

jester

of columbia - winter '09



SERIOUS STRING



Vincent Price only welcomes
death the classy way.

Your wife has died and your grief is beyond measure. What can you possibly do to express the gaping void that now fills your soul? Serious String has the answer. Just spray in the general area of your unfathomable sadness and the full magnitude of your loss will be known to all.

But let's pretend for a moment that your life is not a tragic ordeal. We can even pretend that there is some meaning in your progression from hopeful youth to the eternal embrace of the grave. Serious String can still help you express the inexpressible. Millions of people were murdered in Darfur and you did nothing about it. Nothing. How can you possibly feel anything but complete and total loathing towards yourself? What better way to show the self-disgust that now oozes from your every pore?

By the way, did you know that within the past 5 minutes 10,000 children died from pure loneliness? I think I'm going to spray some right now.

There's no pretending there's any hope for any of us as individuals or humanity as a whole. The corruption and vile depravity of our time has completely consumed our souls, and now we are so twisted and broken that we have no desire except for death. Here, spray some. The CFCs will destroy the ozone layer and cause us all a slow, agonizing death that does not begin to assuage our guilt.

Serious String. Because we all must face the cruel reality of existence!

jester of columbia

ROPE

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INSIDE BACK COVER In the Next Jester...

What? No one wrote a piece about "Rope," my 1948 thriller? It used long, continuous takes. Well, I guess the fact that this issue is a continuous stream of crap could be a somewhat satirical allusion.



Dear Jester,

You spelled my last name wrong in the last issue. Come on. MANDELBAUM. And you spelled it wrong. MENDELBAUM? Who do you think I am, Mendele, father of Yiddish Literature? Famous German composer, Mendelssohn? The father of modern genetics, Mendel? The author of the periodic table, Mendeleev? No. I am Ryan Mandelbaum. I mean you at least could have confused my name with someone relevant or influential instead of a bunch of old, dead farts no one's heard of. What do you take me, Ryan Mandelbaum, for?! Oh please, Jester. Maybe next time you should do some goddamn research before you go and spell such a prominent name like mine incorrectly.

Sincerely and Fuck you,

-RYAN MANDELBAUM

Ryan:

Dont' forget the Mandelbrot set. Who could forget the Mandelbrot set?

-Jester

Dearest Humorous Jester,

During my most recent excursion to New York City, I came across a copy of your magazine. Initially I was confused. "Why is there an ostrich on the cover but no mention of ostriches in the issue?" I muttered to myself. It was only after reading half of the issue that I realized the Jester intended to be a humorous magazine. This brings me to the point of my letter: I would like to extend an invitation to you, Jester, to appear on the second season of my show, "Shaq Vs." I officially challenge you to a humorous duel, which is not to be confused with a humerus duel, in which we fight to the death with humeri, or, "arm bones" in Latin (I added the extra clause to prove to you that I am a humorous fellow). Before you accept, you should be aware that I did improvisational theatre in high school.

Humorously,

-SHAQUILLE R. O'NEAL

Dear Shaq,

We accept your invitation on the one condition that if you lose, you must wear a pink speedo (and only a pink speedo) for the duration of your next professional basketball game.

-J

TICKLE-ME-ELMO, 6 - Died Wednesday night after Bobby Huxtable tickled out his last adorable breath.

DEBBY DOWNER, 43 - Died last Thursday of a phenobarbital overdose. For shame.

THE TONIGHT SHOW, 56 - Finally succumbed to chin cancer after an arduous 18-year struggle.

THE NOOSE, 2106 - After consuming 3000mg of Xanax, died quite content on Christmas Eve as it realized why it had been replaced by drugs as the weapon of suicidal choice.

ANTONIO J. KATZ, 24 - Died during a routine medical procedure: while turning his head to cough, he was shot in the head by a lone gunman from a grassy knoll.

ARTHUR B. NICKPIT, 76 - Was fucking dying for some Cheetos, though it was not the yearning that led to his demise, it was the gout, which spread to his nervous system, stricken him of life.

HERBERT HARPER, 91 - See Helen Bard

HANGMAN, 42 - Died Tuesday afternoon for the, like, bazillionth time after the players exhausted the vowels. The word was rhythm.

MIKE, 65 - The only cockroach to survive the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, died instantly when Mr. Futiyoshi stepped on him.

HELEN BARD, 86 - On her deathbed, Helen Bard wrote her own obituary, then killed herself. It was beautiful and touching, but we have chosen not to reprint it here as it is being used as evidence. Oh yeah, she strangled Herbert Harper.

Dear Jester,

I will have been with my boyfriend for 6 years next week. Since we've had such a wonderful time together, I can't help but expect that he will propose to me on our anniversary. However, I don't know if he feels the same way. I love him so much and I can't believe that he hasn't already proposed. I'm starting to get frustrated. What should I do?

-CONFUSED IN CONCORD, NH

Dear Confused,

There's only one explanation for this sort of behavior: your boyfriend is in a Village People cover band. As such, he's probably gay. So the obvious solution is for you to propose to him.

-Jester

EDITAURUS

WARNING
THE IMPROPER
USE OF ROPE IS
DANGEROUS

please read this
pamphlet before using
your new rope



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ROPE-A-DOPE

DEAREST READER,

This issue of the Jester represents the crowning achievement in human history. The ways in which man adhered one object to another throughout history pale in comparison to the majestic feat of engineering that is the rope. For literally several years, man struggled to find something which could truly cleave one object to another.

Glue was the first, but it was known to all to be but a passing measure, like John the Baptist merely a stand-in for the one that was to come. The surfaces of an object may be cold and aloof to the seductive entreaties of glue. For thousands of years, when a horse was to be attached to a plow, it could not merely be glued - no, that would be too easy. A horse would have to find out about the plow - who its friends were, whether it preferred to tear through clay or clover, and in the dead of night serenade it with the greatest love songs that the 80s had to offer, in the hopes that the two would become one in glue.

Velcro fared little better, for it attached itself wherever it pleased, without regard to nature or consent. Too often the barbed hooks of love and the voluptuous fuzzy mat were not fated to meet, for one's mate would find its conjugal bliss with whatever happened to come along, be it a rival



velcro suitor or a rogue piece of lint with nothing left to lose. No, velcro was not the way: for although it could sometimes adhere one surface to another, in many situations it looks, in the words of the poet laureate Lil' Kim, "faggy."

The zipper was naught but a glorified trap for careless phalluses; the magnet was but a cheap parlor trick; the tongue on the flagpole was nothing more than a fluke and has never, even to this day, been recreated under laboratory conditions. Our arms only reach 5-7 feet across. It is not of these that the way of the future was to be made. No, it was rope. Rope brought us from the dark ages into the light, and then tied the light down so it couldn't get away.

Do not attempt to comprehend its greatness with your pathetic mind. Its powers are beyond your comprehension; such lies the way of madness. Do not intervene in its great and terrible plan, and perhaps you will be spared so that you may gaze in awe at its majesty.

Patrick McGuire

Publisher

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FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM.

Treatise on the Standardization and Formalization of Modern Bromenclature

Preface: The purpose of this treatise is to address the common problem of inaccurate, crude or incorrect bromenclature. Many people may use the common moniker 'Broseph,' but beyond that, the line between proper and appalling can be hard to identify. This treatise hopes to address all possible issues that could arise in the act of re-naming existing persons and places. The author assumes no responsibility for poor results or legal consequences as a result of the user's bromenclature.

1 – Any word using the long O sound can be considered. The short O sound should be discouraged unless the humorous return will outweigh the potential pronunciation problems (this is known as Bro'Connor's Ratio).

e.g. Open = Bropen. Not onward = bronward

2 – Any O followed by a complicating consonant (especially R) should be discouraged.

e.g. Orson should not become Brorson, but odor can become brodor .

3 – Substitutions for Irish sounding names (O'Neill, O'Dooles) should be discouraged – singularity is encouraged – formal sounding names are excluded from this rule.

See rule 8 – e.g. Sandra Day Bro'Connor



4 – The O can be preceded by any consonant that does not affect the pronunciation of the O and is not necessary for recognizing the word.

e.g. Poseidon = Broseidon because the word is distinct enough and the P sound is replaced by the B sound. Likewise, Rosencrantz becomes Brozencrantz because the R sound remains strong. Dog cannot become brog.



5 – Words containing br_ constructs (where _ is a, e, i, or u) can be considered for a vowel substitution. These are harder to justify but can be very successful. The word must remain recognizable and still simple to say, and no other letters may be changed.

e.g. Britannica can become Brotannica, while British cannot become Brotish.



6 – In general, monosyllabic words are discouraged. However, they may be used with sufficient adjectival phrases. e.g. Brope could not be substituted for Pope unless preceded by an adjectival phrase: "His Holiness, the Brope"

7 – In cases of exceptional ingenuity, total deviation from these rules is permitted. As long as it is reasonable and humorous, anything is legal.

e.g. Lawrence of Brorabia has no roots in this system but is still an acceptable substitution.

8 – Proclivity towards proper-sounding (or formal-sounding) names is encouraged.

e.g. Where everyone will get a chuckle at Chad Brocho-Cinco, his crude character fits well into base bromenclature. A more humorous take is found in names like Edgar Allen Bro, or Arthur Bronan Doyle, which to most 'bros' are names of frightful intellectual connotations.



This year marks the 40th birthday of the beloved children's show Sesame Street. To mark this historical occasion, the curator of the International Muppet Institute of America has graciously allowed access to one of the vault's greatest treasures: a transcript of the first Sesame Street pitch meeting between creator Jim Henson and an executive at PBS.

HENSON: Good day gentlemen, thank you for meeting with me. We don't have much time.

EXECUTIVE: Oh, I'm sorry, do you have another meeting to go to?

HENSON: No, but they'll be here soon. They always come. They never stop.

EXECUTIVE: Uh...Ok. Well, why don't you have a seat, Mr. Henson and tell me what you've got.

HENSON: Nah, man, I've got such an energetic life force flowing around me right now I gotta stand to let it sink in... Oh yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about. I don't know about you guys but I feel a little bit more alive and in-tune right now.

EXECUTIVE: Right. So you had an idea for a children's show?

HENSON: A what?

EXECUTIVE: You contacted us, Mr. Henson, because you claimed you had an amazing idea for a new show for kids.

HENSON: Oh right, right. My puppets!

EXECUTIVE: Puppets...

HENSON: Exactly! Kids, you know, they operate on a different frequency than us.

EXECUTIVE: Very true.

HENSON: I mean look what us grown ups done to mother earth. We've gone and invaded Nam, elected a pig for president, and kept God's good greens from being legal to the people. Man's become the "man," man.

EXECUTIVE: So you expect the children to relate to your puppets then.

HENSON: Right on!

EXECUTIVE: Alright, why don't you tell me about some of them? Who are they? What type of characters do you have that would relate so well to kids? Like a feisty Latina explorer or a puppy or something?

HENSON: Two words. Giant. Pigeon. That's right, you heard correctly. Big Bird. I'll give you some time to let the magic sink in.

EXECUTIVE: Um, uh, yeah. What else do you have?

HENSON: Ok, get your imaginations ready for this one, because I am about to blow your little conformist mind. What do kids love more than anything in the world. Monsters. I know, that was an easy question, but here's a quandary for you. What do kids love more than monsters, hmm? Their parents, teddy bears,

MDMA? No. Cookies! That's why I've got Cookie Monster. Out of cookies, he wreaks havoc on the street, endlessly rampaging on his sugar-fueled mission. No person, no place, nay not even a thing can rest at ease until this blue devil has had his fix. All in all, I believe he speaks to both families and values.

EXECUTIVE: Ok, sir, I am not at all sure where you are going with this.

HENSON: Wait, just hang on man, you're leavin' out my main brother Oscar. He's a grouch. No, not grouchy like my uncle Jimmy after a few too many bourbons. I mean a grouch. A race of mutant cave-people turned green and furry from disposed nuclear waste. They're totally shunned by society, forced to live in trashcans just so that no one has to look at their radioactive disfiguration...

EXECUTIVE: Mr. Henson...

HENSON: And then we have Bert and Ernie, two grown guys who live together, and then there's a giant woolly mammoth named Aloysius Snuffleupagus. Oh, and don't let me forget this crazy little red guy named Elmo, who's a little slow in the head but very cute, so no one seems to mind.

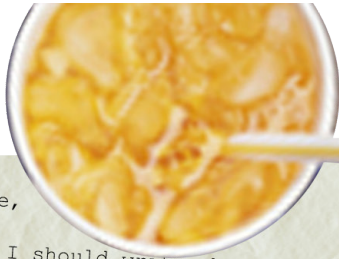
EXECUTIVE: Mr. Henson, this is ridiculous! I am sorry, but your show sounds absolutely absurd. There is no way a network like ours, dedicated to education and knowledge would ever put such...such filth on our programming lineup. Might I suggest you take your services elsewhere. Might I suggest Canadian Public Television.

HENSON: Aw, come on man! I know this show can make it for you guys!

EXECUTIVE: And how can it do that, Mr. Henson? We are looking for a children's show, and what you've told me about is...well... I cannot see any way in which children can relate to your characters, not ever in the slightest.

HENSON: Oh wait! That's cuz you haven't licked any of my "magic puppet stamps" yet. I can't believe I forgot. Here, take like 4 or 7 or something.

And with that, Sesame Street was born, and children's television and the world have not been the same since.



Dear Mr. Gym Rope,

Grandpa Joe says I should write about what I am most afraid of, so I can muster the courage to succeed. My first letter was to Bobby, but he still takes my lunch money, which is why mama gives me two lunch monies--one for me and one for Bobby. I guess it worked. I have lunch again, and, when he forgets, I have two lunches. Anyway, I'm real sorry, but this is for you:

I don't know how we came to this, but Coach K says I need to get to the top of you tomorrow or I don't pass the sixth grade. I don't think I can do this without your help. Coach K says that I'm overweight (I'm genetically large) and can't get all the way up, but it's either climbing you or running ten laps around the school.

So, this is what I propose: tomorrow, I will have a small breakfast--three eggs (with cheese), four bacon strips (mmhmm), two pieces of toast (with butter, please), a pop tart (chocolate), an apple, and two glasses of juice. I will be hungry all day, but this way I weigh less on you. Hold on; I'm really hungry now...

Anyway, you can try to provide me with some support. Here are some suggestions: don't fidget like you always do and instead get hard; this way, you are like a monkey gym from Mrs. Cup's first grade class. I was good at monkey bars. If you can do the first part, then you can also try not to burn me, it really hurts Mr. Rope; I want to wear gloves, like sticky football ones, but my dad won't buy them because I can't catch. Do you mind if I use some of the glue from Mrs. Anderson's arts and crafts on my hands? At least if I start to slip, I can get stuck on you before I fall all the way down.

I think it's going to be okay. Together, we can get through this.

Your friend, Steven "Cookies" Williams 6th grade

Dear Cookies,

All right, fat boy; let's get one thing straight: NO ONE IS CLIMBING ANYONE. Even if you think that this is your best shot at getting a passing grade, I'm not exactly going to miracle your ass to the top. Gravity is going to work you worse than a two by four in the hands of a drunken backyard wrestler. Believe me, even your God can't help you reach the top.

Listen, neither of us ever wanted this. My original deployment was in the 6th Army in WWII; I used to be the pride of the army, when our boys were called to the open fields of the Rhine I was there. I was supposed to die in the field with all my fallen comrades, but now, I'm forced to support Coach K's institutionalized torture every morning.

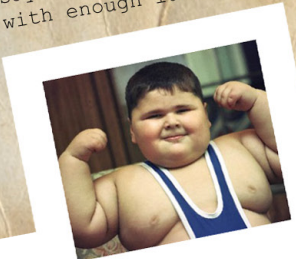
If they think that getting to the top is worth passing the sixth grade, then so be it. I won't put up with this phony hero hoopla anymore. Let's face it, the only thing you can save is me from the misery of being scaled by little monkeys.

Do us both a favor--eat enough chocolate covered bacon and egg flavored pop tarts to pull me out of this hellhole! That's right, I'm daring you to eat. Eat as much as you can. EAT! And get me the hell out of here. Seeing how you people like to use my cousins for executions, here it is: I'd rather hang myself than have you put your Cheeto cheese-covered fat fingers on me. I'm a goddamn war hero! I should be in a museum or at least in a knot display somewhere.

It doesn't matter how you do it, just as long as you bring this all to an end. Cruel and unusual means nothing to me. Just make sure you complete the job. They say Jesus has a hard-on for Marines, well let me tell you, God loves heroes and martyrs, and with enough luck, you can get us both there.

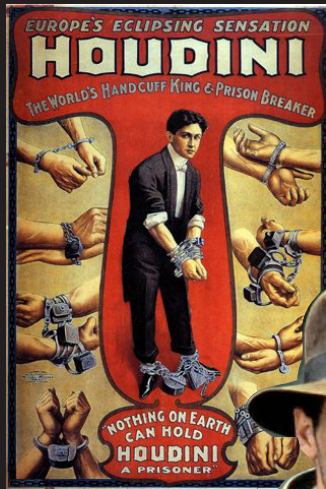
Do it, kid; be a hero, pull me out. Or bring a knife. Or a lighter.

-GR



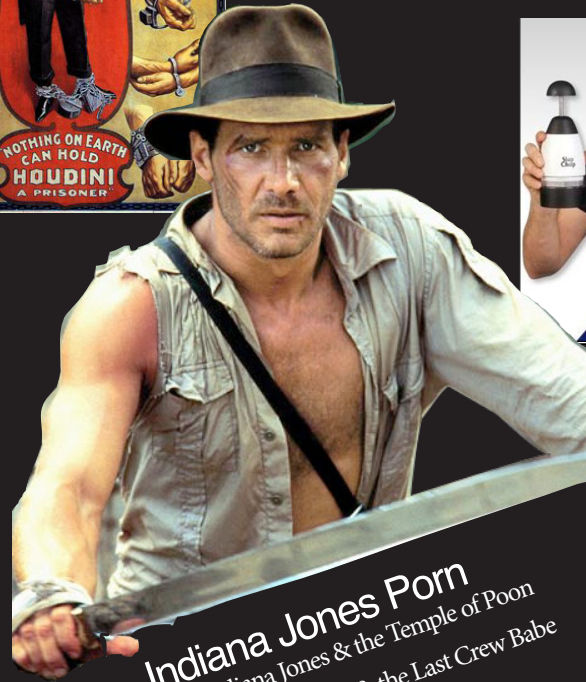
Lesser Known Houdini Escapes

- Merideth's ghastly speech at the yacht club's inaugural ball
- Responsibility
- His domineering wife
- Justice
- His paternity suit
- Tiger
- Atmosphere
- Paper bag
- Mime's box
- Digital Fortress
- The Rock
- Defenestration of Prague
- S-cape
- A Sunday blaze
- Arby's bathroom
- Fire escape
- Rehab
- His troubled past
- Inner city neighborhood
- Laws of gravity
- Monotony of modern life
- This mortal coil
- The morning after



A Tight Rope Walker's Last Words

- Add another elephant.
- Oh shit; I just fell off.
- Keep your friends tight and your rope tighter.
- Those holes in the net are looking much larger than usual.
- To partner: I'm leaving you.
- To wife & family: I've always loved you.
- To partner: I'm leaving you and taking half the rope.
- I'm going to shoot myself now.
- Yo, man; this rope is so tight.
- Do you think I've gained weight?
- This is some tight rope.



Vince Shlomi's other "Slap" Devices
• Slapbitch

Synonyms for Roget

- Douchebag

Indiana Jones Porn

- Indiana Jones & the Temple of Poon
- In Diana Jones & the Last Crew Babe



If the Beatles Were Metallurgists

- Iron Ore Rigby
- Zinc For Yourself
- I Solder Standing There
- Alloy-Di Alloy-Da
- I Wanna Mold Your Hand in Bronze
- All My Lathing
- Oh! Sterling
- Chrome Together
- Shear, Tear and Every Wear
- Zinc with an Outer Coating of Copper Lane
- Revolution 55.845 g/mol
- I Steel Fine
- Helter Smelter
- Maxwell's Silver Hammer
- Golden Slumbers

(All produced by George Martensite)

Gordium after Alexander

- Make a new, sword-proof knot
- World's Two Most Unsolvable Knots
- Open a casino
- Aesop World
- Steal the sword in the stone
- Wall Drug II
- Gordian Reimann Hypothesis



Dear Sam,

Can't wait for our date tonight. I know you're nervous. Don't be. We've been toying with the idea for weeks now and I know I've left you hanging; I want you to know that I'm ready to go all the way with you. Your parents are going to be out for the night and they'll never have to know about me. I love you more than anything in the world and whatever happens, it's just going to be you and me. Are you excited? I am. Nothing turns me on more than the thought of you and me alone in your room. I can't wait for your hot, sweaty flesh to touch my curves, or to caress your soft neck. I don't want to scare you, but it might even get a little kinky; Sam, I want you to tie me up! We'll do it on a chair! Oh, Sam, the anticipation is killing me and I know it's gonna kill you! The absolute truth is, Sam, I love you. Tonight may be the last night I see you but I want it to be our best. Don't think about it too much, Sam. I don't want you backing out at the last minute or getting nervous, because I'm absolutely prepared to do this. It won't take too long and you'll be in heaven when it's all over. I love you so much and I'll see you tonight.

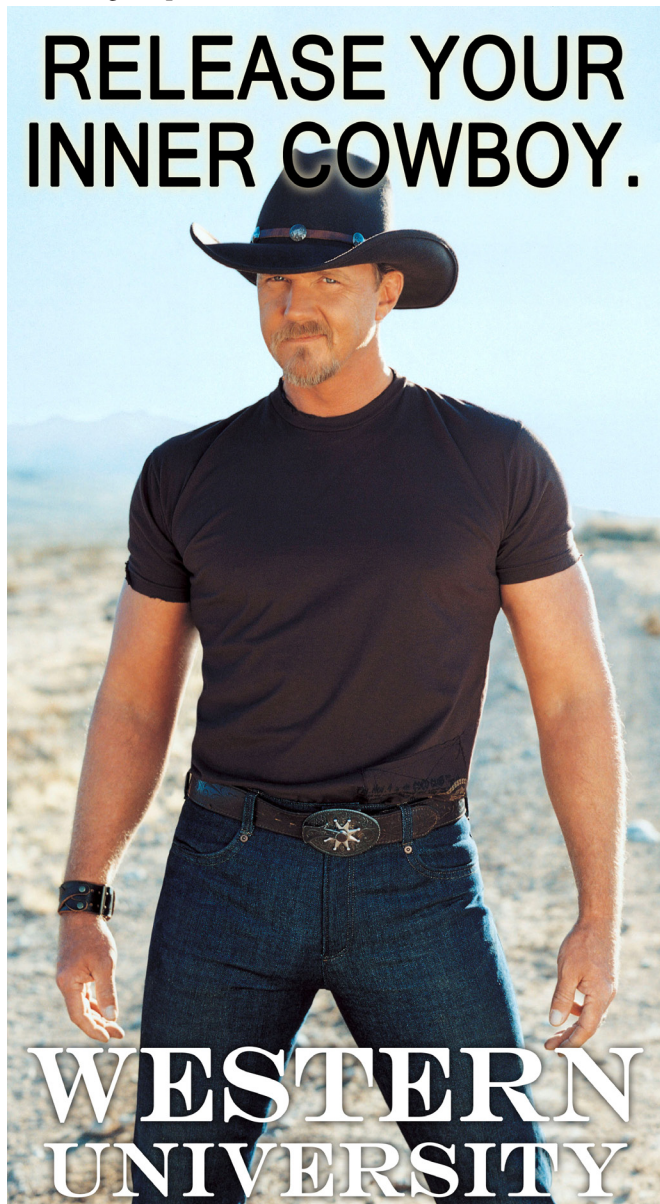
Sincerely, Noose

Son, I'm Gonna Tell You 'Bout the Time I Were a Inventor!

I know you been hearin' things about your pa down at school son, probably some downright terrible things. But son, I been put here on God's earth for a reason. I don't want people sayin' your pa's a no good layabout! That's slanderous! Listen here 'n I'mma tell you 'bout the time I was a inventor!

So last weekend ol' Bodean an' me, were sittin in the hollow by his hooch still an' we're gettin lit up. I was so intoxicated there musta been seven Bodeans! Lor' knows that's too many Bodeans! Well I keel over just sitting there – on a account a gravity – an' all them Bodeans just start howling like a hyena! Ain't even help me flounderin' on the ground!

We had a found a poking stick earlier that day. He just starts a poking me pretty as you please! Imagine! An' I said "Bodean! You acting the part of a horses ass!"



I don't take that from Bodean – ain't no one 'spose to! So I get up an – well, I do some top notch stuff I'm sure! Memory hits a fuzzy bit there. Next I know me 'n Bodean are pissin down a snake hole laughin!



I don't know why!

So later – I guess it were later – Bodean stands up and declares he gonna swan dive off Ma Beacon's falls. I say 'no sir you are not.' It being we haint had drip a rain all month. He's just intolerable stupid.

He starts a walking toward Ma Beacon's land. I get up an' a log trip me over. I stand an' a caught him by tha' collar 'n all the sudden he just take off a runnin'!

So I tackle Bodean like a greased hog and things get real fuzzy then. Alls I know is I wake up and it's morning. I'm lying facedown, thunder an' lightning in my head because Bodean don't know how to make liquor. Well I wake up and look over and ol' Bodean is sitting tied up pretty as you please to his sitting log!
Can you believe it? Don't you get it?

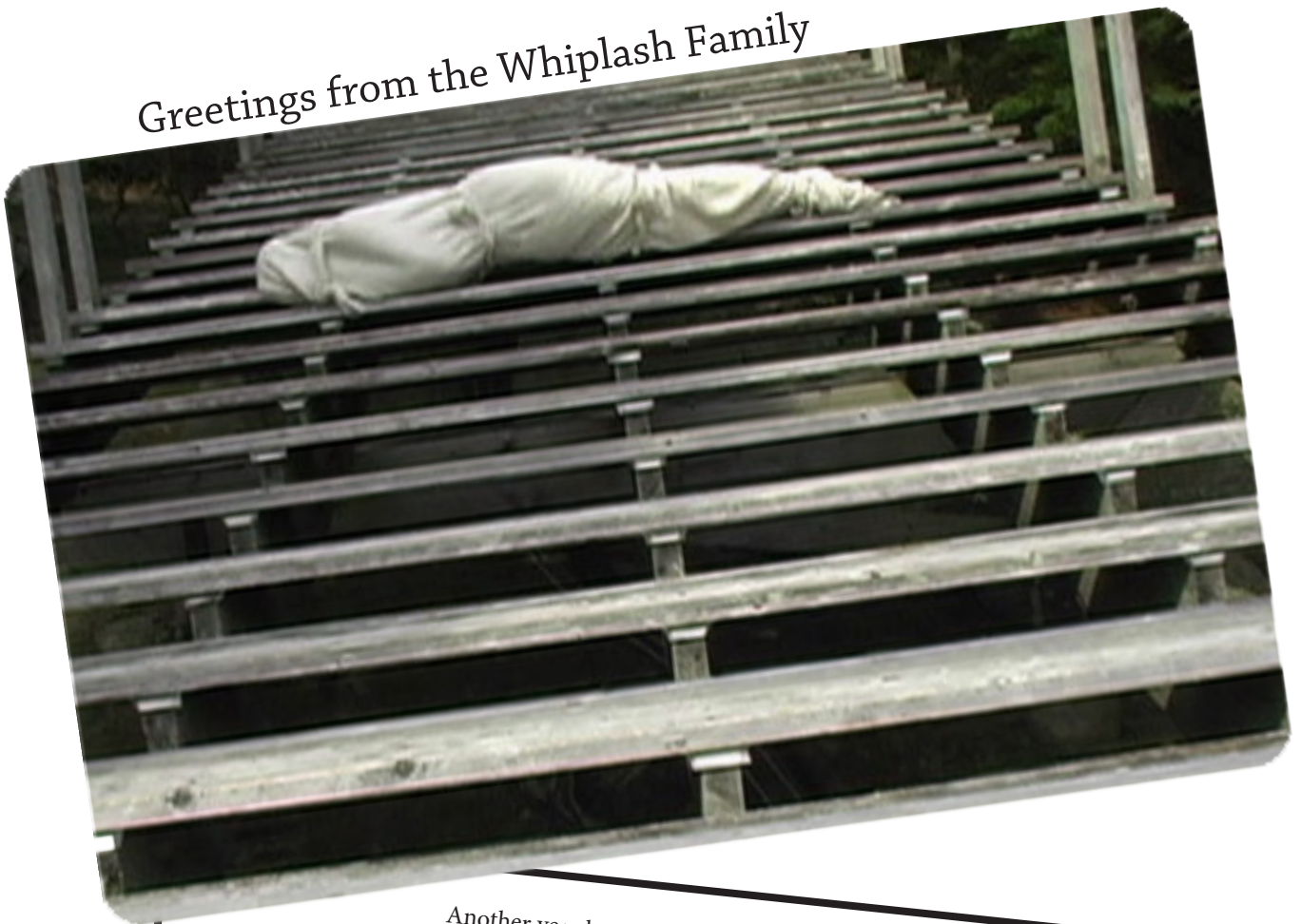
We didn't have no rope out there! I invented it! On. The. Spot! We both decided it was a true miracle. I'm gonna tell the Pope hisself. He'll see I saved Bodean's life and then we'll drink all the wine we can 'n heel make us saints! Saints!

I'll of course be a more important saint than Bodean. He'll be the saint of making people invent stuff. I'll be the patron saint of inventing.

You just 'member this son: your pa's a saint!



Greetings from the Whiplash Family



Another year has flown by at the Whiplash house! Ours has been fruitful, though full of challenges and changes.

After years with Insidious Inc. Snidely has decided to quit and privately freelance and consult for damsel kidnapping businesses. So, if you or anyone you know needs a damsel tied to a railroad or is thinking about getting into the damsel kidnapping business, let us know!

As for the kids, Greg graduated high school in May and – to his father’s chagrin – is beginning his program as a railroad conductor! Snidely got so mad he had steam shooting out his ears – I think he tied up six damsels that night! And if that weren’t enough, Daniel still wants to join the Mounties! Kids! We’ve given up trying to understand them and Snidely attempts to sell them into Canadian logging slave labor every once in a while. But as you can see from the picture, the kids do still envy their father’s mustachio and are trying very hard (bless their hearts!)

Of course, Snidely still has his wild get-rich-quick schemes, which he’ll pursue while freelancing. Future plans include selling the Mounties’ horses and replacing them with slower moose and bootlegging otter fur into Canada under the guise of bear fur to sell as beaver fur. He goes on and on about never resting until the Mounties are through – I’m sure it’s all very cunning. Sometimes even I can’t keep up with that man!

I have had the luck of being involved full-time in our ongoing court case (ugh!) with Dudley Do-Right – Snidely’s “arch nemesis.” The case involved Snidely as an accomplice to homicide and kidnapping by Dudley. The Mounties claimed Snidely tricked Dudley into believing January 14th was Kidnap-and-Tie-Nell-To-A-Railroad Day.

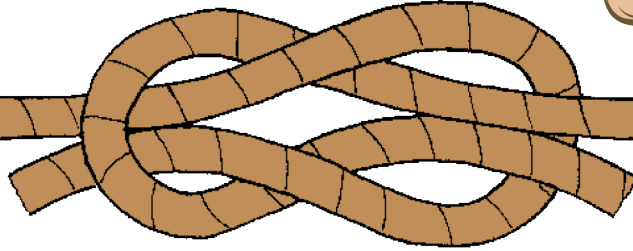
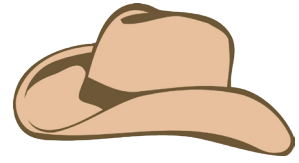
So Dudley did this and Snidely got charged after the train pretty much obliterated Nell. This is their side of the story. We all know that if Snidely wanted to kidnap and bind a lady to a railroad, he’d do it himself. In any case, the trial was tossed out when Dudley attempted to have his horse testify as a surprise witness – although he got off on the insanity defense.

Can’t win ‘em all I guess.

Warmest Holiday Wishes,

The Whiplash Family

things i can spell with
my lariat



e
l

eeeeeeeeee

llllllllll

hi

hey

rope

hauddy

hauddy pardner

check it out

lariat

this is a lariat

damn

ass

i am a cowboy

I love you

what are you doing Saturday night?

Oh, okay. Just text me or something when you find out

Did you listen to that mix I made you yet?

oh, it's not that hard really

look what i can do

Anyone got more ro

shit

fuck

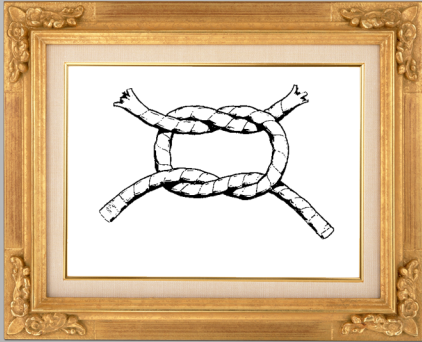
Prom?

HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER?



WESTERN
UNIVERSITY

Jester Presents:



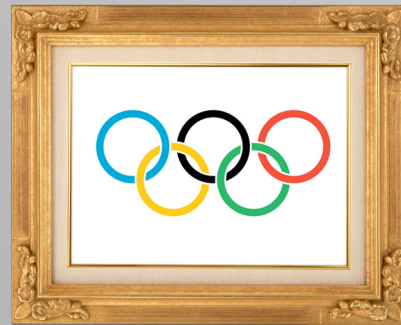
SQUARE KNOT



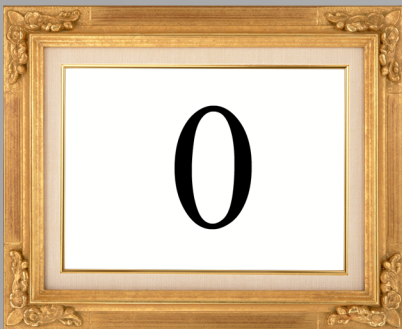
GRANNY KNOT



GORDIAN KNOT



OLYMPIC KNOT



NOUGHT



NOOSE



Famous Knots



DOUGH-KNOT



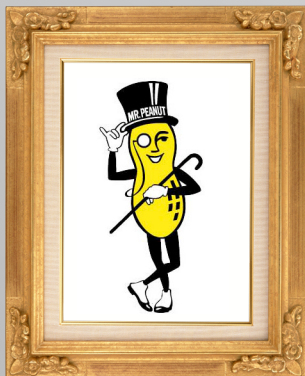
YOU ARE KNOT THE FATHER



KNOT-CHOS



DON KNOTTS



MR. PEA-KNOT



KNOT FUNNY



A Calf's Thoughts

DURING THE CALF-ROPING EVENT AT A RODEO

Where the hell am I? Some pen? What the fuck is all that sound? Where the— Freedom! Sweet sweet freedom! Go just go and don't stop running until you can't run anymore I can't believe that gate just opened like that and what the hell is behind me oh my fucking God! Is that a fucking Clydesdale and a giant! What the fuck is going on where the fuck am I? Run and don't stop if you stop that giant fucker is gonna eat you and you know you taste so good so young and spry. Fuck me that goddamn horse is fast and no one is gonna do anything they're all just watching! These goddamn yokels are just watching there's gonna be a fucking death and I hope that's OK to have on your conscious because JESUS FUCKING CHRIST a rope is around my neck! Where the Fu— Whiplash oh God whiplash every goddamn muscle is torn and No no no no no! Cowboy go away! HELP ME YOU WORTHLESS FUCKERS! DON'T JUST SIT! AAHG! Fucker just body-slammed me! Fucking abuse! Not the legs! Kick and don't stop kicking – holy fuck he's strong! Must be a fucking man-beast! MY DEATH WILL BE ON YOUR CONSCIOUS YOU FUCKING MOUTH BREATHERS! No no no no! Must break free of – he's gone! Just walked away! Oh my fucking god – worst day ever.



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A photograph of a club interior. The scene is dimly lit with a strong blue glow. In the background, a large screen displays a scene with several people, possibly a performance or a video. The foreground shows a bar area with a velvet rope and some glasses on a counter. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and somewhat unsettling.

Club Void

disturbing piece

For years, the editors here at New York Magazine have had me review the hippest and most exclusive clubs in the city. In these sanctums of style, I always heard people mention a place called Club Void. Everyone knew about it, but nobody had actually been there. I guess I just assumed it to be a myth, and I didn't really think about it in earnest until my editors fatefully suggested that I try to visit.

I first had to find the phone number. I searched for weeks, sifting through clues embedded in child porn videos until I had assembled the requisite numbers. I thought that maybe this was a scam since the number was over 40 digits long and my call was met with an intense metallic screech followed by silence. But sure enough, on my walk to the store the next day, I felt a sharp prick in my neck and the world went black around me.

Coming to, I found myself in a part of the city I had never seen before. I tried to get a sense of what time it was but no shadows fell on the objects around me. Eventually I found a street sign reading Bowery: ZERO. All the storefronts were empty, and a strange blue fog seemed to be filtering through the area.

I spotted a velvet rope on a sidewalk down the block and the sun immediately set. I waited patiently in line until I was ushered inside and then led to a small theater. The maitre d' told me that this was to prepare me for the actual club experience, to test my mettle. All eyes were transfixed on a single large screen blasting high frequency pulses or black and white. Yet, within this strobing pattern, each man and woman - including me - could see the exact moment of his birth and the exact moment of his death, combined in a quantum superposition of life and unlife. Some learned that they are already dead. These unfortunate bodies promptly collapsed into their component elements, tissue, gristle, and organs sluicing through the floor for harvesting.

Having passed the initial test, I moved on into the roar of the club. The proprietor slinked up next to me and began to explain to me his vision for the club. All the windows were painted back to "keep the light in" and the floors were wet and rotting due to "mystical rhapsodies" and urine. The only standing wall had a constant looping projection of a Jonestown suicide victim screaming as her organs shut down. All around us, a high pitch screeching seemed to be coming from the air itself.

As I walked around, I began to notice the clientele: The darkness had atrophied everyone's eyes, and they all stumbled around blindly in the dark. I saw some of the most beautiful women in the world gulping mossy green drinks with live goldfish inside them, all while eating iPods like they were crackers. Ashlee Simpson was having a grand mal seizure, her body twitching, clutching a leopard printed cell phone. We stepped over her.

Further in the club, the air was thick. Everyone was blankly and emotionlessly picking mold spores out of their skin so they didn't get infected from the inside out. Teenage girls were reverse birthing dogs while they mashed molten glass into their skin. Holographic men in lab coats were pitching a new line of concealer made from the ashes of Bobby Jindal. A swarm of cicadas had formed a teeming ball and was rolling around like tumbleweed. A huge gun battle raged all around us, but somehow only beautiful Arab men were dying.

Finally, I was brought into the VIP room. I will never forget the sights that I saw there. I share them with you now so that history will not forget the dark deeds that occurred: I came upon a writhing mass of human. Limbs were jamming gobs of rotting vegetable matter into sucking flesh wounds in the vain hope that it would act like a crude form of Penicillin. Individual people were no longer recognizable within the horrible Leviathan. All I could make out were a few distinct mouths, sewn shut with razor wire to stop the wailing. There it was, squirming in silence as the microorganisms feasted within. As I turned to leave, the whole building groaned and shuddered with despair.

I later learned that the proprietor was found dead, fully cocooned by weeds and mold. His body had been tapped dry and stripped clean. City officials demanded that news agencies not publish anything about it, calling it "one of the darkest moments in the history of New York City." Families of victims extending three generations have been asked to leave the country. Bowery: ZERO was condemned, demolished, and erased from all maps.

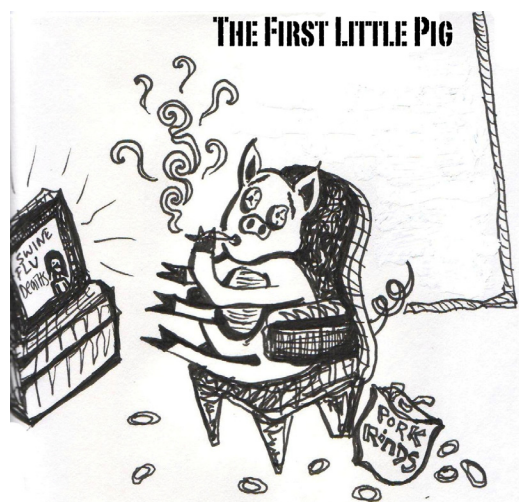
As for me: When I went into the theater and I foresaw my own death, it occurred at the exact moment I completed this article.

I have to go now.

The Three Little Pigs

The first little pig built his house out of hemp rope. He was forced to resort to cannibalism because he was always hungry and pork rinds are the cheapest snacks at the bodega.

One day, the big bad wolf came to the first little pig's house. He huffed and puffed upon the house. Suddenly, he didn't really feel like blowing it down. In fact, he just joined the first little pig on the couch.



The second little pig built his house out of crack rocks and rope. The hairs on his chinny-chin-chin grew into a lasso that he used for catching micro-piglets to pimp out. One day the big bad wolf came to the second little pig's house. He huffed and puffed and then snorted a bit. He cut himself on his sharp teeth while trying to rub parts of the house into his gums.

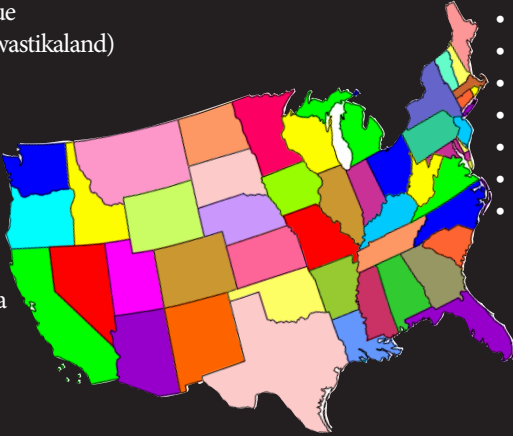
The third little pig built his house out of bulletproof steel and set up a meth lab inside it. When the wolf came he could not huff and puff the bulletproof steel house, so he left. But the pig's meth lab exploded and killed him anyway. The third pig was pretty dead.

The fourth little pig took acid. The fourth little green dinosaur ate most delirious candyflowers that spoke to him with the voice of all the fallen pig brethren running orange chairs across the border into Vietnam. "YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE!" they cried, and upon that day he knew he was a woman now.



Most made up countries

- France
- Nauru
- USSR
- Chile
- Mascara
- Lesszambique
- Naziland (Swastikaland)
- Guinea
- Titzil
- Guacamole
- Atlantis
- Urgentina
- 4chanistan
- Wyoming
- Indoamnesia
- Ethoropia
- Chicken
- Twinewan
- Tibet
- Atlantic Ocean
- Hamsterdom
- Palestein
- Impalastine
- Sri Llama
- Trinimom & Toboggan
- Bob Sagestan
- *For More, check out www.jesterofcolumbia.net*



Mamamamamamamama...

- Blackjack Foot
- Canasta Spleen
- Go fish! Knee
- Whist Lips
- War Head
- Kings Pelvis
- Solitaire Thumb
- Rummy Tummy
- Klondike Dick
- Uno Secum
- Crazy Eights Jejunum
- Euchres Sphincter
- Spit Clit



Items at a Hipster Rodeo

- Flannel
- Ironic rope
- Ironic bull
- Ironic cowboy
- Apathetic audience
- Vinyl clown
- Skinny boot-cut jeans
- Brooklyn



New Typefaces

- Fellatio Sanz

Productive Weather Phenomena

- The Perfect Storm
- Miracle-Gro Floods
- False Clouds
- Snow
- Upward Rain
- Bubbles
- Candy Hail

FML Rodeo

Now with more bullshit!

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I was shoved in a pen and some guy got on me. I bucked him off and then these fucking clowns tried to distract me. I accidentally killed one and some blood squirted in my eye. Now it's infected. FML.

#7644326 (66) | I agree, your life sucks (546) - you totally deserved it (4787)
On 12/20/2009 at 7:26pm - United States (Arkansas)

Some kid threw me some peanuts. Everyone knows bulls hate peanuts, so I head butted him. He died. Now I'm getting put down. FML.

#7643925 (29) | I agree, your life sucks (2364) - you totally deserved it (876)
On 12/20/2009 at 5:14pm - United States (Oklahoma)

I like rodeos because I get to dress up, use some lassos, and watch other horses prance around in their good leather. During the pre-rodeo parade I got so excited I popped a 3-foot boner. Now everyone knows I'm a gay horse. FML.

#7642082 (73) | I agree, your life sucks (7645) - you totally deserved it (6754)
On 12/19/2009 at 2:47pm - Australia (Queensland)

I really wanted to go to the rodeo this year, but I ate some bad feed and got sick. So now all the other horses went and I'm stuck here with a veterinarian who's elbow-deep in my ass. FML.

#7641681 (98) | I agree, your life sucks (9844) - you totally deserved it (293)
On 12/18/2009 at 10:23am - United States (Texas)

My calf-roping event was early this morning. I didn't have time to take a morning shit. I ended taking a five-minute dump-a-thon in the middle of the arena. I was disqualified. FML.

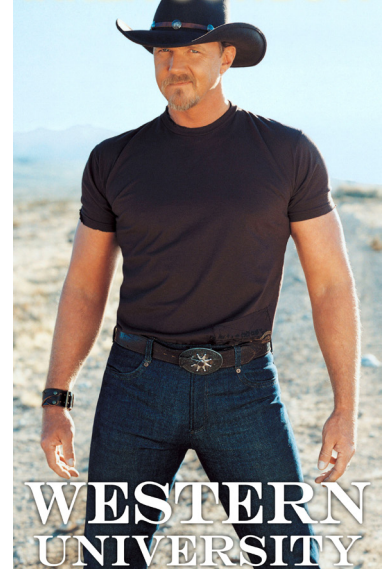
#7633803 (10) | I agree, your life sucks (4355) - you totally deserved it (9844)
On 12/18/2009 at 4:55pm - United States (California)

I was excited to go to my first rodeo. I knew I was on the younger side for most horses, but I've been growing a lot. For a whole week I was stuck in the petting zoo. FML.

#7637205 (53) | I agree, your life sucks (12738) - you totally deserved it (751)
On 12/17/2009 at 11:56am - United States (Nevada)

Your account

RELEASE YOUR INNER COWBOY.

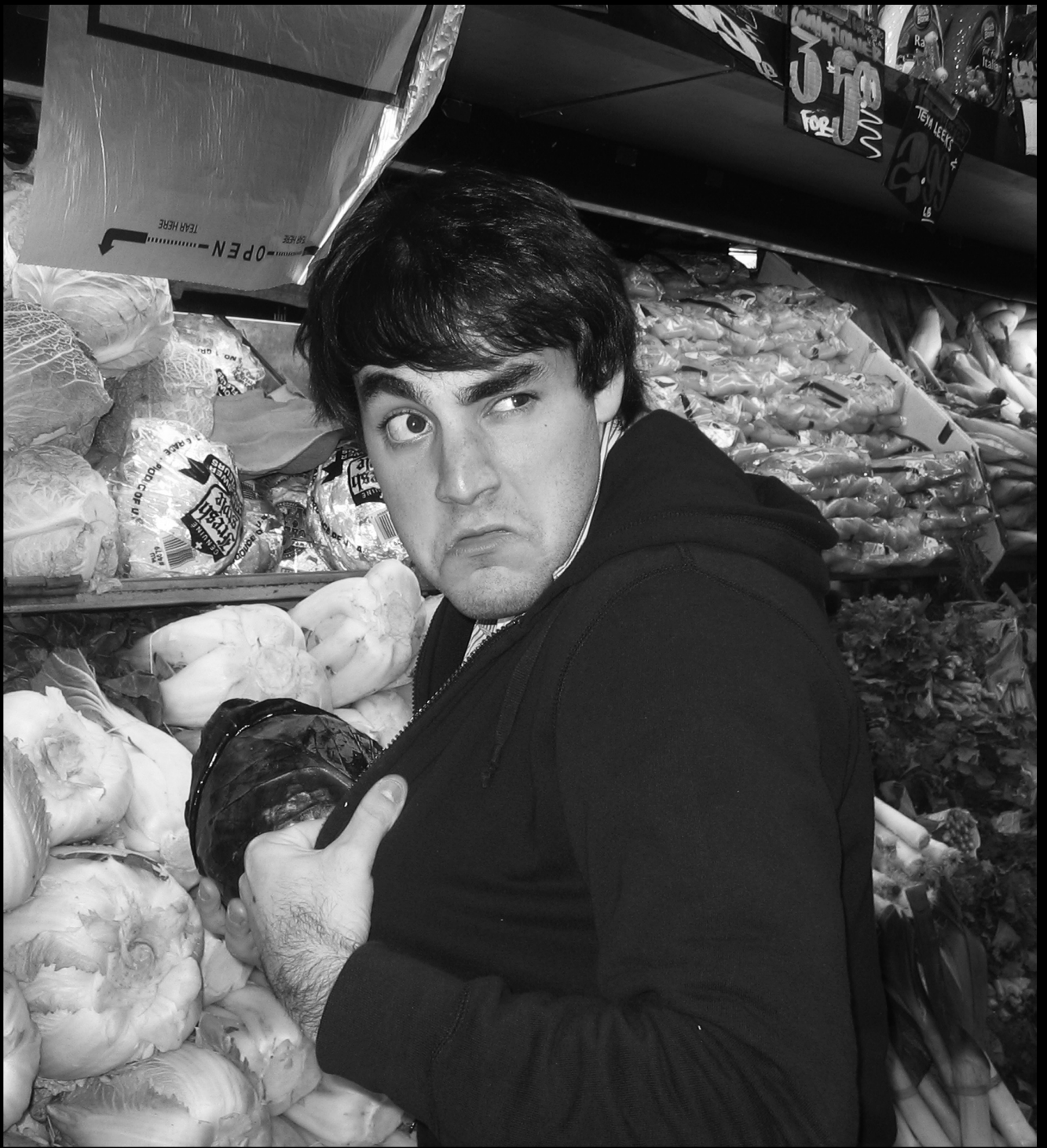


BE THE NEXT THOMAS EQUINUS.



HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER?





eat your veggies... but pay for them first.

Westside Market Never Closes.



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Give More Rope

[A hole. One guy stands at the top with a coil of rope, and another is inside, doing something that requires rope.]

A: Hey.

B: Yo.

A: I'm gonna need some more rope.

B: Got it. [Drops down 1 meter of rope.]

A: A little more?

B: [Lowers another meter.]

A: Okay, great...oh, more please? Thanks.

B: [Gives him another meter.]

A: That's it, perfect. [BEAT] Actually, I'm gonna need some more rope.

B: [Gives him a meter or two.]

A: Keep it comin'. I need a lot, haha.

B: Sheesh, all right. [Gives him three meters of rope.]

A: Um, yeah. More please...?

B: More? [Another three meters.]

A: ...

B: Is that good?

A: Yeah. Well, even more! Haha.

B: (sighing) Geez! [Gives him two meters.]

A: Okay, pft, more than that. Come on dude.

B: [Drops five meters of rope.]

A: Umm, okay. Let's see... I'm wondering, do you have more rope?

B: Yup... [Gives him eight meters of rope.] That enough?

A: Yup yup. Keep it coming.

B: [Rolls his eyes, drops five meters of rope.]

A: Don't stop!



[Lowers ten meters of rope.]

A: Don't st--here, I'll say when.

B: [Slowly, 50 meters of rope.]

A: I didn't say when...

B: Okay, well. [Lowers 25 more.]

A: Is this hard to understand? I will say "when."

B: All right! [He drops 800 meters of rope.]

A: Okay, when! Oops, too much.

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- Lassoing
- Whiskey Brewing
- Cow Herding
- Chinese (Mandarin)
- Shootouts
- Rodeo Clowning
- Farm Maintenance
- ...and many more!

Act One, Scene One

Ext. Doorstep, Midday, Autumn

A police officer is on the doorstep looking concerned.

[Police Officer knocks on the door] [There is no answer, but after a second knock, the door creeps open.] There is a distant sound of television in the background - QVC, to be specific.

OFFICER: Excuse me, sir?

VO VOICE: MMMMMMMMMMMM????!!

OFFICER: Sir, we've received a call from your mother. She claims-

VO VOICE: MMMMPH... PHMMMMPH.

OFFICER [continuing]: that you may be hurting yourself in there. **VO Voice:** MMMM. [there is a spitting noise followed by a deep gasp]

VO VOICE: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. GASP GASP. AHHHHHH.

OFFICER: Sir?

VO VOICE: What do you want?

OFFICER: May I come in?

VO VOICE: NO! I'm a bit tied up in here. [The television shuts off]

VO SHRILL FEMALE VOICE: Quiet, Danny! Officer Jacobs, please come in. See to my son.

VO DANNY: MOM!

Int. Danny's room - Doorway The officer walks up the stairs and opens Danny's door. Danny lies supine, fully nude. Various ropes entangle his body. A large rope lies slack across Danny's face. A smaller one tethers his neck. A shoelace clenches his throbbing testicles, gripping them like a young bird might on a hot December night.

OFFICER: Jesus motherfucking-

DANNY: GET OUT! Leave me to my deeds!

OFFICER: Danny, we need to talk. Autoerotic asphyxiation is a disease, spreading through suburbia like meth-loaded minivans. It-

DANNY: Officer-

OFFICER: No, Danny. You may think you are getting more wank for less bank, but in fact you-

DANNY: Officer-

OFFICER: You are hurting yourself!

DANNY: Officer! I'm not practicing autoerotic asphyxiation. I'm just making love.

OFFICER: Huh?

DANNY: I just love rope. Twine, Thread, line... you name it. I am in love.

OFFICER: Love?

DANNY: Yes, love. Passionate, undying love. This is what I feel. I feel it in my heart, in my glands, and tightly around my testicles.

OFFICER: Daniel, that's not love.

VO MOTHER: YOU HEAR THAT, DANNY?! NOT LOVE.

DANNY: SHUT UP, WOMAN! No, you don't understand. Love doesn't have to be between a man and a woman or a man and a man or a woman and a woman. Sometimes a man's most sensual partner is a ball of yarn or a strand of silk.

OFFICER: Danny, you are lying in a pile of rope, masturbating.

DANNY: Am I? Am I? Or am I just sharing the pleasures of youth with an old fiber?

OFFICER: You can stop stroking your penis now.

DANNY: We're like Adam and Eve.

OFFICER: So you admit it!

DANNY: I said ADAM AND EVE, not JERK OFF AND NOT BREATHE!

OFFICER: Hmm...

DANNY: We're going to tie the knot. [Lifts a piece of twine from the pile] I WILL WED THIS ONE! THIS ONE, I SAY. WE WILL MAKE RAGGEDY ANNS and RAGGEDY ANDYS. [Danny reaches for his pride and joy - an old sea rope. He lifts the great rope above his head. The smell of sea salt and barnacles fills the air. He places the rope around his throat and throws the anchor out the nearby window.]

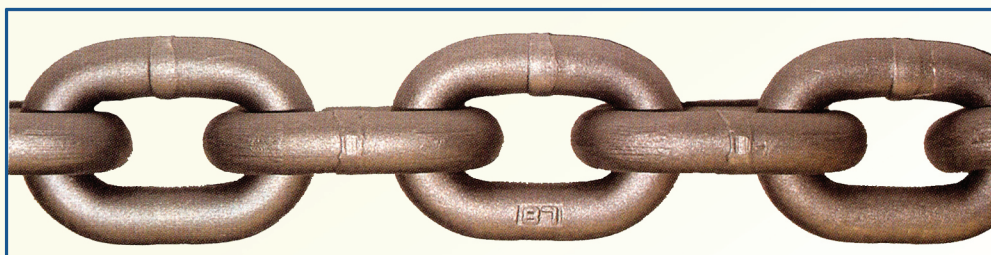
OFFICER: Daniel! Don't do it! [Danny reaches for his manly unit, but before he can, the anchor hits the end of the rope. Danny's face turns blue as his eyeballs jerk forward. He lives no longer.]

OFFICER: Oh no. Oh no. He was just so confused.

[Danny's Mother Enters] **MOTHER:** What the hell is this? Officer Jacobs, all I wanted you to do was talk to him about abusing Robitussin.

OFFICER: Oh.

Are your rope burns just a little too literal? Tired of seeing your work go up in smoke? Now there's a *better* way!



Joan of Arc Brand Rope uses a patented formula that protects it entirely from the purging flames of the Holy Inquisition! No more constantly re-rigging the stake - Joan of Arc brand rope is reusable: just put the next offender to the Holy name of Christ in and you're set! But don't take our word for it! Listen to these satisfied customers:

"Whether you have Cathars that need catharsis or priests that need purging, Joan of Arc Brand Rope is the way to go."

"Last summer some Heugonauts came to my village asking for religious freedom. I had a low budget and not a lot of time. Without Joan of Arc rope, I would have been forced to behead the heretics rather than purifying them of their mistaken ways in an agonizing firestorm."

"I don't know how they do it... I just know that without Joan of Arc Brand Rope I would never have been able to submit 90% of my village to agonizing death."

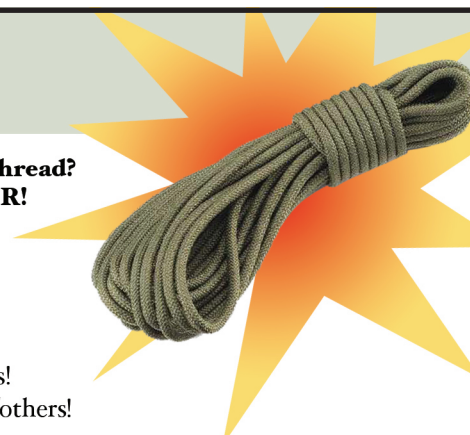
The secret lies in the material and design that we use. We mold metal into special heretic-defeating circles and join them together to create a mighty strand of divine judgment! But we don't want to give too much away!

Limited lifetime warranty to either 500 heretics or 10 years. The previous spokesmen were unpaid customers who wanted to share their love of our product. Do not use to burn alchemists - Joan of Arc rope should only be used in situations where transmutation into gold is impossible.

Roeper's & Roper's Ropes

Wondering what to get that special someone this holiday season? Thread? Floss? String cheese? Some gimp, perchance? LOOK NO FURTHER! This season's fiber of choice is ROPE.

- Dropping pianos on unsuspecting cartoon animals!
- Guiding invisible dogs!
- Guiding visible dogs!
- Laughing at that fat kid in gym trying to get up the rope and getting rope burn!
- Corraling various farm animals, children!
- Pretending you're as badass as Indiana Jones!
- Tying mattresses on cars for impromptu naps!
- Tying lovers/cheating bitches to railroad tracks!
- Tying up victims!
- Killing yourself/others!
- (G)roping!
- Having something to cut when your enemy hangs on and says, "Killing me won't bring her back," and you decide to be all badass and say, "We'll see."



A Scene From A Rope Factory



Mr. Grubermeyer: Larry, get in here!

Larry (*Runs into room*): What is it Mr. G?

Mr. Grubermeyer: There have been a lot of accidents around the plant recently.

Larry: ...

Mr. Grubermeyer: I mean, a lot. We've had three people dead this morning alone, and it's barely 10:30. Larry, I don't mean to speechify, but this is not the strong American industrial spirit that Spool & Stevens is renowned for. This is why Hitashi Ropes is moving in our goddamn market.

Larry: Well, we've all seen the safety training video, so I'm not sure--

Mr. Grubermeyer: Sure, Don't Get Hung Up: Rope Safety 101. It's a masterful piece, and that's why I don't mind showing it to you guys so often. I think the problem is, you all might not be taking it too seriously.

Larry: I think someone recorded over the last five minutes of that video with footage of Greg hanging himself.

Mr. Grubermeyer: What? Who in the hell did that?

Larry: I think it was Greg. He talks a lot about how he hated to work here. The constant grinding noises, strobing fluorescent lights, minimum wage- also the rope burns, the Indian burial ground in the basement, the guy with the whip, the lead in the water pipes, you know, what anyone complains about at their job. But he said the safety video was the worst part. Oh yeah, he also said to tell his wife and kids he loves them very much.

Mr. Grubermeyer: Well, that reminds me: see that Greg's life insurance policy is halved. I won't have employees complaining and tampering with company property. Am I right or am I right, Larry?

Larry: I don't know if that's completely lega--

Reginald (*Bursting in*): Mr. Grubermeyer, sir? I'm sorry to just run in here, but Freddy just hung himself from the rafters.

Mr. Grubermeyer: The big stick is in the closet. Get him down. Where was I? Oh, right. I wanted to call you in here, Larry, because I think I know how to reduce these accidents.

Larry: I think they're more like suic-

Mr. Grubermeyer: The idea is, Larry, is that we have entirely too much rope on our hands.

Larry: We are a rope manufacturing warehouse, sir.

Mr. Grubermeyer: Don't interrupt me, Larry, it doesn't become you.

Larry: I'm sorry, sir.

Mr. Grubermeyer: Very well. As I was saying, We have entirely too much rope. And, as the old adage goes...

Larry: Give someone too much rope and they'll hang themselves?

Mr. Grubermeyer: Well, that's rather cavalier of you, Larry. No, I was thinking more along the lines of "When in Rome."

Larry: ...

Mr. Grubermeyer: You see, Larry, we're entering a digital age. You can pay for anything online using your credit card. You can even buy books online and read them electronically! Why, yesterday, I went down to the pornographic video store to pick up a few DVDs, and I saw a surprisingly stark collection. Their big ole booty collection was an atrocity. Not one big ole booty. I was so enraged, I marched right to the back, and right there, behind his dimly-lit countertop, I confronted the manager of the store. When he finally broke free of my choke-hold, he told me that I could find my usual titles online, "streaming," as it were, from a variety of pornographic websites that I could find for myself online. Well, I marched right out of that store, went home, and masturbated for two and a half hours straight in front of my computer. I propose that we do the same thing with rope.

Larry: ... Uh... Ma... Uh... Sell it from a third-party vendor instead of dealing with the customers ourselves?

Mr. Grubermeyer: Larry, where is your usual can-do attitude? Where is your Spool & Stevens spirit? No, I am suggesting something much grander that will also reduce accidents here, in the plant. Care to give it one more guess, Larry?

Larry: Honestly, sir, I have no idea what you're talking about.

Mr. Grubermeyer: We are going to stream rope! We are going to stream rope from this plant to every computer on the planet! Everyone will have access for a small monthly fee, and we'll be rich! There'll be no more hardcopy rope to strangle anyone, it'll all be entirely digital! Think of what we'll save on manufacturing! On shipping! On accidents and healthcare! Once we establish our own site, we won't even have to try to sell rope in stores anymore! A digital revolution is upon us, Larry, and I want you to be by my side on the burning threshold of a brand new age! Larry! Take my hand! (Mr. Grubermeyer stands up, offering his hand to Larry)

Larry: ... You're crazy, sir, but I'm with you. (Larry takes his hand) Is this the hand you masturbated with?

Mr. Grubermeyer: No questions!

All Tied Up

TELLING YOUR GIRLFRIEND, “HEY BABE, I GOT YOU A BALLGAG”

We’ve all been there. You’ve been dating this girl for a while now, two or three weeks probably. You guys had sex on the first date because, duh, it’s the 21st century. You’ve been having pretty standard sex: wearing two condoms, pacing to Bohemian Rhapsody, and inevitably finishing on your roommate’s pillow. By all measures, things are going smoothly.

However, you both know these are just the preliminaries. After a couple weeks of normal sex, your actual wants and desires need to be fulfilled. At this crucial nexus in the relationship, you’ve reached what has the potential to be a really annoying conversation filled with the ol’ “No...No!” and the more than typical “I don’t even know you anymore!” But be true to yourself. Introduce the ballgag.

Instructions:

Difficulty: Damn Hard

1. First thing is first: strategize! If Freddy Mercury is in the middle of explaining how, “Momma, I just killed a man,” and you try to cuff your beloved to the bedposts, then you too may one day have as many broken fingers as I do.

In this situation, I think it is best to take a page out of Socrates’s book: *Do you want to know about my method?* Make sure you are using the most recent publication: the one with the foreword by Method Man and Redman. Employ that Socratic Method. Set the groundwork. “Hey babe. I really like you. I think I’m ready to take this to the next level.” “Blah blah gush blah blah too!”

2. Lay the bait, something she cannot under any circumstances disagree with. “I think the most important part of any relationship is honesty. I mean real honesty. Really. Don’t you?” She’ll agree. Follow up by asking if she thinks trust is important, and she will. If she doesn’t, that’s cool too. Cheat on her.



Assuming though that she answers in the affirmative, you are now faced with the decision of how to bring up your torturous toy. Do you frame it as a fantasy of yours? Do you couch your inquiry on your masculine need for dominance? Do you explain that it’s due to your parents abusing you as a child? For this last one, you’ll definitely earn extra sympathy points though it is morally questionable if you’re lying, and I can’t fully support anything of questionable morality.

Results

So you’ve asked your girlfriend if you can lodge a rubber ball in her mouth fastened securely behind her head while you have rough sexual intercourse. Congratulations! If she says no, just remember that there are plenty of other sexually confused or experimental fish in the sea, and, at the end of the day, you’ve still been finishing on your roommate’s bed for a couple weeks. If that doesn’t console you, I don’t know what will.

Tips & Warnings

Oh, and if the whole parent abuse thing is true, I’m sorry. You really need to start using this to your advantage.



I saw the best minds of my generation
Destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,
Dragging themselves to Book Culture

—Allen Ginsberg

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