

jester

of columbia – spring '10



**FROM THE MAKERS OF YOUR
FAVORITE VIBRATOR, THE RABBIT
CUMS:**

THE BUZZARD

**EQUIPPED WITH A RIBBED
BEAK AND VIBRATING
WINGS**



**IT WILL CIRCLE YOU UNTIL
YOUR LITTLE DEATH**

jester of columbia

BUZZ

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Pluto is a fictitious character just like Pluto is a fictitious planet. If I were Buzz Aldrin, I'd punch Pluto in the face, though he does not exist.



INSIDE BACK COVER In the Next Jester...

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JESTER

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A WORD ON BUZZ

DEAREST READER,

You've heard the gossip, the news, the word on the street: the new Jester is out and you're holding it in your hand. Can you feel it buzzing? I sure hope so... Great. We've got that over with, and now I'm going to now describe to you how awesome honeybees are.

That's right. Honeybees. You see them and you think to yourself, "Wow, buzzy little fuckers. I hope they don't ram their asses into me and send me to the hospital. That would suck!" Well, that's you. Now what if you were the bee? Even better, what if you were the queen bee? This is probably what you'd think:

"HEY MOTHERFUCKER, CHECK IT OUT, I'M A GODDAMNED BEE. YEAH, I SEE YOU STARIN' AT MY DONK, YOU KNOW I'VE GOT THE JUNK IN MY TRUNK, AND YOU KNOW I'M THE BEYONCE OF THIS HIVE. HEY, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE CEREAL, ASSHOLE? IS IT HONEYCOMB? HONEY NUT CHEERIOS? HONEY BUNCHES OF OATS? YEAH, IT PROBABLY IS. FUCK YOU. TRY DRINKING THAT CHAMOMILE TEA WITHOUT ME. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. OH AND HEY, I LIVE TO BE A YEAR OLD AND WILL GET MORE ACTION IN 365 DAYS



FROM MY WORKER BEES THAN YOU WILL GET IN YOUR ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE. YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. ARE YOU GOING TO TRY AND SQUASH ME? I'M GONNA STING THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!"

So why, reader? Why is our theme "buzz"? Is it to pay homage to your shitty study habits and caffeine addiction? Is it to describe how you feel after two shots of bad vodka? Is it to emphasize your love of Perez Hilton? Maybe it's to describe what your phone was doing the night you ditched your Christmas Dinner to go see Avatar in 3D Imax with your friends?

The answer is no. I don't care about you, what you do with your free time, or how high you were that night. You can't fly, you can't sting, and I'll bet you look like an idiot in black and yellow stripes.

So press the buzzer, read about the buzz, feel buzzed, reader. Do whatever you want. But just remember, you will never be as awesome as the honeybee.

Ryan F. Mandelbaum

Blogmaster General

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FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM.

Dear Pixar,

I am writing this letter in response to the detestable content of your films. I have only made the mistake of allowing my children to see one of these pictures. Still, they bother me with requests for toy dinosaurs and potatoes in the crude likeness of disembodied heads. What healthy parent would actually give such toys to their children? Can't your films include playthings that would actually be constructive uses of a child's time? As a favor, I have included a list of characters that you may use in your next film. All would be much more appropriate for a child.

Sincerely,
Mildred Cross

WLL - Y - a fake Disney video
Babe - a summer softball league where the best part is the oranges they have after games
Kenshin - an old Gameboy without batteries
The Hollingsworths - playdates with your parents' friends' kids who don't even have Wii or know what it is, even
Leroy - a private school that you have to go to now and you will never see any of your old friends again

Edward - an educational board game where it is impossible to lose, and therefore, win, at least in any real sense of the word
Otto - the one video game your parents will let you get every few years, and it doesn't work for the system you have, but oh well you'll have to figure it out yourself now
Ab - a Baby Einstein video
Carrie - a bag of baby carrots
Muzzy - a language-learning video
Horace - a hornbook
Ludwig - a summer of piano lessons
The Dominics - a set of dominoes all named Dominic
Rocky - a rock tumbler
Newton - an 8-digit calculator
Chuck - a practice checkbook
Matthew - arithmetic flash cards
Socky and Socko - a pair of socks
Woody - now, a wooden board game
Booker T. Washington - a book



Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly directed me to Book Culture

—Emily Dickinson

Monologues from a Frat Party

1. Yo bro, I'm soo drunk. What do you mean, one beer? I've had like, 50 shots of alcohol! Yes! No, it was, uh, that! Over there! I had...what does this say...yeah, 50 shots of Mike's Hard! What do you mean a girl's drink? This is delicious! No, no...no! I'm drunk! I'll show you! What? You want me to...dance? On the dance floor? How could I, I mean...with her? But she's... drunk! YES, I TOLD YOU I'M DRUNK! Okay, I...okay. Look if you want me to dance with her, I'll do it, okay? Okay. Okay, I'm back. Is that good enough? YES, I DANCED WITH HER. What do you mean, I have no inhibitions at all! Do what? I will not make out with her! That's ridiculous! Take another shot? DUDE. Stop peer pressuring me! I'll drink if I...YES, I TOLD YOU I'M DRUNK! Fine, I'm leaving.



2. Yo bro, I'm totally alright. Really mmmnnffff I only had one beer. I'm gonna be fine. Noooooo broooooo it's okay. Hey bro, can you help me up mmmngggggghhhf Thanks bro. You're real-

ly great friend. No I'm completely sober what are you talking about? IF YOU DON'T STOP I'M GOING TO HIT YOU Mnnngggggggfffffhhhhh No that's not vomit that's just what I had for dinner. NO I DID NOT HOOK UP WITH HER. NO I DID NOT HOOK UP WITH HER SISTER Mmmmmnnnnnnnnhhhhhhh FINE I'M LEAVING Hey bro can you help me up?

3. Yo bro, I know the what of my drunkenness, but what of the wherefore? When the drink doth take me under its influence, is it the drink or I that acts? For in this moment of Holy Fratrimony lies the penultimate question: which brew to quaff. The final is of course the unnameable, the indescribable - the question of life itself.

4. Sweet Jesus man it's flaring up again. It just won't stop! Cream? Yeh, I've tried the cream, the pills, the suppositories... *sob*



Clue: This retired professional football player is perhaps more famous for being acquitted of murdering his ex-wife. Response: Orange Juice Simpson.

Clue: Following gold and frankincense, this was the last gift the Baby Jesus received from the Magi. Response: A crucifix.

Clue: This 19th century Dutch artist was plagued by mental illness throughout his life, at one point cutting off part of his ear and giving it to a prostitute at a brothel he frequented. Response: Mike Tyson.

Clue: Initially gaining respect by fighting in his native area, this man is undoubtedly most known for receiving messages from God and for converting his many followers to what is now the second biggest religion in the world. Response: Muhammad Ali.

Clue: Undoubtedly, this ship's most famous voyage was bringing Charles Darwin to the Galapagos Islands. Response: HMS Pinafore.

Clue: A series of children's books and later a television show were made about this family of anthropomorphic, honey-loving forest dwellers. Response: The Chicago Bears.

Clue: She modeled nude for a PETA advertisement, saying "I'd rather go naked than wear fur." Response: Your mother.

Clue: Many people dispute the existence of the man associated with this popular winter holiday, supposedly of German origins. Response: The Holocaust.

Clue: This effective farming technique is especially useful for agitating soil and chopping weeds and sometimes involves the slash and burn clearance method. Response: Strangling a ho.

Clue: Come on down! This long-time host of "greatest game show of all time" The Price is Right has been accused numerous times of sexually harassing models on his program. Response: Alex Trebek.

Clue: On Election Day 2008, Proposition 8 was passed in California, banning this practice currently allowed in only six states. Response: Being gay.

Clue: This 1999 thriller starring Tommy Lee Jones and Ashley Judd shares its name with the second round of a certain answer & question game show. Response: Double Deal or No Deal.

Welcome to the Sixth Annual American Medical Association Panel Conversation on Allerg - **Oh God! Bees Everywhere!**



Question 1: Does the medical establishment currently provide enough awareness about **WHAT THE HELL IS AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHH!**

Panelist 1: If we look at recent study by the New England Journal of **GAAAAHHH! ACKA AA-HASHSHIOA!**

Panelist 2: To be fair, that study was conducted sloppily and - **MY HAIR! THEY'RE IN MY HAIR AND SHIRT AND PANTS AND GAHAATAAAHHHHG-GGGGGGGG!**

Panelist 3: **OH GOD OH GOD OH MERCY OF GOD MY INHALER! CALL THE PARAMEDAGHABicskcsxxsssss.**

Panelist 4: **THEY'RE STINGING IN MY THRO-GURGLEAHSDFIO!**

Failed Celebrity Endorsements 1987-1993

- Tone Lōc's Tone Clustaz
Reason for failure: It tasted like "twenty flavors slammed together really hard"
- Magic Johnson's Phase III Flakes
Reason for failure: Not a failure, clinical trials were quite successful.
- Courtney Love's Donut HOLE Bites
Reason for failure: Only popular because of Kurt Cobain's Shot O' Joe candies. (Strawberry filling.)
- Rob & Fab's All-Natural Handmade Whole Grain Bran Squares
Reason for Failure: See Milli Vanilli
- Eggos in Guyville
Reason for failure: Dogged by persistent rumors that the product had sold out.
- Paula Pockets
Reason for failure: Cat scat from MC Scat Cat
- Shaquille O'Neil's Snaq Attaq
Reason for failure: Contained Craq.
KAZAAAAAAAAAAAM!



Band Names the Beatles Didn't Choose

- The Ants
- The Tempo-pedics
- Ringo and the Beatles
- Stu Sutcliffe and his Magic Band
- The Shitty Beatles
- Paul McCartney & Wings
- The Wiggles
- The Algo-Rhythm
- The Bees
- The Ruddles
- The Beadles
- The Bundles
- The Epstein 4
- The Rolling Stones completely fucked up?

Code in Craigslist Personals

- Party and Play - Sex while on meth
- Someone special - Someone with \$5
- Dick Dice - Reenact whatever video comes up on Redtube roulette
- Grass on the field - Furry
- Loves animals - Furry
- Furry - Furry
- M4F Looking for a long time relationship - Looking for a slutty girl with low intelligence
- F4M Not looking for a long time commitment - Looking for a guy to have sex with and then guilt into a relationship
- Angel - Just want to play halo. Maybe bring \$10 for weed and Dominos
- I enjoy having heroin needles poked into my ass - I want completely bland and normal sex. Is everyone on this site completely fucked up?

Adam Smith's Other Invisibles

- Jet
- Handjob
- Hair
- Clothes
- Noble gases
- Dog
- Girlfriend
- Boyfriend
- Invisibility cloak
- Drinking habit
- Man



McDonald's Sandwiches

- Scrooge McDuck
- McGangbang
- McSwine
- McO'Brien
- McLaughlin
- Mc-or-Treat
- Mc-E-Mouse
- Mc-erbocker
- Fish fillet
- McRabbit
- McRabbit
- Goat meat



The Buzz Report

Buzz Productions'© Monthly Company Newsletter: All the Company Buzz, Straight to Your Desk**

In This Issue

Sexiest Man at Buzz:

This month's winner is Jim Connelly from accounting! He's my nephew.

p. 2

Can't afford to travel for vacation?

Blame Jim Connelly from accounting!

p. 3

LOLCats! Lots of 'em!

im in ur retirement planz, embezzling ur fundz0rs! mrow!!!!!!!!!!!!!!one

p. 4-9

Sexual Harrassment: A Survivor's Story

"I had to find another job because I demanded I be treated with dignity!"

p. 10-11

Employee Updates

Anne Sanders is turning 55 this Thursday, but she doesn't look a year over 51! How does she do it? Must be our company health plan!

Bill Myers from corporate is leaving for internment camp in Siberia! We're going to miss him! Good luck, Bill!

Martha Anderson had her fourth abortion this month. Good luck, Martha!

Leonard the Janitor is turning 100ish on the 16th! If we lay him off, he will file a lawsuit!

Upcoming Activities

Don't forget to sign up for nude company water polo. Make sure to complement Anne Sanders on her birthday suit!

The company picnic is this week (no food, blame Jim Connelly from accounting)

Join us at the zoo for the annual peacock hunt next week--thrills! chills! bills!

We're hotboxing Bill's van next week. Don't tell corporate.

Obituaries

Anne Sanders died at the healthy old age of 55 this morning, doing what she loved best- strapping dynamite to her chest, walking past the metal detectors and getting gunned down by security guards in a blaze of glory to protest the company health plan. We send her family our condolences. Good luck, Anne!

There are unconfirmed reports of a strange scent emanating from the janitors closet. We have yet to investigate, but it was suggested that Leonard the Janitor may have suffered a fatal heart attack as he has not been seen in a few weeks. Someone should check that out. Maybe get Eric to do it.

Employee of the Month: Eric "Usain Bolt" McDermott, Elevator Operator

"Please. Someone help me." - Eric McDermott

You may remember seeing Eric the cripple if you've ever taken the east wing's handicapped elevator. "I guess I've kind of gotten used to it since I've been stuck here for so long," says the poor soul during our interview, "At night," he says, "that's when I've really got the place to myself - after everyone leaves I can ride that thing for hours. Granted, I can't leave--my wheelchair's batteries died last week. Someone please help me? I'm starting to smell and I need to get back to my cubicle."

Eric is well loved in our tight-knit community at Buzz Productions©. In fact, he has his very own fan club. "Oh, that? No, that's not a fan club," comments Mark Gerard, a frequent rider of the east wing's handicapped elevator and a fellow paraplegic. "No," Gerard continues, "I think Casey made that website as a joke. I mean, what does Eric do, really? He just - he just rides an elevator. He's kind of a dick too--he hasn't been at his desk in weeks and has to file some TPS reports--his wife's called a couple of times too. I don't know when the last time he showered was, either. But, uh, want the link to the website? It's pretty funny."

But Eric's fan site isn't the only place his achievements are lauded. You'll be able to see his plaque on the "Employee of the Month" award shelf right next to Rodney Q, window washer and token retard.

See Page 12 for ways to avoid SALMONELLA!

A Recent Google Water Cooler Conversation

Sergey: Yo, Larry, did you get that Facebook message I sent you?
Larry: Come on! What have I told you about using Facebook? They are our main competitor.
Sergey: I thought we were number 1.
Larry: We are, but Facebook is number 10!
Sergey: Larry, that's nine away.
Larry: Numbers 2-9 are: xaznanimexpr0n.co.jp autoasphyxiatinbitches.com dicksdicksdicks.info snorkeling.gov cuddlefuck.org sextsfromlastnight.com pornswithsocksandshoeson.com thouporn.com auralsex.com
Sergey: Point taken. Have you ever been to eargasm.org?
Larry: Wait? What? Never-mind. Listen, people want updates on their friends. That's why—Are you listening to me?

Sergey: Huh? Sorry. Send.
Larry: Are you twittering?
Sergey: Don't tell me it's a competitor.
Larry: Listen Sergey, if it's on the internet, it's a competitor. Remember when people were using YouTube over Google Video?
Sergey: They still do.
Larry: Yeah, but now we own YouTube.
Sergey: We do?
Larry: Jesus Christ. [Pause] What are you texting now?
Sergey: I've got to twitter this. I had no idea I owned YouTube.
Larry: Are you done? Can I continue? See, people want to keep up with their friends, so we are going to launch our own social networking vehicle... I'm calling it Google Buzz! People are going to use it to broadcast messages and updates to friends like Facebook and Twitter.

Sergey: Are people going to use it? I once wasted about six hours making a Friendster page just to connect to my Uncle Sal.
Larry: That's the beauty of it: they won't have a choice. We have the most popular email service, and we are going to stick it right in there. It will automatically start, and loom over your inbox like a vulture of social convenience. Our calculations show that as the internet continues to subdivide attention spans, the switching web pages will become too big of a task for the lazy audience.
Sergey: Will you be able to reconnect with old friends?
Larry: If you email them.
Sergey: But then how will I spy on those twins who moved away in middle school?
Larry: Oh, come on. Next thing, you are going to be asking about Facebook's suggested friend box, which should be entitled "Person You Didn't Like In High School."

Sergey: Ooh. Will we have that?
Larry: No!
Sergey: And gifts?
Larry: Gifts?
Sergey: Poorly drawn icons people purchase to post on friends' walls.
Larry: People pay for that?
Sergey: You didn't get the Arbor Day penguin I bought you?
Larry: No. I didn't. Facebook did. All three fifty.
Sergey: Goddamnit. There must be something wrong with this. Let me do a quick search to see if anyone else came into this issue.
Larry: Sergey? [Pause] Sergey?!
Sergey: What? What?!
Larry: YOU'RE USING LYCOS!

Mission Statement: PLETHORIZE

I'm Marty Voight, Vice President of Market Factorization Affairs here at VL Systems. I'm just touching base with you because there's been a lot of chatter about VL Systems, and I just want to clear up what it is that we do:

VL Systems is a bleeding edge, media-rich integration solution vector for YOUR enterprise. What makes VL Systems right for your web-based cloud computing platform? For one thing, we understand the ROI benchmarking requirements of the Millennials. "Don't think bigger, think wider."

We here at VL Systems don't call it multitasking. We call it omnitasking. If a task isn't optimizing more than one market share at once, it isn't a task worth shifting a paradigm for.

We're sorry to put it so bluntly, but the dynamic enterprise level changes that need to occur for a proactive rich-media solution aren't just going to come out of the ether. Folks, it's all about scalability.

Look, we all know that Internet market researchers (IMRs) and Internet research marketers (IRMs) just don't speak the same language!

(Everyone in the industry remembers the famous "Enchanted Memo" incident.) But VL Systems recognizes the divide between the two and is here to bridge that hurdle.

Our mission statement can be boiled down to one word: Plethorize.

To be blunt: You can't look to a traditional company if you want nontraditional results. Look to VL Systems. Because we look toward the electron cloud. And the cloud looks back at us.

To be less blunt, we provide mission critical market data in order to initiate value-

added growth streams to YOUR digital infrastructure. Using an outmoded data system is the equivalent of owning a bed but sleeping in a huge pile of clothes. It's the New Economy.

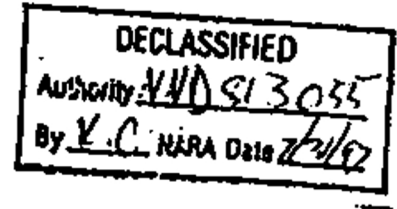
Why ride a blimp when you could OWN the blimp? THAT is the spirit behind VL Systems.

Social media is the new vector, and VL Systems can provide the coordinates.

Seamlessly,
Marty Voight
Vice President of Market Factorization Affairs VL Systems



OFFICIAL HAIR CUT PROTOCOL



2-5317.

To enlist in the army is to serve the nation and to protect democracy. It is to get super buff and to kill civilians, to dress up prisoners and to suppress one's homosexuality. But so often the decision to commit to the most heroic act of patriotism ultimately swings on the young man's willingness to shave his head. To buzz or not to buzz, that is the question.

Bowl Cut: If you have a bowl cut, either you're Chinese or one of the Three Stooges. You don't want to be either.

Action: Buzz Cut

Mop Top: Mop rhymes with top. MOP. TOP. Get it? MOPTOP. Idiot.

Action: Buzz Cut

Mullet: Stop pissing on your front lawn and forget about marrying your sister.

Action: Buzz Cut

Afro: The kinds of people who can grow them generally scare the other soldiers. Yes, I'm talking about black people.

Action: Keep

Jew Fro: Don't you want people to stop laughing so much when you play basketball?

Action: Buzz Cut

Jheri Curls: We don't need you. You could better serve your nation in other ways, like saying you're the resurrected Michael Jackson.

Action: Buzz Cut

Mohawk: You look like a goddamn rooster. Douche.

Action: Buzz Cut

Emo Cut: Instead of slitting your own wrists, you can slit those of the enemy. We'll give you a shiny metal if you do a good job.

Action: Buzz Cut

Long Hair: If you want men to hit on you, you don't need to impersonate Fabio. Soldiers find special friends in the army all the time.

Action: Buzz Cut

Balding Come-overs: No. Age gracefully like Madonna instead of like Donald Trump.

Action: Buzz Cut

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birdbrain2020

That's you!

SQUAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWKKKKK

8 minutes ago via web

CAW CAW CAW! HOOO! HOO! CAW CAW SQUAWWK

about 18 hours ago via web

@tinymouse32 SQUAWWWWWWWWWWKKKKK

3:13 PM Jan 1st from txt

RT @imalsoabuzzard HAPPY🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵 NEW🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵 YEAR🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵

9:34 AM Jan 1st from web

SQUAWK! *nibble nibble* SQUAWWWWWWWWKKKKK

2:13 PM Dec 31st, 2009 from txt

CA CAW CA CAW!

1:54 PM Dec 30th, 2009 from txt

about 18 hours ago via web

@tinymouse32 SQUAWWWWWWWWWWKKKKK

3:13 PM Jan 1st from txt

RT @imalsoabuzzard HAPPY🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵 NEW🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵 YEAR🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵

9:34 AM Jan 1st from web

SQUAWK! *nibble nibble* SQUAWWWWWWWWKKKKK

2:13 PM Dec 31st, 2009 from txt

CA CAW CA CAW!

1:54 PM Dec 30th, 2009 from txt

circle SQUAWKKK *squeak squeak squeal shuffle squeak scurry*

SQUAWWWWWWWWKKKK *munch munch munch*

2:21 PM Dec 28th, 2009 from web

CAW CAW CAW *swoop* CAW CAW *squeak* CAW CAW *munch munch*

1:39 PM Dec 26th, 2009 from txt

RT @imalsoabuzzard CAW CAW SQUAAWWWWWWWKKK CAW CAW

10:45 AM Dec 25th, 2009 from Twitterrific

Verified Account

Name Squaak

Location Caw Caw

Web [Facebook.com/squ..](#)

Bio Hoo Hoo. Squak!

Caw Caw! Munch

Munch!

341 following 4,728,350 followers 35,034 listed

Tweets 5,079

Favorites

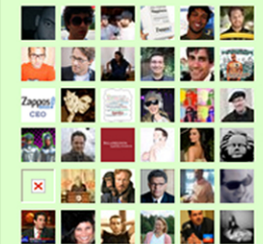
Lists

birdbrain-food

birdbrain-morefood

[View all](#)

Following



[View all...](#)

[RSS feed of tweets](#)

EVOLUTION OF



AN ALCOHOLIC



John Malkovich's Guide to Being a Buzzkill

Greetings and salutations to all. I, the celebrated thespian and preeminent buzz-kill John Malkovich, have taken the onus upon myself to once and for all share the onus of my craft with the world. Let me be forefront in stating that killing the buzz at a high-society party or other social gathering is by no means a simple feat. Even for someone as baldishly handsome and well articulated as I, ruining the mood requires an immense dose of effort. Therefore, I have concocted a simple 25-step plan that, when used even by the most impotent of laymen, can shatter even the most convivial atmosphere. Allow me to share three of the most popular steps.

Step 1: Consistently discuss personal medical conditions while still managing to be snarky.

Your body is your temple. And like most temples, it is aging and decrepit. Therefore, you must constantly be ready to bring up your prevalent medical issues at a moment's notice. If someone says the weather could not be warmer, mention that you were forced to wear a turtle-neck to hide your irritated neck-goiter. Should a hostess recommend you try her delicious imported French brie, note that

you sampled it earlier when you had to take your Vioxx, but you will take some home with you to bring to your invalid mother, who due to her agedness can only eat bland, soft cheeses. If a woman compliments another woman's dress, declare that it is the same color as some phlegm that you coughed up earlier today. I believe these examples are sufficient to prove my point.

Step 14: Discuss the underprivileged

Never hesitate to speak of the destitute, no matter how much they disgust you. Nothing makes a man resent the beluga caviar he is shoving down his throat like reminding him that he paid more for one bite than he pays his house servants in a month. If they are sipping some vintage champagne, simply ask how the hint of the underpaid laborers' sweat tastes in addition to the natural sweetness of the grapes. As such comments are contingent on the given situation, I trust that my readers will have the intellect to come up with the appropriate brazen comments for any time. If you desire to go further with this step, feel free to bring a poor person with you to prove the existence of poor people. Be

sure to have him or her make eye contact with everyone.

Step 22: Make obscure, yet seemingly inappropriate, historical jokes

This is the true mark of an expert buzz killer. It shows that you have put in the time and effort not only to learn obscure historical facts, but you feel so confident in your mastery that you can flout them to an audience via a punchline with perversely sexual undertones. Allow me to start you out with a yarn guaranteed to make your audience go "hmmm" and then awkwardly back away. It is my personal favorite. "Why was Marie Antoinette never caught with the sans culottes? Because without culottes people could see her 'third estate'!" Verily, I ask you, do you or do you not feel uncomfortable right now? I rest my case.

So buy "John Malkovich's Guide to Being A Buzz Kill" today for only \$59.95 and get all 25 essential tips guaranteed to ruin any evening. Then again, The Salvation Army could sure use that money to feed the homeless right now. Your move.

To John Lasseter and those at Disney/Pixar:

HEY! It's me! Yup! Your good friend, Tim Allen.
...You know. The guy from Home Improvement.
...No. That's Jonathan Taylor Thomas. I was the Dad. "The Santa Clause"? I was Buzz Lightyear!? I was convicted of war crimes for my role in "Wild Hogs"? Look, I'm not gonna lie. My life's in the shithole right now.
I'm no economist, but I can tell you one thing's for certain. I'm fuckin' broke.
Yeah, turns out that my "Home Improvement Money" went out the window really quickly. You know, 1996 was a crazy time. Pets.com was on the way up! Buying Beanie Babies was like investing in gold! And a TV star whose name rhymes with Mim Tallon was blowing \$10,000 a week on his addiction to dial-up porn!

Flash-forward to 2010. The IRS just ransacked my house and took most of my prized-possessions. My Pets.com sockpuppet. Five metric tons of Beanie Babies. 800 Gigs of blurry, pixelated midget porn. Dumb 90s artifacts to you? Maybe. Priceless family heirlooms to me? Yes. Look, Disney/Pixar. I know we just finished Toy Story 3...but Bernie MADE-OFF with my money! Hahaha! Ha? Oh god please let me die.
Why am I writing? I REALLY REALLY REALLY need you guys to create another Toy Story. Now. Like, RIGHT now. Come on! You guys just made a movie with a fuckin' old man and a fat Asian kid traveling around via balloon-house! Coming up with another plot for Buzz Lightyear will be a cinch! For example: maybe Buzz could go visit the carci-

nogenic factory where he was created and can become an advocate for green technology? Or perhaps Buzz gets lost in Italy and runs into a talking hummingbird and a singing Ravioli? Or better yet, while don't you guys just explore the homoerotic buddy relationship and sexual tension that has defined Woody and Buzz's friendship for all these years (c'mon guys...essentially naming one character "hard-on" and the other after the sound a dildo makes was never very inventive or subtle).
I know we can do this, and I know we have the power to make something magical!
I don't want to go back to dealing coke. Let's be honest; I don't think I could grow that sweet of a mustache today. -Tim

Bee Sex Line

Bee: Hey there, any slutty flowers interested in a stud of a bee?

Flower: Oh you bet, “honey.” You’re getting my anthers so polleny. I just want you to rub your feelers all up against them and drink my nectar dry.

Bee: Oh yeah, open your petals, baby. You’re a dirty little flower. But I’m not gonna give it to you that easy. Big Daddy Bee’s gonna get his honey, but he’s not giving you his sweet sweet proboscis yet.

Flower: Ok, choice is yours, sweet-feet, but you’re paying \$5 a minute.

Bee: And now I plunge my throbbing proboscis into your nectar. How much do you like it?

Flower: So much. I want you to pollinate me so much!

Bee: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who wants to hear about that when he’s getting off? I

don’t want to pollinate you!

Flower: Oh, right. I’m on the pill, so there won’t be any seeds. Isn’t that great, three weeks old and still no seeds. No one is ever going to pollinate me...

Bee: Okay, this is just weird. What the fuck is wrong with you? When I call a nectar line, I don’t want to hear some sob story. I want some horny slut of a flower willing to take all eight millimeters of me.



The Ridiculously Curious Death of Phillip Pirrip

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Georgetown sophomore Phillip Pirrip was trampled to death on Monday, January 11. The police have identified the perpetrators as Pirrip’s roommates: Joe Gargery, Abel Magwitch, and Herbert Pocket. Though pleading guilty, the boys assert that Pirrip’s death was accidental.

According to police reports, Gargery, Magwitch, and Pocket had all forgotten their apartment keys that Monday afternoon. Shrugging off such negligence, the boys figured that they could just ring the doorbell in the lobby, and Pirrip would buzz them in if he were home.

As Gargery pushed the button, he noticed a note taped next to the apartment number. The note, signed by Pirrip, read as follows: “Guys! I’ve had an erection for four hours. I’m at the hospital. It hurts.”

In a state of extreme distress, the three boys charged out of the building, sprinting toward the hospital. Unbeknownst to them, Pirrip was actually returning home. 23 women have verified that immediately before Pirrip’s death,

he had been in jazzercise class. The witnesses unanimously agree that it was highly unlikely that Pirrip possessed the physical capacity to attain such erectile heights, and as Pirrip wore a yellow spandex jumpsuit—standard jazzercise issue and mandatory in the state of Oklahoma—they aver that no miracles of science had graced Pirrip.

Pirrip had been translating Morse code (of course, his mother’s assurance that he was a very desirable bridegroom) as he walked home, so with all his senses deadened, he was unable to either see or hear his roommates until the initial impact. Gargery, Magwitch, and Pocket stampeded Pirrip, instantly knocking him to the ground. The fall itself would not have killed Pirrip, but the subsequent trampling crushed his skull and deviated his septum. Jealous woodpeckers then proceeded to feast upon the object of their envy. Gargery, Magwitch, and Pocket did not stop running, claiming that they needed to get to the hospital and lacked the time to see if anyone had been hurt.

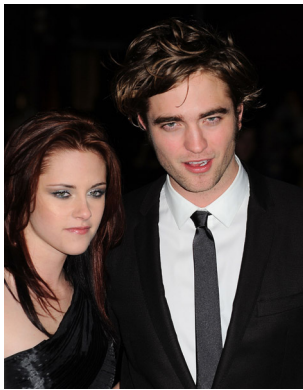
The case became more complicated when the forensic anthropologist declared that the writing in the note in no way resembled Pirrip’s. Sources claimed that the writing belonged to Estella Havisham, who lives across the hall from Pirrip and his roommates. When the police questioned Havisham, she said unabashedly that she had forged the note.

Havisham had developed a profound hatred for the boys due to their continual use of the lobby doorbell. The school has repeatedly informed the residents that each doorbell connects to two apartments, and while it sounds in both, neither one can grant admittance. The boys habitually forget this circumstance, as well as their keys, and so regularly push the doorbell.

Havisham’s attorney, the eminent Jagers, argues that this frequent and unanticipated buzzing has created a mental deficiency that renders Havisham unable to distinguish right from wrong. The district attorney, however, believes that Havisham is merely a bitch.

J-14 HOLLYWOOD BUZZ

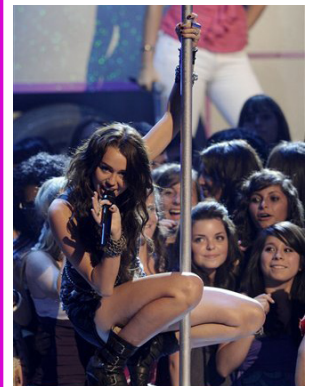
As our staff gossip writer Heather Danielson is off at her 8th grade science camp, her 24 year old brother Jeffrey has graciously offered to assume her duties.



So this dude and that chick maybe have something going on. But, I mean, whatever. They've both got a shitload of crazy fans dying to hit it, so in my book they'll be ok. I don't get what these girls see in him. He looks like a bitch. She's pretty foxy though. I wish I had as many fans as them. Outside Dan at work and the boys at the bar, sometimes I wonder if there's anyone out there in the world that truly even knows who I am. Thank God for my cats, except Mittens.



Two Words: Sex Tape. Man that shit was good. If I were Ray J, the things I would have done. Copious amounts of semen. I'll say it again. Copious amounts of semen.



How old is Miley now? 17? Wait! She's 17? Shit... she said she was 18, and with the photos and the stripper pole/ice cream cart thing, I thought it was pretty legitimate... Oh... fuck.



Remember, kids, that it is normal to feel uncomfortable in your body and that if you don't like who you are you should change that. Lady Gaga is a perfect example. You may be surprised, but I actually knew Lady Gaga when she went by a different name, Steve Mularky, a struggling acoustic guitarist living in a rented room in Greenwich Village. Steve walked around in grungy jeans and unwashed flannel, unable to find any gig. A few snips and some snazzy outfits later, Lady (Steve) Gaga's career is unstoppable. So remember, kids, with a little hard work and thinking outside the box can get you places in life. God bless America!



Eenie, meenie, miney, moe. Who is the gayest Jonas Bro?

Celebrities Running for President in 2016

- Arnold Schwarzenegger
- Kim Kardashian
- Sarah Palin
- Elizabeth Edwards
- Lady GaGa
- Lil Wayne
- Kevin Federline

Child Stars Running for President in 2036

- Bonus Jonas
- Phil & Lil
- Justin Bieber

Things Not to Wear to a Funeral/First Day of School

- Speedo
- Zombie makeup
- Blood
- Goth attire
- Nothing
- Tube sock and rubber band
- Bookcase
- Colored tuxedo and top hat
- Anything Billy Blanks wears
- Zoot suit
- Leotard
- Bear suit
- Walnut costume
- MC Hammer pants
- Heelies
- Snuggie
- Coffin



The Loneliest Animals

- Slow loris
- B-Orangutan
- Hippo with severe acne
- Angsty spider monkey
- Beta fish
- Some goth girl
- Angus cow with Aspergers
- Loch Ness monster
- Albino zebra
- The great horny toad
- The arachnophobic arachnid
- Leotard
- Rosie O'Donnell

What You Should Have Done If You Liked It

- Acted really nervous around it
- Poked it with a stick
- Beat it up before a Grammy performance
- Knocked it up
- Bought its new album, I Am...Sasha Fierce, on iTunes for just \$13.99!
- Kept it to yourself
- Married it in Vegas
- Pierced it
- Asked it out on a date, fell in love with it, asked it to marry you, had children with it and lived a happy, serene life with it
- Said "Marry me, Juliet. You'll never have to be alone. I love you and that's all I really know. I talked to your dad; go pick out a white dress. It's a love story, baby. Just say 'yes.'"



What Joan Rivers Wants for Christmas

- More plastic surgery
- A wittier daughter
- PS3
- Dye her carpet red
- iPad
- Apology from Johnny Carson
- Matt Damon
- Health care



REASONS FOR ILLEGAL DRUGS LEGAL DRUGS

Marijuana: "Dude, pass me those chips." "Nah bro." "Dude, pass them!" "Nah bro." "Come on, dude!" "Hey bro, I can, like, see your soul or something." "DUDE!" "Come on, bro. You're harshing my mellow."

Shrooms: I don't know; I just don't like the taste of mushrooms.

Ecstasy: This one time, I walked into a room with five bros sitting on a couch tripping on ecstasy. They were all rubbing each other's thighs. Never again.

LSD: Fuck hippies!

Meth: Fuck Lindsey Lohan!

PCP: Because if PCP were legal, everyone would rape their own mothers and eat their own eyes out. And Big Lurch would eat bitches' lungs for breakfast every single day. That shit's crazy.

Heroin: We need a use for all this methadone.

Crack: Because the thought of a super hyped-up homeless man is pretty unsettling.

Coke: Because the thought of a super hyped-up douchebag is pretty unsettling.

Opium: Because playing dodgeball with severed human heads just isn't that fun.

Caffeine: If caffeine were illegal, I'd give it three days until the earth turns into a live action Night of the Living Dead.

Codeine: There would be no pop culture without purple drank. Or racism.

Xanax: I'd rather have a bunch of teenagers acting stupid than a bunch of depressed and schizophrenic people.

Salvia: Because YouTube would lose thousands from all of those videos of assholes tripping being taken down.

Tobacco: Millions of Americans would no longer have a New Year's resolution.

Ritalin: Stunting overprivileged white kids' growths is the only way to deflate their egos.

Adderall: "I fucking love adderall. Do you know why I love adderall? Just say the word. Adderall. I can't stop saying adderall. I can't stop counting the ways I love Adderall. 75, 76... oh no, I lost count. I need to start over. I need to start over and then I need to write this dissertation on why adderall is so fucking awesome. And I haven't slept or eaten in seven days. Seven days. 77, 78. What? Don't distract me. Why is the sun rising? What time is it? Why are there only Asians in Butler right now? What time is it? I just wrote a 25 page paper in two hours. Why is this so awesome oh man what's happening wait what's that feeling why is it getting dark why are my eyes closing oh no my head my head's going to explode I need more I need more fucking adderall."

Most Awkward Guy in the World Meets a Dog

-Bark.
-Pardon me?
-Woof.
-What did you say?
-Woof.
-No, before that. The first thing you said. Sorry, my hearing isn't great. Plus I wasn't--
-Arf.
-Uh, no I mean, the um... The other thing.
-Bark bark!
-Yeah, what is that? Say it again?
-Ruff.
-No, wait, what was it? Were you saying "Bart Bart"?
-Bark.
-"Bark"? Sorry, I don't know what that is. "Bark," was it?
-Bark.
-I'm not sure, um, you're gonna have to... What does that mean?
-Arf!
-Okay, sorry, see, I don't know what "arf" is, either. Sorry, I'm not from around here. Just passing through. Yeah, I'm actually from up--
-Arf.



-[laughs] Look, I'm really sorry, you'll have to explain to me what "arf" is.



-Woof!
-All right. "Arf" is "wuff"?
"Woof"?
-Woof!
-"Woof"? Am I saying that right?
"Woof."
-Ow ow!
-Okay. Here's the thing. I don't know "arf," "woof," or "bark." Just can you help me--
-Grrrrr.
-I'm really, really sorry. If you can explain for me, what, um--
-Bark bark! Woof! Woof! Ruff!
Arf! Bark bark bark!
-Don't, okay, look. Just, what's "woof"?
-Ruff!
-Oh...okay...right. Uh-huh.
-Bark.
-...
-Bark.
-Yeah...Bark.
I just checked a canine dictionary. Great, now the dog thinks I'm an idiot.



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Customer Service Representative: Hello, this is the Disney Corporation's Munitions office. How may I help?

CIA Agent: Hello, this is Agent Green. I'm calling about our latest order of interrogation equipment. I think there's been a mixup.

Customer Service Representative: What seems to be the problem, sir?

CIA Agent: Well, we got it in today, and it wasn't what we ordered. We wanted the Chinese Water Torture device, and instead we got the Horrible Grating Noise Machine. I called the FBI detainment center in the suburbs of Secret Undisclosed Location, and it turns out they made an order recently. So I think you just switched the two.

Customer Service Representative: Huh, well our records show the CIA placing the order for the noise machine, and the FBI for the other device. So I'm afraid I can't help you. The problem must have been a slip-up on the government's end when they ordered. Can you just make do with what you have?

CIA Agent: No, I cannot just make do! I'm the fucking Interrogation Designer for Guantanamo Bay - do you think we just torture with whatever we have lying around? I have a whole theme set up around water - waterboarding, dehydration, sexual humiliation in the showers - I can't just throw in some noise machine. Do you think any terrorist is going to take me seriously? They're going to look at our setup and laugh. "No need to fear the United States; they can't even follow a simple theme in their torment!" "You're right Osama, I'm going to go wage jihad right now - what's the worst that could happen? They'll put me away and torment me with a hodge-podge of devices with no real artistic vision?"

Customer Service Representative: Sir, I can't help you anymore. This is how the government placed the order. If you want to fix this problem, you'll have to talk to the FBI. I can't help you anymore.

CIA Agent: What is wrong with you people? Do you not know the first goddamn thing about your job? This is obviously a fucking mixup that you should have caught. I do water, the FBI does noise. Doesn't it look a little odd when it's the other way around? Why didn't you give us a fucking call?

Customer Service Representative: Is the FBI big on noise?

CIA Agent: Oh, like you wouldn't believe. I mean, it's not my medium, but I really like what Agent ChickenHawk has done with the soundscape there. He's a true artist. Really intimidating, makes you just want to curl up in the fetal position and reveal pending threats against America. But that's exactly my point - we all pick a theme and stick with it! When the Devil had to expand his operations, did he just throw in the first unpleasant thing that came his way? Did he have some piece of shit telling him to settle for some second rate torment? NO! He had a plan! He didn't try noise or darkness or any of that shit. He knew that Hell did one thing and did it well: fire. No bullshit, no fancy stuff, just make the damn thing hotter, no matter what it takes. Satan has fire, I have water. I need my goddam Chinese Water Torture apparatus. I am a goddam artist, and every day I cannot work my genius costs American lives.

Customer Service Representative: Ok, I'll see what we can do.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE

SEX SEX SEX- Can't satisfy your loved one? Does she say it's OK, but you can tell she's disappointed? Can't take Viagra because of preexisting medical conditions? Get her a VIBRATOR! Slightly used, in almost perfect condition! Just ten dollars! Call now! Let the woman do it herself, and go watch the rest of the game!

Used floss like new!
Cheap, call for price.
Contact soon, preferably before end of next meal.
Looks like this:

JETS v. SHARKS TIX
Thought this was a combo NFL/NHL game my cousin Corey was inviting me to. Turns out to be one of those gay-people sing and dance musical type deals. I'm gonna kill my cousin Corey.

Child, one week of age. Accidentally procured. Quiet if left alone long enough. Seems to be hungry but refuses to eat Beef Jerky. If interested, call with address. Free delivery.

JOBS

PLEASE HELP - TUTOR NEEDED. Unable to be taught. Need to be reached. Must be son of a preacher-man. Yes he must, yes he must, yes he must. Please contact if available.

PARTY

YOU'RE INVITED - Party. Location: USA. Not a Nashville party. Both the Jay-Z song and the Britney song will be played. BYOB. Hands must be put up. Heads must nod; hips must move. Disclaimer: Not a Party at a Rich Dude's House.

LOST & FOUND

Lost: Girlfriend. Left last week, didn't return. Last seen yesterday with strange man in local restaurant through binoculars. 5'9" with heart-breaking smile. No longer picks up phone (likely lost). Please contact if seen! Blurry photos available.

FOOD

IT'S NOT A
MANWICH IF IT AIN'T
GOT MAN
IN IT!
Big 'n Beefy's: We kill
'em,
you grill 'em!

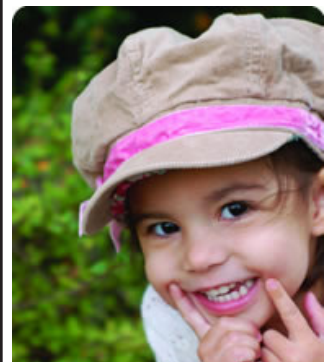


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FOUND - Pre-owned casket. Found yesterday. More on where it came from if necessary. Use alias, and do not call directly.

BUZZ ALDRIN

REAL AMERICAN HERO



Behind the scenes of ABC's new season of Dancing With The Stars:

Ashly DelGrosso: Hi, Mr. Aldrin? I'm Ashly, I'll be your dance partner.

Buzz Aldrin: Hello Ashly, call me Buzz. Don't worry, I may be getting old, but this isn't the first time I've danced with stars.

Ashly: Oh, hahaha! So we shouldn't have any problems, then.

Buzz: I'm serious, I did. I went to the moon.

Ashly: I know you did, second man ever.

Buzz: Damn Armstrong. Still, I was on the

moon, that's what counts.

Ashly: Of course. So, what dances are you familiar with?

Buzz: The moonwalk. How about we do that.

Ashly: Um... Do you know anything else? Waltz, tango, samba...

Buzz: What's wrong with the moonwalk? Perfectly fine dance. Plus I have experience, spending time on the moon and all.

Ashly: Why don't we try learning the waltz.

Buzz: I want to moonwalk.

Ashly: We should at least try out other dances.

Buzz: Isn't the moonwalk enough?!

Ashly: I'm sorry, no!

Buzz: I go all the fucking way to the fucking moon and this is what I get?! We will moonwalk, and that is that!

Ashly: We can't moonwalk every week...

Buzz: Watch me!

[Buzz moonwalks. He falls over.]

Buzz: Earth. I'm never gonna get used to this gravity.

Interviewer: Mr. Armstrong, how did you come up with those immortal words? Don't tell me you ad-libbed them!

Armstrong: Hmm. Let me remember... (Wayne's World Music and blurry transition)

The moon. July 20, 1969.

Aldrin: Neil...Who's going first? I wouldn't mind leading the way if you want.

Armstrong: Don't worry about it, Buzz. I got it. I have something I want to say on TV.

Aldrin: Oh...What is it?

Armstrong: Just something I found in a book. Old line.

Aldrin: What?

Armstrong: "A stitch in time saves nine."

Aldrin: Why that?

Armstrong: Well when you stitch something now, you don't have to stitch it so much later.

Aldrin: But why did you choose it?

Armstrong: It's classic. Why not? People appreciate wisdom. You ask too many questions, Buzz.

Aldrin: I just don't think it's appropriate for the first ever moonwalk.

Armstrong: Okay, what about "Wise men say only fools rush in"? Take your pick. I'll probably say both.

Aldrin: Well, see, I wrote this thing... [pulls out a notebook]

Armstrong: [scoffs] You think you're a better writer than God?

Aldrin: What?

Armstrong: Read your line.

Aldrin: That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.

Armstrong: That doesn't even make sense. Huh? I don't get it.

Aldrin: I'm just saying, the first step on the moon may be the most significant step ever made by any man.

Armstrong: (smirking) Um, okay...

Aldrin: It probably is.

Armstrong: People step like a million times every day.

Aldrin: But on the moon?

Armstrong: I'm sure it's been done.

Aldrin: No. No one has ever been here.

Armstrong: That's what Columbus thought. Never assume.

Aldrin: ...

Armstrong: Don't worry Buzz-y boy, I'll forget you said that.

Aldrin: Can I just say my line, Neil? Didn't you see me working on it on the way here? I put a lot of time into this.

Armstrong: Let me tell you something. Not everyone's made for television. You need good looks and charm. You don't have it yet, lil' Buzz. I'll go.

Aldrin: We're in spacesuits.

Armstrong: Buzz, I know you don't get it, but they can feel the difference.

Aldrin: What? No they ca--Michael, can you back me up here?

Collins: Fuck you. "Oh by the way Michael, you know someone has to orbit while we're walking and since you're so good at it..." I hope the moon explodes. Fuck you. Fuck you.



Aldrin: ...

Collins: Take off your helmets, I heard the moon air's great.

Aldrin: Look, whatever. I'm going. You can't stop me Neil.

Armstrong: Not so fast, Buzz! You're buzzed! Haha! Good ol' Buzz. You have much to learn.

Aldrin: ...stop calling me that.

Armstrong: What?

Aldrin: I don't like it. I never asked for that nickname.

Armstrong: Look, Buzz. I like you. Tell you what. That's small step in mankind...a great step for all—what was it?

Aldrin: (mumbles) That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.

Armstrong: That's one small step for...All right, got it. [shrugs] Still don't know what it means, but you owe me one!

[Armstrong climbs down]

Armstrong: That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.

JESTER OF COLUMBIA EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

Da Buzz is a very successful Europop group in Sweden, but many in the United States are probably still unaware of their artistic talents. These musicians have transgressed musical borders, creating some of the most diverse and original music ever bestowed upon the human race. Jester of Columbia has been graced with the opportunity to interview these magnificent young artists.

Jester of Columbia: Good Morning. Or shall we say Godmorgan-valenshtisen! [laughs]

Da Buzz: ...

JoC: Let's jump right in, shall we? When did you first discover that y'all could make such heavenly sounds together?

Da Buzz: "Baby Listen to Me."

JoC: [laughs] All right, ladies, we'll talk about your newest single later, but for now: How did y'all meet?

DB: "Wanna Be With Me?" "Take All My Love." "Come Away With Me," "Wanna Love You Forever."

JoC: 'Scuse me, Da Buzz? Oh, why...you're asking us to join your homoerogenous threesome! We weren't expecting you to offer so soon. We can't do that - we've only just met! Anyway, we'd like to ask you some-

DB: "Do You Want Me?"

JoC: Erm...of course! It's just that we need to ask you questions now. And we just can't be together it's not...it's not feasible, what with the language barrier and all. Now back to the interv--

DB: "Jag ville aldrig att älska dig så illa." "Allt du behöver är kärlek" "Stronger Than Words Can Say."

JoC: Look, Da Buzz, it should be clear to you by now that we can't be together. We can't commit ourselves to something so serious...



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and Swedish...

DB: "How Could You Leave Me" "Out of Words"

JoC: Let it go already.

DB: "I'm Alright," "I Wanna Be Free"

JoC: You're alright? Good, I'm glad you're alright.

DB: "Nice Chatting With You As Well, Maybe We Can Do Lunch Sometime."

JoC: I'm lookin' at the back of your album here, and [chuckles] that's not actually one of your songs. I don't believe this...

DB: "Don't Ya? Don't Ya?" "I'm Not Lying."

JoC: Wait. How old are y'all? It says in the liner notes that you were born in '96.

DB: "Det finns ingenting annat att säga." "älska mig ömt"

JoC: Oh, c'mon now. Humor me. How old are you guys?

DB: [shouting] "PUBERTET är en myt!"

JoC: [laughs] Roman Polanski would have a field day...

DB: ...

JoC: C'mon! It was just a joke.

DB: ...

JoC: Y'all wanna get back to the interview?

DB: "I'm Leaving You For Good."

JoC: Wait! Don't go! Uh...varuhuset, förbättringar, Vi tycker att en soffa ska vara gjord för vardagslivet.

DB: "Last Goodbye." "You'll Never Understand."

JoC: "Baby, It's Cold Outside." "Girl." "Kiss From A Rose" by Seal.

DB: "Kiss Me Goodbye."

JoC: Fuck me.

A Creative Writing Critique

Dear Samuel,

I really enjoyed your piece “Fuck the Bitches, Eat the Babies.” You’ve developed a powerful sense of lyricism and rhythm in your language over the past few pieces. It’s certainly been a long journey from “Fuck You and Everyone Who Looks Like You.” However, you haven’t totally abandoned your roots - “Fuck the Bitches, Eat the Babies” has the same stark, post-modern, Midwestern, farm town setting and the same sense of rich desolation that has always made your work a pleasure to read. I know, according to the general layout I set out, I should refrain from personally addressing you as the author, but after reading your piece, I was unable to restrain myself. The rest of this will be a little more straightforward, and hopefully, easier for you to apply to your piece.

One of the main problems I had with “Fuck the Bitches, Eat the Babies” was that, while written in the first person and often addressed as Samuel, the protagonist seems to be a little unbelievable. This is, after all, a fiction class, and I know that suspension of disbelief is crucial, but when he beats the fourth mother to death with the stroller, it strains all credulity. He’s just eaten, as you vividly put it, “Over four pounds of fresh baby meat, with a slow-smoked honey glaze.” Correct me if I’m wrong, but this is quite a lot of meat and might somewhat hamper the main character’s physical abilities (i.e. make it more difficult for him to actual kill the woman). Of course, you address this indirectly when the mayor addresses Samuel as, “the flyest, crack-smokingest, baby-killingest, zombie pirate robot from the past that ever walked the face of God’s green earth.” However, if you could insert a direct statement about Samuel’s stomach, or his capacity for meat ingestion in particular, it would help clear up the above problem. Perhaps something along the lines of, “Samuel is also renowned for his ability to eat a great deal without ill effect.” Regardless, there are similar minor logical inconsistencies throughout the piece. Minor, but given the overall quality of the narrative, I would hate to let a few quibbles stand between you and perfection.

Again, I would like to stress the power of the language throughout this piece. The flow of your metaphors was fantastic. However, the occasional switch into an accusatory second person was very distracting. The “you,” oddly, bears my name, yet only seemed to be characterized as the protagonist’s rival or arch-nemesis, “A pussy-ass bitch not worth a titty-fuck,” in your own words. As he seems to be entirely defined by his antagonistic relationship with the main character, I’d encourage fleshing the “you” out a bit and seeing what makes the character tick. (I’ll even give you some hints if you want! -I joke, of course.)



A final thought for either your next piece or your next revision of “Fuck the Bitches, Eat the Babies” would be to choose a more conventional medium. The majority of the piece was written in a combination of blood, feces, and other bodily fluids, spread over my car, house, cat, and what appears to be several chunks of human flesh. The problem here is that the contrasting fluids and surfaces made it difficult to both read your piece in the correct order and to discern all that you had written (urine on cat fur makes for difficult reading). Perhaps a more conventional submission method might work better for you. Try the standard 12-point font, double spaced, double-sided and stapled method. It’s worked wonders for me, and it really sends the message that you’re a professional writer. If you do not have a word processor, I’m sure the folks at the campus computer lab would be happy to help you! ;-) Overall, this was a brilliant piece, and I can’t wait to see what you have for me next. Thanks for the fantastic read,

-Professor Whitehead

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