

jester

spring 2012



S P A C E



# jester of columbia

**SPACE**

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ANYBODY WANNA  
GO TO MOMOFUKU?  
I HAVEN'T BEEN  
THERE IN LIKE TWO  
WEEKS.









# TO CATCH A PREDATOR

FEATURING  
CHRIS HANSEN



*TO CATCH A PREDATOR THEME MUSIC PLAYS, SHOTS OF THE DECOY KITCHEN. THE MUSIC CUTS OUT, THERE'S THE SOUND OF SOMEONE ENTERING THE KITCHEN. ENTER PREDATOR IN CLOAK MODE.*

**PREDATOR:** KRRRKRKR?

**BILLY** (FROM UPSTAIRS): Hello?

**PREDATOR:** KRRRKRKRKRKR.

**BILLY:** Just a second!

**PREDATOR:** KRRRKRKRKR.

**BILLY:** I'm just getting the condoms together for all that homosexual, cross-generational sex we'll be having!

*PREDATOR'S EYES GLOW YELLOW.*

*SUDDENLY, CHRIS HANSEN, THE HOST, ENTERS THE DECOY KITCHEN. HE'S DRESSED SHARPLY AND IS HOLDING PAPERS IN HIS HAND. HE STARES BLANKLY AROUND THE KITCHEN. PREDATOR'S CLOAK MODE IS STILL ENGAGED.*

*PREDATOR TARGETS CHRIS HANSEN. RED LASER TRIANGLE APPEARS ON HANSEN'S FOREHEAD.*

**HANSEN:** Sir?

**PREDATOR:** KRRKR.

*HANSEN TURNS TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE.*

**HANSEN:** Sir, could you please decloak for me and take a seat over there?

*PREDATOR DISENGAGES CLOAK MODE AND CROUCHES ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER.*

**HANSEN:** What are you doing here?

**PREDATOR** (ROTATING HEAD QUESTIONINGLY): KRRRKRKRKRKR?

**HANSEN:** What do you think you're doing here? Do you know how old Billy is?

**PREDATOR:** KRRRKRKR?

**HANSEN:** No. No, he's thirteen. I've got the transcripts of your conversation right here. You are wigwamwaggler84, correct? (PREDATOR NODS.) And you definitely had a conversation with Billy, alias SUXDUX? (PREDATOR NODS AGAIN.) All right.

(READING FROM TRANSCRIPT:)

**wigwamwaggler84:** How old are you Billy?

**SUXDUX:** I'm thirteen.

**wigwamwaggler84:** Thirteen is the number of moons in orbit around my homeworld.

**SUXDUX:** LOL. You're a funny man.

**wigwamwaggler84:** I have heard of man. A dangerous creature is he not?

**SUXDUX:** He doesn't have to be... :)

**wigwamwaggler84:** Are you capable of holding a weapon in your hand and passing the rite of adulthood, Billy?

**SUXDUX:** I'll hold whatever you want, big guy.

**wigwamwaggler84:** My people's code of honor demands that if you are to obtain any bladed or stabbing

weapon, I must forego our sacred plasma-spewing weaponry and engage you in single combat, blade upon blade.

**SUXDUX:** My sword is so long and hard, I want to thrust it in you. But keep that spewing technology close at hand! ;)

**wigwamwaggler84:** I will wipe your skull clean with carbonic acid and store it amongst my trophies.

**SUXDUX:** Thursday at three work for you? My mom won't be home then.

**wigwamwaggler84:** Thursday works perfectly. I'll see you then. END COMMUNICATION.

*HANSEN PUTS DOWN TRANSCRIPT. LOOKS UP AT PREDATOR.*

**HANSEN:** Did you come here today to engage in sexual activity with a child?

**PREDATOR** (SHAKING HEAD): KKRKR.

**HANSEN:** Yes, you did.

**PREDATOR** (MORE VEHEMENT SHAKING): KKRKRKRKR!!!

**HANSEN:** Yes. You. Did. You're sick, you know that? (PAUSE.) Lying in ambush, waiting to trap people while you remain safely hidden behind the screen of your "Hunter's Morality" and your "Cloak Mode."

*PREDATOR REACHES TO ENGAGE CLOAK MODE.*

**HANSEN:** Yeah, go ahead and engage your Cloak Mode. Run away and hide rather than face your accusers honorably. Coward.

*PREDATOR SLOWLY CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE TABLE. HE TOWERS OVER HANSEN AT NEARLY SEVEN FEET TALL. THE SCENT OF THE JUNGLE POURS OFF HIM IN NAUSEATING WAVES. HIS TOE-CLAWS CLICK ON THE SMOOTH LINOLEUM OF THE DECOY KITCHEN. HANSEN COWERS BEFORE THE ALIEN BEHEMOTH. PREDATOR SLOWLY BEGINS TAKING OFF ITS HELMET, THEN TOSSES IT TO THE FLOOR WITH THE SOUND OF ESCAPING GAS. THE CREATURE'S HORRIBLE CRAB-FACE FLAPS OPEN LIKE A MILLION NIGHTMARES, AND THE ALIEN ROARS AS HANSEN SHITS HIMSELF AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.*

**HANSEN:** NOW!!!

*THE PREDATOR TURNS, BUT TOO LATE. BILLY RUNS INTO THE DECOY KITCHEN AND IMPALES PREDATOR WITH A HUGE ORNATE SWORD.*

**PREDATOR:** (TOUCHING HIS OWN FLUORESCENT BLOOD WITH HIS FINGERS, HOLDING IT UP IN FRONT OF HIS EYES): KKRKRKRKR? (MODULATED SPEECH NOISE) "Sexual activity with a child?"

*PREDATOR FALLS TO THE FLOOR. BILLY AND HANSEN HIGH-FIVE OVER HIS CORPSE. THEN THEY HIGH-FIVE AGAIN. THEN THEY DO A VICTORY HUG. IT LASTS A LONG TIME. THEN THEY TRY A HORIZONTAL VICTORY HUG. THERE IS A BEEPING NOISE FROM PREDATOR'S WRIST. THE BEEPING NOISE GETS QUICKER AND MORE HIGH-PITCHED AS THE TWO SLAYERS OF THE BEAST EMBRACE PASSIONATELY.*





# Planning Your Visit to Space

By LYLE DEACON

Published: April 3, 2012

Space tourism may at first seem daunting, but it is actually not much different than tourism on Earth. The only real difference is that it takes longer to travel from attraction to attraction. But if you are anything like me, you will want to tackle all there is to do. This article is a guide for you, the intrepid traveler. Let's go!



Lyle Deacon

[Go to Columnist Page »](#)

Now, when my wife and I used to go to parties, she would often regale our friends with stories from the summer she spent in space during college. Before writing this article, I had never been to space. This was something my wife constantly faulted me for. And believe me, I've got faults. Who doesn't? "Everyone must go once," she would say, swinging her third glass of brandy past my face. "It's beautiful," she would say, "and the people are much nicer than they are here." To this day, she claims that if we had the money, she would make us move out there, the kids and the dog included. We do not have the money.

When you arrive in space, you are going to feel overwhelmed. This is natural! It means you're having a good time. Traveling to a foreign locale is often overwhelming, so try not to focus on the bad stuff and just enjoy your time abroad. If the shoe fits, am I

right? You probably won't be able to sight-see in every place you want to. I would recommend creating a list of the places that are most important for you or for you and your family to visit, assuming your family can make decisions together instead of fighting over your thirteen-year-old son's gambling addiction and why you and your wife sleep in the same room but in separate beds. I recommend visiting the Great Red Spot on Jupiter.

Without a doubt, the most crowded tourist destination in space is the Moon. I decided to visit the Moon during my second day of travel. When I asked my wife, she advised me to visit a number of the larger craters on the southern hemisphere, but she could not finish telling me which craters were best, because that was when visiting hours ended and she began screaming again that there was no need for her to be in a cage with all these crazies.

If you do only one thing in space, try the food. It is remarkable the kind of cuisine available at even the smallest of planets. And even if you can't afford a place, I am sure your wife could sleep with one of the chefs and get to go for free while you clean up your son after he gets beaten up by angry bookies.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy space. I did.

RECOMMEND

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COMMENTS (323)

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## IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

### A NOTE ON SAFETY INFORMATION

Space travel is significantly more dangerous and complicated than Earth travel. Please read all information carefully and thoroughly. *I know what you're thinking: "Damn, it comes in it's own leather folder?" Yeah, space travel is serious business. Don't take the folder though.*

### ALWAYS REMEMBER

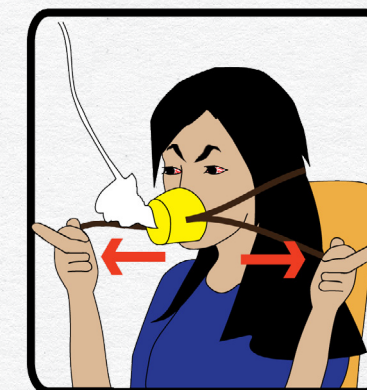
Fasten your seatbelt upon the captain's request or no less than five minutes before going into hyperspace. *If you don't fasten your seatbelt your flight attendant won't like you and then won't give you free peanuts. Dog, you gotta get those free peanuts.*

### IN CASE YOU CAN'T SLEEP

Adjust the firmness of your LogiComfort 5P shuttle seat. *Oh, you don't have a LogiComfort 5P shuttle seat? That's because you're on one of the old models. Why do you always get stuck on the old models? Do the new models even exist? Fuck it, just order another jigger of bourbon.*

### IN CASE OXYGEN RUNS OUT

Masks will descend from the ceiling. Secure your own mask before securing anyone else's. *Not even your kid's. If Timmy can't figure it out for himself, then he probably won't be able to survive in space anyway.*



### IN CASE OF EMERGENCY LANDING: ON LAND

Brace for descent through new atmosphere and possible impact on planetary surface. *Translation: "This mother's going down so you'd better bend over and kiss your sorry ass goodbye!"*

### IN CASE OF EMERGENCY LANDING: ON WATER

Your seat cushion also serves as an emergency jetpack. Whatever you do, do not press the red button on the jetpack. *You know you're just going to press it. What's the worst that could happen? It explodes and you die? No. If you press that button, Alderaan explodes and you survive. Then you feel infinitely guilty.*

### IN CASE OF FLYING THROUGH A BLACK HOLE

You'll be crushed from the sides and pulled apart in the up-and-down direction. This interesting process of death is called "spagettification." *Does it come with meatballs?*

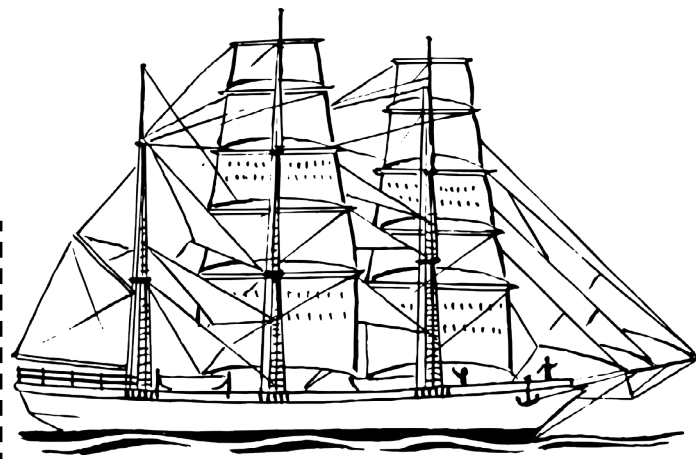
### IN CASE OF ALIEN BOARDING

Take cover and clear the way for your ship's designated intergalactic air marshals, heavily trained and armed with photon cannons. *But get ready to pounce on those dead aliens, because their blood cures cancer or some shit.*

**THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING TO FLY WITH US!**



# FISH AND SHIPS



AN EXCERPT FROM  
THE LOST NOVEL  
OF ISAAC ASIMOV

**IT** was a particularly windy May morning. A cool draft filled the captain's chamber of the H.M.S. Bigelow. The Strait of Gibraltar is no can of corn. Shouts went up like flies in the summer.

"Captain, we're reaching a rocky part! Stay easy on the port, boys! It's gonna be a rough one!"

"What see you in the crows nest?"

"All mist. I can't see my own two feet!"

For a moment, all was quiet. The calm before the storm. The captain walked out to the bow of his ship, all eyes upon him. Somewhere, a lost heron cried.

And then, suddenly, the thick fog broke, and an incredible whirlpool came into full view.

"Steady as she goes! All hands on deck!"

"We've got to toss the non-necessities overboard! Todd, the soap bins!"

But the fate of the ship was sealed. The current was fast, the waves furious, and the mouth of the whirlpool gaping into forever.

"Take down the jibs! They'll

capsize us!"

"It's too late! I can't get a grip on the rope! We're going down!"

And then, like a gull into the mountain fog, the ship was swallowed by the whirlpool. No, not a gull, but like a speck of rice swallowed by a kitchen drain. Like a marble into a canyon. Like the Alamo.

All was color. All was light. All was dark.

\* \* \*

The captain awoke with a start. Sitting up, he saw his crew strewn about him. The H.M.S. Bigelow was nowhere in sight. Are we dead? His mind raced. Have we drowned? He grew anxious. What's my name? The captain. My name is "the captain."

Finding an inner calm, the captain trained his eyes about him. The land was unfamiliar, to be sure. He and his men lay in a large field surrounded by swaying trees. Perhaps it was a knoll. But the air was thick with sulfur, and a large planet traced looping paths with a sun along a tinted sky. This was no ordinary knoll.

As the men began to stir, the

captain searched for answers. Fumbling in his coat pockets, his hands grasped a pair of binoculars. Miraculous how they had stayed put, he thought. The captain shimmied a nearby tree and gave the sky a once-over.

As his men gathered together, rubbing heads and shaking feet, the captain came to the conclusion that either he and his men had drowned and now found themselves in purgatory, or they had just been transported through the space-time continuum in a sort of myopic vacuum through a wormhole to a distant planet in some galaxy far from their own. Yes, that was definitely it.

"Captain!"

The men were restless.

"Captain, is this the West Indies?"

Fools, the captain thought, the lot of them.

"Captain, where is our ship? What has happened to us?"

He stared down at them from his perch on the tree. From here he could see them in all their tired glory. These men had no families, no hope, no dreams of a better

tomorrow or of a cabin in Montauk.

"Men of the H.M.S. Bigelow! We have no ship. We have no food. And, as far as I can tell, we still have no women. We are in a strange new place—perhaps even a foreign earth—and we must find a way to survive."

The men began to bark, confused, like sick dogs.

"What's that mean, a foreign earth?"

"We need food! We need to eat!"

"It's not right, it's not right at all!"

The captain scrambled down from his perch. He would address the men as a peer, not from a leafy pedestal.

"Do not back down! Not now. Not here. At least wait until we really know we're fucked."

An anonymous shout filled the air.

"The captain's right! We can't back down!"

A cheer went up from the crew. Some whistled, some yelped, one collapsed.

"Todd!"

The cheers went silent. The crew



"In silence, the men cooked Todd's body over the open fire. Some whimpered in fear and discomfort. Others added seasoning."



doctor saw quickly to Todd's limp body.

"He was throwing soap bins overboard with too much haste and vigor!"

"He's always had a light head."

"Todd!"

The doctor pronounced him dead by the end of the hour.

\* \* \*

At dusk, inhibition began to set with the sun. Tension filled the air, fed by empty stomachs. A scouting team had returned with troubling news.

"There is no food here."

"This is no place for man."

"I don't want to die! I've only just begun to live!"

All eyes were once again focused upon the captain. How the spotlight so easily reveals a man's faults.

"We must use Todd's body as sustenance."

Not a man spoke. All knew the captain was right, but no one was excited to eat Todd. A bonfire was lit with malaise.

In silence, the men cooked Todd's body over the open fire. Some whimpered in fear and discomfort. Others added seasoning.

As the men ate, the trees began to rustle. The burning flesh had

done more than attract a flurry of flies. The rustling grew to a pitch, and among the trees a creature appeared. In the shadows, the men could only make out a pair of deep, cerulean eyes.

As the creature came closer, the men stopped chewing, stopped whispering, stopped breathing.

With the head and body of Cee Lo Green, and the feet of a full-grown elk, the creature slowly entered the knoll. It paused. Then, with shuddering, guttural sounds, the creature mewed, cool eyes fixed on the captain.

In the matter of a moment, more creatures, identical to the first, began to enter the knoll. Then more creatures. Then even more, until the creatures outnumbered the crew ten to one.

Surrounded, the crew remained silent. For some time—perhaps half of a second, perhaps two hours, perhaps an eternity—the men and creatures were still, together, staring. Then, almost as suddenly as their ship had been swallowed just hours before, the creatures descended upon the men, jaws agape.

Not even bones were left to call on the memory of those brave men of the H.M.S. Bigelow.



Leonid Brezhnev  
1 Maple Hill Street  
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Richard Nixon  
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest  
Washington, DC 20500  
(202) 456-1111

July 20, 1969

Dear Richard Nixon,

It has come to my attention that your country has successfully landed on the Moon, thus "winning" the space race. While this might be true, don't think this is the last you have seen of Russia challenging the U.S. to races. Neil Armstrong is a punk-ass bitch, and we are still looking into whether or not Stanley Kubrick filmed the whole thing.

Sure, you might have superior technology and pay your scientists more than your garbage men, but at least we are better at hockey. How about an ice skating race? Or a bobsledding race? And no, you are not allowed to use a Jamaican team that will later be canonized into a classic Disney film. I'm talking straight U.S. and Soviet Union men on ice.

Or how about we heat this Cold War up a little bit and have a race to see who can win a real war? We have racks on racks on racks of missiles. Or what about beer pong? That is our *thing*. Who cares about the space race! We're going to win the next race. You just choose which one.

Best Wishes,

LEONID BREZHNEV

# Seinfeld

## in Space!



### a show about vast nothingness





# MAD LIBS

You wake up again. It's your shitty, shitty life. In this shitty, shitty house. God. How did you end up like this? You are supposed to go in for work at the \_\_\_\_\_, but you don't want to go in to work. You have a dentist's appointment at eight. You bare your \_\_\_\_\_. How did you get so old? You used to be young. You pour yourself a glass of gin.

\_\_\_\_\_ died last year. He died. You used to sometimes take his coffee mug out of the cabinet in the \_\_\_\_\_ and use it, then wash it and put it back. You think about your lips touching the cup where his did. You feel your heart flutter in your chest. You are alive. You decide to go to the dentist's appointment.

You call in to the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ answers. You discuss the appointment and then hang up. Jesus. You wonder if you slurred your words. You decide you probably didn't. You're drunk at least \_\_\_\_\_ of your waking hours now, and the others already know or don't care.

The dentist's office smells like \_\_\_\_\_. It reminds you of when you were \_\_\_\_\_ and your older brother \_\_\_\_\_ told you that if the doctor touched your teeth in the right order, they would all \_\_\_\_\_. You realize you're staring at the \_\_\_\_\_ - year-old child across the waiting room. He's clearly frightened of his situation. You think about going over and telling him, "\_\_\_\_\_" but you don't. The kid's mother sees you staring, and she looks at you like you're \_\_\_\_\_. She clutches her child's hand. He asks her a non-sensical question but she doesn't respond.

"Mr. \_\_\_\_\_? Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ will see you now."



The receptionist has saved your life. You head in to the office, and the dentist finds \_\_\_\_\_ cavities. His gloved hands probe your mouth and run over your tongue. The taste of latex \_\_\_\_\_ on your tongue with the taste of gin. He tells you to floss more, and you nod, not really listening. You find yourself thinking about work. He tells you to make an appointment with the receptionist. As you leave, the mother continues to stare at you. You pause at the door to the outside.



You draw what remains of your strength together, vowing silently to call in at ten and tell them that the dentist had to knock you out and that the anesthesia has made you too nauseated to come in. You look at the mother, clutching her child's hand. Judging you. She will die and her kid will be alone.

Wavering on the doorstep, you open your mouth and tell her, "\_\_\_\_\_."



## Bears

Polar  
Kodiak  
Corduroy  
Build-a-  
Winnie the Pooh  
Chicago  
S&M Sub-Culture  
Care  
Gummy  
Right to Arms  
Bear  
With me  
Stuffed  
Golden  
Stormin' Norman  
Rug  
Dead  
Imaginary  
Berenstein  
Yogi  
Smokey

## Pro tips

Firmly clasp the handle of the cleaver  
Make sure your cell phone is fully charged  
Do not ignore government warning  
Fuck it, eat the whole pizza  
Apply liberally  
It should look something like a small, wet dog  
Leave it there. LEAVE IT THERE.  
Pull firmly on both tabs



## Famous questions

Will you marry me?  
Would you marry me?  
Why not?  
Why are you doing this?  
What's his name?  
Is his dick bigger than mine?  
You think this is funny?  
Will you please stop laughing?  
You think this is some kind of game?  
Well tell me this, how are you gonna leave me for him if you're DEAD?  
Your Honor, how is it not obvious that I was just kidding around?  
20 years? Isn't that a little excessive for a death threat made in the heat of passion?  
Why did you drop that bar of soap?  
Where's the therapist?  
Why did I pick up Goose's soap?  
Am I going to die in here?  
How did my life end up this way?  
Is this all just a dream?



## Fool-proof pick-up lines

Is that a banana in your pocket? Because I can see myself in your pants.  
No, that is not a roll of Susan B. Anthony dollar coins in my pocket. It's my girthy tool.  
Are those space pants? Because those pants are out of this world.  
Are those space pants? Because I'm an astronaut, and I can see myself in them.  
Are those space pants? Because they're like 3...2...1....BLAST OFF.  
Hi, I'm George Clooney and you're sleeping with me tonight.  
Was your grandma an astronaut? Because I think you're wearing her space pants.  
Is that a lamp in your pocket? Because your pants are on fire.  
That sweater is very becoming on you. You look like a young Elizabeth Taylor.  
Are those space pants? Because they're really baggy. You look like MC Hammer, sort of.

## Revenge

Pre-venge  
Post-venge  
Not doing the dishes  
In rare cases, doing the dishes  
Breaking all of the dishes  
Stone-venge  
Mining  
Stan, watch your back, you piece of shit



## Things you probably won't find on the sun

Gold  
Cruel Tyrants  
Nice Tyrants  
Tyrants  
Tires  
Revenge  
Hockey  
Grammatical errors  
Another, smaller sun  
Watches  
Income tax  
Winter  
Communism  
The Internet  
Vegetarians  
Legends  
Will Smith  
Vampires  
Se7en  
Jeremy Lin  
Global Warming  
The Vatican  
Cafeterias  
Paint  
Harold Pinter  
A cottage with a beach view  
A beach  
Cold fusion  
Cleveland  
Good Ideas  
Icy-hot Patches  
Popsicles  
Your god  
Existence

## Things to do now that you've broken into jail

Talk to loved ones through glass  
Develop a meaningful relationship with your cell mate  
Print your own license plates  
Read the Bible  
Read The Hunger Games  
Give yourself a tattoo  
Sort white T-shirts  
Make someone or become somebody's bitch  
Utilize a spoon  
Shank somebody

## Things that are better cold

Keystone Light  
Liam Neeson  
The Donner Party  
Milk  
Ice  
Fire  
Wizards  
Popsicles  
Steve Austin  
Pizza



## Things they don't make like they used to

Swarthmore sweatshirts  
Quaaludes  
Whoopee  
Buster Keaton films  
Frescoes  
Old Fashioneds  
Fresca  
Music  
Popes  
Courtney Love  
Pirate porn  
Moonshine  
Tape  
Reality television  
Cocaine  
Steam engines  
Acid rain  
Chocolate rain  
Raffi tapes  
Colonies  
Environments  
Paper Mache  
RC Cola

## Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and...

Rosemary's Baby  
Slytherin  
Clock  
The Von Trapp Family  
Trouble  
Saturated Fats  
Robes  
Parsley  
Forever  
Cuba Gooding Jr.  
Rhyme

## Beards

Neck  
Chinstrap  
Goatee  
Bushy  
One with food in it  
Fake  
Tyson Chandler  
Soul Patch  
Sideburns  
Rip Van Winkle  
Hollywoodian  
Beard Vader  
Katie Holmes

## Sweatiest places to get wedged

Jimmy Buffet concert  
The huddle  
Air duct  
A sauna  
Mineshaft  
A wheel of cheese  
An armpit  
Arby's  
A subway car  
A Bangkok Canyon





# STAR TREK: THE NEXT, NEXT GENERATION

THE ORIGINAL SCRIPT FOR THE PILOT EPISODE OF *STAR TREK* FEATURED A CAST OF INFANTS. THIS IS AN EXCERPT FROM THAT SCRIPT.

*THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE FLIES THROUGH SPACE.*

**VOICEOVER:** Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship *Enterprise*. Her five-year mission: to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no one has gone before, and to get all the creme out of the oreo and just eat that.

*CUT TO THE INSIDE OF THE ENTERPRISE.*

**SPOCK:** The Klingon warship has breached the outer shields. Captain, what can we do?

**CAPTAIN KIRK:** Guys! This chair spins!

**SPOCK:** Captain, please try to concentrate. We must deal with the situation before it is too late.

**SULU:** I'm hungry.

**SPOCK:** This is no time for food, Sulu. The safety of the universe is at stake. Captain!

*KIRK IS NOW SPINNING WILDLY IN HIS CHAIR. SERIOUSLY, IT'S OUT OF CONTROL. IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO VOMIT.*

**CAPTAIN KIRK:** Check it out! I bet I can spin faster than you, Sulu!

**SULU:** Cannot!

**CAPTAIN KIRK (COUGHING):** Can too!

**SULU:** Cannot!

**SPOCK:** Gentlemen! Please! We are under fire!

**CAPTAIN KIRK:** Put a cork in it, you turd. Oh God! I think I'm about to spew!

*HE SPEWS.*

**SPOCK:** You first, Captain. Now, you really must take control of this ship and save us from certain death.

**CAPTAIN KIRK:** Hey everybody, Spock is a poop!

**SULU:** Ha, Spock the poop, Spock the poop!

**SPOCK:** What? Why am *I* the poop? You're the one that just vomited on himself.

**SULU:** He's such a poop he doesn't even know why he's a poop!

**SPOCK:** I AM NOT A P--

*THERE IS A GREAT FLASH, A LOUD NOISE, AND THE ENTERPRISE EXPLODES.*



# NO SPECIAL EFFECTS

# NONE OF YOUR FAVORITE ACTORS

# DRAMATIC MOMENTS RUINED BY MUSICAL NUMBERS!

MUSIC AND  
LYRICS BY  
STEPHEN  
SCHWARTZ

DIRECTED BY  
JULIE TAYMOR

# STAR WARS The Musical!





# Terry Frost

@frostinspace

*Guess how many space ice creams I've had? Like a hundred. No, a thousand. Houston, we have a problem: I'm about to shit all over the ISS. Also we're going to need more space ice cream.*

Follow

901 TWEETS

340 FOLLOWING

24 FOLLOWERS

## Tweets



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

26 Mar

Watching Brad sleep. He snores like an angel.



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

25 Mar

We are going to watch 2001: A Space Odyssey. How ironic!



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

25 Mar

Going to wake my friend and co-worker Brad up with some eggs!



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

24 Mar

Finally! Done with Africa and now we're on to the ocean. Brad finally played a game of cards with me. Soooooo much fun!



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

24 Mar

Still over Africa. Made stir-fry for the Brizzy Brad. I tried to talk to him about his life, but he seemed really tired. He's reading now.



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

24 Mar

Over Africa right now. Brad is asleep. He sure does sleep a lot. Maybe later we can play zero-gravity ping pong or something.



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

24 Mar

A little bit tired of looking out the window, going to see if Brad wants to hang out.



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

23 Mar

I'm flying over Antarctica right now. Isn't that awesome?! It looks super clear. The clouds passing by are awesome.



**Terry Frost** @frostinspace

23 Mar

Greetings Earthlings! Not that I'm an alien or anything, lol! Here with mybff and co-pilot Brad. Really excited to have started orbit.



# Brad Larch

@bradlarch

*Confucius said life is eating, shitting and fucking. Each is harder on the ISS than on Earth. But I get to be in space. Did you get that? I'm in space, and you're not. Nanny nanny boo boo. Eat shit, fuckers.*

Follow

842 TWEETS

76 FOLLOWING

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## Tweets



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

26 Mar

Woke up with shirt off. Weird, don't remember taking it off. [#spaceheatingfail](#)



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

25 Mar

I am not watching that 3 hour acid trip. This dude will seriously try to put the moves on me. Just going to sleep.



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

25 Mar

Dude literally came into my bedroom wearing only his boxers with a plate of eggs. [#WTF](#) [#getmeoutofhere](#)



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

24 Mar

Just got destroyed by this douchebake in high altitude, high stakes blackjack fuuuuuuuuuuuck



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

24 Mar

If this motherfucker sings africa by toto one more time i swear on carl sagan's grave i will fucking end him



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

24 Mar

What the hell, this stir fry tastes like ass



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

24 Mar

Aha, just got this dude to make me dinner.



**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

23 Mar

My co-pilot is way too excited. Orbiting for three months is going to get old. [#nottryingtoheadick](#) [#butitistrue](#)



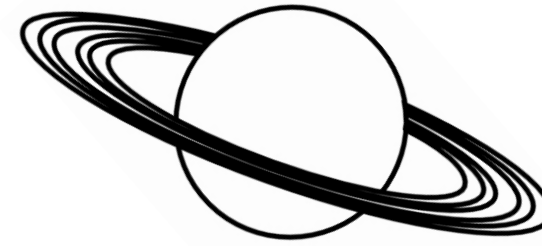
**Brad Larch** @bradlarch

23 Mar

Ugh, this is going to be a tough three months. Can't wait for it to be over. Just going to sleep and get high the whole time [#spacecation](#)



# MELANIE THE ASSHOLE



## COMES BACK FROM SPACE

Mom and Dad,

Just arrived at space camp! Thanks so much for sending me. I'm so excited for SPACE! What a long bus ride. Good thing we're in the dorms now, though. They gave us all bibles today. Maybe we're going to make rocket ships out of them. Who knows?

Love,  
Randal

Mom and Dad,

There's a priest here who keeps telling me, "It's a choice, Randal, nobody's born gay." I don't know what he's talking about, but the food is great!

Love,  
Randal

Mom and Dad,

I think it might not be space camp. I don't even know if they have an anti-gravity chamber here. I have to go, though. It's Jesus Hour, and we're not allowed to think during it. Thinking is a sin.

Love,  
Randal

Mom and Dad,

Christ loves you. And I love women.

God bless,  
Randal

**PAUL:** So, how was winter break everybody?

**SAMANTHA:** Pretty good. I went skiing, which can be fun sometimes.

**STEVE:** Cool, me too! Where'd you go?

**SAMANTHA:** Colorado.

**STEVE:** You're kidding! Me too! Where in Colorado?

**SAMANTHA:** Breckenridge.

**STEVE:** Oh. Nevermind.

**PAUL:** Shh, here comes Melanie.

**STEVE:** Fuck.

**SAMANTHA:** Hey Melanie! How are you? How was your semester abroad?

**MELANIE:** Oh my God, best four months of my life! You just have to go to space as soon as you get the chance. It's Amazing.

**SAMANTHA:** Wow, that sounds great.

**PAUL:** Yeah. Tell us about it.

**MELANIE:** Yeah, oh my God, the people are just like so much more interesting than here. Like the culture is so diverse. And the guys are gorgeous. At first the extra eyes were a little nerve-racking because I'm positive they were like, always checking out my tits. But after awhile I got used to it. Checking each other out is just a part of their culture, you know? That's something Earth needs to learn. To appreciate each others bodies and stuff.

**STEVE:** Are you sure they were checking you out? Maybe they all just have wandering eyes. Like a genetic defect in the population.

**MELANIE:** Wanna see my boyfriend? He's from Jupiter.

*MELANIE WHIPS OUT HER IPHONE AND GOES TO FACEBOOK. SHE BRINGS UP A PICTURE OF SOMETHING THAT RESEMBLES A TOOL-SHED MADE OF CHERRY JELLO.*

**MELANIE:** It was so hard saying goodbye, but we decided we're gonna try and make this intergalactic relationship work—his accent is just so hot.

**PAUL:** Oh, I see your Facebook language is Blorkian. That's cool, I guess.

**MELANIE:** Yeah, when you spend time living in a place, and everybody's speaking the language, you pick it up pretty quickly. I'm pretty much fluent. Poomakarfa, y'all!

**STEVE:** Y'all?

**MELANIE:** I'm from the South.

**STEVE:** You're from Maryland.

**SAMANTHA:** Speaking of fabricated identity, your hometown is listed as "Space."

**MELANIE:** Oh whoops. I thought that was my current city. I feel like I still live there, and I'm just on vacation here. I'm glad I missed at least some of the winter. Instead of shutting myself in like last year, I could just tan on the seven suns of Moomienoife.

**PAUL:** There's no way that's a place.

**MELANIE:** Oh my god, you have to go into the smaller galaxies and try the Dippin' Dots. So good—I would eat it everyday. Thank God space is weightless! It's so authentic there, too. I refuse to eat any of that Americanized crap they sell at the Kennedy Space Center.

**STEVE:** Cool, do you guys want to go to din—

**MELANIE:** Oh, and I almost forgot about my homestay. They were so nice. Of course I traveled a lot so I didn't get to see them all the time. It's just like, once you're on Saturn, space shuttle flights to Andromeda 7 are so cheap, why not take the opportunity to soak in another culture?

**STEVE:** Okay Melanie, we get it. Let's talk about this after we're done picking a restaurant.

**MELANIE:** Sorry, sometimes I just get carried away. I'm just like, obsessed with space. It was such an enriching experience. Oh blork it was.

*MELANIE SHAKES HER HEAD.*

**MELANIE:** Blork.

**PAUL:** Blork?

**MELANIE:** Oh sorry, that's like a space word. Sometimes I forget people here don't speak Blorkian.

**PAUL, SAMANTHA, AND STEVE (IN UNISON):** MELANIE THE ASSHOLE, WHEN WILL YOU STOP TALKING ABOUT SPACE?



## JESTER PRESENTS: A SPOTLIGHT ON HISTORY

On March 23, 1983, President Ronald Reagan delivered a speech in which he outlined what later became known as the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), or, more derisively, “Star Wars.” He gave two versions of the speech that day. The second was televised; the following is a transcript of the first.



**MY** fellow Americans, thank you for sharing your time with me tonight. The subject I want to discuss with you, peace and national security, is both timely and important—timely because I have reached a decision which offers a new hope for our children in the 21st century—a decision I will tell you about in a few minutes—and important because there is a very big decision that you must make for yourselves. This subject involves the most basic duty that any President and any people share—the duty to protect and strengthen the peace.

Did I mention how I’m going to do that? And yes, I meant “I,” and not America because I’m doing this shit all alone. It’s just me up here guys. Just me and Mar—I mean Nancy. Anyway, I’m going to protect and strengthen world peace by put-

ting a big fucking laser beam in space. With a death beam in the sky, they’ll be afraid to attack, and we’re not the ones who’re fucking going to attack anybody, so everything will be safe. Because if anyone’s going to attack it’s them. Not us. We’re not going to raze any lands or pillage anybody’s face, or drink vodka like it’s water. That’s why we’ve got Rocky Mountain springs. We drink water like it’s water. All we’re doing is just putting a killing machine in the sky. To kill. I mean, to stop them from killing. To scare people into killing. Not killing. Shit. To scare people into keeping the peace. It makes sense. Listen to me, America.

We, meaning you and me—because we’re all in this together, I was just kidding about all that martyr stuff earlier—have a duty. The duty to protect and strengthen the peace. I care about you. I love you. Now, I

understand there may be certain objections to this plan. For you skeptics, I say fuck yourselves. You’re the kind of people I used to beat up in the back of my middle school. I had sex in middle school, did you know that? Lots of sex. You remember there was that one kid who had sex in middle school? That was me. I hate you people, I really do. I think the laser beam should get you too.

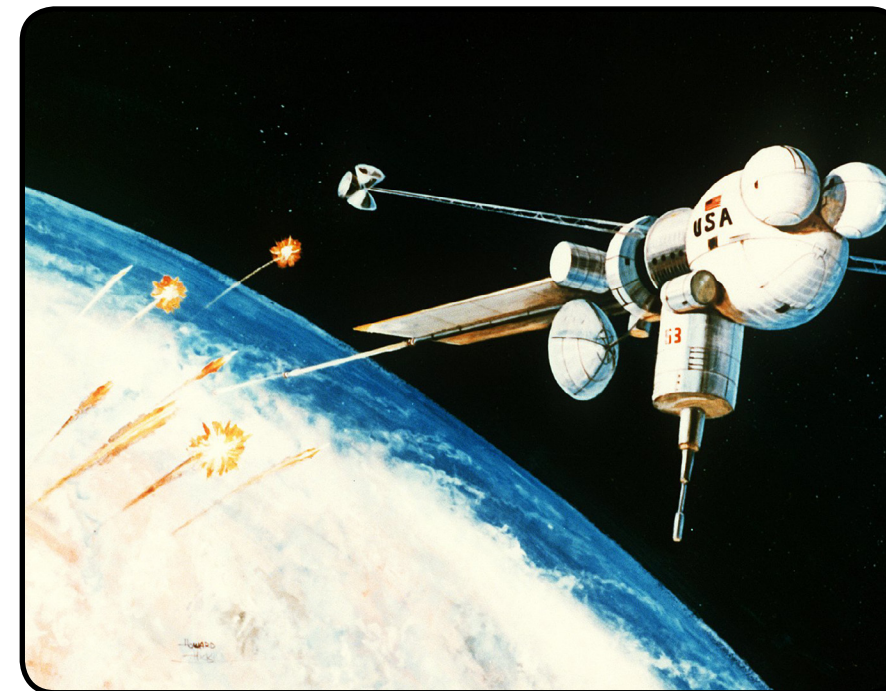
You guys. I’m sorry. You know how in *GoldenEye* when you set all the weapons to “Laser” and it’s really disappointing because none of the lasers are good guns and all you really want do is finger fuck Natalya? I’ve had it with shitty lasers. I’ve had people working around the clock on a good laser, and I think we’ve got it. It’s blue, so that’s cool, and the metal is really smooth. And it’s bigger than you’d think. Guys, how are we getting this into space again? What?

I’m joking, that’s not going to be a problem—my guys are geniuses. And here’s the thing about my geniuses. They’re you, America. They’re you. Seriously, I don’t really have science guys right now, so you all really need to step it up and arrive at a solution pronto, because the last guy who let me down hasn’t had silence in his backswing for ten years. Imagine trying to sink an eight-footer with the match all square on the eightee—I mean, without my laser, Russia will attack us and we will all die and our children will have genetic defects and speak Russian. They might even turn into zombies. I don’t know, I’m not a scientist.

Nerds. Anyway. America. I really need you on this one. If we make this happen it’s another four years of peace. And quiet. And Sundays. And waffles shaped like a different pair of tits every day of the year.

But Russia. Russia! That’s the issue right now. So we’re in danger. And what do you do when you’re in danger? You threaten your ideological enemies with lasers in space that they can’t possibly also get because we’re

“I’ve had people working around the clock on a good laser, and I think we’ve got it. It’s blue, so that’s cool, and the metal is really smooth. And it’s bigger than you’d think.”



the ones who got to the Moon first. Newsflash: we won the space race. And to the victor go the spoils, and this time the spoils is the right to put a big fucking laser in outer space and aim it at whoever the shit we want.

I have faith in you, tiny men and women. America, this is our time. We’ve had good times before, don’t get me wrong. But when I’m done with you, I’m going to make Eisenhower look like a cripple kid trying to climb out of a ball pit. You’ll all be superheroes. Every child’s going to carry a gun. A big gun. One of those ones you have to strap over your back. And it’s going to be okay to practice shooting on the dyslexics.

Does that sound good? Because I’m not done yet. Today, space laser. Tomorrow, just imagine what we’re going to do. We’re going to make a Swiss army knife that’s got thirty kinds of guns in it. We’re going to build a fleet of lamb helicopters. We’re

going to train a school of dolphins to fight for us and then kill them all. We’re going to dump a bunch of water on all the deserts and then fill the oceans up with sand. I’ve got a bucket list, America, and I want you to be there with me to check off every item (there are one hundred and forty seven). There’s no limit to what we can do if we put our minds to it, and I hope what I’ve been talking about has, uh, been making you hot in the pants.

My fellow Americans, tonight we are launching an effort which holds the promise of changing the course of human history. There will be risks, and results take time. But I believe we can do it. As we cross this threshold, I ask for your prayers and your support. Thank you, good night and God bless you.

Ronald Reagan

RONALD W. REAGAN  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



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

“The reason America’s IQ is dropping faster than a 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.

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The Economist

March-April, 2012

www.jesterofcolumbia.com

Is milk the new orange juice?  
Politics and news and stuff  
Sarkozy? That sounds made-up  
What paper looks like

# CONTRACEPTION

QUICKSAND

JALOPY

XEROX

XYLOPHONE

## And other good Scrabble words

PASTEURIZE

QUIXOTIC

GYRATE



Albania ALL650 Croatia HRK38 France €5.20 Ireland €5.20 Latvia LVL3.65 Nigeria Naira 600 Romania RON18 South Africa R40.00  
Austria €5.20 Cyprus €5.20(C€3.00) Gibraltar GIP3.30 Israel NIS34.90 Lebanon L£9.900 Norway Nkr48 Saudi Arabia Rials35 Sweden SEK50  
Bahrain Dinar3.50 Czech Rep CZK150 Greece €5.20 Italy €5.20 Lithuania LTL23.10 Poland PLN20 Serbia RSD438 Switzerland Sfr10  
Belgium €5.20 Denmark Dkr45 Hungary HUF1,310 Kenya KSh490 Luxembourg €5.20 Portugal cont. €5.20 Slovakia SRK180 Turkey TRY9  
Bulgaria BGN10.20 Estonia EEK80 Iceland IKr400 Kuwait Dinar2.80 Malta €5.20 Qatar Rials35 Slovenia €5.20 UAE Dirhams 35



