

# jester

*of columbia - may 2007*



FROM  
MAG  
TOO





 **COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY**  
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT, LEE C. BOLLINGER

**Building a Global University**

Jambo / Bienvenidos!

First things first. We live in an age of technology. Just this morning my coffee was made by a *machine*! And just as I imagine by 2015 all food will be served by—and in the form of—holograms, I imagine in 3015 all universities will be global. Allow you to hear my brilliant idea.

I had this idea first in 1995 while envisioning what a globe of the universe would look like. Now, globes are educational *and* good, so I figured, let's do it: let's make a globe of the universe. I proposed this to my friend Professor David Helfand and we chortled about it for a spell over a flute or two of chortler's wine (seltzer water). Then he threw his head back and cackled in the delightful way that only I permit him to. "Great idea," he intoned, "*great fucking idea.*"

But just as he began taking out his globemaking materials, I stopped him. I had an even better idea. Why not buy the world's largest collection of globes? Then I realized I couldn't do it with my salary of 400 fucking thousand dollars or whatever—but a *university* could. The university with a ton of globes: a global university.

I thought to myself, what's the point of having a massive collection of globes if you don't live in a huge mansion in New York City?

"Come live with me in my group house, Ptolemy House. You can live on my floor," Helfand offered.

"I'll do you one better, friend," I said. "I'll run Columbia University." And guess what? I fucking did that. So off I went to New York City, the globe capital of the western world! This was in 1996. That the books do not reflect my presidency until 2002 is a technicality.

All of Columbia's resources were directed toward globe collection, and we stored them in the vast World Trade Center. Then, on September 11, 2001, tragedy struck. Something happened, we still don't know what, but the globes vanished without a trace. Though I am confident they were just misplaced and will eventually be found, this forever changed my outlook.

Beginning upon my "official" term as head captain of this university, I announced my intent to reinvigorate our globe collecting campaign with a clever trick. I would invite world leaders to fly to Columbia's resplendent Library and party space, which I call the Semi-Globe, to "speak"—secretly begging them for information about our lost globes, meanwhile buying new globes, so when the old ones are returned we will have a real global university!

I have recently requested five billion dollars from whoever wants to give it to me for the express purposes of purchasing rare and interesting globes. I assure you, your donations will only be spent on globes (and possibly LCDs). This is step one toward the eventual the construction my \$100 billion "Living Globe of Plasma" which will stand over two hundred feet tall and be made of plasma. Estimated date of completion March 2009.

I have a lot more ideas. Ask me about my idea to play a dead body like a clarinet. Guess what the mouthpiece would be? Hint: it ain't the mouth.

Globe,

 #2)

Lee Bollinger

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# JESSE BROWN: COLUMBIA MAY 2007: TECHNOLOGY



PREPARE FOR THE COMEDIC EXPERIENCE



# Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Though my body lies torn asunder my thoughts remain with you. We charged the hill yesterday, and damned if they weren't ready for us. The japs had carved bunkers into the hillside. Shot twice in left leg. It's okay, though. At least I get to lie down. The blood taste in my mouth reminded me of innocent 1930s midland America. My thoughts of home keep me going, which is why I send you these letters. These LETTERS FROM IWO JIMA.

Dear Editor,

When the bull kicked me in the back the last thing I saw was the American flag. In my sickbed I can see one flying down at the playground near the schoolyard. I know the kids there don't understand what it's like to be paralyzed, but that's okay. The sight of these flags keeps me going. These FLAGS OF OUR FATHERS.

Dear Editor,

As a tired Union soldier in a land I did not know, I never knew that one day I would learn to dance. But a friendly scorpion taught me his secret rhythm, and sooner or later I was experiencing those magnificent DANCES WITH WOLVES.

Dear Editor,

I am a rogue police officer who has been assigned to locate a bomb planted in New York City during the hot, hot summer by a wily villain calling himself Simon. With me is a Harlem shopkeep who I have offended. I don't know what will happen to me, but whatever happens, I hope I do not DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE.

Dear Editor,

Please, make more references to the movie DUNSTON CHECKS IN.

*Thank you for you suggestion. Please see page 08.*

O Jester, lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. O Jester, lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Sincerely,  
David

*Thank you! I think your name is very pretty too.*  
- Jester

## Editorial Cartoon



# Deaths

## Ronald McDowell, 39, Teacher

Local high school teacher Ron McDowell died Friday of an especially embarrassing form of cancer. He was well known for teaching the children at his predominantly white private school that good connections and Dartmouth educations are more powerful than gang violence. His job was not always easy—many at the school felt that there was no way that a man of upper-middle class background could possibly reach students hardened by years of trust funds and leadership camps, but Ron managed to pull through, graduating an impressive 100% of students that had him in class, most of whom went on to be rich and white themselves. He is survived by his wife Brenda and his son Malcolm.

## Rohokneddin Zarandazchi, 42, Electrician

Rohokneddin Zarandazchi died Wednesday after being stabbed in his home in Queens. Zarandazchi, an Iranian immigrant, had dealt with the racism and stereotyping of his peers since childhood. As a young boy, he was commonly seen surrounded by white nerds asking him to “fire, like, a million arrows in a second,” or inquiring about the location of his “enormous battle-rhino.” Described as a regular guy who happened to be eight feet tall and covered in body piercings, Zarandazchi fought intolerance and prejudice his whole life, but it was a ultimately a stereotype that was his undoing: the stereotype that Persians will die if you stab them in the throat with a spear. Unfortunately for the politically correct everywhere, this hurtful lie turned out to be true. He is survived by his son Vishtash, who is described as being incredibly numerous and so disfigured that he must wear a samurai mask, and his wife Proshat, who cheated on him with a disfigured midget.

## Jessica Harris, 31, Chef

Celebrity cook Jessica Harris was eaten by cannibals Monday in a horrific and ironic fashion. After being captured by the fringe Christian Cannibalistic movement, which takes the last supper to be a divine mandate to eat the most pious members of the community, she was badly cooked on an open spit, losing much of her flavor. Between her screams of pain she periodically interjected that if they were going to eat her, they might as well do it right. After her third suggestion of a basting ingredient and her offer to eat prawns in order to ease the stuffing process, the cannibals decided that she was on to something, and covered her in black pepper. She screamed with more pain at the incorrect spicing than due to the flames, before she mercifully fell unconscious and did not have to see their copious use of American cheese.

## Dane Hunter, 24, Artist

Freelance graphic artist and part-time student Dane Hunter died as he lived Tuesday—disappointing his father. The 24-year-old Hunter had a long history of failing to live up to his father's expectations, beginning with his failure to make a game-winning catch in his pee-wee T-ball league. The rest of Hunter's life was a continuing frustration to his father, Ira, who hoped his son would take over the family trout-farming business and considered his ambition to be a successful painter “fruity.” Hunter was killed when he was hit by a bus on his way to a gallery opening in Chelsea, having turned down the chance to attend a hockey game with his father.





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## Technology = Magnets

Last Thanksgiving, when everyone went around the table and mentioned things they were thankful for, what did you say? Did you say "family" or "my health" or some other lame bullshit? Shut up and listen if you said any of those things, because you were wrong.

The correct answer is technology.

What do you think provides you with all the conveniences that make your life so easy? Without technology, how could you power your Segway? How would you listen to J-Kwon on your Zune while sipping a delicious cherry Icee? How would you watch the hours of beekeeper porn that you cherish so much? The fact is that you wouldn't, and you would have probably died of sepsis a long time ago. Face the facts, dotard.

Technology has even gotten its liquid metal fingers into places you'd never even expect. Do you think you're reading my editorial right now? Thanks to technology, you could just as easily be in an elaborate computer simulation of my making. Prove that you're not. Or maybe I'm using this as a diversion to watch you with my X-10 Spycam, purchased via this thing called the Internet. Perhaps you've heard of it.

No? Well, the web has provided us with an almost magical means of communicating with fellow Internauts from all across the world. Right now I am listening to the podcast of Hardo Fink, a 700-pound projectionist musing about how he would get around town if he could travel by Spider-Man webslinger instead of Rascal scooter. Hang on, lemme send you a link to some awesome Harry Potter erotic fan fiction about Hermione reverse birthing an octopus. Oh, you don't have Internet access right now? Sucks for you, grampa. Without this Internet of ours, I might never have seen

the vlog of that guy with progeria explaining how to eat boiled peanuts, and I would be less of a person for it.

Every time that I masturbate to your Facebook photos, I am reminded that we truly live in the best of all possible worlds.

So try to show technology some respect, because fighting against technology is like shoveling coal into the engines of an ocean liner trying to propel itself up a waterfall of progress. The Indians tried to battle against our superior germ weaponry, and now they're extinct. For ages, the Moon tried to resist the might of our technology and then we stabbed it in the face with a flag. Paper loses every time to the brutal mechanical efficiency of scissors. You'd be wise to unfurrow your caveman brow and expose your beady little eyeballs to the black monolith of technology before it tips over and crushes you like so many Coke machines.

Do you know how many skyscrapers the Amish have raised? How many calories does a swimming pool full of Fresca have? How many miles do I have to travel to play a round of Wii Golf? The answer to all these questions (and more) is zero, which itself is a technological innovation brought to us by the Babylonians. Deal with it, troglodyte.

Now, before I go, you may try and make the original and hilarious observation that technology has failed because we don't have flying cars yet. Well, guess what, cakeass, we do: They're called helicopters. While you're looking that up in your paper encyclopedia, I'll be making a Hot Pocket.

*Alex Weinberg*

Alex Weinberg  
Enemy of Freedom

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

# E-Diary of a Christian Techno Musician

[rotate for easier reading]

August 14th

The youth say my Divine Ecstasy track won't spontaneously cause the simultaneous universal pulse of the shared frozen moment of Jesus's rebirth when they don't have the proper sacrament. My suppliers say they are Russian Orthodox, but I am worried they are not strictly observant; the other night I saw them break the 6th commandment on a man who owed money. I can't get the splattered brains out of my mind or my clericals.

August 28th

Last week not slept need to record album by September Sergei needs the bonus money don't make me kill you priest don't make me kill you release? religion is the ecstasy of the masses ecstasy is the religion of the masses Jesus lights sweat pulse rhythm future masses wooferechirper ecstasy sensory Lord pulse revival cannot lay me down to sleep pray the lord my soul to keep always have to stay awake pray the lord my soul to take.

September 1th

sadfijbaotfgasdlevijkev asd fhds; svc  
cv  
dfsd

eat jesus

May 12th

I've been struggling with my new project, the Book of John. The synth bass line I wrote combined with drum loop 16 and random electronic whizzing 53 truly conveys how Jesus is fully divine, but I can't seem to find a nonsensical industrial noise that expresses that He is also fully human.

May 29th

Ever since I started writing techno for Christ, I've struggled to keep the Christian message in there, so that when people get down and freaky to my music they're dancing for Him rather than for the flesh with their rapturous feeling from everything they touch.

July 6th

The Good Lord spoke to me through a young prophet in Chelsea. "Yo, I like the whole existential treble thing—it kind of tastes like chocolate—but if you put some D00M from the bass on every single beat it would make it more danceable. You got any coke?" I did not, so His messenger replaced his pacifier and I heard no more.



# DALETECH

VOCATIONAL UNIVERSITY

WHERE YOUR  
\$ MIND \$  
IS  
\$ MONEY! \$

Our staff of \$ professors will teach you the best ways to scam money out of people who are already poor!

**INCLUDING**  
STEALING THEIR HEIRLOOMS   
STARTING A UNIVERSITY   
SELLING INDULGENCES   
THREATENING THEM 

Don't believe us? Take a look at this STOCK PHOTO!



## TRUE TESTIMONIAL

After taking Dalettech's Legal Deception Seminar, I've been able to trick more than a dozen people into buying penny stocks I own... with nothing but my wits and a e-mail address that I only had to pay my professor \$20 dollars to register for me!

- Thaddicker "Bill" Gates, billgates@micronseft.com

**CHINUA ACHEBE**  
**TEACHES AT DALETECH\***

\*may not be true

"I think, therefore I am"

- Unknown

"I think, therefore I am RICH"

- Dale Miller, founder of Dalettech

## Technological Recalls and Failures

In rare circumstances, the unstoppable forward progress of technology has been temporarily halted by minor missteps. While our civilization is a testament to technology's success, the following is a register of its failures:

-Thirteen thousand TiVo 2.0 players were recalled, with TiVo admitting it was an "error in judgment" to put the "play" and "induce cyclic vomiting syndrome" buttons adjacent to one another. Half-price coupons to minor league baseball games were offered to all those affected.

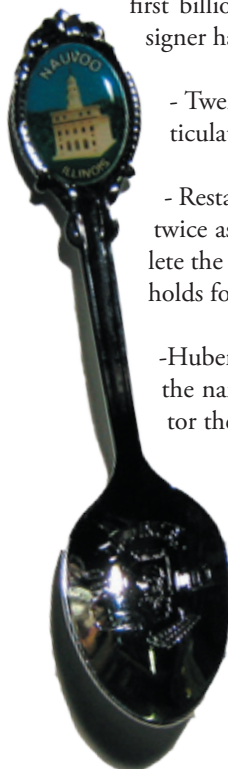
- Convinced he had revolutionized music, alcoholic madman Bill Daiman submitted an incomprehensible drawing of a "sound device" to the Collegiate Inventors Competition. Although his invention failed miserably and was ridiculed by everyone involved in the competition, its blueprints were later fished out of the trashcan by a low-level Microsoft designer and resubmitted to the Patent Office as the "Zune."



-Ten million world-hunger-solving-machines shipped to Sierra Leone were recalled after a clerical error led to beige ones being shipped when teal were ordered. The embarrassed manufacturer promised to have replacements delivered by the end of the dry season.

-Television Mogul Gabriel Wilhelm planned to introduce the world's first television station which aired only commercials. The ambitious project was later shut down after being sued by MTV for patent infringement.

- The first supercomputer made of stale bread and clay was highly functional, but still was deemed a disappointment when it calculated the first billion digits of pi in a microsecond longer than its designer had promised.



- Twenty splines were recalled after being discovered unreticulated.

- Restaurateur Sally Schuman's invention, "a glass that holds twice as much liquid as a normal glass," was rendered obsolete the same year by 7-11's Big Gulp, patented as "a cup that holds four times as much liquid as Sally Schuman's glass."

-Hubert Daleman attempted to re-patent the spoon using the name Spoon: The Machine. Jamal Smith, actual inventor the spoon, expressed his disapproval in an open letter.

-After losing his father to a really bad scraped knee, seven-year old prodigy Johnny McTinsel attempted to render a perfect robotic replica. While physically and emotionally identical, the replica proved too exact when it succumbed to the same weakness as its base model and died of a badly scraped knee.

Albert N. Duntmore  
HIST W3133  
History of Transportation

Follow the Yellow Brick Road:

Highway Median Lines as a Catalyst for All History

Since the beginning of time, man has made roads, and as long as man has had roads, he has drawn lines down the middle of them. The Roman emperor Tiberius once said, "O! most marvelous roads! Without you, our enemies would trample us underfoot, exploiting the economic advantage derived from their superiority at transporting various goods from place to place by using their increased tax revenues to hire more soldiers! Now let thirty slaves be roasted on spits: my horse has demanded it!" (Wikipedia p. 9). This shows that even Roman emperors with documented mental illnesses were well-aware of the advantages of having a line down the middle of the road.

In our own time, news that the Soviet Union was developing new satellite technology to draw road-dividing lines from space with laser-guided GPS precision prompted the United States to triple its own military spending—extending the Cold War by at least a decade. As part of the response, the White House established a President's Commission on Improving Road Division Equality, which allowed dozens of political lackeys to live opulently at taxpayer expense, and even became the subject of an epidemiological study related to a brief but severe outbreak of scabies. As a result of the panel's efforts, new roads built in the United States were on average nearly one-fifth of one percent straighter than in previous decades, and highway road repair activities increased nearly five times over.



**FUCK YOU**  
... YOU'RE ALREADY USING IT ANYWAY

**RollNap**  
*the dehumanizing napkin*





# Brooklyn Pagan

March 12, 2007

## Polar Foxes are going to be fucking huge

Download: Polar Foxes – Axe #3 (Dance, U.K. Whore) – Psychedelic Nostril Remix



I have been listening to Polar Foxes for years now. Their EPs are titled after the seasons (*Frühling*, *Sommer*, *Herbst*, and *Winter*). They aren't German, they just love Muzzy videos. Due to drummer Mick Speck's opinion that "vinyl is the CD of the future," the band only presses their releases in this format.

Polar Foxes (not to be confused with The Polar Foxes, the Swedish electronica trio) are known for their unique sound - an amalgamation of Kraftwerk, the Partridge Family, and Ratt. Their Kafkaesque lyrics touch upon deeply personal topics (death, ablutophobia, and their addiction to Malaysian child pornography). When I saw them live in a Barnes & Noble in London in mid-July, the tambourinist bit a hole in his Vintage Gibson timbrel before attempting to set the children's section aflame.

[Continue reading "Polar Foxes are going to be fucking huge"](#)

this post, posted at 3:14 AM in [New Bands](#) | [undue hype](#) | [tour dates](#) | [Comments \(572\)](#)

March 11, 2007

## Pentagram Pajama Party

Grab your pigs' blood and your jammies, and get ready for the biggest festival of the dark arts this year: the Pentagram Pajama Party! Thank Hades – I invested in those black pajamas. Located at Brooklyn's Studio B, this party has everything a pagan could ask for – orgiastic glow-stick usage, ritual sacrifice, and the cutest puppies you've ever seen. Get ready for some Russian Roulette and bobbing for some leaches. For the history of the shindig, head to [Wiccapedia](#). Pictures from last year follow (look for the one of me and the giant stuffed Satan!)

[Continue reading "Pentagram Pajama Party"](#)

this post, posted at 10:23 AM in [Pagan](#) | [Ritual Sacrifice](#) | [vaginal piercings](#) | [Comments \(12.5\)](#)





### Reporte on the 1877 Worlde's Faire

Today I woke up in my mahogany bed and rang for my beloved manservant Clavius. "Do you know what day this is, old boy?" I shrieked with delight. "Oh yes, it is my birthday today," Clavius beamed.

"No you boob, today is the day we bask in the light of human reason!" It is the 1877 World's Fair! Ring my good friend Karl Marx, we are to spend the day at the Fair and then triumph in the glory of our profound musings!"

My friend Karl Marx greeted me at the entrance to the World's Fair. At the gate we were met by the World's Fair's official mascot, an abstract unit of production. The smell in the air was putrid; it was the stink of the lower class congregating in great numbers.

"WELCOME TO FIG PARADISE, WHERE WE WORSHIP THE ALMIGHTY AMERICAN DOLLAR," Marx intoned. It was at this point Marx began one of his legendary political screeds:

"Man, FUCK this bullshit government. Fucking Hayes man-fucking Rutherford B. Hayes." I took a few minutes to stroke my mutton chops and ponder the sage's words.

"Cornelius, listen to me. You gotta listen to my new band. No, check this out, the name is Uncle Sam but-this is crazy-we replaced the S in Sam with a fucking dollar sign. So we can show how corrupt AmerIKKKA really is, man." I explained to Marx that I was most accustomed to the music of Haydn, but I would give his "band" a shot. I then mentioned it was time to explore.

When Marx and I entered the boardwalk a gentleman accosted us.

"That's a fine set of mutton chops you got there, my friend," the mysterious man exclaimed.

"Thank you very much, kind sir," I retorted.

"But did you know in 9 years time the mutton chop will be rendered obsolete by the electric beard?" I was aghast.

"The electric beard?"

"Yes, sir, I predict in the future all men will be mandated to grow electric beards by their authoritarian overlords."

"I am not quite convinced. What are the benefits of having a beard powered on electricity as opposed to coal or steam?"

"Because trains run on steam or coal and trains are not beards. Can you ride a beard from New York to Chicago? HAHANA." I could not argue with his logic, so I bought 57 electric beards.

Near the end of our day, Marx and I came across a fiery-eyed individual standing on a pulpit. His speech mesmerized the crowd.

"I come to all of you like the righteous Noah of the Old Testament. Like Noah, I hold the future of mankind in my righteous hands. That's right, I come to speak to you all about SOAP. Jesus has given me many BOLD and RIGHTEOUS predictions about SOAP. The first BOLD prediction is that SOAP is for cleaning. The second BOLD prediction is that SOAP may not be used for RUBDOWNS. The third BOLD prediction is that SOAP is as precious as African rubies and therefore you are JUSTIFIED TO KILL FOR IT!"

At this moment a gaggle of ruffians rushed the stage, as the man had goaded his audience into a mad frenzy. Yet, I cannot blame the crowd since throughout the history of man soap has been known to inflame the passions and induce folly. In the ensuing panic I was forced to flee, as the enraged and ill-fed peasants would have rent the flesh from my body to make their noon-day meal. It was just as well, as I was late for Clavius's afternoon beating anyway.



Come on, prostitution is a technology! Prostitution is a social technology, just like Facebook is a "social utility." But who needs a social utility when you can have a classier-sounding "social technology." Let me explain what I mean

Facebook is a social utility just like electric lights and running water are also utilities. While groundbreaking and in its own little way, Facebook is nothing more than a utility, and everybody knows a utility is boring. Who cares if the lights stay on? I want my MTV!... or "Fuse" as you kids would have it now.

In contrast, prostitution is a social technology which allows societies to delineate the difference between Madonnas and whores. Without this technology of prostitution, women (and men, for that matter) live in a grim grey world between slut and saint, where the only thing that matters is that one does not swallow the first time one can, as a matter of principle at the very least.

In the past, prostitution used to be a profession which ugly, unpleasant, or otherwise unmarriageable women could enjoy, allowing the men of the community they served to slake their sexual desires while still remaining good husbands to the faithful mothers of their obedient children. Why do you think divorce rates have risen so sharply lately? No more prostitutes to keep the good girls good and the men at home on Sunday mornings to attend to the needs of their offspring, a responsibility of human males alone. Chimpanzee males, by contrast, bear no such burden. Deadbeat human children, you see, are too stupid to survive without two people paying for their expensive private elementary schools.

But let me get to the point. I'll start with the girls. Listen girls: men are going to fuck around behind your back. It's just what they do. All you have to decide is whether you want them having loveless sex behind your back or seducing your sister and best friend into a threesome. If you prefer the former, then you should prefer prostitution over all those feminist hang ups your parents paid thousands for you to be brainwashed by.

And come on, fellas, wouldn't you want to change your Facebook profile so that you could have a relationship status that said "In a nameless prostitute" along with "In a relationship" with some special someone, where the "in" has both literal and figurative qualities (winkawink). Come on, be honest. By "in," I literally mean "in" a prostitute. The figurate meaning of "in" in "in a relationship" is actually both semantically and pragmatically meaningless. In.

Clearly, the evidence in support of prostitution is irrefutable. So what should modern society do? Well,

# PROSTITUTION: A SOCIAL TECHNOLOGY

there's always the option of legalizing and encouraging prostitution. However, this runs into several challenges in its application. Chief among these challenges is that most women do not want to sell their bodies for cash. Most prefer hard to find chocolates and flowers doomed to die. Fair enough.

Vice Chief among these challenges is that many more work visas would have to be issued for prostitutes coming to the United States than are available from the Department of Homeland Security, which would have to create several new cabinet level positions to manage this drastic change in federal vice lordship. This would "clog" the "system" even "more." Fair enough.

But I can see a world not too far off where both men and women will be able to go get their rocks off down the street while still remaining faithful to their wedding vows. No, it's not using animals as sex slaves. That idea has been tried. From Singapore to Helsinki, it continues to show poor results. My idea is far more clever than simply replacing prostitutes with farm animals.

The problem with these is animals is quite clear. First, they don't look like humans. Second, they may bite or scratch those who use them. What ever the reason, animals are a nonstarter in the prostitution market.

What America and humanity need are genetically engineered and extremely sexy bodies (in male and female form) whose brains have been "scooped" out using technology. Broadly, the goal would be to genetically engineer retarded prostitutes without souls, incapable of human emotions, who would be more

only the gathered around the pyre of illustrious Hektor. But when all were gathered to one place and assembled together, first with gleaming wine they put out the pyre that was burning, all where the fury of the fire still was in force, and thereafter the brothers and companions of Hektor gathered the white bones up, mourning, as the tears swelled and ran down their cheeks. They laid what they had gathered up in a golden casket and wrapped this about with soft robes of purple, and presently put it away in the hollow of the grave, and over it piled huge stones laid close together. Lightly and quickly they piled up the grave-barrow, and on all sides were set watching for fear the strong-greaved Achaians might too soon set upon them. They piled up the grave-barrow and went away, and thereafter assembled in a fair gathering and held a glorious feast within the house of [Priam, king under God's hand.] Such was their burial of Hektor, breaker of horses.

smoking ads. But you know, with way sexier voices. As technology advances, they may even be able to do simple math.




# AIM Log: Manhattan-Project-Scientist-Turned-Spy Klaus Fuchs And His Soviet Handler, Codenamed "Geoffrey"

**KlausKlown:** wassup vlad  
**EvilEmpyre315:** u got those stats  
**KlausKlown:** yeah I uploaded them to a website  
**KlausKlown:** it's password-secure don't worry don't worry  
**EvilEmpyre315:** tyte  
**KlausKlown:** <http://www.goatse.cx>  
**EvilEmpyre315:** aight  
**EvilEmpyre315:** wtf?!!  
**EvilEmpyre315:** this is a pic of sum dudes gapin ahole  
**KlausKlown:** hahahahahaaha  
**EvilEmpyre315:** fuck u klaus  
**KlausKlown:** nah here they are tho  
**KlausKlown** wants to directly connect  
**KlausKlown:** click the thing dude I'm tryna send you some NUCLEAR DATA  
**EvilEmpyre315:** its nt working  
**KlausKlown:** alright alright you try to connect  
**KlausKlown** is now directly connected  
**KlausKlown** wants to send a file  
 File CLASSIFIEDNationalPlutoniumFacilities.xls  
**EvilEmpyre315:** dude

**EvilEmpyre315:** tyte  
**KlausKlown:** yo dude i saw a pic of the bomb you guys are workin on  
**KlausKlown:** it looks just like the one we dropped on them japs  
**EvilEmpyre315:** word cept we put a big light on the front  
**KlausKlown:** word  
**EvilEmpyre315:** yo you planning on goin to that burning man shit?  
**KlausKlown:** yea man out in the desert  
**EvilEmpyre315:** sweet  
**EvilEmpyre315:** cya im gonna go watch simpsons  
**KlausKlown:** yeah dude i gotta go help the us build some more bombs  
**EvilEmpyre315:** u fckr  
**KlausKlown:** dude cmon  
**KlausKlown:** im giving you mad secrets  
**KlausKlown:** get it? MAD secrets?  
**EvilEmpyre315:** lol  
**EvilEmpyre315:** g2g tho  
**KlausKlown:** peace dude  
**EvilEmpyre315** signed off at 07:58:24 PM

## Saul Whittaker College

of Voracious Intellectual Debate



Saul Whittaker, Founder

"We Teach Things A Little Different From Those 'Normal' Colleges"

Mainly we have our own system of time, which we measure in aons.


"How do you debate someone you don't agree with?"

Lesson ONE: you can't. He's just going to have to learn to listen to what you have to say, because you are the one that's right. Aren't you right? Shut up: yes you are.

# Whittaker

VISIT OUR TWO CAMPUSES

Pinewood Strip Mall and Pinewood Cul-de-Sac of Stores



1 aon = how many minutes? For the answer, enroll in Saul Whittaker College of Voracious Intellectual Debate

### Tired of practicing tennis with "friends" who have no skills? Need someone that can return all of your spins, slices, and slams? Introducing the new GarageDoor from Wilson!

## JUST ASK THE PROS!



The GarageDoor will take you to the next level, but never to lunch --- you'll never need to interact socially while playing tennis again!

"The GarageDoor has helped me improve my game, while deflating my massive ego."  
-Andre Agassi

"My sister [Serena Williams] has nothing on the GarageDoor, but I beat it."  
-Venus Williams

"I owned a GarageDoor for years and it never once tried to talk to me."  
-Theodore Kaczynski

"The Garage Door also serves as a moveable barrier, regulating entrance to my car storage room!"  
-Maria Sharapova



# The History of the G

## Introduction

The ancient and noble history of the dual-press grill currently endorsed by George Foreman is, due to the sacred bonds of the pugilistic brotherhood, largely unknown to those who have not battled another man with fists alone. But it has endured from antiquity in its myriad forms, with both civilization and the orient alike appreciating the benefits and the glamour of the grill and its endorsers.



## Ancient Rome

The earliest written evidence of the device dates from 190 B.C. in the Roman Republic, where it was called the *clibanus pugillii minor*. It was developed, we are told, by Phrygian boxers desperate to gain muscle mass without growing ill on the fatty, undesired, and rotting meats given to them by their Patrician masters. Indeed, bronze plates, not unlike the *clibanus*, have been found in Phrygian tombs, but it is unclear, due to decay,

whether these are genuine examples, or just shields with a lot of dents in them.

The *clibanus*, as described by Gaius Julius Hyginus, was made from two plates of steel, one at an angle and attached to legs, while the other was simply attached by sturdy thongs of leather to the lower half, thus making the alligatorian clamp complete. Coals were then placed underneath the device, and yet more on top of the plate. Then the meat was cooked, as was the northern Greek tradition, with dirt and Tabasco sauce.

In all cases it is important to note whether the author is writing about the *clibanus pugillii minor* or the *clibanus pugillii major*, which was a much larger grill upon which disobedient boxers were tortured.

## The Andalusian Caliphate and the Middle Ages

With the collapse of the Western Roman Empire and the banning of bloodsport, the records preserving the glory of the *clibanus* were swept into the great dustbin of history, lost in the oceans of neglected papyrus. The grill became known to the learned scholars of the Moorish court, popularized by the legendary doctor, Abu al-Qasim Khalaf ibn al-Abbas Al-Zahrawi, whose fame and prestige is by now universal. His desire to provide healthy food for the court was initially welcomed, but his hubris was too great. He convinced the caliph that his machine could not only reduce fat, but also expunge the material cause of uncleanness from pork. However, upon tasting the meaty blob produced, the ulema declared that the substance was unchanged, the caliph flew into a rage and condemned the doctor.

Although his grievous error and subsequent execution were quickly forgotten, al-Qasim's family was banished from the court nonetheless, and forced into exile in Medieval Navarre. There, they promoted it to all who would listen, and it sold well, despite the Church's condemnation that it was "Wicked Craft of the Idols of Foul Arabia." The learned men concluded from the literature that it was able to convert all manner of things, and subsequently, it became the preeminent tool in

alchemy, with wise men burning nitrites and sulfur together that they might make gold. The result, when not a catastrophic explosion, was usually the production of worthless rubies, which, at the time, littered the streets of Europe until they were ground up as a cure for the Plague in the 1330s. Amethysts were more common in Teutonic lands.

## The Renaissance

Only after the rediscovery of Latin texts, including Livy's extensive essay regarding the everyday uses of the *pugillii*, did the western world rediscover the true purpose of this most useful of grills. Neo-Platonists heralded the device as a symbol of the wisdom of the ancients. Many attested to its clean meatiness, including Leonardo da Vinci, Giovanni Pierluigi de Palestrina, Giorgio Vasari, and even Michelangelo. Most significantly, during restoration of the ceiling frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, historians realized that the artist had painted the *clibanus pugillii* in the clouds of heaven. However, a Vatican official had it painted over, fearing that it suggested that the Eucharist needed purification via heat and dripping, a doctrine that was seen as malignant.

In fact, it is believed that Martin Luther witnessed this event, known as the "Clibanian Obfuscation." It was at this point that he realized, "If Man is so corrupt as to be made of this selfsame Meat of the World, how can something so foul be purified enough to be saved? Nay, only through grace can one be saved, and by the external braising force of grace can one achieve salvation and the greases of iniquity be expunged. And these dishonest men seek to cover up the perpetual need for this purgation in preference for Pelagian Heresies. Thus the symbols of my new religion shall be the *clibanus pugillii minor* and the cross." This plan was later dropped.

Incidentally, a few years earlier the Catholic Church rediscovered the *clibanus pugillii major*. It was used by the inquisition to, as they described it, "Institute the Natural and Holy Love for Jesus Christ and obedience to the Magisterium" by "burning out all of the Wicked Jew-Blood." It was unequivocally successful.

## Founding of the Brotherhood

In 1744, a club of poor Scotsmen founded what was then called the Society for Bodily Contestation. They committed themselves to fighting the rules of the London Prize Ring Rules, because, as they wrote, "All Englishmen are fuckers, and their rules are for ninnies." Ironically, their rules are said to be very similar—so similar, that if one can discern the kernels of actual English in their oral tradition, they are





# George Foreman Grill



indistinguishable from the London Rules, with the exception of the final one. This one reads, "These are not the same as the London Rules because all Englishmen are fuckers, and their rules are for ninnies. Anyone who suggests that they are will be fed to beasts under a moonlight sky on the ides of the month."

The brotherhood thrived for many years, and its code of honor remained unbroken. The men traveled the world, fighting in their distinctive style and amazing all of Europe with their strange accents. In fact, their ruggedness and orangeness was so foreign to many people that when in Italy, they were billed as "White Indians," whose hair color was caused by the fact that they ate only the most succulent mandarin oranges and mongooses. The mongooses of Nepal are found by connoisseurs to be the most succulent, by far.

While in Italy, they learned of the *clibanus*, which by then was used only by a small group of individuals who had not accepted baroque cooking practices. Instead of cooking meats to leanness, the fashion was at the time to cook the meats in ornate gilded tubs filled with the grease of a thousand previous meals, and then to drizzle the grease on all the other dishes.

But the members of the Society sought healthier bodies, and so took much of the information on the device and left for Scotland, where they buried the ancient texts in a chapel and began making the grill for members in secret.

## The Times of Trouble and Australia

Problems arose, however, in 1803, when in the midst of the Napoleonic Wars, *The London Daily Assay and Mail* published the Scottish and English rules side by side. An editorial cartoon parodied the groups, showing a fox fighting a dog, while a parakeet looks on. The parakeet is saying "Hark, I see no difference." The cartoon was considered a classic in its day, and inspired a number of "What does the parakeet see?" jokes. To quash the silence, the Society killed the entire staff of the newspaper, as well as a few romantic philosophers, in what is now known as the Night of Bloody Knuckles. No relation to the game that hick children play.

But they all were caught and convicted of murder, with those who committed the crimes paying with their lives, those who were merely members banished to Australia, and all of the *clibanii* smashed. Arriving in Australia, the brotherhood resolved to be less violent, and more hidden. They reasoned that, "If the King can cast us into this land of unholy beasts and unusually-shaped landmasses, then any crimes committed here would lead to our deportation to the only land worse than this, the Abode of Satan

himself, Antarctica." Thus, they resolved themselves to fight only among themselves and cook meats in a healthy manner.

And so it was for almost 200 years. The greatest prize for the boxer was to have the device, now called simply a "Clibbie," bear his name for the duration of his reign. A following grew up around these prizefighters, and many adopted the fashion of the dual-press grill. New methods of cooking appeared as modern technology arrived, and new versions arose. First was the steam-powered clibbie, then the gas-powered, the electric, and even an experimental nuclear-powered one, which was displayed at the 1964 World's Fair. But the technology was never appreciated until a certain day in the future, which is described at length in the next section.

## American Introduction

In 1991, the regents of the Brotherhood of the Unblemished Fist, in need of a new source of revenue, sought to capitalize on the wave of Australiophilia. With the charming antics of Crocodile Dundee and the mistaken belief that Kenny G was both Australian and good, the American public was in a craze. A number of wealthy investment banks went so far as to sell all of their possessions, just to have identical ones shipped in from Australia. Australian plastic chairs were seen as even classier than Michigan ironwork, if you can believe it. But some things had to be watered down and the Brotherhood wished to distance themselves from the commercialization, and so chose to market it not as a Clibbie, but under someone's name. The main fear, as evidenced by the meeting minutes of January 17, 1991, was that Steven Seagal would produce a film on the subject, and it would be played incessantly on the FX Network, which they simply could not have. So they scoured the prizefighting circuit and Pay-Per-View, as they once scoured the Scottish Highlands, for as suitable champion to lead them to victory in the greatest contest of all: The Small Appliance Market.

They chose George Foreman, long an honorary member of the Brotherhood of the Unblemished Fist, for being the most American fighter they could find. "The one-two puch of two grills can knock the fat out as easily as my one-two punch can knock the fight out of Glass Joe or Piston Hurricane." And it was a smash success, with people buying them compulsively. Some paid \$3,000 for golden grills that came with a signature. Christie's even sponsored a sale of antique *clibanii*, collected like wines that are never drunk.

## Conclusion and Moral

And now you too, despite your lowliness, have a piece of history in your kitchen. So remember this story, and be thankful to all the great men who helped make the grill a reality, next time you take a bite out of that delicious, healthy hamburger.



# Grave Perils of the Industrial Revolution

*The industrial revolution so hailed by the Whigs in Washington has left those of us trained in fine craftsmanship sadly without employment. I began my battle at a coal factory.*

Myself: I seek employment, sir.

Moneybags: What is your profession?

Myself: I, sir, am a glassmaker.

Moneybags: Excellent, excellent. We could use a quality glassmaker for my ornate office in the headquarters of this coal company.

Myself: Indeed, I make glass of the highest quality.

Moneybags: Then you shall have a job for a long time here, for we always need glass windows for my stooges to throw Irish out of.

Myself: What shall be my starting salary?

Moneybags: \$10,000 annually; enough to buy the finest wines and horses.

Myself: Sir, I demand no less than \$26,000.

Moneybags: My good craftsman, that is more than the salary of our narrowly elected President, John Quincy Adams!

Myself: Am I not the President of Glassmaking?

Moneybags: Sir, I follow glassmaking quite carefully, and Edmund H. L. Tate is the reigning President of Glassmaking.

Myself: TATE IS NO PRESIDENT!

*I punched Moneybags in the face, and his goons threw me out of his industrially-produced window, its inferior quality shards dull reminders of my role in today's society. Like a fool, a damned fool, I still held out some hope that this wasteland of automatons had a use for skilled labor.*

Myself: Have you need for a glassmaker?

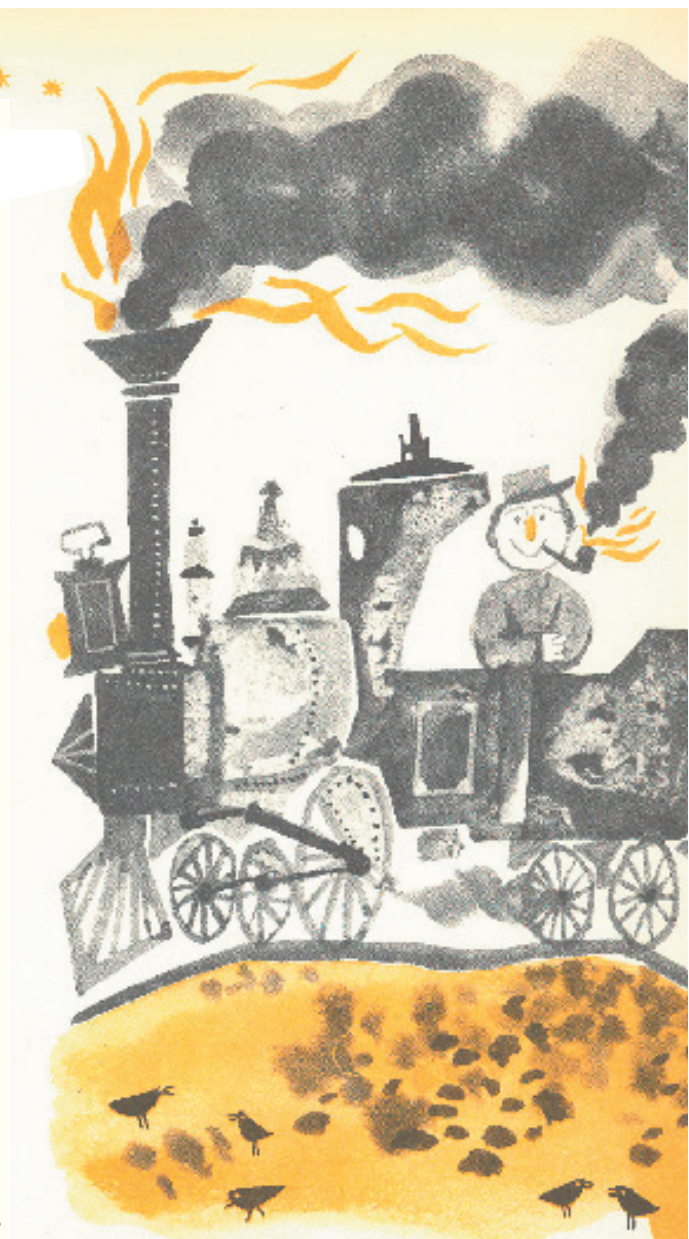
Boss Humphries: No need at all sir, this is an automated brothel.

*I bought with my last pennies a cheaply mass produced pistol. Due to its shoddy construction, the hammer lacked the requisite strength to spark the flint and ignite the powder propelling the bullet to scatter my brain matter. I went to the gun factory with my complaints.*

Wolfgang Von Sieben: What seems to be the problem sir?

Myself: This crude firearm fails to fire.

Wolfgang Von Sieben: Hmm...I would examine it but I've been unable to find a good glassmaker for a proper monocle.



Myself: I...I...

Wolfgang Von Sieben: Yes?

Myself: I am...I am a glassmaker, sir.

Wolfgang Von Sieben: Yes? A good one?

Myself: Sir, I am the President of Glassmaking.

Wolfgang Von Sieben: I'll hire you immediately for \$26,000 a year!

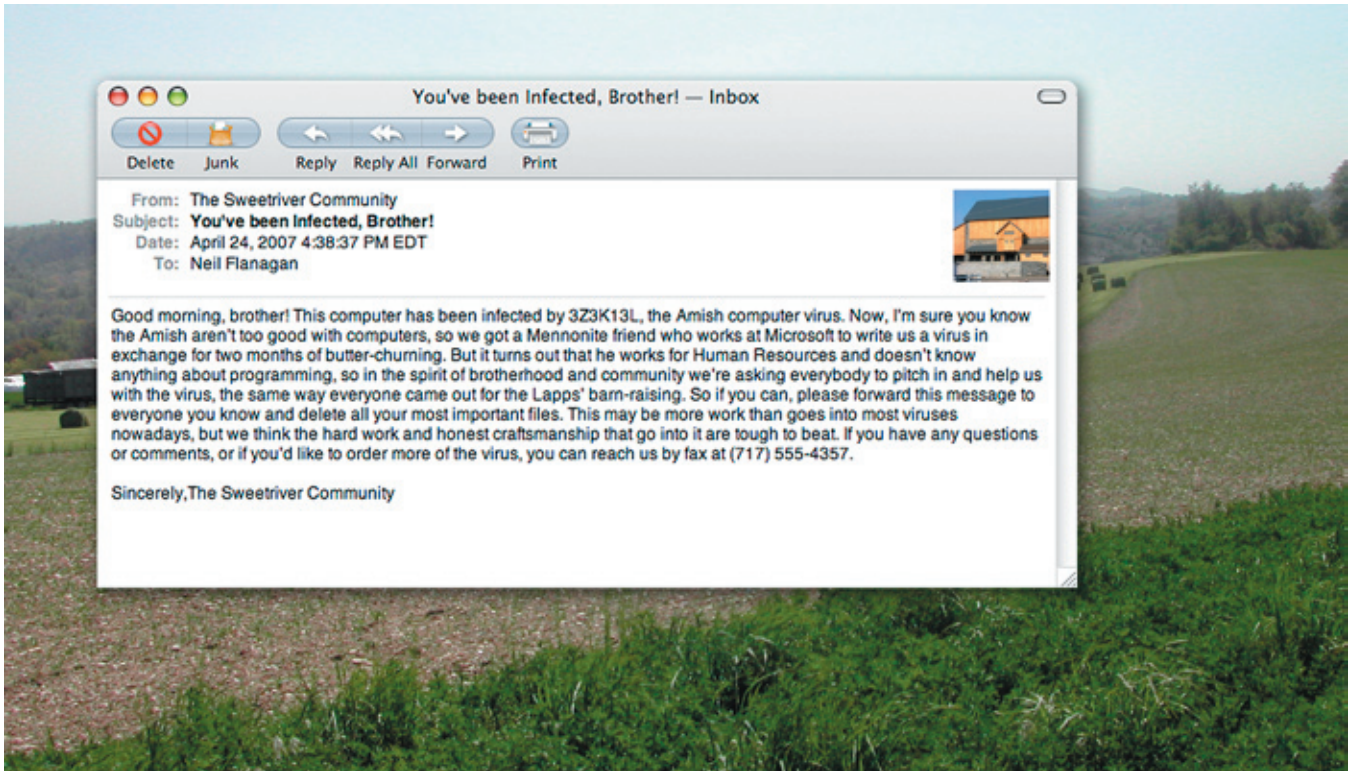
Myself: Is it of any consequence that I have made a cuckold of you?

Wolfgang Von Sieben: You have fornicated with my wife? Bah! A trifle!

Myself: No sir, with your third concubine.

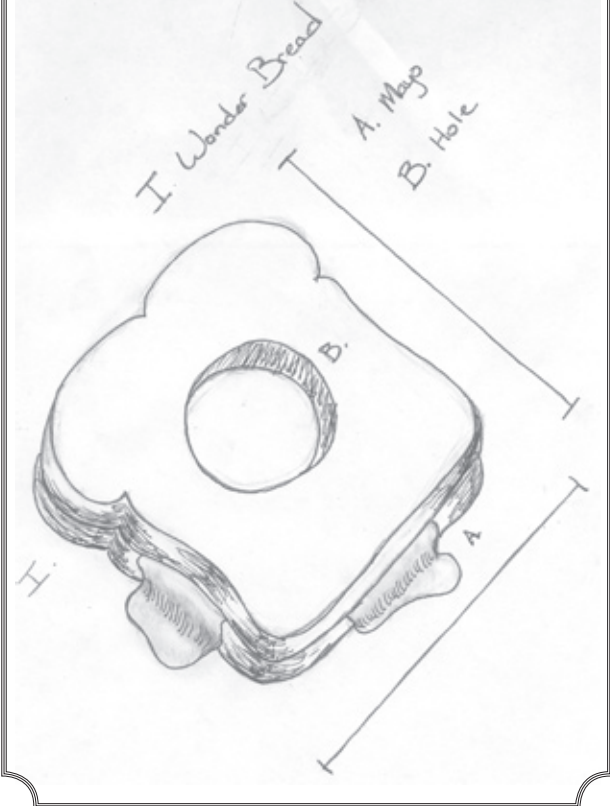
*Von Sieben chased me from his office, striking me with a tightly rolled copy of the Daily Courant. As the welts on my back swell, I curse my fate, another victim of the industrial revolution.*





## If the bagel had been invented by WASPs:

USA Patent No-343466778



## BT0-3: Bachman Turner Overdrive



**The BT0-3 offers guitar players a great range of effects, making it the greatest pedal ever created by man.**

- This pedal's specialized "Canadian Toggle Switch" offers a level of Canadian sound unmatched by any overdrive pedal in Canadian history.
- Its maximum overdrive shock provides a larger sound that takes care of business every day, in every way in which business is dependent on large sound.
- Its multi-tempo delay allows for the stuttering effect needed to show each of your babies that "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet."
- Its multiple inputs allow one guitar to plug into a variety of different slots.
- Distinct "Signature" of Randy Bachman. Yes, the Randy Bachman.
- BOSS 5-Year Guarantee
- The pedal retails for \$123.99. Just "Let it Ride"



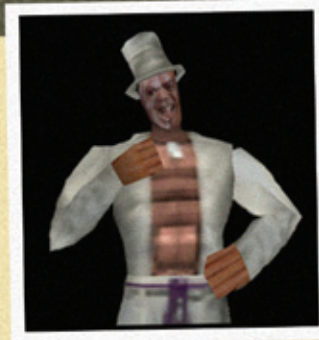
# RÉSUMÉ

**Name:** Jon Davis

**Previous Employment:**

Video Store Clerk, Hollywood Video

British Secret Agent, MI6



RESUME

PHOTOS OF STATUES

FRAGS

MEMORY CARDS

**Is it okay to contact this employer for references?**

The protocol of MI6 demands that they not acknowledge the identity of their employees.

**Why would you like to work at the Spy Museum?**

It combines my love of spying with a great location in Washington DC within reasonable distance of both the Hirshhorn and National Gallery of Art sculpture gardens.

**Please list any awards or citations you have received.**

I received MI6's Marksmanship Award over 90 times. I have been called Most Honorable, though in the interest of full disclosure I should add that I have also been called Most Dishonorable. I am most proud of my AC -10 Award.

**What do you think is the best aspect of spying?**

When you have a license to kill, and the only guns around are pistols that are laying in various spots on the ground. Close second: when your bullets are paintballs and everybody has giant heads like Donkey Kong. I had to cheat the MI6 system to do so, but the prime of my life was engaging in these battles in a junkyard replete with statues.

**Which is the worst?**

Worst what? Weapon? Klobb.

**Give an example of a story that you could tell to museum-goers about espionage.**

As a spy I once had to shoot my way through a train full of guards, and at that time I was not even a Secret Agent so if I just had the PP7 they would kill me after I only killed like 20 of them, but I had consulted with my friend Ricky and he told me there was an RC-P90 in the box, and I got it and just mowed them down. The lesson is that if your friends have done a mission first, ask them.

**Discuss the role of deception and trust in espionage.**

If you have to meet an enemy agent in a statue park, do not be distracted by the deceptive beauty of the statues. At one point, you need to put down your gun but don't look around too long: as soon as the objective is complete, you will have to shoot the guards and get of there. You have to trust that one day you will be able to return to the statues, which you will long to look upon as you are held in a bland sculpture-free archival prison.

**Is there any way in which you would like the Spy Museum to improve.**

While I think the Spy Museum great, roughly half of it could be demolished to build a park full of statues; for the music, a repeated slow orchestral theme 1 min 41 secs in length, punctuated by plinking sounds and played on the MIDI, would be perfect. If this was installed, it would not be necessary to hire me as long as I was allowed to live in the Statue Park.



# Shoe Technology



## HITS

**Puddin' Pumps:** Fulfill the desire of all ten-year-olds to have pudding in their shoes.

**Air Gheorghes:** Include stilt-like attachments that

made their wearers 7'7", allowing them to stumble around awkwardly like NBA fairly good Gheorghe Muresan.

**Kenneth Cole Magnate Business Shoe:** SmartSize technology provides a value-added strategic fit to empower you to actualize your quarterly goals.

**Nike Hindenburg:** These shoes with tiny weight-saving hydrogen chambers not only were coveted for their jumping ability but were profitable due to Nike's monopoly of hospital burn units

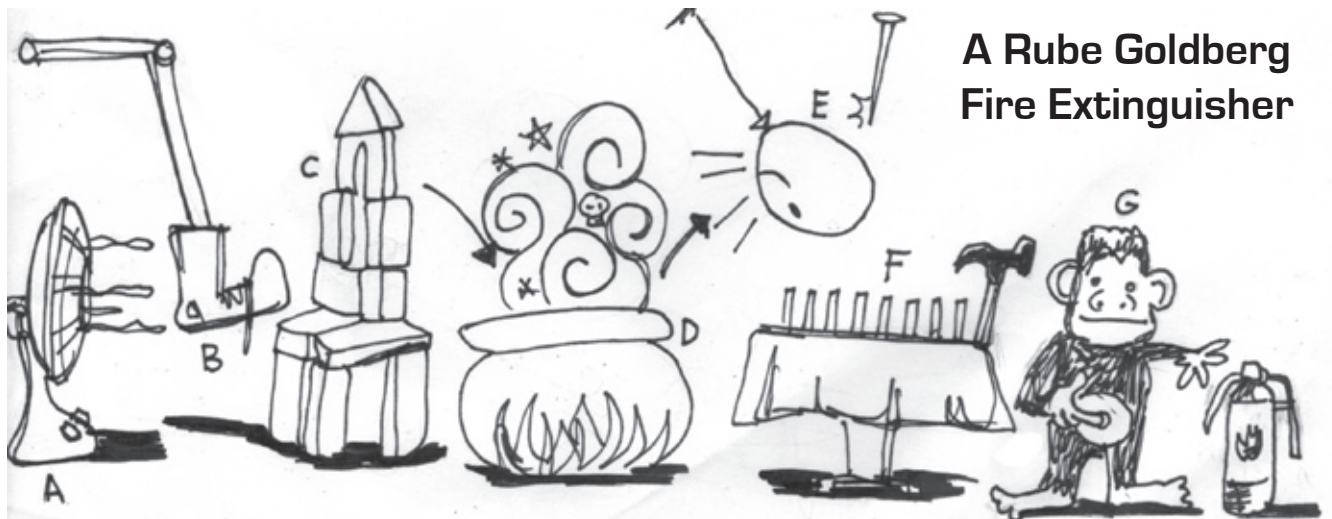
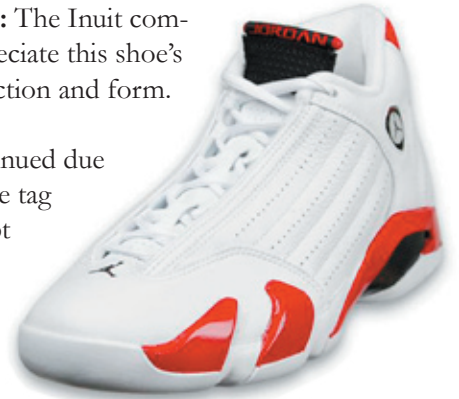
## MISSES

**Reebok Richard Reids:** Praised for their carbon-fiber spring plate, advanced orthotics, and balance of comfort and flexibility with hardy construction, these performance shoes nonetheless suffered when, due to a misunderstanding, they were banned from all flights and all their wearers purged by the FBI.

**Jesus Lizard Shoes:** Despite their revolutionary lizard-skin webbing that allowed the wearer to run across water, these shoes led to too many drownings of fat people with small feet.

**Stiletto Snowshoes:** The Inuit community did not appreciate this shoe's combination of function and form.

**Ty Cobbs:** Discontinued due to their \$20,000 price tag – Cobb would accept nothing less than sharpened blood diamonds from Africa for his cleats.



**A Rube Goldberg Fire Extinguisher**

November 23, 1937

Ms. Margot Dressler,

As a mother of thirteen and a carrier of syphilis, both conditions being proof of my forbearance from the ungodly taint of prophylaxis, I am blessed with the burden of protecting my children from Satan's duplicitous wiles. A gruesome incident this week-end past served to remind me of the urgency of erecting around my progeny a barrier against the evil temptation of the Great Deceiver.



Last Saturday began as all other Saturdays do, with backbreaking toil and a good beating from my husband. Whilst I was skinning tubers for the noon-meal, I heard a strange, completely emotionless voice coming from my son Finnegan's room. The door was ajar and through the crevasse I saw a Western Union man, sutton-chops resplendent, reading the following telegram:

THE GIRL IS VERY RICH AND NOT HOMELY STOP AS SHE REMOVES HER SOCK SHE GIGGLES WITH DELIGHT STOP HE SEES HER ANKLE STOP IT IS COMPLETELY BARE AND WHITE AND SHE DOES NOT REPROVE HIM FOR HIS INTEREST STOP SHE REMOVES HER OTHER SOCK AND WAVES HER BARE FEET IN THE AIR STOP AS A GOOD CHRISTIAN MAN HE REPORTS HER TO THE AUTHORITIES STOP SHE DIES IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

I realized at once that my son was receiving telegraphic pornography. My shock only grew when I realized that he had removed his chastity belt, and was pleasuring himself with the assistance of Doctor Gladstone's Snake Oil. Curse its curative and pleasurable properties! It is my plea as a mother that we return to the halcyon days of our youth, and ban forever the telegraph as an instrument of sin and iniquity. If our forebears could sustain themselves on naught but fax machines, surely we can do the same.

Sincerely,

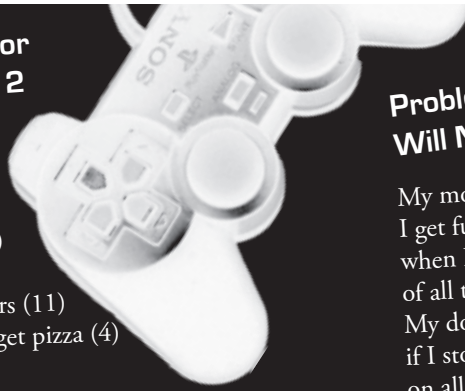
Mrs. Blanch Sampson





## Production Team Breakdown for Dead or Alive Beach Volleyball 2

Music Programmers (2)  
Environmental Artists (4)  
Game Engine Programmers (8)  
Breast Jiggle Engine Programmers (23)  
Erect Nipple Trigger Calibrators (7)  
12-year-old Orgasmic-Dialogue Writers (11)  
Dudes who have to go to the door to get pizza (4)  
Plumbers (21)  
Control Scheme Designers (3)  
Technical Support (1)  
Rumble Pack Masturbation Coordinators (14)  
One Woman, DEAD OR ALIVE



## Problems Technology Will Never Solve

My mom is seriously a bitch.  
I get funny looks at the public library when I check my websites just because of all the .WAVs of screaming.  
My dog just plain shits everywhere and if I stop feeding him he starts gnawing on all the pipes in my apartment.  
Did you know that if the Government says so, they will issue a Warrant for you and then they can arrest you wherever you go, for no reason at all.  
Metallica totally used to kick ass but now they blow.  
Every time I try to paint my house the only color they have is "turd brown."



## Contents of Batman's Utility Belt:

- (1) grappling hook
- (5) batarangs
- (1) (Ba)T-Mobile cell phone
- (1) long-range photograph of Mr. Dick Grayson exercising
- (10) pounds of "medicinal" marijuana
- (1) bag Justice League fruit snacks, minus Superman snacks
- (1) ticket stub for "The Queen"



## Products PETA Opposes live-animal testing for

Agent Orange – Now for Animals!™  
Probiotics  
Poison-Tipped ICBMs  
Low budget fireworks that shoot flaming killer bees  
Life-saving medicines for which there are not enough human test subjects.  
Wiretaps without a warrant

## Genetically Modified Animals

Extra-Intelligent Pigs for Smart Eating  
Vibrasnake  
Solid Gold Elephant  
Cows That Run Really Fast  
Midnight Gray Jaguars  
Antelope  
Goose-Billed Platypus  
Electric Salmon  
Leprechaun (actually a breed of cat)

## Jester's Guide to Dating Women By Nationality

Swiss – Afraid of commitment  
Polish – Taken from both sides by dudes with moustaches.  
India – Unfortunately, cannot control her growth.  
Iraq – Easy to enter, but be sure to know when to pull out  
Tanzanian – Hot, but watch out, she might kill a man, Jaro  
Chinese – Small penises, Jaro

Do you come from a broken home?

Is your dad dead or in jail?

Or maybe your father is  
alive and molesting you.



It's time to...

Think Different.



iDad is not a molester dad.

iDad is not allowed in jails.

iDad does not die\*

Submersion in liquid will cause iDad to stop functioning.



## William Shatner's *Tekwar*: A Contextual Re-Evaluation

by David Remnick, Jr.

### Abstract

For several decades now, scholarly debate on William Shatner's great American novel *Tekwar* has centered on one major issue. In the past many scholars have made a big deal of the constant and overwrought descriptions of *Tekwar* heroine Mary Snails's "ginormous and incredibly moist vagina." Snails's vagina is even described as accidentally flooding the island of Crete in several passages. This point is interesting and important, but there are several interesting new avenues to be explored in *Tekwar* analysis, which this paper will bring to light.

### Origins

Oftentimes the events leading up to the creation of *Tekwar* are unfairly neglected. From engaging in historical research I have procured a timeline of events leading to William Shatner composing his opus.

May 1988: Shatner writes an epic treatise entitled "The Transcendent Illusion". Peculiarly, it is a 1000-page tome dedicated to proper etiquette for chicken wing consumption. Despite Shatner's high hopes, it was met by indifference from chicken wing enthusiasts. It is believed that this is because Shatner's epic was not as violent or nihilistic as popular chicken wing literature of the time.

April 1989: Dejected, Shatner turns back to science fiction. He finally finishes a manuscript that he had been working on for over a year. He entitles this manuscript *The Great Ape Caper* and demands that his novel be marketed exclusively to the Hitler Youth. When his publisher finally convinces Shatner that he is not living in Nazi Germany, his manuscript is published as *Tekwar* and history is made.

It truly boggles the mind that such important historical details are barely ever discussed.

### Strangely Accurate

It is barely ever discussed how prescient *Tekwar* truly is. Here are a few aspects of the novel I find alarming in their accuracy:

- It seems like Shatner describes scenes where some kind of force similar to gravity is at work. Gravity is still a force today, vindicating Shatner's mad gamble.
- Shatner predicts that only corpses will have the power to vote. While corpses still are not able to do this, they still exist and when they were alive they did have the power to vote.
- Most of the characters described have mouths. But even great forward-thinkers like Shatner make mistakes. Here are a few major blunders.
- It is not mandatory to equip infants with robotic appendages capable of small-arms fire.
- Shatner assumes that rape is still illegal.

### Strong Characterization

Perhaps the most enduring legacy of *Tekwar* will be determined by its memorable cast of characters. Who could forget the suave hero Jake Cardigan, who spends the whole series of books high on hallucinogens? Also do not forget his spunky sidekick strangely named "Ving Rhames from Mission Impossible: II" who is constantly referred to as "really black." I believe characterization is the greatest aspect of *Tekwar*.

### Science?

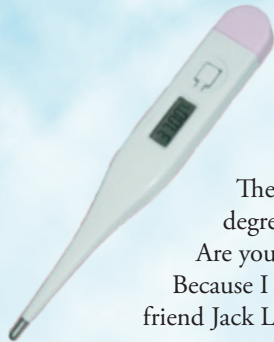
Finally, what I find really interesting is Shatner's complete rejection of modern science of the time. Shatner's critique is that modern science is too "empirical and well-reasoned to be of use to magicians and necromancers". So instead of talk of General Relativity or Quantum Physics we have detailed accounts of the concept of a homunculus and luminiferous ether. It is because of this that *Tekwar* constitutes, in my opinion, a profound challenge to the scientific method.

### Conclusion

If I did my job as a scholar, hopefully I just blew your mind.



# THE MANY HAUNTINGS OF WALTER MATTHAU



The temperature is 98 degrees Fahrenheit. Are you Jack Lemmon? Because I miss my good friend Jack Lemmon.



Young child, listen to me: my wife died of a brain aneurysm.



BZZZZ...BZZZZ...  
I am Walter Matthau.  
Am I making your pussy moist?  
BZZZZ...BZZZZ



I refuse to play anything but the motion picture *Grumpy Old Men*.



I think my favorite director to work with was Ronald Neame, with whom I filmed the underrated *Hopscotch*.



This pizza has the Walter Matthau seal of approval because it has many unusual meats.

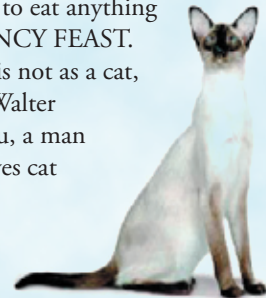


Do not steal that zucchini. I will fuck you up if you steal that zucchini. The cast and crew of *Dennis the Menace* will testify that my threats are not empty.



I have now forged a death planet. My friend Art Carney would have loved this, as Art Carney loved death.

I refuse to eat anything but FANCY FEAST. I say this not as a cat, but as Walter Matthau, a man who loves cat food.





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# Script of *The Fleshingtons*

# Season 4, Episode 6, Scene 8

MOTHER (SMUGLY):

TODAY I CAUGHT JANE ENGAGING IN ROMANTIC RELATIONS WITH HER NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, BILLY.

FATHER (ANGRY):

IF SHE WANTS IT, TELL THAT SLUT OF OUR DAUGHTER ABOUT SEX. I'M GONNA "HIT THE BOTTLE"!

MOTHER (DISTRESSED):

YOUR ADDICTION TO ETHYL OF ALCOHOL IS DISTURBING!

JANE (INDIGNANT):

MOM, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO HEAR ABOUT SEX! BILLY AND I JUST KISSED, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT! AND SEX IS GROSS!

MOTHER (STERN):

YOU CANNOT BE A WOMAN IF YOU DO NOT LEARN HOW WE REPRODUCE BY THROWING GENETIC MATERIAL AT EACH OTHER RATHER THAN USING A MUCH MORE EFFICIENT PRECISELY CODED MASS-PRODUCTION SYSTEM.

JANE (CRYING):

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! BILLY AND I ARE NOT HAVING SEX!

MOTHER (TRIUMPHANT):

YES YOU ARE, DAUGHTER. YOU CAN'T RESIST YOUR RIDICULOUS BIOLOGICAL URGES - IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE A LIFE FORM THAT HAS YET TO TRANSCEND THE CRASS DEMANDS OF FLESH AND BONE.

JANE (PROUD):

BILLY AND I ARE IN LOVE, MOM! STOP TRYING TO TEAR US APART!

MOTHER (HORRIFIED):

OH JANE! LOVE MAKES US WEAK! IT MAKES US CLING

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TO OUR ELDERLY RATHER THAN RECYCLING THEM IN ORDER TO MAKE NEW CIRCUIT BOARDS FOR OUR BRAINS, IT MAKES US TOLERATE ALL CHILDREN RATHER THAN CULLING OUT THE WEAKEST SPECIMENS, AND MOST OF ALL IT MAKES US WRITE TEDIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL POETRY!

JANE (INSANE):

"STOP BEING SO STUPID! I HATE YOU FOR BEING SO TERRIBLE! I'M LEAVING!"

MOTHER (TENDER):

"AS YOU SHOULD, DAUGHTER. BUT BEFORE YOU GO... LET ME EXPLAIN HUMAN MATING TO YOU. FIRST, A MAN AND WOMAN HAVE LOVE HAPPEN, AND REALIZE THAT IT IS TERRIBLE AND NEEDS TO BE GOTTEN RID OF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. TO CURE THIS, THEY GET MARRIED. AFTER THEY ARE MARRIED AND THEREFORE NO LONGER IN LOVE THEY DECIDE TO MATE. THE MAN BUYS HER FLOWERS AND TRIES TO GET HER TO PLAY BASEBALL; SHE SAYS HER FATHER WOULD NEVER APPROVE AND THEN NINE MONTHS LATER THE ROBO-STORK BRINGS A COMPLETELY USELESS, UNPRODUCTIVE INFANT."

JANE (RESIGNED):

"OKAY, I GIVE UP. BILLY AND I MADE LOVE IN A BED COVERED WITH ROSE PETALS AND SURROUNDED BY SCENTED CANDLES."

MOTHER (HYSTERIC):

"HOW DARE YOU MAKE MORE DISGUSTING HUMANS! YOU'RE GROUNDED."

APPROVED BY DRAMA-BOT 122343-A02

APPROVED BY CHARACTER-BOT 912343-BD3

APPROVED BY CLARENCE THOMAS,

TRAITOR TO HIS RACE

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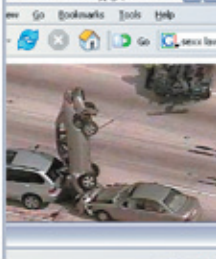
# Delta

We were nowhere near those fucking buildings.™

## THE FART BUTTON



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# THE IMMORTALITY SWORD

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