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The Jean-Jacques Rousseau Joke



[\[http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/0/0c/Allan_Ramsay_003.jpg/220px-Allan_Ramsay_003.jpg\]](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/0/0c/Allan_Ramsay_003.jpg/220px-Allan_Ramsay_003.jpg)

The air-conditioning vent opened and out tumbled the most strangely dressed person in the history of clothes. He got up and adjusted his fucked-up hat.

"*Bonjour bande de putes...*"

"Jean-Jacques?" Voltaire said, welling up in tears.

"*C'est moi,*" Rousseau answered, also sobbing.

"We thought you were..." Voltaire said.

"Dead?"

"No, sort of a dick."

The whole room was crying, overcome with sentiment.

"And that is why I have been living so many years in the air-conditioning vents of this building-cum-spaceship. Freedom from your cabals, your whispers, your stares."

"You kind of bring it on yourself," Descartes said.

"The world brings it on me."

The room broke out in a fresh round of tears.

"Who is this guy?" Socks asked. "And why am I crying?"

"Ah, where is my *politesse*..." Jean-Jacques began.

"...That was supposed to be a joke," he finished. "Get it, '*politesse*'? I spit on *politesse*."

"Maybe it's your timing."

"Yes, well whatever. My name is Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *citoyen* of this air-conditioning duct." He made a gesture like a duck mating. Everyone looked at him like what the fuck, dude?

"Forgive me if this group lacks a knowledge of simple nature," Rousseau said. "I

have it on Chadrin's word that this is how the American greets strangers." He made a gesture like a buffalo giving head.

"Rousseau," Socks said. "You mean like in *Lost*?"

"Here we go again," Locke sighed.

"Fuck this convo," Bentham said.

"Yeah!" the geezers from Drive Shaft shouted.

"Speak not of *Lost*," Rousseau said. "Even in the air-conditioning duct, we know how bad the series ended."

"I kinda liked it," Socks said.

"Which proves you're not a philosopher."

"But it *does* prove that I'm a semiotician," Socks said. "What with the mythology and all." Everyone laughed.

"What?"

"Semiotics," someone sniggered.

"The science of signs," another chortled.

Milk shot from someone's nose.

Posted 30th June 2011 by [Mark Alvarez](#)