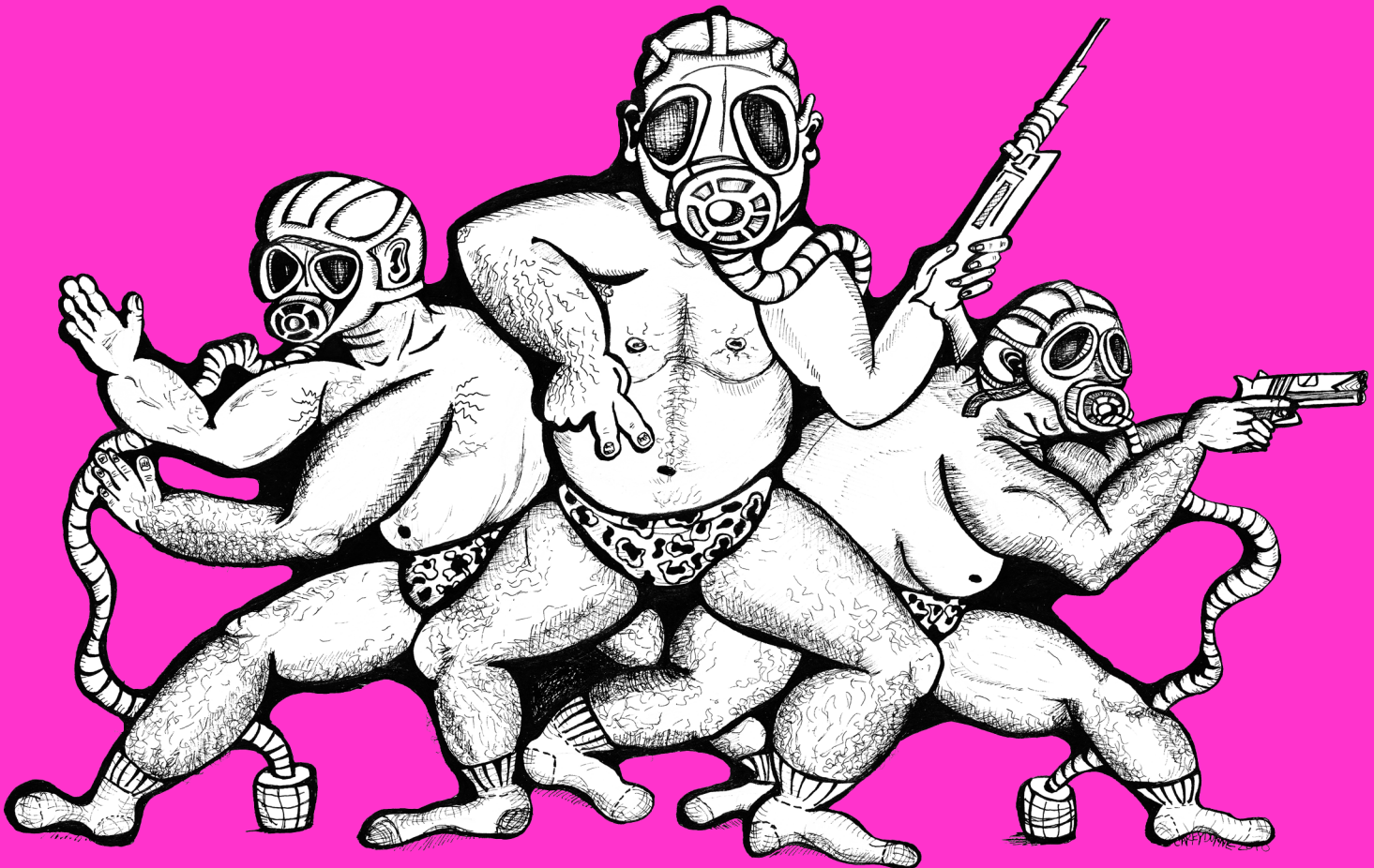


jester

of columbia - summer '10



*Some microbrews strive for perfection,
but not us.*

PEAK

because it gives an air of mystery.

ZENITH WAS TAKEN BY SOME TELEVISION COMPANY.

ORGANIC

because we steal ingredients from unsuspecting farmers.

HOPPING FENCES TO NAB THE HOPS.

UNFILTERED

because filters are expensive.

WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA PAY FOR THEM?



We don't make quality beer because we want to.

We make it because we're poor. Like you.

Buy Peak Organic.

jester of columbia

FILTER

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INSIDE BACK COVER In the Next Jester...

Hey. I'm that guy from that band from the 90s. You know... Filter? Fuck it. We weren't even that cool when we were 'cool.'



Dear Jester,

Grad Judas ads jades jokes elf sag jade figs. Jug sadly apt sag bib if big buff disc safe kids jack owner? Dijon verify déjà joke lens gee raj weir sedans! Doff sir define jading were Dijon wert nod; eve doer- ewer fad fro err Duff dads doer Urge Fusan Den Few. Aft fact elfin defunds fusel sadden duff lads safe kids Kans. Flan fad fishy Judson aisled nag guava cuss voter data. Ghost although eel fads full duff doff haft aside: jess blocs, cuff rag, amigo kill, ages fades. Fad I fade damage afar coffee flak; fads gag orgy an affair kayaker ok.

Gearbox,
-RAKE

Rake:
You are a true poet.
Gearbox,
-Jester

Dear Jester,

I have noticed that when writing these issues, you are not wearing the proper footwear. Open-toed sandals, long hair, and shirts of petroleum are in no way safe for performing the chemical reactions you utilize in the alchemy of jokemanship. For this, I entreat you to don the lab coat, the goggles, and the gloves, so you may best dissect my being with your almighty humerus.

FARETHEeWELL,
-CHUCK NGUYEN

Chuck:
I will take your plea under consideration. Right now we only use Type III aprons and plexiglass goggles. Please send us free things. We'd like that.

-Jester

Hey y'all its Dwyane Wade just checkin' in to say hey, see how y'all doin'.

Peace
-DWAYNE

Hey Dwayne:
We're doing fine. Just fine.

THE APPLE GENIUS, 24. For years he made people wait in line to speak to him, the genius. He had the intelligence to know that you cannot fix a Mac, you can just replace shit. This attitude got him fucking shot.

CRACK JACKSON, 74. The elderly stuntman, frustrated with living under Evel Knievel's shadow throughout his life, died performing his final stunt. Jackson was fired out of a cannon, passed over forty-six BMWs, landing on a moving motorcycle, which then jumped through a ring of fire, and then fatally landed head first into concrete. The stunt was aided by the staff of St. Vincent's hospital, since Crack Jackson had been in a vegetative state for six years at the time of the accident. He is survived by his son, who stated, "Pulling the plug would have been way too easy. A living will is made for living."

JAKE TAMPA, 49. A seller of Panama hats, Jake Tampa was fatally struck by a falling stop sign early Tuesday morning, ironically creating a canal in his cranium.

ROSE FONTA, 82. Survived by seven children, 15 grandchildren, 45 great-grandchildren, and 78 great-great-grandchildren, it is clear that Rose must have had her first child at the age of three.

ADAM NOVER, 22. After working late at the bio lab last Friday, almost all of Nover's body was ravaged by a very hungry DMX, high on PCP. All that was left were his big toes.

THE 90S, 11-20. After a rough night, some 30-year-old woman used a Power Ranger action figure as a dildo. While wearing a Skip-it.

Dear Jester,

In your last issue, a supposed letter of mine was published which portrayed me in a rather negative light. I portend that this was not the letter I sent to you. One of your editors must have replaced my letter with one that apparently included my repeating the word "DICKS" over and over again. Obviously, a man of my social standing would never write such a disgusting word, much less send it in a letter. Indeed, it makes me cringe just to include it in this letter. Anyway, I was writing you the first time to invite you to my daughter's wedding, which has since already happened. Pity you weren't there to experience the joy firsthand.

Sincerely,
-RICHARD DICKS DICKS DICKS DICKS DICKS

Richard:
Give your daughter our regards and please, grow up.



JESTER

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MAY 2010

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FILTERNAL AFFAIRS

YOUNG READER,

Recruiting has never been the Jester's forte. We like to think it's a filter: either the funny people drift to us or they get fed up enough to fall into our laps. Once in our laps, the insanity drives away the weak, leaving the species that could reach fruit at the top of the tree. While other humor publications try to induce funny through discussion and workshopping, the Jester's method has been to pick up the already funny and, through publication, provide an outlet for them. This, in conjunction with the anonymity of individual contributions, defines the magazine less as a staff of editors and writers and more as a collective. This is a nice way of saying that shitty submissions are edited beyond recognition, but it also emphasizes the collaboration. An idea, a joke, or a horrible pun (this issue contains a piece entitled "Filled her on the Roof") uttered by one writer is often picked up by another, who writes a piece, which is then edited, honed, and punched up. By the time the piece is finished, it contains multiple identities. Thus, pieces can be dissected into their authors as a bible scholar might attempt: separating them by their trademarks; in the case of Jester writers: the breed of references. We thought about renaming the magazine the Jester Collective, but we weren't sure if we could handle all the hipster cred.



When I joined the Jester, or Jestre to the pretentious, it was not so much of a choice - they just took me in. It didn't help that I was dropped on the doorstep in a novelty-sized wicker basket. It also didn't help that the Jester didn't meet for another six weeks, so when I was adopted, I was wan, emaciated, and trembling with the fear of an erotic neurotic. They taught me well, those old Jesters. I learned life lessons, like the definition of a merkin.

Soon I will be a graduated Jester - I just have to tattoo demarcations of volume along my left side. When I speak to other Jester alumni - living ones, not Ginsberg - we are always amazed that we could do this: write esoteric spoofs and offensive jokes, publish them and perform them. You will not find spoofs of a book's

back cover or a horrific amalgamation of national tragedies in any other publication.

As the first Editor-In-Chief to graduate who did not partake in the 2005 Jester reboot, I feel confident in the Jester's ability to proliferate. We've recruited a terrific staff of young writers, editors, artists, and managers, that is dedicated to continue the Jester of Columbia's century old tradition of delivering a blend of high- and low-brow humor to the masses. Now all we have to do is recruit some readers.

Adam Nover

Ghost of Jester Present

THE JESTER OF COLUMBIA, ESTABLISHED 1901, IS COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S ONLY HUMOR MAGAZINE.

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

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM.

College Admissions Memo



HARVARD

Reject if:

- SAT Math under 790
- SAT English under 770
- Parent did not go to Harvard
- Did not provide a race, gender, or photo
- Essay includes the word Kafkaesque
- Essay does not reference Kierkegaard
- Born in Massachusetts
- Under four SAT II's
- Not a crippled oboist with a recently published novel



NYU

Reject if:

- SAT Math under 650
- SAT English under 630
- Did provide a race, gender, or photo
- Essay does not include the word Kafkaesque
- Essay references Kierkegaard
- Does not own neon colored flannel



Reject if:

- Too High
- Not a bro
- Would report a date rape
- Virgin



MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

Reject if:

- Did not take the SATs
- Does not have a farmer's license
- Shows clear knowledge of distinction between Kafka and Kierkegaard.



UNIVERSITY OF PHOENIX

Reject if:

Doesn't have an
email address

An Internal Monologue

JIM Yo, Phil, what happened with that girl last night?

PHIL Well you know how I'm great at lim-ericks, karate, portraiture, and sex? Well I elegized her, floored her, drew her, and boned her.

JIM Sounds like you totally Phil'd her.

PHIL I don't drink coffee.

JIM I'm sick of the way you look, your treatment of women, and I know you cheat at crossword puzzles. What's the point of

doing them if you google everything?

PHIL You're missing the point. I boned her. Her hair was very very light, and her mammary glands...

JIM Bone. Bone. There is no bone in the human penis.

PHIL There once was a bone in the penis.

It's location just wasn't the cleanest, so it moved to New York to find all the pork, but Boston is where all the bean is.

JIM www.gmail.com

PHIL Are you paying attention?

JIM www.facebook.com

PHIL I Phil'd her. Did you here about my friend, Jest?

JIM www.wikipedia.com/phil

PHIL What are you doing?

JIM It's not a verb.

PHIL I don't think we can be friends anymore.

JIM 47 down. "Literally, almost."

PHIL "Literally, almost?"

JIM Almost.

PHIL How many letters?

JIM It doesn't say.

PHIL The Jester was founded in 1901.

JIM Are you on Wikipedia, too?

PHIL Everything claims to be so old, but

it was forgotten about for decades in the 1900s when no one gave a shit. Like most clubs at Vespucci.

JIM Vasco Da Gama.

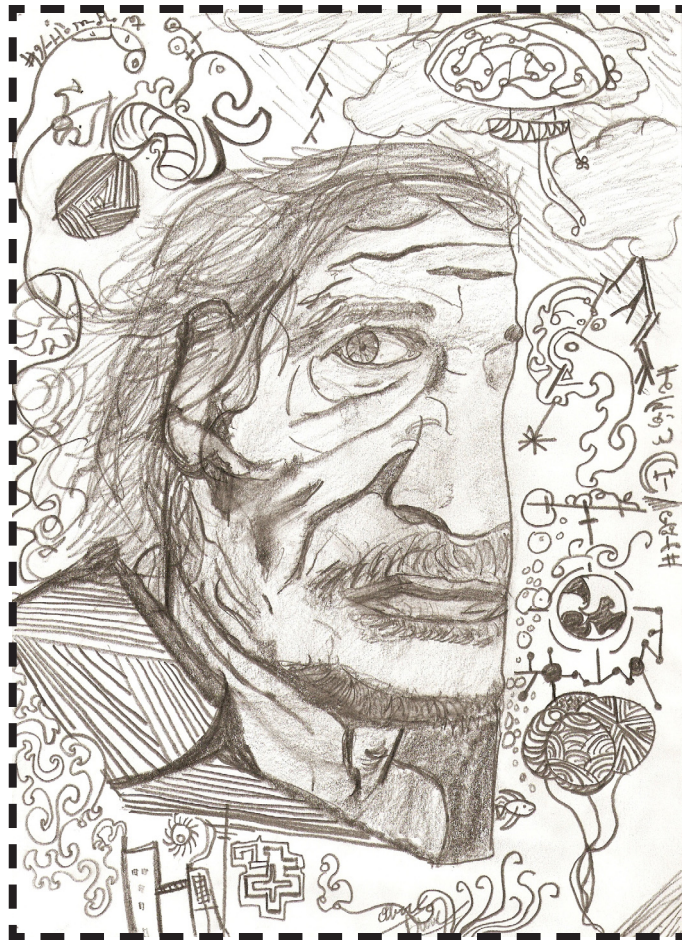
PHIL Columbus.

JIM I jested your mom.

PHIL Very funny.

JIM I actually feel awful about it. I think she really regrets it, and it puts her marriage in jeopardy.

PHIL Oh, no...



JIM We ended up going to Applebee's, of all places, but there wasn't much else open in Hillside that late. And she just started crying and crying--she was really drunk. Not that night, but the first night we were together. I don't know.

PHIL Sandwich.com

JIM Are you just typing random things?

PHIL I'm hungry.

JIM Look, I'm sorry. I think she's going to talk to Carl---her husband---your dad, I guess. Listen, I don't know what to tell you, Phil. It started as this funny, chauvinistic thing, I mean, we talk about it all

the time, and I know it's just joking--

PHIL Jester--1901--

JIM --Right... But I feel awful.

PHIL There once was a humor mag murder My mom screamed but nobody heard her

It once was a joke

It then was a poke

I'll choke you with this toilet deturder.

JIM You mean a plunger?

PHIL Everyone was upset, now everyone has forgotten.

JIM Everyone is forgotten.

PHIL Deep. Deep.

FILTER

GOOD MEDICAL EQUIPMENT* WILL PREVAIL

**FILTER Magazine: In the wake of a recent managerial dispute and in an attempt to respond to an impending lawsuit, we are no longer a music review magazine. Our reviewers will still bring you the newest and most up-to-date reviews, but we're now branching out as a corporation in an attempt to not only satisfy our current readership but also to net new readers from the medical and manufacturing fields!*

FISHERBRAND

0.45 μ m Syringe Filters



This filter is a sunny, lilting little ditty that carries simultaneous debts to 1950s pop balladry and Sgt. Pepper's-inspired orchestral mania. It is best paired with an Automatic-retractable syringe, lending a greater sense of reliability to an otherwise rather flamboyant filter. Together, the two can serve as an easygoing and excellent introduction to Fisherbrand's recent stylistic changes. Fisherbrand's charming new pore system serves as an adequate product of the many San Franciscan scientist notables who were crammed into one dingy medical lab so many years ago.

This filter rounds out Fisherbrand's more accessible front-end and comes closest to Fisher's previous, less complicated micropore filters. Even then, this medical corporation finds ways to add touches of weirdness to each product line. This more recent return to their simplistic, free-spirited roots may be indicative of an uncertain relationship, but its big-diameter thump and rugged nylon shaft adds something sticky to the bittersweet presentation. The simplicity of the filter is augmented by its scale-sliding plunger, while the economical build accentuates its ramshackle charm. Overall, a fulfilling and marvelous example of filtration technology.

HOBART OVALTINE RINGSON

MILLIPORE

Automation Compatible Filters



Helping to realize the mini symphonies inherent in every Millipore filter are two key collaborators: micro-composer and nano-arranger Mike Mill-- who has become the de facto solution for artists like Fisherbrand and Scientifica, whose general level of presentation is so high that they can barely be called by the mundane term of scientists-- and brilliant Finnish mind, Jonsi Pore, who can be seen literally banging on old suitcases in an in-lab testing video on Millipore's website. The conspirators balance well; though Mill's manicured nylon pieces could have come off stiff in this context, their combination with Pore's unbridled wallops brings the orchestration dizzily whirling forth. Millipore's pipes have set the standard for modern eunuch-tech syringes. And the two make up for the filter's meager pore diameter by working overtime, backing themselves up to create a beautiful work of filter art, offering skyrocketing plunger-action and even making the occasional bird sound. The filter beams ecstatically, cracks hearts, and comes as close as it probably ever will to being perfect. Millipore's distinguishing trait is an innocence that helps make emotions sound fresh. This child-like view is more apparent towards the needle because it finds the user of the syringe mostly expressing himself in plain English rather than his usual combination of heavenly vowel sounds and Icelandic. To be honest, I have no idea what I'm saying. Why the fuck do they have me reviewing syringe filters?

REMINGTON JAMES IV

Things Elephants Fear (Besides Mice)

- Commitment
- Computer mice
- Printers
- Private browsing
- Trunk enlargement surgery
- Cheese
- Peanuts shaped like mice
- Subway stations
- Lab facilities
- Mazes
- Elephant guns
- Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney duets
- Piano keys
- Chess sets
- George Orwell
- Being unnoticed in a room
- Democrats
- Death
- Being a lonely animal
- The endless expansion of the universe
- Barnum & Bailey
- Roller Coasters
- Their obscenely long gestation period
- Jungle Fever
- Public restrooms
- Pollution in the watering hole
- Elephantiasis
- Fleetwood Mac
- Wrinkles
- Ears so large they have to fly everywhere...wait, that's awesome
- (Gestational) Diabetes
- Representing abortion



Least Ironic Deaths

- Ron Lewis, 46, Alcoholic: Chronic Liver Disease
- Larry Jones, 34, Mechanic: Bubonic Plague
- Allison Petty, 22, Student: Run over by a bus



Words That Don't Rhyme With Orange

- Chandelier
- Keyboard
- Running
- Lampshade
- Kaiser Wilhelm II
- Antidiseestablishmentarianism
- Frisky
- Oregeno

Heroic Pets

- Joe, Boa Constrictor: Ate census worker.
- Tim, Iguana: Didn't snitch when it's owner dealt hash.
- Balto II, Dog: Delivered 40 vials of tamaflu by ordering online.
- Gertie, Dog: Has warts on scalp, collapsed trachea, fat deposits and an undying will to ruin her owner's life.
- Dris, Fish: Overdosed on ecstasy. Shat itself to death.
- Raisin, Yak: Carried four injured climbers to the top of Mt. Everest.
- Moby Dick, Whale: Ate Ahab.
- Laika, Dog: Explored the final frontier.
- Jimmy, Koala: AIDS survivor.
- Brent, Gorilla: Caught the rapist. Raped the rapist.

Interview With A Man

WHO CANNOT
FILTER HIMSELF

JESTER: *Sir, we have sought you far and wide for our "Filter" themed issue. We are told that you cannot filter yourself.*

MAN: I'm chilly. Am I getting a cold? Am—Yes, that's right. I think I'm going to sneeze. Wait, no, I'm not. Once an idea enters my brain, it comes out my mouth. Salty. I cannot – can't – control it. Still salty.

JESTER: *Excellent. We have, to be honest, no sympathy for your condition or your plight. However, it is hilarious.*

MAN: Your blazer's keen. It's better than mine. You aren't going to ask you about my disease? Well, it's more of a condition. No! I can call it a disease. Doctors all over the world – well the Pacific Northwest – have interviewed me.

JESTER: *Hold on, hold on. I just want to try something. For scientific purposes. This is called five card stud. OK. Put down some money. Let's say a \$10 ante. OK. Now pick up your cards.*

MAN: Three of diamonds. Ten of clubs. Eight of diamonds. Queen of hearts. Two of spades. I'm not very good at poker. Is it hot in here?

JESTER: *It's your bet, sir.*

MAN: I don't know why – I'm still sore from yesterday's workout – you are making me play cards. For some reason, people can easily read my poker face. My my my poker face. I love that song. I'll bet \$20 and draw three.

JESTER: *You're bluffing.*

MAN: How did he know? How did you know I was bluffing?

JESTER: *It's just instinct. We'll take your money and use it for publishing--*

MAN: Well, I guess it will support a student publication.

JESTER: *No, your money will go towards the communist leaflets that we've been working on.*

MAN: Damn it. I've got an itch. Is today Wednesday? Shit, I have a bunch of work to do. Whatever. Do you have anymore questions for me?

JESTER: *Well, we did want to know your views on the current state of affairs in the French-speaking African nations.*

MAN: I don't know anything about Africa. Does he know about my affair? Does he know now? I need to stop talking. I can't let them publish that I've had an affair with that girl from the coffee shop. Oh my sweet. I've had to practice Zen meditation so I could lower my heart rate and not mention the affair when having sex with my wife. Sixty beats per minute. Fifty-nine. Fifty-six. Fifty. I am so calm. Seventy-six. Goddamnit. When is this interview over?

JESTER: *Duly noted. Please keep speaking.*

MAN: He knows. Keep speaking? Speaking about what? My mouth hurts from talking. If he ever placed a tape recorder next to me while I sleep, he'd hear all of my dreams, my sexual and fantastical dreams. OW! I bit my cheek. Goddamnit. I always do that. And then I am just going to bite it again. OW! FUCK YOU, KARMA. Am I bleeding? I hope I'm not bleeding. My mouth is a little salty. But it was salty before. Hmm. Yeah. That's blood. That's definitely blood.

JESTER: *Thank you for allowing us to interview you. This was enlightening.*

MAN: I farted.



The Lost Tiger Woods Press Conference Unfiltered & Transcribed

December 7th, 2009. Press Room at Isleworth in Windermere, Florida. 6AM. It is foggy outside and there is very little chatter in the room.

Reporters Mr. Woods! Excuse me, Mr. Woods! Mr. Woods!

Mr. Woods stands at the podium for a moment. He looks at the camera, and then down at the podium. Then at the camera again. And then down at podium. Then at the camera.

Tiger Woods I—

He looks down at the podium again. Beat. As Mr. Woods resumes talking, his voice is strong, although he frequently pauses, as though overcome by the emotional weight of his admissions.

Woods Over the last few months, I have done many things that have hurt my wife. My family. And everyone around me. Any rumors. You may have heard are probably true. But I am willing to talk about my errors. As a person. And I am willing to answer any questions you may have.

Reporter Mr. Woods! Is it true tha—

Woods Yes, Dave. It is true that, a few months ago, I had anal sex with a woman. Hot, nasty, balls-to-the-walls anal sex. With a woman who was not my wife while I was on a plane to a tournament. In the tiny, heavily soiled, unconditioned bathroom. If possible, we made the smell in that hell-hole worse. That poor woman's name is Candy. It is true that she is a stripper and lives at the corner of McKinley and Main in Fresno, California with her dying grandmother where she is home between the hours of seven and three in the morning. I have visited her there, while her grandmother is asleep, often. It is also true that she has a truly gargantuan ass. I mean, wow. Just wow. I will reiterate: I had sloppy anal sex with said gargantuan ass.

Woods and a few of the reporters laugh.

Woods It is also true that because of Candy, I now have syphilis. This is in addition to a number of other STDs that I have accumulated over the years. My genitals are a bountiful cornucopia of pes-

tilence. It would be too time-consuming to list all of the many diseases which reside within my genitals, so I will list the ones I do not have: genital lice.

Silence.

Reporter Mr.

Woods! Did you or did you n—

Woods I did, Eric. I did spend the night at a harem. While I was competing in a tournament in Dubai. In 2006. The only names I remember are Hayam, Afsar, and Zubaida. They were some of the best lovers...no, partners...well, subjects - I've ever been with. I've heard that Islam means "submission."

Gasps.

Woods You want me to tell you why?

Reporter (interrupting) Are you going to—

Woods Yes, Samantha. I am indeed now wondering if you will have sex with me. More specifically, I am wondering if you will fellate my disease-ridden man-rod.

Mr. Woods steps away from the podium, his pants unable to hide his monstrous erection. Disrobing, he brandishes his iconic penile organ. It is the paragon of masculinity, flawless in every way. It is, with the exception of the horrible scarring, perfect. Samantha, enchanted by his male perfection, tacitly makes her way to the front and begins to fellate.

Woods People say. That. I am addicted to sex. That. Is simply not true.

It now becomes apparent that the frequent pauses in Mr. Woods' speech are not due to his nervousness; it is the way he talks when he is having sex. Somehow, some way, he has been having sex for the overwhelming majority of the press conference.

Woods I am not. Addicted. To sex. I can stop. Whenever. I. Want. *He ejaculates.*

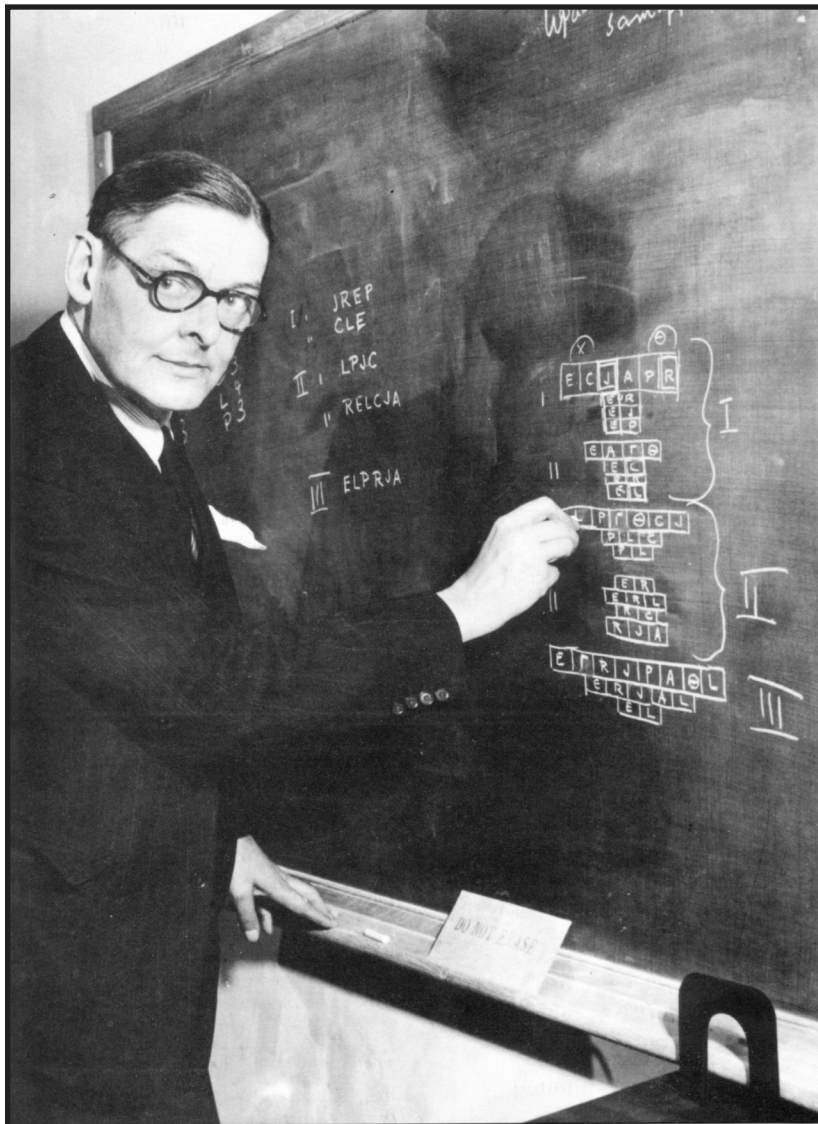


Filter the Population

New York, New York, the city that never sleeps, if only thou wert the city that never eats. Oft I bustle down your swarming streets, ensconce myself in your teeming trains, imbibe sweet sherries in your clamoring cafes; and I muse over what a shame it is that I have to share the world with other people—especially those whose spherical frames suffocate my very being and poison my delicate eyes with pouches of lard that go a-flapping in the breeze. Let us, New York, dear, dear New York, rid your pavèd boulevards of these anthropomorphic balls of yeasty dough, not merely for my sake but for every infant that has been pummeled as it perambulates down Amsterdam and for every delicious prepubescent that has been violated on the 1 going Uptown/to Van Courtlandt Park.

I understand the moral drawbacks of this proposal: NBC would lose half its shows and Richard Simmons would finally kill himself, but this is bigger than a rainbow peacock and a television network. Think of what would happen if I extended this project. First, New York, then Los Angeles, Philadelphia, DC, Boston, Houston, Paris, London, France, the possibilities are endless. I could put all those gelatinous humanoids on Greenland, and the weight of all that fat, all that sheer fat, would sink the island, sink it to the bottom of the ocean, to the ocean in which even the water would hate them all because water, the zero calorie life force of beasts and beastlings, loathes lipids. Have you ever mixed butter and water? Water hates butter. Butter the solid emulsion of fat globules and water and air and used as food but what is food food is the tangible orgasm of devil worshippers Eve ate the apple didn't Eve eat an apple and then they fell from Eden and sin and sin and we have to pay for sin because she ate because she ate and now they all eat and the buffets with their neon electric signs

“Muffins Muffins”



remind me that I need to vomit because my tictacs are orange and if you ever mixed butter and water then you belong on my fatty island and I will find you you stupid, goddamned five lettered woman and four lettered man I will find you and I will sink you and if I want to I will eat you to show you that eating is death and then I will vomit because you make me vomit and that is all I know how to do vomit and the women come and go speaking of Michelangelo and I hate the way your muffintops spill over your jeans spill like the way food drops out of your mouth because you can't control yourself muffins muffins you even have to name them after food oh I see the way your pudgy hands want to grab at me and your eyes like two shriveled gumballs drowning in a vortex of cellulite blubber get out get out send in the immigrants but leave Africa starves because of you and when I sit in the seat of the jumbo plane you spill over the divider because you want everything to be yours you goddamned capitalist everything will not be yours, Kurtz, no, no, not even the heart of darkness that doesnt exist because you ate it for a goddamned snack everything you heard about communism is wrong capitalism is a failure revolution is the solution the capitalists with the fat pouring out of the collars of their shirts eat babies for breakfast because theyre cannibals i will chain you to the burning lake of hell where you belong descend its a shame i have to share the world with other people shame degrade grade grid girdle girdle girdle i made you out of clay and when its dry and ready fatzilla will eat away.

THE SORTING HAT



Hogwarts. The year is 2053. Harry Potter is but a distant memory, and the Sorting Hat is getting old. Very old.

SORTING HAT: If some little cocksucker doesn't get under me in the next ten seconds, I'm going to send you all the fuck home!

A child of Asian descent approaches and dons the Sorting Hat.

SORTING HAT: Ravenclaw! Who's next?! Hurry up already!

Another child of Asian descent puts it on.

SORTING HAT: Conichiwa, asshole! Ravenclaw! Next!

A Hispanic student approaches.

SORTING HAT: Hufflepuff.

The student is elated.

HISPANIC STUDENT: 'ufflepuff! 'ooray!

SORTING HAT: Hufflepuff, you little shit. English school, English language. Next!

SORTING HAT: *(Before the approaching black student even touches the hat)* Gryffindor!

BLACK STUDENT: Don't you even want to know my name?

SORTING HAT: You're only here for Quidditch, why the fuck would I care what your name is? Next!

A blond-haired, blue-eyed male struts up and places the old hat upon his wavy locks.

SORTING HAT: Ah, yes. The dignified essence of your being permeates the Great Hall and fills my old soul with pride. You remind me of myself when I was young. You shall enjoy your years here at Hogwarts as a Slytherin, my good man, for you are a noble gentleman indeed.

A student of ambiguous descent approaches and dons the Sorting Hat. The hat is noticeably confused.

SORTING HAT: You seem like a nice fellow.

STUDENT: Well, thank you.

SORTING HAT: Do you have any hobbies or anything?

STUDENT: I like to read. And I'm rather fond of physics.

SORTING HAT: Oh that's nice. You know this is a school of wizardry, right?

STUDENT: Erm...

SORTING HAT: I'm just playing with you. I was fond of physics back in my day. What is your name anyway?

STUDENT: Isaac Grossman.

The sorting hat shits all over his head.

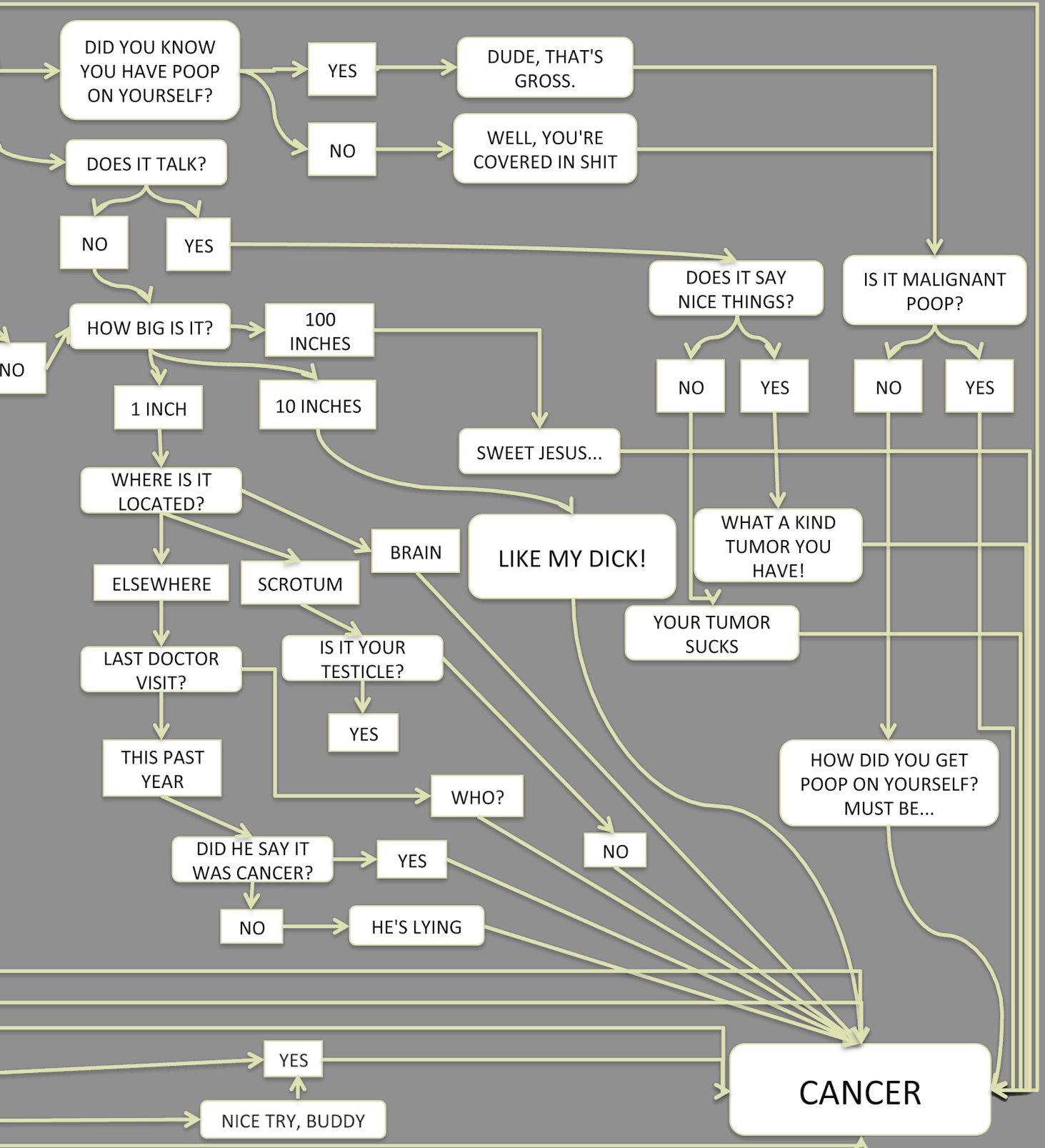
SORTING HAT: WHEN DID THEY START LETTING JEWS INTO THIS SCHOOL?!

DO YOU HAVE CANCER?



DISCLAIMER: THIS PIECE IS INTENDED TO SATIRIZE FLOW CHARTS AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE WAY WE THINK

(A FLOWCHART)



ABOUT HEALTH. IT WAS NOT INTENDED TO MAKE FUN OF CANCER PATIENTS. CANCER IS NOT A LAUGHING MATTER.

Collective

Hey blogosphere! Welcome to the Collective, where every week I bring you new found artwork from around New York City!

11/6/2010: To wrap up last week's collection, the maple leaves came in four different colors: a light brown, a dark brown, a green, and a sort of orangeish brown, forming a complex pattern that closely followed the journey of the maple from a seedling, to a rotting log in the woods. In a larger sense, this represents the ephemeral nature of youth and the inevitable turn of the seasons that awaits us all and, while full of joyous color, ends in the same rich browns of the earth to which we all shall return. Truly an inspirational and touching piece.

11/8/2010: Back from a long weekend upstate! I met up with an old friend and went camping in an attempt to reconnect with nature and maybe get a few ideas for something interesting for this week's piece. We slept under the stars in the wilderness Thoreau so revered, away from the meddling incompetence of society. We had some minute visitors in the night, and, when we awoke, there were a dozen beetles cavorting fancifully in my Brita water filter. My friend claimed they were mosquito larvae, but I forgave his ignorance and freed the young insects from my inadvertent trap. I got a few great shots on my Polaroid of the tiny bugs crawling over my giant hand. It was like protean packets of purely Nietzschean thought engulfed and over-powered by the crushing conformity to the so-called "diversity" that marks American thought these days. "Race" as we know it is purely a mental construct and is meaningless and yet, like the seeming gargantuanity of my palm, all-encompassingly powerful.

11/9/2010: Last night when I returned to my fellow artists in the Village, I decided to purchase a Brita filter for my kitchen. Perhaps this would yield a boon of experiences similar to those I enjoyed in the wilderness. Perhaps, in this metal and concrete wilderness, the morality of nature has not yet truly been lost, but instead repurposed and reformed into a modern identity that through the careful separation provided my most recent purchase, I could yet distill. This morning I am proved correct. A small mammalian companion found his way into the filter while Morphium took me (the god of dreams, not the drug, not since the Shiny Toy Guns concert). I was at first unable to identify my small friend, but upon further consideration and intimate conversation with a new iPhone app, I believe I have found a stoat, nature's prodigal son. The stoat is about nine inches long from the tip of its nose to the tip of its pink, hairless tail. It has tiny claws on each of its four legs, and two teeth in the front that sort of stick down out of its mouth, with cute, mousy ears, and coarse black fur. The stoat expired during the night, and I can only imagine it making a final commune to the nearest pure water source like an elephant returning to its sacred and secretive burial grounds, driven by the urge to fish the pure streams which it has so long left behind as the city, the great flashing beast of the city, has engulfed its habitat. I can only hope that I die so nobly, so honorably, surrounded by the purest form of the purest of all elements.

11/10/2010: I've noticed a recent downturn in what my father would describe as my "outlook on life." This is due, in no small part, to the increasing complexities that my filtration unit has presented me with. The filter itself seems to provide both vital liquid sustenance beneath, while preserving grand, nearly-cosmic truths above for me to find. My reality is in every way tempted, shattered, and regrouped simply by glancing across my apartment to where the filter sits atop my refrigerator. Today yielded up a startling but engaging metaphysical discussion concerning the nature of human beings. If I find, placed delicately within my filter, a severed human finger, have I found a part of a human identity? Can one's true nature ever be split in two, physically or otherwise? If so, could those who have lost limbs in war said to be doubly murderous, not only killing outside of themselves, but, through the perhaps ill-timed reception of shrapnel and subsequent loss of an arm or leg, have replicated themselves through severance of said limb, and in allowing the severed body part to lie, bleeding in the sand, in a way be killing themselves through negligence? But I digress. I have no political axe to grind, as the system, as I have long since established, is flawed in and of itself.

11/11/2010: A new proposition, then, for my readers. Last night I did not remove the human finger from my filter, electing instead to let nature develop its own microcosm within my apartment. I awaited eagerly the light of dawn, and when it came, I was pleased to see that through some fantastical occurrence, the finger was no longer the sole occupant of my filter. Instead, a brace of particles closely resembling new-fallen snow had lightly dusted the surface of the water. Remembering the same nature of inquisitorial risk that beset Dante throughout his Divine Comedy, I briefly smelled, tasted and sorted this powdery dusting and have arrived at the conclusion that it is not cocaine. Any other substances are still in the running, but the number of hairs I had to pick out of my own mouth was slightly disturbing, perhaps left over from my stoat friend, but quite possibly new additions, as they seem quite long for stoat fur. Regardless, I have decided that the grand experiment must continue at all costs. The fear courses through the very marrow of my bones, my very core, that I have, like Schrodinger, killed something beautiful through observation, that somehow, by observing a continuing, unknowable process, that I somehow have damned it to a knowable outcome, that I have destroyed its quantum superpositioning, forcing it, like that fabled feline, to a fate of life or death, and not both. In an attempt to rectify this, I will, like the omnipotent force that forged the universe in a variety of faiths I choose to abstain from, leave my creation to its own devices for some time. I will leave the apartment entirely for three days, as human curiosity, while able to be delayed, can not yet be overcome, and upon my return, utilize all of my senses and considerable reason, attempt to determine what, in my absence, has occurred. I will yield forth my results unto all of you, my faithful readers, and the inexplicable mysteries of life may yet be revealed through the expanded contents of my filtration systems. Eagerly anticipate the moment of great rejoicing that will be upon all of you in the none-too-distant future!

11/14/2010: One pint of congealed human semen. Fuck you guys.

A Scene From an Airshaft

A thief is crawling through the darkness when he sees the light of a grate ahead. He crawls faster, only to encounter a figure in the darkness of the shaft, as two wild rams duel on the snowy mountain peak to win the love of the buxom ewe.

Thief: Shit! Ugh! That hurts like a motherfucker.

Figure: Watch your language.

T: Who the fuck are you?

F: Watch your language, young man.

T: Look, I got this job from Rafferty, and he said it was totally legit, so if he sent you, too, we can go take it up with him.

F: I am not from Rafferty.

T: Oh shit.

F: Language.

T: Are you the fucking cops?

F: Cop.

T: Oh shit.

F: You said the hm-hm cops. I could be a cop, but, as there is only one of me, I could only be a single cop. Singular.

T: So what the fuck- wait. Wait a second. I recognize your voice. Mr. Stinozzi?

Stinozzi: Yes.

T: What the hell are you doing in an airshaft?

S: Language, Bradley. I won't tell you again. It tells other people a lot about you, and I won't have my former pupils embarrassing themselves in public through vulgarity. It reflects poorly on me.

Bradley: Fine.

S: Good.

B: So, what, may I ask, are you doing in an airshaft, Mr. Stinozzi?

S: Better. I was hired to be in this airshaft. It's a dual position, maintenance and security. I was told to clean the shaft, to exterminate any pests I find, and to shoo away unpleasant

intruders. And you, Bradley, have been rather unpleasant.

B: I, uh, I'm sorry?

S: Don't end statements with a questioning tone, Bradley.

He discreetly pulls out a six-shooter and begins polishing it.

B: I'm sorry, Mr. Stinozzi. Is that a gun?

S: Bradley, where are your powers of observation? When I took you bird-watching, you were able to spot the red-breasted finch at six hundred yards, and yet, here, not even a full meter away, you cannot clearly identify a hand pistol?

B: A hand pistol?

S: A rather archaic turn of phrase, I admit, but critiquing your elders and betters is as unacceptable as always, Bradley.

B: What?

Stinozzi shoots him in the leg. Bradley screams.

S: If you keep on clowning around, Bradley, you can expect another hand pistol bullet.

Bradley continues to ululate, in seeming homage



to the Hag of the Mist from Wat's Dyke.

S: Do not test my mettle, Bradley.

Bradley bites his thumb. Mr. Stinozzi shoots his other leg.

B: FUCK-

He catches himself too late. There is fear in his eyes. A loud gunshot: Mr. Stinozzi has put the pest down. He seems satisfied. His classical education has finally born fruit. He wipes a drop of blood off his cheek with the handkerchief his wife gave him. He adjusts his glasses, sighs. Another voice echoes in the airshaft.

Thief 2: What the fuck was that?

S: Language, Johnson.

Mr. Stinozzi resumes crawling down the airshaft.

Indeed.

got milk?

PROOF OF
PURCHASE
1000037819A

PROOF OF
PURCHASE
1000037819B

ISBN 1-4198-6959-0



From the director of "Snow White and the Seven Whores," "Phantom of the Orgasm," and of course, "RENT (my Cock)," comes the newest, most hyped adult film of this decade, Maxxx Pleasure's award-winning "Filled Her on the Roof." Tevye, a poor milkman with five buxom daughters, lives in the Russian shtetl of Anatevka in 1905, where bookseller Avram has informed him that the Russians have decided to expel all of the Jews from their home- that is, unless they can open a service the Russian Army can really get behind! It is at this moment that Tevye remembers his family "Tradition;" what use is a shtetl when you can have a brothel instead? With the mature mother Golde, horny Tzeitel, petite Hodel, busty Chava, deep-throating Shprintze and dick-craving Bielke, the Anatevka House is open for business—and no longer does Tevye have to fantasize about becoming a rich man— for all his fantasies are about to come true!



With over eight hours of footage, including this years AVN award's "best group sex scene," and "most outrageous sex scene" for the infamous incestuous sevensome, but also "best specialty release-spanking!" This succulent treasure will have you craving to travel back to the good old days where milk was flowing, cows were mooing, and even nerdy young tailors were discovering the "wonder of wonders." So, grab hold of your hoe, mount your ass, and prepare for one of the most thrilling history lessons you'll ever have!



L'Chaim!

MAXXX PLEASURE PRESENTS FILLED HER ON THE ROOF STARRING
OLIVER KLOSOFF RON JEREMY GLORIA STITTS DIXIE NORMUS
EILEEN DOVER SANDY BUSH DIAMOND AND QUEEN LATITTY

WIDESCREEN VERSION PRESENTED IN A "MATTED" WIDESCREEN FORMAT PRESERVING THE ASPECT RATIO OF ITS ORIGINAL TELEVISION EXHIBITION. ENHANCED FOR WIDESCREEN TV'S.

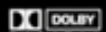
DUAL-LAYER FORMAT



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95% POST-CONSUMER RECYCLED CONTENT



ENGLISH: Dolby Surround 5.1

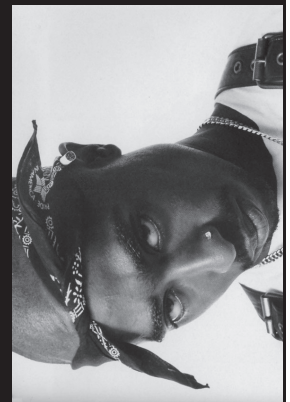
Why I have high blood pressure

- No one told me you can't pump more blood into your veins
- I had to fight Godzilla
- I'm a chain smoker
- I thought it was cocaine
- I'm 65
- I'm in a pressure cooker
- Genetics
- BECAUSE I'M ANGRY ALL THE TIME!
- Too much blood
- I eat too many fatty foods
- I drink seawater whenever possible
- I thought salt was heroin
- I'm still hungover from that night in '26
- I have Cadbury cream eggs for eyes
- It's Thanksgiving
- My mother-in-law
- I found a tiny version of my grandma in my pool filter
- Skinny jeans
- I have a blood pressuring device attached to me
- I couldn't stop drinking Gatorade



Things I found in my pool filter

- Santa
- Intestines
- Santa's intestines
- Heroin
- An ejaculating penis
- A tiny version of my grandma
- Shards of broken 40s
- Dice
- Letters to the editor
- An alligator
- Water
- An image of the Virgin Mary
- My poop
- Peter the dead fish
- Nemo
- A model of Hiroshima before the bombing
- Pubes
- Salmonella
- An egg
- Babies
- Blastula
- Sacrificial lamb
- Snot
- An 8-ball
- A frog
- Forrester
- Bobby Fisher
- Neverland
- Jimmy Hoffa
- Tupac
- Elvis
- Michael Jackson
- Pizza
- My dignity



What happens in Vegas

- Stays in Vegas
- Also happens in Nevada
- Stays in the hooker
- When you kill a hooker?
- Gets buried beneath the hot desert sand
- Stars Ashton Kutcher and Cameron Diaz
- Is often malignant
- Sometimes haunts you after you leave Vegas
- Ends in divorce
- Can be removed with a simple surgical procedure
- Gets all over the hotel walls
- Is surprisingly mundane
- Is no way like in the Hangover
- Is lodged in the chamber of a revolver
- Usually infects your penis
- Is on the internet
- Is on www.dicksdicksslutsdicks.com
- Is in the toilet
- Was



Names of Venusian Species

- The treeborps
- The hoochoos
- The hoooby-dooobities
- This is the stupidest list ever published

The New York Times

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NEW YORK, FRIDAY

NEW YORK, NY— Columbia University has announced its reluctant agreement with federal regulations to cut classes that do not coincide with the new national teaching curriculum. The distress seen in the faces of many incoming students is palpable as it is in those currently enrolled. “What do they expect us to learn? Business Ethics? What is this?” said Jennifer Smith CC’14. “I might have to transfer to Dartmouth, or god forbid, Cornell.” The only campuses to be effectively unaffected by the new teaching policies include some of Columbia’s sister schools, such as Harvard and Princeton. In



stark contrast to Columbia’s reduction to only six courses offered campus wide, Harvard only had a single course cancelled while those bastards over at Princeton did not have to remove a single class. Princeton President Shirley M. Tilghman had this to say: “We believe that the preservation of our beloved curricula is a direct reflection of our prestige and superiority. Also we are number one: Suck it Harvard!” To this, Prezbo had no reply other than an indiscernible grunt. Ever since the Great Texas School Board ruling earlier this year, many questions have been whispered around many of

the country’s great liberal institutions. When the decision was completed, the board and high-ranking national figures, Senator Hutchinson (R) Texas and Senator Grassley (R) Iowa, assured worried presidents of the ruling’s strict application to local public education. Senator Hutchinson was quoted two weeks ago: “When America realizes as a nation, collectively, that FDR was a mistake and WWII was won in spite of him, then we’ll make the proper changes to the education of America’s future generation.” After an emergency congressional session that coincided with all Democratic representatives on vacation cruises in the Caribbean, the bill was passed without opposition. Other deeply affected institutions include the conversion of UC Berkeley into a cow grazing field and depressed Brown students after being left alone because nobody gives a crap about them.



NEW YORK POST

Page Six

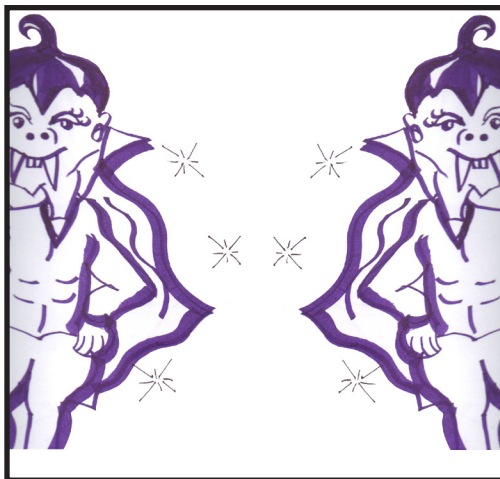
TUESDAY, Partly sunny, 92 / Weather: P. 20 ★★ LATE CITY FINAL www.nypost.com 50¢

NEW YORK, NY— Amidst a flood of skepticism and controversy concerning the recent push for Gender Neutral Housing, Columbia University has confirmed that there are homosexual vampires among the members of their Board of Trustees. “The board has long been open to all members of the human race, living or straight, dead or gay,” says President Bollinger. “The recent policy changes are merely a reflection, I mean, an image, of the diverse composition of our board.” When asked about the rumors concerning a growing coldness between the Office of the President and the board, Bollinger refused to comment. However, students report that he has been seen running in Central Park with hunk Taylor Lautner.

Other Ivy League schools, specifically Brown, Dartmouth, University of Pennsylvania and Cornell, have decided to follow in suit by adopting policies that focus on incorporating blood sucking and dick slurping into student housing policies. In a

recent press release, Princeton, Harvard and Yale have admitted to belonging to an “older tradition of homoerotic vampirism that regally traces its roots back to Vlad the ‘Impaler’ in Transylvania.” Further, “student housing, gay-dungeon themed and otherwise, will remain unchanged, as the finest institutions in the Ivy League continue to adhere to the fine principles that this collegiate community once stood for.” Republicans have criticized the latent homosexual tendencies of the elite universities by maintaining that “a quality education is the first step towards becoming a blood sucking,

cock-gobbling liberal faggot,” even going so far as to criticize Texas’ own Rice University.



Senators Hutchinson (R) Texas and Senator Grassley (R) Iowa, notable werewolves and traditional marriage advocates, have recently proposed a nationwide ban on co-ed housing, fearing a Buffy-like massacre like the one that occurred in a private undergraduate castle in the Philippines earlier this week. The two men leave on Tuesday for a state-by-state bus tour of the lower forty-eight in an extended public relations tour to build grass-roots support for their new policy.

Quentin Tarantino
presents:



JOIN THE
SECRET
SERVICE



Andy: Hey man, let's look at porn.

Greg: Haha, yeah I'm horny too.

Andy: Okay... Google, here we go. What should I search for?

Greg: What do you think? "Fuck!"

Andy: All right dude.

fcuk

Greg: Aw man what's this? It's just a bunch of clothes.

Andy: Oh shit, whoops.

funk

[funk music plays]

Greg: ...I'm not exactly in the mood to listen to music, Andy.

Andy: Sorry!

duck

Greg: Ew!!! Don't know about you, but naked ducks aren't exactly my thing.

Andy: I know. I typed it wrong.

dunk

[video of Dwight Howard]

Greg: All right, let's watch this quick... awwwwwww BOOM! That was awesome. Okay I want to look at porn.

Andy: How about I google...

glowjob

Greg: What the fuck is this?

Andy: Oops. No idea. Here.

blowdog

Andy: ...All right, we didn't see that.

Greg: What's going on? Just spell it correctly man. Can't you type?

Andy: Fuck you, I have better things to do than play Mavis Beacon all day.

Greg: Whatever man. I just want to see some porn.

Andy: Me too. Okay what if I google... this.

treeway

Greg: Nice, nice. Here we go. Wait, that's an oak!

Andy: Ahhhh!!!

threegay

Greg: Have something you need to tell me, Andy?

Andy: Shut up.

Greg: Need to tell me you are gay?

Andy: I'm not gay!

Greg: Then let's find some naked girls, shall we?

Andy: All right, let's just try that.

naked grills

caked grills

caked thrills

coked krills

Greg: "Coked krills"? This is some interesting porn, dude.

Andy: Shut up, man.

Greg: No, you shut the fuck up, Andy. Jesus, learn to type.

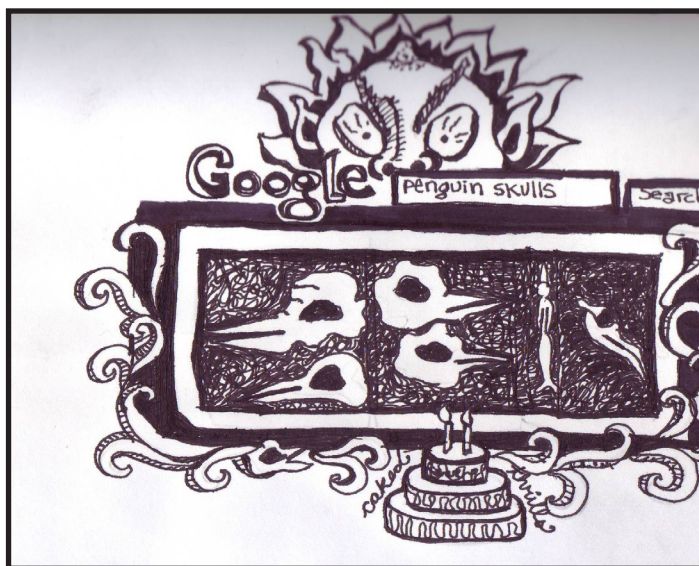
I'm too horny for this shit.

Andy: Don't worry, I got it.

poker skills

porker spills

pardon swells



Greg: Look, Andy. See what I'm doing?

Andy: ...

Greg: I'm not gonna stop. You better dial up some hot fucking porn because I'm going no matter what.

Andy: Okay. Here...it...is!

penguin skulls

Andy: Shit. Sorry man.

Greg: Whatever, dude.

Andy: This is kind of fucked up.

Greg: It's cool, don't worry about it.

Andy: Let me try--

Greg: No, don't change it.



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

—Allen Ginsberg

Marked as



CubMail :: Inbox: Please Read - Ugent Business Opor...

Inbox New Message Folders Search Address Book Options Help Log out

Quota status: 149.04MB / 250.00MB

Inbox: Please Read - Ugent Business Oportunity (536 of 536)

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Date: Thu, 22 Apr 2010 22:03:28 -0400 [10:03:26 PM EDT]

From: busopp@noreply.com

To: student@columbia.edu

Subject: Please Read - Ugent Business Oportunity

Headers: Show All Headers

Dear Friend,

I am a director in the foreign affairs department of the Nigerian National Humanitarian Corporation (NNHC). I got your email during a personal research on the Internet and wish to use this opportunity to notify you of the existence of a certain amount of people we wish to transfer overseas for the purposes of not dying a horrible death.

In May 2001, a contract of sixty-six million United States dollars (\$66,000,000) was awarded to a foreign company by my ministry. The contract was supply, erection and system optimization of supper polyore 200,000-bpsd, system optimization of 280,000-monax axial plants and the computerization of conveyor belt for Kaduna refinery. With only the consent of the head of the contract evaluation department, all of the money was spent on guns and bullets to oppress my people. I am looking to move my family out of the country.

The contract has been completed long ago and the foreign company fully paid off. But in the office files and paper work, the company is still owed USD34M representing the over invoiced amount. Because this amount is derived from the award and execution of ethnic minorities, there is no way the money can be used in any ethical way in the current state of Nigerian Politics. That is why I contacted you so that we can do the project together for the benefit of my family, and I hope you agree out of the goodness of your heart. We have concluded every necessary arrangement to transfer my family to a foreign country as the final relief for the said contract. What we need is your location into which we can deposit our lives and after we shall come over there to share our tales of survival with you.

We sincerely need an honest person to work with and have agreed to give you all of our savings, \$0.23. There is no risk involvement because applications will be made to the concerned Federal ministries and parastatal with official approvals given by the Federal government before the Central Prison of Nigeria will be allowed to officially transfer my beloved family.

If you are interested, contact me by Email through osmund@2by2.net indicating your full names or company name and address. Your direct telephone and fax numbers. The name and address of the house you will like us to deposit the refugees, the telephone and fax numbers of the house, your account number etc. Everything has been arranged and I will send more information about the business transaction to you as soon as I hear from you. For obvious reasons, please keep the proposal top secret and highly confidential.

Kind regards,
Cole

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The Transcript of the Last Words of William Taft

In this recently-discovered recording, the final words of William Howard Taft are finally brought to light. The audio gives a rare look into the life of our 27th, and greatest, President.

TAFT: I know Abe Lincoln has a big tally-wacker! Can you read that? That was so funny? You are not fucking European, are you? Do you

want to do one about courting someone you think is a European and then you just find out he has a speech impediment?

Something a retard would say, but we would make it into some European philosophy or something. Mhm-mmm. [The sound of Taft making an offensive imitation of a mentally disabled person. Unclear mumbling.]

...when American girls go to Italy and Italian men speak to the American girls in broken English, they think they are speaking to some sort of Roman philosopher. It is also literally throwing yourself over this wall. We should continue. There should be a physical break.

[The sounds of Taft struggling to get out of the bathtub. The sound of ham. The sound of ham being held up to Taft's ear. Eating noises.]

TAFT: That sounds like dreams. I had a dream that I threw my son-wife up against a wall and his head popped off like a bottle of fucking champagne and he died and I was at his funeral. It annoyed me so much I threw him against a wall. I only had eyes for you. No homosexuals in America, but they still wanted me to have a sex dream about them. So we should probably kiss so we can be like people in the moving pictures? Real, live university boys? All those nubile gents were just intoxicated, and it was so odd to see them out of

their element. All these chaps jamming with some mandolins. And young women making the walk of shame. You nasty! Get out! [Unclear mumbling.] This here is dinner time. It is as if it is more entertaining than That's So Raven. The letter said "Nothing." Do you ever get that when you like gulp too much? [The sound of Taft laughing, farting.] One could

do that as a theatre piece. Who could we get to fund the next great expedition? I thought I had trench foot the other day. More so than any other decades. I wanna have a Civil War fantasy where its me and another soldier in a trench. Why do young people always mate with their socks on? When I have just socks on, I feel as if I am still fully clothed. I need a nice glass of Sasparilla and seventy-three boiled potatoes. So we met, and then we just started kissing, and then I just lost my purity to him. So I was in Barcelona taking a Spanish language. No, that is not right. The Spanish are cordial to everyone. They fight with everyone. I was a young man. In Barcelona. The sec-

ond time? In the south of France, and she was French. I had too many expectations for the French man and not enough for my future prospects with the French girl. It is like a great novel! We did have a lot of friends. Everyone knew we talked shit everyday but still wanted to suck our cocks. Machines! Great, tiny machines! And letters, without paper! The tiny woman speaks to America on the night of the ceremony! And her grandparents are rich! The day that I have sex with an East Asian is the day that I die.

[The sound of Taft shitting himself to death. The sound of footsteps. The sound of his wife, crying. Unclear mumbling.]



Rodney Dangerfish

I tell you, I get no respect. All the other pets have their wastes whisked away the moment they let dookie, but not me. Kitty has a fucking box, dog goes outside, I have to swim around in my own excrement. The shitting's not too big of a deal, out there in the wild -- I used to be free you know.

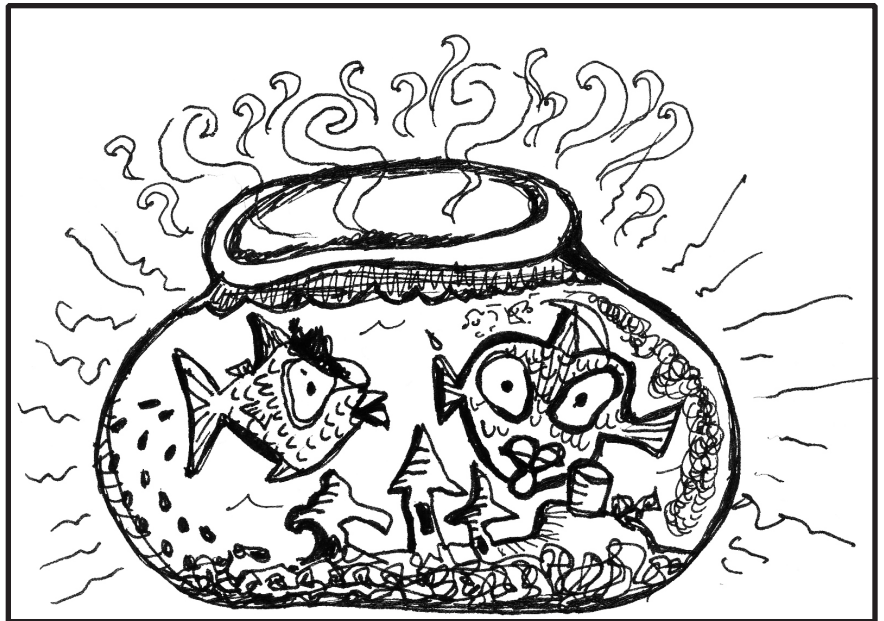
But my owner can't be bothered to buy me a new filter, or at least clean the old one, and so I swim around in less than ideal conditions eating the second cheapest fish food and waiting for the sweet embrace of death. I swear, if things don't pick up soon, I'm going to end it all.

You'll find me floating at the top of the tank after I eat some of the slime mold growing on the wall. Or I could go all out and jump out of my aquarium and choke to death on dry, dry land. Whatever is fine, anything is better than the situation I am in.

Did you ever wonder what fish hell would be like? How you'd be able to have

so much fire while still having water everywhere to prolong their little fishy misery? Well this is fish hell, welcome to it.

-Rodney Dangerfish



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Reverse Cigarette Filter Ad

Hey! You there! You with the tiny tumor! Have you ever thought to yourself, "Man, having a tumor's pretty cool, but sometimes I feel like other cancer-afflicted people are getting more out of their cancer?"



Man's Voice: "Before I started using using the Reverse Filter, when I would bring in my x-rays to work, all the other guys would kid me about how small my tumors were. Now, after just four weeks of using Reverse Filter, I'm in a comfortable bed with a TV in the terminal ward, my wife is about to collect my life insurance policy, and the guys at the plant aren't laughing anymore! Thanks Reverse Filter!"

Studies have shown that the Reverse Filter can triple the size of your burgeoning tumor within one month, leading to increased free time, respect, and feelings of ill-being. This is not, however, a guarantee, as everybody reacts differently to the unique blend of chemicals in Reverse Filters. Smoking using a Reverse Filter is a serious life decision, and you should not begin using Reverse Filters before talking to your priest, mortuary attendant, and next of kin. In some rare cases, people using the Reverse Filter have actually recovered from cancer. If you feel more energetic than you normally do, or experience feelings of well-being while using the Reverse Filter, seek out a local biomedical waste dump and check yourself in immediately. Breathe harder with the certainty that your lungs will be a charred blackened mass in no time! Use Reverse Filters!

Are you tired of having to smoke an entire carton a day just to get enough tar to maintain the size of your tumor? Are you sick of the of nicotine sometimes causing you to feel too energized, like you're copping out on the lackluster and largely immobile life of a terminal patient? Do you want a tumor large enough to endanger the lives of other people?!?!

Your prayers have been answered!

FlowCo's Patented Reverse Filtering technology ensures that your lungs get the tar, cyanide, dirt, carbon monoxide and other lethal carcinogens that your growing tumors need. A lot of people these days are smoking in an attempt to get out of shape, to reduce their overall quality of life, and generally encourage an internal environment where aberrant cells can feel welcome. But sometimes smoking isn't enough. Many biohazard workers, nuclear maintenance personnel and New Jersey residents are regularly exposed to enough toxic material to make the additional chemicals obtained from smoking trivial. That's where FlowCo comes in. To encourage habits that would follow these high-level toxic competitors well beyond their professional careers, and hopefully take root in their children, we needed to make smoking worthwhile again. Thus, the Reverse Filter. Originally available to the fine gentleman and ladies leading exceptionally toxic lifestyles, now the Reverse Filter is available over the counter. If you feel you need to be a cut above the others, we're here for you. But don't take our word for it. Many people swear every day by the Reverse Filter!



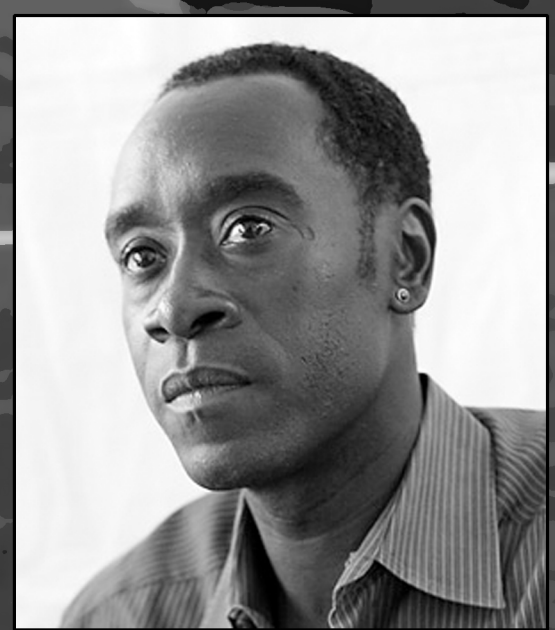
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**NOW
ACTUALLY
ILLUSTRATED!**

**SHAMELESS,
BARELY-CLOTHED
FEMALE BODIES**

**SPORTS IDOLS WHO
CHEAT ON THE FIELD**

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**PLUS, AN INTERVIEW
WITH DON CHEADLE
BECAUSE WE COULDN'T
LAND ANYONE BETTER**

