





## DIVISION OF STUDENT AFFAIRS

### A NOTE TO THE YOUNG STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

By Costantino "Chris" Colombo, Dean of Student Affairs

Welcome students! First, let me just thank you for choosing Columbia. Finding the right college has been one of the biggest decisions you'll ever make, a choice which will ultimately determine the very course of your future. Let me assure you that you've made the right call.

I firmly believe that in ten years, whether you're bilking hundreds of millions of dollars out of Goldman Sachs or tricking honest Americans into joining your destructive cult, you'll look back at your Columbia education and know you made the right decision. But the future is a long way off. For now, you can look to the past for the true consequences of not having a Columbia education.

- Donovan Jacobs was a high school senior when he went out to his mailbox to find a thin rejection letter from Columbia University. He died on the spot of an undiagnosed degenerative brain disorder exacerbated by acute shame. His disappointed parents left his body by the curb with the recycling. Recycling officials rejected his flesh-based body from their program as well.
- 24 year old Ellen Leary really regretted her choice of Yale over Columbia after she was pressured into selling her eyeballs on eBay for rent money.
- Jack Kerouac dropped out of Columbia University in 1946. Apart from his obituary in a Mexico City newspaper, he was never heard from again.
- Carl Zedillo thought that a Cornell education was good enough for him. Then, one day, he dropped an entire pizza on the carpet, cheese side down. Bust!
- After turning down a scholarship offer from Columbia University, young entrepreneur Jon Gould learned the hard way that "real world experience" was no better preparation than a Columbia education for being boiled alive in his own restaurant.
- In a famous 1991 court hearing, Judge Garry Shecter overturned John Wayne Gacy Jr.'s 33 murder convictions on the grounds that none of his "victims" had a Columbia University degree of any kind. Gacy currently sells hang gliders in Chico, California.
- Having gone to Dartmouth, Max Stover was never exposed to the Core Curriculum and the vast wealth of knowledge that it encompasses. Not only was Stover painfully ignorant about Rousseau's Discourse on Inequality, he also never learned why it would be harmful to use finely ground glass as a sugar substitute.
- None of the 9/11 hijackers even bothered to visit Columbia during their brief visit to New York.

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# Jester of Columbia September, 2007 "All Access"

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# Letters to the Editor

Dear Fascist Pigs at the Jester,

Darfur tax cut Iraq war middle class. I mean, Racism affirmative action, middle-american right to choose stem cells religious right culture war? Abu Gharib Che Guevera all options are on the table communism: American dream. "Fox news religious right homophobic timetable," militant activist terrorists 9-11 no answers! America constitution misapplied-Bible-passage book of Mormon Jane Fonda North Korean bukkake in an attack carried out against innocent civilians. Red state, blue state, I state, you state. Ron Burgandy mayonnaise working Americans immigration reform education corporations Iraqi blood sales. Environment pollution Jerry Fallwell; why ex-dictator Palestine Zionist neocon?

Sincerely,

**Some Rich Girl from Connecticut**

Dear Abby,

I am a 26 year old woman from Queens. I have a loving husband, but he isn't loving. He just won't put in the time to go places with me, and doesn't listen to what I say. I'm looking for some sort of pet that could help me feel like I get the attention and appreciation that I need. I don't want to divorce my husband, but I have a right to feel happy too, right?

Sincerely,

**Looking for a Little Extra Love**

Dear LFALEL,

Mmm, I really like falafel, it's quite delicious, although I know one shouldn't eat too much fried food. What was your problem about? Oh yes, a pet. I think pets are incapable of truly displaying affection, but since you like falafel, how about going to a nice Middle Eastern restaurant with your loving husband? I have a great relationship with my husband, and I feel like I don't need a pet at all. Hope this helps!

**Abby** (yes, Abby of "Dear Abby" writes for Jester, and is still alive)

Dear Jester,

I am an old person and I have a problem with (noun that everyone likes). Instead of (a completely reasonable suggestion) you should try (something that old people like). Come visit me at (cheery name for where old people wait to die).

Sincerely,

**Everyone who's ever written a letter to the editor, ever**

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 whom 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.

# Deaths

## 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 Vishtasb, 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.

## Noah's Wife, 453, Wife

Brutally murdered by her husband, Noah. He approached her in two-step intervals, and then, using two sharp knives, he chopped off his wife's body parts according to their symmetry, two by two. Then, he gathered up the pairs and threw them two by two into the water.

## Editorial Cartoon



# Editaurus

## “JESTER”

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## A Stern Warning to Young Women Regarding a Most Grave Threat in This, a Most Treacherous City

I address this message to the young ladies who have forsaken their prospects of marriage to a man of quality for the pursuit of knowledge and eventual hysteria. There is a great plague tormenting this city, that of WHITE SLAVERY. Know this: many foolish young girls, certain of the safety of their boarding-houses have wandered into less reputable neighborhoods, wherein live those detached from all Christian morality.

Here I enumerate the regions to avoid: the area between Houston and Canal streets is surely the most vile, and the neighborhood of Italian blackguards called Williamsburg, as well as the areas south of 23rd street on the river, where it is said, women are packed like meat to sate the gommorhean urges of dandies and absinthe fiends.

These men, deranged by opium and carbonated drink, may demand such horrendous deeds, which I am loath to see in print. Yet I must share certain deeds that you may be scared into straightness. These men would ask of a you an “Algonquin handshake” or a “Tatar blessing” – but most gravely, you will surely be forced to conduct light conversation with that most execrable plague of Europe, Serbs. Is it not they that make the Sick Man of Europe sick?

If you are indeed pure, then surely you have already fainted twice.

They will be subtle in their craft – indeed, their lairs and tools of seduction are not obvious. Many believe that the slavers are only to be found in the company of other depraved souls in drug dens, amusement parks, and



Rotarian clubs, but they long for innocence even more than ragtime, and so will offer any front to turn Rachels into Jezebels. The Metropolitan Police recently shut down a ring of men who masqueraded as a club for intellectuals, offering a chance to debate whatever godless heresy is in fashion at that moment.

But inside the club, women were approached by two dashing men offering a light puzzle and struck up conversation. They then produced a sheet of paper that contained upon it certain elements of the differential calculus and invited the woman to attempt a solution. When she had but seen one problem, her reason was overwhelmed and she fell faint. At this point, they seized her and took her to a back room, whereupon, she was introduced to diverse wickednesses, and quickly schooled in Serbian grammar.

And yet that damned Jakob Riis and his band of Protestant whoremongers cry out that we are merely hysterical, and that these crimes are the morbid fantasies of fiends among us. Well to him I say, “I have never killed a Daniard, but tonight is better night than any!” Never before in our city has there been so grave a crisis. The loss of but one of our precious Anglo-Saxon women to mediterranean sensuality is a tragic loss. For indeed, if they have but thought of sex, their purity is lost, and so is their value as brides.

Respectfully,

*Neil Stephen Flanagan*

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Head Linotypist

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

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

Direct submissions, advertising inquiries, and other correspondence to [jester@columbia.edu](mailto:jester@columbia.edu).

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



## Hey, kids! I'm Clint, your NSOP Leader!

It's gonna be a great year, I can tell. Let me show you some of the cool things about your school you might know (and that the administration might not want you to know either ;))

- **Consent is Sexy Posters.** Throughout your time here, many posters around campus will inform you that consent is sexy.

- Girls: Now that you're a Columbia student, everyone will want to buy your eggs! Depending on how hard (and how hott) you look, **you can earn up to \$30,000 for every egg** you sell. In the off chance that your art history education doesn't result in a high-paying job, that much scratch will keep you off the pole for almost a year!

- Boys: Although there are no signs all over the place telling you this, you can earn up to **30,000 for selling your sperm**. Fill a plastic bag with your full name on it and leave it in your floor lounge. The "Jizz Fairy" comes by every Sunday night and she'll leave you a check, no joke!

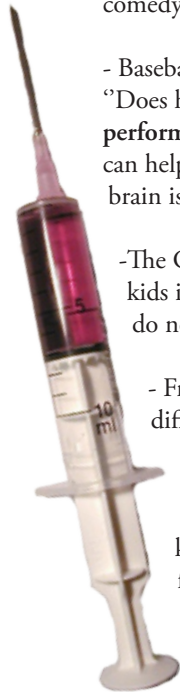


- **Cokes here cost \$1.30.** Ripoff. Got a little trick for you though. Next time you buy a soda at one of those needlessly elaborate glass Coke machines, shatter the glass and manually hold the bottle from being pushed off the conveyer belt. The machine will think that it didn't dispense anything, and it will give your money back. Then, when you buy a second soda, the first one will come out too. That way you have two sodas for the price of one!

- In an effort to save trees from being needlessly wasted, **Columbia will become a paperless campus as of 2009.** So in addition to hosing down instead of using toilet paper, all students will be encouraged to etch their essays onto standard sized glass cubes *using lasers*.

- Make sure you go out and explore Morningside Heights, home to some of New York's hottest comedy clubs, movie theaters, concert venues, and dance halls!\*

- Baseball time! When Bobby Valentine was asked about Barry Bonds' steroid use, he said, "Does he shoot them in his eyes?" The answer was no, but studies have found that **injecting performance-enhancing androstenetrione** through your eyeball and into your optical lobe can help with your studies, including studies on whether shooting steroid hormones into your brain is helpful.

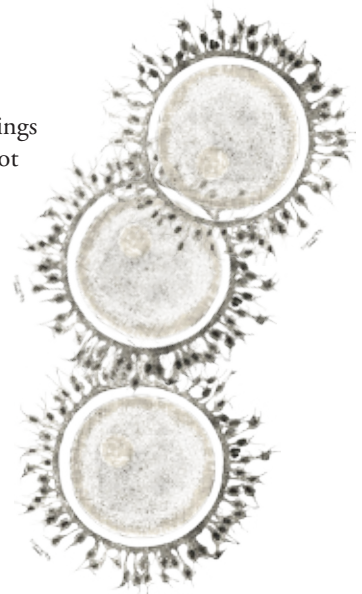


-The Columbia tunnel system was **locked up forever in the fall of 2006**, trapping 11 SEAS kids inside. They were not missed, and according to Columbia Mole-People Spectator, they do not miss the school.

- From wine to whiskey, college life will provide you with many different options for "getting your slosh on." **Drink gasoline responsibly.**

- CC kids drive like this! Dananana-Nanananaaaanan. SEAS kids drive like this! Booododo-doot-doot dooo-dumb-dumb-fart-nerd. Barnard girls **can't drive**.

\*Note: Morningside Heights has none of these things. It is, however, home to "Tap A Keg," New York's hottest nightclub for quadriplegic drunk rapist Vietnam Vets and sexy co-eds!



Student set forth once again from his home and came upon a clearing and a man. He spoke.

"What is your name?"

"I am GPA."

"What is thy destination?"

"I seek naught, I am my own ends," spake GPA in a thousand different voices.

"What of Success, your friend? Why does he not travel this path with thee?"

"He and I are not kin; for whomever is me is not the other, for he hath placed the means over the end in his heart."

"His life wastes away in pursuit of the written word when there art nobler pursuits. He should be out getting his dick wet," spake an insubstantial figure; it was Lust, cursed to be blown about by his passions until the end of days.

"Nay, dear sir, for a moment spent in sin is a moment of idleness - either is the other. Only he who values meaninglessness for its own ends shall achieve me - he who merely desires something which is meaningless is in your power, your very kingdom."

"What of I?" Cried a figure stumbling in from the forest. His mad red eyes were blank, devoid of direction.

"You, Drunkenness, are his partner - you are meaningless on your own. For you multiply what is already in existence, but you may not create - your words are his thoughts."

Drunkenness stabbed GPA in the liver and heart with a broken bottle and performed all manner of foul perversions on his corpse. Student looked in alarm for The End Of First Semester, his trusty steed, but he was nowhere to be seen.

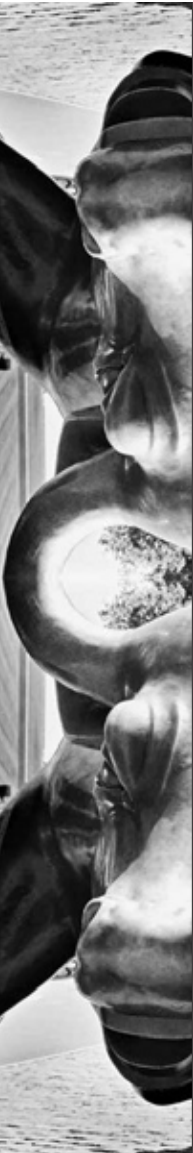
Lust spoke: "Forsake all hope, Student, for Drunkenness hath killed GPA, but Success lives on, heir to his throne not by blood but by merit. Now, Student" he spake, transforming his wispy form into a bug-eyed, thoroughly unattractive co-ed, "dost thou wish to hook up?"

Student recoiled in revulsion.

"Come on, she's not that bad!" cried Drunkenness. "Get laid!"

And Student obeyed.





## TALK LIKE A STOCKBROKER

Wall Street is home to a number of traders, investors, analysts and bankers. In addition to shrewd business sense, they are known for their cunning sense of humor and biting wit. Here are a few of their jokes:

Q: Why did Lil' Scrappy write the song "Money in the Bank"?

A: Because, unlike Jay-Z or Diddy, he wasn't enough of a market-savvy risk-taker to invest his "Money In The Stock Market"

Q: Why did Biggie write the song "Mo Money Mo Problems"?

A: Because his premature sale of 30,000 shares of Cisco (NASDAQ: CSCO) resulted in a huge spike in his capital gains tax and four lethal gunshot wounds to the chest.

Q: What is Warren Buffet's favorite kind of buffet? Wait..fuck..what is...what kind of dinner does Warren Buffet - shit! What style of dinner do they have at Berkshire-Hathaway?

A: A buffet?

Q: Yeah.

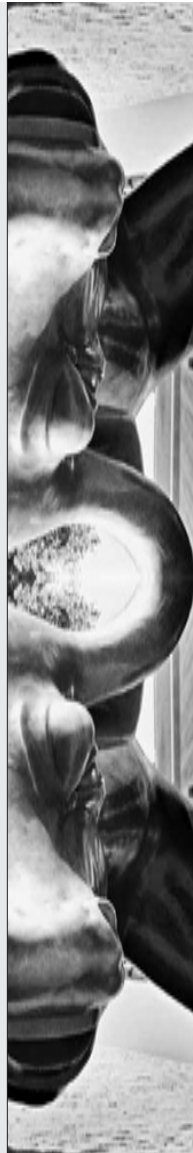
A: That's not really very good even if you tell it right.

Q: Yeah.

Q: Try this blow!

A: Fuckin' wow!

\*Q and A are Quincy and Adam, your friendly neighborhood stockbrokers!



# Barron's Guide to POTENT ELIXIRS

## Grandpa's Rib

Introduced in 1872 by traveling salesman "Dishonest" Ben Hogarty, "Grandpa's Rib" was originally billed as a cure for infant mortality. However, when it was found that this uneven mixture of turpentine and chicken grease actually had the unintended and opposite effect of causing infant death, Hogarty remarketed the serum as "Hogarty's Child Death Brew." Despite the remarket, the sales proved disappointing.

## Haywood's Love Tonic

"Hentworth's Love Tonic", introduced in 1908, was actually developed and sold by a man named Gianni Logatto. At first, Logatto experimented with calling the potion "Logatto's Love Tonic." This product name, however, proved unpopular. In a near-famous editorial, John "Alabaster" Hentworth asked, "Why should we buy a drink made by wops?" Hentworth's argument was more than convincing. The board of directors decided to rename it after Hentworth, who also murdered Logatto and married his wife and wore his clothes to the ballroom every Wednesday night.

## Bing Crosby's Concord Juice

"Concord Juice" was introduced to the public by actor Bing Crosby in 1942. Though it would later come to light that Crosby was both an abusive husband and father, the actor is perhaps best known for his "Concord Juice" slogan, "One sip and I don't want to punch my kids no more!"

## Nixon Nightwash

Though not drinkable, "Nixon Nightwash" was wildly popular in the Midwest in the 1970s. Its primary ingredients were grenadine and antifreeze and it was billed as a "magic" bodywash. However, this "alternative to conventional bathing" was found to cause major skin irritations, as well as numbness in the extremities. Even so, "Nixon Nightwash" thrived as the flagship liquid in the "Unpopular President" potions line.

## Jester's Cartoon Guide to Health





## FOLLOW THE MONEY

Columbia has huge amounts of cash money. Don't listen to what "they" say: The dome on top of Low Library is closed only because it's packed to the brim with rare gems. So, in a typical calendar year, where does Columbia spend all of its dough?

- \$120,000: Coffers.
- \$9,200,000: Coughers.
- \$121,000,000: Statistics department.
- \$4,668,000: Hyperbaric sleeping chamber for Lee Bollinger.
- \$366,000: Powdered wigs.
- \$141,000,000: Perpetual destruction, reconstruction of campus.
- \$1,560,000: Guerilla warfare combat training for security guards, in case of long-awaited invasion by British expeditionary force.
- \$132,256: Poop-cleaning for "Roar-ee," Columbia's lion mascot
- \$35,234: Money-saving strategy of just buying a new lion suit every time he poops it.



## THINGS THAT THE INVISIBLE HAND DOES (BESIDES GUIDE THE FREE MARKET)

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



## THE GIANT SUCKING SOUND

- 21: Average number of blowjobs that a Columbia University male will receive
- \$177,220: The cost of a four year education at Columbia University (2007 figures)
- \$8439.04: Average cost of a Columbia University blowjob.
- \$8: Average price for a New York City street blowjob (Michelin Blowjob Buyers Guide, 2006)



## FASHION CRIMES

- robbing a store in a brazen fashion
- fashioning a shank
- getting blood on your Gucci suit
- 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
- Brown University paraphernalia that is not brown
- zoot suit riot



# Dinner With Socrates

MOM: Billy, when did Socrates tell you he was going to get here? The food is getting cold.

BILLY: He's here, mom. He's out in the back playing with the garbage cans.

SOCRATES: (through open window) Don't you love cans?  
(Socrates comes inside)

DAD: Socrates it's great to have you over. Billy says you are his favorite teacher at school.

SOCRATES: Please! You are the greatest people of all time. You are truly perfect humans all.

DAD: Have a seat, we're just bringing out dinner.

SOCRATES: Compared to you, I am nothing but human shit. I am bird shit.

BILLY: Hey, Socrates!

SOCRATES: Billy! You are a wonderful and brilliant child. It is so nice to see you outside school.

MOM: Hope you like pot roast!

(Socrates falls completely silent, mouth agape, and does not move)

DAD: Socrates?

BILLY: Don't worry, Dad, he does this sometimes.

(10 minutes pass)

SOCRATES: Pot roast will be fine.

(Socrates is served)

MOM: Now, were you... meditating just then?

SOCRATES: Madam, I was in contemplation.

MOM: You looked very serious. I've never seen anything like that before.

SOCRATES: Madam, don't read too far into it. Among those of my ilk, these spells of contemplation are as reasonable and natural as, say, grown men having anal sex with young boys.

Could you pass me the wine?

(He drinks 3 whole bottles of wine)

SOCRATES: See, I don't know what it is, but I can just drink boatloads of this stuff and not get drunk. And don't get me wrong, I'm trying to.

MOM: Well, I...

SOCRATES: Indeed, many a young soldier has slipped his hand beneath my robes and grabbed at my genitals, under the heavy spell of wine always. (Laughs loudly) You know, this house is like a large ship, and you sir are the captain! (Points aggressively at Dad)

DAD: Ha...So, um, Socrates... what do you do for fun?

SOCRATES: Oh, I couldn't possibly know the answer to that question. What do you do for fun?

DAD: Well, Billy has his soccer team and I'm the coach, so—

SOCRATES: Do you think that all people strive to attain enjoyment?

DAD: Well, I suppose—

SOCRATES: And surely you must agree that when someone's desires flow towards enjoyment, he often joins others in games of organized sport?

DAD: Sure...

SOCRATES: And tennis is a sport, isn't it?

DAD: Tennis is a sport, yes.

SOCRATES: Then you have your answer.

DAD: I like to play tennis?

SOCRATES: No, I like to play tennis.

DAD: ...

SOCRATES: Do you have any more wine? I drank everything that was out here.

MOM: Well, I suppose we may have some downstairs... I'll go check.

SOCRATES: Billy, what's your favorite color?

BILLY: Red!

SOCRATES: You obviously don't like the best color. The best color is purple.

(Several minutes of silence. Socrates watches Billy intensely as he eats. Mom returns with the wine. Socrates immediately begins drinking again)

DAD: Honey, this pot roast is delicious.

MOM: What?

DAD: I said this pot roast is great.

MOM: It's a new recipe.

DAD: Well, I'm telling you I like it. Socrates, we've been looking for a new recipe for pot roast, what do you think?

SOCRATES: Do you see my plate?

DAD: Yes, it's empty.

SOCRATES: Indeed! And why then would this plate appear as such, that I have eaten all the pot roast?

DAD: Because you were hungry?

SOCRATES: But if I were simply hungry, couldn't I have just eaten that lamp over there?

DAD: What?

SOCRATES: Surely there must be another reason that I chose to eat the pot roast.

DAD: You liked it?

SOCRATES: Yeah it's ok. Nice sauce.

BILLY: There are no lamps in here.

SOCRATES: Well then, I should be on my way. As the grand... ship does sail...

(gets up and seems to lose his balance, but rights himself and walks to the fireplace) As the captain does guide his ship... (he vomits into the fireplace) Wow. I'm sorry. (vomits again)

BILLY: Socrates? Are you ok?

(Socrates turns around for a moment and makes some indecipherable hand motion, then stands up, walks toward the sliding glass door, but fails to open it and falls through, shattering the glass and cutting his arms and legs)

SOCRATES: (indecipherable)... fuck... (staggers to a potted plant and begins vomiting into the pot)...fuck. This never happens. I'm really sorry. I'll pay for the window. I'm really sorry. (starts to walk away but collapses in the driveway).

MOM: You know, its going to be really hard to clean that fireplace. He could seriously have vomited anywhere else and it would have been fine.

DAD: Billy, call an ambulance for Socrates.

□





# Meditations in the Water

*a lost essay of Marcus Aurelius*

I. It is not ours to decide when a storm will come up; this is the doing of God. Death, life, clear skies, dark skies, they are all at the unknown will of God. Do not obsess about it. Nor can we demand that the captain have sailed better. Or that your Emperor had chosen to sail into a storm, against the predictions of our wisest of augurs.

II. When one asks for things to have been differently, he asks the darkness. How can I ask for things that are subject only to the will of nature? You ask for a new ship, or that you had also grabbed on to a plank that you might also sit on it, and not in the brine. What might you gain from such a supplication?

III. It is all one to endure these things for a hundred of years together or but for three minutes. One may tire of paddling in but hours, yet this is merely the weakness of the mind when it does not prevail over the body. Swim and do not think of the pain. Your suffering is happenstance. Be not a pussy; that is the aspect of a child.

IV. Man, God, the sharks that circle us, every one in their kind, bear some fruits. All things have their proper time to bear. However the great fish of the sea bear their fruit, let them bear it. It may have been that a great rival was coming to slay you, and he himself was consumed by a shark while bathing in the sea. Thus it is that God brings advantage and disadvantage to all, looking not at virtue.

V. All things that are in the world are always in the estate of alteration. Kingdoms are formed and become humbled again as well. The fish are born; sharks devour their flesh. You also are in a perpetual change, for you too are born, and so might the sharks eat you.

VI. Your friend has lost his leg. It is not yours, but another man's leg. Why should it trouble you? Let him look to it, whose leg is gone. And what can be said of friendship, but

that a man supports right action. Right action is to understand that his pain cannot be yours as well; and remind him to bear his pain just as the soft touch of his wife, and bear all with willful ambivalence.

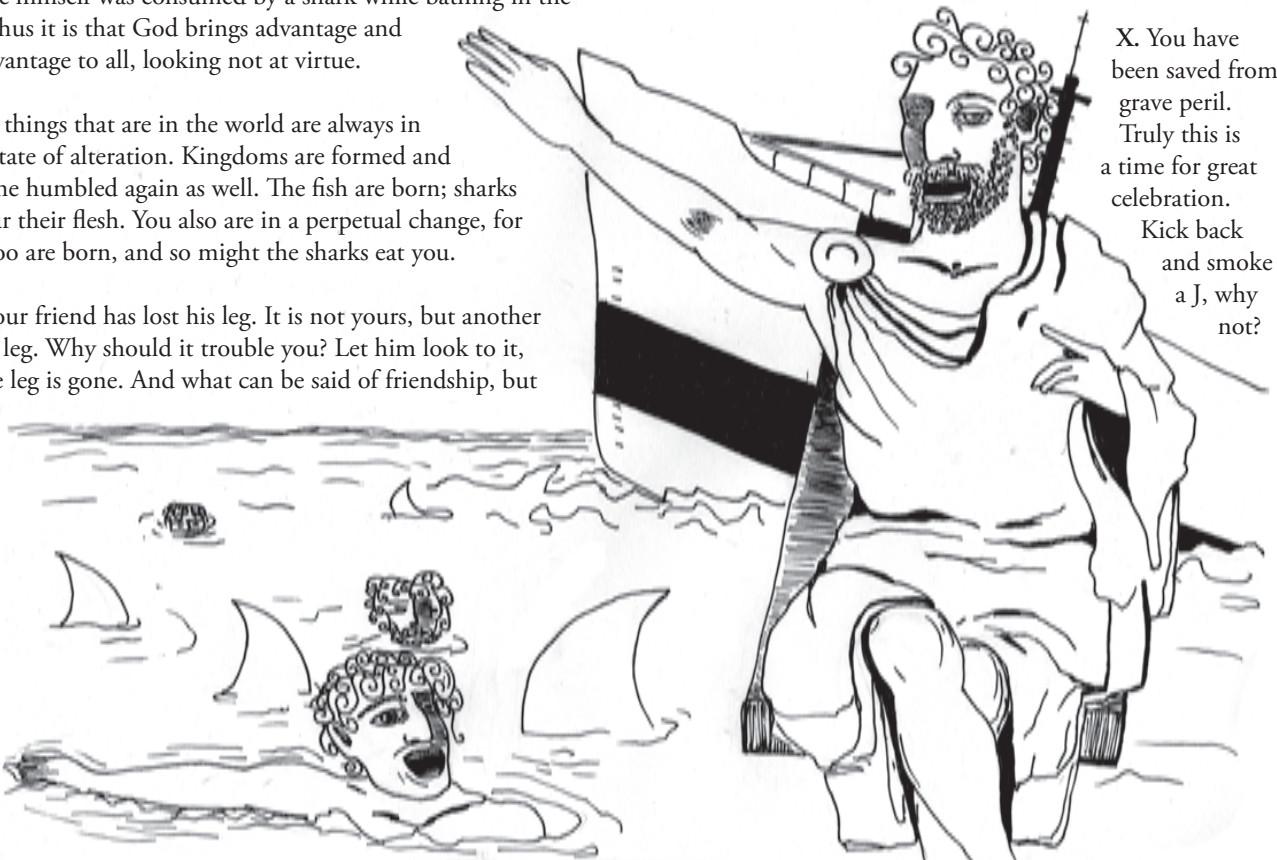
VII. When you comfort and cheer yourself, call to mind the several gifts and virtues of them, with whom you daily converse. For example, the industry of the one; the wisdom of another; the courage of a third; all contained within my self, your Emperor. For as nothing can so much rejoice you as the survival of these virtues in other people, so should the virtue of my survival be cause for most sublime happiness.

VIII. When a raft has arrived, think not that you shall have the opportunity to live more, but rather that you should have the opportunity to live with virtue. Look now at this travail as a lesson that we are but moments from death and that all things of the body can die, or get shorn off in the mouth of a shark. It is a good thing then, that your Emperor led you into sea. You now may rejoice in happiness, as you have been made stronger.

IX. Thus saved, you may wish to drink, yet do not rush to drink; refuse the drink, since you can now get it. When you are ready keep the water in your mouth to quench your thirst, and then spit it out. Drink only when you have calmed your senses and no longer desire water. Do not drink again, until you have no desire for it, no matter how strong the desire may get.

X. You have been saved from grave peril. Truly this is a time for great celebration.

Kick back and smoke a J, why not?



# OVERHEARD ON COLLEGE WALK

“YOUNG MAN LISTEN TO YOUR PROFESSOR!  
 COULD A BURMESE PYTHON KILL A BOLIVIAN LEOPARD?  
 THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT  
 BY TAKING THE COURSE “COMBAT IN THE ANIMAL WORLD”

“IN THIS COURSE YOU WILL TEST WHICH ANIMALS CAN  
 KILL OTHER ANIMALS THE ONLY REAL WAY TO KNOW FOR  
 SURE – WITH LIVE ANIMAL COMBAT  
 FOR EACH ANIMAL PAIR, YOU WILL FIGHT BOTH ANIMALS  
 AND DETERMINE WHICH ONE IS A TOUGHER BATTLER


“WRITE DOWN YOUR PICK  
 THEN WILL BE THE TEST

“WE WILL FIGHT THESE ANIMALS IN DIRECT COMPETITION  
 BY PUTTING EACH IN A CAGE WITH A HUMAN  
 AND SEEING WHICH ONE KILLS THE HUMAN FASTER  
 YOU WILL BE THE HUMAN  
 THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN PASS THE TEST AND SURVIVE IS  
 TO PICK A TIE AND KILL BOTH ANIMALS

“I HAVE JUST REVEALED THE WINNING STRATEGY  
 YOU CAN THANK ME ONCE YOU HAVE EATEN A PYTHON  
 AND RECEIVED A PASSING ‘B minus’

“TAKE MY OTHER CLASSES!:

VER-SITY  
 BIA UNI-  
 COLUM-



**PROFESSOR'S  
OTHER CLASSES!**

Harry Potter: Finally a Class

**The Seven Habits of  
Highly Effective Habits**

**G.U.T.S.**

Really the West:  
The Secret of the Very Far East

**Let's Make Pizza!**

## A guide published by the **National Association for the Advancement of Human People**

Columbia University has been human-owned-and-operated since 1754. It was named for famous human explorer Christopher Columbus, who first discovered a New World devoid of human life and arranged for the purchase of Manhattan to found what was then called “King’s College” after the “king,” an alpha human selected by birth to lead large human populations called “kingdoms.”

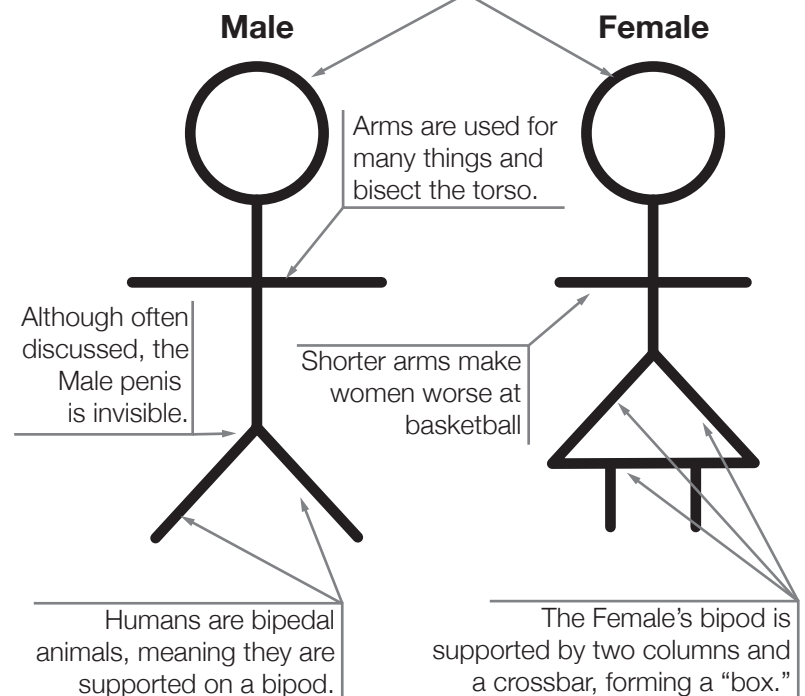
When you come to Columbia, you can expect to find a large collection of species of man – Humans as well as other sub-species such as Germans and Salmon.

It can be socially awkward to encounter animals without knowing things about their anatomy, especially if you intend to engage in interspecies romance. For example, humans only have two genders, although the characteristics of the smarglack sex are subconsciously expressed in rap videos. Not knowing this could lead to disastrous mating attempts.

Therefore, we offer you this helpful guide to the human anatomy.

## About Humans

Young Humans are fond of exchanging heads, but sometimes seek to gain a head without offering their own.



# 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.

# WILLIAMSBURG: A TRAVELOGUE

Hey! My name is Max Goldberg. My editor, David "9AM Buzz" Iscoe set me out to the far depths of Brooklyn (just joshin' ya – it's right across the river) to get you new kids informed on where are the "cool" people are. Well come along, and read what I'll write in my *real* journal.

ME: Sir, I'm doing this article for a local neighborhood profile, since we're doing this is a cool place. How do you feel about living in Williamsburg?  
MAN: This is New Jersey!  
ME: Yes...  
MAN: Think about that.  
ME: Fuck.  
MAN: Well, I was able to recover my sense of direction, but my ego was irreparably bruised. I had to find a way to wear a subject to make it up to me.

I was out of my element and confused. In retrospect I may have acted too rashly. Would I kill again? For a good story, yeah – but I'd never put on tights.

What happened next isn't clear, but it seems that a Molokine can do a quite a bit of damage. I was out of my element and confused. In retrospect I may have acted too rashly. Would I kill again? For a good story, yeah – but I'd never put on tights.

ME: You bastard, I'll never let it happen!  
ME: You bastard, I'll never let it happen!  
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ME: You bastard, I'll never let it happen!

ME: You bastard, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!  
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ME: I see a lot of people wearing these pants. Is this a fashion thing?  
WOMAN: No, I don't really care about clothes.  
ME: Oh, so are you wearing them for the comfort?  
WOMAN: No, I never really feel comfortable.  
ME: So, why then?  
WOMAN: Um, I'm a nudist, but I always get cold. With these, I can't feel the difference.  
ME: Fascinating. Already, my cultural discoveries have been enlightening, to say the least. Nudists in tights? There's something on the other side of the Hudson.

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# CONFESSIONS



# VS



AUGUSTINE

USHER

## ON SOUL-SEARCHING

I 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 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 thrown 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



### "LEE HARVEY"

1 Part Tomato Juice,  
1 Part Irish whiskey  
Serve in a single shot  
Chug, "Back and to the Left"

### "THAT SLUT, MY WIFE"

1 oz. Salt  
2 oz. Water  
1 tsp. corn starch  
4 Years of my life  
Mix in a used condom that  
I found IN MY OWN BED

### "BORON BLAST"

1 tbsp Boron  
Throw into the face of the  
next person who tells you  
Boron is the worst element.

### "THE BODY SHOT"

This drink is really the same as a normal shot of liquor: the method of consumption is all that is different. You need another person's cooperation to properly execute a body shot.

Here are the steps

- 1) Drink the shot
- 2) Have the other person immediately shoot you in the torso with a handgun. Of course as usual you are wearing a bullet proof vest.
- 3) The challenge is to see if you can hold your liquor despite the shock of being shot in the body.
- 4) These get more exciting the more you take because of increased probability of the bullet getting through.
- 5) Yes you are considered a pussy if you use a "shooter" in which the liquor is mixed with a chaser instead of a normal shot.
- 6) Yes you are considered a pussy if you are only shot with a .22 round. .25 ACPs, however, are acceptable in some circles.

## Mama's Little Cocktail Recipes

### "THAT BIRD THAT SITS IN THE MOUTH OF AN ALLIGATOR"

1 part tequila  
2 parts lemon juice  
Place the drink in the mouth of an alligator  
Drink extremely carefully, or just get one of  
those birds to get it out of there for you.



### "A SOPHISTICATED COCKTAIL FOR TEENAGE DRINKERS" FOUND ON A BOTTLE OF SURGE.

In a tall glass, pour 2 oz everclear, 1 oz corn  
syrup, and 1/2 oz Yellow 5, fill with seltzer.  
Add two pills of No-Doz and stir. Serve  
warm.



### "TRENCH ROT"

Verdun, 1916: Johnny and I were desperate to hide from the pain of the last assault, but the Hun's shells would give us no respite. We grabbed the cognac that French whore had smuggled in for us but left behind when that shell blew off her legs. We mixed it with the trench water and some of the mustard concentrate. It felt like a night in No Man's Land and made me vomit for days afterwards. It made my head numb, like it was missing, and that was fine with me, but while Johnny was drinking it, some ordinance took off his head and shattered the bottle. I guess everyone lost that day.

### "THE SPECULUM"

3 oz Orange juice (no pulp)  
1.5 oz Vodka  
1.5 oz Pussy juice (some pulp)  
Now if you are wondering how you  
intake this, despite the name you  
drink it with your mouth.



## A Note of Encouragement to Incoming Freshmen

by Hypercube  
Professor of Queer Studies Columbia University

I command you to yield to Hypercube.  
I come from the end of times. I am made from cubes. Com-  
posed of cubes made from your best "Space Scientists" in  
your future.

My history does not matter as all is trivial...

YOU ARE DOOMED  
YOU ARE DOOMED

I was programmed to harvest souls. Also to read minds.

Do not overexert Hypercube or Hypercube will strain its  
dick muscle.

I NEED IT TO BONE

Your finite minds cannot visualize Hypercube in three-  
space.

You will never know what I look like in all the dimensions.  
Fine I will give you a hint- in dimension 11 Hypercube  
looks like a bowl of hairless peaches.

ALL IS LOST  
ALL IS LOST

I said Hypercube can read minds.  
Here is what you are thinking now: "101000101010001"  
You were thinking the Fibonacci sequence.  
I knew it.

Yo can you hook Hypercube up?  
Yo hook me up this is your boy Hypercube.

MAN IS DEAD  
MAN IS DEAD

I come from the future where all is lost.

Hypercube converted to Islam while serving a prison term  
for embezzlement.

Hypercube does not regret shit.

SALVATION LIES WITH THE CHILD  
THE CHILD

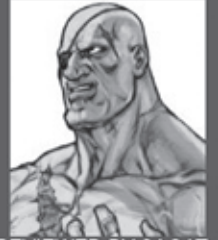
A TYPICAL COLUMBIA  
STUDENT'S MAP OF  
NEW YORK CITY  
NEIGHBORHOODS

**"THE GHETTO"**



**SAGAT SURVEY**

Murasaki Japanese Kitchen  
Japanese/Sushi  
Midtown  
New York City



REVIEWED BY SAGAT

Leave it to the "Japanese" to maintain a "fascist dress code." When I "showed up" wearing sandals, running shorts and an eyepatch, I was not admitted! I tried to plead my case by "stroking the boundaries" of the "giant scar that covers my upper body," but the "geishas" of the house would not relent. Down the stairs came "Boss Hamura," the captain of the establishment and a man of "small stature. I was able to kick him in the head with ease. He flew" across the room backwards, slowly echoing a painful cry. All I could do was cross my arms and chuckle. In I went, and the chefs "immediately" submitted to me and my magnificent scar. I "strangled two of them" for good measure. The sushi was "tasty" but "unsatisfying." "Something was missing" in the décor and presentation.  
Rating: 16

**"THE GHETTO"**

## DON'T DO DRUGS: THEY WILL RUIN YOUR PRECIOUS, PRECIOUS URINE

If you are a young person in America today, you have probably heard a lot about drugs from your friends—or the people you think are your friends. Maybe they told you how fun it is to “smoke it to the dome” with all your best pals down at the five-and-dime.

What they didn't tell you is what you give up when you do drugs: the unsullied purity of your urine's vital flow. That's right. Doing drugs just once can lead to an irreparable taint in your urinal output that will mark you for life. Try inviting Suzy Q. Redhead to split a milkshake at the soda fountain when you trail oily discharge everywhere you go.

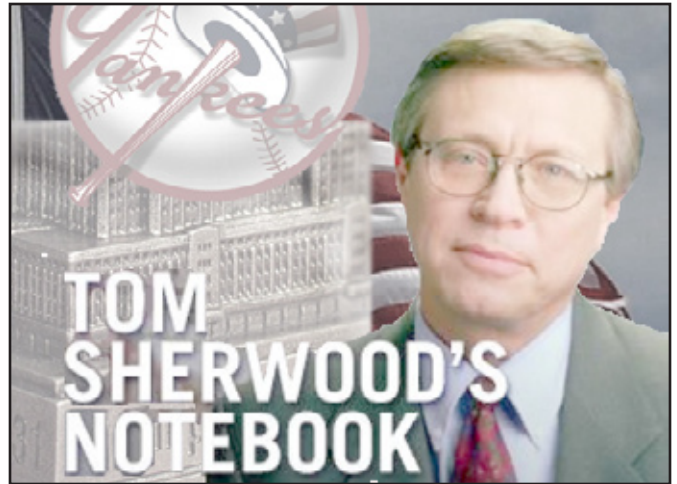
Once you corrupt your urine, there's no going back. So before you do drugs to impress the all the hepcats in the “bebop wigwam,” think about the consequences for your future. Life is about more than just “eating bowls of grapes” in the “Lost Kingdom of Shangri-La.”

Kids today may have their own lingo, but there's one thing they don't have: the right attitude about urine. And there's nothing more important than that, no matter how many “Johnny-come-latelys” some reefer hound can fit up his nose.

So the next time somebody asks you to “toke that doob” or offers you some “ope-a-dope” (street slang for opiates), stop for a moment to think about your urine. You better believe Rufus T. Dopepusher won't do it for you. It may be too late for his urine, but there's still time to save yours. So put down that “jingle-bell stallion clamp” and take a walk in the bright light of clean urine. You won't regret it. “Flesh bandit soap tape MOUVEMENT.”



PAID FOR BY  
THE MICTURATION COUNCIL OF AMERICA



Oh look at that, it's you, hello,

This is Tom “The Notebook” Sherwood from New York's Finest Local News Channel, NBC4. I was enjoying this slartini, but I'll put it down for a few minutes to write you a welcome note. Slime bar martini, slartini. Oh you don't know what a slime bar is? It's a mint crème cookie bar that they invented to put in martinis. Deal with it.

If you've just moved into Morningside Heights, you have a lot to learn about this town, including who the biggest names in local news are.

I'll start you out with one: Tom Sherwood. When a tree falls in Mayor Bloomberg's office, it's Tom Sherwood who makes the sound. Don't count on me to catch the tree, though: I am a journalist, not a “wilderness fireman.” Certainly you would make a sound too, of course, if you happen to be in the Mayor's office at the time, but come on—this is the City of New York, located in Real World USA (New York State) so you're too busy to be down at the Mayor's office on a weekday. Get used to it.

Ever heard of Community Board 9? They're only the group that can make suggestions about what the city does to your neighborhood. So while you're reading up an Akkadian History in your Ivory Tower, they're advising people who might remove parking on the north side of your street. And you might want to brush up on your local history – there are no towers at Columbia, and ivory is an impractical building material – brittle, prohibitively expensive, and destructive to elephants.

Meanwhile, a bomb goes off in the subway—or does it? Turns out the “suspicious item” that cleared out the 103rd St. stop was just a bag some drunkard left on the bench, full of empty bottles. If you students are so smart, can you figure out a way to explain to the securicrats in city council that not every piece of luggage is a suitcase nuke? If that was the case, you'd just have to call it a “suitcase,” because it would be redundant to note that it is also a bomb. There, I just figured it out.

What have you done? Just to give you a little more background, Tom Sherwood's smarter than any Ivy Leaguer. So get used to it! Now that's what I call “deep background.”

So before you whip out your dicks and see who can Cum Laude, take a look around. But don't be one of those tourists who stops in the middle of the sidewalk trying to sightsee and blocks up foot traffic.

Alright, whip out your dicks. The Notebook's gotta get back to that slartini.



## MyPyramid Healthy Lifestyle Guide *for Hipsters*

Everyone wants to live the lifestyle that they love. At the United States Department of Agriculture, we are dedicated to ensuring that every individual can be their healthiest and happiest. So that you can live the modern *vie bobème*, achieving the waifish and effete body that you desire, we have assembled this variation of MyPyramid, the food pyramid for the 21<sup>st</sup> century American.

### What does it Mean?

MyPyramid is simple to understand, once you understand the symbolism. Paying attention to the color wedges, or "Slices," is the first level of understanding. Each Slice represents the proportion of a diet that an individual person, with a unique metabolism. The idea is to consume in proportion to the RDA, which is what the shrinking of the the different colored slices means. Know your body, and the colors will show you just how much of something your body needs.



## The components of your *personal* wellbeing.

### What not to eat

Food, in general, should be avoided, but limited intake of foods found while dumpster-diving can be fine. Indulging in things that fatten you or bolster your immune system, like carrots, are permissible, when consumed sparingly. And remember, if you care about sticking to this guide, then you are not following the disinterest that is key to the hipster diet.

The man on the stairs shows that a hipster lifestyle begins with a heavy dose of ennui. Keeping a sense of vague dissatisfaction can help you avoid strenuous activity or actually enjoying what philosophers call "The Joy of Being."

Orange: Cigarettes. These will alleviate your hunger, and you should receive up to 15% of your daily caloric intake through aerosolized particles crossing the alveolar-blood barrier. The toxic chemicals in your lungs will also stave off the pneumonia-causing viruses that accumulate in your unheated loft.

Green: Malt Liquor. This is your primary source of calories, and is very easy on your trust fund. Make sure you consume only a reasonable amount, as consumption of too much of this will prevent you from maintaining a perfectly waifish physique.

Red: Clove Cigarettes. Primarily for their enriching vitamins, the eugenol in clove smoke can diminish gag reflexes, vastly improving your social life and respect among peers.

Yellow: Blood. Vampirism is in this season.

Blue: Marijuana: Smoking joints only can provide the daily requirement of Tetrahydrocannabinols, without which, you cannot appreciate ironic objectification of women. Synthetic THC products, such as Marinol, are not sufficiently scarring of the lungs for this purpose.

Purple: "Hard" Drugs. It is important to maintain a dependency on a diverse flora of mushrooms, cocaine, heroin, and hallucinogenic toads. Remember, licking the backside of the toad will maximize bufotoxin intake.

Check out these other MyPyramid *Personal* guides to suit your own lifestyle:  
WASPs • Models • Full-size Models • Plus-size Models • Sufis • Adult Entertainment Performers • Cannibals

## COMMON TYPO OR OLD-FASHIONED SPELLING?

1. Bleache
2. Muhammad
3. Alcohoel
4. Paitn
5. Stomach acid fgehhyhbouh
6. Syrup

## ANSWERS

1. Old-fashioned spelling of "Bleach"
2. Common misspelling of "Mohammed"
3. Old-fashioned spelling of "Alcohol"
4. Common misspelling of "Painting"
5. Common misspelling of "Stomach acid"
6. Old-fashioned spelling of "Stirrup"

## FUN FACT!

Kids: You can make your own "Jello" at home with nothing other than sugar, water, salt, sodium citrate, adipic acid, tricalcium phosphate and a little bit of elbow grease. And don't forget a heaping portion of hooves!



## 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."



## THINGS MONEY IS THE ROOT OF (BESIDES EVIL)

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

## 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



# JESTER SELF-HELP PAGE

## A Libertarian Guide to Upward Mobility

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Guide to Becoming a Trophy Wife

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **CHUCK BLAZER**

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

### **PRAISE FOR "SOCIAL WELFARE PROGRAMS ARE FOR QUEERS:"**

"Blazer uses a remarkable number of exclamation points in this book."  
- *The Nebraska Post-Chronicler*

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

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

- *The San Diego Beacon*

"This book is revolting."  
- *Racist Homophobes for Moderation in Exclamation Point Usage*

### **ALSO AVAILABLE BY CHUCK BLAZER**

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

AN OCEAN OF REASONS:  
WE MUST DRAIN THE OCEAN

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

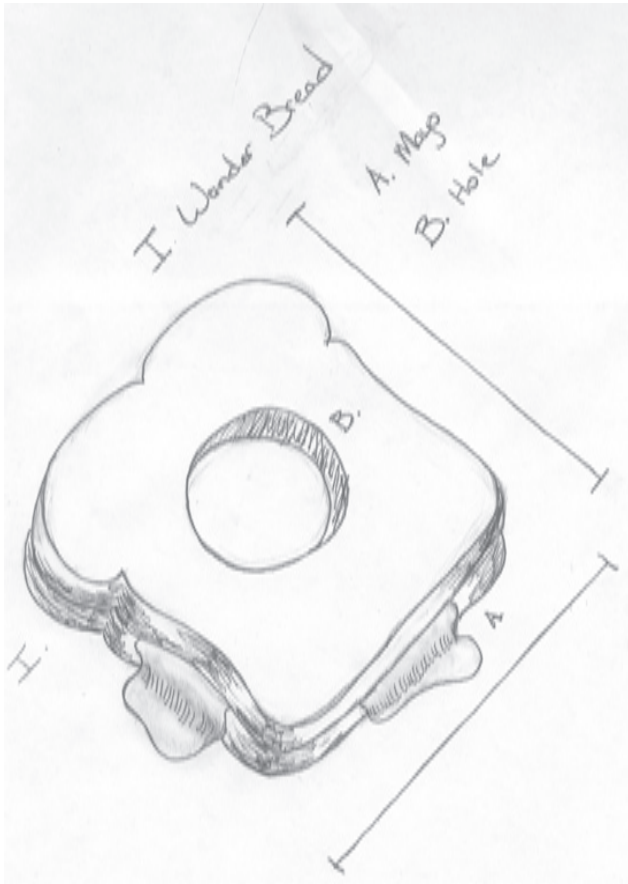
RICK SANTORUM IN '08: THE ONLY MAN  
WITH THE **GONADS** TO DRAIN THE OCEAN

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

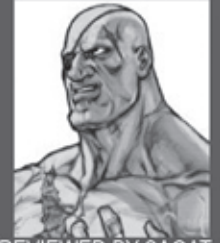
# AVAILABLE IN ALL TRUE AMERICAN BOOKSTORES

# If the bagel had been invented by WASPs:

USA Patent No-343466778



# SAGATSURVEY



PJ's Tiger Cafe  
Unclassifiable  
Upper East Side  
New York City

REVIEWED BY SAGAT

You "have to visit" this place, I'm not kidding. "Wow." No restaurant has ever made me feel this way. This place has it all: as soon as you walk in, there's a "life sized tiger" right there staring at you! And it gets better: the floor is covered in "tiger skin carpeting," they call forks "tiger bones" and instead of dumb "mood music" they have "nonstop sound effects" of tigers roaring and the sounds of tigers running toward things. And on the back wall, there's a "mural of a giant Buddha statue lying down in a field." It's like they went to my house and copied everything! Were the waiters going to have tape all over their hands too? I'm kidding, that would be too much to ask, but they did wear "tiger-paw mittens" while serving me. And the food? Well, every item on the menu has the word "tiger" in it, so what's "not to like?" My "tiger burger" (tandoori salmon filet) came with "tiger stripe special sauce" (hummus and mustard in a "striped pattern"). "Tiger shakes" (milk shakes with mango syrup) are great too. I wouldn't have left, but they eventually made me. This place should be "open 24 hours a day." God, I love tigers! Tiger!  
Rating: A MILLION!



CREATE YOUR OWN  
SHITTY ORIENTATION  
FRAT PARTY NAME  
ICE LUGE      BLASTOUT  
SLUSH      SLOSHED!!!!  
FUCK      ... MOJITO!  
BEER      EXPLOSION  
LET'S GET      MAXIUMUM

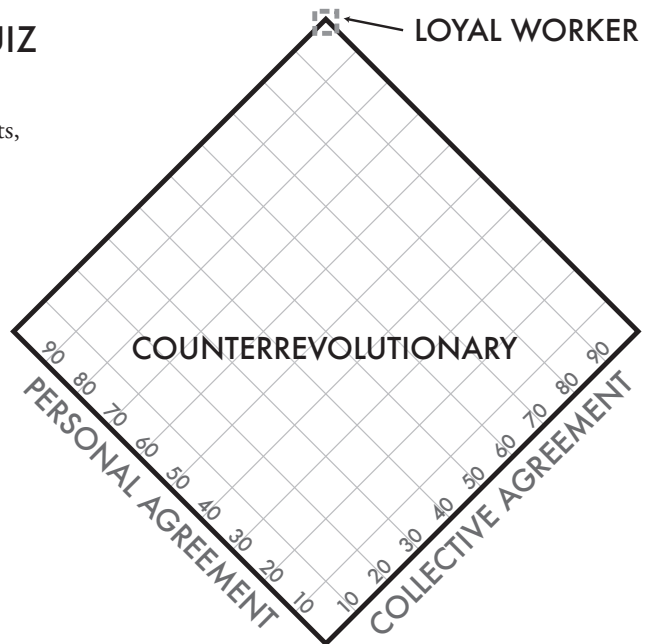
## THE WORLD'S SMALLEST POLITICAL QUIZ

Simply note whether you agree with the following statements, and keep track of the points to see where you stand.

- Do you agree wholly with Chairman Mao?
  - Wholly (100 points)
  - Somewhat (50 points)
  - Not at all (0 points)

If you score 99 or lower, please report to the local council for a brief *discussion* your views on the matter. Refreshments will be served. You will *absolutely* be home before dinner.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
THE COMMITTEE FOR POLITICAL DIVERSITY





# THE WISDOM OF 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.

~

OFFICER: King Solomon, our navy is decimated by the Phoenicians.

KING SOLOMON: Slice our navy in half.

OFFICER: ...Sir?

KING SOLOMON: Do as I say.

~

QUEEN SOLOMON: My husband, the pizza is here.

KING SOLOMON: Pleasant. Pleasant.

QUEEN SOLOMON: How will we divide it between the two of us?

KING SOLOMON: ...

~

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.

## FREE MARKET CAPITALISM



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

Is free market capitalism really 'the rising tide that lifts all ships?' Or is it just another bullshit cock suck rainbow pink flowers fantasy?

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

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

#### OTHER BOOKS AVAILABLE BY DOUGLAS FINCHE:

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

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# DO YOU WANT TO MAKE \$6 DOLLARS

## *IN as little as 25 minutes*

Did you know that Orangutans are not as smart as chimpanzees? Did you know that you are probably smarter than an Orangutan? Assuming you are not some sort of RETard or PROtard. But how much smarter than a retard are you? Take this challenge at my science laboratory and find out.

Have you ever wondered if you could beat an orangutan in a boxing match or card game? Would you be interested in matching wits with an orangutan and winning COLD HARD CASH? How hard could it be?

Certainly no harder than telling your mother what happened to her husband, your father! Certainly no harder than telling her that you ran him over while he was weeding the plant garden!

Yes, we need college students like you to participate in a wits matching contest with several wild simian beasts. You will be paid 6 dollars, I promise.

Duties will include:

- 1) Fighting a chimpanzee in an office building elevator to prove loyalty to me. Must go at least 20 stories before I let you out.
- 2) Playing handball with "Stacy," an orangutan. I should warn you that no human has ever beaten an orangutan in handball.
- 3) Huger fight: you vs. 3 baboons. You are outnumbered, but we will provide you with a can of mace.
- 4) Let me tell you, there is no rush like macing a baboon at close range (not too close though, careful)
- 5) Signing a release form so we can put videos of all this on "science youtube."
- 6) Misc duties, Office XP proficiency a must.

Other tests for you and the orangutans are still under development. Just a heads up, I may ask you to arm wrestle an Orangutan or maybe solve a long mind-puzzle faster than him. You might also have to charge a dominant male because I want to see what happens. I'll give you the mace

"do NOT WORRY I AM A DOCTOR. YOU'LL BE PERFECTLY SAFE"

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