

THE TRUTH ABOUT BILL HICKS & ALEX JONES

Experts - "It's a government coverup!"

TIMES NEW

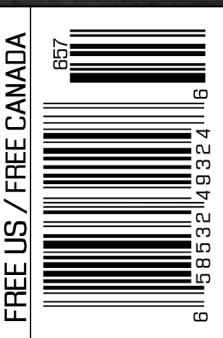
ROMAN®

BOSTON

Volume 3, Issue 2

FORTUNE COOKIES: WEAPONS OF THE ENEMY?

WORD OF THE DAY:
投降 [I Surrender]



KANYE'S FASHION:
A BLESSING FROM GOD?

NEW TECHNOLOGY REVEALS
HIDDEN MASTERPIECE!

NERD CORNER:
GAMING
CONSPIRACIES
PUBERT EXCLUSIVE!



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TIMES NEW ROMAN

Volume 3, Issue 2

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How To Tell If Your Tinder Date Is A Reptilian

By The TNR Staff

1. They have political ambitions.
2. They can unhinge their jaw.
3. They act cold....blooded.
4. Their first profile picture is of a girl and a lizard and when you swipe to the next photo, you only see the lizard.
5. Their favorite book is “The Lusty Argonian Maid”.
6. They try to change the subject when you bring up the new world order.
 7. They have the complete works of David Icke.
 8. Fluent in parseltongue.
9. Their amazon purchase history is all heat lamps, with 2 more currently being shipped.
10. When you ask them to rate something on a scale of 1 – 10, they get nervous and go “Scales! What??! No no, I have human skin.”
11. They were the first black president or first female presidential nominee.



**When you're in a rut, and you don't know why, do not cry,
just ask Mr. ADVICE GUY**

Dear Advice Guy,

I don't know what to believe anymore. I feel surrounded by lies – is my whole world a deception? What, if anything, is real?

Best,
Rob Jennings
Senior, Philosophy

Rob,

It had always been a life-long dream of mine to climb Mount Everest – and last year, I made that dream a reality. Along with my best friend, Guy Advice, I set off to the other side of the world in search of a challenge unlike anything I had ever faced.

Guy and I were close, Rob – we were just about as close as two people can get. After days of endless climbs, our feet were tired, our hands freezing, our faces cracked, our lungs pained and struggling, our minds waning. But we were so happy, Rob; we were alive, and we fed off each other's energy. When we finally reached the summit, the euphoria was palpable. That was real, Rob. We were real – and you know what else

was real, Rob? The storm was real, and so was the wind, the snow, and the unrelenting cold that came with it. So were Guy's last words to me before the storm took him. That was all real. That was all too fucking real.

And you know what else is real, Rob? Your bullshit. Horrible, horrible things happen every day and you still pretend like the truth of reality eludes you. I can see you sitting there with one fist up your ass and the other shaking angrily at the sky like the world has done you some great injustice – like the real problem here isn't that you're a pretentious prick who after so many years on this planet still thinks that deception is a novelty, but that the world really is out to get you.

Fuck you, Rob. What's real? I'll tell you what's real: that hole in the condom your deadbeat dad used to fuck your hooker mom in the bathroom of that Arby's in the anatomical asshole of Tennessee. Yeah, that was real – almost as real as the gaping hole in your life he left unfilled, or the gaping holes in your mom that he didn't. The stench of piss in your pants from the first time you saw a woman naked? That was real – she knew it, you knew it; you both knew it. I'm sure your neighbors could hear you crying – so, yeah, I guess they knew it too. How's the therapy, by the way? You know, I'm not convinced that therapy is a real thing – and you're not helping its case, considering that you seem to be losing touch with reality. Plus, those insecurities of yours are real for a reason. I'd be insecure too if I had twelve kinds of a chronic yeast infection and explosive bacne.

Is that real enough for you, Rob? No? Okay, I'll continue then. Your dead dog? Real. Your family's certainty that you are and always have been and always will be a total disappointment? Yup. The horrible amalgamation of debilitating birth defects and genetic vomit that makes up your face? Uh huh. The inkling of self-doubt steadily and justifiably eating away at your happiness and sense of self-worth? That's the realest thing I've mentioned so far.

My point, Rob, is this: your world is real. Take a good look and decide for yourself what you want to believe – as long as it isn't yourself. That would be foolish.

Yours truly,

Advice Guy

THE BIG ENCHILADA

Browsing the Prison Planet message boards has become one of my favorite escapes from the social manipulation I push past daily at my 9-5 grind. “Finally,” I always think, “a space to discuss the truly pertinent issues of the day with minds on the same level as mine while warding off any conversation with the simpletons around me.” Today, however, my serene browsing was disrupted by a truly disheartening post. After chatting with the good old boys about my co-workers describing to each other on Slack “how much like The Office our IT department is” (clearly too brain-dead to understand the media manipulating them into corporate compliance), I was scrolling through the usual threads of enlightened discussion and came upon one titled “Thoughts on the Bill Hicks / Alex Jones idea?” Inside, I found the most fallacious conspiracy I’ve read yet: that the Infowars resistance leader Alex Jones is actually a character played by comedian Bill Hicks, whose death in 1994 the poster claims was faked. In a fit of rage, I assaulted my keyboard and crafted an explanation to set the record straight for the OP and all future thread visitors. I’ve added it below for any TNR readers who were similarly misinformed:

 Free_Thinker

Premium Member



Posts: 12,654

 Re: Thoughts on the Bill Hicks / Alex Jones Thoery?

« Reply #1 on: February 28, 2017, 11:15:37 AM »

How could you say this? It’s insulting to Hicks’ legacy, it devalues Jones’ claims of the elite spirit vampires seeking to ascend to the twelfth dimension by pushing the lower classes down to the third (right now the world is hovering between the fifth and sixth) as jokes, and, if you look at their birth certificates, it doesn’t make any sense: Hicks was born 13 years before Jones. The worst part, however, is how close you came to the truth while remaining blind to it. A simple reversal of your idea would reveal the truth about Bill Hicks: he was a cover identity for Alex Jones from the start.

Alex Jones was born from the combination of chemical formulas created when a government miscommunication accidentally crashed a truck coming from the MKUltra test site with one heading out from Edgewood Arsenal. The mind control substances mixed with the experimental chemicals to give Jones his unique blend of distrust for the government and love for Super Male Vitality, the official testosterone enhancer of the free-think movement. In his youth, Jones found himself gifted with the ability to dissect the world around him and analyze its inconsistencies, and found the best place to find an audience who would listen to his research was on-stage at the Comedy Workshop in Houston. The locals mistook Hick-Jones’ (as he will be referred to for the rest of this post) theories as darkly comedic social critiques, making him a smash hit who was quickly picked up by a talent agent and taken on a nationwide tour. At every venue his mocking of the Warren Report on the JFK assassination and questioning of who was really to blame for the Waco Siege were received by the audience with rounds of laughter. The only thing that kept Hick-Jones going was knowing that behind those smiles, he was planting the first seeds of his Infowars empire into the minds of the American work force by having them reconsider what they believed about their government. His popularity quickly launched him onto nightly news shows like David Letterman, where he became the first comedian whose entire routine was cut out from the broadcast. Most people link this to CBS’s uncomfortable stance on offensive jokes, but it was actually due to the fact that Hick-Jones’ mind bombs were so effective that Letterman himself admitted that America’s culture was primarily controlled by the Jewish media and his producers ran onstage to join him in lighting an Emmy award on fire. This controversy became the reason for Hick-Jones’ “death” in 1994, which was actually a three-month long coma induced on Jones (at this point it became necessary to shed the Hicks persona completely) by secret agents combining the nootropic Alpha Brain longtime friend Joe Rogan had recommended to him with a heavy dose of Super Male Vitality from his personal stash. When his organs regained basic functionality, Bill Hicks had been proclaimed dead of pancreatic cancer and Jones was left out in the cold. He decided the best way to begin spreading the truths of the modern world again was to start off on the local soapbox of radio, move into public access television and build his movement into a podcast that would eventually be downloaded 40 million times a week. In order to cover up Jones’ history and their shipping mistake, the CIA conspired to devalue the same theories he’d been dispensing to the public since his standup days by painting him as a raving madman. His new identity was solidified in the national eye by government operative Richard Linklater, who gave Jones the opportunity to cameo in his movies in order to paint him as “conspiracy guy in public with a loudspeaker”. Sadly, such an injustice continues to this day, with YouTube clip compilations that mock his impassioned sermons slowly driving him to the edge of sanity.

So there you have it, bud. Dwell on your preconceived notions next time before you decide to post on MY forum.

 Logged

 Zeitgeist85

Member



Posts: 125

 Re: Thoughts on the Bill Hicks / Alex Jones Thoery?

« Reply #2 on: February 28, 2017, 11:18:45 AM »

Lmao dude calm down

Chinese Fortune Cookies

By Billy Blurgson

Fortune: You are about to read a TNR article

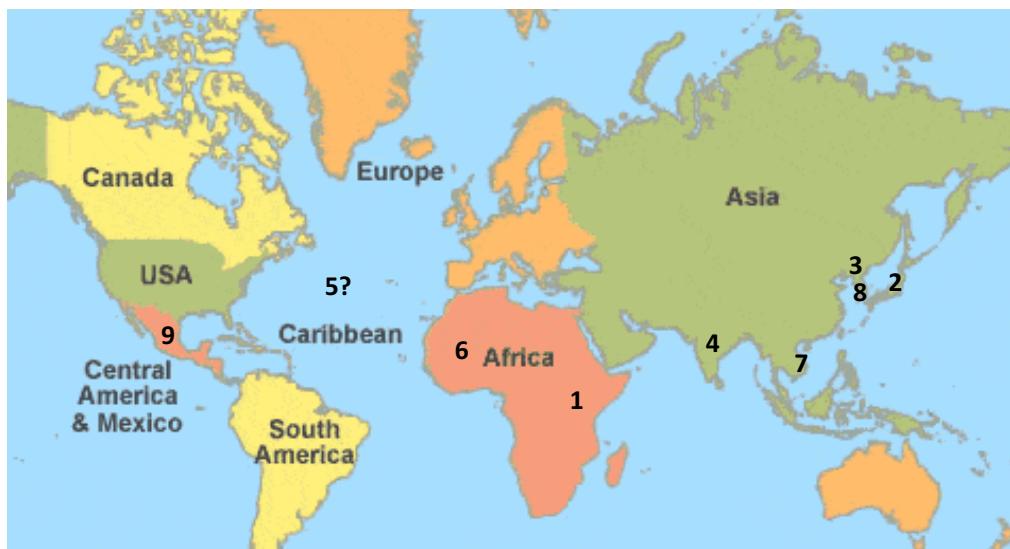
Lucky numbers 11, 4, 19, 27, 12, 7

When you open a fortune cookie, what do you usually get? "You will be successful in your life," "You will find new love soon," "You gotta big dick," all that typical generic stuff. But have you ever wondered why there are no bad fortune cookies? What happens to the millions of negative ones made every year? China is smart enough not to give them to your kid at a P.F. Changs. That would be a complete waste; no, they save them and distribute them with precision to their enemies at crucial moments in history.

1. Ethiopia: "Two syllables: Famine"
2. Japan: "I see a nuclear power disaster in your future (circa 2010)"
"Your future is bright today (August 6, 1945, care of Hiroshima)"
"You will be a shitty island (sent right before the break up of Pangea)"
3. North Korea: *
4. India: "Keep having kids, it's gonna work out fine (circa 1804)"
5. Turkmenistan: "No one will ever remember you are a country (circa whenever it became a country, 2014?? 2 days ago?? Who cares.)"
6. All of Africa: "Always trust Europeans, imperialism is a synonym for "having a really rad time" (circa 1856)" **
7. Vietnam: "You will find yourself in a moment of triumph and you will find the best part of communism is getting to make sneakers for the evil Americans (circa 1974)"
8. South Korea: "You will come up short everywhere"
9. Mexico: "America is being a dick, you can take them, go mess 'em up big time and take their land (circa 1846)"

*No Fortune cookie required they messed everything up themselves

** China doesn't actually hate Africa, they were just being dickish on this one



Escalatorism: The Memoir of A Former Nazi Scientist By Professor Alfred Dummkopf

So afder ze Nuremberg drials, I vas released on ze fact zat no efidence could connect me to any var crimes. Druth be dold, I vas only hired in part because my father knew ze Führer fery vell, and I vas only placed in charge of maintainink ze clorox levels in his pool. "Pure and clean", mein Führer vould alvays request.

From zere, me and my good friend Professor Scholz trafeled ze world, looking for adfenture efery-vere vee vent. Vee had met during our graduate days ad Ludwig Maximilian, and vere back-to-back champions at doubles sticktrinkenspiel.

From Europe to Asia, to Africa, to efen ze great US of A! Sure, ze Allied powers vere the enemies of ze shtate, bud vee decided to let bygones be bygones.

Id vas in city of Montgomery, Alabama, did Professor Scholz request zat I pull over so he could use the little Jungen room, and vile I waited for him did a man in a nice black suit vearing a pair of Ray Band sunglasses approached me and asked me if I vas ze Professor Dummkopf.

"Vy yes, I am Professor Dummkopf," I replied, "and vo are you? I like zis, vo are you vearen? I use to have a nice suit like zis from Hugo Boss."

Ze man, mean as he vas, hit me over ze head and dragged me into a nearby van vere Scholz vas too. Ve vere tied up, and dold by ozer men in ze van zat zey vere from ze CIA. Zey dook us to Vaschington D.C., and forced us do vork on solutions to America's biggest problems. During our time zere, Scholz and I infested ze toaster, ze infomercial, DMV offices, ze sree-point schot, Anderson Cooper, and many other products average Americans would later take for granted.

Scholz and I loved it zere, it vas so much fun. On Tuesday's, ve vould eat ze food from vatever country ze CIA had toppled zat veek, and ve got to learn many of America's darkest secrets, like ze truth of Area 51, vether or not Elvis was shtill alive, and vy kids lofe ze taste of Cinnamon Toast Crunch. Howefer, it was in the 70's zat Scholz and I wanted to move on with our lifes; you know, get a nice dog, move to ze Alps, adopt a few children from a zird vorld country, but zose assholes vouldn't let us leafe. I visch zere vas a vord to describe how shtrict and fascist zey vere!

So Scholz and I defised a plan zat vould slowly but surely sow ze seeds of destruction among ze American people. Ze idea vas to create a market place vere Americans vould go to on weekends and holidays, and shpend zeir miserable time waiting on zeir shpouses pickink overpriced, ill-fitting clothes. Vere parents vould be forced to buy Dipping Dots for zeir bratty kids. It would be called ze mall, and vould frustrate Americans everyvere by allowing zem to blindly indulge in both zeir love of capitalism and gluttony. Ze American family vould soon destroy zemselves over zese trips to ze mall, and America vould finally be finished.

Unfortunately, ve had introduced our idea during ze recession of ze late 1970's, and our plan vas immediately implemented by President Reagan to refitalize ze economy. By ze mid 80's, ze merger of ze mega movie zeatre complex vith ze mall propelled ze economy into lefels once unimaginable. Ze reason vas, vee later figured out, ze addition of ze escalator, a contraption vee devised from an automatic dog walker vee had originally built for the Führer. Ze escalator vas used by ze Americans to save energy instead of walking up shtairs. Zis safed energy vould mean more and more people vould be villing to schop for efen longer hours, up to nearly 300% zen they usually vould.

Vee vere disappointed our plan did not work, and vee vere now regarded as huge assets to the government, unable to leafe for any reason.

Pubert's Gaming Corner: That's Just A Theory! Written By: Pubert!

Hello to all my 12 social media followers, and welcome to Pubert's Gaming Corner, with your host, Pubert! For those of you new to the show, allow me to elaborate: each show I'm asked a certain question by one of you, my fellow followers, and it's my duty to answer your question to the fullest that I can. Today's question is a bit of a controversial one, if you catch my drift. If you don't, then wait until I read the question before you make your hurtful comments about how I'm an unfunny idiot who's fat and lonely. It comes from FreeGame_Codes.com on Facebook. The question is "I recently read an interesting theory online about a game that I really like. Where did these theories come from? How can I make my own original theory about a game? Also, we saw that you were perusing certain games on your Steam account, and we're offering a deal on our website for Dangerous High School Gir--" Ok, I'm just going to stop reading that right now.

Well, in order to make your own original game theory, you first have to know a little bit about how and when game theories were created. It all started where any legendary story might take place: a cramped area filled with sweat, pizza grease, the stench of virginity, and a sack-full of quarters, also known as the arcade. Back in the late 70s, arcades were a harbour for nerds, geeks, and those weird adults who just stood there looking suspiciously at all the nerds and geeks. Business was especially booming in the early 80s, when being a nerd or a geek was considered "cool" and "hip". Boy, those must've been the days.

But then, disaster struck in the late 80s, when home gaming consoles became the norm, and arcades were considered a thing of the past. Why go out and play a game when you can play it from the comfort of your home? You'd have to walk, like, 5 blocks. Pfft. Exercise? No thanks, I'll just be lazy and play some Duck Hunt. Arcades were in trouble. They needed an idea. When the council of Arcade Managers met one fateful night at their secret hideout in Pasadena, they came up with an idea that would change the concept of gaming forever.

The concept was quite simple. Find the most popular game in the arcade, and find the kid with the highest score on said game. Then, after getting paid off in a lifetime supply of tokens and a few *ahem* enticements (a lot of these kids were like 13, and they weren't getting any hoohaw any time soon, and Playboys were expensive, and...you get the drift), the kids would make certain fabrications about the game that made it more appealing. Fabrications such as "If you beat the game without dying in a certain amount of time, then a secret character appears," or "If you put in this complex code, there'll be blood in the game." You know, stupid shit like that. But it worked! People were eating these lies out of the palm of the arcade's hand, and the arcade was making bank. The lies soon started going deeper and deeper, with people telling their out-of-town friends. Even the Mafia paled in comparison to this network of communication. And thus, game theories were born.

Now, unfortunately, I have some bad news: there's no such thing as a good and/or original theory. All theories are just copy and paste, and there's no sense of originality or creativity in the theory crowd whatsoever. It's just a cesspool of mediocrity and redundancy. But seeing how you asked how to make a theory, I'll make sure that you make the best second-rate game theory that anyone's ever heard of.

In order to make a good and believable theory, you might think that you need to know a game inside and out, know all the lore, and look at all the code for the game, but believe it or not, it's actually quite simple. All you have to do is look at theories for a game online, reword it, and apply it to another game. 90% of the time, it'll actually work. For example: there's a theory in Final Fantasy VIII that the main character is dead throughout the game, just because there's one still frame of a shot of the character without a face. Because of this one subtle little shot, the internet blew up, looking for answers to this question. Now it's a little weird that there's another theory almost exactly like this in The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask. The theory states that the main character is dead throughout the game, just because there's one part of the game where you have to make statues of fallen comrades, and one of the statues is one of the main character. See? It's literally copy and paste. I mean that literally, as I just copied and pasted what I said from before and pasted it into the script.

If you want to make a theory, but you're short on time, feel free to use these templates that works almost anytime you use them: "[INSERT CHARCTER NAME HERE] is (Please circle one) Dreaming/Hallucinating/In a Coma/Dead/Imagining Everything.", or "[INSERT CHARCTER NAME HERE] is actually [INSERT CHARCTER NAME HERE]". These are super easy to follow, and everyone who sees your theory will have to believe it, not because it's smart, or put together well, but because they've seen so many of these kinds of theories before, that they're just disheartened by the subject, and have no negative feelings towards it. They also have no positive feelings, but at least you won't be getting any hate mail.

Always stick with the most generic games for theories. Never branch out and be creative. Your fans will like it if you stick to the pandering crap that they've seen multiple times before because they don't like change and they're already comfortable hearing that Ben Drowned for the millionth time. Because nothing brings together a group of people like a story of a creepy video game and a stupid kid that drowned in his bathtub. We get it, the statue looks creepy, can we please move on?

Never go against the status quo of gaming, especially with a fan base of extremely sensitive people. They do not like it when you say something negative about a character, or a story arc, or anything at all. They will literally rip you to shreds if you even mention a single thing that they don't agree with, because they will find where you live, and they will constantly harass you until you're forced to skip town, and change your name from "Hubert" to "Pubert"...which, I, uh, think is stupid and I'd never say anything to offend anyone, especially something negative about Undertale, which I never did and you have no proof, why do you ask?

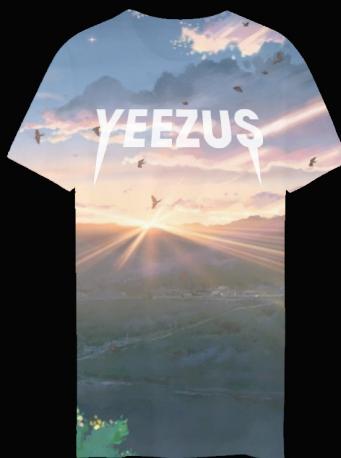
Before I leave, here are a few quick theory ideas that you can use for yourself, with the Pubert Seal of Approval. For example: Is Rayman missing his limbs because his parents were siblings, which lead to his mutated conception? Are the villagers in Animal Crossing just a colony of mascot sex offenders? Is ET for Atari actually a subliminal message about abortion? Is Sans just Joe Pesci wearing a Halloween costume? Is Sonic blue because he suffered negative side effects from the shampoo that was tested on him in the lab where he was conceived? Is Worms actually a game made by someone from the future, warning us of what's to come? Will there ever be another good COD game? And is the reason that there's not third game in any Valve game because all the coders and designers are missing the "3" key on their keyboard? I'll let you decide.

Well, that about wraps up this episode. Thanks for watching, all 12 of you, and join me next time for another endearing episode of Pubert's Gaming Corner. Remember to follow me @TheGamingPub and ask me a question, and who knows? I might even answer it.

AT LAST I TRULY SEE

Imagine this: it's July 2013, a month after Kanye West has released Yeezus to a spectrum of conflicting public opinions, and you're browsing the web for a cheap three pack of white undershirts to compliment the polos your mom had you pick out for your last high school summer. Suddenly, your Google search is filled with news sites spewing out headlines like "Kanye West's ridiculously expensive plain white T-shirt is (sadly) a hot item" and "Seriously?! Kanye West's \$120 Plain White 'Hip Hop T-Shirt' Sells Out" as well as a Mark Dice video complaining about the success of the new clothing collaboration between West and high end clothing brand A.P.C. The shirt's ultra-minimal design and high price tag initially drew the fashion world's ire, but it appears that the quick fingers (and delayed monetary consideration) of 2013's hypebeasts may now be paying off.

In a similar revelation to the belated appreciation of Yeezus as an experimental masterpiece, an amateur screen recording of a shirt owner using Kanye-view (the recent VR application released by creative company DONDA) has revealed that their snap purchase is actually an incredibly detailed piece of tour merchandise that can only be perceived when looked at with West's unique vision. For your convenience, the Kanye fans at TNR have created a visual guide to explain the phenomenon:



The Bright Side Of A Disbelief In Free Will

By Charles Bell and Matt Burmeister

I like to consider myself realistic, rational, and when I can be, a very optimistic person. I'm the type of guy that lives for the little things. I get a rise out of seeing people do things, and by "things" I mean quite frankly anything. I'll even spend entire weekends in crowded city areas just watching people make "decisions." Some consider it odd, but man, it's just the little things for me!

While I consider myself an optimist, I'm very pragmatic with my outlook in life. I'm not an idiot, I know freewill is an absolute farce; a ploy used by those in power to give us the illusion that we are in control of our lives. Much of my love of the little things in life stems from knowing that we have absolutely no control over the big picture. I don't focus much on this big picture because all of us exist simply to satisfy the whims of those who have control over us. We are all just pawns in the game of life, waiting to be moved by a force so swift, yet so subtle; so convincing, yet so deceiving. Everything down to our very own thoughts are out of our control.

I've simply come to the realization that many are just too slow to come to. Many realize that they have no control after it's too late. They'll realize after some tragedy or major life event, but not me. I live my life with the constant mindset that everything I do and say is completely out of my control.

On the surface this seems like an awful way to live, but it isn't. Now, to retrace back to my prior statement about our own thoughts not being our own, that may not be entirely true... But living life as if you have no control over your thoughts and actions is actually the most empowering thing a person can do. None of my decisions are my own, so I don't have to take responsibility for any of my actions. I'm free to do whatever I want, whenever I want. Sometimes I'll ride the subway for hours just waiting for someone to forget something, when the opportunity arises I snatch the forgotten item and return it... to my stolen goods collection. It's great for me because I get the bubbly feeling of receiving something new without the regret that comes from taking it from someone who likely valued the good as highly as I did. Petty theft isn't the only facet of life that lends itself to a disbelief in freewill. It's also great in relationships.

My grandmother had been trying to meet with me for lunch for a few weeks, and grandmothers are great and all, but I did not want to waste my time with this old hag. I had commitments, other things to do, and to be frank, she's a major bitch. I knew if I blew her off she wouldn't give me any money for my birthday. So, I had a dilemma on my hands. I had been putting it off and ignoring her for weeks, but it was getting close to my birthday. That's when I came up with my plan; I'd set a date for us to get lunch, but the date would be after my birthday. I kept contact with her until we made it to my birthday, and alas I received some birthday cash. The plan worked to success, and I've ignored all contact from my grandmother over the past three months. Hopefully she dies before my next birthday so I don't have to deal with all this shit next year. My actions would usually leave an incredible burden of self-guilt on a person who believed they had control over their decisions, but I'm fine. I get free cash, and I don't have to deal with my grandma. It doesn't matter, since I don't truly decide.

Humans have been predestined since the dawn of time. Ever since brains could produce thoughts, those thoughts have not been created by the people in which the brains inhabited. Likewise, ever since man has been able to chose, his choices have not been his own. So I plead with you, let's all start living life the way it was meant to be lived: Completely random with no responsibilities for our actions.

College Steve

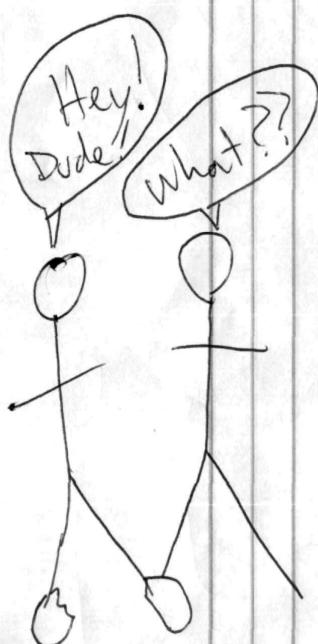
by Times New Roman's own
Greg Miele

College

Steve

#~~15~~

by Greg Miele

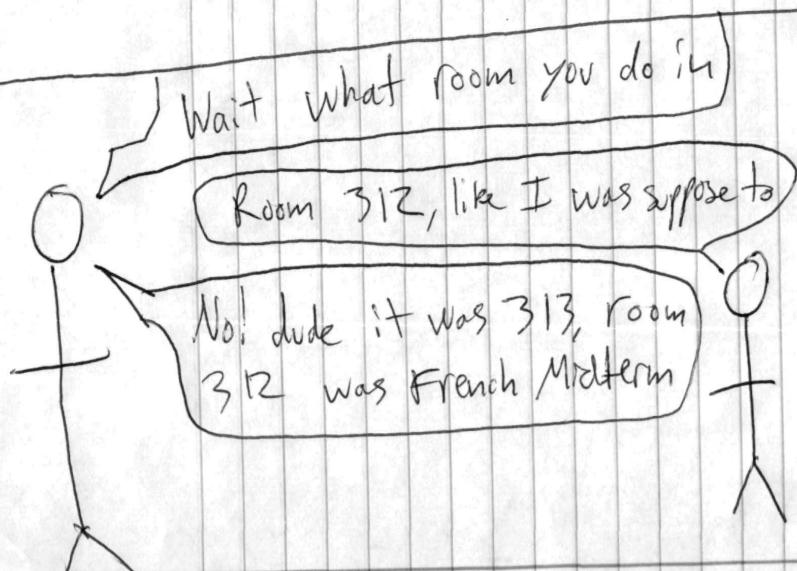
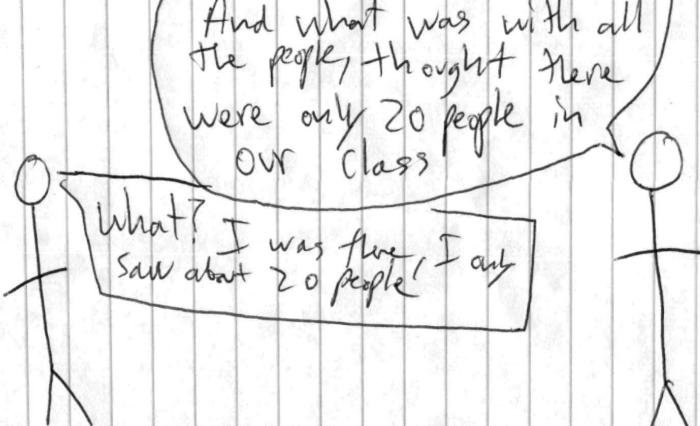


Credit to Greg for using the conspiracy theme for this issue.

College Steve

16

by Greg Mieke





TWR

