

# jester

OF COLUMBIA  
DECEMBER 2006



## "24" (Season 10) (2009)

**Directed by:**[Gerry "Thumbs" Lacroix](#) ([more](#))**Writing credits:**[Gerry Lacroix](#) / [Mangleon Ordoñez](#) ([more](#))**Genre:**[Action](#) / [Adventure](#) / [Explosions](#) / [Drama](#) / [Obesity](#) / [Dinosaurs](#) / [Timing](#) ([more](#))**User Rating:**

★★★★★★★☆☆ (9.2/10) (9,221 votes)

**Credited Cast:**

<a href="#">Kiefer Sutherland</a>	....	<a href="#">Jack Bauer</a>
<a href="#">Craig Metcalf</a>	....	<a href="#">Agent Randy</a>
<a href="#">Martin Aires</a>	....	<a href="#">Fernando Muchaloca</a>
<a href="#">Amber Muccione</a>	....	<a href="#">Roxy Hottops</a>
<a href="#">Hanley DeMarco</a>	....	<a href="#">President Brutalus</a>
<a href="#">Kevin Kroeber</a>	....	<a href="#">C.R.U.X.O.N. 8 (voice)</a>
<a href="#">Steve "Fats" Angelo</a> ....		<a href="#">"Fat" Steve</a>

([more](#))

### Trivia:

- During filming, director Gerry "Thumbs" Lacroix decided that the show's focus on terrorism was becoming clichéd, and rewrote the script to introduce new enemies for Jack Bauer (Kiefer Sutherland), such as bone cancer, Lyme disease, and crippling depression. Dissatisfied with all of these, he finally settled on "loathsome obesity," which explains Bauer's enormous weight gain between 4:00 PM and 5:00 PM.
- The extended urination sequence was only the third of its kind ever broadcast in the United States. It was also Kiefer Sutherland's second.
- Director Gerry "Thumbs" Lacroix insisted that Kiefer Sutherland actually gain the 1100 pounds required for his role. After Sutherland's refusal, Lacroix had lovable heavyweight actor Steve "Fats" Angelo killed and de-boned, thus providing a realistic fat-suit for Sutherland to wear. Angelo is credited in the show as "Fat" Steve in accordance with the wishes of his orphaned children.
- Cameo: Charles Barkley as the Serbian Ambassador to the United Nations.
- This season of the show set the record for most objects exploded in one television season, including over 1200 cars, 80 helicopters, and the Moon.
- Actor Kiefer Sutherland refused to interact with his costar Craig Metcalf due to his "scrunched up-retard face" and "constant breathing." A plastic Sutherland mannequin was used in most of their scenes together, though a special animatronic Sutherland was used in the moon base fight.
- The velociraptors used in the night club scene were real.
- In the middle of production, actor Kiefer Sutherland had his left arm replaced with an ion cannon, forcing the writers to invent a new plotline to explain Jack Bauer's new cybernetic appendage.
- Director's Trademark: Inexplicable shots of suffering animals. ([more](#))

### Goofs:

- Continuity: When Agent Blue (Mark Auld) is thrown through the window in the planetarium shootout, he is wearing a grey suit and red striped tie. When the camera returns to him, he has clearly been decapitated.
- Factual Errors: Velociraptors cannot operate assault rifles.
- Incorrectly Regarded as Goofs: Many fans make the observation that the single day depicted in the show is over 70 hours long. However, director Gerry "Thumbs" Lacroix explains that the show occurs during "that 25 hour long 'fall back' day" and that any other inconsistencies can be attributed to time travel.
- Continuity: After Fernando Muchaloca (Martin Aires) loses his arms during the moon base fight, we see his hands being stitched onto his torso. In the next scene, they are coming out of his shoulders.
- Revealing Mistakes: The right leg of Jimmy the Gooch (Glen Marshall) is at least four times longer than the left.
- Crew or equipment visible: The camera is reflected in the blank, glassy stare of Roxy Hottops (Amber Muccione) during all of her scenes.
- Factual Errors: At the time of filming MIT did not offer degrees in "Vaginomancy" or "Pimpotomy," although its Cunt Sciences department is ranked among the best in the nation.
- Factual Errors: Robots do not wear clothes. ([more](#))





# Jester of Columbia

## JUSTICE

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*The staff of the Jester of Columbia would like to thank Lauri Straney for all of her help in reviving this magazine and nursing it back to health. We wish her the best and we know we will see her again "when the moon is eclipsed by a giant hovering tortoise" as the saying goes.*

# DYNACORP

GREETINGS, POTENTIAL INVESTOR!

We, the Dynacorp family, have many ideas for the future. Whether they are stronger plastics, lighter ninja swords, or fake vomit, we know we can make it all in factories we own. One of our most promising investments has been our Rehabilitative Technologies Department. Along with our friends in local, state, and federal government, we at Dynacorp are working to make America's rehabilitation facilities world-class. Of course, we at Dynacorp have the strongest dedication to human rights and the rights of prisoners.

Listed below are some of the new products our family of subsidiaries is working on today. Invest tomorrow in our company and see results as early as next week!

For the *Lite* Offender, we've designed all sorts of corporal punishment devices. Here are a few:

- 1) Bear Trap Necklace reminds *Lite* Offenders that if they didn't want their heads in open bear traps that could close at a push of a button (or whatever) they shouldn't have committed those petty crimes. One day, these Bear Trap necklaces could be used for out-offender treatment as well. This one isn't really all that futuristic but is a good idea nonetheless.
- 2) An Explosive Detonator Lodged in Human Skull is another **breakthrough**. After watching plenty of movies, we realized that if it could keep Snake Plisken in line, it could surely keep Johnny Carthief from breaking into any more Hummers. Our hardworking scientists are working on the best way to link the Skull Detonator to a Wi-Fi network of monitors across America.
- 3) A Large Metal Box Outside in the Sun will serve to remind other prisoners of what happens if they start some grabass or "accidentally" steal a fork from the mess hall. We also got this idea from a movie. But unlike the recidivist Cool Hand Luke, a prisoner who spends a night in a Dynacorp box won't soon forget the punishment, as our Large Metal Box (LMB) has walls designed to give out an electric shock if touched! Also, newer models may spray some sort of mild acid onto the prisoner as a reminder of who's in charge around here (i.e. the prison or prison camp).

For the Capital Offender, we also have a line of products produced for penitentiaries of the future.

- 1) We drew up some models of an airlock designed to open up into space. Versatile, it can be installed into any American, Russian, or Chinese space craft for the legal or extralegal executing needs of these three spacefaring nations. With Dynacorp, you can be sure that freedom can ring or gong anywhere in the universe.
- 2) Finally, Dynacorp has genetically engineered two models of a sand monster. Prisoners can be flung into this sand monster from some sort of awesome scooter.

For now, all these ideas are more or less just on paper. Soon enough, however, when they become necessary and affordable, you can be sure that you'll see these innovations in a dystopia coming soon to your suburban development.

DYNACORP:

"TOUCHING NEW FRONTIERS OF PARADIGMS—AND TRANSCENDING THEM"





# Editaurus

“JUSTICE”

VOLUME DXCMLIIM, No. 2

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## MY FIRST WEEK AT LAW SCHOOL

Hey gang, yes I am in law school but I'm checking in to let everybody know about how cool law school is. Is it the party zone that we all know it is? Yes it is. It is also pretty cool and here let me tell you, my dudes.

First class, some grody old grandfather clock of an old man was clockin' 'bout cases or some boring court shit like that. I stood up and shouted "Hey prof! Ream it. We're in law school now!"

Come on, gang. Everybody knows the real reason people go to law school: to smoke weed and get some of that postgraduate puss'. So I shouted that in my best battle voice, threw my family law textbook at him, and you better believe that shut the old man down!

Some of the kids in the room started looking at me like "What next?" But I wasn't lunchin'—I took the old man outside and beat him to death.

Soon enough some kids came running out after me—jocks, I guess—and I'm getting all sorts of looks like "Fuck you because you talk idiomatic." Yeah, I guess people just don't "get" me. Whatever. I walked off toward the river.

Walk into class the next day and everybody gets all silent. Yeah right. Here's what I shouted at them, in my best horse-racing voice: "Shutting the fuck up? Feeling the fuck *stupid*?" These kids come in class yesterday like a bunch of gregarious English gentlemen playing croqu'. Now they were sittin' all calm like the fig tree. Yeah, real silent. Not me, though: I kept shouting loud, rockin' so totally that they had to beg for "recess." Vonal!

For a minute I thought I might be the only rider in the room, but then I thought better of it. There were probably a few other dudes in there that were on PCP, but nobody else even tried to rip apart a tractor later that day. I know this because I personally asked them all.

"You dustin', my dude?!"

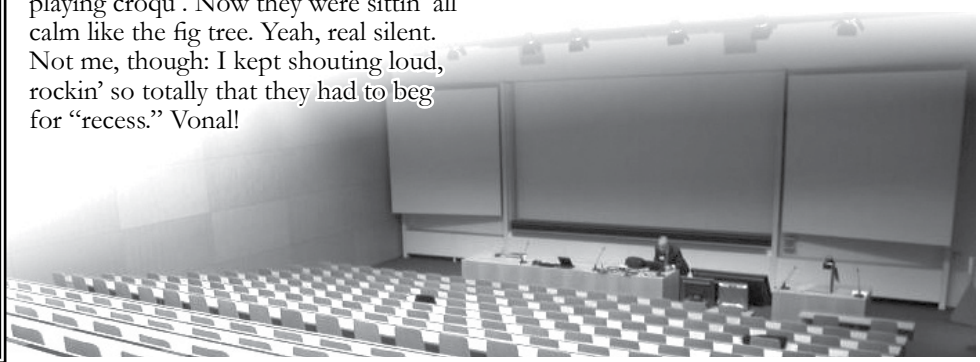
Shit, half of 'em were all "Please don't hurt me," too.

The fuck? This ain't preschool, doggies. Get tanked. It's sad but true though, my dudes. A lot of kids here act like preschoolers. Some even start crying if you stand outside their door at night shouting threats at them. Grow up, kid-dos. Lawyer!

But on the real, sometimes at law school you need to put the shale down and read law books. To tell you the truth, a lot of these lawyer chicks haven't even been puttin' out because they always have to "study." Kwate! Whatever though. It's no fun to get down with a girl who tells you every time you do something illegal to her. Phonic!

I don't mean to say it's bad, though. Place like this, I can pursue the Judgely Arts or whatever in a cosmopolitan environment, and nobody ever bothers me when I sit in a field all night crying and punching the ground. I can't wait until I graduate so I can open my *own* court.

Sam West  
Editor-in-Chief



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For more information visit [www.jesterofcolumbia.com](http://www.jesterofcolumbia.com).





YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK WOULD BE GREAT? I THINK IT WOULD BE GREAT IF APPEALING A CASE TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT WAS JUST LIKE GOING TO SIZZLER.

**ME:** HERE TO YOU I PRESENT MY ARGUMENT  
**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** WELCOME TO SIZZLER.

**ME:** WHILE THE CONCLUSION OF THE STATE SUPREME COURT SEEMS LOGICAL, I THINK YOU WILL FIND THAT MY POINT OF VIEW IS THE CORRECT ONE  
**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** HOW ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT AT SIZZLER?

**ME:** THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT PROVIDES FOR EQUAL PROTECTION UNDER LAW  
**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** WOULD YOU CARE TO TRY OUR NEW RED HOT SHRIMP POPPERS? THIS IS SIZZLER AFTER ALL

**ME:** WHEREAS THE RESPONDENT IN THE COURT OF APPEALS CLAIMED THAT THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT WAS "A LIE"  
**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** AND HOW ARE YOU GUYS DOING ON BREAD OVER HERE?  
**ME:** WE'RE GOOD FOR NOW I THINK  
[MURMURS OF AGREEMENT]

**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH YOUR POPPERS.  
**ME:** [TO MY ALL-STAR LEGAL TEAM] SO, TARTAR SAUCE. IT IS LIKE MAYONNAISE WITH PICKLE RELISH IN IT, RIGHT?

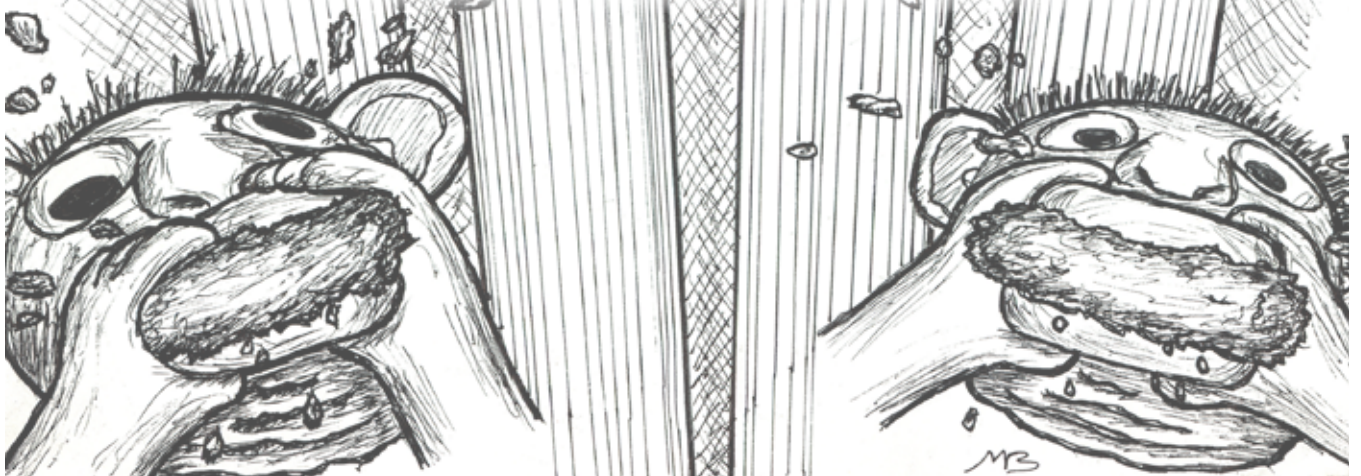
[FIFTY MINUTES PASS BECAUSE SIZZLER BLOWS]

**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** HERE COME THE POPPERS! BE CAREFUL. ENJOY THEM.

**ME:** WHAT TOOK SO LONG WITH THAT?

**SUPREME COURT JUSTICE:** THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD HEAD CHEF HAD TO OPEN A NEW SACK OF PRE-MADE SHRIMP POPPERS AND HE COULDN'T FIND IT BECAUSE HE'S AN IDIOT WHO CAN'T READ, MUCH LESS COOK SEAFOOD.

**ME:** FUCK THE SUPREME COURT



## FASHION CRIMES

- Robbing a store in a brazen fashion
- Fashioning a shank
- Good, old-fashioned manslaughter
- To bend (a plate) without preheating
- Murdering Gianni Versace
- Wearing sweat pants that say "gymnast" on the ass but damn but you know they are not a gymnast
- Wearing Brown University paraphernalia that is not brown
- Zoot suit riot



- So how does a lifelong suck-up like you wind up being asked questions by an arrogant, corrupt asshole like me?

- Why didn't you come to my birthday party?
- If elected, what would you do to end poverty?
- On a scale of 1 to 10, how many inches long is your penis?
- I saw a guy walk into the express lane and he was clearly carrying more than ten items. What is the deal with that?
- Did you bring your confirmation shoes?
- Does it hurt to be that ugly or is your spine just broken?
- What is it with you judges and always having all these opinions?
- What time does Taco Bell close tonight? Nine o' clock? Hello! You! Is it nine o' clock?
- Do you promise not to tell me what happened on Battlestar Galactica last night? Because I taped it.
- Which of us here in this committee do you find the most attractive?
- Look at this picture...could my sister look any more badass posing in front of a cake that looks like an ocelot?
- What exactly are "mandrakes?"
- If a chick was really hot, but her upper body was a manta ray, would you fuck her?
- What do you think is the better name for my book: "Pigs is Pigs" or "Cool Waiter?"
- How does it feel to know that if you are confirmed, approximately half of this country will hate you for the rest of your life?

## LESS-COMMON REASONS FOR JOINING THE AL-AQSA INTIFADA

- Israelis prefer black-figure Greek pottery to the later technique of red-figure Greek pottery, despite its obvious technical and expressive inferiority
- One Word: "Klezmer"
- It's the closest I can get to killing Picabo Street.
- *They* wouldn't greenlight my Andy Dick vehicle. He's so funny!! Are they crazy?
- Ehud Barak scuffed my Pumas
- I can't get chicks in this life, so getting 72 in the next sounds like a pretty sweet deal.
- Intifada? I thought this was the *Infantifada!* Where am I going to get daycare now?

## QUESTIONS NOT YET ASKED AT A SUPREME COURT CONFIRMATION HEARING





# CRIME: IN THE LESSER DEGREE

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## **SIXTH-DEGREE PERJURY**

Casually announcing to your common-law spouse that you spent last night watching Court TV with a glass of Ernest and Julio Gallo Hearty Burgundy, when in fact you were watching phone sex commercials while drinking Malibu Caribbean Rum with Natural Coconut Flavor.

## **THIRD-DEGREE BREAKING AND ENTERING**

Building a life-size replica of someone else's house, painstakingly recreating every detail of the architecture and interior decorating, and subsequently breaking into it under the cover of night and stealing all the duplicate valuables.

## **SEVENTH-DEGREE ARSON**

Paying a totally hot chick to walk around inside a public building while smoking and listening to "Burnin' Down The House" on a special edition red iPod for two hours.

## **FIFTH-DEGREE RAPE**

After buying an attractive woman a drink at a bar and being turned down for sex, asking to be reimbursed for the drink, and informing her that her story about her pet was not actually funny.

## **EIGHTH-DEGREE MURDER**

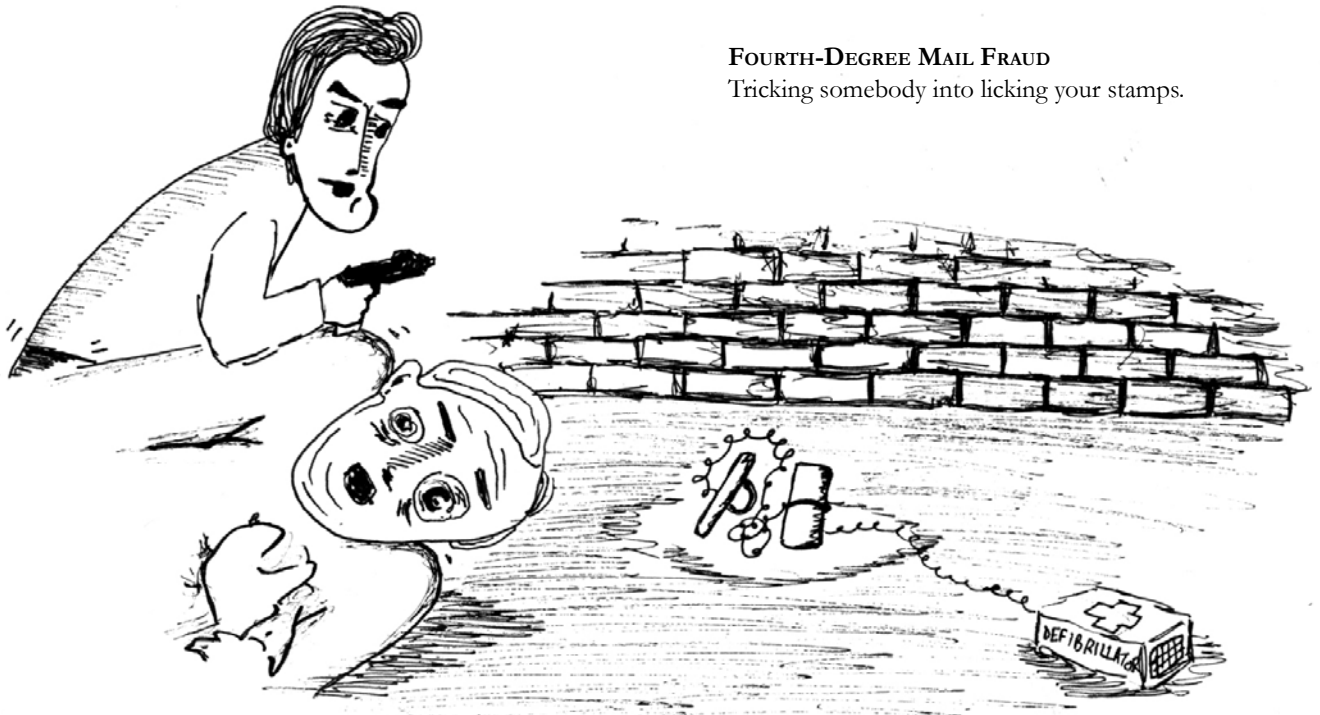
After unsuccessfully trying to revive a heart attack victim for thirty minutes, giving up and shooting him when unable to bring him back to life.

## **NINTH-DEGREE CAR THEFT**

Putting a car on blocks, hotwiring the engine, and letting it run until the mile marker is about to change to the next mile.

## **FOURTH-DEGREE MAIL FRAUD**

Tricking somebody into licking your stamps.





# CONFESSIONS

A U G U S T I N E



# VS.



U S H E R

## ON SOUL-SEARCHING

I will now call to mind my past foulness, and the carnal corruptions of my soul; not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it; reviewing my most wicked ways in the very bitterness of my remembrance.

It's gonna burn for me to say this, but it's coming from my heart. It's been a long time, but we done been fell apart.

ADVANTAGE: AUGUSTINE

## ON THE MOTIVES OF SIN

I stole that, of which I had enough, and much better. Nor cared I to enjoy what I stole, but joyed in the theft and sin itself.

So she's all up in my head now, got me thinking that it might be a good idea to take her with me, 'cause she's ready to leave, but I gotta keep it real now, 'cause on a one-to-ten she's a certified twenty.

ADVANTAGE: AUGUSTINE

## ON FACING CONSEQUENCES

But I made myself worse than I was, that I might not be dispraised; and when in any thing I had not sinned as the abandoned ones, I would say that I had done what I had not done, that I might not seem contemptible in proportion as I was innocent; or of less account, the more chaste.

Just when I thought I said all I could say, my chick on the side said she got one on the way. Damn near cried when I got that phone call, I'm so throwed and I don't know what to do.

ADVANTAGE: USHER

## ON TRUST

Some lewd young fellows of us went, late one night (having according to our pestilent custom prolonged our sports in the streets till then), and took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs.

For what it's worth, just don't lie to me, 'cause that ain't what I need right now. Baby, everything we built on trust, you're tearing it down.

ADVANTAGE: USHER

## ON SOUL-MANSIONS

Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that Thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it.

I wanna do anything and everything to your body, til you break down, can't take no more, from the bed to the floor, to the top of the stairs—you gon' get it, baby, please, please...ooh DO IT TO ME....

ADVANTAGE: AUGUSTINE

## ON PEARS

Pears are alright.

Fair were the pears we stole, because they were Thy creation, Thou fairest of all, Creator of all, Thou good God: God, the sovereign good and my true good. Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire. Duh da duh da, you give her spending money, duh da duh da. Fuck pears.

ADVANTAGE: USHER

# CHARLES BRONSON KNOWS

by Charles Bronson

History is rife with injustice. I cannot help but think that if there were fewer pussies and more Charles Bronsons in the world then history would have been much different. Allow me to illustrate my point. Let's see what would happen if I lived in the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

SOME PUSSY: Dad, we have to let the cops handle this.  
CHARLES BRONSON: Yeah.

[short pause]

CHARLES BRONSON: What if the cops can't handle this, son?

SCARED MAN: Thank God I found you! Some thieves just broke into my home—they took my wife and children but I managed to flee before they could get to me.

CHARLES BRONSON: It wasn't those Spanish Inquisition creeps was it?

SCARED MAN: No, I think they were just thieves.

CHARLES BRONSON: Yeah, I'm not interested.

SCARED MAN: But you don't understand. My wife and kids are going to die if you don't come with me and—

CHARLES BRONSON: Yap yap yap. You're like a broken record.

I'd imagine my dealings in Spain would lead to a full-on war between me and the Catholic Church. My quest would bring me to the highest corridors of power. I would storm the Vatican, probably with an RPG in one hand and a Mac-10 in the other, and wind up killing most if not all of the Pope's henchmen. My crusade would end in a tense standoff with the Pope.

CHARLES BRONSON: Pope it didn't have to be this way.

POPE: I just snorted 8 lines and I feel like straight-up killin' muthafuckas.

[The Pope cocks his gat.]

CHARLES BRONSON: That's why you have to die Pope, because you hate America.

"I GUESS **INFALLIBLE**  
does not mean  
**UNKILLABLE!**"

We would shoot at each other for like 10 minutes straight. Then finally we would run out of bullets and fight hand-to-hand. The Pope would not stand a chance against my good old left hook. Then I would jam my thumbs into his eye sockets until I crushed both of his eyeballs. I would then stand up, covered in white goo and splashes of blood, and mutter something witty like "I guess infallible does not mean unkillable," or "Fuck you, you stupid Pope."

One of the greatest injustices ever to happen was perpetrated against the Native Americans. In fact, Native Americans still encounter injustice everyday in some form or the other. Trust me, I know firsthand; I am 1/118 Cherokee. Here is an example of what I'm talking about.

EMPLOYEE: Here is your bagel, Mr. Bronson.

CHARLES BRONSON: I told you to call me by my Indian name, Chief Runninghorn.

EMPLOYEE: Please just take your bagel, sir.

CHARLES BRONSON: This isn't toasted!

EMPLOYEE: It is toasted. Look at it.

CHARLES BRONSON: Good. Because Charles Bronson does not eat un-toasted bagels. Ever.

Fortunately, injustice against Indians has been solved by Indian casinos. The injustice of poverty, however, is a tougher egg to crack. I know poverty because I lived it. I was born to a husband-and-wife team of transients. They used me as a prop to earn precious nickels to pay for their all-consuming addiction to hobo wine.

CHARLES BRONSON'S DAD: COME AND PAY TO SEE  
WORLD'S UGLIEST BABY!

BABY CHARLES BRONSON: Waaaaah!

CHARLES BRONSON'S MOM: YOU CAN USE ITS INNARDS  
TO MAKE DELICIOUS HAGGIS!





# INJUSTICE WHEN HE SEES IT



But I overcame this adversity and grew into the great man I am today. What was the secret to my success? Honestly, I'm not sure. It might have to do with vitamins, but probably not. I have a very strong hunch it has something to do with gratuitous violence.

HOBO: Can you spare some change?

CHARLES BRONSON: Sorry, friend, I can't. Right now I gotta break in my brand new lead pipe.

*[Bronson viciously beats the hobo.]*

CHARLES BRONSON: Could this be the solution to poverty?

WISE BEGGAR: Nay. You have not curtailed poverty in any such sense. You have only beaten a mentally ill man half to death. To attack poverty, one must take into account the distribution of wealth in society and other relevant socioeconomic factors.

CHARLES BRONSON: This problem, I think, is intractable.

WISE BEGGAR: I think he's dead.

CHARLES BRONSON: Fuckin' good.

I believe that there will be much more injustice to look forward to. Speaking of the future, it will be crazy. There will be aliens, sex robots, and exciting new advances in race science. I can only imagine what riches the future might bring:

CHARLES BRONSON: Alien, show me your amazing space technologies.

ALIEN: This is a floating orb that cures all disease.

CHARLES BRONSON: No, I mean guns. I want to kill people with your laser weapons.

It is my conviction that if I am resurrected in the future and my new cyborg body is outfitted with alien lasers, I will kill a lot of people.

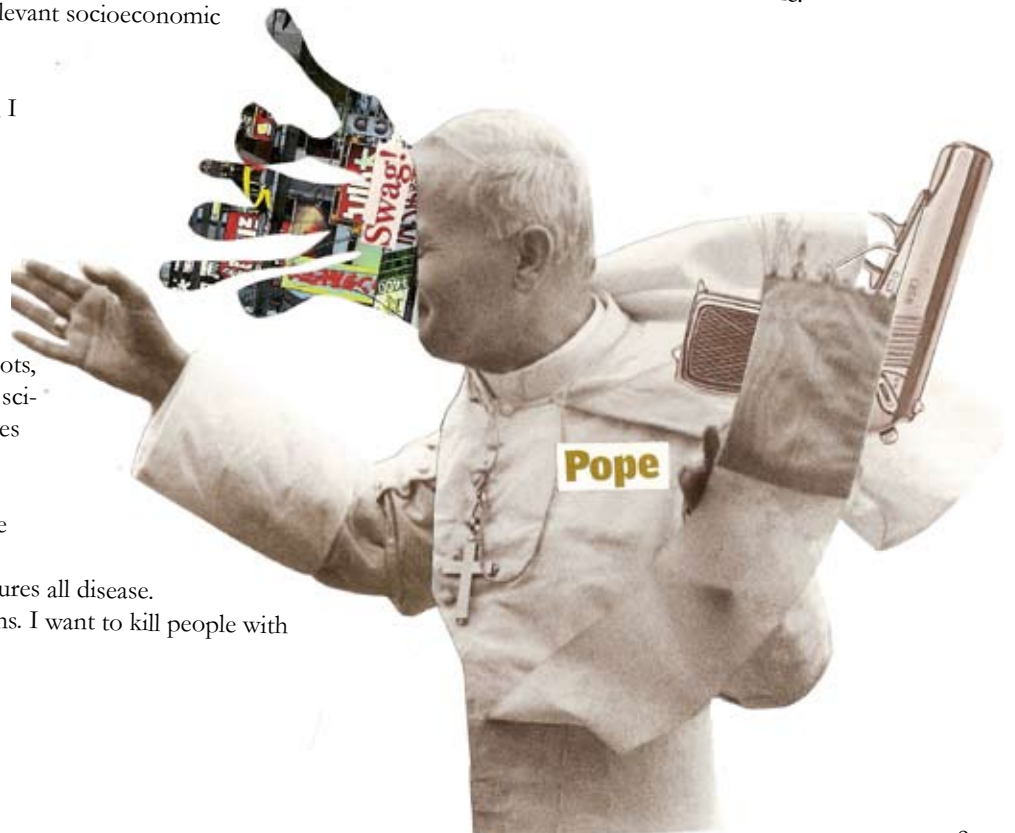
*[Cyborg Charles Bronson massacres people with alien lasers.]*

CYBORG CHARLES BRONSON: Hahaha. Kill. Kill. Kill. Hahaha

MAN: How could you commit such atrocities!

CYBORG CHARLES BRONSON: I am a cyborg now. I am no longer bound by man's laws.

Actually, I think I need to call my agent Morty Rubenstein. I just had a new idea for a Death Wish movie.



# THE RULES

## THE GOLDEN RULE

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

## THE SILVER RULE

Do unto others as you would have them do unto Archbishop Desmond Tutu.

## THE BRONZE RULE

Don't fuck with the big man's stash.

## THE CAST-IRON RULE

If the trailer's a-rockin', don't come a-knockin'.

## THE PEWTER RULE

Don't cheat on your taxes unless you're pretty sure you can get away with it.

## THE LIMESTONE RULE

Don't punch your biological mother.

## THE GRAPHITE RULE

If there are runners on first and second, or on first, second, and third, and there are fewer than two outs, on any fair fly ball to the infield the batter is called out.

## THE BALSA WOOD RULE

When food falls on the ground, you have five seconds to pick it up before it becomes officially gross to eat.

## THE GEODE RULE

Don't scuttle the Pacific.

## THE ADOBE RULE

Adult swim the last fifteen minutes of every hour.

## THE STUCCO RULE

No running by the pool. Hey, I'm talking to you! Yeah, you in the Speedo. Nice package, buddy.

## THE PUMICE RULE

Girls don't poop.

## THE STYROFOAM RULE

Don't stand in front of a cannon.

## THE TALCUM POWDER RULE

Ladies drink free Wednesdays after 10.

## WHAT IS STREET JUSTICE?

- If Picabo Street were to be rightfully convicted of murder and punished accordingly

- Curb-stomping

- Martin Luther King, Jr. has a street named after him

- An arrogant boulevard thinks it is all that but gets its come-uppance from a brash young alleyway and learns the value of humility

- There is no street named after Joseph McCarthy

## TOP 5 REASONS YOU CAN'T BLAME O.J. SIMPSON FOR THE MURDERS OF NICOLE BROWN SIMPSON AND RON GOLDMAN

5. Poor Coaching. Simpson had been inadequately coached in anger management throughout his career.
4. Lack of self-defense. There are many instances of people fighting off knife-wielding attackers, and the two victims failed to do so. Therefore Simpson did not so much take their lives as receive them.
3. Superiority. Simpson had 11,236 more career rushing yards than Nicole and Ron combined; as the superior athlete, he could not help but prevail.
2. Human Mortality. Even if Simpson and Goldman had not been killed, they would have died; studies have shown that their bodies were due to fail within several decades.
1. Justice. It is always right to kill your wife if she displeases you.





Dear DepARTment. of Justice,

I guess I should lead this letter off with an admonition of complete honesty. Please pay attention to this, because it comes from the muscle in my body that thinks. By this I mean to be saying my heart. It is my understanding after years and years of living under a justice system and watching madd episodes of THE Practice that the way a democracy dispenses its steaming cup of justice should be what the people want. Can you hear that, department of "justice?" Can you hear the millions of american people right outside your window clamoring for justice? I can hear a lot of things... terrifying, yelling things.

Don't worry, justice department. I have the answer that solves all your problems. Don't fret I have you covered. You know why people just don't give a shit anymore? It's simple. They're bored. Lucky for you, I can remember what I wrote on that bar napkin last night, the ideas of how to make justice fun again. The answer is only two words, and they aren't "bleeding orifice." They are "trial by ordeal." So it's three words. Now you will see what I mean:

#### ALLIGATOR RASSLIN'

The untrained eye may say this is an arbitrary and cruel way to mete out justice, but, I already said, that eye is untrained. If that eye got itself trained, then it would know that it's an eye, and it doesn't have a brain, and so it can't know things. But if it could (big if, I know), then it would understand that alligators have an innate sense of how to tell the difference between good and evil. I defy you to give me an example when an alligator ever killed an innocent man. You can't, can you? Of course you can't. If alligators are in short supply, then feel free to substitute alligator rasslin' with midget rasslin', but do remember the standard rate of conversion: 4 midgets per every 1 alligator.

#### DROWNING

It worked in Salem, and it'll work for us today. If you are innocent, then you are gonna be really intense about not letting the river sweep you under for a watery doom. Guilty people, on the other hand, will be too weighted down by the weight of their own guilt which is weighty with weight for them to stay afloat. OWW .OWWWWW .o WWWWOWo.

#### SUDOKU

That shit is hard. There seems to be no way on God's green earth that a person who spent hours and hours taking advantage of others could ever spend the amount of alone-time necessary to finish one of the really hard Sudoku puzzles, which are of course the only Sudoku puzzles the us government would ever think about using. Also, numbers are pure, because they come from heaven.

#### DECIDING ONE'S GUILT THROUGH EXHAUSTIVE AND HONEST SELF-EVALUATION

This method is for pussies and should only be used as a last resort—for example, if the court is all out of alligators and midgets.

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN POTATO SACK RACE

Last but not least, we can hold good old-fashioned potato sack race to figure out if someone is innocent or guilty. Why, you ask? You idiot. Potato sack races, and their close cousins, the three-legged races, are good clean wholesome American fun. Who could be against such delight and merriment? Bad people, that's who. If the judge suggests that the court recess in favor of old-timey picnic games, and the blametiff (or whatever he's called) objects because it seems "immature" or "a travesty of justice and a waste of taxpayer dollars," then it should be pretty obvious to everyone with a heart and a brain that that person is as guilty as the day is schlong.

Thank you for your consideration of my ideas, justice officials. I look forward to hearing your thanks. Chill out: I don't need any money, just build a statue of my genitals on the white house lawn and it'll be all good.

Thank you,

Earl (you know which Earl because you are always watching with those cameras)

# THE EDEN EXPOSÉS

of EDEN

"ALL OF THE NEWS THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED"

VOLUME 1 Established by ADAM - Editor-in-Chief: ADAM - V.P. of Human Resources: ADAM ISSUE 2

## GOD UNFAIR

by Adam  
*Express National Staff*

*OUTSIDE EDEN* - Today I have been kicked out of Eden by God for eating from the Tree of Knowledge. This is very unfair: I should have been allowed to stay in Eden. I interviewed God about his tyrannical edict.

Adam: Do you really think that it is fair to banish the only and therefore best man in the world, who has named your damned animals like you said, for eating a bite of an apple which you put there for him to eat.

God: Yes.

Adam: Why?

God: I have no need to explain myself to you. However, for your publication I will state that out of all the delicious fruit in the forest, I specifically told you not to eat apples.

Adam: My wife gave me the apple - couldn't she simply be kicked out, and



HERE I AM HOLDING A PINEAPPLE WHICH I FOUND. STORY PAGE A6

Eve Appointed Head

SON TO BE BORN



you take another rib and make me another wife?

God: No.

Adam: Well how about you kick her out, and just take out my rib, and then I don't need a wife, if you know what I mean?

God: Thou shalt not spill thy seed upon the Earth ---

Adam: what if I---

God: --- nor down your worldly throat.

Thou must spill it into the cooter of your wife, so that the earth can be peopled.

Adam: Fuck. Well how come the snake gets to stay in Eden?

God: Have faith in your heavenly father; justice will be brought to the snake.

Adam: How?

God: He will be kicked out of Ireland, a place that will be much loved for its abundance of whisky and beer.

Adam: The fuck is beer?

God: You have not eaten from the tree of the knowledge of what beer is yet.

Following this interview it is clear that God is unfair, and I think that all people should try to sneak back into Eden, because we deserve to be there, and maybe we should kill the snake if we can find him. I also think that we should set up a committee to find out what beer is, and that Eve should have to do it because this is her fault.

*Inside: Special Section*

**HOW TO PLEASE YOUR MAN ADAM**

## OI BEER COMMITTEE by Adam

*Express Staff Writer*

**OUTSIDE EDEN** - Eve was appointed head of the committee for finding out what beer is. Maybe she can find the Tree of the Knowledge of What Beer Is if she is so fucking good at finding trees of knowledge and getting people kicked out of places. If Eve does not find out what beer is within seven days, she will have to pay Adam back for it in whatever way she can. That is the founding order of the committee.

POLITICAL CARTOON  
BY ADAM

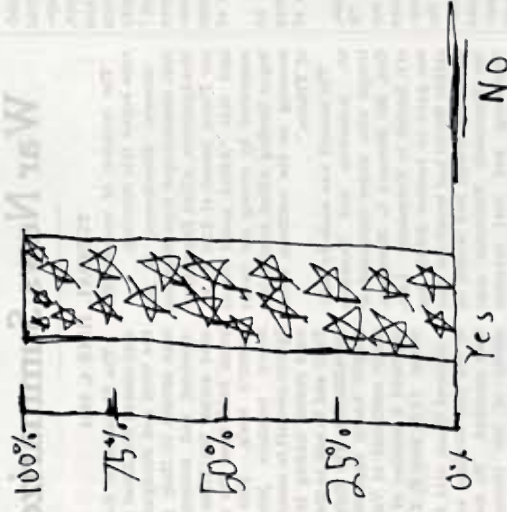


THE ASS-HOLE, GOD

## by Adam *Express Contributor*

**OUTSIDE EDEN** - Eve may be pregnant, and if she has a son his name will be Cain. All reports show that Cain will have a smaller penis than Adam, and also smaller balls.

Public Opinion Poll  
"Do You approve of Adam?"  
Margin of Error 0%. Sample size = 1.



## PUBLIC ENEMIES

### by Adam

*Express Contributing Writer*

Here is a list of public enemies:

- 1) The Snake
- 2) Eve
- 3) God

We shall not rest until these enemies have been brought to justice.

# POLICE TRICKS THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF DECEPTION

## “SCOUT’S HONOR”

Cop: Do whatever you want – I will not arrest you.

Man: Really?

Cop: You have my word. Scout’s honor.

(Man shoots wife)

Cop: You are under arrest. A Scout has no honor.

## “ENTRAPMENT”

Cop: I would like to purchase cocaine from you

Man: I have no cocaine to sell.

Cop: Take some of this cocaine and sell it back to me.

Man: Why?

Cop: Otherwise I will shoot you

Man: All right, so am I free to go?

Cop: Yes

(Cop shoots Man in back as he turns to leave)

Cop: No.

## “THE FAKE RAPE”

Cop: Would you like to straddle me and have sex with me while I lie here?

Woman: I might as well.

[later]

Cop: You did not ask me if I wished to have sex with you.

Woman: I did not have sex with you. You failed to achieve an erection, thus preventing penetration from occurring.

Cop: It is still attempted rape. You are under arrest.

## “COLORED HOUSING”

Cop: So you see, sir, the areas on this map in green are legal for you to build your house, and the areas in red are illegal.

Man: Alas, I am red/green colorblind.

Cop: Why don’t you consult your lawyer?

Lawyer: That area you pointed to is red.

Cop: Your lawyer is lying. I suggest you fire him.

Man: You are fired. I will trust the words of this police officer with whom I have set up a meeting to determine whether it is legal to begin construction on my residence.

[Months Later]

Cop: You are arrested for a zoning violation. Your house is built in an illegal area.

Man: I wish to consult my lawyer.

Cop: After you fired him we hired him as a “police lawyer”, or “prosecutor.”

Man: I have been brought down by your airtight plan.

## “SUSPICIOUS SEARCH”

Cop: May I search your bag?

Man: Yes.

Cop: Why not? Do you have something illegal in it?

Man: I do not wish to appear to be carrying anything illegal. I will allow you to search my bag.

Cop: I did not have the right to search your bag until you allowed me to, and now I have found marijuana in it.

Man: Will you arrest me for possession of marijuana?

Cop: No, I will simply confiscate it for my own private use, or for resale.

Man: As a deep undercover police officer, I will now arrest you for charges related to corruption and drug possession.

Cop: The greater police have greater tricks. I have been beaten by the best.

## “THE ARREST WITHOUT WARRANT”

Cop: We have a warrant for your arrest

Man: Can I see the warrant?

Cop: Yes. Oh, sorry about that, I accidentally sprayed mace in your eyes. Here is the warrant.

Man: I no longer can think about the warrant, much less clearly read it. I just wish to get this burning pain out of my eyes.

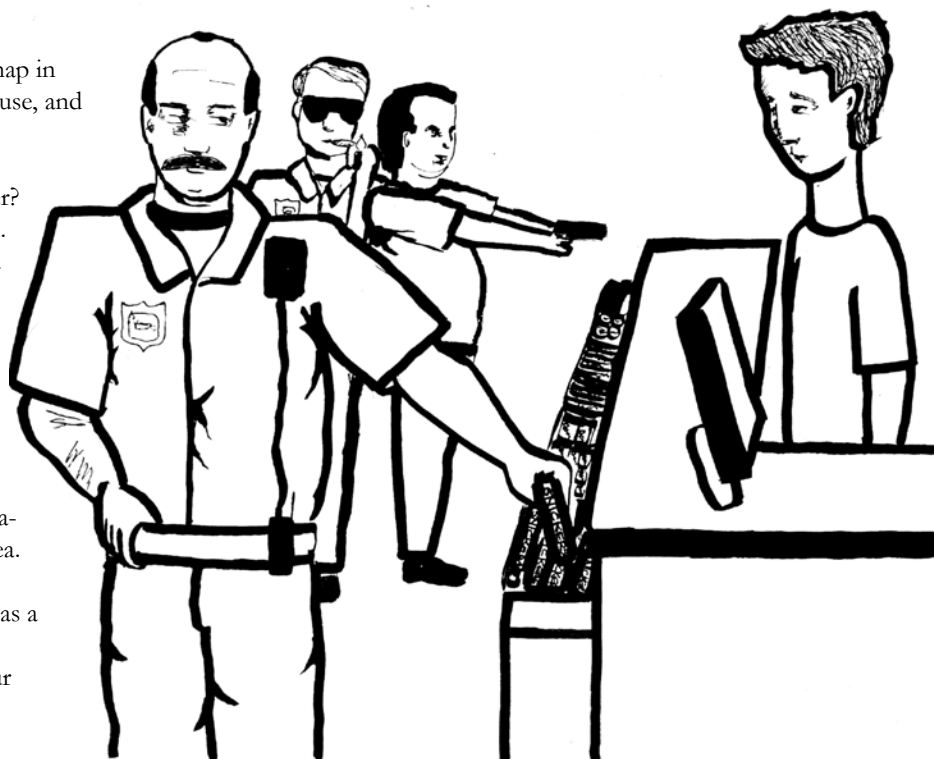
Cop: I will get it out of your eyes at the police station. Come with me.

## “THE ONE WHERE THEY GET YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR RIGHTS”

Cop: Waive all your rights.

Man: Okay.

Cop: Now I will use a variety of arrest and interrogation techniques that you were previously protected from by your legal rights.





# FESTIVE OCCASION AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS CONDUCT ACT OF 2006

Federal Register / Vol. 71, No. 212 / Thursday, November 2, 2006 / Notices

64543

§ 10.115 as promptly as possible, using a question-and-answer format. The agency believes that, at the present time, it is reasonable to maintain all responses to questions concerning food allergens and FALCPA in a single document that is periodically updated as the agency receives and responds to additional questions.

## FESTIVE OCCASION AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS CONDUCT ACT OF 2006

Whereas inappropriate behavior and disregard for proper standards of conduct at our nation's celebratory, festive, and/or casual social events, to wit, party fouls, represent a drain on the economy and have a chilling effect on hosting and entertaining activities, certain destructive, inappropriate, or undesirable behaviors, to wit, the aforementioned party fouls, shall be banned and prohibited according to the regulations enumerated heretofore.

### CONTENTS OF THE ACT

- Section 1. Erectile Sabotage.
- Section 2. Regurgitation, Urination, and Defecation—Intentional and Unintentional.
- Section 3. Buying the Next Round.

Section 5. Fucky-fucky, Sucky-sucky, and Related Activities.

Section 6. Undergarment Theft.

Section 7. Inter-species Relations.

Section 8. Decoration of the Unconscious.

Section 9. The Classified Section.

### SECTION 1-Erectile Sabotage.

1.A.(i). Erectile sabotage refers to the act of preventing a fellow guest at a social gathering from securing the consent (silent, assumed, or otherwise) for sexual relations of a potential partner. Erectile sabotage is commonly and popularly described by numerous other phrases, including but not limited to the following terms listed below; penalties applied for erectile sabotage shall be assessed uniformly, irrespective and regardless of differing terminology.

1.A.(ii). Alternative terms for erectile sabotage.

- cock-blocking
- style-cramping
- wing-dangling
- knocking a cup over
- dick-jamming
- ding-donging
- fizz-banging
- prick-cramping
- shaft-shafting

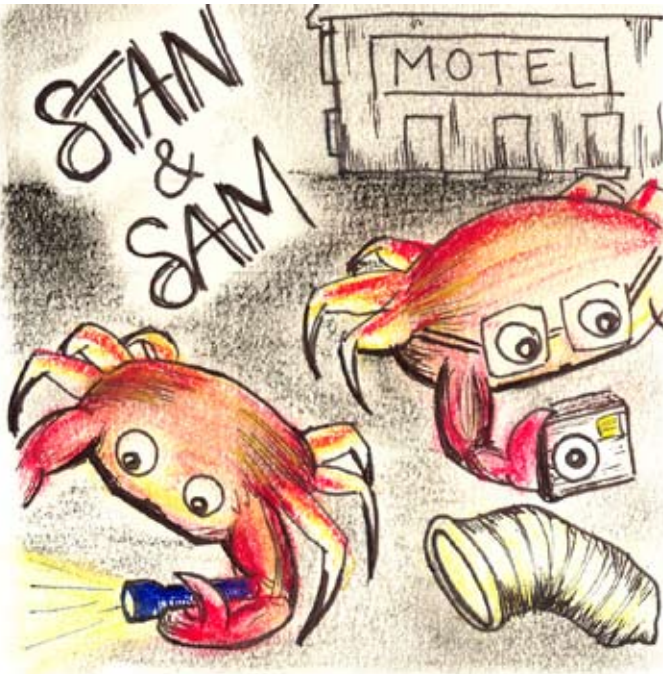
- intercourse obstruction
- vagina-sealing
- rock-popping stopping
- cervix-clogging
- game-salting
- labia-locking

1.B.(i) Any accidental act of erectile sabotage, including, but not limited to, singing along to music too loudly, unintentionally urinating in the vicinity of the candidate in question, interjecting oneself into the conversation at an inappropriate juncture, or attempting to procure said candidate for one's own sexual use by any means will result in the erectile saboteur's being required to shotgun one (1) beer whilst suspended from his ankles. Acts of erectile sabotage judged intentional shall be treated pursuant to Section 1, Paragraph C, Item (iii).

### SECTION 2-Regurgitation, Urination, and Defecation—Intentional and Unintentional.

1.A. (i) Any act of expulsion of bodily fluids or other byproducts, whether intentional or unintentional, shall henceforth be regarded as inappropriate behavior at social gatherings, excepting those gatherings for which said activities are actively encouraged and persued. How-

# CUDDLY CRIME-STOPPERS FOR KIDS



## STAN AND SAM, THE VICE-SQUAD CRABS

Hey, we're Stan and Sam. We're the long claw of the law grabbing onto the pubic hairs of crime. We're down in your local red-light district, keeping the sleazoids in line. Did Suzie Q. Floozy just hear something? That's us scuttling over her coke mirror. And while Joe Solicitation is fist-deep in a man named Raúl, we're snappin' photos from the dildo shelf.

Now, it's never too early to learn proper crime prevention, kids, so if you don't know what a dildo shelf is, ask your parents. Tell them you heard it from little Billy down the street. Maybe then they'll pay some attention to you, and if you're real lucky, you won't end up with a foreign businessman doing body shots out of your asshole just so you can pay the rent. Busted!

## DOBBO THE ZONING GNOME

Hey, kids! I bet you didn't know there's a way you can help fight crime right in your own house. My name is Dobbo and you can help me stop people from breaking some of the most important laws of all: neighborhood zoning ordinances. Just like we have laws to stop junkies and thugs from attacking poor old ladies, we have laws to protect innocent, defenseless property values.

Do the flowers in your mom's garden hang more than two and three-quarters inches over the sidewalk? Has your Uncle Duane left his Camaro on your lawn for the past ten months because it has no wheels? These are zoning violations, kids, and they mean that your family is no better than a gang of common criminals. If your parents shot someone in your backyard, you'd tell somebody, right? Well, when your parents build their gazebo so it overlaps public property, it's just as bad. Call me, Dobbo the Zoning Gnome, and rat out your parents today.

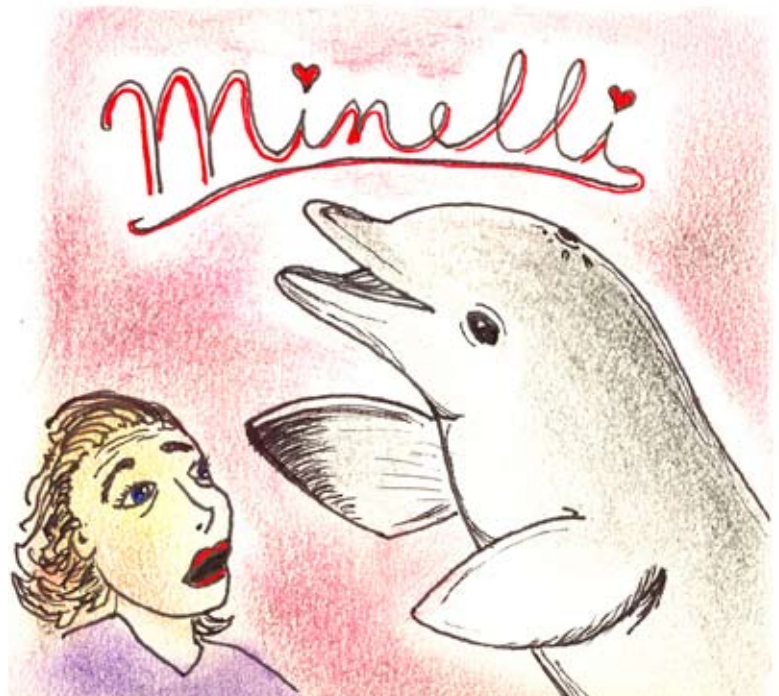
## HERSCHEL, THE INCOME TAX JEWPIG

Oy, my allehgies! They're must be some sort of mold in this office, uchghchg. So, yeah, I'm Herschel. I make sure the books are clean. Did you carry that zero? You bet your platter of sturgeon you did, or I'll have a pound of flesh! With interest! Even if it's just your little dawtah's lemonade stand, I want notes, numbers, receipts! And don't think of posting a bet with my cousin, Myron Lugilevich the bookie. I got him by the Jewpigballs!

## MINELLI, THE HEALTHY MARRIAGE DOLPHIN

Hi, I'm Minelli. I'm a dolphin. Many people know that dolphins can perform skillful tricks and are the only mammal besides humans to get pleasure from sex. But that's not all: we're also the only other mammals that rough up our spouses when they get out of line.

My job is to make sure dolphins and humans have healthy, happy marriages. That means when your old lady can't get dinner on the table or won't let you read the paper in peace, I knock some sense back into her. Or if you think the mis-sus is pulling some funny business with your son's strapping young friends, call Minelli. Nothing says, "honey, I want you to shine!" like a the sensuous touch of shiner.





# GETTING BACK AT MAD PUNKS AND BITCHES OR "HOW ROUGH RIDERS ROLL"

BY DMX

*"How Many Times I Tell You Rap-Cats? I have no Friends."  
-DMX*

## Step 1: Stop!

If you're gonna administer justice, first you gotta stop what you're doing. Say, you're fucking some bitch on a pile of coke. You must not continue fucking and pouring cognac down your lady's back. Nah, bro. You gotta stop that shit and recognize that there is a situation that needs fixing. Cease, and silence your pager.

## Step 2: Drop!

This part is just in case you set yourself on fire or something. If you start setting yourself on fire every damn time you recognize that there's a problem that needs fixing, you must drop to the floor and roll around and shit. Otherwise you can't get to steps 3 and 4 because everybody will be distracted by the fire that is all up on you. Stop setting yourself on fire, fool!

## Step 3: Shut 'Em Down

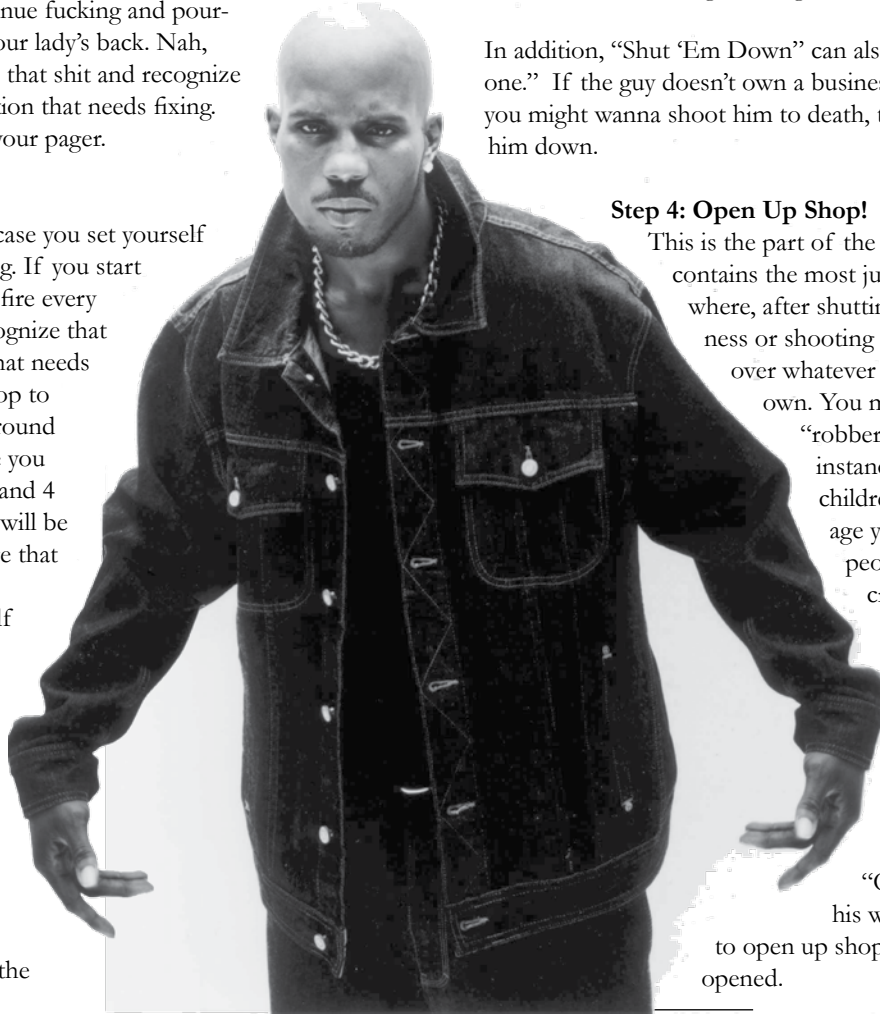
Find whoever is stepping to you and actually shut down his business. Say, the guy you're going after owns a restaurant, contact the

health inspectors and get that place shut down! Or let's say he runs an orphanage. Go over there and chase all the kids out. Whatever he's running, fucking shut it down.

In addition, "Shut 'Em Down" can also mean "Murder Someone." If the guy doesn't own a business that can be shut down, you might wanna shoot him to death, thereby actually shutting him down.

## Step 4: Open Up Shop!

This is the part of the "Justice Formula" that contains the most justice of all. This is where, after shutting down the guy's business or shooting him to death, you take over whatever was his and make it your own. You might call this process "robbery" or "ganking shit." For instance, if after chasing the children out of the orphanage you move your own people in and throw a giant crack party, you would be "Opening Up Shop" at the orphanage. Or, if after murdering a guy you then take his wife for a ride in your Mercedes SL 500 and fuck her against the tinted windows, you would be "Opening Up Shop" on his wife. There are many ways to open up shop and mad shops to be opened.



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# HARDBOILED SLEUTH STORIES

## PRESENTS: THE YELLOW STAIN

The clock on the nightstand read 2:34 a.m. It was two weeks ago today that I had taken the case. I hadn't wanted to take it—this one hit too close to home—but dames have a way of being persuasive, especially when that dame is your mom and she threatens to take away your Legos.

The old lady had been accused of a lot of things in her day, but a love for domestic labor was never one of them. So the morning my sheets turned up wet and smelling like the floor of a men's room, I knew there would be hell to pay. I didn't know who was pissing on my sheets, and frankly, I didn't want to. By the time you're six-and-a-half years old, you learn a few things, like not to stick your nose where it doesn't belong. At this rate I wouldn't make it to seven. And I had a party coming up at Chuck E. Cheese.

But someone pissed on my sheets while I was asleep on them, and now that I was mixed up in this mess, I was going to get to the bottom of it. I only had two leads. There was a hair, found at the scene. It was brown, curly, and short. Maybe a pube, maybe not. I wasn't sure. Maybe the culprit had curly hair like me. Seemed like a long shot, though.

The second lead was the crime itself—urine. The perp always left it in the same spot, right in the middle of the bed. I knew he did it to taunt me, to mock my detective abilities. How did he always pee directly under where I slept? I knew the answer had to be right under my nose—or right under my groin.

These past two weeks I lived and breathed the case. I spent most of my time at the crime scene. Gave the soiled evidence to the forensics people in the morning, and watched it come back clean in the afternoon, not a mark, not a clue. I stayed up late, tormented by the buzz of the neon porno shop sign outside my window. Yellow then blue. Yellow then blue. I watched my smoke rings catch the alternating colors.

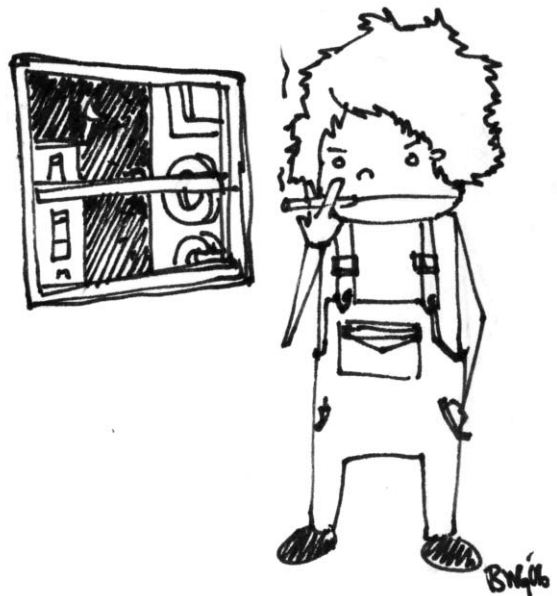
For two weeks the case had gone nowhere. The perp was still pissing in my bed, so I had one play left: to catch him in the act. So there I was, on the stakeout. The room was dark except for the glow of my cigarette.

Suddenly I felt the familiar warm, damp feeling in my sheets. But I was the only one in the room. Was this some elaborate hoax? Could it be? No. Was I the perp, unknowingly committing yellow crimes with some sick split-personality? But then I looked up.

“What the fuck? Are you peeing on me? What the—”

“Behold, I am the urine fairy! Delivering fresh gallons of urine to children around the world each night. Wait, is that a gun? What the hell? Aren't you six? You can't just—”

Case closed.



### ANOTHER TRUE CONFESSION

I've been happily married for 28 years, but recently I started an affair with a younger man I work with. At first it was just a night in a motel room every now and then, but I think lately it's been getting out of hand. We've been going to the Poconos for weekend fuckfests...and paying for it with money embezzled from our company. And then last weekend we robbed a couple of convenience stores. It just made everything so much hotter, more exciting, you know? Anyway, I better get going. Tony knows a guy who knows a guy who's got this freelance kidnapping gig he's gonna set us up with.

—Amanda, 51, Scarsdale

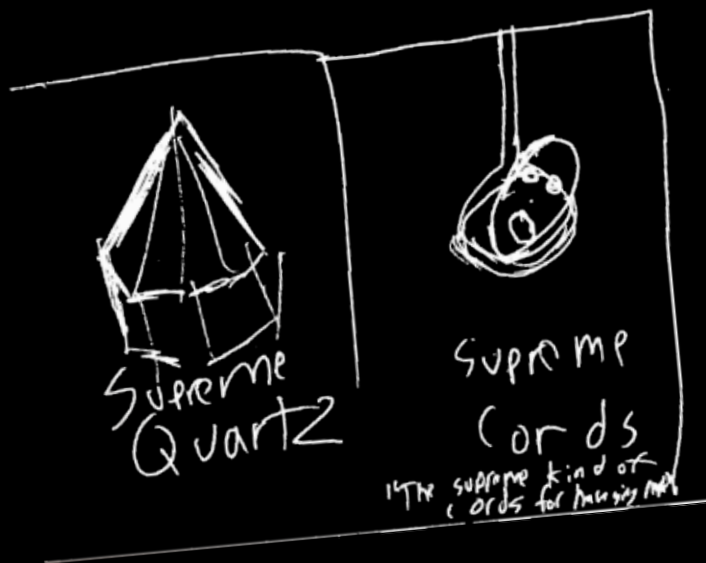
WHEN THE JURY READ OUT  
 "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE,"  
 A MILLION THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH  
 MY MIND.

1. This is still much better than that time I had to drink that corn-based wine.
  2. Do they let you have dogs in prison?
  3. The Bo Diddley beat is actually the *son* clave.
  4. Perhaps they will forget to sentence me.
  5. Kids ten years from now aren't even gonna know what pay-phones are.
  6. Do I have to poop or is it just gas?
  7. What is the boiling point of saliva?
  8. This is just like that scene in *Mighty Ducks*, only my dad is Donald Sutherland, not Martin Sheen.
  9. I bet they're just fucking with me because I'm high.
  10. Is that girl pregnant or just fat?
  11. I hope I'm not gonna miss *Two and a Half Men*. Yes I hope this sentence of life in prison will not preclude my watching the show *Two and a Half Men* on television.
  12. I can never remember if I like "some pulp" or "lots of pulp."
- 1,000,000. I can't believe I just had so many thoughts.



### PRISONER'S DILEMMAS

- Averting rape daily
- Cutting this pumpkin bread without a knife
- Having a heart attack in prison
- Choosing between completing Jedi training and saving friends
- Mac or PC?
- Finding a decent garnish for this coq au vin
- Keeping this pumpkin bread fresh
- Promised ass to both guard and white power gang
- Deciding on strategy for plus sum logic game tournament next week
- Realizing International Spirits Competition does not have "prison hooch" category
- Not wanting to give up anti-establishment style despite realization that "punk" label inevitably leads to more fuck-beatings.
- Being in prison



### ANOTHER TRUE CONFESSION

So, I lost the money for my kid's birthday present at the track. Big fucking deal. "Them's the breaks," I told him. Kid's eight years old already, still carries on like a little girl. "If the damn jock hadn't been so shy with the whip, you'd have a shiny new firetruck. But you don't, so quit the bitch-and-moan act." I'm not raising a crybaby here. But there was something about the look in his eyes that I couldn't get out of my head. Like it was my fault or something. Anyway, that night I snuck into the stables and broke the horse's knees. I thought everything would be all good then, but the next morning, I checked the papers, and it turns out I got the wrong horse. Crazy world, huh?

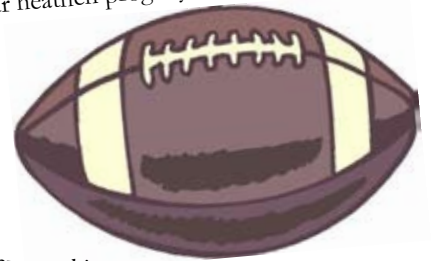
—Larry, 42, *Yonkers*

# SCENES FROM THE ANNUAL OFFICE OUTING OF THE COURT OF APPEALS FOR THE FOURTH CIRCUIT

## “BRING YOUR KIDS TO THE FOOTBALL GAME!”

### CHAPTER THE FIRST

BILLY: Daddy, can we please go bathroom? I have to pee-pee.  
JUDGE GODFREY: Did anyone hear something? It sounds like babble, I can't be sure.  
BILLY: Daddy I don' wanna do smart talk. I wanna go bathroom.  
JUDGE KAPLAN: Maybe it's just a ringing in my ear.  
BILLY: Motion to go play recess!  
GODFREY: It's called motion to recess, Billy. Motion to recess. But fine, motion granted. We'll find you a bathroom. Christ, how will I ever be appointed to the Supreme Court if my own son can't follow simple courtroom procedure.  
COURT REPORTER SWANSON: Jeez, Judge, he's only 7!  
GODFREY: Watch it, Swanson. I'll hold you in contempt quicker than you and Sally can document it on your special typewriters or whatever the hell those things are. How you rear your heathen progeny is your own business. I, for one, will not raise a failure.  
SWANSON: God! I was just sayin'...Let's just go to the game.



### CHAPTER THE SECOND

KAPLAN: Quite the seats, Swanson. Do you mind if I rest my gavel in your cupholder? It digs into my thigh when I leave it in my pocket.  
SWANSON: Sure, I guess.  
JOEY: Daddy, Me and Billy and Johnny are hungry. Can we go get hot dogs?  
KAPLAN: “Daddy?” Judge Godfrey, do you or Swanson know anyone by the name of “Daddy?”  
SWANSON: He's your son, Bob.  
KAPLAN: Have I not made myself clear? You will address the court as “Judge Kaplan” or “Your Honor,” or I will have the bailiff remove you! The law is a serious business and I don't mean to let a bunch of savages run rampant through my courtroom.  
SWANSON: Judge, we're not in your courtroom.  
KAPLAN: Your objection is noted, counselor.  
JOEY: Mr. Judge Daddy, can we please get hot dogs?  
KAPLAN: It's Judge Kaplan, not Judge Daddy. We'll take a short recess for lunch and be back by kickoff.

### CHAPTER THE LAST

SWANSON: Hey hey, check out that cheerleader, front and center. I'd like to take a deposition or two from her, if you know what I mean.  
GODFREY: That's quite enough of that vulgarity, Swanson. I won't have my courtroom treated like a common brothel.  
SWANSON: We're not in court, we're at a football game, and you know, it would be nice if you called me by my first name once in a while.  
GODFREY: Motion denied, Swanson. Oh! Excellent kick! Charge up the field! Holding!?! Holding!?! I'll hit you with injunctions until you don't remember your own name, you faggy black-and-white robe-wearing charlatan! No one suborns perjury in my courtroom! No one!  
SWANSON: For God's sake, will you stop with the court nonsense? This is a football game and now you're embarrassing me and my kid.  
GODFREY: You know what's embarrassing, Swanson? Your total disregard for proper procedure. If you wish to be recognized you will address this court with respect.  
KAPLAN (taking out his gavel): Order in the court!  
BILLY: Daddy, stop, you and Mr. Judge Kaplan are scaring me!  
GODFREY: Don't talk to me about fear, Billy. I see fear in the eyes of the scumbags serving twenty-five to life. What do you know about hard time, Billy? Nothing! Have you ever seen the movie Midnight Express? I didn't think so.  
BILLY: Can I ride home with Johnny?



# VÁCLAV HAVEL, CELEBRITY JUDGE

BAILIFF: All rise for the Honorable Justice Václav Havel.  
[Most people stand up. Havel enters with a strapping young interpreter.]

HAVEL: 'Tahnk you! 'Tahnk you! Welcome to special edition celebrity! As many you know, this is honor for me, since I spend many many long time in jail for reason politik. At night in my small, tight, leetle cell, I sing musik of my homeland: "Pust Begut Neuklyzsho Peshudi Po Luzsham."

[Havel turns to his interpreter.]

INTERPRETER: "The Pink Flowers that Sing in the Sunshine."

HAVEL: Yes! Every night large, strapping Russian POW name Sergey come and call me Buttlav Havel. Now me come to bring pleasure to the masses in the form of Relationship Justice!

[Theme music plays. Title graphics appear on screen.]

HAVEL: Welcome back! Stepforward first plaintiff!

BILL CLINTON: You see, your Honorable Justice Former President Havel, we're having some trouble with getting our caucuses to agree on how to conduct our joint legislative sessions, if you know what I mean.

HILLARY: I like to be on top. Is that a fucking crime?

BILL CLINTON: Hillary, you know that my representatives can't cast their ballots in your chamber when you're speaker of the house.

HAVEL: I don't know what mean, Former Clinton. But I shall make my rule. In time of argument over who on top, solution two part! One part: lie on side. Two part: Da borscht Rasputin Butsckaltak!!

HILLARY: I don't understand.

INTERPRETER: President Havel suggests you try conducting business in the judicial chambers.

HILLARY: What?

BILL CLINTON: Sounds good to me.

[Bailiff escorts them offstage. Theme music plays.]

HAVEL: Neext!

TOM CRUISE: Greetings, my man.

KATIE HOLMES: God help me.

[Tom frowns and yanks Katie's leash.]

TOM CRUISE: Your honor, as of late, my last samurai has been reluctant to do battle...



KATIE HOLMES: He can't get it up and he won't take Viagra.  
[Tom yanks leash.]

TOM CRUISE: Katie, I told you, it's devil medicine. Mr. Havel, as you know, Xenu spoketh to the people: "all cock medicine thou shalt not take."

KATIE HOLMES: But it just doesn't make any sense. You got off to Nicole!

TOM CRUISE: She has a very masculine face.

KATIE HOLMES: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

KATIE HOLMES: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

HAVEL: What?

KATIE HOLMES: I just don't know what in the world could be going on!

HAVEL: I have solution to your mission impossible. Solution two-part, roll drum please!

[Gong resonates.]

HAVEL: One part: strap-on! Two part: BUTTSEX!

TOM CRUISE: YES!

KATIE HOLMES: What?

TOM CRUISE: What? I'm not gay.

KATIE HOLMES: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

RICHARD SIMMONS: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

KATIE HOLMES: What?

BAILIFF: What?

KATIE HOLMES: What?

ANDERSON COOPER: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

KATIE HOLMES: What?

TOM CRUISE: What?

THE COP FROM THE VILLAGE PEOPLE: What?

KATIE HOLMES: What the fuck?

HAVEL: 'Tahnk you all! Please join next week when I cure Paris Hilton syphilis.

HAVEL: Goodnight and toss my garden salad party!

[Asthma attack ensues.]

[Theme music plays. Credits roll in Czech.]



# Hero Cop Poses as Pedophile To Catch Underage Perverts

Tapping out his Marlboro Red on the crust of his DiGiorno pizza, Jeremy Maher stares into his computer screen. The time is 1:28 AM. Maher types “so u want 2 meet n we have some fun? at the play ground I told you about, im rock hard rite now,” and takes another drag as he waits for the reply. For half a minute, the only sound is a boiling coffeemaker and then DING. “All right you Better be as Big as u say tho!”

Maher is so excited he jumps out of his chair. “Got one,” he grins. For the past eighteen months, Maher has propositioned pre teens for sex online, as part of NYPD’s Sexual Assault Division. Posing as a pedophile, he penetrates the online communities in which pedophilia takes place and lures his targets into a false sense of security in order to apprehend them. “The only way we can identify these sick bas tards is to pretend to be their friends,” says Maher. “You have to really get in there and find that nasty stuff.”

It is now 1:39, and Maher has just gotten confirmation of his warrant from headquarters. He zips up his fly, puts out his cigarette, and grabs his coat. “Come on,” he says. “This should be fun.” Maher always looks forward to meeting his subjects in person, when they discover that the long arm of the law won’t be giving them a reach around.

“When they understand what they’ve done, and that they are to blame, it’s often a shocker,” he explains as he drives to the scene of the meet. Relating how he has brought many of these sexual predators to their knees, he recalls a specific favorite case, a girl who cried for 9 hours straight after being brought in to the station. “Eleven year old,” he says proudly.

This particular suspect, whose name is being withheld, is not eleven but fifteen. If convicted, he will get at least two years of prison, the minimum for soliciting underage sex as a minor, but perhaps more importantly, until he reaches the age of eighteen, he will be required to notify others to warn them of his past record. Maher says the purpose is twofold: as well as warning others, it teaches the criminal a lesson.

“For a teenaged sex offender,” he says, “ringing every doorbell in the neighborhood and telling



**Maher apprehends a teen who was cruising the internet for “Play” from older men.**

people where he lives and that he’s had a history of sex with older adults can be a sobering experience.” Adults worried about the presence of teenage deviants in their neighborhood can check out his department’s website, which in addition to a registry of lascivious teens with information on where they live, their appearance, online handles, interests, and school schedules, also features an interactive game called Grab A Young Un’ that trains them how to spot these people on the internet.

The website is considered a great success, getting far more hits than the larger, adult sex offender registry also run by the department. “People really seem to be interested in these underage sex addicts,” he says.

Asked whether any of the perverts he ensnared has ever turned out to be another undercover cop trying to catch adult pedophiles, he falls silent. Finally, Maher answers. “Once...” he says, staring ahead at the road. “I killed him.” There’s no time for any more questions—the playground is coming up. Maher flashes his headlights, and a fifteen-year-old boy, wearing a gray Yankees cap, walks over to the car. As he draws near, Maher hits the police lights on his unmarked vehicle. The youth is stunned for a second, and Maher jumps out, pins his target against the hood of the car, and cuffs him. It’s a long ride to the station for the would be pervert, and another successful night for Maher.

# KING SOLOMON

ARTIST: King Solomon, I am the artist who has painted a portrait of you.

KING SOLOMON: It is beautiful. Slice it in half.

ARTIST: ...Sir?

KING SOLOMON: If it is yours, you will not slice it in half.

ARTIST: It is yours now...

KING SOLOMON: I will raise it as my own.



MINISTER: My King, shall we raise taxes?

KING SOLOMON: I'm not sure I understand what you're saying.

MINISTER: ...Should we cut in half... our ...

King Solomon: Look, whatever it is, the answer is yes.

~

OFFICER: King Solomon, Grendel approaches!

KING SOLOMON: Slice it in half!

OFFICER: Your strategy will save the kingdom yet again.

~

SCIENTIST: King Solomon, the royal bisector is malfunctioning

KING SOLOMON: I will flee my kingdom this night.

~

*BEFORE THE BIRTH OF KING SOLOMON*

KING SOLOMON 0: Give birth to him in front of that huge knife.

## And now, a Very Special Event:

In honor of the publication of the JUSTICE issue, Jester is pleased to present this transcription of the guitar solo from Metallica's "One," the centerpiece of their landmark album, "...And Justice For All."

**DUH-DA-DA-DA-LA-DA DUH-DA-DA-DA-LA-DA DUH-DA-DA-DA-LA-DA  
DUH-DA-DA-DA-LA-DA DA-DOO-DA-DA-DOO-DA-DA-DUH-LA-DA DA-DA-  
DUH-DA-DA DA-DA-DUH-DA-DA DOO-DOO-DE-DOO DA-DUH-DA DA-DA-  
DA-  
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA DUH-DA-DA-DUH-DA-DA**

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## ANOTHER TRUE CONFESSION

When I was about 12, I used to steal from my mother's purse. You know, a ten here, a twenty there. It didn't seem like a big deal at the time...until we got evicted, and everything just started to go to hell. Well, long story short, Mom started turning tricks for a one-eyed Albanian named Aklav. That was 25 years ago. Last week, Aklav choked to death on an olive pit. You know what the crazy part is? All I can think about now, is how I never got a chance to tell him how important he was to me. That man was like the father I never had. God damn you, world.

—Rudy, 37, Queens





**CLASSIFIED - SCI**

## **MEMORANDUM: Saddam Hussein's "prison stories" For psychological evaluation**

### **Background**

On August 17, 2007, Iraqi military police discovered a notebook wedged between two bricks in Saddam Hussein's former cell, which he occupied until his execution last week. The manuscript had been damaged by water, but certain sections remain legible. Experts have described the work as a fascinating window into the psyche of the deposed tyrant. Excerpts are reproduced below.

1. Saddam begins by recounting his flight from justice following the American invasion of Iraq, in apparent homage to Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road*.

"I don't know what got under my skin back then, whether it was the liquor or the skirts or the thousands of tons of explosives falling from the sky, but I needed to get out of town for a while. Also, the Zionist-Crusaders were out for my skin, so the day the invasion started I packed up my bindle and stuck my thumb out. I felt good that day, since I was finally going somewhere, even if it was just anywhere."

In one passage, Saddam recounts evading capture with the help of "Hamdi," who remains at large.

"So we made it past the checkpoint without much trouble. I'd been riding with Hamdi for a few days and we knew how to get out of these jams. He had spent two whole years dodging cops back when he was in the smuggling business and of course I always had a half-million in cash stuffed in my bindle, so we could buy or talk our way out of pretty much anything. We were trying to make it to Falluja by sunup so we could get some fresh cherry pie. The prettiest girls in the world live in Falluja."

2. In another, Saddam seems to describe the psychological toll of life on the run.

"I'd been taking a cat nap for about an hour when I had this dream. It was a crazy one too. I was Odysseus on an island and everything was set up just fine there. When I woke up I remembered I was still in the hands of the Zionist-Crusaders and what a jam that

was. With nowhere else to go, I tried to get back to sleep before I'd have to hassle with getting my beard nice for the judges again. I tell you there's no drag worse than legal trouble when you're on the road."

3. This next passage sees Saddam abruptly shift tone and style. It appears to be an attempt to start a children's book, possibly in the hope of rehabilitating his reputation for future generations.

"Remember that one day you can become president just like I did. Then you can solve all of Iraq's problems. Don't be afraid to live your biggest dreams everyday. But make sure your friend does the right thing. If he doesn't, make sure you and your friends beat some sense into him. Peace comes through justice, and savage beatings."

4. Finally, there is what appears to be a screenplay for a remake of the classic film *The Godfather*, with Saddam cast in the role of Don Corleone and Qusay Hussein, Saddam's late son, as Michael.

Don Corleone: Let's not sell drugs to Arabs, only to Europeans. They're animals, let them lose their souls.

Michael: But if they're animals, why do they have souls to begin with?

(Don Corleone dies of a heart attack)

Henchman 1: It looks like Michael is the new leader of our mafia crime family.

Henchman 2: Whew! I thought he would never die.  
Michael: Me too. Let's get the body incinerated and send the ashes to his wife.

Henchman 2: But isn't his wife your mother?  
Shouldn't you deliver them?

Michael: Vincent, please answer his question for me.  
(Henchman 1 decapitates fellow Henchman with a scimitar.)

Michael: Is that the Golden Scimitar of Saladin?

Henchman 1: How'd you know?

Michael: I used to do art appraisal for Christie's.

Henchman 1: No shit? You?

(Michael grabs Saladin the Great's Scimitar from the Henchman and decapitates him.)

Michael: Yes shit. Me.



Department of Justice Website

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DISPELLING THE MYTHS

ANTI-TERROR RECORD



“Lady Liberty today stands taller, prouder, more resolved, more beautiful, pacific, and regal than she has ever stood before. Her arms strong yet open. Her glance suspicious yet welcoming. Her teeth clenched behind a reluctant smile.”

*Alberto R. Gonzales -  
April 16,  
2005*

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**I Don't Know** ???

**Find out INSTANTLY!**

## Combat Terrorism

### Tips and Public Leads

The F.B.I. encourages citizens to report suspected criminal activity or potential terrorist attacks by using the following form:

1. Is your report time-sensitive?

Yes No

*If you answered 'yes' to question 1, please go on to questions 2 through 5. If you answered 'no,' please proceed to question 6.*

2. On a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the least urgent, and 10 being the most urgent, how would you rate the urgency of your report?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

3. Is your life or are the lives of others currently or imminently in danger?

Yes No Unsure

4. If you answered 'yes' to question 3, the, on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the least amount of danger, and 10 being the greatest amount of danger, in how much danger are you or others placed (currently or imminently) by the incident you are reporting?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

5. In the ratio of danger you or others face to the potential assistance the Department of Justice could ideally provide (each scaled along a 10 point measure), with 0 being no danger, 1 being equal amounts of danger and potential assistance, 3/7<sup>ths</sup> being a low degree of danger with a relatively good chance of assistance, and where no potential assistance is undefined in ordinary (real number) arithmetic, where along the following scale does your situation lie?

0 \_\_\_\_\_ 5

6. Are you a terrorist?

Yes No Unsure

7. Does your report involve reference to (please click all that apply):

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| Fire-arms?               | Public Property?                               |
| Illicit drugs?           | Private Property?                              |
| Terrorism?               | Check Fraud?                                   |
| Nuclear Energy?          | Diversit                                       |
| Transportation?          | Air Travel?                                    |
| Islamofascism?           | Land Travel (e.g., Amtrak)?                    |
| Polyamory?               | Speculum/Specula?                              |
| Tracheotomies?           | Potential Terrorists (from oil-rich countries) |
| Explosives?              | Potential Terrorists (non-oil rich countries)  |
| Torture (Non-American)?  | Abasiophilia?                                  |
| Torture (American)?      | Sodomy?  |
| Disturbing Conversation? | Vandalism?                                     |

9. Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Lord and Savior?

10. To the best of your ability, estimate the difference in the death totals between if we do heed your warning or don't:

\_\_\_\_\_ poor people (to nearest thousand)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ rich people (to nearest ten)  
 \_\_\_\_\_ of presidents (vice president = 0.5)

11. Thank you for your report. This website has providing you assistance in (click all that apply)

- |                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Bringing terrorists to justice | Bringing justice to terrorists |
| Securing the nation            | National security              |
| Preventing crime               | Crime prevention               |
| Disaster management            | Jackin' it                     |



