

# jester

of columbia - spring '11



# JOIN CHI RHO

THE CATHOLIC FRATERNITY



# PARTY WITH CHRIST

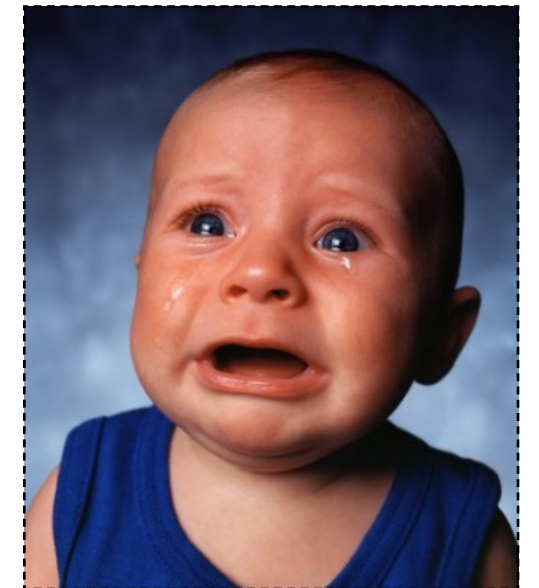
# jester of columbia

X

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HOW CAN I GO ON LIVING WITHOUT BEING ASSURED OF THE EXISTENCE OF A SYNTHETIC *A PRIORI* TRUTH?



Sponsored in part by the Arts Initiative at Columbia University. This funding is made possible through a generous gift from the Gatsby Charitable Foundation.

OLD MAN TUNSBY, 84. Choked on a pancake.  
FOGHORN J., I SAY, FOGHORN J. LEGHORN, 32. Swine flu.  
PORKY PIG, 18. Bird flu.  
RADIO STAR, 49. Video.  
TWELVE GRANDMOTHERS, COMBINED AGE 924. Paper due two days after.  
LEAF, 6 MONTHS. Winter.  
ATTENTION SPAN, 19. iPhone is shiny.  
OSAMA BIN LADEN, 54. USA! USA! USA!  
10,000 PEOPLE IN DARFUR, VARIOUS AGES. Completely forgot about that, didn't you? Well it's still going on, asshole.

To Whom it May Concern,  
I wish to express my interest in applying for a position as staff writer at the Jester. I have extensive writing, editing, and copy editing experience that could be put to good use for your magazine. As I am also a graduate of Columbia University, I believe that I am especially suited for this position. I have attached my resume, which details my extensive experience both in and out of school.  
Sincerely,

-KAREN SONG

*Dead Karen,*  
*As your last name is Chinese and not Japanese you have no place in our internship camp. However, the fact that you are so desperate for any kind of work (Human Rights major?) that you are applying to a college humor magazine is hilarious, so we are going to make an exception and offer you a position. Nevermind, that makes it not funny anymore. So thanks but no thanks. Try not to freeze to death on the streets.*  
-Jester

Dear Jester,  
My dog ran away three days ago. I have not seen him sense. He is a nice dog. His name is Fluffy. When he ran away he ran across the street and there was a truck. When the truck was gone Fluffy had run very far away and I could not see him because he was so far away from me but where he was before where the truck was there was a dead rakoon I think. Mommy says that Fluffy will not be coming back. She says that Fluffy is in the big park in the sky but then I looked up and he was not in the sky. It just looked normal. She let me get Fruit Loops at the grocery store even though she always says that the sugar cereeys will make my teeth fall out and will give me diabeetus. I think she is lazy and does not want to look for Fluffy. If you see Fluffy please let me know.  
Love,

-ABBAY

*Dear Abbey,*  
*Your dog's fucking dead.*  
-Jester

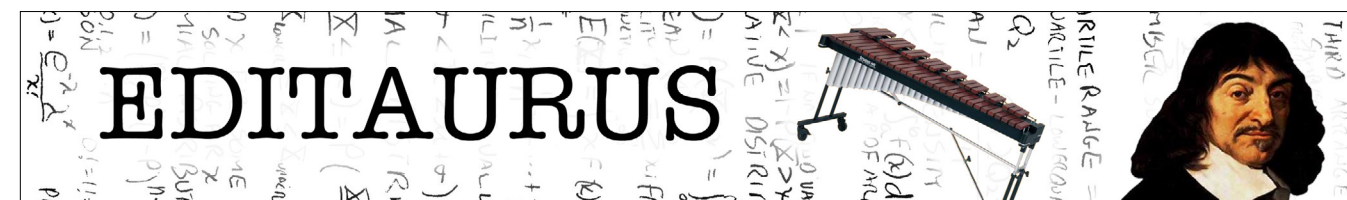
Dear Jester,  
What is sex? What sex or sexual behavior is relevant? Filter through with evidence is evaluated. Blackness is not necessarily a condition from which one escapes but a favorable evolution trait. Radical for its time? Whiteness not necessarily endpoint? Race is fundamentally a function of sexual selection. The bleak past of our lives is coming to fruition in the form of gender neutrality. Why is blackness the opposite of whiteness? Color binary a larger construction of binaryism, a larger illusion of numberism. What is difference? How can definition be defined? Are we one endlessly recursive loop self-executing until death, a construction of binary this-worldism that confines us to preconceived notions of existence?

Sincerely,  
-KATHY WILLIAMS

*Dear Kathy,*  
*Please forward us your dealer's contact information.*  
-Jester

Dear Jester,  
I was upset with your coverage of the recent Gossip Girl backstage meltdown. While we can surely agree that movie stars, famous musicians, politicians, university faculty, middle school teachers, prolific mothers, and Washington DC callgirls are public figures who should be called to task by your fine reporting and who I am ultimately interested in reading about, I draw the line at TV actors. You have crossed a line that cannot be uncrossed and cross the Rubicon so hard that it can never be derubiconed. Have you no shame? Sure, tell me about Brad and Angelina's latest disaster -- they appear primarily in film. But don't show me Gossip Girl shouting matches, because those TV actresses are real people with real lives. Don't you understand their plight? I understand that there might be some gray areas sometimes -- for example, is Charlie Sheen a movie star or a television star? I trust you to go with your gut on that.  
Until then please die.  
-OFFENDED IN ARKANSAS

*Dear Offended in Arkansas*  
*We have no shame. We understand their plight but don't care -- it's like Darfur, only people are still paying attention. Regardless of his excellent performances in Platoon and Hot Shots Part Deux, Charlie Sheen is a television star who occasionally appears in movies.*  
-Jester



## JESTER

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## A NOTE FROM YOUR GOD-KING

DEAREST PEASANTS,

Why hello, I didn't see you there. You know, because I'm so high and mighty and above you.

In case you haven't noticed (of course you have, I'm just saying that to be modest) there's been a change on the masthead in the top left, the most important place in the most important magazine in the most important country in the most important universe out of all the potential quantum superpositions. Go ahead read it — I know, maybe the false modesty is a bit much. You might ask yourself, "but Patrick Caesar (as I am henceforth to be known), doesn't twelve point font fail to encompass the majesty of your rule?" The answer is that it does, but Patrick Caesar is a man of the people.

Some say (citation unneeded, for my word is law) that I have gone mad with power. I ask them — did McCarthy go mad with power? He needed but say the world and careers would be destroyed, and from the sheer joy of destroying, he did, confident that none would threaten his omnipotence. Is that mad with power? Sulla saw the flower of Roman youth before him, uneven in their abilities, and leveled them by cutting down the tallest among them in their prime so that none could stand above another except for him. Was he mad with power? Napoleon, his mind sharper than any of the age, made his nation

into an instrument of death, and brought it to bear upon others. When he annihilated tens of thousands of souls a day, sucking the scattered and foolish chickens into the gaping fox-mouth that were his mighty legions, consigning them to oblivion for his own amusement, was he mad with power?

No. These men weren't mad with power, they were glad with power. Being able to wreak destruction upon the whimpering masses for your own amusement isn't something to be angry about, it's fucking awesome. You should try it sometime (no, don't, if you do, I'll have you shot because there can be only one Caesar).

An underling has informed me that I was expected to make some joke about the issue's theme, X. He has, of course, been summarily executed, but in case you plebeians desire something other than bread and circuses, I have left the following space blank for you to write your own joke:

Caesar is weary and cannot be bothered any longer with affairs of mortals.

*Patrick McGuire*

Editor-in-Chief

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FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT [WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM](http://WWW.JESTEROFCOLUMBIA.COM).

**Ex-XX**

The following is related to the reprimand and suspension of an employee. The transcription of this conversation between the employee and Human Resource Councilor Dobson has been archived on account of its interest for the department of Human Resources. Henceforth the employee will be referred to as Mother Teresa and Human Resource Councilor Dobson will be referred to simply as HR Councilor.

**HR Councilor:** So, do you know why you have been sent to see me, Mother Teresa?

**Mother Teresa:** Yeah, I was watching videos on my computer.

**HR Councilor:** You realize, Mother Teresa, that it is against company policy to use office hours and equipment for personal entertainment.

**Mother Teresa:** I’m sorry, but the nature of the video was very personal and emotional wrenching for me.

**HR Councilor:** Personal issues should be kept out of the work place. However, Jefferies Corp. believes that an emotional healthy workplace is an efficient workplace. This is a safe space. Mother Teresa, why don’t you tell me about this video.

**Employee X:** Well, it was a video of my boyfriend. We just broke up.

**HR Councilor:** What was his name? I need to just make sure he wasn’t a Jefferies Corp. employee.

**Mother Teresa:** His name is Xavier.

**HR Councilor:** And his last name?

**Mother Teresa:** X. He’s Malcolm X’s grandson.

**HR Councilor:** You mean his name was Xavier X?



**Mother Teresa:** Yes, but everyone called him XX or X2.

**HR Councilor:** Your Ex, XX?

**Mother Teresa:** Exactly.

**HR Councilor:** We are getting off track. What does XX do?

**Mother Teresa:** He is a professional BMX biker. He likes to live life to the-

**HR Councilor:** Extreme, I mean Max, I mean. Um, I’m sorry, let’s get back to the video.

**Mother Teresa:** Yes, it was a home movie he made with our Kodex GX26 Camcorder.

**HR Councilor:** Excuse me- I mean, I’m sorry, can you stop putting so much emphasis on your X’s. It is exacting my patience, I mean it’s annoying.

**Mother Teresa:** I’m only talking about one Ex, XX.

**HR Councilor:** This is only exarcerbating things. Ahhh! I mean it is just exhausting... er...excruciating, I mean frustrating, I- I swear I’m going to explode. Ahh!

**Mother Teresa:** Excuse me? Explain to me what this has to do with my Ex, XX.

**HR Councilor:** Let me guess, he’s also an expat from Mexico who exports fire extinguishers. He exhibited his BMX in the XV X-games! His favorite movie is X- Men 2: X2!

**Mother Teresa:** The XIV games, actually.

**HR Councilor:** Look, let’s get this over with. Your coworkers must have heard you talking about an “Ex XX” video and assumed the worst. Let’s just make this a warning.

**Mother Teresa:** I’m not in trouble? This is so exciting!

**HR Councilor:** Just please, stop saying X. Oh, one last thing Mother Teresa, can you tell me what exactly - just what was the video anyway.

**Mother Teresa:** Oh, it was a sex tape.

HR Councilor was silent for an extended period.

**Mother Teresa:** We were just experimenting with ecstasy...

Neither employee Mother Teresa Hueter or Human Resource Councilor Dobson are currently with the company. The tape in question was appropriated by the Human Resource Department.

**Brad Wilson’s Relationships  
(and why they ended)**

The Girl	How Old Was Brad When it Started?	How Long Did It Last?	Why They Stopped
Katie Hargrove, the blond girl who sat next to Brad in History.	13	Two weeks	Brad ended it because he had a crush on another girl.
Katie Lewis, the blond girl who sat on the other side of Brad in History	13	One weeks	Katie broke up with Brad because she was jealous that Brad still talked to his ex.
Suzie Williamson, the classy girl next door.	15	Four years, all throughout high school	Suzie blew twenty guys her first week at Tufts
Liu Shin, promiscuous Math major.	18	It was just one crazy night in college	Yellow fever can be treated with modern medicine.
Grace Bradshaw, cheerleader.	20	Two years	Brad cheated on her with a freshman who told everyone.
Freshman girl who told everyone	22	Four minutes	Ejaculation
Suzie Williamson, the classy girl next door whose love Brad re-kindled	27	Their loving marriage lasted 31 years and yielded three fine children	Died in a fire.



**Cobb:** What do you want from us?

**Saito:** Extraction.

*Arthur raises his eyebrows. Cobb is poker-faced.*

**Saito:** Is it possible?

**Arthur:** Of course not.

**Saito:** If you can put an inane, pseudo-intellectual movie into someone's mind, why can't you take it out instead?

**Arthur:** Okay, here's extracting an idea: I say to you, "Don't think about Inception." What are you thinking about?

**Saito:** Inception.

**Arthur:** Right. But what if I do this?

*He punches Saito in the face.*

**Arthur:** Stop fucking thinking about Inception! The ending is a cop-out!

*Saito whimpers.*

**Saito:** But ambiguity --

*Arthur kicks Saito in the groin. Saito coughs blood.*

**Cobb:** Stop reading blogs and posting on random forums trying to figure out the ending. It doesn't make any sense.

**Saito:** But the children's clothes are different -- Arthur kicks him again.

**Saito:** Oh God, why are you doing this!

**Saito:** Because no one cares. It doesn't make you smart to like this movie!

**Saito:** No one wants to hear your theory!

*Saito gasps, struggling to form words.*

**Saito:** But what -- what about the top?

*Cobb pulls out his top and sends it spinning.*

**Cobb:** You want to know if it's still spinning at the end? Take a physics course and figure out the rotational momentum versus the friction, asshole.

*Cobb shoots him in the head.*

**Arthur:** Did he die?

**Cobb:** Who knows, it's ambiguous.

*CUT TO CREDITS.*

## Book Review: *501 Things to Do with a Zombie*

*501 Things to Do with a Zombie*, or more aptly titled, *501 Things to Do*, is exactly what it says; five-hundred-plus-one, one-hundred-and-sixty-seven-times-three, six-hundred-minus-ninety-nine, things to do. But with a zombie. There are certainly some subtleties that give the book some substance: all of the activities are quite docile, the pages are splattered with blood and beautifully illuminated, and a few activities are crossed off and replaced with more zombie-esque ideas (Eat hot dog becomes "EAT DOG").

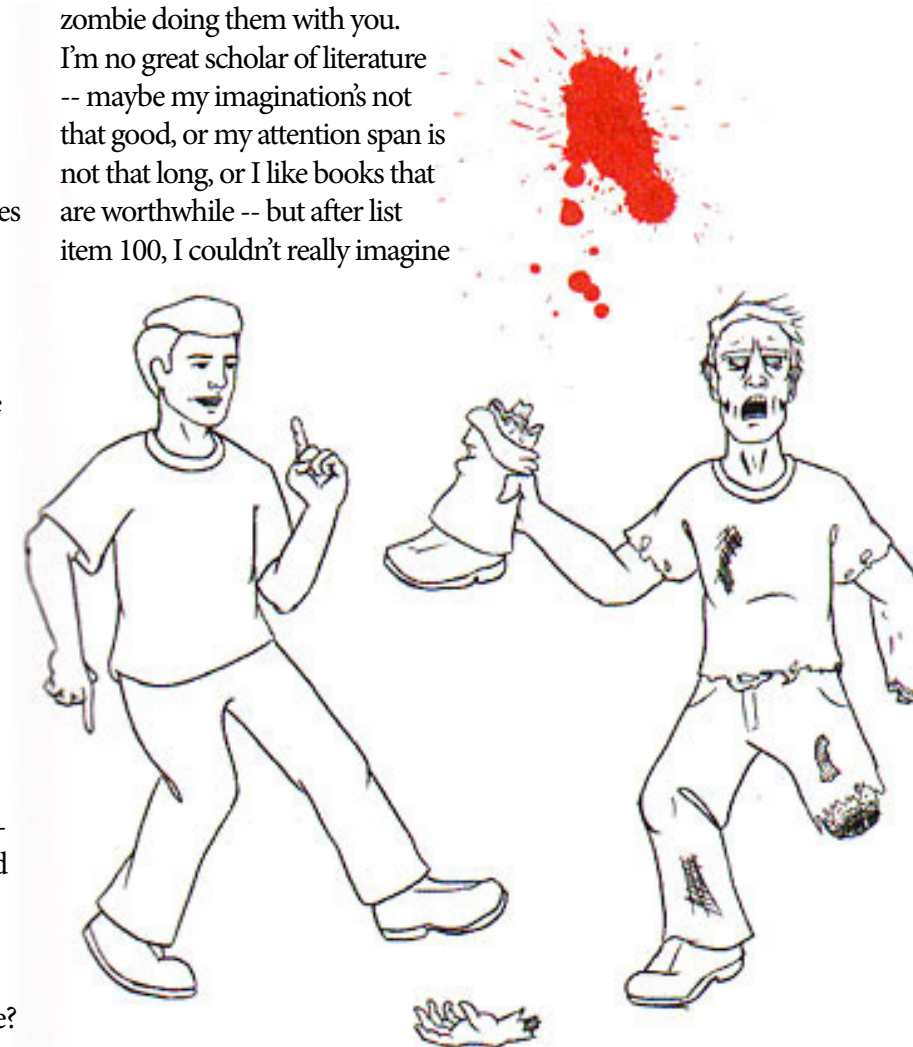
However, none of these quite add up to enough for this to actually be referred to as a "book."

Have you ever had a running joke with someone that was really funny? So funny that you kept adding onto it with your friend until everyone in the room was just bored? And once everyone was bored, did you continue adding onto the joke until people started to leave? And then did you keep doing it until everyone was gone? And did you and your friend turn to each other and finally realize that you had wasted hours of your life on something that just wasn't that funny anymore? That is this book in a nutshell. What might have made a passible blog post, or a silly night with your high

school friends, or a cute inside joke with your ex-girlfriend who left you for someone more interesting, it has instead been made into a two-hundred page list of things that are only funny if you also think about a zombie doing them with you.

I'm no great scholar of literature -- maybe my imagination's not that good, or my attention span is not that long, or I like books that are worthwhile -- but after list item 100, I couldn't really imagine

zombies anymore, I really had to go to the bathroom, and most importantly, I really wanted to call Mr. J. C. Richards and tell him: We get it.



46. *Do the hokey pokey*

Dear Michael,  
 Our discussion about your animals proved fruitless, as you disregarded the fact that I was covered in monkey poo, claiming that 'Mr. Gibbles would never do such a thing.' After I convinced you he had, you then insisted that this was a one time thing and not an issue at all. I have collected a list of charges against your animals.

- You pestle-and-mortared my old gecko just so you could feed him to our goldfish.
- Your anaconda escaped and ate Grandma (and JLo).
- You leased out Spot as a seeing eye dog to the Daredevil. Poor Spot.
- Your stem cell research went horribly wrong and accidentally turned Meow-Meow into a Mewtwo.
- You thought the cleaning lady was stealing, so you took her parrot and interrogated him using unorthodox techniques.
- You put the Chihuahua in the microwave on popcorn setting. Oh wait, that was the parrot.
- You got that sugar glider just to make a YouTube video, then threw it in the recycling bin.

Cheers,  
 Robert

Robert,  
 You motherfucker. You are a dumb shit. My animals are fine, and you are lame. Your so-called "list of charges" is a slander against the good name of my animals.

- The goldfish OD'ed on the gecko, he is dead and can no longer be punished or removed.
- The anaconda has been digesting Grandma à la water buffalo for six months. He can barely fit in his terrarium. Thanks.
- The only spot that Spot has is the one in his stomach from the fifteen story fall he took.
- Mewtwo killed my Pikachu with

his brain waves. Haven't I suffered enough?  
 The parrot needs to be scraped out of the microwave. The incident happened on a Friday, which is your day to clean. We wouldn't have this problem if he would have snitched.  
 The sugar glider has no ability to be potty-trained and will bark in the middle of the night. You should be glad I recycled, don't you like the planet?

Die in a fire (that I totally didn't start),  
 Michael

## BAIL OUT PIRATES NOT BANKS

### Pirates



coming on. Black Jack said it was the end of days, that we were cursed, and he stabbed a man with his cutlass and ran off into the jungle, saying it was better to flee and hope to live than to go on farther into this accursed wilderness and lose his soul. I shot him in the back.

We came to the X on the fifth day. A black, foul-smelling creek was flowing near it, the skeleton of a cow still positioned as if it were drinking from the water. Two thirst-crazed men drank from it and died in agony, choking on their own vomit, their last bit of hydration.

The treasure was everything we had hoped for -- a thousand doubloons, and and a thousand double doubloons, and a thousand triple ba-boons. But at what cost? The Spanish economy is a shambles, given that every able young man left on a boat to go dig up treasure. Even though we struck it rich, this is not a sustainable economic policy, one based on speculation. We need to rebuild our manufacturing base, create a new job infrastructure, and invest in the future.

But no matter. I have an appointment at the local house of bawd to which I must attend.

X marks the spot, they said.

We'd been cutting through the brush for several days. I was the only one who noticed the jaguar at our heels, just waiting for one of us to drop dead from thirst, or to take a sip of the water and die of sickness. He could sense the decreasing level of our canteens in the way that many of my companions could not -- blindly walking on through the jungle, drinking rum, spilling water, and

singing songs about the treasures that awaited them. I did not know whether treasures awaited me, but I knew that they would never find treasure. They would find only death.

Benn Gunn was the first to die, of a cerebral malaria that left him raving. The screams still haunt me to this day, and I know at least two in our party put their pistols in their mouths once they started to feel the same fatal madness

# Citizen Kane's Guide to Being Absurdly Powerful: Xanadus and Xanadon'ts

Hello folks, it's Orson Welles, here with your favorite American morality tale. I know people have been getting a bit carried away with this whole "Social Network" thing, but I still think this Zuckerberg fellow has some learning to do. So for him, and all the other future morality tales, here's Citizen Kane's list of Xanadus and Xanadon'ts.



**Xanadu:** Make your money in the media. New media, old media, it doesn't matter, just as long as you can betray every kind of ethic that got you there in an effort to eke out that last one bit of power.

**Xanadon't:** Work for your money. Zuckerberg makes the mistake of starting a business rather than inheriting a fortune and expanding it through sensationalism and general douchebaggery. This gives others the idea that they are entitled to your money for the work they have done for you. This is wrong.

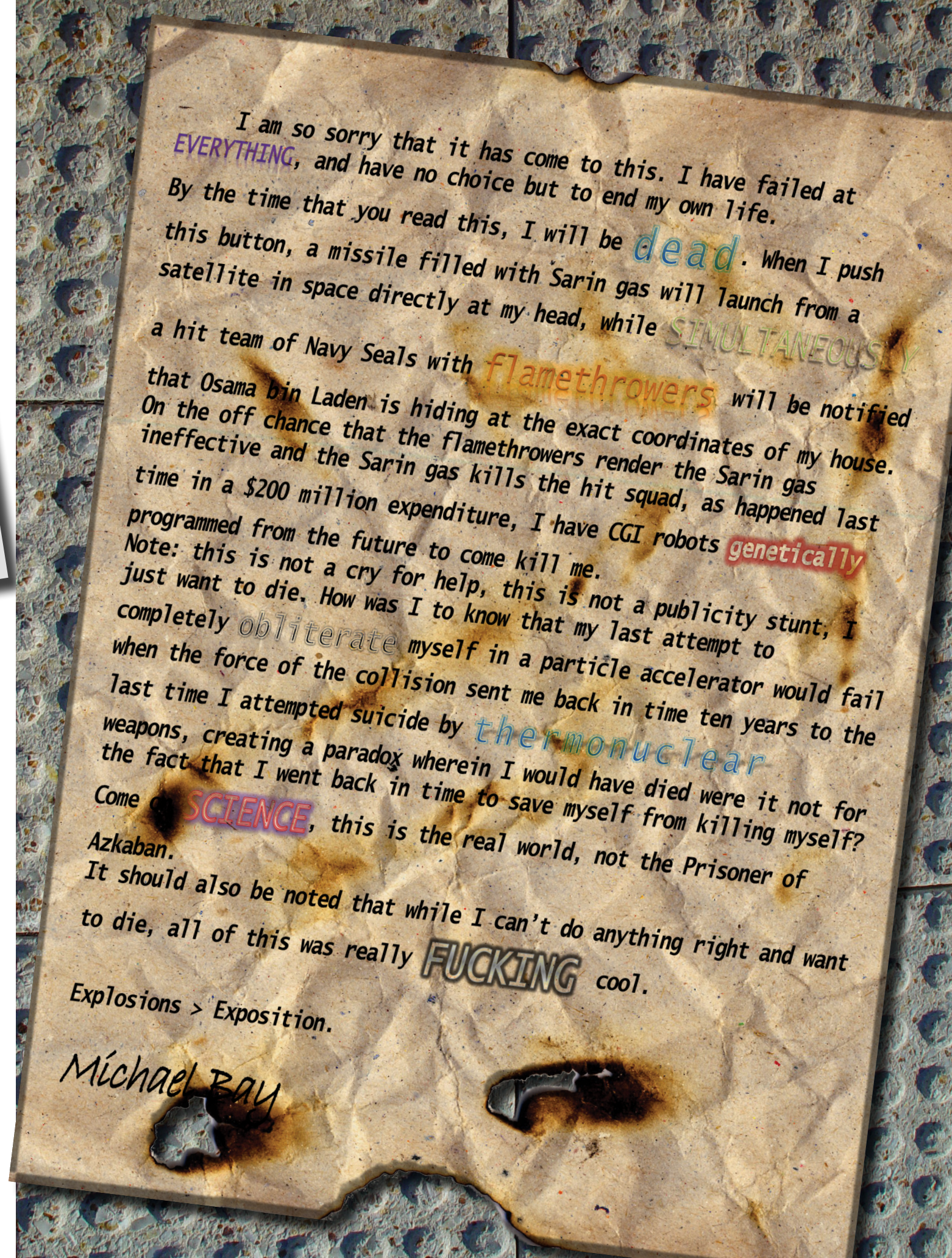


**Xanadu:** Get lots of swag. Zuckerberg has a much smaller house than I do but a much larger bong, so that evens out. His bitches are also considerably finer, not wasting their time on art careers or anything else, just going down on rich dudes in bathrooms.

**Xanadon't:** Get nostalgic. Listen Zuckerberg, fuck that Erica chick, you're too good for her. So what if you had some great times together, and she liked you before you were rich, and you would jump on top of her and ride her up and down the hill through the snow, and she slid so fast and everyone else was jealous, left behind on their shitty little sleds. Don't friend request that bitch, don't make her your last words, just burn her like that crazy bitch did to your ex-best-friend's scarf.

**Xanadu:** Talk a lot and never listen. I have a newspaper, which is like having an enormous mouth. Zuckerberg can make lightning strike outside when people ask if he is listening to them, because he has far more important stuff to do. Never leave any of the cool quotes for anyone else.

**Xanadon't:** Let reporters or lawyers or anyone else up in your business. Fuck those guys, we're awesome.



I am so sorry that it has come to this. I have failed at **EVERYTHING**, and have no choice but to end my own life. By the time that you read this, I will be **dead**. When I push this button, a missile filled with Sarin gas will launch from a satellite in space directly at my head, while **SIMULTANEOUSLY** a hit team of Navy Seals with **flamethrowers** will be notified that Osama bin Laden is hiding at the exact coordinates of my house. On the off chance that the flamethrowers render the Sarin gas ineffective and the Sarin gas kills the hit squad, as happened last time in a \$200 million expenditure, I have CGI robots **genetically** programmed from the future to come kill me. Note: this is not a cry for help, this is not a publicity stunt, I just want to die. How was I to know that my last attempt to completely **obliterate** myself in a particle accelerator would fail when the force of the collision sent me back in time ten years to the last time I attempted suicide by **thermonuclear** weapons, creating a paradox wherein I would have died were it not for the fact that I went back in time to save myself from killing myself? Come **SCIENCE**, this is the real world, not the Prisoner of Azkaban. It should also be noted that while I can't do anything right and want to die, all of this was really **FUCKING** cool.

Explosions > Exposition.

Michael Bay

## Things that ain't shit

Bitches  
Hoes and tricks  
Piss  
Vomit  
Semen  
Blood

## What I ate for dinner

Kids like you on the B-ball court  
Little pieces of shit like you  
Knuckle sandwich

## Less extreme sports

Goodminton  
Figure Skateboarding  
BMX  
Parachutes and ladders  
Scrabble  
Competitive Fine Dining  
Pillow Squabbles  
Pillow Peace  
Iron Manicure Triathlon  
Channel Surfing  
Irish Wakeboarding  
Waterboarding  
Power napping  
Speed reading  
Curling  
Pinky Wrestling  
Competitive Tai Chi  
Speed Dating  
Tiddlywinks  
Playing Dead

## Excerpts from my new book

Trebloinka!"  
It wasn't technically rape.  
See page 6 (page 6)

## Things that cost extra

Cheese  
Class (Prostitutes)  
Hipster Lifestyle  
These guns  
The tip  
Tattoo removal  
Indecisiveness  
Shitty airplane food  
Life (in mafia dealings)  
Sprinkles  
Burial  
Happy Endings  
Legally Downloaded Music

## Things that are XL

Ruben Studdard's T-Shirts  
The panties you found in your bed this morn  
Your condom size  
Oprah[']s personality]  
Donna Simpson  
The end result of dining hall food  
Regret  
Depths of Despair  
James's Peach  
Alice (sometimes)  
Margins on your thesis  
Julie Taymor's severance check  
Yo' Mama

## Extinct because of habitat destruction

World Trade Center Long-Eared Bat  
Haitian Glassware Turtle Dove  
Financial Bubble Striped Terrapin  
Michael Jackson Tapeworm  
Hindenburg Spotted Owl  
Happy Marriage Childhood  
New Orleans Hurricane-Allergic Toad  
Gulf of Mexico everything  
Nagasaki Honeybee

## Extinct animals

Happy Pandas  
Rats at Amir's (Editor's note: unverified)  
Bambi's Mom  
Whooping Crane  
Dumbledore  
Your Childhood Pet  
Straight Single Men  
Dragons  
Virgins  
Jesus (thanks Jews)

## Pros and Cons of .xxx domain

Pro(spective fratboy): Porn!  
Con(necticut mother): Porn!  
Pro(testant minister): Can easily block it!  
Con(ifer Dickey, porn star): Can easily block it!  
Pro(n.com, aka prawn.com): No more typo reroutes!  
Con(t.com, aka c\*\*t.com): No more typo reroutes!  
Pro(vocative) that your most visited site is koalaporn.xxx.  
Con(fusing) that your most visited site is koalaporn.xxx.  
Pro(activ): No need.  
Con(dom)s: No need.  
Pro(tected sex): Don't worry about it.  
Con(sensual sex): Don't worry about it.  
Pro(stitute): This does not affect me.  
Con(doleeza Rice): This does not affect me.

## Ex-Bands

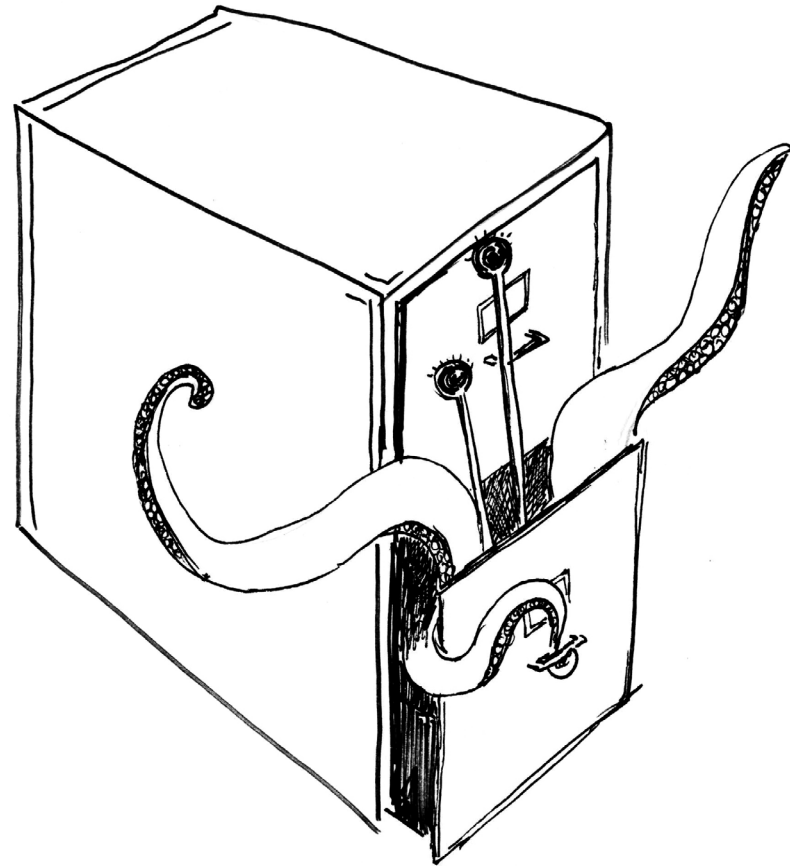
Dubstep  
The Dead Kennedys  
Rob Zombie  
Megadeth  
Led Zepplin (crashed)  
INXS  
The Mamas and the Papas (divorced)  
Grateful Dead





# NINE SEASONS FOR THIS?

## X-Filing



**Mulder:** I got a new case--there's a new filing system from CorpCo that's improving efficiency far beyond human capacity.

**Scully:** Mulder, why do you come in with every hare-brained business scheme you hear about? It's probably some massive software upgrade that costs thousands of dollars, nothing to worry about.

**Mulder:** None of the businesses we've heard from have increased their IT budgets at all.

**Scully:** Rumors. Poor accounting practice.

**Mulder:** They're calling it "a revolution in filing." It has the same footprint as a filing cabinet, but it breaks all the rules of traditional filing and there's still no need for expensive software or a complex network. And it's saving 14% or more across the board for small businesses and Fortune 500 companies!

**Scully:** I'll get my coat.

The two arrive at the corporate headquarters of the X Filing System, where two people are standing.

**X-Filing Rep:** Hi, I'm the X filing system.

**Leading Brand:** And I'm the Leading Brand.

**Scully:** Mr. Brand, can you claim supernatural performance?

**Leading Brand:** Well, yes, but only at supernatural prices.

**Scully:** And what about you, X-Filing system?

**X-Filing Rep:** Our patented easy-add hinges save precious seconds and make filing a breeze!

**Mulder:** See?

**Scully:** I'm not convinced.

**X-Filing Rep:** It can hold an infinite number of files because it utilizes space in demon dimensions. Here, let me roll to the back...

*The X-Filing Rep pulls the drawer out several feet and pulls back the last file. Wailing is heard.*

**X-Filing Rep:** Hear that? Those are the cries of the damned.

*Back in the office.*

**Mulder:** I told you Scully.

**Scully:** I guess there is such a thing as supernatural business growth with the X Filing System!

### All Deals



Russia  
Mass graves  
500,000 for the price of 250,000

[View This Deal](#)

### All Deals



Iceland  
Summer Sunlight  
24 hours for 12

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### All Deals



Israel  
Baker's dozen  
Free guilt with every dozen bagels

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### All Deals



Antarctica  
If you can find something to buy, it's all yours

[View This Deal](#)

# Text Message Translator

wat r u up 2 2nite?

Although poor at spelling, I am rich in desire to insert my penis into your vagina should the occasion arise, and am, with a thin pretext of asking you what is up, inquiring as to the potential possibility of said event occurring later this evening.

c u 2nite

Said rendezvous is going to occur, and at least in my mind our sexual union is inevitable. Please wear your sluttiest clothing as a confirmation of this inevitability.

where r u

Now that we have arrived at the same party, I was anticipating more interaction than has occurred. You have disappeared to locations unknown, yet I am fairly confident that you have not left. This suggests that although you corresponded with me extensively, you are, in fact, less than unflinchingly committed to copulating tonight. Indeed, the dread notion that you might be ignoring me, and that no intercourse shall ever occur between us, has entered into my mind, chilling me to the bone.

u cumming?

After searching for you extensively at the aforementioned party and finally locating you, I have coerced you into departing said party and moving to another location with me, where, I firmly believe, coitus will be more likely to occur. But despite our comprehensive negotiations regarding this transition, you have failed to materialize at the new locale. By inserting an unsubtle sexual wording, I hope to remind you of our implicit contract.

kinda busy, maybe l8r

Our contract was fulfilled last night, in the fraternity bathroom. I have no intention of renewing said contract, having now reaped all the benefit from you that I desired. Please do not contact me about anything else, ever again.



## IS MS. CLEO STILL IN JAIL?

### Fortune Teller Interview

*Mr. Jones, an applicant for a fortune teller position, enters the room.*

**Mr. Smith:** Ah, Mr. Jones. Please have a seat. If you don't mind, I'd like to get straight to the questions.

**Mr. Jones:** Of course.

He sits down across the desk, where a crystal ball is located.

**Mr. Smith:** So tell me, where do you see yourself in five years?

**Mr. Jones:** Do you mind?

**Mr. Smith:** Not at all.

Mr. Jones waves his hands over the crystal ball.

**Mr. Jones:** Alright, so I'm definitely getting some shapes that show some promising career potential.

**Mr. Smith:** Yup. What do you see around six months in, are you gelling with the corporate culture around here?

**Mr. Jones:** I think -- I might be having some problems with Mr. Yang. Wait... yup, that guy's a dick.

**Mr. Smith:** Yeah, he saw that you guys would have some problems in the future. He told me not to hire you, and to tell you to go fuck yourself.

**Mr. Jones:** But he gets transferred, right?

**Mr. Smith:** I haven't checked. Probably. Anyway, enough for that little detour, back to the main question: where do you see yourself in five years?

**Mr. Jones:** Well, I'm not working here, I don't think.

**Mr. Smith:** Do you have any idea where you are working?

**MR. JONES:** Not quite. I can tell that it's in an office that looks kind of like this one. It's got the same sign, at least: "The future is always depressing. Don't Look too far ahead."

**Mr. Smith:** Ah, yeah. I saw that this would happen. So I've had an opening

for a few months, you're clearly not the one who's going to fill it. Do you want to have a look at my problem and I'll have a look at yours?

**Mr. Jones:** Hahahahahahaha.

**Mr. Smith:** What?

**Mr. Jones:** I could see that you were going to ask us to switch crystal balls. And then you were going to make a joke about us touching each other's balls. I just thought it was funny.

**Mr. Smith:** Yeah. So you want to switch crystal balls?

**Mr. Jones:** Sure.

**Mr. Smith:** You know... right now we're touching each other's balls.

**Mr. Jones:** Already laughed.

**Mr. Smith:** What do you see?

**Mr. Jones:** I see you running in terror. Date is April 13, 2016.

**Mr. Smith:** Yeah, that's the thing, I keep seeing that, too. I never understood why I'll be so afraid of my new employee.

**Mr. Jones:** Weird. What do you see for me?

**Mr. Jones:** Same date. April 13, 2016. You're at the top of a tall tower reloading a rifle.

**Mr. Jones:** Yeah, I never understood why I'll be there. Guess it makes sense then.

**Mr. Smith:** Well, we'll get you started tomorrow. Guess we don't need to worry about retirement since you're going to murder us all anyway.

**Mr. Jones:** Guess not. Gee, I always thought I was so quiet and unsuspecting.



# X-Box Naming Session

**BOSS:** Okay we need a hit with this gaming console.  
**DRONE #1:** Guys, I think the controller --  
**DRONE #2:** Well the name is key. Who's our target audience?  
**DRONE #3:** We're marketing it to fourteen-year-old boys. We should probably name it something that appeals to them.  
**DRONE #1:** How big are fourteen year olds' hands?  
**BOSS:** Well what appeals to fourteen-year-old boys?  
*Silence.*  
**DRONE #2:** But how do we associate sex with gaming?  
**DRONE #1:** Vibrating controllers?  
**DRONE #3:** Innuendoes in the name?  
**BOSS:** Bingo.  
**DRONE #3:** But it's not like we can call it The Titty-Rectangle.  
**DRONE #1:** But how are they going to play --  
**DRONE #2:** A rectangular titty? That's disgusting.  
**BOSS:** Yeah that's no good anyway...The Boob Cube would be cute though.

**DRONE #3:** Nintendo 69?  
**BOSS:** We're Microsoft dumbass.  
**DRONE #2:** The No-No Square?  
**BOSS:** No no. What are some other words for vagina?  
**DRONE #1:** Or, we could focus on making a usable controller.  
**DRONE #3:** Muffin?  
**DRONE #2:** Uh, cooter... lady hole? That won't do. Abyss? How about box?  
**BOSS:** Excellent! Sexy AND rectangular! But the "box" isn't enough...  
**DRONE #2:** How about the Game Box? Extreme box? Dream Box?  
**DRONE #1:** I'm seeing if Sony has any openings.  
**BOSS:** Opening is too subtle. I want the name to make me think of a vagina with a big red "X" over it. You know, like the gamers won't be getting any.  
*Silence.*  
**DRONE #3:** The X-Box?  
**BOSS:** I think we're done here.



# How to X-TREME!

My name is FENDER, and I'm writing in CAPS to open up your life to NEW POSSIBILITIES! Most people are pretty AVERAGE, but by studying my METHODS, your life can go from AVERAGE to X-TREME! Here's a LIST!

## Laundry

How it's normally done: With soap and water.  
 How it's done X-TREME: With soap and VINEGAR! X-TREME!

## Homework

How it's normally done: While watching YouTube videos of dogs humping their owners.  
 How it's done X-TREME: While watching YouTube videos of owners humping their dogs! X-TREME!

## Making Your Bed

How it's normally done: Once a month.  
 How it's done X-TREME: With a lot of cheap wood, some nails, a hammer, and CHILD LABOR! X-TREME!

## Cooking

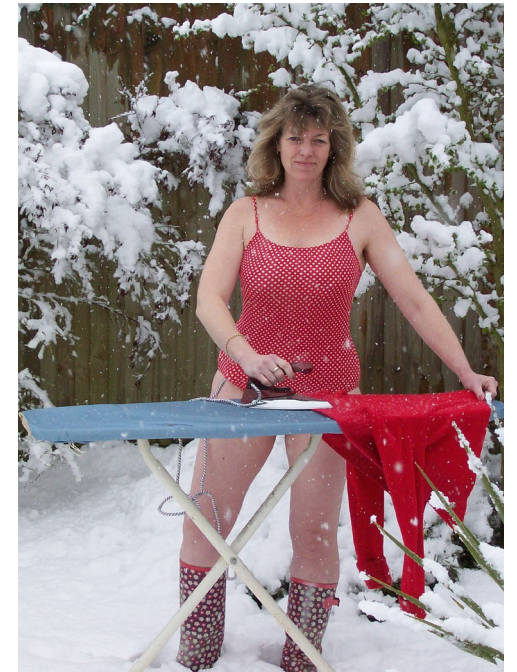
How it's normally done: I'm not sure, my girlfriend usually takes care of that.  
 How it's done X-TREME: Light everything on FIRE! X-TREME!

## Walking

How it's normally done: By people with control of their legs.  
 How it's done X-TREME: By really stubborn PARAPLEGICS! X-TREME!

## Sex With Your Wife

How it's normally done: While she's sleeping.  
 How it's done X-TREME: With an ERECTION! X-TREME!



*Greetings, food lovers. Xerxes here. For those of you who do not already know, in addition to being a pretty great Persian king, I am also a great lover of food. Today I will be reviewing Leonidas's, that new Greek place on the corner of East and Main. Spoiler alert: it sucks dick.*

**ATMOSPHERE:** Extremely Greek, a vibe into which I am definitely NOT. On the other hand, I did appreciate the riots and the tear gas. They added a certain ambience that I haven't seen since Sardis rebelled and I killed everyone. B+.

**SERVICE:** I ordered cheese dip and they gave it to me on fire. I've head stories that deliveries have been delayed because the delivery cars were also on fire. Guy, pick a theme and stick with it. I only left a 10% tip, they got the message. C.

**FOOD:** You know what really irks these Xerxes taste buds? Overly garlicky tzatziki. B.

**PRICE:** The restaurant was repossessed during the middle of my meal. I got my meal for 10 cents on the dollar, with interest. A+.

**FINAL THOUGHTS:** It's definitely the place to go if you're trying to impress someone. I got a BJ from my date. Or maybe it was anal. It's all Greek to me.

# Conversations

# With My Ex

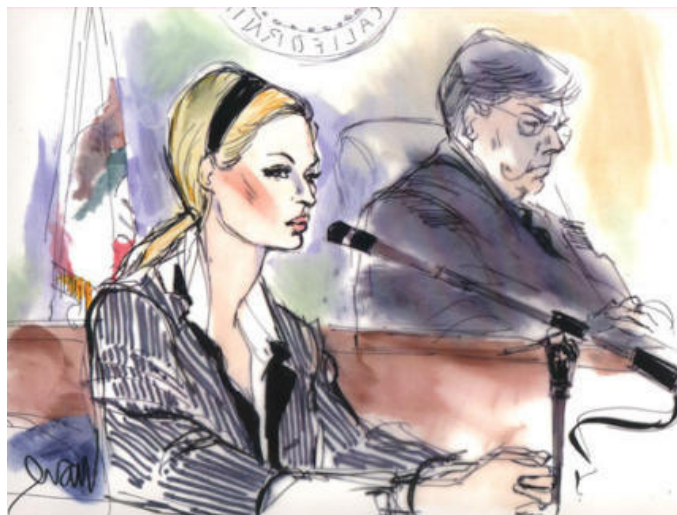
1 Phone rings.  
2 GIRL: Hello?  
3 DANIEL: Hi, Katy?  
4 GIRL: Yes, who is  
5 this?  
6 DANIEL: We both  
7 know the answer to  
8 that. I'm still in  
9 love with you, Katy.  
10 GIRL: Seriously,  
11 who is this?  
12 DANIEL: It's Dan-  
13 iel! You don't even  
14 recognize my voice  
15 anymore! You're moved  
16 on! I'm so ashamed!  
17 He hangs up.  
18 GIRL (to self):  
19 Who the fuck was  
20 that?

1 Phone rings.  
2 GIRL: Hello?  
3 DANIEL: I'm over  
4 it. I just wanted to  
5 tell you. I'm final-  
6 ly past it. And you  
7 should move on, too.  
8 GIRL: Seriously,  
9 I think you have the  
10 wrong number.  
11 DANIEL: That's  
12 right. It's always  
13 been the wrong num-  
14 ber, hasn't it, Katy?  
15 Not anymore. My num-  
16 bers have changed.  
17 I'm a new man. I want  
18 you to know that. I'm  
19 sorry, Katy. I don't  
20 love you anymore.  
21 GIRL: If you call  
22 again, I'm going to  
23 call the police.  
24 DANIEL: Don't  
25 overreact, Katy. We're  
26 both going through a  
27 tough time.  
28 GIRL: Stop calling  
29 me.  
30 She hangs up.  
31 DANIEL (to self):  
32 It's really over,  
33 isn't it?



1 Phone rings.  
2 GIRL: Yes?  
3 DANIEL: I want my  
4 sweater back.  
5 GIRL: Oh god,  
6 it's you again. Look,  
7 stop calling me!  
8 DANIEL: Not until  
9 I have my things. I  
10 bet you've been wear-  
11 ing it and smell-  
12 ing it up with your  
13 sweet, sweet scent,  
14 haven't you?  
15 GIRL: I'm calling  
16 the police.  
17 DANIEL: That re-  
18 minds me! I want my  
19 vinyl of The Police:  
20 Live at the Trubador  
21 back immediately!  
22 She hangs up.  
23 DANIEL (to self):  
24 Well, maybe I don't  
25 need the vinyl back.

1 Phone rings.  
2 GIRL: Hello?  
3 DANIEL: Katy, look,  
4 the police came and I'm  
5 being held downtown,  
6 \$10,000 bail. You're my  
7 one phone call. Please, if  
8 you still care about me at  
9 all - I'm so scared! And  
10 they don't even have TV  
11 here!  
12 GIRL: Are you serious?  
13 For the last time, I DON'T  
14 KNOW YOU!  
15 DANIEL: Really?  
16 GIRL: Really.  
17 DANIEL: This isn't  
18 Katy Tomlinson?  
19 GIRL: No, this is Lucy  
20 Tomlin.  
21 DANIEL: Oh, my good-  
22 ness. Your names must be  
23 right next to each other's  
24 in the phone book.  
25 GIRL: They probably  
26 are.  
27 DANIEL: Well, I'm  
28 pretty embarrassed.  
29 GIRL: No, don't -  
30 don't worry about it. Just  
31 stop calling, okay?  
32 DANIEL: Yeah, of  
33 course.  
34 GIRL: Great.  
35 DANIEL: Hey, you  
36 wouldn't happen to have  
37 a spare \$10,000 lying  
38 around, would you?  
39 She hangs up.  
40 DANIEL (to self): I  
41 should invest in glasses.



“This is almost as much fun as heroin withdrawal.”

“The reason America’s IQ is dropping like the barometer before an impending hurricane runs ashore.”

“Juvenile.”

“You’ll never want to read again.”

“Of all the things that arouse me, this is the one that shames me most.”

Submit to Jester.  
The “Space” Issue.

## Xenophobia vs. *Xenaphobia*

Reasons for XENOPHOBIA (data provided by the U.S. Census Bureau):

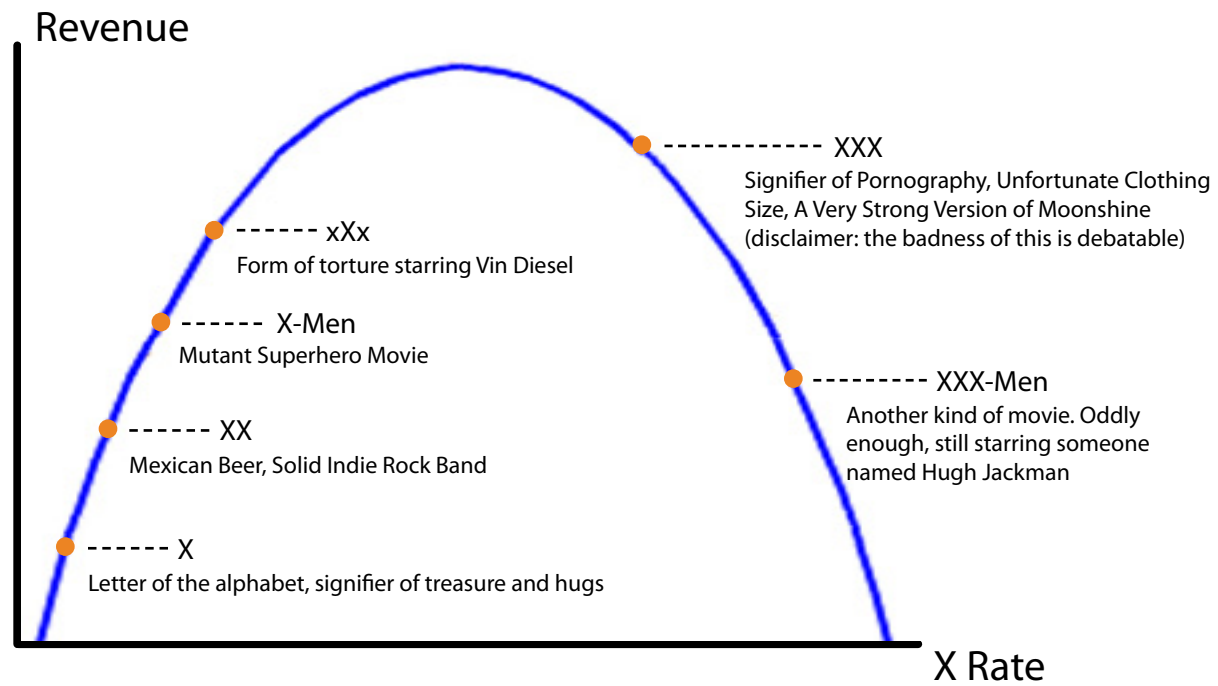
1. There are an alarming number of immigrants coming into the country these days.
2. Garcia and Rodriguez have entered the list of the top ten most popular surnames in 22 of the 50 states.
3. The volume of illegal drugs crossing the U.S.-Mexican Border was higher in 2010 than any recorded year.
4. Illegal aliens are willing to work on average for a third of minimum wage with no benefits, causing an estimated loss of 1.3 million jobs annually for domestic workers.
5. Tim Horton’s made a net profit twice that of Dunkin’ Donuts in the 4th quarter of 2010.

Reasons for XENAPHOBIA (data provided by repeated viewings of reruns on the SyFy network):

1. She’s a warrior woman.
2. She wears a leather skirt, adding to an image many associate with BDSM.
3. Uncertainty as to the identity of her biological father led to an insatiable thirst for male blood.
4. She appeared on The Tonight Show with Jay Leno and lived.
5. Warrior. Woman.



The letter X is important as a signifier of something, but it's important not to get carried away with the X's. With X, less is more.



This rule also applies to K's.

