWN BY COYOTE-BORNE ACME ELECTROMAGNETS.
SECOND, YOU COULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THE CANYON. THE DEVIL SAID TO YOU, CAST YOURSELF DOWN, FOR IS IT NOT SPOKEN THAT ANGELS WILL COME TO YOU, SO THAT NOT ONE FEATHER UPON THY FLIGHTLESS WINGS SHALL BE INJURED? BUT YOU KNEW THAT TO CAST YOURSELF DOWN WOULD BE TO DOUBT GOD, AND THAT YOU WOULD BE DASHED TO PIECES. INSTEAD, YOU HAVE ALWAYS Turned AWAY AT THE LAST MOMENT, TELLING MEN TO BE FREE, AND TRUST IN GOD WITHOUT MIRACLES. INSTEAD, WE HAVE TOLD MEN—STRAP YOURSELVES TO ROCKET-POWERED ROLLER SKATES, TO SHOW YOUR OBEDIENCE, AND LAUNCH YOURSELVES OVER THE CANYON. THEN, DO NOT FALL UNTIL THE MOMENT OF DOUBT SETTLES IN. LASTLY, LOOK DOWN, THEN LOOK AT YOUR FELLOW MAN, AND HOLD A SIGN THAT SAYS, "YELP!" BEFORE FALLING TO BE CRUSHED IN A PANCAKE-LIKE MESS.

FOR MAN DOES NOT SEEK TO BE FREE. HE WANTS TO BE IMPRESSED, AND PUNISHED.
Last, the Devil painted a tunnel entrance
on a stone face, inviting you to con-
front his deceit. Instead, you ran into
the tunnel, transforming his deception
into your very escape. Surely you knew
that man would lack the faith to follow
you in these almost solipsistic contortions
of perception and reality! Yet instead
you told man to turn the other cheek,
to pass through the wall. But it is
not in the nature of man to submit
to evil, and be free. Man is a trem-
bling creature alone, and only by
sacrificing his freedom to join the
Church could he turn upon the evil
and purge it by force.
This is why, tomorrow, you will be tied to a stake and burnt alive at the auto-da-fe.
Beep-beep!
DAMMIT, I SHOULD HAVE CLOSED THAT DOOR BEHIND ME WHEN I CAME IN.
... I WONDER IF THE HOME DEPOT IS STILL HIRING...
Dear President Lincoln,
As requested, we have looked over the initial draft of the address that you will be delivering at the Gettysburg War Memorial this coming weekend. We feel that your speech makes a lot of good points, and will in general be very well received! As your most trusted and most well-advised speech writers, we have made only a few edits here and there to your otherwise very powerful rhetoric. These minor tweaks aside, this speech is a credit to your masterful ability to be a direct and motivating force for the people.

Sincerely,

The White House Transcription Corps

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS - DRAFT 2:

37,549 days ago (Four score and seven years ago) several wealthy men (our fathers) brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in a state of drunken belligerence (liberty) and dedicated to the proposition that we should be able to purchase textiles and spirituous liquors without paying British taxes (all men are created equal.) Now we are engaged in a nation-killing (great) civil war, testing whether those drunken confederate hicks (that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated) can long endure. We are met on a urine and blood-soaked (great) battlefield of that war where many a head was exploded into a gruesome shower of brain matter and skull fragments. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives and emptied their bowels in terror so that that nation might live. It is altogether politically necessary (fitting and proper) that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot be reelected (we cannot hallow this ground.) The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have befouled (consecrated) it far above my (our) poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember my vice-president (what we say here), but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the ignorantly shortsighted (unfinished) work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here bored, yet dogmatically attentive (dedicated) to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take gold fillings and personal items (increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion)—that we here highly resolve that these dead (shall not have) died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new national birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall be the name of a really catchy song (shall not perish from the earth.) So suck it Davis!
Fear and Loathing in Los Alamos
by Kacy Gordon

We were somewhere around Albuquerque on the edge of the desert when I heard the sound — a scream and a pulse — in the sky. It was hard to see them at first, in the smoldering late afternoon light of the Jornada del Muerto Desert, but soon they caught us, the first of the giant bats flying not 50 feet above the highway. My attorney didn’t seem to notice them, as he was staring into a tablet in his lap, trying to make sense of words that melted down the page, just managing to evade his comprehension.

“Good God, Bob, can this mean what I think it means?”

“What?” My attention riveted on the cluster of black forms already on the red horizon.

They can’t fly in formation this low on the mission; they’d be too close to the blast.

“Am I misunderstanding this, or are you about to show me an atom-bomb?”

“We’ll give you dark glasses, first.”

My head hurt when we stopped at a diner. Hours in our convertible, The Fat Man, in the July sun breathing jet exhaust, contemplating theoretical physics does that. I sat in a booth while my attorney vied for the attention of a waitress. He wasn’t up to the task.

“Don’t you understand? I am an attorney, certified by the New Mexico Bar; and my client is a Doctor of Physics! What, is this place run by communists?” Truman was on television. Then a commercial for cat food. Then the evening news. People at the counter stared, eyes glazed, reptilian; occasionally flicked eyelids across dilated pupils. Laughter and cigarette smoke from the other end of the room started my brain buzzing like an air-raid siren. Local news came on. Children crouched under school desks. I saw the flash, heard the concussion. I saw those little desks evaporate, their places marked by sediment stains on the tile from the bodies that had crouched beneath them. I saw every man in the room blown apart, each of the atoms in his body giving in to peer pressure and joining in the blast. My attorney noticed me, stunned and staring, making a spectacle of myself, muttering under my breath, “I am become death. I am become death, The shatterer of worlds. I am become...”

Some guys just can’t handle the real heavy shit.

We had two hydrogen bombs, 17 fighters, 5 metric tons of weapons-grade uranium, a 100 gallon “salt shaker” of graphite, a whole galaxy of savant-type antisocial physicists, mathematicians, chemists, machinists, military personnel. Also a drum of plutonium, a bunker full of TNT, and a drum of reactor fission products. But the only thing that scared me was the plutonium. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible than a government agency sitting on top of enough plutonium to destroy civilization.

The next morning, out at the range in Alamogordo there was so much dust kicked up that we couldn’t see the test stand from where we sat, about a mile from the blast site. I was white knuckled during the countdown. I heard, “Now!” and then saw the light.

I am become death.
It was a hell of a trip.
From the 1920s through the Second World War and the beginning of the Cold War, a proud and determined generation of Americans, the “Greatest Generation” rebuilt the United States from a young, floundering nation to the World’s greatest superpower. Their children though, the sons and daughters of this amazing generation, were unable to live up to the legacy of their parents.

As America emerged after The Great Depression and the destruction of fascism as the greatest nation this earth had ever seen, the Greatest Generation settled down and had children. They hoped that their children would continue in their proud tradition and perhaps one day unseat them as the Greatest Generation. Unfortunately, the young men and women of the 1960s and 1970s became complacent. They remained stagnant, content to let their aging parents guide the country and shoulder the responsibility.

A few days ago, I spoke to my dear friend Jim Langley. Jim is 88 years old and a proud veteran of the United States Marine Corps and the brutal island hopping warfare of the Pacific Campaign. He is one of the few living veterans of the Second World War who has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest decoration an American soldier can receive. On Iwo Jima, Jim single-handedly held back a Japanese bonsai charge using only a bunch of banana peels, a trowel, and his pet ferret. I asked Jim to reflect on past half century and what he thought of the direction our country is going in. His response was as poetic and troubling as a Shakespearean tragedy: “Tommy, the country is going to hell. It was bad enough when the dope smokers and the coke heads where protesting the government, but damn son, now they are the government! I swear to you Tommy, FDR is rolling around in his grave right now, and remember son, he couldn’t even roll around in his bed when he was alive! That’s how bad it is!”

These pinko-commie bastards shamelessly indulged in the “hippie” and later “disco” life throughout one of the most turbulent periods in modern American history. As democracy was threatened in the jungles of Asia, these young hippies refused to take up the banner of democracy and fight for freedom as was their responsibility. Instead, they merely sat at home smoking dope and fucking like crazed rabbits while the few brave souls among them went to fight in Vietnam (only to come back as a generation of touchy-feely whiners with fake psychological diseases and a taste for weird un-American ethnic food).

I, Tom Brokaw, had the perfect American childhood. I grew up living in a prefabricated spec home in Middle America with two loving parents. My home life could have been Leave it to Beaver, it was so wholesome. Yet as I grew up saluting the flag, proudly saying the pledge of allegiance, and helping old ladies across busy intersections, many of my compatriots disgraced both themselves and this great country. These bastards stood up in front of the country and did the unthinkable: not only did they burn their draft cards, but they burnt our flag as well! I remember vividly the first time I saw protesters...
burning Old Glory. I was so shocked and saddened that I ran home, locked myself in my room and cried my eyes out like a little school girl. Yet I was, unfortunately, a minority, and this atrocious, anti-American, behavior continued for decades to come.

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s the war in Vietnam raged on as the country floundered under the leadership of a bunch of wet behind the ears, pretty boy presidents. The hippies became disco freaks and the country continued in what can only be described as a flaming polyester death spiral set to the pulsating sounds of shitty disco music. Finally, though, the war ended in disgrace and loss of face and the ‘70s ended as the country came down off its collective acid trip and realized that they could not fight the commies while looking like assholes in their leisure suits.

Unfortunately, the 1980s would be no better a decade for this misguided generation. Finally forced to take control and responsibility for the country, this craptacular generation led us through a decade of pointless military invasions and debacles in countries like Grenada and Iran that were really nothing more than juvenile dick measuring contests on a global scale. It was also the ‘80s when greed became the defining word of this generation. As their heads remained firmly up their asses, or in a big dish of cocaine, bankers, lawyers, doctors, and countless other money grubbing professionals cheated, lied, and stole as much money as they could get their hands on. Somehow though, the rag-tag collection of politicians that was leading our country (including a borderline retarded ex-football star that could barely walk correctly and was never elected to either the vice-presidency or the presidency) managed to outlast communism and keep the country above water.

Finally, there were the 1990s. This last decade of the millennium saw some of the greatest travesties of modern American history. Once again we went to war in the Middle East only to sit idly with our thumbs up our asses outside Baghdad and leave in power the very man we were determined to stop. Yet, as if this half-assed military debacle was not enough, the ‘90s also saw many of the members of the Greatest Generation start to die or get tossed into old-folks homes by their ungrateful, greedy, drugged out, hippie kids who figured it was easier to wait to collect their inheritance if someone else took care of their parents. And, finally as a new millennium dawned on our great nation, the children of the Greatest Generation sat and watched helplessly as some dirty terrorist scum scum fucked with our country. There is no way that the Greatest Generation would have let that shit happen. They would have stopped those dirty [racial slurs deleted - Ed.] the way they stopped the [Germans] and the [Japanese] over half a century ago. Yet somehow, by the grace of God, America has endured as a superpower to this day.

Now it is up to you, the youth of America, to take up the mantle of your grandparents and remake our great nation from the ashes of your parents’ mistakes.

They are your mothers and your fathers; they are your teachers and your professors. They forsook the great country that your grandparents, those I call the “Greatest Generation,” created from the rubble of the Great Depression and the Second World War. They have left you, an undecided generation, the task of once again rebuilding this country from the ashes of destruction. They are your mothers and your fathers; they failed where their parents succeeded. They are truly the Shittiest Generation.
Falstaff and Costello: Who, Marry, is Upon First Base?

by Nic Duquette

C: Hey, is this where the baseball tryouts are today? I wanna join your team!

F: Yea, the tryouts are here good fellow, and you look like a good fellow indeed. I make it my habit to know the men fielding each sack in the morning, the man serving sack in the evening, and the woman in my sack at night. Ere you start to field thy base, though, it behooves you to know the names of thy fellow players.

C: Who’s on first?

F: Yea, sir, I shall be on first; for he who is on first has no occasion to know who goes before. But in rounding four it is better to go first — then who followed he does not know I wot.

C: What’s on second!

C: I pity him, then, that he is not on first; for he who is not on first does not go before, but after, and not only must slide into what is dug out but does so knowing that there is dirt in the grass of the outfield. Better to be on first than to get on second and who was on first not know.

C: Third base.

F: Yea, he who is third is base indeed. He debases himself who is on third base, since he is on she who has been twice basted. Better he give up and simply drive home than be third base. For there is nothing base about first base. For to be base is to be wicked, and in this game there are no wickets, and therefore no base.

C: No base?

F: Prithee, no.

C: Then who is in the field?

F: Why, Wherefore is in the outfield, Can’st is in the dugout, and Prithee is pitching his balls past the batter’s long club to Dost. And dust we shall become, this dust in the base paths. Therefore it is better to follow the paths, and be base, before we come home to dust.

C: This is so confusing! Don’t any of these players have normal names?

F: Not since Prince Hal stopped playing shortstop, the little prick.
A RANDOM GRAB BAG MIX OF MISCELLANY

Everything that couldn’t fit in the other sections of the magazine, lumped together here to maintain a pretense of planning and organization
Two upstanding gentlemen of sparkling reputation debate on the dichotomous nature of all things pertinent

by Chris Laakko and Lucky Nelson-Schmitt

Mr. Wint: I sincerely believe that the only limit to human achievement is time.
Mr. Kidd: I posit in counterpoint the claim that the only limit to time is human achievement. For what is time without humanity? We name it and count it. Human achievement leads inevitability to war and death, which leads to less humanity, which would naturally limit time. General relativity is all hogwash in the face of WMDs.
Mr. Wint: I concur. Well argued, companion. But what of the old study of physiognomy?
Mr. Kidd: Are you bringing up my alarming resemblance to the late Charles Darwin again? Or my simian countenance? Well at least I am not an aftershave-spritzing fairy!
Mr. Wint: Well companion, at least I don’t constantly fret about the inverse relationship between my hair- and waistlines! Or, in its mathematical form, known as Kidd’s Law: \( h = 1/w \).
Mr. Kidd: Why do you always call me “companion?” There are so many more colorful terms in the language.
Mr. Wint: Well, I never really...
Mr. Kidd: That’s just it, Mr. Wint. You never REALLY do anything. You meander through life with abandon, conducting yourself and all your activities with the half-assed effort that characterized the stagnation and decline of the once mighty Roman Empire. Bah! You are Elagabalus in dress and Nero in action. Sometimes I feel like you’re not worth my time.
Mr. Wint: Well, I...
Mr. Kidd: No, that’s just it. Everything’s not well. You’re stuck in a rut halfway between being so esoteric that no one dares question your peacock-like displays of intelligence and being so overly simplistic that even that nincompoop of a “poet,” — and I do say that using finger quotes because you’re so damn pretentious you wouldn’t understand the reference without them — Emily Dickinson would shy away from such puerile lyrical claptrap (although I suppose I should be thankful that you abide by conventional style rules regarding capitalizations).
Mr. Wint: Are you done?
Mr. Kidd: There are only two things that are done here: my strawberry crumpets and this “companionship.” Guess from which of them I’ve derived the most pleasure? I’ll give you three chances.
Mr. Wint: Wh–
Mr. Kidd: You are not worth my time, nor is your conversation. I spend so much time disagreeing with you to avoid being lost in the midst of your bur-
geoning prosopagnosia that I’ve entirely forgotten why it is we became “compan-
ions” in the first place!
Mr. Wint: I–
Mr. Kidd: I won’t hear another word! Pity is what it was, and pity is what it always shall be. Our chapter of MENSA received every last one of your near 200–
Mr. Wint: 203.
Mr. Kidd: Didn’t I tell you not to interrupt!
Mr. Wint: I just–
Mr. Kidd: Shut your infernal blowhole! We received every last one of your pathetic requests to “just this once adjust the constraints of membership.” It’s always been 170. You know it’s 170, and we’re not changing it! Your paltry 168 would decimate our legend. I hope you and your very effeminate petti-
coat are happy together, because our friendship, no, self-imposed “compan-
ionship,” much like your favorite television program, that 21 Jump Street, is not as classy as you initially let on, and was over before it began! Good day!
Mr. Wint: W–
Mr. Kidd: I BID YOU GOOD DAY!
Mr. Wint (to himself): Little does that pungent buffoon suspect that the cake I baked for him has a bomb in it.
Mr. Kidd (to himself): Little does that balding ape know that the cashmere sweater I knitted for him has a scorpion in the collar.
The Scorpion (to himself): Little do these two idiots realize that I replaced the bomb with a stripper and that I am actually a stripper myself, not a poisonous arachnid.
Tibble (tibble) v.

1. To buy a product and immediately sell it at a lower price.
2. The act of being completely screwed over by the country of Canada, specifically the province of Quebec.

In my opinion, taking a seven-hour bus ride from New York City to Montreal to attend an Expos game for the sole purpose of receiving a Vladimir Guerrero Bobble Head doll is just asking God to screw you repeatedly. This is what my friend Anthony Tibble did, and God did not disappoint.

For those not well versed in the ways of the collector, a Bobble Head doll is the highly collectible, athletically themed version of a dashboard hula girl. The only difference is that, rather than a dainty wahini, the figure is a famous athlete and the swollen spring-loaded head of the doll replaces the girl’s undulating pelvic region. For the same reason old bottle caps and stamps are valuable (which is to say people like to collect worthless crap) certain Bobble Head dolls are highly valuable, especially those of notable athletes. It was with this logic and the promise of Bobble Head-derived riches that Anthony convinced me, along with two friends, that taking the overnight bus to Montreal for a one-day trip was a great idea.

Our bus ride, while reasonably uneventful, did provide what we all later recognized as an omen of things to come. Anthony, who doesn’t sleep much, attempted to spend much of the night reading, only to discover that his overhead light failed to function. A full bus found Anthony with no other unoccupied seat pairs and his Jabba the Hutt-like proportions eliminated the option of comfortably sharing a pair of seats with another passenger save a starving Cuban refugee. Instead, Anthony opted to spend the seven hours leaning against the window, staring into the blackness and softly muttering Beastie Boys songs to himself under his breath.

Our arrival in Montreal set the tone for the remainder of our visit. A map that we had printed off the Internet turned out to be horribly inaccurate and we spent several hours wandering the streets accosting locals (who for some strange reason appeared to speak only French) before finally stumbling upon our hotel. Unfortunately, having arrived in the morning before check-in time, we were not permitted to leave our bags and were forced to carry them with us to the baseball stadium.

We arrived at the stadium early to insure that we would receive the desired piece of memorabilia. There were 5,000 dolls to go around and we were easily within the first 1,000 people in line. As we passed through the gates, smugly handing the tellers our tickets, secure in our victory, we received, in exchange, a small piece of paper. “These must be our claim tickets so that we can pick up our Bobble Head,” remarked Anthony, “wouldn’t want just anyone walking up and trying to get one.”

Upon detaching the perforated edge of my slip I discovered that Anthony was, indeed, correct. On the inside of my paper were the words “Con-
gratulations, go to the Bobble distribution table to pick up your Vladimir Guerrero Bobble Head.” A quick glance at my friends’ slips showed that they read the same. It was at this point we realized that Anthony was no longer with us. We turned around to see him frozen in his tracks, staring in horror at the piece of paper in his hands.

“What the hell do you mean, free soda?” he yelled, apparently addressing the paper clenched between his fingers. “Where the hell is my Bobble Head?” Puzzled, I asked to look at the piece of paper and, sure enough, the words “free soda” were standing in for what should have been “Free Vladimir Guerrero.” It dawned on me that we had not gotten claim tickets, but rather lottery tickets and that my other friend and I had simply happened to win. I told Anthony as much. “So you’re saying,” he said in a calm and measured tone, “that I rode all the way up to Montreal from New York City on a seven hour bus ride where my only entertainment was my own rendition of ‘Girls’ and now I don’t get a doll?” Seeing no need to respond to his rhetorical question I waited for what I knew was coming next. I have never heard an expletive sustained for so long, so loud, or at such a high pitch.

After realizing what had happened, Anthony sprung into action. Directing us to wait in line for Vladimir’s autograph (having a baseball signed was his secondary objective), he purchased three more tickets in an attempt to win the coveted prize. 20 minutes and 40 dollars later, Anthony returned crest-fallen and Bobble Head-less. His failure became even more acute when, with five people ahead of us in the autograph line, Vladimir Guerrero left.

Depressed and angry, Anthony spent the entire baseball game trying to convince us to give him our dolls before he finally hit upon a plan. Knowing that others would realize the worth of the dolls, Anthony determined that people would try to sell them to the less fortunate fans who had not received them upon entering the ballpark. He was shown to be correct as, upon exiting the bleachers, he saw a young French-Canadian boy selling what was at the time the focus of his being — a Bobble Head. After a bit of haggling, Anthony purchased the toy for the not unreasonable price of forty American dollars. Anthony’s triumphant march out of the stadium was abruptly halted, however, as he stared down at the spring loaded visage of Expo’s outfielder Andre Dawson. In an act of desperation, Anthony sold the imposter to the first person who was willing to pay. He sold it for fifteen American dollars with a net gain of negative twenty-fivebucks.

The day was not a complete loss, however, as my friends and I finally managed to find someone one willing to sell their real Guerrero Bobble Head in exchange for forty American dollars and the two autographed photographs that had been handed to one of my other friends and me as consolation for Vladimir not signing our stuff. Anthony, predictably, had been handed nothing.

Factoring in the price of all the tickets he had purchased and the cost of his exchanges, Anthony ended up paying over one hundred and twenty dollars for a plastic figurine of an apparently tragically encephalitic Vladimir Guerrero.

After spending all of his money at the stadium, Anthony was shocked to learn that his ATM card did not work at the Canadian banks and that his American Express card was accepted at no Canadian establishment other than a small gas station near the hotel. In an attempt to get “Cash Back” from the
gas station, Anthony bought two 20 oz. bottles of Diet Coke, handed the ATM card to the attendant with an entreating look, and was kindly returned his card and soda with not even a whisper of the words “cash back” passing across the attendant’s lips. As my friends and I went out to explore the Montreal nightlife, Anthony, sad and Canadian-penniless, went to the room and drank his two diet cokes alone before crying himself to sleep.

The next day the four of us returned to New York City, Anthony stroking his Bobble Head Doll sullenly while the rest of us reveled in our significant winnings at the Casino de Montréal the night before. Anthony, desperately trying to find the silver lining in the experience, decided that the story was good enough to make into an article. Having always been interested in journalism, he decided that this would be the piece that he would use to get his foot in the door of the newspaper world. Anthony decided to defer his first term of college in order to fulfill his journalistic ambitions.

He doesn’t really like to talk about it, but from what I’ve pieced together, the article he wrote either ended up not being very good or he couldn’t find any worthwhile publication that would print such a story. As the rest of our group, myself included, began our collegiate experience, Anthony spent the next 4 months working in a movie theatre concession stand serving popcorn. When I last spoke to him, he had burned himself on the popcorn maker and had a blister “the size of a dime” on his finger.
Confessions of a Narcoleptic Skydiver
by Matt Gens

Neighbors and Colleagues,

I am sorry. I have been living a lie.

Mrs. Draslik. About that hole in your roof that appeared during your Thursday power snorkeling class at the gym, I was false with you. The South did not rise again and use your house for artillery training. You don’t have to keep stalking that waiter at Denny’s with the nametag that says Robert Lee. I can assure you that the Civil War general was not Chinese, but that is beside the point.

Mr. Anderson. I have to come clean with you about that six-foot wide divot on your front lawn. There are no such things as giants, and they don’t play golf. That hobo you’ve been letting crash in your garage for the past week in exchange for some magic beans to grow a beanstalk and climb up to Giantland and slay the giant and steal his goose that lays golden eggs and sell the eggs on E-Bay and make a ton of money and cause enough havoc with the gold supply to cause Alan Greenspan to commit suicide by hanging himself with a coaxial cable and have it conveniently say in his will that you inherit a landscaping company to take care of your lawn — that hobo is not going to fork over the beans. Even if he did, they would probably be regular Bush baked beans, and those don’t even taste so good. Regardless, I had told you that the giant used a sand wedge. A giant would definitely hit a tee shot with a driver.

Mr. Alfonsmith. I have been a crummy employee. Yes, I was recently in a full body cast for a month and could not come down to the office. However, marauding Tartars did not ambush me at Legal’s Sea Food. They did not steal the entire kitchen supply of tartar sauce either. They would have gone for the cayenne peppers if anything.

Mrs. Young. The 2003 Toyota Camry does not have a defect causing it to implode once left in a driveway for more than five hours at a time. You might want to abandon that class action lawsuit you have pending. Those types of things generally work best with more than one defendant, anyway.

Mr. Cooper. When you awoke on that January morning last year only to find me buried in your backyard, I was not making festive snow angel craters for your kids to enjoy. If it looked like I was ogling your naked wife through the sliding glass door, I couldn’t help my eyes being open. I can assure you that I was quite comatose at the time.

Oh, and Mrs. Parks. I’m sorry, but renegade gnomes really did blow up your above ground septic tank. They said they want their comrades released from your front porch.

Sincerely,

John Riff
I am a bad man. I ate three puppies this morning and then vomited their velvety little ears on some orphans. After an extended fit of laughter, I punched a nun and urinated in an occupied baby carriage. I am the Angel of Death. But my friends know me as Richard Simmons!

Hi, everyone! Isn’t this simply fabulous? I know it’s shocking, but even I have a darker side! No, Philip, I’m not talking about my black satin teddy [giggles]. It’s true! America’s increasing obesity trend has got a bee in my bonnet. And the way I see it, being bad is vastly preferable to being big. So you fat fucks have three choices, and I suggest you pick up your mothafuckin’ ear! Yay! Isn’t this just so exciting?

Bad is Beautiful Plan #1: “Bad” away your fat! At last, the perfect program for us all! Acts of nefarious evil burn beaucoup calories! One of my personal favorites is lugging a heavy, full jerry-can of homemade napalm down to the local abortion clinic.

BIB Plan #2: I come down to your house and bite your eye. And not all cute and gentle-like, either... shut up, Philip! Not now! And you’ll be sure to lose weight after I stick you with myshiv, you porcine bastard! The Angel of Death knows blood weighs something. In fact, you might say the adorable coincidence that my plans reduce to a food-related acronym is even more precious as BIB #2 is the rag used to sop up the sanguine libations of your perforated corpse. Super!

BIB Plan #3: Exercise! Get those corpulent pseudopodia in motion, you amorphous, gelatinous tub of shit! I just love a good, sweaty workout as I determine the best way to go about drinking the cerebrospinal fluid of my loved ones. You can all come over to my happy gym and serve as the biotic cogs in my burgeoning machine of soul annihilation. There are many splendid tasks you can do as my cowering minions. There is the interminable pushing of stones, the harvesting of tracheas to be fashioned into mortar tubes for my ultimate siege on Chicago, or the ever-popular sampler! The sampler takes the best aspects of the other two tasks and combines them into one spectacular orgasm of death! You push impossibly large tracheae through the streets of Chicago while packs of hungry rats watch you for signs of weakness. Yay!

I know some of you must be thinking, “But Richard! How can you expect us to be willing participants in the downfall of our own species? And how is your hair still so full and lush after all these years?” Well, allow me to prove how trivial your doubts are when compared to the brooding machinations of the greatest evil scourge ever to be visited upon this piddling sphere. Simply put, the answer to both of your queries is Rogaine. Don’t you all feel so much better now? Of course that sensation of relief is illusory, as you are all about to drown in a river of blood and bile. Can anybody say water-wings?

As the Angel of Death, and, more importantly, as your caring friend, I urge you to take control of your lives and effect positive change. Lose weight, feel great, and be a BIB success story. Wear your BIB proudly to the table of God’s judgment. All will marvel at how great you look for being a withered, soulless consort of Evil Incarnate. In today’s shallow world, thinness is everything, so do whatever it takes to be fleetingly satisfied with yourself. Toodles, my loves! I love you all, and you should all love yourselves! Not like that, Philip! Well actually....
Dick Tracy eats oatmeal to bring back the dinosaurs. After a long day tangling with thugs, Dick Tracy likes to get a good night’s sleep. He puts on his Transformers pajamas, squeezes into his crib, and chugs a liter of Nyquil. Three mornings later, he cooks himself some oatmeal to get over his upset stomach. Only Quaker will do. Dick Tracy needs to see the picture of the Quaker on the box to feel better. You wouldn’t overdose on cold medication just to get some rest, now would you, you silly comically-large-belted man, you. Dick Tracy inhales his oatmeal. His oatmeal is good, especially since he started buying the apple cinnamon variety. The apple cinnamon variety even comes with a free toy in every box. This month, the toy is a genetics kit. Dick Tracy uses the genetics kit to make a raptor egg. Thugs aren’t so tough when a guy has a raptor on a leash. Take that, Flat Top. Take that.

Joe Montana sings a capella to stop alien invasions. After a long day of football retirement, Joe Montana likes to think he’s still the champ. He puts on his bathrobe and platform shoes and climbs a ladder up to the roof of his house. Joe Montana wants to sing. He wants to sing about football. Even if he is no longer throwing passes in the National Football League, he can still belt out show tunes. Joe Montana needs no musical accompaniment. Joe Montana sings a capella. Somebody forgot to tell Joe Montana though that a capella works best with other people. Joe Montana starts singing anyway. Joe Montana sings even worse than William the Refrigerator Perry. The Super Bowl Shuffle this is not, and that is not saying much. All the windows in Joe Montana’s house shatter. His cats begin to perform ritualistic suicide. The football trophies in his house all pack suitcases and walk out the front door. A couple of moon people were planning on invading Earth, but Joe’s singing is so horrible that all they want now is a bean burrito. Joe Montana does not like bean burritos; they have an unreasonably high salt content.

Kim Jong Il drinks bourbon to run a three-minute mile. After a long day of being the poster boy for bad haircuts worldwide, Kim Jong Il likes to get hammered. He puts on his Armani suit and jester’s cap and retires to his study. Kim Jong Il has a decanter in his study full of bourbon. This decanter is shaped like a warhead. Kim Jong Il likes to gulp down massive amounts of bourbon from his warhead-shaped decanter. He sits in his lounge chair and downs the entire decanter full of bourbon. He lights up a Cuban cigar and proceeds to smoke it. Kim Jong Il loves to drink and smoke in his lounge chair. He smiles because the bourbon was very tasty indeed. Then he howls in pain because he dropped the cigar onto his crotch. He leaps out of the second floor window into the fountain below. It’s still burning. The fountain was empty. Now his arm is broken as well. He tries swatting out the fire with his good arm. It’s still
burning. Now he has bruised as well as burned himself. Kim Jong Il makes a mad dash for the nearest hospital. He is ablaze and battered where the sun don’t shine, and one of his arms is shattered in four places. Kim Jong Il does not yet know that it’s shattered in four places. That’s what the doctor will tell him later. For the meanwhile, Kim Jong Il runs a three minute mile to get to the hospital. Not bad for a fat tyrant with hair like that of Don King.

Pac Man repairs vending machines to find Atlantis. After a long day of eating power pellets, Pac Man likes to vomit, because he is grossly bloated. Unfortunately, the bastards that created him never gave him fingers with which to gag himself. They also subjected him to a lifetime of torturous binging and running from ghosts all at the mercy of any kindergartener with a quarter, but that’s a different story. Right now, all Pac Man wants are some fingers so he can blow chunks. The surgery is expensive though, so Pac Man has to moonlight as a vending machine repairer. Repairing vending machines is hard without fingers too, and it doesn’t help that the ghosts won’t leave him alone for a second. Pac Man is very depressed, borderline suicidal even. He can’t take it anymore, so he starts bashing his head into the wall. He hits the wall so much that it caves in. Behind the wall is Atlantis. It was there all along. Imagine that.

Shaquille O’Neal swims to travel to Mars. After a long day of playing professional basketball, Shaquille O’Neal likes to try his hand at the breaststroke. He puts on his tankini, he dives into his Olympic-sized swimming pool, and he makes his way across to the other side. It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining, and the two blue jays in the neighboring tree would probably be chirping if they weren’t having sex right now. Shaquille O’Neal notices neither the birds nor the tree nor the sunshine though. It’s just him and the water. He glides through the water with poise, well, with about as much poise as he showed in the 1996 film, Kazaam, at least. His display of skill as he strokes across the lane is breathtaking, well, about as breathtaking as his latest rap album, at least. Fine, so Shaq is such a bad swimmer that he inadvertently rips a hole in the space-time continuum and the next thing he knows, he is on Mars. That could happen to anyone though, right? Stick to basketball, Shaq. The Lakers need you.
Inside Hallmark Inc.
Internal Memos From The Hallmark Greeting Card Company.

By Cal Newport

To: Dale Knoten, VP Card Design
From: Steven Anderson
Date: 1/24/03
Subject: New Card Concept

Dale,

When you get a chance please reference the design concept attached to this memo. It just percolated up from the graphics department, and I think it has some real potential for use in our spring ‘03 “Friendship” line. It features an aquatic theme — two fish aligned along a semi-symmetrical vertical axis — and uses our rich blue, green, and yellow color equities with particular elegance. The hand-brushed appearance really rounds things out by providing a solid presence of personalization. I am real excited. This could be our break-out star of the season. However, just as victory so inevitably springs from the sorrows of defeat, I am having some serious difficulties writing an appropriate tag-line. Any assistance you could give would be much appreciated.

Best,

Steve

To: Steven Anderson
From: Dale Knoten, VP Card Design
Date: 1/24/03
Subject: Re: New Card Concept

The colors work well… brushwork is great… overall the visual presentation communicates powerfully. You’re right though, writing an ass-stomping tag-line does seem like a seriously hairy nut to crack. My advice is that you have got start with your gut… and my gut is saying “puns.” Maybe something along the lines of:

—There is nothing fishy about our friendship.
—If I had one fish, it would be that we remain friends forever.
To: Dale Knote, VP Card Design  
From: Steven Anderson  
Date: 1/25/03  
Subject: Re: Re: New Card Concept

Dale,

I’ve read over your initial tag-line suggestions, and they were quite helpful. After some serious meditation on your advice, I have finally realized that the “ocean” that paradoxically confines yet at the same time nourishes our “fish”, is inexorably intertwined with a logical positivist-inspired supremely desolate view of subjective experience. The fish in our card can posit a theoretical interpersonal connection only through reductions to self-referentiality, e.g. the usage of the self-descriptor “fish” where another impersonal adjective or verb would normally suffice!

To: Steven Anderson  
From: Dale Knote, VP Card Design  
Date: 1/25/03  
Subject: words that rhyme with fish

Words that rhyme with Fish:  
– dish  
– wish  
– bish (?bishop, fishop?)  
– kiss (near rhyme)  
– kitsch  
– gist  
– wrist  
– radish (?)

To: Dale Knote, VP Card Design  
From: Steven Anderson  
Date: 1/25/03  
Subject: Re: words that rhyme with fish

Dale,

As always, our dialogue is opening up new perceptual possibilities that in my typical ground-state of close-minded focus I would have erstwhile overlooked. The rhythmic beauty of your attempts to find mechanical similarities to variations on the self-definer, “fish,” told me everything I needed to know. Like a fool, I had looked towards the obvious answer of empiricism, as if desolation could ever fully surmise fundamental feelings regarding friendship; the real source of inspiration for this tag-line has been 10 inches in front of my nose the whole time and I didn’t even notice him. I’m sure you know who I’m talking about...
That crazy little yellow fish from *The Little Mermaid*…

…*Nietzsche* of course! For where else but in the sheer exuberant irrationality of all that is subjective can we find a common ground for describing the primordial yet inherently spiritual bond of friendship!?

“*Don’t think I’m fishing* for compliments when I say you are the best friend I have ever had!” Ran it by Susan, she thought it was perfect. btw, she agrees with me, the fish on the left DOES look like that crazy little yellow bastard from *The Little Mermaid*.

A lone angler of souls, “fishing” for the approval of the one true source that can materialize the confluence of forces that is “self.” Once again Dale, your insights are like a laser piercing the lazy haze of confusion that clouds my ability to comprehend the core reality of these messages. Following your lead I can now see clearly that we need to find a perfect word to fully encapsulate this desperate clarion call for subjective connection, a word to act as a keystone to cement the message for which the visual has cleared a powerful path, a word that is an equivalent and a sufficient descriptor of the human condition, a word that captures the very essence of “friendship”... my kingdom to be granted this taxonomic quarry in one blissful flash of insight!
Date: 1/28/03
Subject: Re: Re: I’ve struck gold!

“Funk-tacular”

To: Dale Knote, VP Card Design
From: Steven Anderson
Date: 2/02/03
Subject: Re: Re: Re: I’ve struck gold!

Beneficent muse, you’re praises I shall forever sing, for the word for which I have searched for so long has finally become crystal clear: “swear.” The perfect tag-line is began to formulate before me, seemingly independent of my immediate control: “Swear we’ll always be friends?” “Swear.” “Forever?” “Forever and ever.”

To: Steven Anderson
From: Dale Knote, VP Card Design
Date: 2/02/03
Subject: Jesus sells

Hey listen Steve, see if there is a way you can work Jesus into this tag-line. Sales numbers don’t lie, and our numbers are telling us that Jesus is like a freakin’ greenback cannon when it comes to card sales.

To: Dale Knote, VP Card Design
From: Steven Anderson
Date: 2/03/03
Subject: le phrase complet!

Dale, this card concept has really come together right at the metaphorical finish line as it were. With your guiding wisdom acting as a beacon to the wandering ruminations of my unrestrained intellect I can now secure small handholds into the face of the humanist empathy for which we strive every day. Bravo Dale. Bravo for completing another spectacular Hallmark greeting card production.

To: Steven Anderson
From: Dale Knote, VP Card Design
Date: 2/04/03
Subject: Re: le phrase complet!

Did I leave my stapler in your office?
LET US MAKE YOU FAT
50c Box Free

We Want to Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny and Undeveloped

"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to you 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and to revitalize your whole body until it tumbles with vibrant energy, to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any insanities requirement—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "dats" and "bean poles," to lanky women whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment is used to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol for building up the thin, weak and demineralized without any nausea or doing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, Dept. 200, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50c package of Sargol. The Sargol Co., Dept. 200, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
If World History Were an Ice Cream Parlor, What Flavors Would it Serve?

by Ilya Abyzov

Japan
Raspberry Rape of Nanking .......... War atrocities are a dish best served tasty!

Hershey’s Hara-kiri Heaven .......... So you’ve brought shame and dishonor to your family, and duty demands that you kill yourself. Have you considered death by chocolate?

Kiwi Kamikaze ......................... How far would you go for our delicious flavors? Would you slam your explosives-laden Zero fighter plane into an allied battleship?

Rum Ronin .............................. Did your daimyo just expel you from his clan? Indulge yourself and stuff your face, you naughty little samurai!

Russia
Chocolate Chip Chernobyl .......... Danger! Danger! It’s a flavor meltdown!

Perestroikaramel ...................... Let’s put the mmm back in Communism.

Strawberry Sputnik .................... Those Americans are so smug with their bourgeois Ben & Jerry’s, but ice cream supremacy is one cold war that we don’t intend to lose.

Boysenberry Bolshevik ............... You probably don’t like boysenberries, but dammit, you will eat them or suffer dire consequences, capitalist pig-dog.

Germany
Weimar Watermelon ................... Thanks to unfair war reparations and inflation, the price of Weimar Watermelon must regrettably be raised to 15 trillion Deutschmarks.

Banana U-Boat Sundae ............... Sink your teeth into it like we sunk all those defenseless shipping convoys.

Cookies & Krystallnacht ............. Best eaten with our elite StormScooper™
Heisenberg’s Uncertainty Pineapple. How good is it? To be honest, we’re really not sure.

**Italy**

Giuseppe Berrybaldi ................. All that oozing juice is sure to stain your shirt red!

Chocolate Mussolini .................. Our ice cream is as mighty as our military. Hey, why are you snickering?

All Rocky Roads Lead to Rome ........ If you are not completely satisfied with your selection, feel free to regurgitate it.

Java Bean Jupiter ........................ Fans of the old “Zeus Juice” flavor will enjoy this one, because it’s basically the same thing with a different name.

**France**

Créme de Collaborateur ............... In the true French spirit, this fragile cream will quickly collapse on itself with little resistance.


Liberté, Egalité, et Fudge ............. The one flavor that all the estates can agree upon!

Napolemon Bonapeach ................. Just don’t make any snide remarks about shortbread, it’s a sore subject.

**Specials**

Toffee Annan ............................ Give peace a chance… to melt in your mouth!

Nutty Nader .............................. Everyone knows that in today’s ice cream industry, corporate interests have made vanilla and chocolate virtually indistinguishable. So please eat me instead.

Idi Amint ................................. Like this flavor, bloody military coups are never out of season.

Gingerbread Globalization .......... Coming soon to an ice cream parlor near everywhere.
Dartmouth’s Only Independent Journal of Conservative Political Opinion and Bad Poetry

written by Nic Duquette, Cole Entress, Chris Laakko, Alex Lawrence, Melinda Ross, and Brad Tavares; pundit pop art by Sarah Hackney
Affirmative Action

Success is counted sweetest
By those who are denied.
For all their mental merits
They lack the thing outside.

Not one of all the dark-skinned folks
Sent an acceptance page
Can tell the definition
so clear of disadvantage

As she wait-listed — hopeless —
Whose non-Aleutian kin
Switched the distant envelope
From unbiased — to thin!

Trent Lott Speaks Out

Strom Thurmond’s
retiring
who used to
run an antebellum
campaign
and filibuster onetwothreefourfive
eightsbilssjustlikethat
Jesus
will thank him soon
and what i’ve always thought is
at least strom’d stop your whining
Reverend Sharpton
I Know Why the Caged Man Fries

A free man leaps
on the back of another
and cuts him open
till the bleeding ends
and dips his hand
in the blue river water
and dares to claim his innocence.

Now a man that stalks
in death row’s cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his hands are shackled
his feet are tied
so he hangs his head and prays.

The caged man fries
with a fearful scream
of things unknown
and pain unseen
and his tune is heard
in the distant halls
for the caged man
regrets his sin.

The free man thinks of what could be
the places he’ll go and things he’ll see
and the hot chick in his bed at dawn
and he names his time his own.

But a caged man lays in the grave alone
his shadow echoes his nightmare throes
his casket locked his life’s book closed
“I shunt’ve killld’m” his song.

The guilty man fries
with a fearful scream
of things unknown
and pain unseen
and his tune is echoed
in the court of justice
for the law
has triumphed again.
A Gun Controlled

What happens to a gun controlled?
Does it fall
To criminals on the street?
Or prevent Real Americans
From packing heat?
Does it just get trigger locked?
Or die like a bleeding liberal
Whose heart really has been popped?

Does it turn obsolete
Like the pull-chain commode —

*Or does it reload?*
Contributors

Tyler Block ‘03 gets a kick from speaking with a faux British accent and wearing tweed and a bow tie to class. He drinks beer with his pinky extended.

Elizabeth Browning ’06 paints, and is determined to make a living at it without support from the National Endowment for the So-Called Arts.


Annie Carroll ‘03 is a government major and public policy minor. She spent this summer in Mexico, building shelters for Habitat for Humanity so those people will stop trying to hop our border.

Kelly Casteel ‘03 believed in keeping Christ out of the classroom until the day in third grade Jesus was her substitute teacher, LOL.

Melissa Cook ’04 finds time to work on her photography when her boyfriend does not need her cooking and cleaning services.

Evan Gold ’04 believes the pen is mightier than the sword, and dares the government to pry his pen from his cold, dead hands.

Tyrone Johnson ‘05 is an African-American mathematics major from the Bronx, but he didn’t indicate his race on his application, unlike some peers of his over in “Malcolm X Hall” who take handouts with open palm. He enjoys the music of Billy Joel and Jewel.

Jack Marty ’05 is a mystic, a thinker, a dreamer, a lover, a human being, a shaker of trees, and founder of the Dartmouth Ayn Rand Society.

Lyle Tudor ’04 draws his poetic inspiration from Allen Ginsberg, and only wishes Ginsberg could have been cured of his homosexuality before going to God’s judgement.

Nathan Yale ‘05 is an economics major, brother at Theta Delta Chi, and member of the College Republicans. He loves Hemingway except when the writer gets all touch-feely.
AN ECONOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF ROMANTIC DYNAMICS AND PROSPECTS

by Nicolas Duquette
using real data
1. Introduction

Many of the most pressing questions in modern academia can be found at the nexus of physical science, social science and philosophy. How do mind, soul and brain interact? What makes man different from the animals we evolved from, or the animals who evolved with us to the present day? How sexually attractive is Nicolas Duquette, and what makes him so attractive, or not?

Though the biological, evolutionary and psychological sides of the human mating process have been researched thoroughly, little research has been done on the mechanics of Nicolas Duquette’s sexual relationships. This paper aims to respond this scholarly void and answer the most pressing questions in this neglected field of study. The practical applications of this research — and the attendant benefits to society — are obvious.

2. Literature Review

This is the first econometric study of relationship economics to pertain specifically to Nic Duquette. So far, the only scholarly research on the subject has been qualitative, that is, in the form of anthropological case studies.

These studies focus in depth on individual romantic encounters, often arriving at wildly conclusions. For example, Hurston (1997) argues “You probably have to be very strong to deal with me and all my big, fat neurotic issues. I know you’re strong, because you love me…” while Churchill argues that “I was trying to help you but I guess you don’t care!! You made me cry, you fucking bastard, go to hell!” Hurston gives the example of “your eyes... are this great color that I can’t look at without it reminding me of the ocean before a storm,” while Churchill gives the interpretation that “One stupid AP test you want a 5 on so you can be better than everyone else and have proof of it. I hate school ‘cause they’re all so fucking pretentious.” More recent research has only been even more inconclusive.

Clearly, qualitative research methods have done little to solve the core questions of Duquette relationship mechanics. Thorough statistical analysis is the only method left rigorous enough to detect underlying patterns of relationship causality.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Variable</th>
<th>Obs</th>
<th>Mean</th>
<th>Std. Dev.</th>
<th>Min</th>
<th>Max</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>date = yes</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>.375</td>
<td>.4902903</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hookup = yes</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>.325</td>
<td>.4743416</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>date or hookup</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>.45</td>
<td>.5038315</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>acquaintance (1-5)</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>2.825</td>
<td>1.217132</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>attractiveness</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>5.081</td>
<td>1.277549</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of average</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>person att.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>respondent</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>6.135135</td>
<td>1.377642</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>duquette</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>6.368421</td>
<td>1.715132</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cusack</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>6.763158</td>
<td>1.777247</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>attnick-attavg</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>1.378378</td>
<td>1.876038</td>
<td>-2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Table 1: Summary statistics for key variables.
3. Data
The data for this survey was compiled from a web poll served from a four-year-old computer in the Dartmouth publications office. Each respondent was asked her opinion on various rock albums and motion pictures, her perception of her own and Duquette’s personality attributes, and a handful of questions asking her to rate the average person, herself, Nic Duquette and John Cusack on a 1-10 scale of physical attractiveness. Lastly, each woman was asked whether they would be willing to date Nic Duquette (or already had) or have a brief fling or “hook up” with him (or already had).

Forty women responded to a useful percentage of questions. Each respondent constitutes one observation. Some summary statistics are available in Tables 1 and 2. It is interesting to note that of responding women, 45% were willing either to date Duquette or hook up with him, or already had. There is a 0.565 correlation between the two, and approximately 1/3 of responding women answered yes to each of those questions (that is, about a third are willing to date Duquette, and about a third are willing to hook up with him).

It is also noteworthy that, on a 1-10 scale of attractiveness, the average respondent placed Duquette 1.38 points above the average human being. Only three respondents placed Duquette below the average, and about half placed him above it. (see Graphs 1 and 2). Though this is not a unanimous opinion, it seems the general consensus that Duquette is marginally above the average human being in physical attractiveness to heterosexual women.

**Table 2: Self-identified level of acquaintance w/ Duquette (where “1” is “barely know him” and “5” is “one of my best friends”) versus sexual interests.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Know</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Would you date D.?</th>
<th>Would you hookup w/ D.?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Graphs 1 and 2: Distribution of Nic Duquette attractiveness ratings.**

![Graph 1: Distribution of Nic Duquette attractiveness ratings.](image1)

![Graph 2: Difference between Duquette and Average Attractiveness.](image2)
Table 3: Regression of Willingness to Date dummy on relevant dependant variables.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>(1)</th>
<th>(2)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Degree of acquaintance with</td>
<td>0.178</td>
<td>0.124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duquette (self identified 1-5)</td>
<td>(0.059)**</td>
<td>(0.059)**</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taste in movies agreement</td>
<td>0.094</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>index</td>
<td>(0.047)*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Respondent considers self</td>
<td>-0.371</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“trust” over “trustworthy”</td>
<td>(0.152)**</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Respondent considers Duquette</td>
<td>-0.328</td>
<td>0.385</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“emotional” over “reasonable”</td>
<td>(0.187)*</td>
<td>(0.188)**</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Respondent disliked</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Talented Mr. Ripley</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant</td>
<td>0.019</td>
<td>-0.042</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(0.188)</td>
<td>(0.183)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observations</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R-squared</td>
<td>0.38</td>
<td>0.2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Standard errors in parentheses
* significant at 10%; ** significant at 5%; *** significant at 1%

Table 4: Regression of Willingness to Hookup dummy on Dependant Variables.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>(1)</th>
<th>(2)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Degree of acquaintance with</td>
<td>0.108</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duquette (self identified 1-5)</td>
<td>(0.064)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attractiveness of Duquette (1-10)</td>
<td>0.049</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(0.050)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attractiveness of respondent (1-10)</td>
<td>-0.006</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(0.061)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Respondent disliked</td>
<td>0.652</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Weezer’s Maladroit</em></td>
<td>(0.318)*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Respondent considers Duquette</td>
<td>0.372</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“introverted” over “extroverted”</td>
<td>(0.164)**</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant</td>
<td>-0.445</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(0.558)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observations</td>
<td>33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R-squared</td>
<td>0.33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Standard errors in parentheses
* significant at 10%; ** significant at 5%; *** significant at 1%
4a. Willingness to date Duquette

Using statistical techniques employed by undergraduates worldwide, I regressed the dummy variable representing a woman’s willingness to date Nic Duquette on dozens of different sets of dependent variables, and adopted the model with the greatest number of statistically significant coefficients as the one with the strongest explanatory power.

As seen in Table 3, a number of factors influence a woman’s willingness to date Nic Duquette, including level of acquaintance with him, attraction to him, perception of Nic Duquette as an “emotional,” rather than “reasonable,” and dislike of the movie The Talented Mr. Ripley.

This makes sense considering that women likely to be attracted to Duquette are those assigning the highest utility to his good looks, cool-headed masculinity, and obvious lack of the repressed homosexuality so prevalent in Ripley. The knowledge factor represents a Lemons problem, that is, an easing of doubts that comes with increased information before entrance into an risky emotional contract and sexual congress.

4b. Willingness to “hook up” with Duquette.

It seems there are few, if any, factors correlated with willingness to hook up with Nic Duquette. (See Table 4.) This may be a function of several noise-generating behaviors. For example, it may be that some women checked “yes” sarcastically, particularly women who did not believe the survey was truly anonymous, or who do not know that math is never facetious.

In any case, there is no statistically significant relationship observed between willingness to hook up with Nic Duquette and level of acquaintance with him, attraction to him, or the respondent’s own attractiveness. Indeed, only two factors affected willingness to hookup with Nic Duquette with statistical significance. Women who had heard Weezer’s latest album, Maladroit, and disliked it, were 65.2 percentage points more likely to want to hook up with Nic Duquette. And respondents who considered Duquette more introverted than extroverted were 37.2 percentage points more likely to be willing to hook up with him. These results both stem from the mystique of the creative loner. That is, women are more likely to find a man seduction-worthy if he seems brooding, dark, and brimming with strange and introspective secrets that can only come to light via his darkest passions. This seems obvious, considering that women are clearly more attracted to conflicted, angry, raging genius of Pinkerton-era Weezer than the reborn, pop-inflected, commercialized band that has radio-friendliness shellacked on every single track of its last two albums. Get over yourself, Rivers Cuomo. You’re just one more hack in it for the money.

4c. Attraction to John Cusack

In regressing attractiveness of John Cusack on various combinations of observed variables, it seems nothing observed in the data is correlated with Cusack attractiveness except liking for the actor’s filmography. Using an aggregate measure for all three Cusack films observed in the data set, a simple regression of attraction on films showed that a one point increase in the measure signified an increase of 0.55 points on the 1-10 attractiveness scale. (The statistic was calculated by adding one for each Cusack film the respondent liked, and subtracting one for each the respondent had disliked. Unviewed
Cusack films did not affect results."

By regressing Cusack attractiveness on like/dislike variables for individual Cusack movies, it appears that this result is driven by women who enjoy the dark comedy *Grosse Pointe Blank*. Women who enjoyed *Blank* tended to rate Cusack 1.3 points higher, whereas opinions of Cusack’s other two films — and a dislike of *Blank* — have no statistically significant effect.

This result makes sense, since each of these three films is a proxy for the three major areas of Cusack’s film career: lame ‘80s teen comedies (*Better Off Dead*), eccentric arty cult films (*Being John Malkovich*), and quirky, edgy romantic comedies (*Grosse Pointe Blank*). Of the three, only the last category is designed to portray Cusack as a lust object. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that enjoyment of *Grosse Pointe Blank* and other sarcastic, jaded romantic comedies is essential to Cusack-smittenness.

It is also worth observing that as enjoyment of *Grosse Pointe Blank* seems to cause attraction to its star, John Cusack, dislike of *The Talented Mr. Ripley* causes attraction to Nic Duquette. The star of *The Talented Mr. Ripley* is Matt Damon. Presumably, liking *The Talented Mr. Ripley* is correlated with attraction to Matt Damon just as liking *Grosse Pointe Blank* is correlated with attraction to John Cusack. Therefore, Nic Duquette is the opposite of Matt Damon. *QED*

---

**Table 5: Regression of John Cusack attractiveness (1-10) on dependent variables.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>(1)</th>
<th>(2)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Overall Cusack Movie Rating$^1$</td>
<td>0.553 (0.259)**</td>
<td>1.08 (0.753)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Likes <em>Better Off Dead</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dislikes <em>Better Off Dead</em></td>
<td>-0.667 (1.305)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Likes <em>Being John Malkovich</em></td>
<td>-0.369 (0.660)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dislikes <em>Being John Malkovich</em></td>
<td>-0.369 (1.086)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Likes <em>Grosse Pointe Blank</em></td>
<td>1.325 (0.617)**</td>
<td>-0.005 (1.762)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dislikes <em>Grosse Pointe Blank</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>-0.005 (1.762)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant</td>
<td>6.225 (0.373)***</td>
<td>6.374 (0.553)***</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Observations</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R-squared</td>
<td>0.11</td>
<td>0.23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Standard errors in parentheses
* significant at 10%; ** significant at 5%; *** significant at 1%
$^1$+1 for each movie the respondent liked, -1 for each the respondent disliked, no change for movies not seen.
5. Conclusions

This paper has shown that women’s interest in Nic Duquette is for the most part unpredictable, but is positively correlated with a dislike of *The Talented Mr. Ripley* (for those interested in dating) or *Maladroit* (a quick fling). These facts — proven to be true through genuine statistics — combined the mechanism of attraction to John Cusack, suggest that Duquette is almost certainly the opposite of Matt Damon (that is, with respect to women).

These results, of course, only scratch the surface of Duquette relationship mechanics, a relatively new field that should have a steady influx of new data over several more decades. Hopefully at a scandalously rapid rate.

References


I chased Erwin Shroedinger's cat the other day.

Really? Did you catch him?

Well, yes and no.