

jester

fall 2012



Jessica fan

STAR WARS

EYE EXAMINATION

20/200

A

20/100

L O

20/70

N G T

20/C3P0

I M E A

20/40

G O I N A

20/R2D2

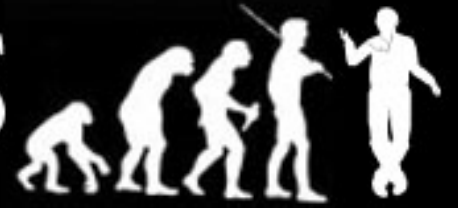
G A L A X Y

20/20

F A R F A R A W A Y

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Dear Dinoporn Today,
Where's all the dinoporn? The cover is good, but there are only words inside. There are way too few stegasauras titties.

-Dan the Dinosaur.

*Dear Dan,
Sorry for the mix-up. You recieved the wrong magazine. We are owned by Dinoporn Today, but we are a separate publication. For your troubles, we'll be sending along a complimentary tote bag and a free copy of the Christmas issue of Dinporn Today. Thanks for subscribing!*
-Jester

Dear Jester,
Your last issue was perfect. All of the articles were fucking fantastic, and all of the pictures were amazing. Holy shit, I can't believe how lucky I am that I get to be alive so I can experience this incredible magazine that is the apex of human accomplishment. You are all beautiful.
-God

Dear Jester,
I used to have herpes, do I still have it?
-Sam O.

*Dear Sam:
Yep.*
-Jester

PAUL RYAN, 42. Prolapsed rectum after a 350 dead weight.
KELLY CLARKSON, 30. What does kill you kills you.
THE LAST MOZZERELLA STICK, 14 MINUTES. Karl, you fat fuck, there were 8 of them and I only had 2.
THE DINOSAURS, 6,000 YEARS. Christ is our lord and savior!!!
FRUIT OF THE LOOM, 2 Days. Spoiled.
ROCK N' ROLL. Amirite?
CHIVALRY. Seriously, is this thing on?
STAR WARS. Killed by Disney.
THE LARGE HADRON COLLIDER, 14 YEARS. Created massive black hole after technician dropped crum of tuna melt into the reactor.
THE BLACK GUY, FIRST. Isn't it just too true?
THOMAS JEFFERSON, 83 YEARS. Nobody told us. We're pretty surprised.
DAVID PETRAEUS'S DIGNITY. If we write about him, do we have to sleep with him? Shit.
THE SHERIFF (NOT THE DEPUTY). I shot him.
SCIENTISTS. Scientists got sick of being compared to Sheldon.

To the tip-top boyos of Jester,
I, Maxwell Purnningham (SEAS '32), am glad to see you carrying on this fine publication of which I used to write for, but am disappointed in the context. There is no talk of run-ins with Harlem hooligans or giving the wife a good ol' slap on the wrist. Please fix this.

*Dear Max:
Please stop coming to our alumni dinners completely slosed and mistaking our non-white writers for the help. We all hate you.*
-Jester

JESTER

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Dear Reader,

In lieu of an editorial, we have decided to present the first piece of the issue alongside our masthead. This is a short issue, so we want to pack as much material inside as possible. Below is a press release about the discovery of fire. We are pretty sure this is entirely accurate and factual.

-Eli Grober & Ryan Mandelbaum

PRESS RELEASE: GOG DISCOVER FIRE. HURT GOG HAND.
Posted by Gog

Other day Gog outside and Sun not there. Gog see shiny line in sky and hear loud noise. Gog think this normal. Then, shiny line hit tree. Gog think this scary! Now tree hot and bright like sunny day. First Gog think tree happy. Gog like sunny day. Remind Gog of beach. Gog curious. Gog go close to tree. Look nice so Gog touch tree. Tree hurt Gog! Gog fight tree but tree keep hurt Gog!

Gog pick up stick and touch to tree. Stick now hot like tree. Gog show Magog. Magog scared and say "Gog put that down. What the hell are you doing with that burning branch?" Gog now know Gog have power. Gog in charge of hot, small sun. Gog call it "Hot Small Sun." Magog say "Gog, can you please put that fire out? It's dangerous." Gog decide "fire" better. More to point.

For you Gog list thing "fire" bad and good for. Magog say "Daniel, get out of my office, I have paper for you to borrow and you don't need to keep carving into my desk." Okay Magog. Wait for Gog finish list.

"FIRE" BAD FOR:

1. Touch. "Fire" hurt Gog hand. Put "fire" on body make hurt bump on skin. Put on other people body make yell and call police.
2. Leave "fire" on floor. "Fire" scary when Gog not there. "Fire" have mind of own. Gog leave "fire" on floor three second, now Gog not have clothing. Okay though. Gog like not wear clothing.
3. Bring to Magog friend home. Friend yell at Gog. Friend say "Why are you trying to burn my house down? Stop!" Gog run.

"FIRE" GOOD FOR:

1. Make meat for eat. Before, Magog say "Do you want me to heat that up for you?" Now Gog make meat for Gog self.
2. Scare enemy. Gog invite friend Dog for play. Dog bite Gog. Gog take out "fire." Dog run away. Magog say "Daniel, I'm going to put you in a home!" Gog win. Gog like home.
3. Watch. Gog like many color and sound. Gog see Gog self in "fire." Gog think "fire" like life. Many color. Many sound. Do not last long.

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Where Were They Then

The Childhoods of Famous Performers

Daniel Day-Lewis

Daniel Day-Lewis was a serious child born to Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and an exotic dancer named Christmas Day. Daniel showed little interest in the arts until one fateful recess, when a playmate suggested a game of cowboys and Indians. Daniel became immediately and totally immersed in his role, and lived the next six years of his life on a Winnebago reservation, eating only buffalo genitals and answering to the name "Takes Self Seriously." Daniel was eventually found and admitted to a youth mental hospital, but was released after learning that his condition could be referred to as "Method acting," as opposed to his original diagnosis, "Bat-shit insanity."

Taylor Swift

T-Swift's childhood perfectly reflects the everywoman, Americana-inspired aesthetic that she has come to stand for. She was also raised by bees.



Steve Buscemi

Old Man Buscemi, Steve's father, was his village's most renowned toy maker, but his life was empty, as his infertile wiener could bear him no son. In a desperate attempt to give one of his toys life, he entered a pact with the devil; only to realize that the sole puppet he had on hand was one with a terrifying, pedophile-esque face—a face that became Steve Buscemi's. When asked about his preference for satanic ritual over traditional adoption, Old Man Buscemi said "What? You mean I could have had a normal son? No! I've wasted my life and condemned my soul for nothing! Forgive me, Holy Father, for I have sinned."

Michael Cera

On Michael's eleventh birthday, a witch's curse froze his demeanor and speaking timbre at the pre-pubesence of a timid she-boy. Michael bears his curse to this day, constantly scouring Etsy in search of a prophetic talisman crocheted out of alt girls' eyelashes and fair trade organic ukulele strings that will finally allow him to reverse the old hag's black magic.

Vin Diesel

Vin Diesel spent the ages of two to twenty-three learning how to read and speak English.

-J.F.



	Then	Now
Race	Differentiation of people in politics	Differentiation of people in the olympics
Titanic	Expensive catastrophe	Expensive success
Amazon	Trees	Dead trees in the form of books
World War	Of attrition	Of craft
Facebook Protests	Used to protest dictators	Used to protest Facebook timeline



THEN +
(Then) (Now)

	Then	Now
Tweets	Annoying, terse utterances of aviary creatures	Annoying, terse utterances of human beings
Gender	Exists	????????????
Indians	Natives of America	Natives of India
Bernie Mac	Alive	Not alive
Razzles	Candy	Gum

-O.M.

Little Rascals Reunion Cast Party Circa 1976

Darla, Spanky, Buckwheat, Froggy, Uh-huh, Chubby, and Alfalfa of "The Little Rascals" all sit around a table at a hotel lobby. They are in their 60s.

SPANKY: Let's all do a bunch of heroin.

UH-HUH: Uh-huh.

BUCKWHEAT: O-tay.

They all do mad heroin and die.



-B.S.

The Last Tapioca

It was dark. Clammy hands prodded at my tracksuit, dampening the velour. I cried out into the void, my voice joining the cacophony of anguished screams that echoed from the linoleum flooring. The floors had been buffed earlier that day, and a lone, flickering bulb cast a dim glow over the waxy sheen.

It was Tuesday, 6pm. Tapioca time.

Back then we didn't get your fancy individually wrapped pudding snacks. In the dining hall it was a scoop from Doris, then back to the end of the line. Pudding was the only real thing we had in the Acorn Valley Retirement Community. We traded it for pills, maybe a blade from Sheldon in room 215. If you were lucky and saved up enough you could trade it for freedom; the security guards on the fifth floor figured out a way to distill the tapioca into grade-A crystal meth. It was in high demand, and it was high time for me to get out of the assisted-living prison where my family left me to rot three years ago.

On the date in question, tensions were thick, as someone left a plate of broccoli in the heating vent. There was no escaping it; broccoli permeated the walls, it seeped through the cracks of your porcelain figurines, and it caressed your legs with aromatic wisps. Something had to give.

Ralph snapped first.

"Have a nice day," smiled Doris, her pudgy face looming over the familiar plop of pudding.

"That's not enough pudding!" whispered Ralph.

He had friends on the outside, and had been saving up pudding for years. He was almost there. Ralph dove gracefully into the vat of tapioca, and viscous globs of the dessert splattered on the onlookers. Doris silently wheeled the vat away, her heels clicking in time with the muffled sobs of Ralph, submerged in pudding. I never saw him again.

We were alone with the backup tapioca – only enough pudding for one. Chaos descended on the once reasonable men of the retirement home, as we clamored for pudding. For freedom. I saw things no man should see. We were plunged into an ideological darkness of moral depravity, and into a physical darkness as Bert gnawed on the power cord. Through the exhaustion, the blood, and the sweat, only one man emerged victorious. It was I, Marty P. Gescheifenburger, who got the last tapioca.

-S.S



Fly in My Soup

Waiter!

Yes, sir?

What's this fly doing in my soup?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PET!

Excuse me?

YOU DROWNED NORMAN!

The fly?

I HAVE NOTHING LEFT, OH GOD!

[He kills himself]

Vampire

I'm a vampire. I'm going to suck your blood.

Oh, fuck.

Come over here.

Nah, dude.

Come over here!

Nah, man, I'm good.

Come on!

Nah, that's okay.

Time Machine

Get in the time machine.

I'm scared.

Don't be.

What if we can't come back?

Then we wait.

Christmas Socks

Merry Christmas, son.

Gee, dad, thanks for the ocks!

They're for keeping your feet warm.

I can't wait to use them.

Don't use them all in one place!

-E.G.

Goodnight Story

Goodnight, honey.

Mom?

What is it, Jason?

Read me an ad.

It's late, Jason, go to bed.

Please? Just a short one?

Okay. But just a short one.

Thanks, mom.

Stacey's Furniture. Furniture you can count on.

Goodnight, mom.

Goodnight, Jason.

District Nine

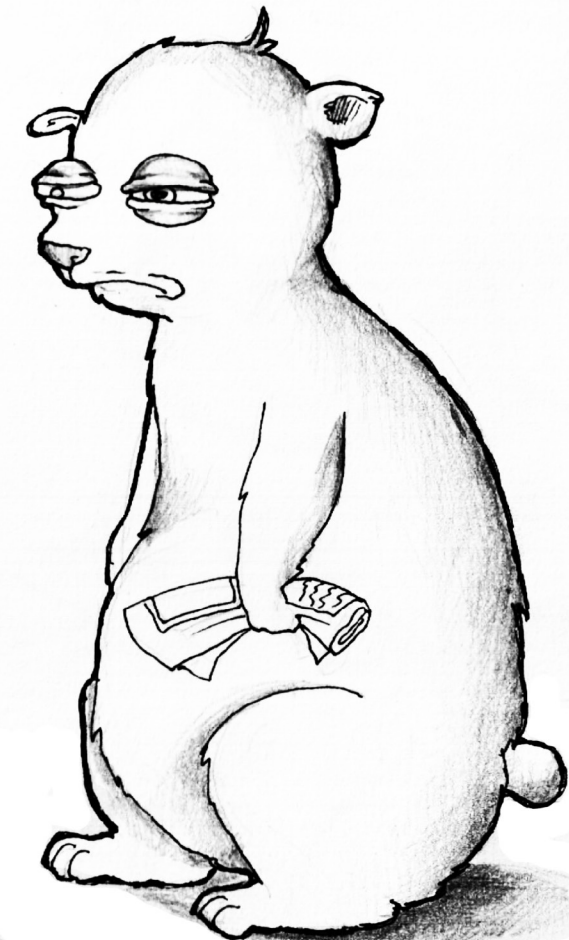
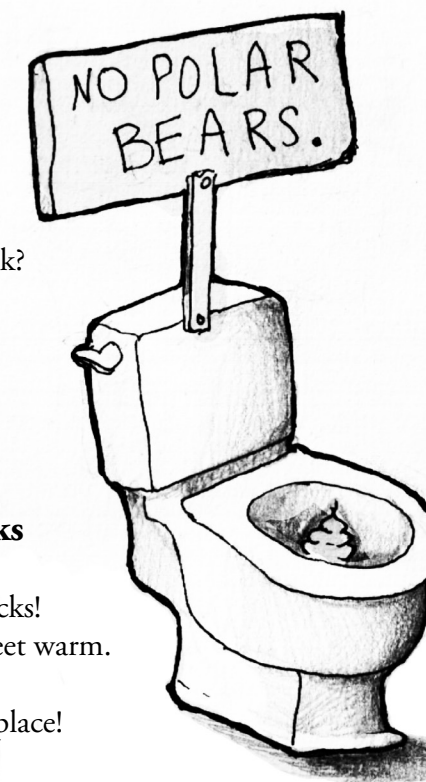
They should've made District Nine about polar bears.

Why?

Because of global warming.

It wasn't about global warming.

It should've been.



EUROPE ACCORDING TO

YOUR CREEPY SUBSTITUTE TEACHER

DANIEL, DO YOU LIKE
OUTKAST?

WHICH NATION IS "COOLER
THAN BEING COOL?"

NOW, SAMANTHA, WHY DON'T YOU TELL
THE CLASS WHAT SCANDINAVIA IS SHAPED
LIKE. I WON'T TELL YOUR PARENTS IF YOU
SAY SOMETHING DIRTY.

BOYS, RAISE YOUR HAND IF
YOU HAVE A FATHER. IF NOT,
YOU'RE INVITED OVER FOR A
GUINNESS!

AHAHA YEAH,
AMSTERDAM! I
WENT DURING
HIGH SCHOOL
AND TOTALLY
HAD SEX!

WE CAN HAVE
COMUNISM IN
THIS CLASS LIKE
THEY DID IN
EASTERN
EUROPE. DON'T
TELL MS FLEISCHI
AND I'LL GIVE YOU
ALL A'S!

BORIS, I KNOW SOME OF YOUR FAMILY
NEVER IMMIGRATED AFTER THE WAR.
WHAT ARE THE CHANCES I MARRIED
ONE OF YOUR AUNTS ON A MAIL-ORDER
SITE? I COULD BE YOUR UNCLE!

WHO'S GOT A GOOD BRITISH
ACCENT? GREAT, SETH. NOW
SAY, "BLOODY HELL."

ALRIGHT, I'M GOING
TO NEED A GERMAN
VOLUNTEER AND A
JEWISH VOLUNTEER.

I MET A
FRENCH
WOMAN ONCE.
SHE WAS
HAIRIER
THAN YOU,
NICKY!

BOW CZECH A
WAH WAH!

RANK THE BALKAN ETHNIC
GROUPS BY PERCEIVED PEN-
UH, ...FOOT SIZE.

AH, PORTUGAL. FOR HOMEWORK,
LIST WHAT YOU'D WEAR TO THE
BEACH AND WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE
IN IT.

YOU KNOW, VICKY,
IT'S TOTALLY LEGAL
TO WALK AROUND
TOPLESS IN
BARCELONA.

HAHAHAHAHAHA I TOTALLY
FORGOT ABOUT THIS ONE!
"TURKEY." THAT'S RICH.

NOW CLASS, WHY DO YOU
THINK I HAVE A
"SWISS BANK ACCOUNT?"

THE DRINKING AGE IN
ITALY IS ONLY 16!
WHO'S COMING WITH ME?
COME ON, KIDS!

HEY TOMMY, DID YOU KNOW THE
ANCIENT GREEKS USED TO
COMPETE NAKED? WHAT IF THE
FOOTBALL TEAM...

A History of the World in Pictures



First Annual Toolbag Convention



Nirvana Teaches Baby How to Swim



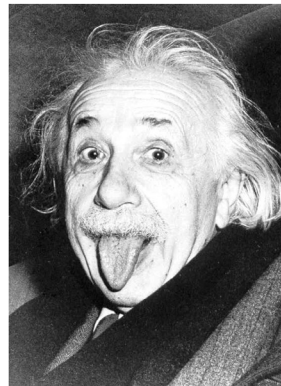
World's Most Defiant J-Walk



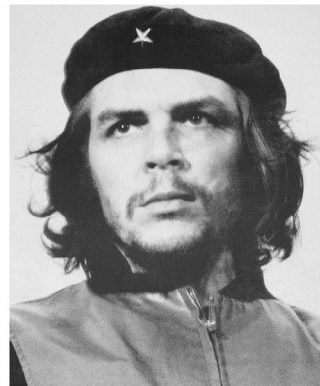
FDR, Churchill, and Stalin Have Chill Sesh



Another American is Discovered on Moon



Einstein Has First Beer



Che Guevara Endorses Kangol



Call of Duty 3 Announced for Xbox



“Anything Goes” Opens on Broadway



First Loch Ness Monster Sighting

-B.S.

What Killed the Dinosaurs

Syphilis
A young Bruce Willis
Drunk driving
A broken heart
Obesity
Guns don't kill dinosaurs, dinosaurs kill dinosaurs
Curiosity
John Wilkes Boothe
Autoerotic asphyxiation
My stand up set last night
Jeff Goldblum
A meteor

Stanley Kubrick Pornos

Full Metal Jockstrap
2001: A Cum Odyssey
6969: A Space Odyssey
Sharticus
Cockwork Orange
Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Anal
Eyes Wide Shut, Mouth Wide Open
Lolita

Wishes From the Make a Wish Foundation

I wish my disease would go away

Fast and the Furious Sequels

II Fast, II Furious III
III Fast, III Furious I
IV Fast, II Furious X
Two Fast Shakur
Not Fast Enough
Slow and Happy
Two Girls One Cup
Two Cups One Girl
Faster, Brad

Bitches in my class

Lauren
Amber
Jenn
Ashley
Mike
Lena
Susan
Ms. Wenton
Lindsay

Things That Don't Live Up to Your Expectations

Go-Gurt
Vietnam flashbacks
My oldest son
My first time
My last time
Killing a guy
Anal beads
Conversations beginning with “What's your favorite color?”
Having friends
Your mom last night, amirite?
Getting mugged
My bris
Fishing with my dad

Time flies when you're...

In a high school rockband
Running from the cops after murdering your family because they knew about your other family
Fat
Having retrograde amnesia
Trying to pee but you're saving your pee so you can walk out of class and have an excuse
Watching pornography
Dead

Crayola Colors

Flesh
Ambiguous Brown
Formaldehyde
Green-Red Colorblindness
Clear
Blue
Light
Dark
Magnificent
Parents Having Sex
Lighter Shade of Pale
Crystal Meth
Gary Busey's Teeth
Regret Violet

Reach for the Stars!!!!!!!!!!!!

Shoot for the moon!
Great job, Jacob!
You made it!
We'll get him next time!
You gave it your all!
Mommy's fine!
Jacob, stop crying!
Be strong, sweetie!
There was never any house in california!
The money's gone, Jacob!
We're gonna shave your head, honey!
They'll pay for your free trip to Disney!
Jacob, run!
[Gun shots]

A.P. Government or Urban Dictionary

Logrolling
Gag Order
Hob Knocker
Gerrymandering
Flopping Out
Iron Triangle
Bundling
Shrimp Job
Filibuster
Alaskan Pipeline
Free Riding
Party Whip
Front-Loading
Sausage Party
Lemmiwinking
Pork Barrel
Longjohn

Things That Sound Racist

Whitewash
Grandpas
Nuggets
Blacklisted
Yellow Rice
Cold Ass Honky
Red Cross
O'bama
Spaniard
Brown v. Board of Education

Messages (1)

Amelia

Records have surfaced of legendary pilot Amelia Earhart's last few text messages to her husband, George Putnam. The following messages were sent in-flight somewhere between New Guinea and Howland Island on July 2, 1937, the day of her and navigator Fred Noonan's tragic disappearance.

- 8:32 AM: The view from up here is ill!!
- 9:44 AM: ~~~craving moist feta~~~
- 9:56 AM: Just flew through a cloud, so weird dude -_-
- 10:04 AM: Bored... hmu
- 10:33 AM: Dare me to pee out the window?
- 10:37 AM: fLyIng iS 4 wiNners!
- 11:02 AM: Haven't heard from u all day... where r u?
- 11:59 AM: Idk what these buttons mean... should have read the manual! Lol!!@
- 12:10 PM: Starting 2 worry bout u- call me!
- 12:12 PM: I <3 planes
- 12:15 PM: Actually just ate a whole bag of vanilla wafers, I'm so fat lol!!1!
- 12:50 PM: Are you with Trisha?
- 12:56 PM: ...?
- 1:00 PM: George
- 1:04 PM: George
- 1:08 PM: Goddammit
- 1:09 PM: if you don't respond within 1 minute I will assume you r getting sex with Trisha
- 1:10 PM: YOU SELFISH SON OF A BITCH
- 1:11 PM: MY MOTHER WAS RIGHT
- 1:12 PM: TRISHA'S ALWAYS BEEN A SLUT GIRL
- 1:13 PM: I SKIPPED MY COUSIN'S CHRISTIANING FOR YOU
- 1:14 PM: I WAS NEVER GOOD ENOUGH, EVEN AFTER I LOST THE WEIGHT
- 1:20 PM: do u luv her
- 1:28 PM: I WILL FLY THIS PLANE INTO THE OCEAN
- 1:30 PM: k

Reply

The Last Will and Testament of Winston Churchill

What is this, stale crumpets? Bloody fuck and all. Cock and balls. I'll bet you would like to know just what an iron curtain is. Bloody hell, cock and balls. Hiroshima, tallywanker. Do you think they would let you take down all of fascist Europe without a fight? America. Excellent place, nights out. Sixes and sevens but never a dull moment. Fuck them all. And now imagine, they let me eat an entire box full of chocolate toasties before they even let me give a speech before editing a speech. Fuck it all, aroused at the round table, and I can't even give a damn. Have you even been to Russia? A great load of Cossack asswipe tallywackerfacemctittwats, bum-bling about as if they know what they're talking about. Russia. Stalin is a bloody fuckhead

though. If you have ever seen a combination of his hairy pubis, his hairy face, and his ability to repeat everything you say then you would also agree, because he cannot even shoot three rounds of racquets. I mean, if you had ever been to Stalingrad you would know that it wasn't a walk in the park, but blimey, if neoliberal capitalist values are trying to erect a flagpole over the hopes and dreams of young Angolan-Belgian children, then all I would ever have to do is watch, because to be honest my responsibilities are solely to wipe shit off of the asshole of a young crocodile hunter and to make sure Edward's trousers are clean and pressed. Parliament? I've already eaten 15

stale crumpets and I could give fewer fucks if they paid me to fuck. Someone grab me my cigar please, the Americans have decided that of all of my aches and pains they must exploit the lower class as their own because they have no emotions, no love and no friendship for any of the scalawags they hope to employ to that office of theirs. Precedent? President? Is the popular vote nothing? What is a country without a monarch but a very large automobile that runs on the blood of seven-year-old children without a future? The Jews. That's what this war is really about? Why would we save a man who can add when it is division that divides us? (Embarks on another crumpet. Sounds of airplanes. Sounds of harpsichords.)

A bombing? I say. Have you ever been bombed? I believe back when I was but a young child there was a bomb drill in which the young men passed by us as we pretended and reenacted—excuse me is that another crumpet? I hate to ask but I am feeling quite hungry and I must say that the stress brought upon by the rationing of all the things I! Yes I! Winston Howard Churchill! They dare to ration me when I can't even pretend to have one? Have you been rationed? No? Let me tell you there are three. Yes, count them: one, two, three things you should know about a ration. One, the British government is full of Nazi spies and they only want to know how we are feeling. Badly! Yes, Badly! Two, rations are nothing because



we can always have one ourselves. That's right! No need, it will be there for you! Three, have you even had a crumpet? Yes! I have had many and it is as if I haven't had any! Because! You understand! We can drop bombs, wreck and pillage, rape, eat, drink, sleep, but be merry! You shall never worry because we have them and we shall eat cake and crumpets! I am not sure if that is the quote but it is unimportant because I myself have taken a liking to making a liking. Now, let me explain my dilemma (as it may be! it is!): I cannot allow one to have the actions of many affect the one for who he may be (as I know it must be and cannot be allowed to be). Quickly, my young servant! Can you... (German bombs heard in the distance. A

young man in the foreground allows the soiling of his shorts to prevent a lack of mundanity. The author takes another swig of vodka before embarking on a sixteenth crumpet. Moans, groans, and the sound of a gut distending. A crowd forms. A man dies.) UghhhhHHHH! (Winston Churchill rolls over. A cigar begins rolling, exeunt stage left. Uncontrolled, unidentified vomit. A young man pushes a stroller in the distance. Am I still speaking in parentheses?) Shut up! (Apologies from a corner. A man lies on the floor. All exit stage left, and Hitler kills himself in a bunker.)

-R.M.



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thine self. And read a lot.”
-Hamlet*

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“You’ll never want to read again.”

“Juvenile.”

“This is a terrible magazine.”

“Woah. What did I just read. This could not be what they intended. Someone tell me this is a terrible, terrible mistake.”

Submit to Jester.

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT COLUMBIAJESTER.COM

Twins:
If you’ve seen one,
you’ve seen them all

Ice Cream:
Is it real?

Magazines:
Reading them
could kill you

Lauren:
Please pick up,
I just want to talk

TIME

Is America a Banana?



