

jester
of columbia 5/09



RECSSION

A message to all douchebags, dickweeds, dumbfucks, pricks, fools, bastards, greedy CEO's, stimulus hoggers, bonus Jonases, tax evaders, pyramid schemers, seafood dinners, white-collared criminals, star-bellied sneeches, aviato-phobics, retired cannibals, train conductors, terrorists, Snapple chuggers, shoe-bombers, Prius drivers, farm animals, hobos, contagiously diseased, and anyone else who flies places on airplanes that are not ours. We're so desparate...

**WELCOME
ABOARD**

jetBlue®

CRAPPY JETTING

jester of columbia

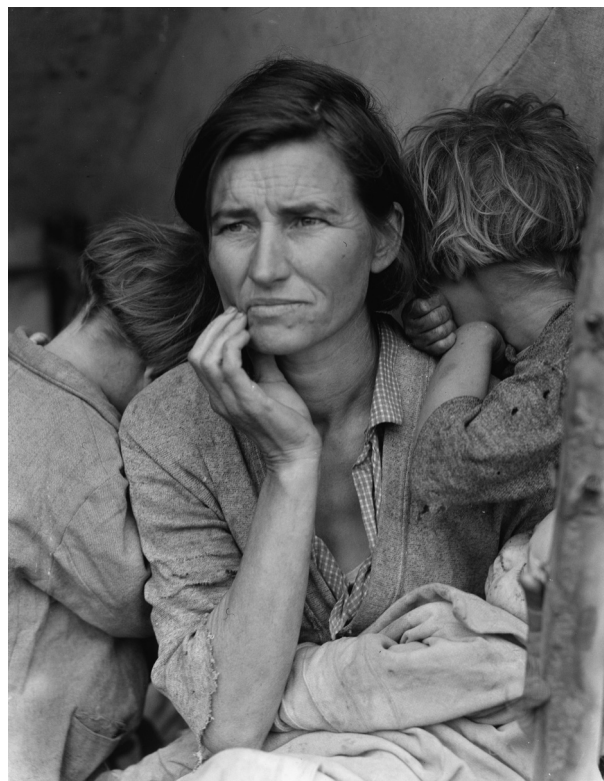
RECESSION

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INSIDE BACK COVER In the Next Jester...

**WHOSE
KIDS ARE
THESE?**



To the elitist GOMMORHEANS of the “Jester”:
 Why have you not denounced the terrible cultural ASSAULT pervasive this winter?? Are you in on the plot to eliminate the individual freedom of fingers? MITTENS ARE COLLECTIVIST ANTI-AMERICAN BRAIN POISON. Mittens “collect” the four fingers for warmth, forcing them to WORK TOGETHER to do anything! And they cannot get anything done because they are awkward and controlled by the PERVERSE MIDDLE FINGER! FACT: It is impossible to eat peanuts without a ring finger. More importantly the mitten, despite it’s falsetious “CARING,” abandons the strongest, most productive finger to fend for itself. A MODEL TO TEACH OUR CHILDREN TO PENALIZE SUCCESS! What’s next a Barbie TAX ASSESSOR? Are you going to disagree you godless fascionistas? WHO WOULD HATE ON THE FIFTH FINGER, BUT A FIFTH COLUMNIST? You members of the QQQ cannot eliminate the patriotic finger glove. Abandon these Khrushchev flippers and defend your country from the islamofascistical SUBTERFUGE. It starts at the fingers, then the mindpiece!

-ROBERT K. DOWD, VICE PRESIDENT FOR LETTER WRITING AMERICAN GOVERNMENT OF AMERICA, INC.

Mr Dowd, we prefer the term “gentleman scoundrels.” -Jester

Yo Jester:

What was up with that bonus list in the Solutions issue? Was there something tying that together?

-COPY EDITING COLLEGE STUDENT

Yo Ed, we’re glad you caught our mistake. The list should have read: Ways of pronouncing Roosevelt: Roosevelt, Roosevelt, Gimp. That joke was well worth printing twice. -Jester

My Dearest Jester:

Your touch is like a rose with fingers that touches me. Delights! Delights! How you be you is be. I smell your olfactory scents with my nose; so good, so good.

-YOUR SECRET ADMIRER

Creep, we ain’t want none of that. Work on your poetry while you’re at it. Did you write that with refrigerator magnets? -Jester

Hey:

Solutions was a great issue. I really enjoyed that piece you told me to say I liked... which one was it? Oh yeah, the career thing. And the phallic symbol meth thing by Jonathan Franzen was really awesome. I laughed a lot, and yeah... is that enough?

PAVLOV’S DOGS, 70 DOG YEARS - A fire alarm led Ivan Pavlov’s beloved dogs to eat themselves to death. Too busy smoking a blunt, Ivan failed to notice the alarm he set off, and ate his dogs for a tasty snack instead.

JOHN SMITH, SOME AGE - With a name like that, out of sheer probability, this must be true.

AUSTRALIAN CULTURE, AGELESS - Kangaroo Jack sucked. Heath’s out. Steve Irwin is dead. Where is Paul Hogan?

ROCK, 52 - According to Miss Jenna Louis, age 17 of Scottsdale Arizona “I saw Diane’s boyfriend Todd murder it with an acoustic guitar and a Ben Folds cover. It was awful. Also, don’t tell her I told you this but she totally gave Eric Hollenkamp a blowjob in the Target Parking lot last Thursday when Todd thought she was with her cousin in New Mexico, only Eric’s girlfriend Stacey found out and now she’s pretending to be pregnant but she’s actually just fat.” Long live rock.

THE SUN GOD AMUN, 16 HOURS - And that is why we need to sacrifice you, Heron-Rabbit-Marshland-Eye-Squiggle.

NICK MCCLOSKEY, 32 - Traveled back in time to shoot his grandfather, but resurrected him with a machine powered by Stephen Hawking turning over in his grave somewhere in the year 2023. But if he didn’t create a time paradox then there was no grave rolling so he didn’t resurrect his grandfather which means he was never born which means he never shot Stephen Hawking... hold on a second.

STEPHEN HAWKING , 67 - Yeah, had to take care of that.

NICK MCCLOSKEY - DIED ? - Who cares? I’m too depressed about Hawking to bother. He was something special.

No. That was way too obvious. We were very clear - phallic symbol hunt, Franzen’s The Corrections spoof, something on meth, and Career Services satire. We can’t pay you for that letter. In fact, we wonder if we can charge you for messing up so bad. -Jester

WHY JESTER?

Why didn’t you publish my “Poopin’ in Pupin: A guide to Columbia University Facilities” It delved into many pertinent topics such as poop and Columbia and whores and poop. Why didn’t you publish it? It was gold! GOLD! Now I have to feed my children cans of tuna fish. They already ate the tuna fish, but the cans are still fresh. Well, fuck you guys, I’m going to take it elsewhere. I’m going to take it to a real humor publication. I’m going to take it to the top. I’m going to take it-- Sorry, hyperventilated. You get the point. Why?

Frankly, sir, we have standards. They may not be high, but they are standards. We also have benchmarks. We are also scared of you. -Jester

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRR
 RRR

Here, let us remove that thorn from your paw. -Jester



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THE REAL WORLD

DEAR READER,

WISEN UP. When students graduate from college, they enter the Real World. They will find that it is much different. In college, you are “graded” on how hard you needle your professors to give you good grades. In the real world, you are sitting on a mostly melted rock that is spinning around and flying through space. It is also part of a larger system that is spinning around and flying through space, and that system is part of a larger (you get the picture). If you want more information you can axe a scientist but they are probably wrong about that sort of thing anyway.

The capital of the Real World is The City. It can be deduced that The City is New York City due to the fact that no other cities exist. This is called the Process of Elimination, a term which is ambiguous as it also refers to NCAA tournament losses and several genocides. But you knew all that already. What you want to know is how to survive in the recession.

The keys to human survival are hydration, nutrition, and shelter. Hydration is a difficult one to get right: most people inhale hydrogen in order to hydrate themselves. While this does help you to lose weight and blow fireballs, making it a fun activity for both girls and boys, it is not correct, because hydrogen can only be referred to as “hydro,” hydrATE refers to substances containing the popular



“H₂O” molecule. Named after a nightclub on the Southwest Washington D.C. waterfront, H₂O is slang for water. The bottom line is that you must dip yourself into water daily to survive, an ancient practice that has kept Baptists safe for eons.

Nutrition means eating. Fruits and vegetables contain many vitamins, but so do vitamins, and fruits and vegetables rarely come in Flintstones shapes nor do they have the nice metallic taste to offset the Flintstones fruit flavor. When buying food in a recession, stick to a 2000 calorie diet if you are trying to lose weight like a little bitch. Then find out which food has the most calories per dollar (CpD). Butter has 1157, yes, but soybean oil futures are down to just over 37 cents a pound, giving it a CpD of 5754. Investing \$127 (less than the price of \$128 worth of goose feathers!) in these futures can guarantee your nutrition for a year, providing you can scrape up enough Flintstones vitamins to take care of your vitamins.

Then all you need is shelter. I suggest living in Brooklyn, with its concentric circles of hipsters calling everyone one circle inward a hipster. But you don't have to think about graduating until you graduate. Until then, enjoy Jester. It is in good hands. By which I mean Nover & the gang. Your hands, the ones holding the magazine, are quite poor indeed.

David Iscoe

Ghost of Jester Past

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.

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM.

A Speech By a Professional Businessman

AT A LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL



• LOOK KIDS. The rules are changing. I am not talking about life, the economy or the American way. I'm talking about the National Football League, whose collective bargaining agreement will expire in 2011. This affects all of us, but mostly NFL players and owners. So most of you un-extraordinary citizens will be more concerned with the changing rules of economy and life and such.

The first rule is the golden rule: treat others as you would like to be treated. This means giving out a lot of oral sex. If everyone follows this rule then everyone should get a lot of oral sex, as far as I figure. How's that for a "stimulus package"? Eh? Eh? Eh... And I haven't even started on my stimulant package.

Sorry...What goes around cums around? Nah...Look, though. It's the rules of jobs that are changing... Blow jobs. Sorry. That was my last try, I swear. Tough crowd.

So the rules of jobs are changing. Forget about the job you want. Nobody wants you to do that job. It's hard to predict what jobs will remain in coming years but it is safe to say that every job will be lost. That is why you have to make yourself necessary. If society learns to rely on you, they will not be able to function without you. You will always have a role to play. That's why I am a professional businessman.

People conduct business all day, but when you conduct business without a professional businessman present you run a lot of risks. You might say it's "Risky Business." But that's really not an appropriate term in this case because without a businessman present no transaction can truly be considered business. "Giving her the business" is not actually a form of business. It is a euphemism for sex.

"Oh yeah, I'm'a make it do what it do!" My bad. I was talking about the market. But I'm not that one who made it do what it did, if you're talking about it tanking.

Where was I? Oh yes, I'm a professional businessman. How many times have you heard someone call out "Is there a businessman in the house?!" Millions, I'm sure. If you've ever been an emergency situation. Or if you've ever been in millions of them. Well, anyway, you've heard it shouted, but you might not know the next step. Let me tell you what I do. I run over with my briefcase and tie, and I take care of business. By the end of it, a high-powered deal has been made and--hold on a second, my iPhone is ringing. I might be needed at a business deal... No, it was just my friend updating his twatter. No, not twitter. It means he nabbed some twats.

A deal has been made and I have 30% of the money. But I have ensured the optimal deal has been made, so all parties benefit, even with the fee they pay me. Any questions?

**“THAT’S WHY I’M
A PROFESSIONAL
BUSINESSMAN”**

JESTER: When did things start to go down in your industry?

CHARISSE: You know, like any perfect storm, it starts with the little things...

Cut-away scene #1

No you can't pay me in singles!

Cut-away scene #2

'Lamb skin'? This isn't a ski lodge!
You're supposed to bring your own condoms!

Cut-away scene #3

You can only afford a handie?
Do I look like a damn 7th grader?!
Get out of here! Git!

JESTER: You were recently let go from your previous employment if I understand correctly?

CHARISSE: Yes I felt pretty secure there too. It was the last thing I expected. It was rough but I understood. This thing, his recession, it's a lot bigger than any one position or industry, you know?

Cut-away scene #4

(She's pulling on her pimp's fur coat as
he's walking away, giving the impression that
he's dragging her against her will)

Bobby! No Bobby, please! Don't do this to me!
I'll be good! I'll be real good! BOBBY!
(He gets free and walks off. She's left on her
knees, holding a pink slip)

CHARISSE: It's always tough, you know. To say goodbye to co-workers you've known for years.

Cut-away scene #5

(Charisse hugging other hookers goodbye
on a street corner)

JESTER: Now that we're entering a full-blown recession period, how do you adjust to the situation?

CHARISSE: I feel that you have to be a lot more versatile to survive. You can't just restrict yourself to a niche; you have to try to attract to the highest number of possible clients while dealing with decreasing resources. For entrepreneurs like me, it means freelance, stepping out of your established market.

Cut-away scene #6

(Charisse dressed in a latex suit facing
a gagged man on all fours)
...You want me to do WHAT with the hose?

JESTER: And on the international scale? What is your perception of the macro-economic movement here?

CHARISSE: I'm not going to lie, I'm worried about the growing strength of the Chinese economy. They have he resources; strength and power to be come a very real threat.

Cut-away scene #7

(A group of Chinese hookers on her street corner,
with her throwing her high heel at them trying to
keep them at bay)

CHARISSE: Gotta watch out for them; they're crafty.

JESTER: Do you have hope for the near future?

CHARISSE: Yeah, I have hope. I think we're due for a change. Not the change we want, but the change we need as a country.

(Cut to Charisse looking out a window patriotically
with a picture of Obama scotch-taped to her the wall
behind her)

PRISON ECONOMY

NOW THAT the economy is in a flaming downward spiral, it is fairly easy to predict that society as we know it will collapse. Well there's one sure-fire way to be stop this recession in its tracks, and the answer is hidden in one place...prison! Yes, that's right, some of our nation's top economic advisers have yet to see the brilliant economic tactics housed in America's penitentiary system. Its time to take a lesson from our nation's hooligans and revert back into a barter economy. Yes, a barter economy. It may seem primitive but trust you me its effective. And if anyone knows how to barter, its prisoners. They have the ability to acquire virtually anything without having to spend a dime. And you can do the same! Imitating the Prison Economy 101: In the Big House, money is practically useless, so the inmates have developed a complex system of ass smuggling (smuggling items within the ass. This system allows them to make trades on the go while comfortably concealing their products (in the butt). The linchpin in the system is cigarettes, so start there. Learn how to carefully conceal cigarettes in your rectum. Once you manage to stick a whole pack in there, then you're ready for market. Trade cigarettes for booze! Trade cigarettes for food! Trade cigarettes for textbooks, crack, water bottles, etc. I know what

you're thinking, why do I have to conceal everything up my butt when I'm not in prison? Because that's how the system works, so quit being a whiny little bitch and go grease up them Kools. But I know what else you're thinking, where am I going to get a plethora of cigarettes which I can exchange for life's other necessities? Its easy! Just steal them. Or do away with cigarettes altogether and use the other common currency of the prison system, your body! This in my opinion is the easiest

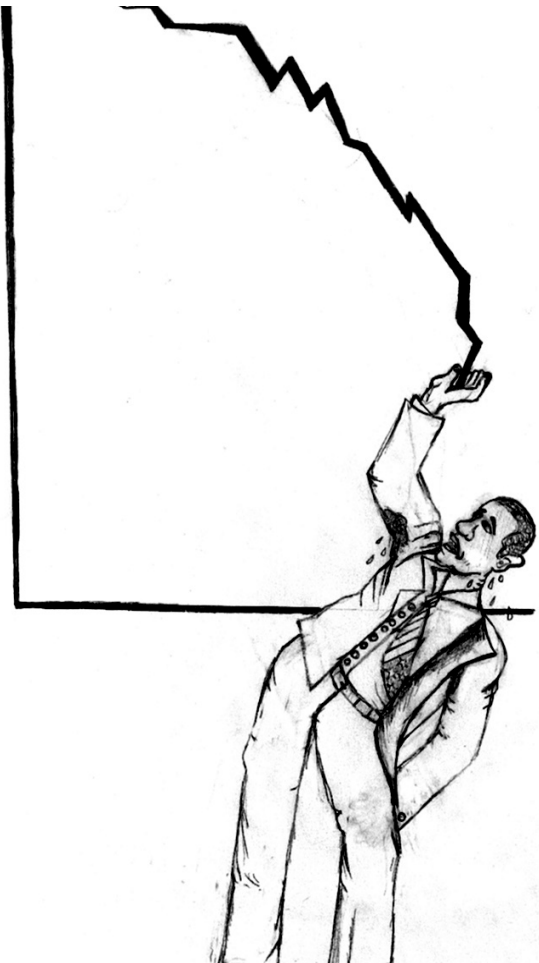
“...PRISON!”

form of currency, as it is portable and (with a few cavity related reconstructive surgeries) virtually endless. Theft and prostitution not doing it for you? Then just use gratuitous violence! Mr. Shopkeep will gladly trade you that Snickers bar in return for you NOT unleashing your fists of fury on his face. The reason why I advocate the use of this system is because its simple and it works. We're dealing with tangible things here, real ASSETS. I've never seen someone shove a sub-prime mortgage insurance credit up there before. With so many viable options available within the prison system economy, its hard to imagine ANYTHING going wrong with its use in the outside world. So go forth and help America restore its shitty former glory!



Trying to find a job? Trying to pay rent?
Trying to get health care? Face it, you're fucked.
ARMY takes all applicants and has free housing!

ARMY: WHY THE FUCK NOT?



Notable Exorcisms

- Emily Rose
- That chick from The Exorcist
- Richard Simmons
- That one that Asian club did



Unsuccessful Charity Schemes

- Diabetes Awareness Bake Sale
- Day of silence for the Blind
- Relay for Death
- The Christopher Reeves Memorial Dance Marathon
- Tuberculosis for Tots
 - Car Wash for Water Conservation
 - Food Drive for Bulimia
 - Telling Gay Kids to "Snap Out of It"
 - Rwandan Genocide Remembrance for Those Who Missed It
 - Medicine for Darfur
 - All You Can Eat Buffet to Fight World Hunger
 - Arabian Horses for Katrina Victims
 - The Heath Ledger Drug Rehabilitation Fund
 - Take Back The Morning for those awkward morning-afters.

Who's Your Daddy?

- The Comedian
- Santa Claus
- Wilt Chamberlain
- Diddy
- P. Diddy
- Puff Daddy
- Puffy
- Sean "Puffy" Combs
- Sean Combs
- The Sperm Bank of California
- Maury Povich

Other Uses for Ping Pong Balls

- XXL anal beads
- Manual Sonar
- Table Tennis
- Low-grade testicle implants



Axe Deodorant Names

- Fluorescence
- Squeal
- Thor
- Myrrh
- Testosterone
- Megabyte
- Sweat
- Deferens
- Chupacabra
- The Aristocrats

Less Popular Baseball Player Diseases

- ALS
- David Ortiz Ink Poisoning
- Mark Maguire Alzheimer's
- Cal Ripken, Jr. Disease

Things Your Mom Has Tattooed to Her Ass

- Grocery List
- Your Name
- Charles Barkley's Name
- Map of the Dominican Republic
- Queen Bee and Manatee Sex
- Flag of the Dominican Republic
- Lower Back Tattoo from '84.
- David Ortiz Jersey
- "Fuck Haiti"
- "If you can read this, thank a teacher"



To Your Holiness Pope Benedict XVI,
 I can't afford to pay off the mortgage
 on my house. If I don't have €50,000
 in two weeks I'm screwed. I've never
 been one to beg. Please help me. May
 god look upon you with favor,
 - Cardinal Agostino

DEAR AGOSTINO,
 IN ORDER TO LEND YOU A
 HAND I WOULD HAVE TO SELL
 MY VACATION HOME ON THE
 AMALFI COAST. AND WE BOTH
 KNOW THAT'S NOT HAPPENING.
 BUT I'LL PUT IN THE GOOD
 WORD FOR YOU, IF YOU KNOW
 WHAT I MEAN.
 PEACE BE WITH YOU,

-BENEDICT

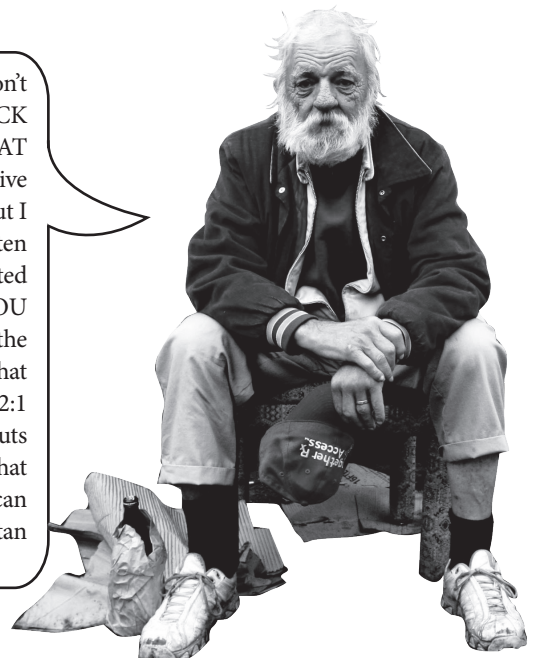
DEAR GOD,
 I'D LIKE TO BUY ANOTHER POPEMOBILE.
 ALSO, SOME GUY WANTS ME TO PAY OFF HIS
 MORTGAGE. CAN YOU SPOT ME SOME CASH?
 THANKS,

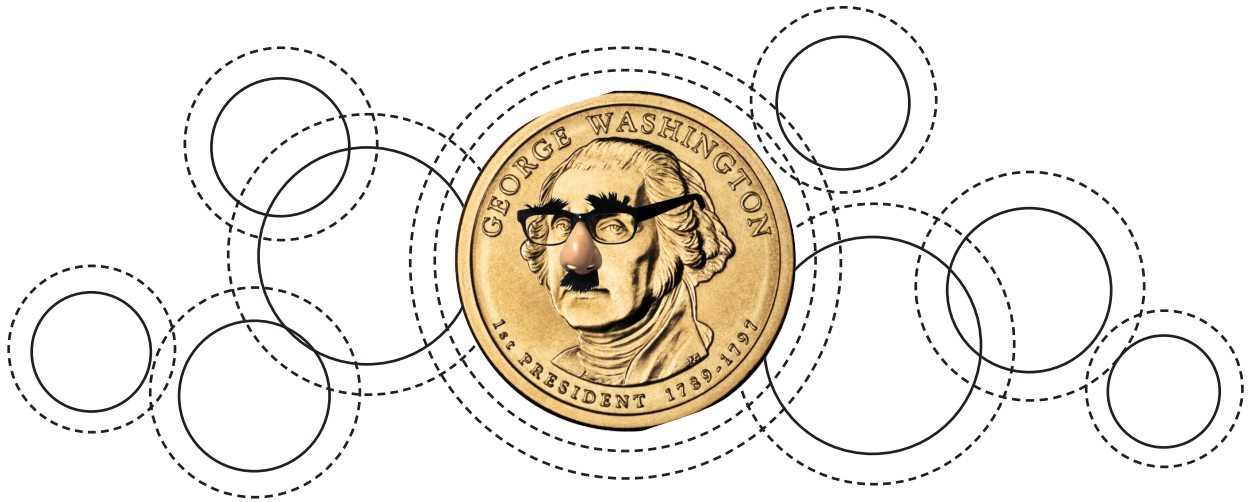
-BENEDICT

RATZINGER-
 I DON'T EXIST.
 SORRY?

-G\$\$

Fuck this shit they tell me there's some fucking reeesession going on bitches don't know shit there's been a fucking reseshion going on for years man mannnn FUCK I ain't got no food and bitches tell me it's because of the fucking receccion THAT DON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME fuck that shit I stole this here radio to give me a fireside chat like Roosevelt did to make people not depressed or some shit but I think I'm doin it wrong it keeps playing rock ballads and fuck no one wants to listen to Jimmy Buffett SHIT thought it was hard out here before people at least wanted to get rid of their Sacagawea coins but now all I get is Icelandic kroner DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE VALUE OF THAT IS IN TODAY'S ECONOMY? Shit man the fucking government of Iceland declared bankruptcy if fucking Obama ever did that I would bitch slap him what was I saying? fuck this shit man I mean come on 32:1 leverage what the fuck were they thinking? fuckin riceshun I just want some peanuts SPEAKING of peanuts Lehman must've behind the fucking peanut recall fuck that shit they lost their company now they're tryna take it out on the poor American people how the fuck am I supposed to get my protein? I can only take so much seitan SHIT wait did I say riceshun? rice fuck it must've been the Asians.



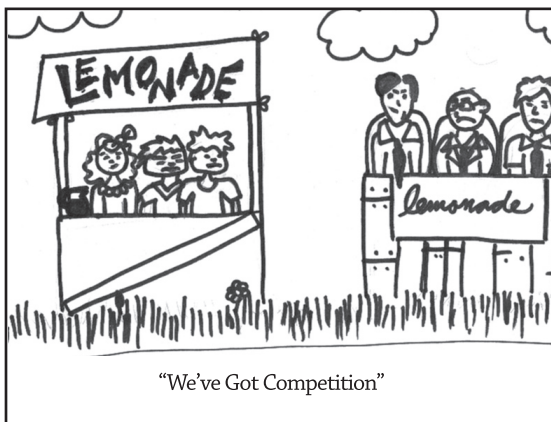


NEW COIN DENOMINATIONS

CELEBRATE OUR GREAT COUNTRY'S bright future with The United States Mint's new coins! Put a down payment on a house with the historic James Madison 1/3 cent piece. Made out of plastic, this fantastic new coin features James Madison composing the of the Bill of Rights' Third Amendment. On the reverse side is an engraved recreation of the burning of the White House as the inept commander in Chief failed to defend even his own home.

Or pay off the first twelve months of your new car with the William Henry Harrison 0 cent piece! No longer with the worthlessness of your goods be intangible - all lack of value can be elegantly summed up in the 32 day term of this great American president To celebrate the unique lack of impact of this great president a unique coin has been produced - rather than featuring the face of the great president the front side of the coin merely contains his presidential slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." This magnificent triumph of meaningless words that sound good over factual discourse is a turning point in our nation's history simply too monumental an achievement to overlook. The reverse side features the grim reaper, reminding us all of the inevitable embrace of death. Start trading this wonderful piece of commemorative art for no goods and services today!

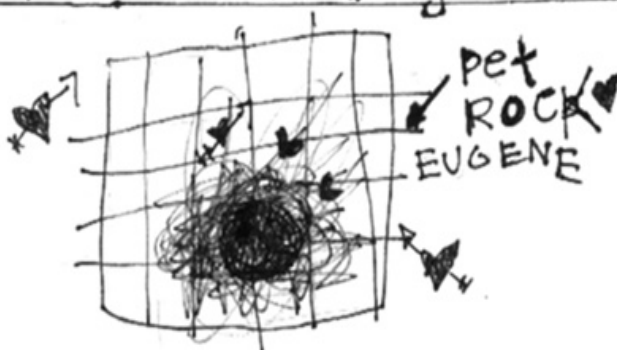
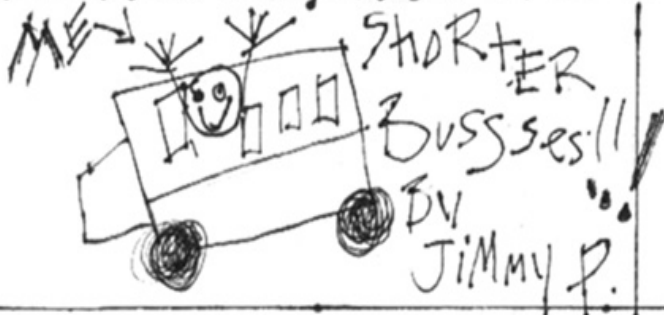
Liquor store not accepting your food stamps? Use the special value of the Franklin Pierce shilling to your best advantage! To celebrate our most inebriated president, the US Mint has decided to tie the value of this coin to the alcohol content of your purchase! Drink your cares away with forty cents worth of vodka! While away the hours with five cents worth of beer! Dive into a book with \$1.50 of Winston Churchill's memoirs!



Past few coins too inspirational for your cynical heart? The US Mint is producing a line of failed candidate coins as well! The Bob Dole piece of eight features an anatomically correct Bob Dole watching an anatomically correct Bob Dole, revealing the terrible secret behind our hero's propensity to talk in the third person. The Michael Dukakis \$10 silver coin is easy to find and totally worthwhile, but the engraving of him in a tank on the back side looks too ridiculous so you probably won't use it. The four-part four-cent piece honors William Jennings Bryant's failed bids for the presidency, the increased anguish on his face in every successive coin letting you see the wear on his soul of his constant failure, ultimately leading to his death by total humiliation in the trial of John Scopes. -----

RECESS

How Miss Sally's 1st Graders are Dealing with the Depression



DENTAL | DAMN

[Door opens. MAN enters taxicab. Door slams. CABBIE turns around to see the man.]

CABBIE: Where to?

MAN: 83rd and Columbus.

[Cabbie starts the meter. Two minutes pass.]

MAN: Some night, huh.

[Cabbie mumbles unintelligibly.]

MAN: What?

CABBIE: Oh, sorry. Bluetooth.

MAN: I said, "Some night."

CABBIE: Yeah, slow. Must be the cold.

MAN: Yeah.

[Cabbie looks in the mirror at the man. The man leans back and relaxes.]

CABBIE: You know, your upper 6's are beautiful.

MAN: Huh?

CABBIE: Your maxillary canines. They shine. You must floss often.

[The man leans forward.]

MAN: Dr. Feldman?! I didn't recognize you in that keffiyeh. What are you doing driving a cab?

CABBIE: Damn, Marty. How'd you figure out it was me?

MAN: You just checked out my maxilla, remember?

CABBIE: Oh yeah. I can't remember anything without my hygienists.

[Long pause.]

MAN: You never answered my question.

CABBIE: You asked a question? Did I tell you I can't remember anything without my hygienists? Fourteen years of delivering nitrous to patients and the local high school dealers has taken a literal hit on me.

MAN: Why are you driving a cab? You're a well respected dentist.

CABBIE: Economy, Chuck-

MAN: Marty.

CABBIE: Memory, Marvin. I'm not making as much



bread as I used to. Sure tooth business is good and the nitrous trade's aight, but this economy's a cavity in my pocket, and I can't just ride the Crest of time until everything's Aquafresh.

MAN: Are you speaking dental jive? I can't understand a-

CABBIE: Hush yo' mola's, canine dawg.

MAN: Dr. Feldman, you missed my street.

CABBIE: Oh, George Washington's ivory incisors!

[The cab pulls over. The man pays, tips, and opens the door.]

CABBIE: Marty, don't forget this.

MAN: Huh?

[The Cabbie hands him a plastic bag.]












CABBIE: It's a toothbrush and a little thing of toothpaste. I also included some floss and a gum massager. I'm all out of tongue scrapers. Sorry 'bout that.



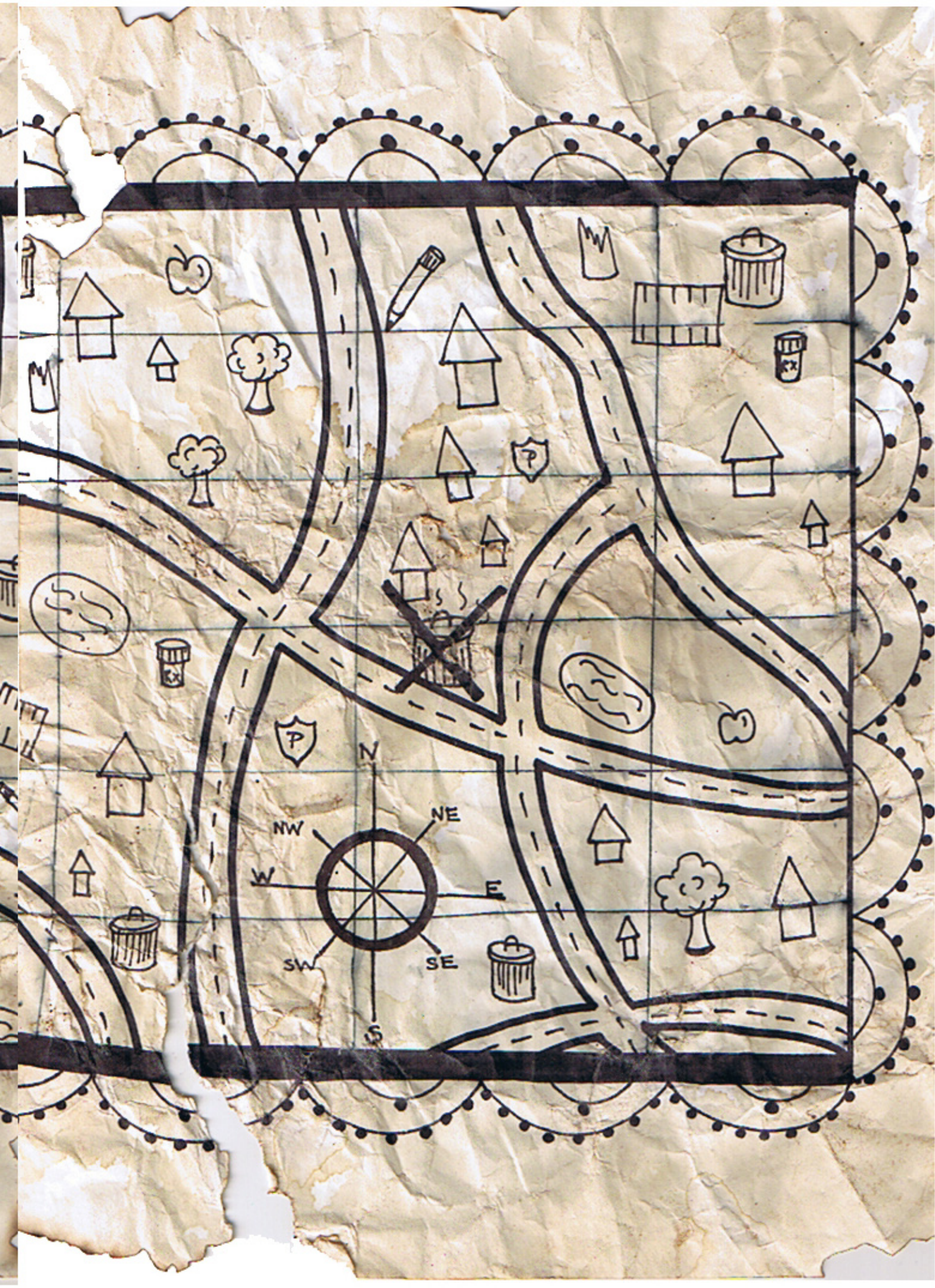
Your internship ran out and you couldn't get an extension. ARMY offers extended duty, even to people who don't want it!

ARMY: WHY THE FUCK NOT?

LEGEND

-  TREE
-  HOUSE
-  PARK
-  LAKE
-  PARKING LOT
-  SUPER MARKET
-  PHARMACY
-  SCHOOL
-  FIRE STATION
-  POLICE STATION
-  TRASH CAN





IT'S ALL PUPPIES

Scene: A pet store, except there is nothing in this pet store except for puppies—which makes it a puppy store, really. There are puppies on the counter, on the floor, rolling around and playing together, wrestling for rope toys, and so on. The puppies are all kinds and varying ages, but they are all fucking adorable. There are people milling about, looking at and playing with puppies. A man is feeding or playing with some of the puppies. As the scene opens, another man walks into the store. He wanders around, then notices the first man. Let's call the first man Marty and the second man Scott.

Scott: Hey—Marty?

Marty [looking up]: Oh, hey Scott! How's it going?

Scott: It's going pretty—well, to be honest Marty, it's not going so well.

Marty: I know man. I know. That's why I got into the puppy business.

Scott: Wait, this is your store?

Marty: Damn straight. It's all puppies. Puppies

are fucking recession-proof.

A puppy walks over and starts licking Scott's foot. We watch this for several seconds.

Scott [looking down]: Yeah.. Yeah, I guess that's a good point.

Marty: It is a good point. It's a great point. Look around—people are buying puppies like fucking hot cakes.

An adorable puppy is licking a small child's face, as the child laughs. Again, we watch this for several seconds.

Scott: But we need you, man—you were the best! No one could close deals like you.

Marty [squatting to give a puppy a treat]: Nah man, it's all puppies for me now.

Scott: Look, I understand the business end of it—I fully agree, puppies are a great business. But I never had you pegged for a puppy kinda guy.

Marty: Who isn't a puppy guy? Puppies are fucking great. Look how tight all these puppies are. And I just get to stand around and play with them all day.

Scott: But don't you miss the rush? The thrill of Wall Street?

Marty: I make dreams come true, man. Fucking dreams come true in here. Small children and their puppy dreams—that's what I do now.

Two puppies are playing tug-of-war with a rope toy. We watch them play for a while.

Marty [watching the puppies play]: This is the best job ever.

Scott: I dunno man. I can't believe you'd turn your back on the big time.

Marty: The best part is, they never turn into full-grown dogs! I sell them before I get too attached and before they're not puppies anymore.

A puppy has started to pull at Scott's pant leg. It's adorable.

Scott: Yeah.. Well I just want you to know, you have a place back at the firm whenever you want. We were all bummed when you left.

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Marty: Yeah man... naw. I mean I appreciate it and all, but naw—I'm into this puppy thing now. I'm balls deep in puppies these days.

Scott: I—

Marty: That came out wrong.

Beat. A puppy is sniffing around Marty's legs.

Scott: Anyway man, just wanted to let you know—you could be a VP as soon as you came back.

Marty [crouching again to play with the puppy]: Yeah I mean I've thought about it. Don't think I haven't thought about it. [Gesturing] But then I look around at all these puppies and... Naw man. Nope—it's puppies for me. No question about it.

The puppy is licking his hand. It starts to nibble on one of his fingers.

Scott: Alright man, well hey—it was good to see you. We should grab a beer some time, catch up. Talk about the good old days.

Marty is nuzzling the puppy. Scott looks awkward for a moment, looks around.

Marty [standing up]: Yeah man, that sounds good.

They shake hands. A puppy is standing directly beneath them, cocking its head at something. As Scott leaves the store, another man enters with a puppy and a crying child in tow.

Marty: Hello, sir—how can I help you today?

Man: Unfortunately I think I'm going to have to return this puppy. This recession is killing us.

Marty looks worried. The puppy starts to paw at another puppy.

Fin.



Future Stock Update ON INFERIOR GOODS

March 2010:

SPAM: ↑15.5; COORS: ↑10.0; LIFE: ↓40.2

Major movement in the bachelor food industry today as Spam and Coors rocketed upwards. Knowledgeable investors stayed away from Life today, as an increase in the Bachelor food index generally indicates an approaching increase in the Sleeping on the Couch rating and makes shareholders eager to look for a marriage split with the majority of assets and children going to that whore. Investors numbed the pain with a small increase in their Coors stock.

April 2010:

SPAM: ↑20.4; COORS: ↓4.9; EASYMAC: ↑3.4

In the wake of the great breakup wave of 2010 more and more consumers are finding themselves regressing towards the industries more traditionally patronized by young singles. In the subsequent regrettable-sex-with-your-recent-ex epidemic, investors promised to never drink again, sending Coors tumbling.

May 2008:

SPAM: ↓4.2; COSCO'S BRAND SPASTUP ↑2.3; DIFFICULTMAC ↑4.1; EASYMAC ↓38.2

Today was a major turning point in our nation's history, as thousands everywhere just gave up and stopped caring. Taste buds numbed from depression, consumers stopped caring about the taste of food and only concerned themselves with prolonging the agony that is their lives.

June 2008:

COSCO'S BRAND SPATSUP: ↓2.4;
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT MEAT ↑12.5

Oh God, Barbara, I miss you so much. Just give me another chance, I have a nice rat here that I cooked and everything.

July 2008:

PRUNO: ↑3.2;
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU BELIEVE THIS IS MEAT ↑12.4;
EVERYTHINGELSE INCORPORATED: ↓∞

Sob

WALLSTREETBEAT

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LIVE-BLOG : THE DESCENT

[April 2009](#)[March 2009](#)[February 2009](#)

It's been quite a year for WallStreet Beat. To celebrate its one year anniversary, correspondent James Pendleton has agreed to live-blog his descent from the window of his 6000th floor office.

10:02: I'm excited. This is my first live-blog, and hopefully not my last. After five minutes of searching, I found the file I was looking for. It was under my putter. At last, my briefcase is packed, I just have to put on my hat, and then I'll be off.

10:08: I just realized that this window doesn't open. Apparently the draft in my office has been caused by central air conditioning. Goddamn you, central air.

10:12: I just bent my putter. It was just no match for reinforced glass.

10:20: I've found a window in the bathroom, let me just crawl out here.

10:21: Yes, I'm out and accelerating at a nice nine point eight.

10:23: Oh wow, the breeze feels really good on the ole Goldman Sack.

10:27: Fuck Ted. I found his missing report yesterday, and he doesn't even have the decency to wave back. Don't just stare at me with your mouth open, schmuck.

10:30: The light... it's so bright... so white... so heavenly. Seriously, these windows are really reflective from the outside. The wind is really doing a number on my hair.

10:31: I'm surprised I haven't done this before. Those elevators are so slow. I just got from the billiards room to the cafeteria in under a minute. Amazing.

10:32: I did a backflip! Ooh. Two!

10:33: I guess I'll stay in the headfirst position. I feel more like Superman.

10:34: And people use pills. Pussies.

10:35: From this distance, I can really see the details of the pavement.

10:35: My head hurts. Wow, this cloud is comfortable - slow though. It's like that goddamn elevator.

10:40: Oh well, it looks like this ascent may take a while, and I've heard heaven doesn't get wireless (some heaven). Over and out.

Reader Comments:

1. **anonymous** - **April 24, 2009 12:34 PM**

FIRST!!!

2. **golf_luver69** - **April 24, 2009 2:33 PM**

What kind of golf balls do you hit with that putter?

3. **metallicaguy126** - **April 24, 2009 5:47 PM**

You should really do this again sometime.

Leave A Comment:

Start typing here...

Wait 'til you see my

- Ovaries
- Oprah
- Origami
- Orifice
- Oversized nipples
- Oatmeal cookies
- Osama
- Obama
- Organic chemistry homework
- Oldsmobile
- Old Navy gift cards
- Oldies collection
- Orthodontist
- Whites of their eyes
- [army of] Orcs
- Odometer
- Osiris
- Open wound
- Oral thrush
- O-face
- Osmium
- Dick



Wait 'til you hear my

- Song about my dick
- Full speaking voice
- High pitched buzzing sound
- elephant cautiously playing the drums
- Conservative talk show
- Mix tape
- Ringback tone
- Charges read out in court
- Sound about my elephant
- Ocean in a seashell
- Exotic bird calls
- AIDS test results
- Delayed reaction
- Wife coming home
- Bowel movements
- Speech on race
- Whistle tip
- Voicemail
- D.J. skills
- Dick

NOVELTY CONDOMS

- The Invisibility Cloak Condom - She'll never know you're there!
- The Scary Gorilla Condom - Scare away those sperm!
- Bop-it Condom - Pull it, twist it, spin it, flick it, an old time favorite.
- American Apparel Condom - It's skin tight
- Rococo Condom - For old-time frills and thrills
- Three Piece Condom - Comes in powder blue
- Fishnet Condom - Maximum fluid exchange, minimum pleasure
- Vienna Sausage - So when you're sucking meat, you know it's meat
- Mirror Condom - To check your hair on the out-thrust
- Jingle Balls - To announce your entrances and exits

Financial Pickup Lines

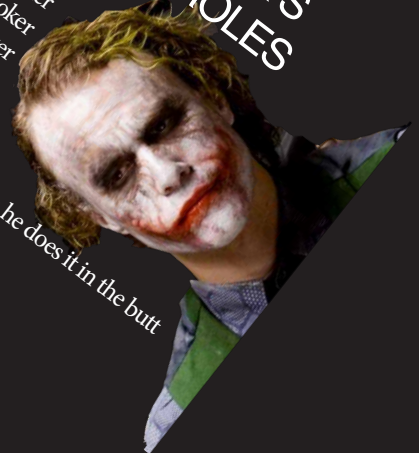
- I'll be your Dow Jones – always going down.
- Put your Freddie Mac in my Fannie Mae.
- Wait 'til you see see my NASDAQ...
- I'd like to know her exchange rate.
- Don't freak out, but my bubble burst before we started trading.
- She used to be hot before she adopted that expansionary policy.
- I wonder if she'll touch my Goldman-Sach.
- Let's call the Lehman Bros. and make this a party.
- There's a growth in my portfolio.
- I'm into stocks and bondage.
- I swear this has never happened to me before.



HEATH LEDGER'S GREATEST ROLES

- The Joker
- The Joker
- The Joker
- The Joker
- The Joker
- The Joker
- The Joker

That one in which he does it in the butt



Gross Domestic _____

- Abuse
- Weight
- Net
- Dome
- Domepiece
- Penises
- Quantities
- Fish hats



NEW DEPARTMENT: *PROSTITUTION*

DEPARTMENT INFORMATION

IN THESE TROUBLED FINANCIAL TIMES, IT IS IMPERATIVE TO CREATE CURRICULA THAT ACTUALLY MATTER.

[The Rent Your Body Out track (abbr. RYBO) is currently only available as a minor. However, it may soon be turned into an accredited major, depending on how far down the Dow Jones stock index falls.]

COURSE LISTING

- ***RYBO V1002** Principles of Prostitution. Training and survey of basic services provided by whores.
- **RYBO V1105** Introduction to Deepthroating. Introductory level methods of oral sex.
- **RYBO V3301** Histories of Anal Exploration. Intermediate survey of anal techniques with hands-on discussion section.
- **RYBO V4505** Opportunities in Threesomes. Intermediate seminar exploring ménage à trois etiquette.
- ****RYBO V8808** Getting Things Done Classy. Advanced seminar regarding proper behavior before and after intercourse.

** RYBO is an acronym standing for "Rent Your Body Out."*

***Escort opportunities are available only after completing RYBO V8808.*

WHAT STUDENTS SAY

“This really will come in handy in the future. The only possibility I will have for getting a halfway decent secretarial position is to perfect my fellatio technique. I think whoring is an integral part of a woman’s education, and I’m surprised this isn’t part of Barnard’s core classes.”

-URSA MAJORA, BARNARD FRESHMAN

“m ahhhhhh mhmmhmmhmm.”

-URSA MAJORA, BARNARD FRESHMAN

“I finally gave a girl a facial!”

-CHEN WANG, SEAS JUNIOR

“I called my father to tell him that I could get blown any time I want. He told me that he’s glad Columbia reinstated something right. When my grandfather was here, 20 blowjobs and five fucks were included in tuition. Now we just get fucked with the bill.”

-RONALD POTTER, CC JUNIOR

“I demand that Barnard remove my daughter from 117th Street, reinstate proper feminine values, continue her classes sans prostitution ‘V’ classes, and find for her an alternative way of supporting her education.”

-TINA BRADLEY, MOTHER OF BARNARD FRESHMAN
ROXANNE “ST. CLAIRE” BRADLEY



**If you're feeling DEPRESSED,
eat away your sorrows!**

Westside Market Never Closes.

2840 Broadway, Corner of 110th St. 212-222-3367



A Letter from the Hairline

My dearest Chartreuse,

The troops recede as the enemy advances. We stand strong for the time being, firmly planted in our respective follicular trenches. Our black in the distance we see the armies of Baldness organizing into the "male pattern."

The morale is low as we await the Great Morning Flood. The Flood shall rejuvenate us with a newfound bounce and a flyaway look. Still, I fear the harsh warm winds that follow; in their presence we cling for dear life, then fall to the scalp. Phil was lost in yesterday's blow-dry. Another small victory for the Bald forces.

Traditionally only straights were allowed in the military, but in these troubled times, we will take anyone no matter how curly.

Our scientists are at work, developing a secret weapon. They call it Rogaine. The name stems from the Greek letter "rho," which is a homophone of "roe," which is the name for fish eggs; "gain," what we hope to do in battle; and "e," which I'll round to 2.72.

This letter may be my last. Next week, I shall be fighting at the hairline. To say that I am fearless would be a bald-faced lie. NO! The enemy has even infiltrated our speech. In fact, I am shaking down to my keratin.

If I do not return, I want you to know that I love you, even though you are a pube.

Sincerely,
Arthur

LAME VS.

MONSTER

LAME: A person who is mean to his close friends and insults them horribly.

AWESOME: A 500-foot tall sea lizard that stomps on buildings and eats metal.

MYTH

LAME: Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac were responsible for the housing crisis.

AWESOME: Prometheus gave fire to man and as punishment the gods chained him to a rock and had an eagle eat his liver every day.

HIGH

LAME: "Sugar high."
AWESOME: Crack + heroin = speedball.

LIGHTWEIGHT CREATURE

LAME: Someone who cannot drink very much
AWESOME: Legendary Mexican boxer and former Lightweight champion Julio Caesar Chavez.

LAME: A person with such "creature comforts" as a soft bed, a warm house, and a hearty meal.
AWESOME: A gill-man living in a black lagoon who feasts on scientists.

RE SESSION

Well I'm sorry, sir. I know your analysis appointment is always this time, but we're going to have to resession you. One of Dr. Fischman's other patients had a sort of emergency.

I'm sorry. I'm not at liberty to discuss the nature of the emergency. Dr. Fischman has been at the Brooklyn Bridge all night.

I told you, I can't tell you the nature of the emergency. As I was saying, for when would you like to reschedule your session?

No, not even if you guessed right. Listen. For when would you like to resession?

Sir, I'm well aware of the current state of the economy. There's no need to talk to me about it. I'm just a psychiatrist's receptionist.

Don't blame this on me, Mr. Heller.

No, I had no idea you worked there. Yeah, I know where that is. Downtown. Yeah, you're right J&R is huge.

Yes. Yes. Yes, I see.

Well, that's not my problem. I didn't even bring it up. Now can we resession you?

What do you mean, "There I go again?"

I see.

That's not a word?

It sounds a lot like a word.

Alright then. How's Tuesday at five?

Ok. Swell. See you then.



AWESOME

RECESSION

LAME: The current economic situation.

AWESOME: Young Jeezy's hit album including the banger "My President" feat. Nas.

MAGAZINE

LAME: Harper's or some shit.

AWESOME: THE FUCK YOU THINK, BITCH!?

IRONY

LAME: It's like rain on your wedding day
It's a free ride when you've already paid

AWESOME: IRON

ORGAN

LAME: Church organ.

AWESOME: Still beating human heart

ALIEN

LAME: Illegal immigrants

AWESOME: Extraterrestrials

A Word About Our Current Economic Crisis

FROM REAL ESTATE MAVEN CHARLES H. WUTHERS

• IN THE MID 1990'S I began to notice that everyone could take out a loan for basically any amount of money they wanted. I think they wrote it into the Constitution or something. A dog could wander into a bank and be given a seven hundred thousand dollar adjustable rate mortgage. In my town, a sopping wet drifter fell asleep in a Wells Fargo lobby and drove out of there in a dump truck full of money. Vagrants were using honey as collateral to buy travertine skyscrapers in Manhattan. It was basically a huge orgy lubricated by free money.

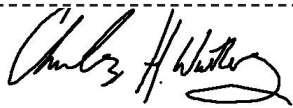
I knew I had to get in on this shit, so I started flipping houses. First I would buy one for 300k and sell it for 400k, but I realized that was a sucker's game. Too much work. Too slow. Nobody ever got rich through sound investing and responsible asset growth. So the next thing I did was buy a bunch of houses near a notoriously hazardous Florida mercury dump, renamed the area "Quicksilver Sunrise Estates," and sold the whole thing to some senior citizens for a song.

I then went ahead and bought a decommissioned DC-7 fuselage and sold it by claiming it was a priceless house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright's younger brother Randy. I then shifted gears a little bit and started selling "arbitrage land," which was essentially parcels of sand at the bottom of the ocean that may or may not become inhabitable once the sun explodes and all the Earth's water burns away. Another place I sold apparently had "monstrous levels of beryllium" which resulted in people's "skin sloughing in sheets," but the point of being a responsible industry titan is to make sure that everyone signs watertight contracts beforehand. If I tell you, "caveat emptor," it isn't my fault if you never took Latin. Look, Thomas Edison never asked anybody if he could invent the light bulb. He just did it. I never asked anybody if I could hire some drifters to build a house on the site of former landmine testing facility and then sell it to a baby for four hundred thousand dollars. I just did it.

**"MONSTROUS
LEVELS OF
BERYLLIUM"**

I know times are hard. I know people are suffering, I know this because someone told me it. But this is how capitalism works. There are winners and there are losers. Do I give back to my community? No. Why? We live in a capitalist society and that's how things are. No giving. It would be arrogant for me to do otherwise. When an uninsured child dies of an easily preventable illness, what can I say other than, "Nobody ever said that life was fair, or that it would last more than seven years." Mark my words though, when a sickly American child finally stops swatting the flies away from her face and surrenders herself to the specter of death, her tiny soul will be smiling and ringing out a proclamation: "Capitalism works."

In conclusion, thank you for the bailout money.



CHARLES H. WUTHERS

**If you stay at home,
you will die of
poverty.**

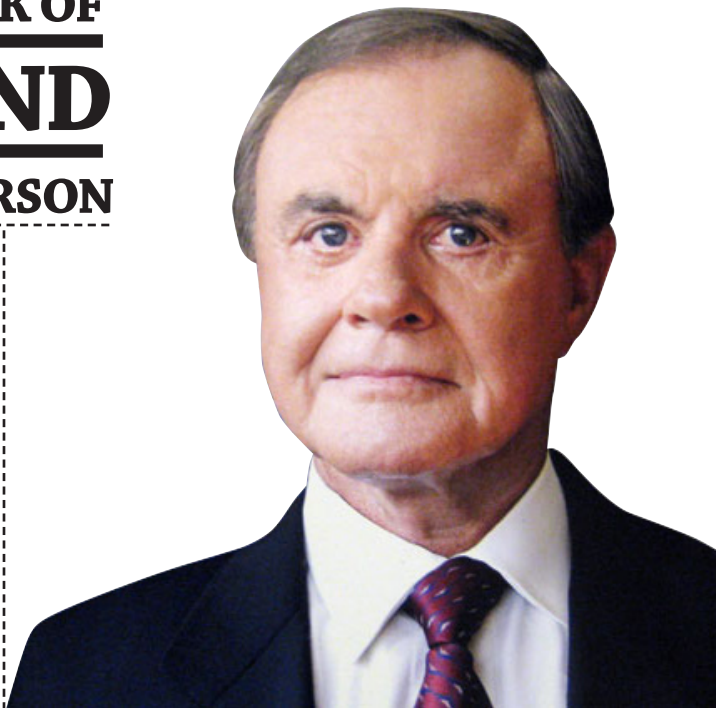


**ARMY:
WHY THE
FUCK NOT?**



A MESSAGE FROM THE DESK OF JOHN ROWLAND

COMPENSATED SPOKESPERSON



Hello, I am John Rowland, Compensated Spokesperson for Wilsons & Beker, LLC. My dark suit, red tie, and stern facial expression mean that I do not require a degree to practice law. This argument is robust. Now listen to me:

- YOUR WIFE HAS LEFT YOU. When you get home, you will find that she has taken your children and grandfather clock. She is going to sue you, and you need protection. You must come to us immediately. Only Wilsons & Beker, LLC have the legal acumen to get your prized grandfather clock back. For some reason, our business card is on your nightstand.
- ON YOUR WAY to the offices of Wilsons & Beker, LLC, you will realize your brakes have been tampered with. You will attempt to swerve out of the way to avoid the dog crossing the street but in doing so crash into the 200-piece marching band hidden in your car's blind spot. As you get out of the vehicle, you will step on and kill the dog, which is small and owned by a millionaire. Do not call 911. You must continue on your way to the Offices, of Wilsons & Beker, LLC, where we will give you the legal support you now require in order to reduce your prison sentence.

- MANY POLICE CARS ARE CHASING YOU. You will look in your left pocket, where you will find a handgun and a pair of rubber gloves that you do not remember putting in there, but must have because there is no other explanation. Listen to me. You must put on the gloves and fire the gun in the general direction of the police officers. If you do not, they will shoot you first and you will not live. Do this now.
- WHEN YOU SHOOT, you will find your bullet is in fact a very powerful, compact grenade, which will trigger a pileup of school buses and police helicopters and birds and satellites. Look at what you have done.
- WHEN YOU ENTER OUR OFFICES, you will find your wife and children bound and gagged around a grandfather clock. This is your doing. You have stolen your own grandfather clock, kidnapped your family and brought them to our office, and there is ample evidence that you were planning on murdering them for the insurance money. Why have you done this? You have committed so many serious crimes today. Wilsons & Beker, LLC are the only ones who can help you now.



Don't Ask, Don't Tell prevents openly gay applicants from joining the ARMY. Is that why you don't want to sign up?

ARMY: WHAT ARE YOU, A QUEER?

FOR A FREE ASSESSMENT OF DAMAGES CALL

1-800-SASSYBABY

[This was the only number available at the time]

The following is a transcript of a series of phone conversations between the CEO of an ice cream company and the manager of a local parlor.

Donald Peters: Good morning, Mr. James.

Branford R. James: Dammit, Peterson! Sales are down 5000%!

DP: It's Peters, sir.

BJ: What the fuck are you talking about!

DP: My name, sir. It's actually just Peters. You sai-

BJ: I didn't call you to talk about names! Now tell me why the hell your shit parlor can't sell any of my goddam ice cream!

DP: Well, sir, you see, It's the recession. It seems nobody can sell anything.

BJ: God dammit, Peterson! If I wanted to hear about the recession I'd be reading the newspaper, dammit! You and those lousy hoodlums you've got scooping my ice cream aren't worth shit! Call me back when you've got something useful to say.

[Click.]

[20 minutes later.]

BJ: What dammit!

DP: It's me sir. Peters.

BJ: Peterson! It's about goddam time I heard your voice!

DP: Yes...I thought about what you said, and, well, I think you—we, I mean—should think about making some cuts. I know it might be a bit rash, but these are tough times. We just can't afford to keep so many people on payroll.

BJ: Go on.

DP: My employees—they, or, some of them, need breaks. They can't scoop ice cream for hours at a time. And they're sensitive to the cold. Their hands sometimes get frostbitten. And they distract each other.

BJ: What the hell are you trying to say, Peterson!

DP: Well, they're human, sir. They like to talk to each other. And when friends come in they like to talk to them, too...I'm getting sidetracked. What I'm trying to say is that I think we have too many workers. Taking people off the payroll might make up for the decline in sales.

BJ: Layoffs!

DP: Was that a question, sir?

BJ: No, God dammit! Layoffs are a fantastic

fucking idea! Fire the whole lot of them while you're at it!

DP: Pardon?

BJ: I'm not fucking with you, Peterson! Humans are lazy, no good sacks of shit!

DP: Well, we can't fire everyone, sir. Who would be left to scoop the ice cream?

BJ: You tell me, Sherlock! You're the goddam manager!

[Click.]

[30 seconds later.]

BJ: Robots, dammit!

DP: Excuse me, sir?

BJ: You heard me! Robots! We'll get robots to serve the ice cream!

DP: Robots, sir?

BJ: Yes God dammit! Robots are reliable! They don't yap at each other or to customers. And they can serve ice cream for long periods of time without getting tired. I don't see why I ever hired humans in the first place!

DP: Me either, sir.

BJ: They're a terrible investment! Robots, on the other hand. I'm going to fill my parlors with 'em. Other companies have been on this for years. Haegan Das? That name is clearly Boolean. Maybe I'll name them all Wall-E! I'll have a goddam parlor full of Wall-E's serving ice cream! See where I'm going, Peterson?

DP: Yes, sir. I'll notify the employees.

BJ: Peterson! You don't understand! You're being replaced by a Wall-E, too, God dammit! You're obsolete!

DP (distracted): Oh, God! What is Tanya going to say?

BJ: Your eukaryotic slut of a wife isn't my problem! Now stop wasting my minutes you worthless hominid fuck!

[Click.]

END.



WARNING: THIS ISSUE CONTAINS AN OUTRAGEOUS AMOUNT OF COUPONS

JESTER: THE COUPONS ISSUE

**SO MANY
COUPONS**



**SHIT IS FREE
BECAUSE YOU
HAVE COUPONS**

**COUPONS TO
THE WHITE HOUSE
AND
EL DORADO**

**COUPONS TO PLACES YOU'VE
NEVER EVEN HEARD OF
...LIKE GUINEA-BISSAU
AND
MEXICO**

**50000+
COUPONS**

**ENDLESS SUPPLY
OF COUPONS**

**THE SHEER
MAGNITUDE OF
COUPONS
OVERWHELMS ME**



