JACK-O'-LANTERN.

Rawr.

HOMECOMING 2008
MARCH, 1909.
In the criminal justice system, the people are represented by two separate yet equally important groups: The police who investigate crimes, and the Jack-O-Lantern who write a campus humor magazine.

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NOTICE: All characters, caricatures, writers, editors and alumni are wholly fictional and any resemblance to any persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

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Want to write for the Jacko? Too bad. No, really, tough. Okay, fine, but just this once. Blitz us at jacko@dartmouth.edu. Don’t say we never did anything for you.

Or you could talk to one of the illustrious members of:

**JACKO STAFF SUMMER 2008**

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“You don’t look a day over seven hundred.”
Wow, man, 100 years. I can’t believe it’s been so long already. 1909 seems like just a few moments ago. I remember finishing up the Civil War and looking for a new project, and then we heard about this “humor magazine” thing. I think Bismarck suggested it to me after he saw the Harvard Lampoon at the 1904 World’s Fair.

But yes, friends, the Jack-O-Lantern has been through it all. The Jacko was there when the Titanic sank. The Jacko was there when the stock market crashed. The Jacko was there when America rescued Europe from tyranny. Twice. (You’re welcome.) The Jacko was there when John F. Kennedy called upon citizens to ask not what their country could do for them, but what they could do for their country. The Jacko was there after the inauguration, when John and Bobby Kennedy caught the herp double-teaming Marilyn Monroe. (And we’ve still got the footage.)

The Jacko was there when Dartmouth graciously extended its admission policies to include women, Jews, and, quoting from the 1946 admissions guidebook, “octroons.” The Jacko was there when our small college invented its lasting contribution to American academia—beer pong. The Jacko saw the rise and fall of Nichols, Hopkins, Dickey, Kemeny, McLaughlin, Freedman, and—barring any last-minute declarations of “Dictator in Perpetuum”—Wright.

Basically, we’ve been around for a long time.

How does a college humor magazine achieve centurial longevity? Well, I’ve worked here for three whole years, so I oughta fucking know. I could cite the leadership of the Budd Schulbergs, the genius of the Theodor Geisels, the creativity of the Buck Henrys, and the murderous ruthlessness of untold generations of lock-step Jacko goons. But, frankly, anyone who’s ever written for the Jacko knows what really got our magazine published over the last 100 years: unbridled postadolescent sexuality at an isolated, all-male institution (1909-1972), and the legacy thereof: a deep and abiding fear of women (1972-present).

This anniversary issue is an attempt to package up 100 years of Jack-O-Lantern history in a neat little bundle of lies, and also to showcase the persevering talents of the many writers and artists who have kept Jackos rolling off the presses for a full century. Due to the limits of space, not every alumni submission found its way into these pages—many proved too lengthy and epic for this lowly forum.

Here’s to not getting derecognized before 2108.

Dylan Kane ’09
Editor-in-Chief
On a clear, dewy morning in March 1909, the first issue of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern rolled off the presses. Featuring a wide array of advertisements for antiquated and now-defunct Hanover businesses, an article mocking students from poor, rural backgrounds (“The Fable of the Rustic Youth Who Went to College”), and poetry best described as “quaint,” the Jacko got off to a beginning that could be referred to as inauspicious Ivy-League wankery. Yet the divine spark was evidently there.

Reporting on that fair occasion, The Dartmouth wrote, “The newcomer will appropriate as its especial field the serving up in appetizing form of college humor for a college public,” and “[The Jack-O-Lantern] will make no literary achievement of the heavier kind, but will attempt jingles and jokes, fables in slang and light verse, and above all, drawings.” (The Dartmouth also reported that the first meeting of the new magazine would feature Phineas Weatherbuck XVII recounting “bully” tales from The Iliad and The Bible with “damned decent” shadow puppets.)
On the morning of April 8, 1947, the peace of the Dartmouth green was broken when a huge red flag, bearing the yellow Communist hammer and sickle, was suddenly unfurled from the second story of Robinson Hall. Simultaneously, a horde of students, apparently leftist radicals, began to plaster every available surface of the campus and town with leaflets, which boldly displayed that same yellow hammer and sickle, against a huge splash of red ink, and bore the cryptic legend “It’s Here.”

Soon two of the students, with black beards, ragged black clothing, and floppy black hats, set up card tables on two corners of the campus. Evidently anarchists, they quickly piled what appeared to be subversive literature on their tables, then lit flares that protruded from what looked like small black bombs, set next to each table. From a distance, these dangerous devices could easily have been mistaken for the flares that one sees around road repairs.

Dartmouth students, on their way to morning classes, were baffled by this sudden red take-over of their pristine green campus—and crowded around the tables. The “literature” being proffered for sale turned out to be copies of the Soviet journal *Pravda*, printed on pink newsprint, with the masthead and one article in Russian but the rest of the twelve pages in English. This special Pravda issue, announcing that it had been airmailed from Moscow, was folded to fit inside the covers of what presented itself as the March 1947 issue of the college humor magazine, the “Jack-O-Lantern.”

But there was nothing funny about all this, in the minds of several adult observers. One alert citizen placed a call to the office of the FBI in Boston—and an agent was promptly dispatched to check on what was happening.

The six students responsible were not arrested, despite the fact that they were easily identifiable. On the left side of the first page of their pink Pravda for March 30, 1947, obviously put out with Soviet partners, was a photograph of all six, seated at a table in the Kremlin, three of them to the right of a smiling Stalin and three to his left. On page 5, the editors had the audacity to reveal the secret workings of the atom bomb, in a full-page diagram.

*The New York Times* for April 9 carried a two-column box report on this issue of “Jacko,” while *The Boston Herald* gave it three columns. The latter reported on two of the Pravda articles as follows:

*Headlined “Stalin Purges Self,” the lead article was devoted to Uncle Jo and his Politburo becoming involved in a “Spring Cleaning program.”* ... *“I Chose Security,” by the very obscure Vladimir Jones, dealt with the author’s hair-raising escape from the terrors of capitalist America. The article was a satire on “I Chose Freedom” by Kravchenko, the Russian cipher clerk who disclosed the Canadian atomic spy ring.*

The only woman implicated in this Pravda affair was Libby Gardner, the wife of Jacko’s editor, Clint Gardner. She had made the red flag and sewn on its yellow hammer and sickle. The student conspirators referred to her as “Betsy Rosski.”

Today, Gardner and his wife live in a secluded dacha high on a hill in the ultra-liberal town of Norwich, Vermont. His Jack-O career apparently left an indelible red mark on his otherwise unblemished Dartmouth green.

— Clinton C. Gardner ’44, Jack-o editor 1946-47 (after four-year delay in the Army)
Scavenger Hunt Stunt

In 1953, the entire print run of the Jacko, about 3,000 copies, was “stolen.” Over the course of the next few days, several clues, some in rhytm, were found in various locations on campus, including underneath President John Sloan Dickey’s blotter. (For more on Dickey, see ‘The Sodomy Issue’, May 1948, page 3.) The Dartmouth covered the case very closely. The following report on the first clue is an example of the kind of coverage the event received:

The above map, with the accompanying cryptic note, was shoved under THE DARTMOUTH’S door late last night by a short, swarthy man who gased “Be my...” or “Be mah...” and died with a knife in his back. Since it may conceivably mean something to someone writing it as a public service...the is keeping young Fisher named Fisher after Fisher for Fisher in Future.

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...The other event was less rag-tag: a Black-Tie Tupperware party. The planning took several minutes, and we managed to convince an Upper Valley Tupperware representative that we were earnest, notwithstanding the rigorously observed dress code. Hanover local with a serious skill for eyebrow acrobatics, was apparently a major supporter of the transition to The Dart. See page 13 for more on his illustrious patronage, and for striking pictures of his silly facial expressions.

“I was a cartoonist for Jack-O-Lantern my freshman year (1952-53), and had what I hoped was a budding career wrecked by a conspiracy to kill the Jacko involving an assistant dean and the Daily Dartmouth’s editors to do away with a source of grief— to the College and to the newspaper (whose editions we sabotaged, regularly), on the fairly spurious grounds that Jack-O-Lantern was so raunchy and disreputable that it brought dishonor (or something) on the Dartmouth family. The magazine was revived a year or so after I graduated, I seem to recall in response to alumni ire.”
– Everett Ellis ‘Ted’ Briggs ’56

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Hanover’s mainstream media were as gullible as we could have hoped. The Dartmouth ran a headline promoting the affair in advance: “Jack-O-Lantern Sponsors Community Event”. After we announced the party, some wag suggested that we turn over the proceeds to a local charity. Since nothing whatsoever was ultimately sold, due in no small measure to our progressive inebriation and resulting incapacity to properly ‘burp’ the product, it was not to be. A small group of well-turned out coeds (as women were then called) joined our all-male cast (actually just two coeds), and for a few hours we pulled off a measure of feigned sophistication in the North Woods. It was a magical night. Once again, few witnesses, no legacy, and incomplete, alcohol-soaked memories.”
– Maxwell W. Anderson ’77
Jacko Almost Gets Derecognized, Twice

The nineties were a dark time for the Jacko. In 1991, the organization was wound up in what would be the first of several troubles with the Council on Student Organizations (COSO). After a complex series of nearly inexplicable events involving a mutiny within the staff, the Jacko published an outrageously homophobic article which crudely suggested that the Dean of the Office of Residential Life, Mary Turco, was a lesbian. COSO subsequently began an inquiry into the Jacko’s eligibility to continue to receive College funding. This is code for “subsequently attempted to destroy the magazine utterly, with much pulverizing and smiting.”

The situation was more complex, however, than it appeared on the surface. In fact, the issue of the magazine under scrutiny had never received the blessing of the magazine’s officers; it had been published by a wayward faction of two underclassmen within the magazine, without permission, oversight, or adequate funding: they ran $50 in debt on the printing. As quoted in The Dartmouth, “The whole publication was simply hijacked by these two guys.” Upon interviewing them, The Dartmouth reported that the two apparently gladly accepted the responsibility, brashly claiming that “our short sightedness stemmed from a frustration with previous issues of the Jack-O-Lantern which failed to live up to the definition of a humor magazine.” Though the publication may have been undergoing serious creative difficulties, the correct way to deal with such problems probably does not involve homophobic slurs or caustic personal attacks on Dartmouth professionals. Just a guess.

Although ultimately the Jack-O-Lantern was not derecognized, its membership was completely overhauled (code for: pulverizing and smiting occurred) and a faculty advisor was set in place to oversee the publication. While this was presumably intended to tame the magazine, it would not be long after that the Jack-O-Lantern would find its neck on the line once again.

In November 1997, COSO once again held hearings to consider the derecognition of the Jacko in response to “student outcry over offensive material.” The offensive materials in question included a list of “Eskimo Pick Up Lines” and a “Dartmouth Review Dictionary.” The Review Dictionary contained definitions of terms such as “gay”, “Führer”, and “spick-and-span”—and, it must be admitted, a few words much more heavily-charged with negative meaning—in such a way that the definitions sought to lampoon the Review’s attitude and hostile behavior toward minority groups. The campus was not, however, fooled by the Jacko’s clever ruse of printing the offending material as a parody of the controversial Review. Anyone could see that the words clearly appeared between the covers of the most recent Jack-O-Lantern issue! Since parody is in no way protected by the First Amendment, and since the proper penalty for public use of satire in this country has always been at least one gallon, minimum, of sweat and tears (even admixture, one to one parts), COSO descended upon the Jacko like some kind of avenging avenger. The slaughter was horrific.

The campus, already shocked to find that a humor magazine would publish anything insulting to anyone, was further floored by the “Eskimo Pick Up Lines” in the same issue. There is less to say about these, except that—well—okay, who knew there were Inuits on campus? Isn’t Dartmouth, like, two hundred percent white, and, like, four hundred percent male, or something? I mean, we’re an Ivy League school. Come on!

After the initial COSO hearing, the Jacko’s fate was put on hold for one week, presumably in order to build suspense. In the end COSO decided not to withhold funds from the Jacko, a decision which in the long run saved millions of lives.
The Arrival of Keggy

More so than the stump of the Lone Pine or the mighty spire of Baker Library, there is one symbol that most accurately represents and typifies the Dartmouth experience today: Keggy the Keg.

Created in 2003, Keggy made his debut at a Homecoming football game during the halftime show. This anthropomorphic beer keg quickly became Dartmouth's much-adored unofficial mascot, appearing at sporting and social events, such as the Winter Carnival opening ceremonies, where in 2005 the snow sculpture was dubbed “Captain Keggy’s Carnival Cruiser.”

Keggy the Keg’s iconic, vapid glare, supplemented by an enormous, demonic grin, strikes desperate fear into the hearts of Dartmouth’s enemies and sad resignation into those of its administrators. Go Kegs!

Enthusiastic drinkers leap out of the shadows at the Rocky overhang

National Fame: “Drinkin’ Time”

“Drinkin’ Time” is arguably the Jack-O-Lantern’s most shining moment in recent years: the one point in time when the campus proclaimed in a loud, strong, and lusty voice, “Yeah...like, I don’t have to try too hard to understand this.” The article gained national acclaim and became a rallying point of self-identity for a generation of Dartmouth students.

The concept behind “Drinkin’ Time” was to trick a lot of naïve, corn-shuckin’ parents from the Midwest that their children were about to plunge into a depraved orgy of drunkenness and cruelty. As a group of unsuspecting parents and prospective students stumbled under the Rockefeller Center overpass toward Frat Row, led by an equally sincere and unknowledgeable tour guide (Jaromy Siporen ’09), they found themselves surrounded by young, free-wheelin’ college students screaming, “It’s drinkin’ time!” They poured forth from Rocky and other strategic hiding places located around Frat Row, taking up the rallying cry. Keggy the Keg paraded down Frat Row, followed by the marching band playing “Tequila.” The tour guide attempted to soothe the crowd’s agitated down-home sensibilities by stating, “We party no harder than any other school,” and asking, “Any more questions about Greek Life?”

The prank was the brainchild of Mike Trapp ’08. Trapp was lauded by YouTube users for his creative endeavor: “i wld lik 2 beet th breaks off tht bitch,” wrote YouTube user and freelance critic “fannypandachunk69.” But recognition came from other quarters: Trapp was contacted by NBC in the interests of a possible creative liaison. The Chronicle of Higher Education ran an article about “Drinkin’ Time,” and AOL featured the prank on its online blog, as did The Volokh Conspiracy. In a year when Superbad had vaulted prospective Dartmouth students into the national consciousness, “Drinkin’ Time” furthered this Dartmouthian attempt to define the Zeitgeist.
JACK-O-LANTERN CARTOONS FROM THE DISTANT PAST!

Visual elements have always held a place of particular honor in the Jack-O-Lantern, from the elegant stylings of future-famous cartoonist Theodor Geisel ’25 to the thousands of crudely-drawn phalluses that now adorn the walls of the Jacko office in Robinson Hall. Many hours of painstaking research in the Rauner Special Collections Library yielded the veritable smorgasbord of cartoons, parody advertisements, and other visual features that follow.
5. (a) The Dartmouth Gentlemanly Conduct Code requires that a Dartmouth man abstain from lewdness and fornication.
(b) This man should have used clover-leaf knots instead of square knots.
(c) This man forgot to use hospital corners in making his bed.

“Dartmouth! I thought it was Amherst!”

COMING THIS FALL IN JACKOVISION

RALPH KILDAIR, INFANT PROCTOLOGIST

The Old-Fashioned Acid Trip. Down Memory Lane

DE SEUSS’S PROFILES
Distinguished Former Staffers:
Profiles Culled from our Ancient and Hallowed Annals

Dr. Seuss: That, Like, Really Really Famous One

Nowadays, the name “Dr. Seuss” is synonymous with whimsy. Eight decades ago, however, Theodor Geisel ’25 was a black sheep, a wayward son, and a rouge badass who ate cool for breakfast. Every morning, Theodor could wake up with the sweet, sweet satisfaction of knowing that he was, for reals, the editor-in-chief of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern, a publication so glorious that words cannot begin to describe it.

But you probably already knew all of that. The point is that we own Dr. Seuss, a fact which we may or may not be willing to milk for all it’s worth.

Geisel first used the penname “Dr. Seuss” in articles published in the Jack-O-Lantern. Geisel’s badassity was the source of the now-renowned alias: during Prohibition, he threw a party at which alcohol was present, and was promptly ordered to drop all his extracurricular activities. Current Dartmouth lore embellishes this event with speculation that someone’s urinating out of a window may have had something to do with the severity of the punishment. This perspective of Geisel, as the noble crusader in defense of all that is pure, true, and collegiate, still serves to inspire the Dartmouth men and women of today. Or it would, if they were more aware of it.

After risking it all in the defense of his right to get liquored up, Geisel managed to continue secretly writing for the Jack-O-Lantern under his middle name “Seuss”. After graduating, he went on to write for another humor magazine, The Judge, before finally letting his nose slide up his ass and going to Oxford, where he attempted to become a Doctor of Philosophy in literature or something. You might be depressed to hear this. “Oh, poor Theodor Geisel,” you might think. “He sacrificed his badassitude and signed up with The Man.” Luckily for him and for humankind in general, however, it was at Oxford that he met Helen Palmer, his future wife and the woman who would convince him that being a professor of literature is not as cool as being a children’s author.

Excuse me: ...who would convince him that being a professor of literature is not as cool as being the man who drew the following picture:

Yes. Geisel really, really, really, really hated Hitler. He hated Hitler before hating Hitler was cool. Indiana Jones was probably sitting around one afternoon wishing he could be Geisel when he suddenly realized that killing Nazis was something he could also do with his own two hands. Shortly after becoming a political cartoonist, Theodor Geisel made the astonishing discovery which would catapult him into the ranks of the truly great American authors. He invented a peculiar way of writing which made it so that anyone who read what he had written, no matter what he was actually saying, would think it was the most adorable thing they had ever experienced. Some people call this “Seussian rhyme”, or “anapestic meter.” It is, in fact, a form of witch-doctor’s black magic. From this time on, Geisel was the undisputed lord of silly-looking American picture books.

In his later life, having grown fat suckling at the teat of fame, Geisel grew hair all over his face.

He began to use his writing as a vehicle for reaching the masses with his morals and philosophy, a fact which irritated some people very much. In fact, his Butter Battle Book, which was a parable about the Cold War and the use of violence, was banned from some public libraries not being hostile enough toward the Russians. None of this permanently damaged Seuss’s career, however: in 1989, the book was made into a television special which I have never seen and can therefore not comment upon. I have, however, seen several other adaptations, particularly the one for How the Grinch Stole Christmas.

Clearly, none of this would have been possible without the Jack-O-Lantern. There would be no “Dr. Seuss”. Imagine yourself as a young child telling your parents that you want to read “that Theodor Seuss Geisel book” before you go to bed. It just doesn’t work.
Although Corey Ford was not a Dartmouth graduate, he came to develop what some might describe as a strange fondness for the young men of the institution. He graduated from Columbia and served as editor and writer for the Jester. In his time in Hanover, Ford helped to revive the dying Jack-O-Lantern by helping the young staffers, bringing the publication back from obscurity. More bluntly, he was a creepy old dude who wanted to hang around—and not talk about their extremely repressed homosexual tendencies. Ford was well known for his coy appearance, his extensive pipe smoking, and his freakishly signature raise of the eyebrow.

In his youth, Ford was a member of the notable Algonquin Round Table, a group of New York journalists, comedians, critics, and smart-asses that included Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, John Peter Toohey, George Kaufman, and Harpo Marx. Although the society began as a practical joke, members of the self-dubbed “Vicious Circle” gathered for lunch at the well known Algonquin Hotel. These meetings could be described as an Oscar Wilde-esque orgy of intellectual elitism, in which society members sat around trying to outwit and out-douchebag one another. The group gained celebrity status due to the fact that the editors and journalists among the membership liked to publish transcripts of the meetings. Self-call! However, in pursuit of a more rural scene, Ford moved to Hanover in 1952, capitalizing on the surrounding area for hunting and fishing. He wrote a humor column entitled “The Back 40 Gang” for Field & Stream detailing his [mis]adventures and general advice about the sporting life.

When Ford wasn’t out and about hunting wildlife, he turned his attention to his second favorite prey—young, virile Dartmouth athletes. And I mean, what unmarried 50-year-old man wouldn’t be excited by sweaty young men touching each other semi-inappropriately? The particular attention Ford paid to the rugby team was quite mysterious. As one player described, “I remember Corey… would sort of hang around sometimes at practice and just kind of stand there and watch.” Yet, despite his perceived awkwardness and sketchiness, Ford was apparently delighted by the sight of such displays of machismo. Ford once wrote, “In the locker room before a match I sit in owlish silence, sucking on my pipe and occasionally nodding my head up and down sagely. I’ve heard the team has a secret maneuver called the Corey Ford play. I haven’t the foggiest idea what it is, and nobody will tell me.” Whatever that secret move was, I believe that we can all be sure it was very secret, and likely done only behind closed dormitory doors, back in the days when this sort of this was known as “celebrating one another’s manhood.” Besides sheepishly watching the young boys undress in the locker room, Ford would invite Dartmouth rugby players to live in his house without any room and board charges, though the exact “terms” of the arrangement may have been negotiable.

Ford wrote serially for The New Yorker, and was the creator of the character Eustace Tilley, as featured on the first ever cover of the magazine. It is rumored that Eustace Tilley (a top-hatted, foppish, dandy) is based on one of Ford’s old Columbia fraternity buddies, a certain Eustace Taylor. But seriously, aren’t all Columbia fraternity brothers really just foppish dandies anyway? In addition to the numerous articles he published, he produced over thirty short stories, including satirical historical pieces, poetic parodies, and tales about the burdens of growing up as a lonely young boy looking for affection and attention from men who could never give it to him.

Based on his support of the College, Dartmouth awarded Corey Ford honorary inclusion in the class of 1921. In death, Corey Ford continued to pursue his great philanthropy towards Dartmouth rugby. His will bequeathed his estate and small fortune to the college for the purpose of building the rugby team a clubhouse, a place where the nice young boys could play, relax, eat, and most importantly, shower together. Today, thanks to Corey Ford’s questionable obsession with Dartmouth rugby, the magnificent Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse stands tall, proud, and erect on Trescott Road—a giant phallic symbol of how the young men of Dartmouth’s, in the words of the “Alma Mater”, “spell on [him] remains.”
Recidivism: noun. 1, repeated or habitual relapse, as into crime. 2. Psychiatry, the chronic tendency toward repetition of criminal or antisocial behavior patterns.

Can we define a man by the company he keeps? To be short, as Reich may prefer, we may in this case. Reich appears to have constantly surrounded himself with the detritus of society: comedians, politicians, academics and other undesirable, if socially necessary, elements.

Reich was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania in 1946 to the owners of two retail stores. Reich attended John Jay High School in Cross River, New York where he achieved his dream of becoming either the world’s tallest little person or the world’s shortest normally-heighted person at 4’10”.

In 1964, Reich entered Dartmouth College. Here began Reich’s pattern of falling in with the wrong crowd. He associated himself with the ragtag, albeit lovable, staff of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern. An issue of the Jacko from this time period describes Reich as being busy “running the campus.” This is presumably because his short legs could not propel him quickly enough across the campus at a walking pace. Reich has also recently hinted that during this time period he had a dalliance with a Wellesley girl who has recently been a presidential candidate.

In 1968, it appeared that Reich had put his days of fraternizing with comedians and future politicians behind him—although he remained in academia—when he graduated from Dartmouth and attended the University of Oxford, where obtained his M.A. Unfortunately, Reich again made the wrong friends, meeting future President Bill Clinton. Reich then obtained his J.D. at Yale, along with Hillary Rodham. These four years were likely awkward, sad, and lonely years for Reich.

In 1993, Reich was pulled full force back into the politics, becoming Clinton’s Secretary of Labor. In 1997, Reich published his one of 11 books he’s written, Locked in the Cabinet, detailing his experiences at this post. The Clinton administration, however, has yet to endear itself to the public consciousness in the same way that the Animal House boys have, even though their antics could not have been too dissimilar. During his tenure in the cabinet, Reich “implemented the Family and Medical Leave Act, led a national fight against sweatshops in the U.S. and illegal child labor around the world, headed the administration’s successful effort to raise the minimum wage, secured worker’s pensions, and launched job-training programs, one-stop career centers, and school-to-work initiatives” (from Reich’s website), which, although not of the same import as his earlier work, is still worth noting.

Reich again stepped away from government to become a professor at Brandeis University’s Heller School for Social Policy and Management, where he was voted Professor of the Year. Robert Reich once ran for Governor of Massachusetts, but failed to receive the Democratic nomination. This is unfortunate, as it would have made Massachusetts the only state with a governor who can write punch lines and a senator who frequently is one. Reich continues to write columns for the American Prospect magazine, which is generally not considered quite as funny as the Jack-O-Lantern.

The moral of this story is: beware the company you keep. Poor, sweet, innocent Bobby Reich fell in with the wrong crowd—a crowd from which he would never escape. One bad apple ruins the whole bunch. He who lies down with dogs catches fleas.
Chris Miller: That Guy Who Wrote Animal House

Chris Miller ’63, author of the screenplay for the acclaimed 1978 film National Lampoon’s Animal House (which inaugurated fraternity-themed comedy on the silver screen), is one of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern’s most revered alumni. Wishing to know more about this near-mythic figure, I went to visit him at his home: a corner of Alpha Delta fraternity’s basement.

Surrounded by refuse and partially digested foodstuffs, Miller ponders a copy of the Animal House DVD, running his long, spindly figures over it, and muttering in occasionally audible tones, “My precious…my precious.” A ray of light reflects off the DVD through the darkened recesses of the basement.

He is a shy man, modest in his speech and mode of living. His dress is relegated to a promotional “COLLEGE” t-shirt as worn by John Belushi in the film. Surrounding him are signed yet unsold copies of his latest literary foray, The Real Animal House: The Awesomely Depraved Saga of the Fraternity That Inspired the Movie. But despite the massive success of Animal House, Miller has refused to rest on his laurels.

“I refuse to rest on my laurels,” he told me during our interview. “I am a man of culture, damn it. Not just some philistine who hangs around a fraternity belching and farting and making immature sex jokes. I have interests—cosmopolitan ones… My precious…my precious,” he mused, rotating the DVD between his moss-grown fingernails.

At this point we were interrupted by an AD brother, who emptied the contents of a garbage can filled with fish-heads on the floor near what he referred to as Miller’s “lair,” prompting Miller to become excited. “Down! Down beast!” hollered the brother, rushing up the stairs. Miller picked up a fish-head and began to chew it pensively.

“Currently, I’m working on a libretto,” he said. “For a musical. It’s going to be called Animal House: The Musical.”

Miller’s interests extend throughout the gamut of Western culture.

“I liked Old School. I thought that was a good frat comedy. But they didn’t do it as well as we did…nope…definitely not as well.”

He said that he thought Revenge of the Nerds was, “Just okay.”

“One thing I’m proud of is that AD has retained their image as rebellious yet loveable misfits,” he said. “I’m certainly glad that they haven’t tarter it up by becoming shamelessly exclusive. No squash players here, mind you! Outcasts will always have a place at ol’ Alpha Delta; whoever they are.”

Miller proceeded to quote the “I’ll Be There” speech from The Grapes of Wrath at length.

“Anything else you’d like to comment on?” I asked.

“Nah,” said Miller. “You wanna get tanked and break stuff?”
ALUMNI SUBMISSIONS:

After they’ve graduated, what do Jacko alums go on to do with themselves? Well, we don’t really know, and we’re not all that eager to find out. But we do know that they write some pretty funny stuff. The following pages contain articles written by alums—many, in fact, were written specifically for this issue. Take a look and see what the years have done to former Jacko staffers—or, what the years have failed to do.

UNTRUE AND ULTIMELY UNSUCCESSFUL THREATS REGARDING ALONZO MOURNING
THAT I HAD HOPED WOULD DISSUADE MY NEIGHBORS FROM HAVING LOUD
BAND PRACTICES

BY Matt Gens ’06

5/15/08
If you are receiving this index card affixed to a brick with elephant tape and thrown through your bay window, you are in grave danger. Seven-time NBA All-Star Alonzo Mourning will no longer tolerate your 1:00 AM renditions of “Blame It on the Rain”. Until the songs stop, Alonzo Mourning will block your mail. That’s right; Alonzo Mourning does not just know how to block shots. He is also quite proficient in hiding in your azaleas, lying in wait until the FedEx guy shows up so that he may burst out from a bush, covered in shaving cream (for dramatic effect), screaming something ferocious like, “I’m Thomas the Tank Engine! Bleearagh!” and swatting away your packages. If you value your correspondence, you will make this the day the music died.

5/17/08
If you now possess this tattered Brooks Brothers Non-Iron Broadcloth Mini Pinstripe Button Down Dress Shirt covered in these moderately legible scrawlings in blood, semen, and pecan pie filling, and dangling from your satellite dish, then you might have a slightly better sense of the fate of Mr. Zo’s last victim. Six-foot ten-inch and bloodthirsty Alonzo Mourning is not one to play games (except hoops); there is a reason why some call him the Merciless Taxidermist of South Beach. Since you have not complied with Alonzo Mourning’s reasonable requests, for every day that the impromptu alt-rock continues, he will murder one of the squirrels that you seem to adore so much and that reside on your front lawn. He will kill them with basketballs. Rodents pop when one drops a Spaulding on them. If you wish to see the little guys alive and munching on acorns, this neighborhood will never again be subject to your homages to Rick Astley.

5/20/08
If you have noticed this paragraph scribbled across the entire front of your house in Crayola Crayon color Mauvelous, then rest assured that Alonzo Mourning knows you have been setting traps for him. He has seen the alligator pit under your Oriental rug and the poison blow darts behind your flatscreen. He has witnessed your installation of the electrified stairs and your purchase of a hungry jaguar that you keep in your bathtub and you have since named Theodore. Miami Heat Franchise All-Time Leading Scorer and sinister Alonzo Mourning laughs at your efforts, because nothing can halt Alonzo Mourning. Focal segmental glomerulosclerosis thought it could kill Alonzo Mourning and his kidneys; now Alonzo Mourning has the head of focal segmental glomerulosclerosis mounted on the wall in his home gym. Alonzo Mourning’s own torn patellar tendon thought it could make him retire, but Alonzo Mourning has since rebuilt that knee using his own teeth. Just give up now and break up the band. Alonzo’s watching you.

5/23/08
If you have noticed this paragraph scribbled across the entire front of your house in Crayola Crayon color Mauvelous, then rest assured that Alonzo Mourning knows you have been setting traps for him. He has seen the alligator pit under your Oriental rug and the poison blow darts behind your flatscreen. He has witnessed your installation of the electrified stairs and your purchase of a hungry jaguar that you keep in your bathtub and you have since named Theodore. Miami Heat Franchise All-Time Leading Scorer and sinister Alonzo Mourning laughs at your efforts, because nothing can halt Alonzo Mourning. Focal segmental glomerulosclerosis thought it could kill Alonzo Mourning and his kidneys; now Alonzo Mourning has the head of focal segmental glomerulosclerosis mounted on the wall in his home gym. Alonzo Mourning’s own torn patellar tendon thought it could make him retire, but Alonzo Mourning has since rebuilt that knee using his own teeth. Just give up now and break up the band. Alonzo’s watching you.
We’ve all heard the hype around the rubber chicken, the cream pie, and the banana peel - three items supposedly synonymous with unbridled hilarity. But where is the appreciation for that unsung hero of modern comedy, the lowly ham? To clarify, “ham” the object is delicious, “ham” the word is hilarious. It stands with “weasel” and “pumpernickel” as something that just always sounds funny. Doubtless you, the reader, have found yourself doubled over in laughter just from reading so many of these comic gems in sequence and have only now managed to regain your composure…“TWEED!” My apologies for placing your funny bone in jeopardy. I’ll give you a moment to recover.

Now that your sides have thoroughly split, the power of these words has surely become obvious. However, to the frustration of comedians the world over, it’s difficult to find an excuse to actually use most of them. Here the ham glistens in all its honey-glazed glory. We can all think of numerous times in our lives where a casual reference to smoked meat would have been both fitting and impressively droll. This is the majesty of the ham. The ease with which it can be included in common speech is so great that it often leads to unintentionally comical exchanges. For instance, who hasn’t had to suppress a snicker after a well-meaning friend invited them to spend a weekend in the Ham-ptons to relax in ham-mocks, eat ham-burgers, and lazily sip a refreshing ham-daiquiri?

Science has proven that 100% of jokes can be improved with the injection of Vitamin H\(^1\). Here is proof of its potency: “Two guys walk into a bar”—not funny. “Two guys walk into a ham”—comic gold. Need I say more? Fellow Jack-O-Lantern alumnus, Dr. Seuss, clearly understood this principle, as evidenced by the success of his two masterworks, \textit{Green Eggs and Ham} and \textit{One Ham, Two Ham, Red Ham, Blue Ham} (later renamed). Therefore, whenever you find yourself in search of a humorous noun, stop yourself from relying on comedic clichés and turn to the wisdom of the often-misquoted Rene Descartes, “I think, therefore I ham.”

\(^1\) H = Ham
Why Doesn’t Anybody listen to Classical Music Anymore? Possible Explanations

By Nic Duquette ’04

1. Recorded music destroyed the status that came with learning to play the piano or sing on pitch, so the complicated structures that require some music theory to really get are no longer appreciated by mainstream Americans.

2. New orchestral music is too atonal, or otherwise flouts conventions of beauty that date to the ancient Greeks, if not to our very evolutionary heritage.

3. On the radio, punk rock still sounds gritty and lo-fi, but classical music sounds like crap. So most people figure that even in its intended medium–air–classical music sounds like crap.

4. Adjunct to 3: Maybe it does sound like crap?

5. The number of Stradivarius instruments is fixed and slowly declining, and nobody knows how to replicate them. And if you can’t hear the best, really, what’s the point? (It’ll sound like crap.)

6. They’re called “movements,” but you have to just sit there. Shout “Wooo!” or wave a lighter, and your ass is gone.

7. Kubrick showed that classical music can be awesome if it’s paired with footage of spacecraft, and now he’s dead, so we should all stop.

8. Actually, we are all listening to a John Cage composition that is the sound of Cage’s scattered ashes swirling in the wind. Other composers are sort of waiting until he’s done.

9. Potsdam, 1945:

STALIN: So, I consider this an excellent way to divide the world after our victory. I look forward to taking the rest from you bit by bit. Ha ha! Are you laughing? That is a joke!

CHURCHILL: You are as funny as you always are, Josef.

STALIN: No, but really, I will crush you. Ha! You will all be dead capitalist pigs. Ha! I am so funny! But really, why is capitalist culture so inferior?

TRUMAN: Inferior how? We have great culture.

CHURCHILL: England is loaded with culture.

STALIN: Bah. I tell you, we will have composers this century that will be better than anything else.

TRUMAN: Oh, composers are so last century.

STALIN: Are they, then?

TRUMAN: Hell yes. We’re going to have a totally different type of music. On new, electrically-powered instruments. It’ll be great.

STALIN: (in a huff) Excuse me. I need to use the little dictators’ room. (leaves)

CHURCHILL: Was that... true? Do you really have some kind of secret music program to show up the Soviets?

TRUMAN: Oh, yeah. Wait until you see this Presley guy we found in the Army.

CHURCHILL: Okay, well, is it okay if we copy you? We don’t have any music like that, and our composers suck even more than Americans.

TRUMAN: Sure, steal all you want. Heck, we couldn’t make this music up. We’re having the CIA steal it from black people.

CHURCHILL: Oh.

10. Music used to be an end in itself, but now it shows up in all kinds of places like advertisements, or played in stores or in gyms, where it’s more an enhancement of the true focus.

11. Relatedly, maybe the very ubiquity of music has shifted our tastes toward simpler musical structures. It is no longer rare for music to be performed live, a constraint which once called for performances to be special occasions with people dressing up and absolute quiet during the piece.

12. Los Angeles, 1982:

QUINCY JONES: What do you think, Mike?

MICHAEL JACKSON: I don’t know. “Beat It” is a good song, but I don’t think it’s a single. It’s missing a certain something.

JONES: Like what?

JACKSON: I don’t know, but I called a specialist this morning to help us figure it out.

HARRY TRUMAN: (strides through the door briskly) Okay, which one of you is Mickey Jackson?


TRUMAN: I listened to your demo. It’s good, but I think I know what you need. This is Eddie Van Halen.

VAN HALEN: Hey.

JONES: Wait, aren’t you Harry Truman? Didn’t you die a while back?

TRUMAN: That’s what I want everybody to think. Diplomacy is dead to me. We can only defeat the Soviet Union through the power of rock.

JONES: So we’re going to put a heavy metal riff on a dance record? I don’t know about this, dude.
JACKSON: Quincy, it’s okay, man. This guy is a pro.
TRUMAN: Have you heard what Stalin’s been doing with Duran Duran? We have to step it up and bury these fuckers. The fate of the free world hangs in the balance.
JACKSON: Dude, are you saying Stalin isn’t dead either?
TRUMAN: Oh no, Michael. He is very much alive. Eddie, are you ready to show them what you’ve got?
VAN HALEN: Hold on, I gotta tune up and plug my amp in and everything.
TRUMAN: Okay, while he’s doing that, hand me that bass. I’ve got a song called “Billie Jean” with this sweet riff I thought up. It’ll knock ‘em on their fucking asses.

13. Maybe classical music was never actually that popular. Consider the vast number of standard folk songs, many of which exist in dozens, even hundreds of versions. These songs, which could be sung by just a few people with one or no instruments, were much more likely to be available to the majority of working and middle-class people in the pre-modern era. What has changed isn’t the number of people listening to orchestral music, but the availability of a critical literature of popular music.

14. Maybe classical music just sucks. (See above: 3, 4)

15. Hanover, September 2008:
EDITOR: All right. Welcome to the first meeting of the Jacko, Dartmouth’s only intentionally funny publication. Heh. We come out about once a term with the magazine, and normally we have some other project going on at the same time, so we try to keep a pretty high visibility on campus. That means we have to come up with a lot of material, so normally these aren’t so much meetings as brainstorming sessions. So let’s get right to it: what do you think would be a funny article? Just start throwing out ideas. Let’s get into it.
FRESHMAN 1: Blowjobs?
EDITOR: What about blowjobs?
FRESHMAN 1: It’s kind of a funny word.
FRESHMAN 2: You could have a list of different types of blowjobs.
FRESHMAN 3: Or different types of jobs that blow. Like wind tunnel operator.
FRESHMAN 2: Yeah! Or professional windsurfer.
FRESHMAN 1: Or a prostitute who only fellates people.
EDITOR: Okay. We’re getting into some wordplay. Excellent.
JOSEF STALIN: How about something about other Ivy League schools?
EDITOR: Okay, we can talk–why are you dressed like Josef Stalin?
STALIN: I am Josef Stalin.
EDITOR: Dude, that’s fucked up. He killed a lot of people.
STALIN: (giggles) Flattery will only get you so far. Now we will talk about my jokes.
LA VRENTIY PA VLOVICH BERIA: I suggest you limit your speech to praise of the Party Chairman’s humor, or I will take great pleasure in killing you slowly.
EDITOR: I–okay. What kind of jokes did you have in mind?
STALIN: Harvard students are all socially awkward, and we are all deeply glad we are not their fellow students.
BERIA: The Chairman’s joke of the people has concluded. You will laugh now.
EDITOR: I–hah. Good joke. That’s a good one. Is–are there any other–
STALIN: And students at Princeton are very wealthy and look down on the proletariat, which will soon rise up and destroy them. That is another good joke.
FRESHMAN 2: Yeah, and everybody at Berkeley is trust-fund Commie weirdo!
BERIA: (fires revolver into Freshman 2’s right knee) Aaah! Ah fuck, my knee! I’ll never walk again!
BERIA: You have angered the Chairman. We are only talking about Ivy League schools.
FRESHMAN 2: I meant to say Brown! Oh god, I meant Brown, please don’t kill me! (begins sobbing)
BERIA: Would you like to continue to amuse these people, Chairman, or shall we punish them all?
STALIN: No, Beria. I am in a humorous mood. Relax.
BERIA: Did you like my joke?
STALIN: Which?
BERIA: I shot that guy in the knee!
STALIN: Oh. Yes. Funny.
FRESHMAN 1: Penn blows!
ALL: (laughter)
EDITOR: Well, let’s end on a positive note then.
STALIN: Do we drink beer now?
EDITOR: As a non-social organization, we can’t do that.
STALIN: What? Oh, that’s stupid.
BERIA: Come on. Let’s go to Tri-Kap.

“Harvard students are all socially awkward, and we are all deeply glad we are not their fellow students.”
- Josef Stalin
I am very pleased to be writing from Knoxville, Tennessee, where a couple of national trends have helped Karen and me get started in a fast-growing new business.

Some of you may have noticed the news stories saying that the South tips the scales as the nation’s fattest region. According to a government survey, more than 30 percent of adults in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee are considered obese. The experts blame Southern eating habits, poverty and demographic groups that have higher obesity rates.

Our family had noticed some of these regional traits while waiting in line for the exciting rides at Dollywood, driving by the Krispy Kreme, shopping for bargains at Wal-Mart, and on a very special day at the Bristol Motor Speedway. It’s amazing how great grown men can look with their shirts off. The announcer was so right when he described the re-surfaced track with that third lane around the curves as “Racing the way Jesus would have wanted it.” My goodness, but that Kasey Kahne can drive!

The images of fleshy belly rolls hanging down like seed sacks came to mind once again while I was channel surfing one evening and came upon that docu-special about what plastic surgeons do with the patients who’ve lost 600 pounds and found themselves with dewlaps of sagging skin drooping over their bodies like way-too-big suits. Maybe you’ve seen it. The docs simply cut away the excess skin and sew up the flaps like pieces of a well tailored suit.

I especially liked the part in the show when the doctor noted that fat in the human body is actually a bright yellow, then showed it to the camera as his assistants were discarding the meaty remains like sheets of whale blubber, heaving them on the floor with a resounding slap! What a program! It actually made me happy to pay the Comcast bill for that month!

So what does all this have to do with our lives of driving kids to and from soccer tournaments? Well, it all started while I was up at Dartmouth, listening to an environmentally friendly student named Justin talk about the Big Green Bus. He and some other members of the Ultimate Frisbee team had thought it up a few years ago, probably after a post-game poetry slam at Tabard.
“It runs on bio-diesel,” he said.

“No speaka,” said some Boomers in the crowd, noting that they, like John McCain, didn’t understand e-mail, the internet, Facebook, grocery store scanners, or Xerox machines.

Justin answered politely, “I guess the simplest way I can explain it is that we take the fat from the French fry tub at McDonald’s and run the bus with it.”

He said a few other things—about “reaching out to audiences large and small to share concepts and suggestions and promote environmentally friendly living” and some other bits of MSNBC-type hooey. Then he passed out a leaflet about bio-diesel. I saw words like “isolated lipids” and “fatty ester-based fuels, made from vegetable oils, or sometimes from animal fats,” and didn’t think any more about it. I did get a fish ‘n’ chips at 5 Olde Nugget Alley, though, so maybe lipids and animal fats were on my mind.

During the week, I had a session with my personal trainer, Ken, at the Y. In between my leg curls and my squats, I told him about the kid with the curly hair who takes grease and runs diesel engines with it. I saw a guy doing cable flies look over at us. “Lipids for fuel?” he asked, thinking to himself. As I was leaving, he handed me a card and said, “Call me.” Yes, he made that motion with his hands, the one that looks like a gang sign. I wish everyone would stop that.

Anyway, the name on the card was Dr. David Heath, plastic surgeon. When I called Dr. Heath, he said he’d take care of “obtaining the lipids” if I took care of “processing” and “marketing” them. I said, “Okeley dokey.”

We set up shop in a recently closed Jiffy Lube. We called it “Lipo Loppers,” and put coupons in the paper offering fat-removal surgery and liposuction for the price of a discount oil change.

I got one of the scientists over at Oak Ridge to set up the equipment to turn flab into diesel, and to funnel it into a tank in the back. “This is a cinch compared to recycling uranium,” he said. David did his surgeries in one garage bay. I did my thing in the other bay. One of the guys joked that my area looked like the wood chipper in Fargo, and I had to admit he was right. Wasn’t that a great movie? “You betcha!” “He’s fleelin’ the interview! He’s fleelin’ the interview!” “You betcha!”

It didn’t take long for the trucks to see our $2.00 Bio-Diesel sign out front, and soon we were filling them up just as fast as David could carve out the beer guts and roll the gurneys over to his stitcher. She’s a dandy—laid off from a garment factory just a week before we hired her.

Karen, the MBA, had the idea for patenting the process and setting up “Lipo Loppers” franchises, and I guess you know the rest. The Wall Street Journal is calling our region “the Saudi Arabia of bio-diesel,” saying the adipose tissue in these parts is a renewable resource that will last 200 years.

“It’s the repeaters,” explains David. “I lop off big hunks of flab from the bellies, the haunches, the backs—really all over. Then they head right back to Captain D’s, and they’re back within a year. God bless ‘em.”

In the South, we consider people our most valuable resource.
With grim resignation, I put the key in the ignition and turned it. The engine turned over once or twice and died. I tried it again and the same thing happened. “What is it with you and machines, man?” Dirk asked, alluding to the fact that, while the troupe was alive, I had never gotten along with video cameras, microphones, light boards, or anything that ran on electricity. “Way to ruin Spanky’s wedding!”

I turned off the engine and just sat there for several moments. I wanted to be gone from that godforsaken city. There was nothing left for me in it. The troupe had given its last performance, and even the cable TV script work it had engendered had fallen to the wayside. In return for the best 10 years of my life that I had given it, New York had broken my heart, and now I just wanted to be back home in Massachusetts.

“Don’t tell me you’re giving up!” Jack said.

“No, just giving the battery a rest.”

I turned the key and pressed the gas pedal again, and the engine turned over. I kept massaging the gas pedal until, miraculously, the engine sprang back to life. As I pulled out, Dirk looked into my eyes and said, “Say, man, you look like shit. Did you have a couple of martinis for the road or something?”

About 20 minutes into our trek, my neck was already stiff with tension. With the Twin Towers and the rest of the majestic skyline of Manhattan receding in my rearview mirror, Dirk began playing with my visor. I wished he’d cut it out. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“What’s this little box with the button, man?”

“That’s the garage door opener,” I said, as if answering an inquisitive five-year-old.

“Cool!” Dirk said, and pressed the button repeatedly. “Garage door now open.” He pressed the button again. “Garage door now closed. Open. Closed. Back in Massachusetts, Kari’s probably having a fit.” Then he said in a shrieking falsetto: “‘Goddamn you Chuckleheads, quit fucking with the garage door opener!’”

The car erupted in shrill laughter. I took a deep breath. Yeah, okay, it was funny. But what I most wanted right now is for all five of the other occupants of the car to sit quietly with their hands folded neatly in front of them. Unfortunately, that just wasn’t going to happen.

“Can you turn up the heat? I’m cold,” Rick complained.
“Can’t. The heater’s broken.”
“Hey, what’s with the red light on your dashboard?” Judy asked worriedly.

I looked down at it, wondering if, as I took my eyes off the road, I might swerve across the broken white line and make us collide with an oncoming semi. “That’s the ‘Service Engine’ light,” I explained.

“Are you sure?”

“No,” I said. “But do you really want me to stop the fucking car now? We’re in danger of being late as it is.”

“Yeah, I was going to point that out,” said Dirk. “Can’t you step on it a little, man?”

I fantasized gripping the steering wheel with my left hand while slapping Dirk silly with my right. As always, the fantasy ended in losing control of the vehicle and killing us all.

The car in front of us was creeping along at just 60 miles an hour. I hit the left turn signal (or “directional” as we called it in Massachusetts) and glided into the left lane. This move was followed by a five-second horn blast. “You just cut that lady off,” Rose said. Then she leaned out the window, thumbed her nose at the car behind us, and yelled “Blaaaaah!” In the rearview mirror, I could see the lady throwing up her hands in disbelief.

My stomach shriveled and the blood vessels in my arms constricted as cortisol and epinephrine surged into my bloodstream. My heart pounded uncontrollably, my head was throbbing, and my hands were tingling and trembling uncontrollably. “Listen,” I breathed. “Do you mind if I pull over for a couple of seconds?”

“Are you fucking nuts? We’re late as it is!” Rick barked. “Why don’t you just relax?”

“I’m trying,” I said with a cracked voice. “I’m really trying.”

I came up to the tollbooth and had a quick decision to make—the “Exact Change” or the “Any Vehicle” lane? The toll was 50 cents. I fished in my pocket and found only one quarter. “Anybody else got a quarter?” I asked.

“A quarter of what?” Rick asked.

“A fucking quarter! Just give me a quarter!”

“Hey, lay off of him. He’s had a rough week,” Jack protested.

“I think I’ve got a quarter,” Rose said and began rooting through her purse. Quickly, I pulled into the “Exact Change” lane. Rose extended her purse into the front seat and pulled out a myriad items, including lipstick, apartment keys, an aerobics studio schedule, a wind-up plastic robot, a crucifix, some rosary beads, a Pez dispenser, a tampon, some hair thingies, and a small bottle of aspirin. The way she was going, I expected her to pull out a series of tied-together brightly colored scarves and a dove.

Meanwhile, the car ahead of me had gone and I slowly inched my way up to the change receptacle. “Well?” I asked. A tsunami of sound broke over us as the driver behind me leaned on his horn for a good 10 seconds. Now if felt as if someone were dribbling a basketball inside my chest. Rick rolled down his window, poked his head out, and gave the guy the finger. In the rearview mirror, I looked back at the other driver, whose swearing was drowned out by another long wail of his car horn.

Rose finally removed everything from her purse, turned it over, and began to shake it. I couldn’t tell if this were all some insidiously evil comedy act, or whether she was really that slow and ineffectual. Suddenly, I hated her.

Finally, with a deadpan expression, she opened a tiny change purse and handed me a quarter. I tossed the two quarters into the pot and floored the gas pedal. A censuring buzzer sounded from within the tollbooth.

“Hey, man, you don’t have the green light,” Dirk pointed out.

I slammed on the brakes and the horn behind me blared instantaneously, as if it were directly wired to my brake pedal. My heart pounded so explosively I was afraid it would break open my sternum. “Fuck you, you fucking asshole!” I said to no one in particular.
“LIFEline Crisis Support, this is Jonathan. How can I help?”

(weeping) “...Um, I hate my job, and sometimes I get these crazy urges, and I’m starting to worry I can’t control them anymore, and I’m not sure what to do about it, and, um…”

“Sir, you’ve made the right decision by calling us.”

“I have?”

“Absolutely. I’m here to listen.”

“Okay… (sniffs loudly) Well, it’s not even the job itself–it’s mostly this one guy who works there. He’s such a prick. Oh, God…”

“Please try to stay calm.”

“I actually want to kill him, you know? But somehow, it feels like that wouldn’t help, because he’d still leave behind this thin film of shitty grease that I could never wash off. Is that crazy?”

“No one’s judging you, sir. Just take your time.”

“It’s like you can’t get away with him, no matter where you go. I mean, literally, he’s got this sort of bland, rubbery sweat smell, and it just sticks on you. But it’s also the way he acts–like, no matter how many times you change your personal e-mail address, he finds it and forwards you these little inspirational sayings every two seconds. Are you still there?”

“I’m listening, sir.”

“And he’s always saying he wants to “hang out,” right? But to him, that means sitting in his apartment, drinking Diet Coke, watching Law & Order: Criminal Intent, and actually crying when you find out that the hooker was abused by her teacher.

And when you tell him you’re not interested, he puts on this really shitty smile like he’s forgiving you for something, and he goes, ‘Okay, we can take a raincheck.’ Every time.”

“That does sound like a difficult situation.”

“I know this seems like such small stuff. But it’s been years, and I just–there’s no way to talk to him about it. He’s such a do-gooder, he could never comprehend that he actually makes your fucking scalp crawl. He’s like some sort of Birkenstock-wearing, male nightmare librarian. Do you hate Dave Matthews Band?”

“What’s that, sir?”

“Do you hate Dave Matthews Band? Because I do, and this guy can’t get enough of them. He used to have ‘Satellite’ as his ringtone, and he’d wait to answer because he wanted to sing along.”

“Okay.”

“I wanted to hit him with a pipe. ...You like Dave Matthews Band, don’t you?”

“I’ve listened to some of their recordings in the past, yes.”

“Figures. (sighs) Well, I guess a lot of people like that kind of shit.”

“But you have every right to be–”

“And he has no dick. I swear to God. I saw it one
time in the men’s room, and there was just nothing there. I don’t understand how he gets up in the morning.”

“Okay.”

“Jesus Christ, I hate him so much. Let’s talk about something else… Are you a family man, Jonathan?”

“I’ve got two little girls at home.”

“Yeah, I pretty much don’t have anyone. But I’m almost glad—I don’t wanna have a bunch of fucked-up kids.”

“I think that’s a very healthy impulse. It’s fine to wait.”

“The guy I work with, if you took a look at his daughters, it’d make you pray for an asteroid. Seriously. I have no idea how those little turds are gonna find jobs.”

“I’m sorry to hear—”

“Maybe they could work as some sort of mobile anti-theft device.”

“Right.”

“Like for cars. They could just sit in the passenger seat, and you’d never have to lock the car. You could leave the key right in the ignition.”

“Right.”

“Or maybe they could take care of horses for a living. I heard horses can’t vomit. Ugh—why am I going on about those hideous little bitches? I feel like I’m gonna be sick.”

“Try to stay calm, sir.”

“You know how people always say they’d go back in time to kill Hitler?”

“Yes?”

“Well, if someone beams down and puts a zap ray through this guy’s head, I would not be surprised at all. Not at all. At least Hitler studied art. Not grief counseling and social work, like some Sunday school faggot.”

“What?”

“Yeah, like he’s gonna save the world, one poor, lost soul at a time. Meanwhile he’s not worth the piss it’d take to drown him. (pause) …Man, I feel a lot better. It feels good to get all this off my chest.”

“That’s great to hear, sir.”

“Yeah. One more thing, okay?”

“What is it?”

“If you ever meet this guy, give him a kick in the nuts for me. His name is, uh, Bonathan.”

“Bonathan?”

“Yeah. And we work together at…”

“Yes? Hello?”

“…We work together at a suicide help line…”

“What?!”

(muffled laughter)

“NOT funny, you guys!”
"I send you to journalism school, and you turn out this trash?"
Once on the wall of the Jacko’s office, this image is best enjoyed under the influence of a powerful hallucinogen. Have fun!
SO MUCH BLOOD ON OUR HANDS

DARTMOUTH JACKO BACK-PAGE CIGARETTE ADS
1922-1959