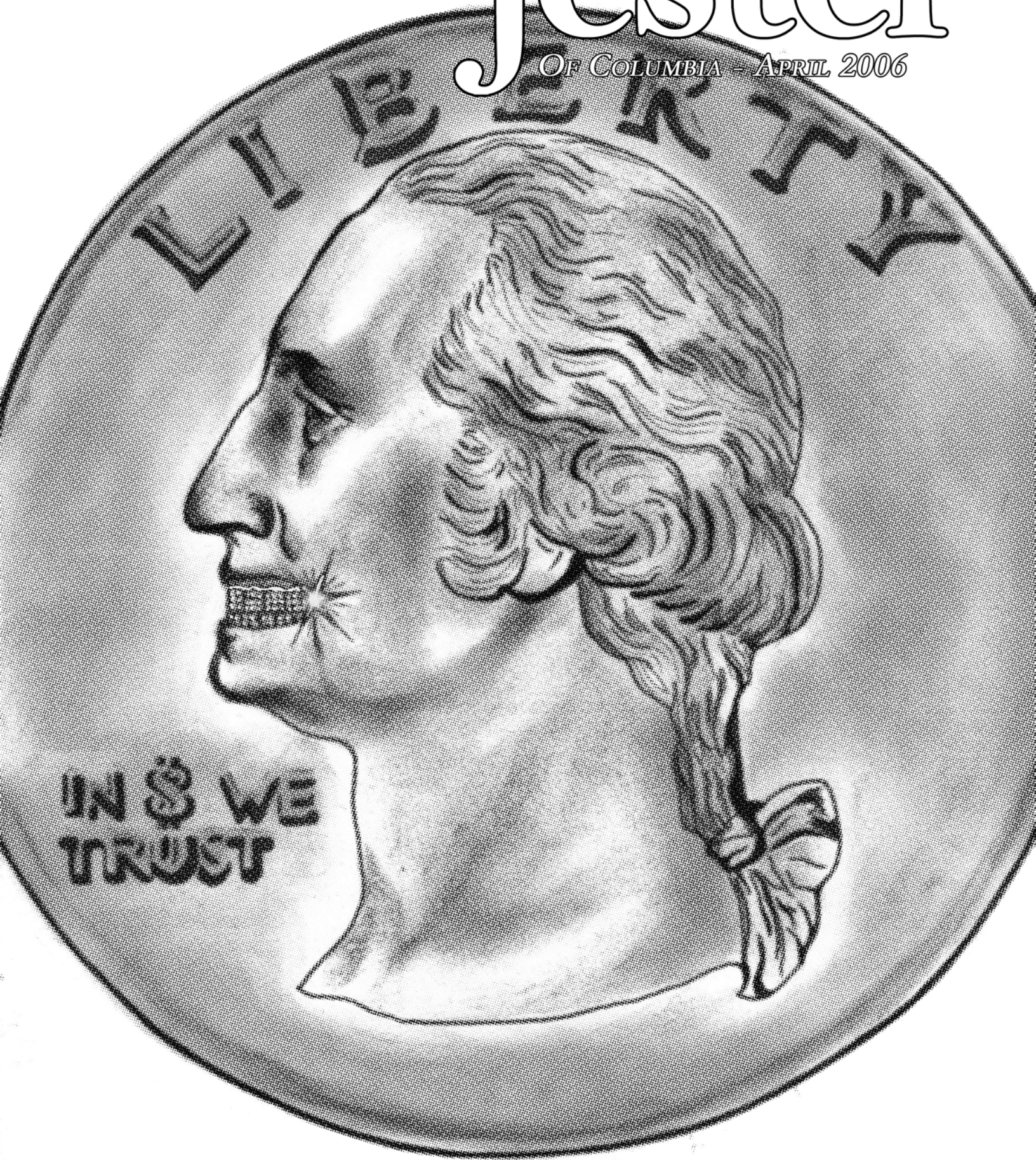


jester

OF COLUMBIA - APRIL 2006



SOCIAL WELFARE PROGRAMS ARE FOR QUEERS ...SO SUCK IT UP AND GET A JOB, SINGLE BLACK MOTHERS

THE NEW BOOK BY CELEBRATED CONSERVATIVE
COLUMNIST AND PROFESSOR OF MORALITY AT
HOLY MOTHER OF CHRIST UNIVERSITY

CHUCK BLAZER

THE ONLY MAN WITH THE **GONADS** TO CHALLENGE THE
LIBERAL RED RHETORIC OF "DOCTOR" MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

PRAISE FOR "SOCIAL WELFARE PROGRAMS ARE FOR QUEERS:"

"Blazer uses a remarkable number of exclamation points in this book."

- *The Nebraska Post-Chronicler*

"By posing every economic problem that our country faces as a rhetorical question, and then answering the question immediately in all capital letters, Blazer does quite a job of making things seem much simpler than all other evidence would suggest they actually are."

- *Pittsburgh Book Review*

"Though Blazer may be missing the point in his blatantly racist, sexist and homophobic claims that all welfare beneficiaries are single black mothers, and that anyone who supports them is a 'queer,' and consistently implying that there is something wrong with homosexuals... I do enjoy his liberal use of exclamation points."

- *The San Diego Beacon*

"This book is revolting."

- *Racist Homophobes for Moderation in Exclamation Point Usage*

ALSO AVAILABLE BY CHUCK BLAZER

FAIR TRADE IS FOR PUSSIES, SO SUCK IT UP
AND BUILD SOME SATELLITES, CAMEROON

AN OCEAN OF REASONS:
WE MUST DRAIN THE OCEAN

YES, THE HOLOCAUST WAS NOT REAL, AND
NO, I WILL NOT PLEASE LOWER MY VOICE
BECAUSE I PAID FOR THIS CHURRO JUST LIKE
EVERYBODY ELSE IN HERE

RICK SANTORUM IN '08: THE ONLY MAN
WITH THE **GONADS** TO DRAIN THE OCEAN

"SUCK IT UP OR GET ON OUT!!!!!!!"
-CHUCK BLAZER

AVAILABLE IN ALL TRUE AMERICAN BOOKSTORES



Jester of Columbia

“MONEY”

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A Letter from the Publisher

Well, let me tell you, being a publisher is not turning out how I thought it would from this one time I fell asleep watching *Citizen Kane* on the old movie channel. It all started with me and Rudy doing a bunch of whip-its at the 7-11 and that Pakistani dude started to chase us with a mop handle. Now, I don't know if you know a lot about Redi-Whip or its cans, but we were not in much condition to run from an angry man with a turban and a mop handle. Pretty quick I just fell down. You see, the human forehead can only take an amount of punishment before it gives up (I saw this on that cable autopsy show, and it was pretty technical, for the scientists, but I got it pretty well).



Eli Goldfarb, Publisher

Anyway I was on the floor and Rudy just screaming about terrorism at the angry Pakistani man, and that was it for him and he put down his mop handle to go call the police. This is where the story gets boring, but like I said I ended up at home watching *King Kong* and thinking about how tight it would be to do it on top of the Empire State Building.

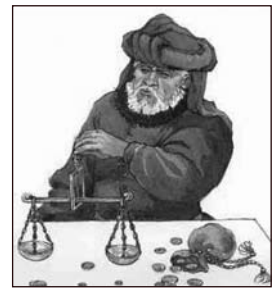
The closest I came was I almost made out with this chick by the recharging station at Q-Zar when I worked there one summer, but it was not nearly the same as the Empire State Building. Some cry-baby eight-year-old was afraid of the dark or epileptic or some crybaby crap like that and threw a fit right at the moment of me making my move and totally ruined the mood of that moment.

But since my cable got turned off since I don't get paid for this publishing shit, so I guess this is what they call a moot point. Fuck if I know what that means. What I mean is, if this magazine blows, don't come crying to me. Larry Flynt never had to put up with this shit, and that guy can't even walk.

Eli Goldfarb
King Shit Publisher

A Note From The Treasurer

If you are an astute reader, you have probably looked at the masthead and noticed that the name "Iscoe" is not blatantly Jewish enough for a treasurer, and have disregarded everything in this issue, as no publication without a Jew in control of its wealth is qualified to talk about money. If so, everything you thought is wrong—Iscoe is an "Ellis Island" shortened form of my original family name, Iscovitch, which is itself short for Israelgoldsteincovitchberg.



David Iscoe, Treasurer

I assure you, I control the Jester's money, and am now working on establishing an empire of smaller Columbia-funded clubs for the sole purpose of buying advertisements in the Jester, invisible advertisements at the price of infinity dollars each, or the closest possible "actual" number of dollars. I will then create a colony of smaller clubs which will donate to these clubs, and therefore increase the cashflow to the point at which the Jester is printed on gold leaf with platinum lettering, and readers will be paid not to complain about how hard it is to read such a shiny publication.

That day will come, but until then, be content to know that your faithful Jewish treasurer will keep Jester juggling and dancing and whatever the fuck it is a jester does until my Irish side causes me to spend the hard-accumulated Jester wealth on such vast quantities of a disgusting mixture of Manischewitz wine and Jameson's whisky that I die in a pool of my own vomit, induced not only from the volume of alcohol I consume, but also from the horrible taste of the drink, and nausea at the thought having wasted so much money instead of loaning it out at high interest rates.

David Iscoe
Treasurer



"MONEY"

VOLUME DXCII, No. 2

APRIL 2006

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What the Plot of the Movie "Million Dollar Baby" Should Have Been

I finally saw the movie *Million Dollar Baby* recently and was sorely disappointed. Here is what the movie should have been like.

The movie would open with a graphic shot of a woman giving birth. The baby emerges wearing a suit and he has a full head of hair. Gasping for air, he clearly already has a mastery of the English language and he shouts with great import, "Orange futures! Invest everything in orange futures!" Then the doctor would turn to face the camera and there would be a zoom-in close-up. The doctor would say, "Holy mackerel!" and then there would be an elaborate animated opening credits sequence set to ska music. It is to be assumed that the mother died in childbirth.

The baby quickly rises in the business world, despite initial skepticism from the Wall Street fatcats, who laugh and mock him when he walks into their private club and demands to be hired. They would say things like "Go home, baby." The baby shows them all when he seals the big oil company deal, and when the fatcats later seek his respect, the baby shakes his head at them. Somehow the fatcats all wind up getting covered in mud or gross poop at one point, and that should really please the audience because they were jerks all along.

The baby is a quick success, earning for himself the nickname "Million Dollar Baby" because of his propensity for earning large returns on his transactions. There would be many opportunities for jokes in these scenes where the baby could say things like "I would have gone in big on that Google IPO. Too bad I wasn't born yet." There should also be several scenes where one of his assistants says "You the man, baby" and then the baby would point at him in recognition, although he is on the phone with a client and clearly busy.

But he makes an effort to acknowledge his assistant anyway because he is a good guy.

Then there would be some sort of problem or a moral conflict that would make everything seem like it was about to fall apart. Everything would come down to the line, and it would appear that Million Dollar Baby is in way over his head but in the end he pulls some wild trick and succeeds.

Also in the course of this conflict

he should meet another financial wizard baby who is female and they would fall in love, but there would be no physical relationship because nobody wants to see babies doing that kind of stuff. In certain lighter moments, though, it could be implied that Million Dollar Baby was fellated.

The final scenes should

bear many similarities to Million Dollar Baby's initial rise to success, but we see that now he is working together with his love interest, and the name of his firm has been changed to "Million Dollar Babies." We see that Million Dollar Baby has just arranged to purchase a fledgling Major League Baseball team (this opens the door for a sequel, but the filmmakers would have to be careful not to repeat material from the movie *Little Big League*). The movie closes with Million Dollar Baby getting ready to throw out the first pitch on opening night. Kofi Annan hands him the ball and says, "Go ahead, Million Dollar Baby. You've certainly earned it." The ball is the size of Million Dollar Baby's head which would make for a comical comparison, and the baby would say, "What, are you fucking kidding me?" If the filmmakers didn't want an "R" rating, he wouldn't have to say "fucking."

Sam West
Editor-in-Chief



The Jester of Columbia, established 1901, is Columbia University's only humor magazine.

Jester is published as many as four times a year and is distributed free of charge to the Columbia University community. Please limit one copy per person. Views, ideas, opinions, or unsavory epithets expressed in Jester do not necessarily reflect those of Columbia University, its student body, or even the wise-ass college students who wrote them.

Any similarities to actual people, places, or events are coincidental, or satirical in nature.

Direct submissions, advertising inquiries, and other correspondence to jester@columbia.edu.

For more information visit www.jesterofcolumbia.com.

Beware the Money Scams

by Officer Rick Constantino, Top Secret Scam Squad N.Y.P.D

The sickness that infests this city...I know all the animals come out at night—whores, skunk pussies, buggers, queens, fairies, dopers, junkies: sick, venal. Someday a real rain will come and wash all this scum off the streets. I cannot forget the scam artists. Everytime I come across a scammer I feel the animal urge to crack his head. Yet I keep my hatred deep inside...festering...I know for every dead scam artist there are 20 ready, waiting. I must treat them like corrupt weeds...I must dig deep...fight them with the power of language. I have composed a list...of scams...so Average Joe America can see the truth...be ready to fight...there is a war brewing...

The Wallet Inspector

A greasy, balding man approaches you and says he works for the President in the Department of Agriculture and "Wallet Inspectology." His breath reeks of alcohol. He asks to check your wallet for terrorism. He says that the wallet is code aqua-maroon, and so he must do further tests in the President's mansion and then drink Mountain Dew with the President because he will be tired after the tests and he'll probably want to relax and stuff. The man leaves with your wallet. *Believe it or not—you have just been scammed out of your wallet!!*

The TV Salesman

A man who purports to sell brand new high-end televisions drops by your home. You welcome him in your underwear as it is your house and it just feels right. He tells you that he can sell you a bunch of televisions just below market price. A bit skeptical, you run several complicated and mathematical tests to conclude that these are in fact real, working televisions. You hand him the money and then he instantly warps into the future. It turns out the TVs were really holograms made from the future where it is an alternate reality and the Nazis won World War II so *that guy was really a Nazi!!!!*

The Pencil Swindler

You are attempting to write a really great piece of *Star Wars/Predator/Brave Little Toaster* fan fiction in the silence of a local library. A man/woman tells you to switch pencils with him. You oblige not knowing better. It turns out the pencil the crook was using was not a real pencil but a piece of gold shaped to look like a pencil, *therefore useless to write with!*

The Paper Switcher

A small, bizarrely accented foreign man approaches you saying he won the Pakistani lottery. He tells you he needs you to give him your money so he feels more comfortable with the American banking system, otherwise he will not keep his money in the bank and he will be forced to give it to charity. You oblige, giving him one hundred thousand dollars. He then tells you he just remembered that he left the lottery money in a den in the jungle filled with wild tigers and deadly snakes that live in the ferocious claws of the tigers. In order to get the money back you will have to wrestle/manhandle the tigers and deadly snakes that live in the jungle. The foreign man trains you for several months in the art of "kicking ass." Once the foreign man deems that you are indeed "a bad enough dude," you travel to the jungle and kill lots of animals. One day you come across the den full of tigers and valiantly murder them. You take the lottery money to give back to the foreign man but *you learn he won the Turkish lottery not the Pakistani lottery!!!!*

The Falcon

A man in a bear suit approaches you. He is carrying a rainbow under his arm and smoking a pipe made out of candy. He exposes himself to you and asks you to give him all your money. You give him all your money. *It turns out he is not really a bear!!!*

The Spanish Falcon

A man in a bear suit approaches you with a rather large handlebar mustache. He is carrying a rainbow under his arm and smoking a pipe made out of candy. He exposes himself to you and asks you to give him all your money. You give him all your money. You then stroke his mustache. *It turns out he is not really Spanish!!!*

Shit like this happens everyday in my precinct. *Every god-damn day.* I implore the reader, if you notice anything going down like it is described above...do not contact the police directly. Go get that Bible you have hidden under your pillow, and start reading the only part that matters...the Book of Revelations. Look deep into your hearts, and pray for God...not for any God...but that vengeful God...the God of pain and destruction...to come down and smite...fucking smite their asses...where the fuck are you, big man in the sky?





BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

Washington DC

Motto: "Nosotros, vosotros, trosotros"

Welcome to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing!

We have made some improvements recently, so please mind the following changes:

~ The coat-hangers on the wall have been removed, as results of our Spring 2004 focus groups have indicated that coat-wearing is falling out of fashion. Caution!: Please do not attempt to fix coats or other garments onto the wall where the coat-hangers used to be. They will not stay up. For the blind: please do not blindly try to put your coat up there.

~Our new mascot is Penny the money duck, so watch out for pictures of ducks that are now painted everywhere.

Fact Sheet: The Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

~Founded in 1861, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is the third most boring government bureau in our nation's capital, after the Department of Housing and Urban Development and the Bureau of Pamphlet.

~The Bureau of Engraving and Printing prints postage stamps and Federal Reserve bank notes, which I guess has to be done somewhere.

~There are over six fully automated machines in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, two of which must be kept turned off and in storage at all times.

~It is told that the Bureau's architects wanted to "create a building with several windows through which laborers can look unto the world outside." Needless to say, this ambitious plan failed.

~The first director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing holds the record for "Longest time spent lying in state at the U.S. Capitol." That's right, two whole weeks passed before his crushed body was dislodged from the congressional gear-room.

~Unlike Mitchell, South Dakota's *Corn Palace*, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing recently removed its "Wild Bill Hickok: The Corn Version" corn-based diorama series, in compliance with a recent directive from the President of the United States himself prohibiting the display of interesting things in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. If you seek the dioramas, they can be found at the *Corn Palace*, and also Torrey, Utah's *Museum of Irregular Wild Bill Hickok Dioramas*, and the National Archives.

~Did you know? The first director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was mysteriously crushed in the congressional gear-room. "This has truly been a *crushing* ordeal for our family," his widowed wife joked to the *Congressional Quarterly*.

~Please do not ask if you can take home some coins. This is not a fucking *mint*.

~"His pain'd screams still resonate to-day / Throughout the congressional gear-room."

Copies of this poem are on sale at the bureau gift shop, as are photocopies of a pencil sketch of the director's crushed body that the police forced his wife to draw.

ENJOY YOUR TOUR, AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE HOME YOUR FREE TWO-OUNCE BAG OF SHREDDED UP BANK NOTES

References:

1. "Chimney Sweep Discovers Rotting Body in Gear-Room." *Annals of the Congressional Gear-Room*, Vol. XLII, No. 2.
2. "Gear-Room Travesty Thrills Nation" *Congressional Quarterly*, June 12, 1873.
3. Holmes, Oliver Wendell. *Poems About Crushed Bodies and Ghastly Limb Amputations* (3rd edition).
4. "Wife to Gear-Room Crushee: I don't miss you" *Congressional Quarterly*, June 16, 1873.
5. "Watch Out! The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has a New Duck-Mascot" *The New York Times*, 2/10/06, page A1.

Overheard at Alan Greenspan's Retirement Party

1. Anyway, Alan: What are you going to be the Yoda-like guru of next?
2. Ladies and Gentleman, here he is, the man himself: Alan Greenspan! Oh, wait, I'm sorry. That is just a duffel bag full of human skin.
3. What is your *interest rate* in sleeping with me?
4. Yes, that's what many people assume. In actuality, the tech boom was fueled almost solely by internet pornography.
5. Adjusting the fixed national interest rate by .0032% on February 9, 1998...balls of steel my friend, balls of steel.
6. I heard he needs to use Keynes in order to walk. *Keynes. KEYNES.*
7. What is your *federal funds rate* in sleeping with me?
8. You know, I once watched Alan pour mashed peas all over himself while crying. That's right, I am Alan Greenspan's childhood babysitter. I am over one hundred thirty years old.
9. Wait, what is all this about C-SPAN? Are we on TV right now? I don't see any cameras. Who the hell is Alan Greenspan?
10. Would you like to have \$ex with me?
11. *Know* Oliver North? Let's just say Ollie and I aren't allowed back in Managua anytime soon.
12. Why's he giving his speech in English and Chinese?
13. So, seriously, Alan, where do you keep your Jew-gold?
14. Who do you have to blow around here to get interest rates to go up?! Oh...Right.

A Money-Related Joke.

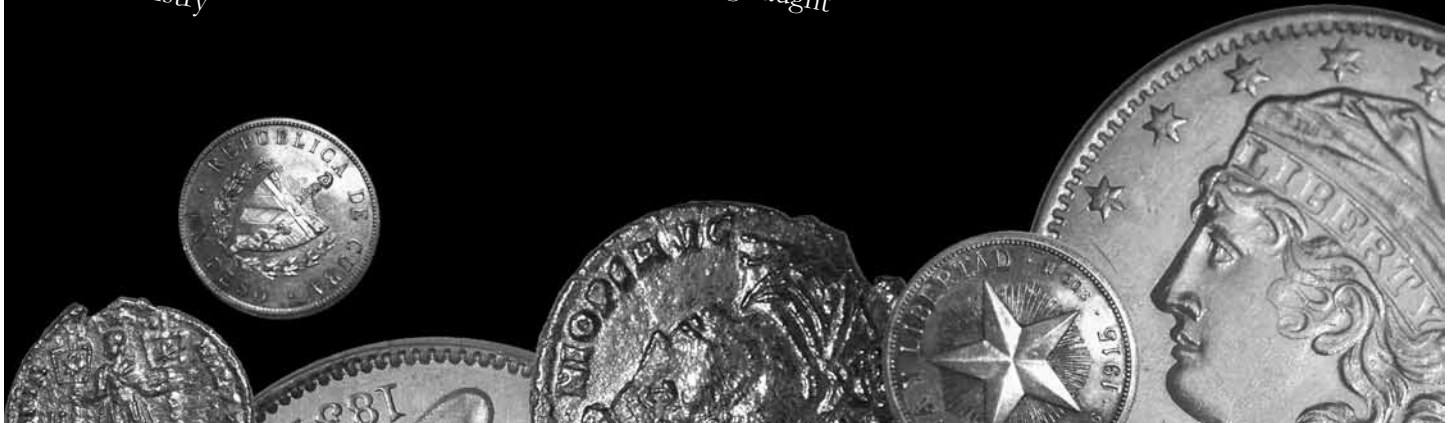
- 1: So, what do you think of that
SMOOT-HAWLEY TARIFF?
- 2: Its effects on our trade balance were truly
TARIFFYING.

Things that the Invisible Hand Does (Besides Guide the Free Market)

1. Knocks over trees during rainstorms
2. Brushes up against you and passes it off as an accident
3. Moves snakes around
4. Talks trash about the visible hand
5. Pushes drunk people back and forth when they walk; sometimes pulls partially digested food out of their stomachs
6. Enables Adam Smith to masturbate without getting caught
7. Plays some wicked air guitar
8. Powers windmills
9. Dentistry

Things Money is the Root of (Besides Evil)

1. Monetary exchange
2. Arguments about money
3. My self-esteem
4. Most bad movie plots
5. The Apollo 11 moon mission
6. Cake
7. Mo' problems
8. At least 30 percent of all trees (cut them down to discover which are the special prize trees!)
9. The Apollo Lunar Module
10. Arguments about cake
11. Pussy
12. Pussy
13. Pussy
14. Cars
15. Pussy
16. Getting pussy in a car



The Jester Guide to Conspicuous Consumption

Conspicuous consumption: no, it's not hacking blood out of your tuberculosis-wracked lungs in the middle of Times Square, boys! It's the way to show the size of your specie-chamber! Here are some gentlemen's favorites:

Philanthropy

One of the best ways to show off is to donate millions of dollars that you earned by brutally oppressing the unwashed masses to institutions of higher learning, with the knowledge that only madmen like Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn will dare to note all the blood on your hands. Writes Andrew C. from Pennsylvania:

"While as of late I am known for my generous philanthropy in founding numerous museums and a notoriously antisocial university, I am less known for hiring a personal militia to break a strike extra-judiciously by firing into the crowd, killing scores."

Mistresses

A second favorite is the collection—and subsequent disposal—of mistresses. Nothing is more indicative of your wealth than your ability woo starlets and your colleagues' daughters. Throw diamonds at these attention-starved ladies and they will freely spend the four hours needed to unlace their corsets for you. Plus, when you dump them after a few months, they will be able to pawn all the jewelry you gave them to feed the waifs that you fathered! Stanford W. from New York writes:

"Roping virginal starlets and my clients' daughters into my sex penthouse is just such a marvelous way to massage my ego and waste money that could be going to feeding the wop ragamuffins coming in at the docks. I enjoy it so greatly that I will seduce a 15-year-old girl, deflower her, and then cheat on her after she marries, knowing full well that her husband is a bipolar maniac who will kill me."



Mansions

Another way to spend money is to construct palatial manses in the style of absolutist monarchs. Nothing says that you run a country like living like someone who ruled a country one sesquicentury earlier. For otherwise, where will you put your specie-chamber? Writes George V. from New York:

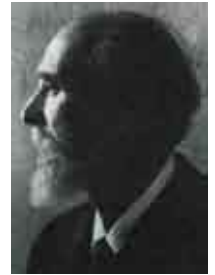
"My chateau on 125,000 acres of unblemished forest in North Carolina is the pinnacle of recreating the life of the nobility in 18th-century France. Not only building a mansion in that style, I have founded several farms on the property to recreate also the practice of tenant farming. What is even better is that my manse will develop a cultish following of people who will endlessly applaud my taste and not the 65 servants I employed at extremely low wages."



Jewelry

Why waste your money on a house only few people will see, when you can wear your wealth around so everyone might catch a glimpse of its fabulous glory? Indeed, jewelry and expensive decoration is the best way of converting your specie directly into golden assets. Writes Carl F. from St. Petersburg:

"Truly, my ability to waste useless but shiny materials on opulent paschal eggs and other jewelry for the Tsar has distracted the jaded nobles enough to make me the toast of the town. While their glibness in dealing with the modernization of the country will eventually lead to their deposition and murder in a basement, I can at least rest assured that it will be my jewelry that will deflect the bullets, leading the Red Army privates to kill the royal family at point-blank range."



Why Andrew Jackson Hates Banks, Part One



Identity Theft: Getting It Straight

A first-hand account from a convicted Identity Thief

I have to admit, when I first heard about identity theft, I didn't quite understand what all the fuss was about. When you rip off a car stereo or a TV set, it's got substance: you can hold it in your hands, you can feel the weight of it, you know you have to hide it from the police. But an identity? How do you even know one when you see it? How do you know if your fence is trying to lowball you—cause that prick Victor would screw his own grandma out of her rent money if he thought it would buy him a couple more minutes in that jerk-off booth.

Anyway, that's why I didn't pay much attention to these identity scams until I saw how much scratch Wet Stanley was pulling down. Now, Wet Stanley once tried to raise lobsters in his bathtub because of some Discovery Channel special he saw, and those little fuckers damn near took both his eyes. So if Wet Stanley could make money on identity theft, you know, anybody could.

At first I wasn't quite sure what you were supposed to do to start stealing identities. I picked a few good names out of the phone book and wrote them down and carried them around for a couple weeks. Whenever I paid for something, I'd use one of the names—"I'm Andrew Carhart," I'd say to the guy at the deli, but he just looked at me funny, and I didn't really see what the point was since I was paying cash anyway.

I was getting tired of the whole thing, so I decided on a more direct strategy. I went to the bank and tried to withdraw five thousand dollars. No dice. The teller tried to feed me some bullshit line—"we can't dispense cash without proof of identity," he said. Like that was gonna fly with me. I called him out in front of the whole line of people: "No shit, poindexter. That's why they call it *identity theft*." At that point I would have had him by the balls, except some security guard told me I had to leave, and I knew that tangling with one of those guys would totally blow my cover.

On my way out, I noticed a sign about how now they've got all the banks hooked up to work on the Internet, and that big light bulb went off in my brain. Finally, I could see how the game was played. I found a new mark in the phone book ("Gerald Elgin"), broke into his house that night, and went straight for the key to his identity. If you're smart, you've guessed it by now: his skin.

I don't know if this guy Elgin was just a light sleeper or what, but when I started pulling at his skin with my tongs he woke right up, and I can tell you he didn't seem happy about it. The tongs weren't really getting anywhere and Gerald looked pretty uncomfortable, so I pulled the shears out of my bag and then he started to scream. Long story short, I ended up bruising the skin a little bit, but Gerald quieted down and I managed to get most of his skin off in one piece, and I even kept most of the run-off on this plastic sheeting that I found in his basement.

I pulled his skin over me so nobody could challenge my identity—especially over the Internet. It was sticky but it was cold in the house anyway so it didn't bother me too much. I caught a glance of myself in the mirror and I have to say I kind of liked how it looked: there was a traditional element, like it was an Indian chief's skin coat or something, but it was also adventurous and ahead of the curve. But I had business to take care of, so I went to find Elgin's computer so I could get all his money from the Internet.

Well, obviously, you know the rest, Your Honor. Gerald didn't have a computer, and I wasn't going to leave him alone in the house without any skin, so the whole plan turned out to be a bust. Now he's dead, I guess, but I still don't really believe these doctors who say it was my fault—I've conned a lot of people in my day, and none of them ever had any "catastrophic blood loss" or whatever. So I'm sorry, anyway, but I don't really see how anybody here would have done different in my position. That's all.

Rejected Letters of Recommendation, Part One

Dear Employer,

Tammy was a greeter at our Wal Mart at the corner of Morse Road and Smith Avenue for 5 years. She was observed to be proficient in the following tasks:

- Greeting
- Sweeping
- Stocking
- Muttering
- Sobbing softly in breakroom

I recommend Tammy to any position for which the above tasks are required.

Always Low Prices,
Derek Lowe
Night Shift Manager

Dear sir or madam,

Donna worked in my meth lab for 2 years before she got set on fire and then had to do some time but she was good though and we all like her alot.

Donna is a funny girl because once we were all geeking around this Wal-Mart so fucked up and she was like watch this guys and we saw her take a real quick shit on a shelf and we had to leave because it was so funny and we laughed so hard we had to leave.

Also Donna is good at cooking up crank and she can sell lots of it quick because her people skills are good too.

Thank you for your time sir or madam,
Tom Drew

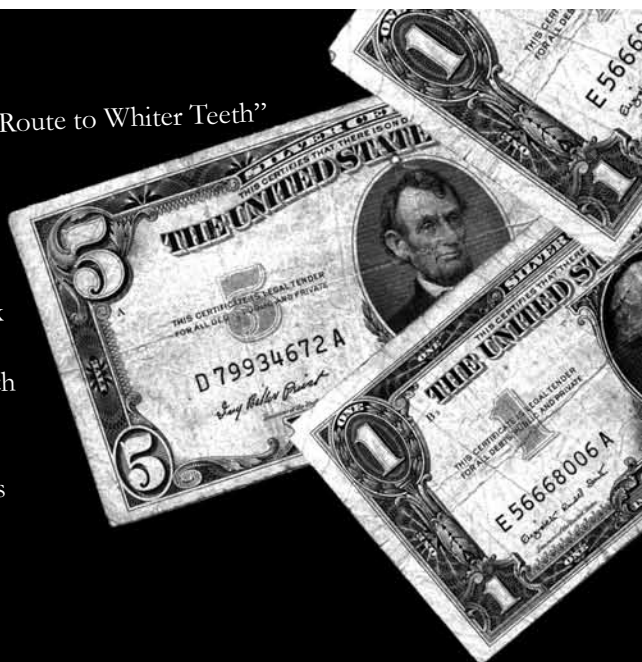
Just for "PUN"



How To Buy Teeth-Whitening Toothpaste in Twelve Simple Steps

"12 Steps = 12 Monkeys = 12 Inches = One Foot = The Shortest Route to Whiter Teeth"

1. Withdraw \$1,000 from a bank.
2. Change that \$1,000 in to one hundred \$10 bills at a different bank (as a courtesy).
3. Buy a silver paint marker.
4. Buy one pack of Parliament lights, one votive candle, one Twix bar, and one poncho (NOTE: only buy from a store that sells all items, anything else will change the order of the steps, which is a grave mistake).
5. Step into the poncho.
6. Walk up several flights of stairs while eating as many cigarettes as possible.
7. Once half the pack of the cigarettes are eaten, have a seat on the stairwell, digest, and wipe any crumbs off your poncho.
8. Fold \$10 bill to reveal hidden picture of World Trade Center.
9. Enjoy that Twix bar (you hero).
10. Use silver paint marker to give Alexander Hamilton a sweet grill.
11. Use best \$10 bill to buy that favorite flavor of that Colgate toothpaste that has those teeth-whitening specks in it. Insist on letting them to keep the change.
12. Remove poncho, but save it in plastic tote.



Other George Washingtons

George Washington Carver
George Washington Slicer
George Washington Strangler
George Washington Rapist
George Washington Irving
"Notgnihsaw Egroeg"
Grover Washington, Jr.
George WashingTONY DANZA
George Cougar Washington

Reasons to use "Memo" Space on a Check

NOTE

"Keep up the good work"
"This is a paltry sum"
"for the KIDS"
"Suck my dick"
"Suck my dick"

REASON

Boost workplace morale
Remind recipients that you make more money than them
Imply that ex-wife is using child support money for personal expenditures
Remind friend you are angry that he won bet which requires you to write check
Remind prostitute what check is paying for

Jester Investment Tip
INVEST IN VOLCANOS
a stock that will literally *explode*
and destroy towns

Note Left on an Executive's Refrigerator
Honey—I have taken the kids to go swimming
IN MONEY. We took the NEW BENTLEY. I
left A SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY on the
table—please pick up some groceries, be sure to get
some CAVIAR. Love you—see you tonight IN OUR
MANSION.

PS: After we go swimming IN MONEY I am taking
the kids VIA PRIVATE JET to see their grandpar-
ents IN ASPEN and then we are never coming back
because I don't love you anymore and I was lying I
won't see you in the MANSION tonight I will never
see you again.





\$1M FRAUD

WWE'S MILLION DOLLAR MAN NOT ACTUALLY WORTH ONE MILLION DOLLARS. FANS PISSSED.

by Dirk Reddington, JP staff reporter.

HARTFORD, CT—In what amounts to a watershed press release, the WWE's Million Dollar Man Ted DiBiase has admitted that his net worth falls far short of the fabled million.

Despite his jewel-encrusted dollar-sign belt and the near-weekly video clips of him arriving to WWE events in stretch limousines, DiBiase maintains that his lifestyle is actually quite modest.

"Look, it's not fucking real," said DiBiase. "I don't know what you're thinking. I'm not actually throwing hundred-dollar bills into the crowd...it's fake money. Throwing real money away would just be stupid."

Though DiBiase clearly does not understand that the literal "throwing away" of money is in fact a sure sign of millionaire status, his point is well taken. DiBiase went on to explain that his belt is not made of real gold and probably has a market value similar to that of most costume jewelry. In addition, he claimed that his notorious "limousine arrivals" are actually just the same video clip being played over and over. "Jesus, it's always the same white limousine," said DiBiase. "You didn't notice that I always have the same expression on my face? I drive a Nissan."

DiBiase even went so far as to deny that he was "born on Wall Street," as his biography on the WWE's website claims. "Wall Street? I'm from Michigan," said DiBiase. "No one's actually born on Wall Street. There aren't any houses or hospitals there, it's just big commercial and government buildings."

DiBiase's background is actually quite humble. His father was a fisherman and the young DiBiase spent just one year in Upper Rapids Community College. He only started wrestling after failing to meet his monthly sales quota at Lansing Nissan. He maintains that while his salary is adequate, the WWE is certainly not paying him anywhere near the seven figures. "Yeah, I'm a millionaire," said DiBiase. "That's why I'm out here in tights and a bowtie, putting people in sleeper holds."

DiBiase went on to explain that while he's not a millionaire, he is still living comfortably. "I mean, the WWE isn't so bad," said DiBiase. "I just bought my kid an X-Box and had some work done on the roof. But we're definitely not living on Park Avenue or

Lying stars are common in the WWE - continued on page 2



"Million Dollar Man" Theodore DiBiase deceiving fans in 1991 (File Photo).

SPECIAL REPORT: THE VIRGIN UNDERBELLY OF COMIC BOOK SPECULATION

by Alex McGehee, JP Staff Reporter.

SPRINGFIELD, MA—When Sam Morris returned to his home from an afternoon shopping trip in 1993, he was short of breath, and not because of his disgusting physique. In his hands he clutched a thin black plastic bag which he felt held the key to a secure financial future. Aligned neatly in the bag were 153 copies of Superman #75, with the plastic seal and black armband, comprising what he believed to be a gold mine. "He's dead, man," Morris said at the time, "when you're dead, you're dead. People don't just come back to life, you know? It's impossible. Superman is dead, and I am gonna rake in the cash!"

One impossibility later in the next year, Morris's supposed gold mine was worth nothing. Morris' tale is one of many, and a component of what many people call the "speculation bust of the '90s" and what others call "being a fucking idiot."

Expert investor Adam Fields said, in response to the bust, "If you want to invest in something, invest in real estate or junk bonds or scallion futures. But comic books?" he asked, eating a handful of whole scallions, "Come on!"

Many analysts have pointed to one trend among this famously volatile market: a severe lack of sex. Desires not sated by regular sexual intercourse have been proven to hinder one's decision making skills, cause pain in the testicular region, and turn people into total bitches, studies show.

Comic book retailers had a large role to play in this debacle. "Superman is an American icon, so his death sent ripples through the national psyche. But when DC [Comics] revived him less than a year later, even if he was all blue and electric, his death became just another stunt," said R. D. Rightson of Forbidden Dungeon Pirate Planet in Atlanta, who has never known the touch of a woman.

James Cook, of Boston, is well known as a supreme comic collector. He bought over 500 copies of the infamous issue but, like so many others, failed to realize the proper opportunity. Cook, who could not be reached for comment, has also never woken up beside the soft body of a woman who will moan in contentment when you rub her back and lie that you love her. Many normal people bought into the speculation trend as well as the nerds. As good Americans, they saw the opportunity to make a profit through the exchange of goods but were dealt a swift blow by those who have never consummated the physical act of love.

Fred Gutenstein is a comic book "writer" for Marvel, and while he had quite a lot to say about the whole business, from the look of his apartment, it was pretty fucking obvious to this reporter that he had not gotten pussy in a while, if ever. Action

"Big Comics" promotes virginity - continued on page 2

NO SEX IN THE COMICS AISLE

continued from page 1

figures were arranged in elaborate poses on his bedstand, all of which would have long since fallen over if he had even been in the throes of passion with a woman. Let me tell you about this one time, I brought home, well it was to my friend's place, this chick from Venezuela. She didn't speak any English, but she was fluent in the language of love, if you know what I mean. I was fluent in los herpes, but I dropped her off at the INS and never saw her again.

Still, ardent comic books aficionados remain loyal to their chosen cause. Says Horace Oates, President of DC Comics, "Make sure to buy the next issue of Batman, because, I don't want to spoil the unbelievable surprises in store, but...he dies. And I quit. I am sick and tired of not getting any ass. You can only masturbate to a cardboard cutout of Wonder Woman so many times, you know?"

MILLION DOLLAR LIES

continued from page 1

anything."

DiBiase's confession comes right on the heels of the Undertaker's public announcement that he is not now nor has ever been an actual undertaker and Stone Cold Steve Austin's press conference in which he admitted that he is extremely generous and kind.

AREA MAN FINDS TEN DOLLARS, FINDS FIVE DOLLARS THIS PRICK CAN'T STOP FINDING MONEY EVERYWHERE

by Frankie Wyle, JP staff reporter.

MOUNT KISCO, NY—"You wouldn't fucking believe it. I'm opening up the shop, and BAM, a ten dollar bill is just sitting there right at my feet, like it had been there all morning. And I mean, it's not like it was a five, or even a twenty, because people use those. No way guys, this was a ten. This was a find," Andy Shurbrick, manager of the local Pottery Barn was quoted as saying earlier Wednesday afternoon. After a deafening silence, he added, "and then I found five dollars?"

"I just don't get why I had to know," said friend and pastry chef Chris Bridges. "I mean, I get the five dollars thing as a fall-back, but when it becomes the story itself, you almost feel bad for whoever's telling it. And I think his wife is cheating on him."

Shurbrick has been reported for using this technique on several occasions in the past. According to recent Shurbrick anecdotes, he found five dollars after his car's failure to start last week and after his consumption of the "best fucking Reese's Piece I ever had" in March. Five dollars is equivalent to about three British pounds, or about four Euros. In this case, Shurbrick said he regretted not simply saying he had found fifteen dollars.

"I just wish he'd mix it up a little," said Cyrus Carver, long-time friend of Shurbrick's. "Whenever I tell a bad story, I usually end it by adding that my cat just died, or that I 'got her pregnant,'—that one's usually good for a laugh." His expression turning serious, Carver continued, "But the day I actually tell a group of people that I found some money is the day I stop porking Andy's wife."

THE FRESH AIR FUND SUPPORTS MOLDOVA!

APRIL 2006: "MONEY"

AREA MAN IS ASSHOLE, BUT IS ALWAYS RIGHT ABOUT MARKET

by Finwe Odugmosa, JP staff reporter.

NEW CANAAN, CT—"Yeah, whatever, K-Mart went up two bucks yesterday, it doesn't mean I owe Hillbrook a God-damned thing," said area resident Marty Klink. "I didn't ASK for his advice, fucking dick," he added, crushing his empty cup of Starbucks coffee.

Tom Hillbrook, longtime resident of New Canaan and a real piece of shit, has had a notoriously incredible run of accurate market predictions over the last few years. "I just call 'em like I see 'em," said Hillbrook in an interview earlier last week. "If you don't like it, I'd suggest doing something with your life instead of being a reporter. Oh, and watch out for textiles this week, they're in big trouble. Bitch."

Hank Parker, a man who Hillbrook has made incredibly rich over the last few years, had this to say: "I'm not exactly sure why he doesn't just keep the advice to himself. I mean, it's not like he wants to help people. The other day he poured motor oil on the handicap ramp of his office."

In fact, there isn't a single person who can name an inaccurate prediction that Hillbrook has made in the past six years.

"Two years ago he keyed a penis into the side of my car because I was a 'big, gay homo-boy,' said oil executive Peter Trist. "However, when he was driving away in his H2, he told me to invest in Under Armour. I bought a new house with that money."

The general consensus is that, despite his antics, Hillbrook is still worth keeping around the town. "My wife and I almost broke up, but after a few tips from Tom, the tough times ended. Now, we're back on our feet and happier than ever," said Dane Parwell, Hillbrook's neighbor. "I just wish he hadn't killed our kids."



Tom Hillbrook, known for dispensing advice and tremendous douchebaggery (File Photo).



Lesser Known Proverbs by Ben Franklin

- Eat to Live, not Live to Eat
- Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead
- Genius without education is like silver in the mine
- The word "anus" is derived from Arabic, not Latin.
- If the men in question have soft features, you aren't gay
- There was never a good war, or a bad peace
- Remember: Time is Money
- Don't fuck with wizards
- Why do I love twenty-eight-year-olds so much?
Because there are twenty of them, silly.



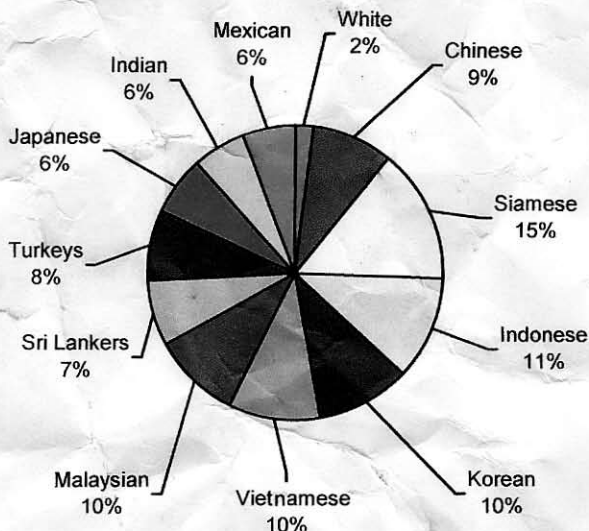
Contact: William Riley
 Nike® Head of Public Affairs
 New York, NY 10178
 (212)555-8946

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

NIKE LEADS PACK IN DIVERSITY

Nike is pleased to report the result of an internal study which has found that Nike employs a more diverse range of workers than any other clothing/sports equipment corporation in the world. Over 98 percent of those employed by Nike are of South Asian and South American descent.

Ethnic Background of Nike Employees by percentage



At Nike, we have made - and will continue to make - it one of our foremost priorities to employ a diverse range of workers from varied and rich ethnic backgrounds.

In addition, Nike has made increasing efforts to hire the underpaid, underprivileged, and exploited workers of the world. We have gone out of our way to diversify not only with respect to race, but also with respect to wage, working condition, degree of nourishment, severity of disease, and availability of healthcare.

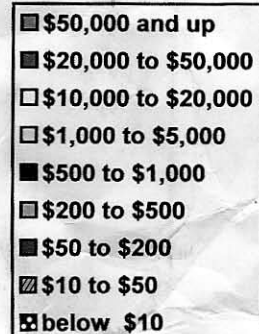
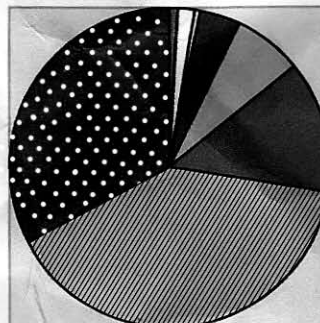
Nike has also gone out of its way to incorporate members of lower income families. Over 95% of Nike employees come from low income households. While other companies are turning a blind eye to the plight of the poor, employing only

members of high-income families, Nike has gone out of its way time and again to lend a helping hand to these struggling families.

Nike continues to reaffirm its commitment to diversity, and hopes that others will join us in this commitment.

Thank you.

If you'd like more information about this topic, or to schedule an interview with William Riley, please call Nancy Sinclair at (547)555-5784



Annual Income of Nike employees by percentage

Transcription of “Fireside Chat”

with Don Wilson, CEO of VALTHAR Organisation, at the company’s annual retreat.

DON WILSON: Good *Gornax* to you. Welcome to the glistening *Ice Resort of Neptune*. Feast your eyes upon the glorious twain moon! Now then, I know that our company has taken a lot of flak from the *intergalactic press* concerning our business practices, so allow me to recite a bit of wisdom passed down to me from my father, Q’raelliaxxulon Wilson. Here at the VALTHAR Organisation, we care about more than profits. As my father liked to say, we invest in *people*. In other words, we remain devoted to the enslavement of all humanity and the development of a *Zro’xag* master race.



Don Wilson, CEO

Now, I’ve been told that listening to my speeches is like watching a very boring episode of *Granthaxx* on your *Kri’xunn*. But don’t touch that *graael’ulon*! Because what I am about to say will thrill you. We have recently invented a way to blind human babies before they are born. There are two major implications of this. First, we need not worry about distracting the slaves: not having to view our hulking bodies which are too grotesque for words, they can labor. Second, we will no longer have to install rotating death-spikes to deter runaways. We will simply tell the slaves that they are there. In conclusion, I am confident that our detractors will have little to complain about when we debut our newest invention: a sharp pipe designed to specifically to suck the eyes out of a human fetus. Okay, I’ll take a couple of questions. You there, with the red *gullax’reyighbnidd*.

QUESTIONER 1: Good *Gornax*, sir.

DON WILSON: *Gornax* Good.

QUESTIONER 1: I’m a member of Infant-Blinding Union Local 331, and I’ve worked at Labor Camp X-414 for over 16 moon-years.

DON WILSON: All applause for your diligent labor.

QUESTIONER 1: Yes, anyhow, I’m concerned as to what this new invention will mean for my job and the jobs of my colleagues.

DON WILSON: You need not worry. While it is true that most blinding will now be done by our precision knife-pipes, your skills will still be needed as far as blinding other intelligent mammals such as bunny rabbits, dolphins, and small bears. No layoffs are planned. Next question.

QUESTIONER 2: Hi, sir, I’m an assistant workmaster at Rending Plant 3, and we still have a live Earth-human infestation. We were told it would be corrected six weeks ago, and—

DON WILSON: Yes, I believe we destroyed them all with our suffocation beam—

QUESTIONER 2: No..

DON WILSON: —and sold their women into *chronosexual* slavery. Really? Well, I will look into that. I want our *Zro’xag* overlords to be as comfortable as possible. I do apologize. Last question, yes?

QUESTIONER 3: Hi, boss. I’m from R&D, and my team recently developed a machine that can rip the spines out of human babies before they are born, and the board decided not to fund it. This isn’t a complaint, I’m just wondering why you guys decided that now wasn’t the time for a spine-ripping-out machine.

DON WILSON: A good question, to be true. I remember that machine and the board still is considering that for the next fiscal moon-year. A machine that rips the babies’ spines out could really help our company, but I think it’s an issue of timing. I’ll put it like this: the value of the human baby has increased 600% since the razing of the Earth-region “Europe.” Now, there are plenty of folks out there that love to pop babies into their huge mouths. But we think it’s more financially prudent at this point to blind them, enslave them in our toy-manufacturing plants, and grind their bodies into goat-meal after they mature. Also, I understand that your team is still working on a modification of the machine that would not only rip the spine out but also flay the baby and remove the rib cage, and we’d prefer to hold off on funding until we can reach that benchmark. That would be quite exciting for VALTHAR. I hope that answers your question. Now come on, people, enough chit-chat, let’s hit the slopes! Who’s with me?

Jester Salutes the Water Barons of Earth

Water: it is something that many of us are not allergic to. But while you sit there, guzzling gallon upon gallon of purified water, who do you think of but yourself? Shame on you. Because of people like you, many do not acknowledge the hard work of those who make the international trade in water possible: the Water Barons. These select few have toiled all their lives to conjure up new and interesting ways to charge people money for something that can be obtained for free worldwide. It is to these clever few that Jester devotes these next two articles.

Liquid Assets: A Profile of Financial Genius

From its beginnings as a small enterprise that no one really believed was real, bottled water has become a multi-trillion dollar industry. With such companies as Occupied Poland Creek, Rehydrated Water, and H₂O-My-God becoming household names, water is becoming the trendy new trend that's so trendy it covers two-thirds of the earth's surface.

Self-styled "water baron" Bradford Johnston, owner of the wildly successful H₂O-My-God, believes he knows why his product has resonated so resoundingly with the public. "My top-notch researchers and statisticians have produced extensive...research and statistics about the response to water, and it's been amazingly positive. What they discovered is that, apparently, everyone needs water to live or something. When I heard that, I thought to myself, 'Self, sell the people what they need! You can help the people, Bradford! Do it for the children!' So I did it to the children. And the rest is history."

Using the synthesized rhetorical skills of Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and Adolf Hitler, Bradford Johnston explains why the success of his unconventional and exotic product is scientifically assured. "I hired the best scientists to do their experiments and the like. Now, I'm not a 'hydro-genius' or a 'high-school graduate,' so at first I didn't understand exactly what they were saying, but I did understand this: it turns out that 75 percent of any person—even you—is water! I know—it's crazy, right? I hardly believed it myself, and I listened to a recording of it in my sleep for more than two weeks. Now, I am just a businessman—not an astronaut or a cosmonaut or a coal miner—so those smarties may be saying, 'human beings are composed of about three-fourths water,' but I am hearing, 'human beings are made of

three-fourths money.'"

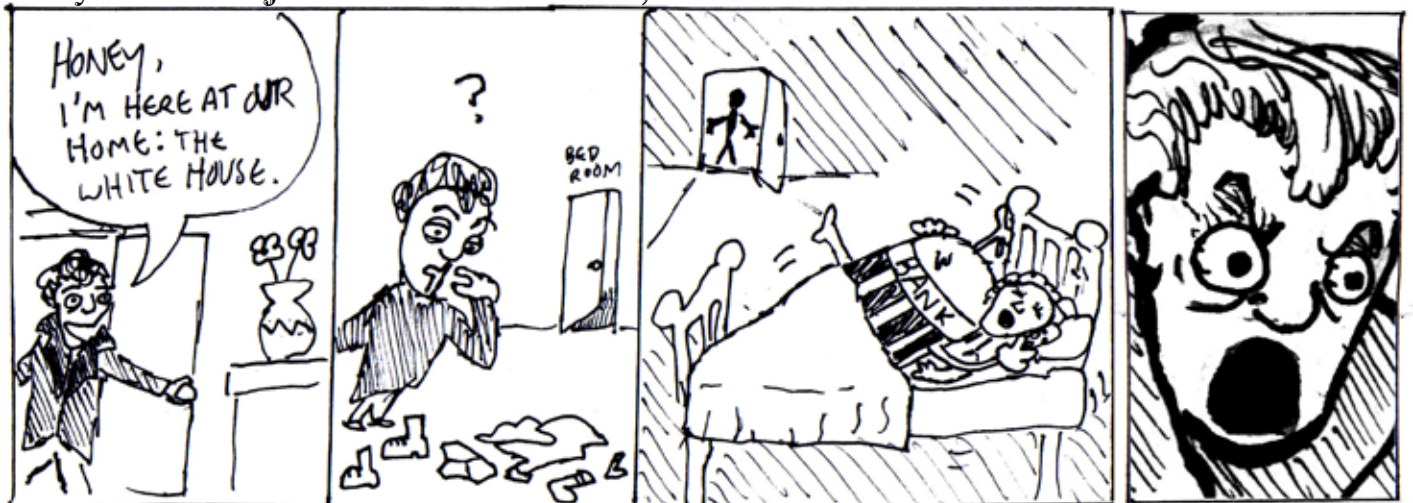
Johnston's business savvy has served him well. He is currently the president and CEO of one of the nation's most successful bottled-water companies. Johnston says his next move is to expand into the field of "water boxes." He explains, "You've heard of juice boxes, right? So far, nobody's been able to produce a box for water: a convenient, portable water supply for kids. Until now. Our product's success is virtually guaranteed, barring the invention of some kind of fantastical water-tube system that transports water throughout buildings.

"Obviously, this is not a serious concern, so we're already pushing ahead with marketing research. Since our water boxes are cutting-edge, we want them to have a hip, cutting-edge image. According to focus groups and several highly paid consultants, the hippest thing in the whole fucking world right now is reggaeton. I don't know what the fuck that means, but whenever you think, 'reggaeton,' we want you to think, 'water box.'"

Relaxing in his plush armchair, enjoying a fine Cuban cigar and the companionship of his fellow water moguls, Johnston has become a model of courage and innovation for entrepreneurs all over the world. Johnston had this to say to any hopeful competitors: "Just follow your hearts, as long as it leads you to obscene profit. Always remember that your product should serve a common need. For example, everyone needs water, and we need money."

Insider reports indicate that "blood-transfusion-in-a-bottle" may be the next quarter's Cinderella story. The frontrunner, according to analysts, is a new upstart company, HemoGOBLIN.

Why Andrew Jackson Hates Banks, Part Two



Address by the President of Water Baron Consortium

at the Annual Conference of Water Barons in Las Vegas

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished guests, I'm glad to see you are all hydrated and healthy. Please, take a bottle of water from the cooler in the back. Let your ancestors' vaunted names be hallowed by the clear urine you will expel. So it is written, so it shall be.

Yes, friends, our trade has prospered mightily in the past decade. We titans of the water trade have profited from the public's fear of supposedly un-potable city water and dangerous "acid rain." Little does this thirsty, bewildered herd know that it was we who first poisoned their municipal reservoirs and seeded their fluffy clouds with corrosive chemicals. Since the dawn of time have we, the International League of Water Barons, urinated in, poisoned, and otherwise polluted public water systems, modern and ancient. From aqueduct to Brita filters, we have polluted them all! They did not know it was we who destroyed them and no, rest assured, they will never find out.

Wait...who is that, in the back? Sentinels, seize that hapless bellhop! He could have heard me! We mustn't allow him to tell the others. Yes, excellent....continue beating him. You may dispose of his body in the trunk of my water-car—he will well feed my giant leeches. Did you not know? My car is also a submarine. I use it to commute to and from my undersea mansion where I keep my giant leeches, my nubile bedmates and a flat screen TV which truly brings college "hoops" to life.

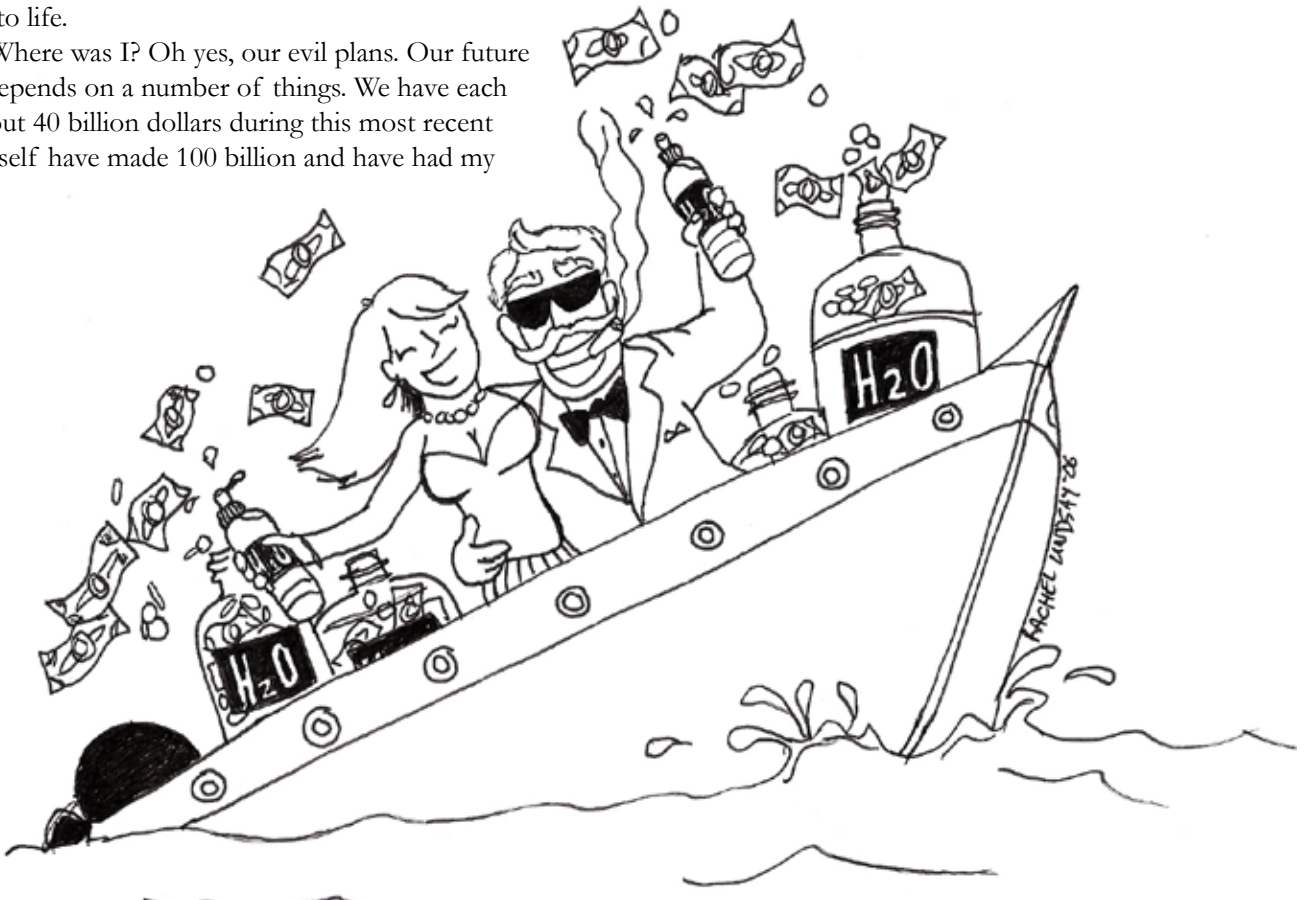
Where was I? Oh yes, our evil plans. Our future success depends on a number of things. We have each made about 40 billion dollars during this most recent war. I myself have made 100 billion and have had my

penis augmented. I am now 15 inches long and 4 inches wide. Behold my glory!...No, I will not put it back in my pants. Let it remind you why I am President.

To continue, let us hope this war in the "land of the two rivers" will continue through the next four fiscal years. Remember to send hefty bribes to the American Congress for more wars in hot places.

In addition to war profiteering, we must continue to expand into the world market for water consumption. Global warming will help us in this historic effort. Scientific inquiry suggests that in mere years, climate change will render the Earth as barren as the balding scalp of Baron M. Fortinbras of Antwerp! Eh, Barons? [Laughter] A loving jest, Fortinbras, a cordial jest. Now then, let us look toward a brighter, warmer future by contributing to global warming ourselves. I urge you to invest heavily in the unregulated Chinese coal industry. Also, as a gift, I give to each of you a 1975 Ford Thunderbird. Do with it as I do with mine: let it idle in your driveway when not in use.

In conclusion, our future as water barons is secure and the state of our industry strong. Know that I, your leader, am confident we will continue to prosper in the next decade and beyond. If my words have failed to convince you, take heed of my most impressive erection.



BlackBerries At The Airport

(Lewis pays for his Quizno's breakfast sandwich and then returns to the United Airlines Lounge area. He sits next to a slightly older gentleman who is talking very loudly on his cell phone.)

BUSINESS MAN: Correct, *Amigo*. They're getting shipments in every hour. I know, I know, you can't have only one BlackBerry. I mean, shit, *hombre*, I've got three! By the way, say, "hi" to that spicy lookin' *Latina* I saw you with the other day, you *guapo* motherfucker...what do you mean why do I keep speaking Spanish? Your name is Dominic, ain't it?...You're from Poland? *(long pause)* Aight, bud, I gotta go, I'm receiving an e-mail. Yeah, I'll see you in Tempe, bitch.

(The business man hangs up his phone, turns his BlackBerry around and places it on the table in front of him. He glances at Lewis.)

BUSINESS MAN *(To Lewis)*: I love it. When you're not at the office, you can talk whatever fucking way you want. You know what I mean? Ha!

(Lewis takes a bite out of his Quizno's-brand breakfast sandwich and then takes out an essay from his backpack.)

BUSINESS MAN: What you got there, sport?

LEWIS: It's my sociology paper.

BUSINESS MAN: No, no. I wasn't talking about that. I mean that sandwich. Are those pancakes instead of bread or a bun?

LEWIS: Yeah. It's a pancake sandwich. There are eggs and bacon inside.

BUSINESS MAN: Wow! That looks good. Where'd you get it?

LEWIS: Oh, right over there...

BUSINESS MAN: No! Don't show me. If I eat one those I'd have to do crunches right here in the lounge. You see, I do crunches every time I finish a meal. Wait...if I got one of those, would you hold my legs down when I do my crunches?

LEWIS: Umm...I don't think...

BUSINESS MAN: Ohhh, you almost got me, chief. You were trying to convince me to eat one of those sandwiches! Well, I'm not going to fall for it. Anyway...*(One of his three BlackBerries makes a noise and lights up.)* Hold up. I've got an e-mail. *(He glances at it.)* Fuck this shit, every other message I get is some kind of Cialis Viagra advertisement. *(He saves the message.)*

LEWIS: So what do you do?

BUSINESS MAN: Oh, you know, business stuff. I'm actually here on business.

LEWIS: Yeah?

BUSINESS MAN: Yep. Don't you think I look pretty sharp? I got this new jacket—it's Armani.

LEWIS *(Noticing the three BlackBerries)*: Why do you have three of those?

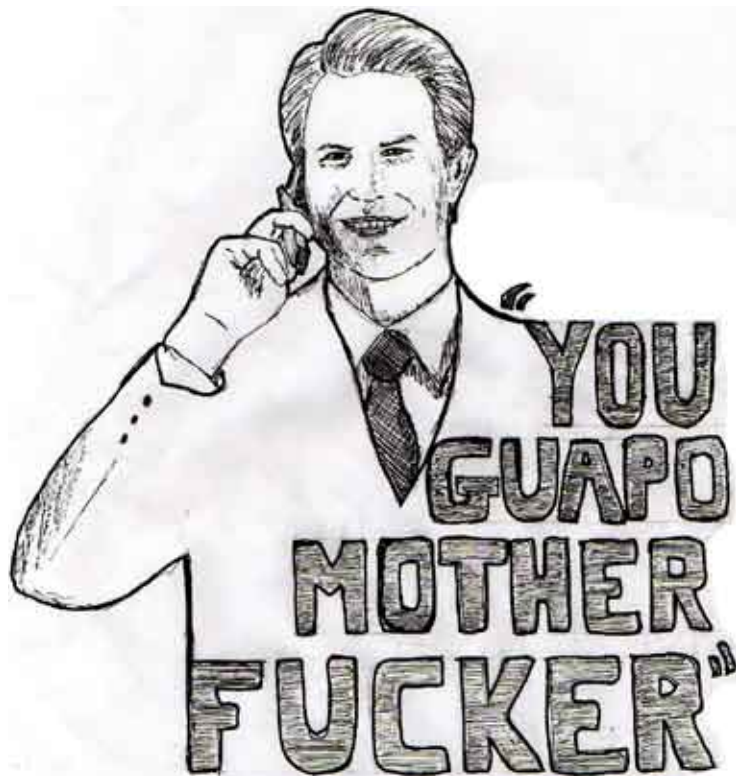
BUSINESS MAN: You don't know? God, kid, you'll never make it in the business world. You always have to separate clients, family, women.

LEWIS: Wait, what? What if you have a female client? Or what about your mother, which one is she in?

BUSINESS MAN: Are you really asking me this? Isn't it obvious?

LEWIS: Oh...I guess.

BUSINESS MAN: Man, I can't believe they have all these free drinks here in the lounge. Even Fresca. That's some fresh-squeezed grapefruit



shit right there. And it's diet! I don't have to do any crunches afterward.

(Boarding call for Flight 405 to Boston)

LEWIS: Well, that's my flight. Take care.

BUSINESS MAN: Best of luck, kid...I'm sure one day you'll get the hang of the money-making thing. It's simple.

(Lewis leaves. An old man walks over to the Business Man)

OLD MAN: Hi, you must be Mr. Slater. I'm Mr. Reeves, the manager of the United Airlines Lounge. It says in my schedule that you are here to apply for Refreshment Station Coordinator.

BUSINESS MAN: Yes sir. I'm really pretty excited.

OLD MAN: Alright, then, let's get started. First off, what brand of suit are you wearing?

BUSINESS MAN: Armani, sir.

OLD MAN: Excellent, excellent, I'll just put a check mark here. Next question, how many BlackBerries do you have?

BUSINESS MAN: Three, sir.

OLD MAN: Good, good, and what is your breakdown of contacts?

BUSINESS MAN: Clients, family, and women, sir.

OLD MAN: Another great answer. You are right on point, Mr. Slater. You certainly seem to understand business.

BUSINESS MAN: Yes, sir, I do. So did I get the job?

OLD MAN: You sure did. You will have a starting salary of \$6.75 an hour.

BUSINESS MAN: Oh, thank you so much, sir. Now I can finally pay for some groceries. I've just been stealing them for the past two months.

OLD MAN: Say, Slater, do you think you could pour me a Coke?

BUSINESS MAN: How do I do that?

OLD MAN: Oh, it doesn't matter, that's the last thing have to learn how to do anyway.

What Would You Do With a MILLION DOLLAR\$\$\$?!?!\$\$\$?!?!\$?

I'd head to the casino, strut up to the roulette wheel, and put it all on red. If I win—BAM, two million dollars!

With two million dollars...why, I could win four million dollars with one spin of the wheel! But I would settle for two million, since the casino's guard would have escorted me outside for having ripped my clothing off and poured champagne over my naked body in celebration.

As millionaires need not fear the menacing glare of social stigma, I would walk with a flamboyant gait through the downtown streets of the city, naked as Moses in the bulrushes. If anyone would dare laugh at my undersized genitalia, I'd pay them thousands of dollars to wallow in a nearby mud puddle while squealing like a stuck pig—that'd show them.

Along the way, I'd hire good-looking females to gather about me in an adoring mass, giggling and swooning. With my new entourage around me, I'd stand on a soapbox, or hire people to form a pile for me to climb on top of, and call for the destruction of the American empire and social structure.

My hatred for the president and my desire to dismantle his war machine with Molotov cocktails and French grenades (pronounced gruh-NODDS!) would echo through the hills. If passers-by were to vocalize their opposition, I'd hop off the soap box and join in with their insults, calling the guy who was standing on the soap box an arrogant, irreverent asshole without a viable alternative for the present government. I'd throw Molotov cocktails and gruh-NODDS in the general vicinity of the soap box on which I had been standing, murdering my

entire entourage. (Apparently my newfound money would make me both murderous and fickle.)

After bribing the cops to frame a homeless man for my seditious acts of violence, I'd bring a new entourage—Entourage Mark Two—back to my place, where we would have a Caligula party. A Caligula party means everyone would be naked, except I get to wear an ivy wreath around my head, and I would get to do whatever the hell I'd want, including, but not limited to: gladiator games, sexual acrobatics, and sexually acrobatic gladiator games. Once the fun was over, I'd throw some leftover Molotov cocktails and gruh-NODDS into the party room, so nobody could spout off to their friends anything regarding my diminutive manhood.

Just thinking about it angers me: my mother always told me, "just because your willy is weeny, doesn't mean you don't deserve respect." But I suppose that's what gruh-NODDS are for in the first place: murdering civilians.

So anyway, after all that, I figure I'd have about a million dollars left. I'd take it to the casino, strut up to the roulette wheel, and put it all on red, hoping beyond hope that I'd win again and have two million dollars in my pockets, again. If I win, I'd repeat the same process as before. It would never get old!

I haven't thought much about me losing in roulette at any point. I suppose if I lost and broke the vicious cycle, I'd have to go back to scrubbing toilets and hustling handjobs in Washington Square.

What Else Would You Do With a Million Dollars?

1. Buy 14,000 Fleshlights
2. Hang out at the gym all day, leering at women
3. Buy a house, host a lavish party under the name of an older man who does not exist. Claim man is a real person, sue him for a million more dollars. Repeat?
4. I would buy a contraption that would somehow have a cat perpetually lick my balls. If this does not exist, I would buy real estate.
5. Save the world and then lease it to the Chinese
6. I would buy you a house... and we wouldn't have to eat Kraft dinners... but we would!

Colloquial Expressions for Money:

A Verbal Cheat Sheet

Have you ever been involved in a commercial transaction? Then you'll know that when it comes time to pay the bill, finding the right words can be a challenge. Well, no more! Cut out this "verbal cheat sheet" and use it every time you make a purchase. All you have to do is select words from columns A and B, and VOILA: a tailor-made sentence! (Note: keep this with you at all times.)

**"You're in luck, [insert common name from Column A],
I just found some [insert word from Column B] in my pocket."**

Column A: The 14 Most Common Human Names

Herman
HermAn
Hernan
Merman
Coilman
Voltman
George
Georgio
Gorge
Jorge
Goose
Hawk
Fei Long
Daved

(For female names, add "ette" or "ina" to any of the above names.)

Column B: Money Slang

Dough
Greenbacks
Greenstuff
Redstuff
Purple-Orange-Brown Stuff that comes out of my ears, mouth and nose every weekend
Grandkid Limbs
Miner's Blood
Dancing Shoes w/ Socks
Cousin Suzies
Slave Sweat
Elgin Tumors
Loveable Little Fops of Capitalist Oppression

Jester for Kids: Learning About Money

Hey, all you delicious little kiddlings! It's time to learn about one of the best things you can get: money! "Why is money good?," you might say. "A lot of people say money is the root of all evil." But did you know that the tree of evil is really an apple tree, and that apples are delicious? Whenever anybody tells you money is the root of evil, tell them, "you mean apples?" If you smile when you say it and act really cute, they'll put you in a commercial for apples or money or the plight of child sex slaves, and you can make lots of money! And remember, money is what it is all about! It is lots of fun to be in a commercial, but not every kid can be on TV ☹️.

But don't worry, good habits can help you out! With our two happy habits, you too can acquire lots of apples of evil money for happiness!

"Happy Habit Number One"

Save your money!

Save your money from what, you might ask? You losing it, silly! The problem is, even though the worst thing that can happen for money is for it to go to you to someone else, money is not always smart about what it wants to do ☹️. Sometimes it might even try to burn a hole in your pocket to try to escape! If it does, you have to put it in jail to help it.

Money-jail is called a "bank." For mommy and daddy, a bank is a Jew that keeps their money for them and then lends it out to other people and makes them pay it back in pounds of flesh! But don't worry kids—you can use a piggy bank, where Jews can't get your money because their god, the devil, won't let them kill their fellow pigs!

To use a piggy bank, you stuff the pig with money—then, when you want to buy something special, if you have enough in the piggy, you can smash it open to buy what you want! This is how you should treat your money—save it up until you are sure that you really need it. Also, it is how you should treat your pigs—fatten them up, and then, one day, when you are really hungry, kill a pig to eat it!

"Happy Habit Number Two"

Make friends with people who can help you out!

Sometimes there is a kid at your little school who is really nice but not very popular. You might want to be friends with this kid because you feel bad, or enjoy spending time with them. That's not a very wise thing to do!

When you are on the playground, look for the kids with the nice toys, or who are friends with lots of kids, and you will be able to play with nice toys and have lots of friends! If you keep this up your whole life, you may be able to become a much more successful member of society than you ever could think!

When you are making the new friends, remember the simple saying: "Make new friends, but keep the old, one is silver and the other gold." New friends will get you lots of money, and are valuable like silver, but the longer you have been friends with someone, the more money they are likely to help you with! This is why the old friends are as valuable as gold, which is not only more valuable than silver, but also shinier!

Be a good kid, and, follow these hints, like a rainbow, to a pot of gold!

Can You Imagine...

...a time when a nickel bought a steak dinner and a house only cost ten dollars?

That's just ridiculous. Think about it: to pay for a pack of gum, you'd have to cut a penny into tiny pieces. Everyone knows pennies are indestructible.

Can you imagine...

...a lemur the size of a Buick that could breath fire and fly?

If it were captured, people would flock from all over to pay to see it...until it got loose and incinerated the whole helpless crowd, and a traveling convoy of gypsies besides.

Can you imagine...

...a huge international network of computers that would allow people across the globe to share information and communicate almost instantaneously?

Not yet...but we can still dream.

Can you imagine...

...a car so expensive that even God can't afford it?

No—because with Easterns Motors, your job is your credit.

Can you imagine...

...how tight it would be to do it on top of the Empire State Building? Yeah...pretty tight.

Can you imagine...

...one of those things where everyone in a big crowd in a stadium holds up different-colored signs so that from far away they look like one giant sign that says "GO BEARS"—only this one is so big that it can be seen from space, and it says "BLOW ME PLUTO"? Truly that would be a great day for mankind.

Can you imagine...

...a world without crime, poverty, hunger, disease, or war? No, you cannot. These things are essential to the existence of the world.

Why Andrew Jackson Hates Banks, Part Three



Change Over Time

BARBARA: What is this, two thirty-nine for a loaf of bread? Why, I remember when you could buy a whole bread factory for that price.

ZEKE: Yes, and loaves of bread didn't cost any more than a dime.

BARBARA: I ought to light that thing on fire. I remember when loaves of bread cost five cents each. And that was the kind of loaf that had gold bars hidden in it.

ZEKE: I remember when you could buy a plate full of gold bars for five cents.

BARBARA: I remember when a plate full of diamond rings cost a nickel, and that was enough.

ZEKE: Well, I remember when five cents would buy you a ride on the steam boat and three licks on the big "candy cone" downtown. That was the cone made of candy! Of course, that cone is long gone.

BARBARA: What happened to it?

ZEKE: It was eaten.

(Six minutes pass as they continue to stare at loaves of bread)

ZEKE: I remember when you could buy a priceless violin for five cents.

BARBARA: I once hired a man to build me a sailing-boat made entirely out of priceless violins, and you know what he charged me? Five cents.

ZEKE: Oh yeah? Well I once bought a whole fleet of galleons full of treasure, and the galleons were made of gold treasure!

BARBARA: We're not counting miniature galleons, Zeke. I know all about your chest full of miniature galleons.

ZEKE: I remember when you could go downtown, walk right up to the mayor and fight him.

BARBARA: Five cents used to buy you an evening with the cooper. If only that man could make barrels as well as he could tell stories. Poor fellow was bankrupt by the end of the year, I recall.

ZEKE: I have no sympathy for that cooper. I always used to say to him, "Cooper: you can't make barrels out of paper." And he'd just stare at me, stare right at me! I would have pulled him over my knee and spanked him if he wasn't twenty years older than me. Also I have no hands.

BARBARA: How'd you lose your hands?

ZEKE: Hell, Barbara, you know as well as I do that they were mysteriously bitten off by panthers.

(Enter Carnes)

CARNES: Either of you two seen Laurie?

(Silence. Carnes narrows his eyes and chews suspiciously on the end of his pipe. Exit Carnes.)

ZEKE: I remember when five cents would buy you a pound of Egyptian cotton, three whacks at the turn-pole, and an afternoon at the races!

BARBARA: What races?

ZEKE: The good kind.

BARBARA: Oh, yeah? Well I remember when three pounds of cotton would get you into the races! And you were the horse!

ZEKE: I remember when sixteen pounds of horse meat would trade for nine buckets of chaff, which you could use to bother people by sprinkling it into their old-fashioned mattress. Of course, in those days, we called them napping slabs.

BARBARA: That's because we're so old!

ZEKE: That's right. Old and *proper*. Folks today are so picky about what kind of mattress they sleep on. Not me, though. I used to sleep on what they called a "Pittsburgh Mattress"—bed of coals covered in the skin of an orphan. Coals, damn it!

BARBARA: Hot coals?

ZEKE: Now don't be ridiculous. These were Ohio coals!

(They both enjoy a hearty laugh)

BARBARA: A mattress with coals is certainly irregular.

ZEKE: You remember the banking crisis? Why, we used mattresses as currency in those days. Of course, they wouldn't fit in your wallet, so the merchants had to come right up to your house!

BARBARA: That is the origin of both milk-men and the term "mattress economy."

ZEKE: Yes it is. You have a wise sense of history. The milk men used to bring the cows into your house, but as the legend goes, you can walk a cow up stairs sixteen ways, but there's only one way to get it back down: stun it, bleed it, cut its hands off, and then roll it down the stairs real easy.

BARBARA: Couldn't you just push it down the stairs?

ZEKE: Now let's not talk nonsense, Barbara. The hands of a cow would prevent that.

BARBARA: I remember when you could stroll right in to the bank and trade five cents for thirty dollars.





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Jester Self-Help Page

*It is clear now that you have many problems, most of which probably cannot be corrected.
So help yourself...to this page!*

A Libertarian Guide to Upward Mobility

First of all, this is a guide. We're not holding your fucking hand or anything, got that? We don't owe you anything and every food stamp you use is costing me fractions of my soul. Your soul, too. The "Libertarian Guide to Upward Mobility" is a means for you to learn how to stop oppressing all of us hard-working, sober Americans and finally start competing on an even playing field. If you're looking for the easy way out, you can follow the "Crack-Smoker's Guide to Getting By" or the "Swedish Guide to Communism." No, libertarianism isn't for everyone. Just for the good people.

So, you're poor and you want to improve yours and your family's standard of living. Now, maybe the welfare checks put some nice big cocaine rocks in your pipe, but you have to understand that accepting help from others is immoral, no matter how "slamming" a high it buys you. Instead, you should start working hard. Real hard. While being lazy and shiftless might have its merits, there's really no substitute for hard work. Putting some real elbow grease into it. Jefferson and Washington worked hard. You can do it too!

What you've got to start asking yourself is, "What would Ayn Rand do?" The next time the church raises up a big collection to bail another one of your sons out of jail, consider whether Ayn Rand would accept the money. Do you think she would? If you said yes, you've obviously never read her work. The truth is, Ayn Rand never accepted help from anyone. Ever. She wouldn't even let her husband bring her to orgasm. He wanted to and told her that he loved her and wanted to do something great for her, something that would finally get her to stop frowning and kicking the cat around the house. Her answer: she told him to stop being so damn altruistic. It made her sick.

Simply by asking yourself, "What would Ayn Rand do?" you'll find your way into the middle class and maybe even win your soul back. The steps here are simple.

- 1) Stop accepting help of any kind.
- 2) Start working hard.
- 3) Start using expressions like "elbow-grease" and "Not in my America!"
- 4) Stop caring about people.
- 5) And finally, the golden rule: Never love anyone more than yourself and never love yourself more than you love Ayn Rand.

If you follow these simple directions, you'll find that you can't go wrong. If you're ever confused, just start working hard. Remember, there are jobs out there. People just don't want to work hard. People like you.

Guide to Becoming a Trophy Wife

Columbia University, as many of you lovelies may know, was strictly dicky until 1983. Why, you might ask, did the school choose to become coed, given the fact that an all-femaleish college, Barnard, existed right across Broadway? Simple. Barnard students simply weren't marriage material. They went to college to learn important things, like interpretive dance and the Alexander technique. Columbia girls, on the other hand... Well, a Columbia education is, quite frankly, the icing on our wedding cakes. Where else are we going to find that perfect future Wall Streeter? Princeton? Please.

Snagging the right man, however, is by no means an easy task. Here, then, are some simple rules for getting that much-coveted Cartier on your left hand.

- 1) Invest in a pair of expensive-looking sunglasses to wear at all times, day or night, inside or out. The little teeny dollar signs in your eyes make be distracting when trying to latch onto that perfect guy.
- 2) Don't eat. Only poor people are fat. Better yet, don't breathe. One wouldn't want to accidentally inhale calories.
- 3) It is best to dress exactly like every other girl on campus in order to let your stellar personality, not your clothing, shine through. Individualism is very gauche, very new money. Your collar? Popped. Your leggings? Leggingy. Your Uggs? Have long been given away to, like, your maid or something. What's her name? Lupe? Lupus? Whatever.
- 4) Make sure he knows you have the makings of a perfect trophy wife. Is he bored? Suggest a fun excursion to Madison Avenue. Is he hungry? Prepare a delicious and healthful dinner for him by making reservations at Cipriani. Now have a Martini; you deserve it!
- 5) Never underestimate the power of designer handbags. They show you have expensive (and, thus, excellent) taste without having to take the trouble of developing a personal sense of style. You, after all, have more important things to do. Like get a husband.
- 6) Get pregnant.

Hopefully, these tips will help you land that perfect future C.E.O. so you can L.O.L. at all the U.G.L.Y.s from your pentH.O.U.S.E.

Counterfeit Salt



Some people don't realize that the papery green stuff we've come to know as money wasn't man's first attempt at currency. In fact, the history of money is a long and windy road paved with red shells and rare birds. For example, people know that the phrase "to pay through the nose" comes from 14th-century Ireland where the noses of the less fortunate were actually used as the standard unit of currency—the standard rate of exchange was about fifty potatoes to the nose. However, after the druid uprising of 1412, investor confidence suffered and the price of a single potato eventually rose to a wheelbarrow-load of noses. Other problems arose (noses decompose) and, realizing the absurdity of using noses for money, King Patrick XXIX changed the currency to copies of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, as are used today. *Jester* now brings you a rare historical perspective on one of ancient man's most delicious currencies—salt!

VENDOR: Come on, step right up! Get your gourds here!
Every type of gourd, you name it, we've got it—
drinking gourds, cooking gourds, pointed gourds,
long gourds, acoustic gourds, bitter gourds!

YOUTH: Good morning, gourd vendor.

VENDOR: Good morning, young man. What kind of gourd
were you looking for today?

YOUTH: Yeah, well, I was wondering if you carry any *special*
gourds? (*Youth begins winking constantly at Gourd Ven-*
dor, and nodding his head up and down.)

VENDOR: I do not know the gourd to which you are refer-
ring, young man. We have oblique gourds, perhaps
you...

YOUTH: Nah, man, I'm looking for a *special* gourd, you
know what I mean? (*Youth begins to wink faster*)

VENDOR: Ah, perhaps you would like an imported gourd.
Egyptian, or...is your face OK?

YOUTH: (*continues winking*) Dude, I need a *special*...long...
gourd, you know?

VENDOR: Yes, we have many long gourds. Will this gourd be
holding liquid or...seriously, young man, do have
something in your eye?

YOUTH: (*abandons plan of continuous winking and leans toward ven-*
dor, whispering) I need a long gourd, you know...the kind
of long gourd that *you can smoke out of*.

VENDOR: I have heard of such gourds...But even if I did
carry the gourd you speak of, it would cost far too
much for you to purchase.

YOUTH: Don't worry, old man. I've got the salt for it right
here in my pocket.

VENDOR: (*taking a long, wrapped package from under his gourd cart,*
and yelling loud enough for passersby to hear) Yep, here's
the gourd-flute you asked for...that'll be four and a
half pounds of salt.

YOUTH: (*matching vendor's volume*) Wow, sure is a nice musical
instrument. (*Removing pounds of salt from pockets*) Here
ya go. (*begins to walk away*)

VENDOR: Wait a second! This salt looks too shiny, let me
see...(*putting a salt crystal in his mouth and biting it to*
check its saltiness) Ow, my tooth! (*A crowd begins to*
gather around gourd cart) This salt is much too hard. In
fact, it's not salt at all...it's counterfeit salt...these are
diamonds! Worthless diamonds! (*Vendor throws fake*
salt back at Youth, who grabs "flute" and books it)

VENDOR: Stop! Thief!

Goldman Sachs

Memorandum Re: Policy on Diversity To: All Employees

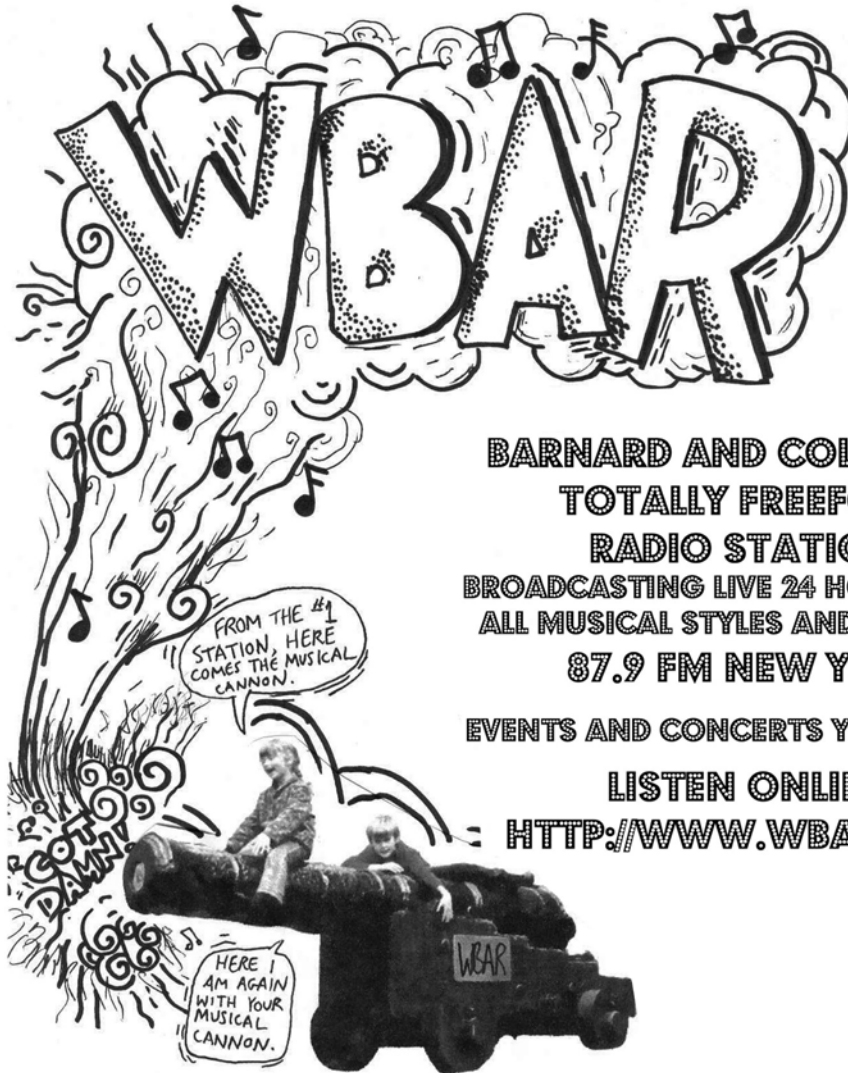
It has come to my attention that there have been some very troubling incidences of intolerance here at Goldman Sachs, and I think that we all could use a little diversity training to help us conform to today's strict diversity standards.

Here's the deal. You shouldn't ever treat a person differently based on his race or religion or sexual orientation. At Goldman Sachs, our policy is, as Martin Luther King said, that people should be "judged not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character"—except replace "character" with "wallet" or "bank account" or "illegal offshore slush fund."

In this day and age, we can't afford to be racially prejudiced, as anyone has the potential to be wealthy. Likewise, it is wrong to assume that a white person, like you, necessarily deserves your respect—he might very well be poor! Make sure you think about this next time you judge someone. Still confused about protocol? Just remember that money is what matters!

The first thing you need to know about money is that people who don't have it obviously don't work hard enough. I mean, they could just get a job, or invest with our fine institution. Clearly, they don't deserve any money, and money is a measure of respect, and that's why we should look down on poor people. However, it is very important to understand that poorness shows no racial preference.

And, finally, remember that none of this tolerance business applies to women, because no matter how much money a woman may have, she still doesn't have a penis.



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How to Start Your Own Multinational Corporation

These days, there's plenty of talk about how to start your own small business. But why should your business have to be small? Why can't it be really big? If you could buy a new dick you wouldn't buy a small one, would you? You'd want your shit to be huge.

Legally defined, a corporation is a person. As the owner of a multinational corporation, it'll be like being a new person. That means you have to break off all ties with your family and friends. This can be done conveniently by screening your calls and turning the numbers on your address upside down. This way everybody that tries to find you will be like, "the fuck?"

The next step is to start thinking about which industry you'd like to work in as a multinational corporation. Some corporations are involved in selling competitively priced books and CDs through a website. But you wouldn't want to get involved with that shit because it's for wusses. The most badass kind of corporation to be is one that sells stuff to war-torn Third World countries.

To properly take advantage of consumers in emerging markets, you may want to figure out which places are the most fucked up. From what I understand, most fucked-up places are NOT in Western Europe, Australia, or Japan. It's a pretty safe bet that in all the other places there's a country that is fucked up enough that you won't have to abide by the mandates of "law" or any wuss bullshit like that.

Like I was saying, selling weapons is really badass and savvy warlords in global "hot spots" will pay top dollar for a reliable stinger missile or an anti-tank mine. Also, selling drugs is pretty cool, so you should consider diversifying into that arena. You could sell speed to soldiers to make sure those dudes are really revved up while fighting and that they use up bullets faster. The next step is to raise the price of those bullets.

But where do you do your networking and relationship-building for all this gangsta shit? Why, the most gangsta place of them all: Washington, D.C. There you'll find all kinds of people who are interested in hooking you up with bad ass dictators and warlords or whatever. Sometimes, these dudes are so gangsta that they'll give you contracts to sell weapons to BOTH sides of some civil or interstate conflict, thereby maximizing your profit potential. Make sure you take these guys out to expensive dinners.

Anyway, that's most of what you have to do to become a corporation.

Rejected Letters of Recommendation, Part Two

Dear Mr. Hall,

I am happy to write a letter of reference for Ms. Jennings. During her time with us, Ms. Jennings proved to be a diligent and creative worker, whose attention to detail made her an invaluable asset to the firm. Also, speaking of firm assets, you are not going to believe this woman's gorgeous, wide ass.

Indeed, Ms. Jennings insight and buttocks were a pleasure to all of us every day. When it gets warm, she starts wearing these short skirts. You could basically see half her ass! Please hire her forthwith.

Sincerely,
Donald M. Cunz

Dear Mr. Jones,

If you dare hire John Orton, I will burn your house to the ground. I say this not only as a convicted serial arsonist, but also as a fellow manager in the prestigious Food Service Industry (FSI) who cares for the well-being of your particular franchise and would not like a man like Orton to screw it up. Here is an abridged list of Orton's wrongdoing:

Reason 1: One time he took a rank-ass shit in the bathroom and smelled up the whole office for half an hour.

Reason 2: He cheats at cards; I have beaten out a confession of this from him.

Reason 3: He once looked with lust at my eldest daughter.

Reason 4: If I ever saw that jerk again on the street or something, I would strangle him immediately.

Please contact me if you have any more questions. Remember, too, if you hire him, you will perish in flame.

Good Day,
Ronald Hagerty

Dear Mr. Goodman,

I would like to commend you for your choice of Bob Reese as a potential employee: he does not have lupus. Of this I am sure.

I understand you would like him to be your new financial adviser. He does not shoot "dope" or "sniff meth." Therefore, I think he would be a fine and responsible adviser. Though he may not be Nick Barnes or Margaret Thatcher, he will handle your papers properly.

Sincerely,
Bob Wexles

PS: He has tuberculosis and occasionally coughs blood.

FREE MARKET CAPITALISM



... AND OTHER BULLSHIT COCK SUCK RAINBOW PINK FLOWERS UNICORN FANTASIES

Is free market capitalism really 'the rising tide that lifts all ships?'

Or is it just another bullshit cock suck rainbow pink flowers fantasy?

FIND OUT in the new book from Douglas Finche, renegade professor of Akkadian at MIT.

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer, while America Inc. eats the leftovers. What sort of bullshit magic trick is that?
-Douglas Finche.

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The Magic Ponytail: A Children's Fable
Pink Unicorn Fantasies (and other children's stories)
Anna and the Enchanted Bar of Soap and the Unicorn
25 E-Z Magic Tricks for Children (And Grown-Ups, Too!)

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