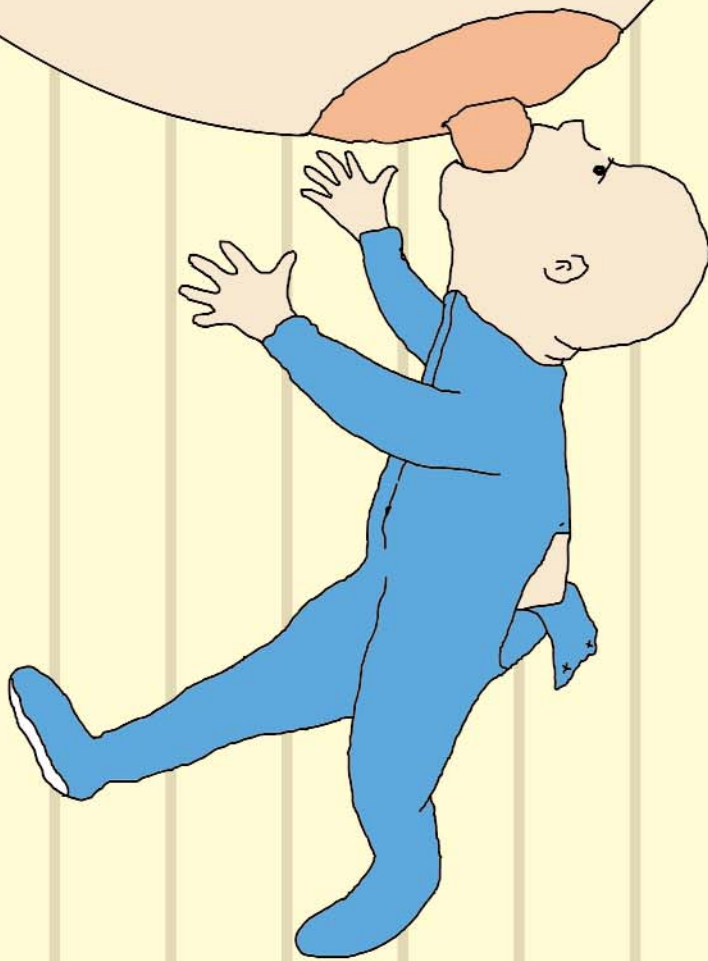


CORNELL LUNATIC

Fall 2005 . Campus Humor Magazine . \$2.00



THE *Requiem* ISSUE

REASON #1 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE:

Wasting an entire page on organizational bullshit.

THE CORNELL LUNATIC

CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

Founded 1978

Owned and Published by the Cornell Lunatic at Cornell University

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There was probably a funny joke based on this picture but we forgot to write it down.



If we had you on our side, maybe we wouldn't make mistakes like this. Or better yet, we'd be able to blame you for them. The Lunatic is always looking for new writers, artists, layout people, editors, pranksters, and guys with Hawaiian shirts who run into rooms with beer funnels and yell "WOOO!" Contact pth6@cornell.edu for more information.

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LUNATIC: THE REQUIEM

A foreword by Dr. Xavier Townsend, unemployed

They were simple men and women.

They didn't set out to accomplish the impossible, or even the "possible but it'll involve sobriety."

They just started out trying to write a humor magazine. But through an unfortunate process of "yes-mentality" the members of The Cornell Lunatic found themselves participating in a dangerous game that organizational behavior psychologists term "Groupthink", and they ratcheted up their goals.

"But how did it happen?" you ask.

In short, partly by accident, and largely through sheer hubris, the members of The Lunatic threw coals on the fire of realistic hopes for accomplishment until the flames of unfinished work reached lofty heights unreachable by man. These flames were too high for even the literary firefighters of The Cornell Lunatic, recipients of The New York Times' highest honor: Best Goddamn Magazine Ever, to extinguish with the waters of creative writing. For the well of inspiration had run dry, and the fire engine of team work had four flat tires of disharmony, disunity, distrust, and disgust. Furthermore, the flame retardant uniforms of "dick jokes" were beginning to wear thin with use. The suspenders of racism and misogyny were ready to snap with the weight of bleeding heart liberals leaning on them, begging them to think of the people they hurt with their ignorance. Yet without their support, the pants of humor are ill held up.

The controversies, feuds, and calamities that combined to ruin this bastion of college humor are innumerable. To single out one cause for the Lunatic's demise is an impossible task, like finding out how many bullets passed through JFK's head. The only thing I as a fake historian can do is compile the many calamities which befell the publication, and lament its eventual demise.

REASON #2 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE:

Picking an issue theme that takes an entire page to explain.

REASON #3 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: One son's struggle to crawl out from underneath his father's shadow

Dear Pop,

This is the most difficult letter I've ever had to write. You mean so much to me. Since the day I was born, all I've ever tried to do is make you proud to be my father. Granted that's difficult considering the fact that you are a diabolical fiend obsessed with being the best, I still want to make it happen. It's always been me versus you, and I ask myself why. I remember the first day of Little League...I was up to bat, the score was tied 4-4 in the bottom of the 6th. It was coaches pitch back then, so you were throwing to me. You know what you did? You intentionally walked me to bring in the winning run! Who does that? You were supposed to teach me the game of baseball, not the game of winning.

But it didn't end there. All through elementary school, it was me saying "Poppy, I just got a 100 on my Geography quiz...the highest in the class!" Then you would roll up your sleeve, revealing a Navy tattoo. "Get stationed in Chinese Tai-Pei with no showers or toothpaste for sixth months then we'll talk geography. Now fix me some Alphabets." I always fixed you those Alphabets, Pop, every single time. In high school, you even came to my senior prom and called my date Benji. First of all, Benji is way before our time, and second, C'MON...OUT OF LINE! I thought it would all change when I got to college.

You always told me about your trophies in 'Nam for literary achievements for writing those columns for the platoon funnies. News Flash. I can be funny too...or at least I can try. That's why I wanted to join the Cornell Lunatic, to finally prove myself to you, to show you I'm worthy to be your son. Need I go on?

THERE YOU WERE sitting at the round table of the first meeting of the semester. "I'll never be proud of you boy." Those words strung, I'm not going to lie. Did I cry? Did I weep? Did I fall to the floor in front of everyone and start humming "Show Me the Meaning of Being Lonely" by Backstreet Boys? NO. I took a deep breath and sat down with the rest of the gang. "Pssh" you said with a smirk to the editor-in-chief. Later I made a funny remark, and you just laughed at me, sarcastically yelling "No DOY-EEE." Then you flexed. And now I ask why.

How could you pack up all your things, move from Omaha to Ithaca, leave your family and job behind just like that, pose as a freshmen, get a single in Mews, buy a Golden Bear meal plan, enroll in some AEM classes, to join the current humor magazine just to show me up? What does that say about our relationship? What does that say about you, Poppy? What does that say about me?

Wow. In my life-long to earn your approval and respect, I've become you. I need to look at myself; if I'm constantly trying to out-do you to attain your love, then I'm no better than you. Earth to Daddy: I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE. I don't even want to be a writer like you. I WANT TO GO TO MICHIGAN STATE AND PLAY QUARTERBACK! WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT'S MY REAL DREAM? What would you say to that, old man? Every night I stay up until 4 am spilling my heart out on internet chat rooms about how my dream is to score touchdowns and not follow in your footsteps, becoming a writer. Guess what? Now I've finally said it to you. See you at the National Championship. I'll be the one hoisting the trophy; you can be the one writing all about it.

Love,
Brett



CORNELL

CORNELL UNIVERSITY POLICE

G2 BARTON HALL

255-1111

CORNELL POLICE OVERVIEW

EMERGENCY

CAMPUS WATCH

CRIMES

CRIME PREVENTION

CRIME ALERTS/ADVISORIES

SAFETY

TRAFFIC SAFETY

CAMPUS SERVICES

POLICIES

CAMPUS CODE

DEPARTMENT DIRECTORY

Crime Alert 10-17-05

SEE IT, HEAR IT, REPORT IT

The Ithaca Police Department is investigating a bizarre string of hazing incidents that began at approximately 12:30 a.m., Oct. 14, 2005, at what appears to be a previously undisclosed cult meeting house located at 4 fathoms below Cayuga Lake. The victims were walking on Campus Road when two stocky white males (resembling picture on right) approached the victims and performed a professional wrestling move popularly known as "The Dresden Dickhammer" on them. The victims reported that they were temporarily made unconscious due to severe trauma to their groin areas. The victims reported that when they became conscious again, their toes were tied to the ceiling of what appeared them as a recording studio with an approximately twenty foot photograph of Cornell Lunatic Editor-In-Chief Peter J. Haas on the opposite wall. As blaring music played in the background, one subject repeatedly asked him the question, "Who would win in a fight: God, the Little Engine that Could, or their offspring?" Then both of the subjects physically assaulted the victims with paddles that resembled an oversize rubber hammer. After the ordeal, the victims were told it was "time to celebrate" and were handed alcoholic beverages that were laced with Keith Richard's saliva, which were subsequently chugged by the victims on the commands of the suspects. The suspects were last seen sailing north on Cayuga Lake in a 40-foot-yacht emblazoned with the name "Hilarity's Condor" on the stern. The victims described themselves as new staff members of the Cornell Lunatic and were expecting two Lunatic staff members to pick them up outside the north entrance of Duffield Hall. Four days beforehand, an e-mail circulated by the Lunatic staff invited new recruits to a "weird albeit fun night," on Oct. 14, 2005. The victims described the attackers as being two white males, both approximately 5 feet 9 inches tall and approximately 20 years of age. Both of the suspects have tattoos on their left arms that read "Lunaz 4 Lyfe." The victims were treated at Cayuga Medical Center for emasculation and a tragic loss of their sense of humor, otherwise known as Germanification Syndrome.



REASON #4 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE:
 "Excessive" "hazing" of new members (resulting in "injury" or "death")

Anyone with information about this incident is asked to contact the Ithaca Police Department at 272-9973, or dial 911 in case of an emergency.

Suspicious activity and pretentiously hilarious student humor publications on the Cornell Campus should be reported to the Cornell Police at 255-1111 (5-1111 on campus), or dial 911 in case of an emergency. If no one picks up, deploy your university-sanctioned bat signal immediately.

Students are reminded that, while walking at night, to avoid darkened areas and try and walk in pairs. Student are also encouraged to refrain from bathing and if possible, dance the Charleston while walking the sidewalks to dissuade other bystanders from approaching them. Students may also use the Cornell Blue Light Escort Service. Requests for this service can be made by dialing 255-7373 (5-7373 on campus).

REASON #5 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Writers' excessive reliance on in-jokes, such as a fictional staff member named Houseplant who is, in fact, a houseplant.

*ring*ring*ring*

Jedediah Drolet: Hello?

Matt Palmer: Jed, man, you there? I need help, fast.

JD: Yeah, I'm here. What do you need?

MP: I'm in jail in Canada and I need you to bail me out.

JD: Jail? Canada? What did you do?

MP: Well, I was doing my laundry at Club Sudz with Houseplant and we went home to watch a movie and when we got back all my clothes had been stolen so I broke into their safe and stole all the money to get back at them...

JD: Go on...

MP: ...but then the clerk came out brandishing a gun at me before I could get away so I ran outside and jumped into a semi that was idling outside and drove off fast as I could...

JD: Go on...

MP: ... so I was heading for Canada to get away and hide out for a while, but then a couple hours later I noticed there were some pills in the glove compartment that the trucker must have left. Speed or something, you know how truckers do. I was sure the cops were after me, so I needed a boost.

JD: So you took the pills?

MP: No, see, I was in a real hurry so I needed an extra strong boost. I ground them up and snorted them.

JD: You did what?

MP: So I was snorting them off the dash-

board just as I got to the Canadian border and the border guards saw me and thought it was coke so they charged me with smuggling and threw me in jail. So you need to come down here and bail me out, man.

JD: Is Houseplant with you?

MP: Of course, man. We're like inseparable and shit.

JD: Put Houseplant on.
Houseplant: Houseplant.

JD: Dude, what the fuck have you gotten my pal Matty into this time? You're a bad influence, Houseplant, and furthermore, you need to start pulling your weight on the magazine. Your last six articles were unprintable gibberish. What do you have to say for yourself?

HP: Houseplant. Houseplant, houseplant houseplant houseplant houseplant, houseplant houseplant. Houseplant houseplant; houseplant houseplant houseplant! Houseplant houseplant...

JD: Wait, what the fuck was I thinking? I can't understand a word you're saying because you're a fucking houseplant. Put Matt back on.

MP: Wazzup?

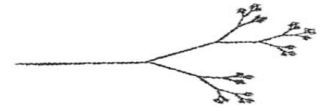
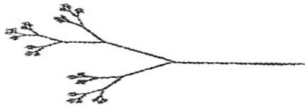
JD: All right, I'll come bail you out. Where are you?

MP: Niagara Falls. Thanks man, I owe you one.

JD: You sure do. I'll see you fuckers in a couple hours.
click



HOUSEPLANT'S FAILED ROMANCE WITH RENEE ZELLWEGER



Renee sat at the dining room table, staring at the rose in the vase before her, the symbol of her lost youth and vitality. A solitary tear formed in the corner of her left eye. The shadow of the vase slowly covered the framed picture of Houseplant on the mantle as the day's final rays of sunshine crept through the window of their Orange County beach house. The sun was setting on the Pacific...and on their romance as well.

Houseplant opened the door without knocking, clearly surprised to see Renee at the table. "Houseplant?"

Renee grabbed the rose and clutched it to her succulent bosoms. "How could you?"

Houseplant gave her a confused look. "Houseplant?"

"How could you..." she looked away from Houseplant and held up the rose. "...bring this, this WHORE into our home!"

Houseplant looked at the rose and then back at Renee. He shrugged his leaves. "Houseplant."

"Oh, sure. Right. It's for me. Of course. I completely believe you this time!" She slowly walked to the window and gazed at the setting sun. "What happened to us, Houseplant?"

"Houseplant."

"I don't care if you've been slaving over this new 'under the sea' concept issue, or whatever the Hell it's supposed to be! Ever since you joined that contemptable magazine you've seemed so, so...distant."

Houseplant sighed and set his hat upon the table. Looking briefly at the rose, he shook his head and walked to the bar. "Houseplant," he said as he poured a shot of scotch.

Renee turned to him in shock. "What?"

"Houseplant."

"But no--you can't!"

Houseplant looked down in disgust, then quickly drank his scotch. He then turned to Renee. "Houseplant. Houseplant. Houseplant."

Renee turned away quickly once more and buried her face in her hands, hoping to hide the companions that were beginning to join her solitary tear. "You know, if you never loved me, you should have let me go a long time ago..."

Houseplant turned to face the setting sun, lighting a cigarette. "Houseplant."

Renee turned back to him, her face covered in tears. "Oh, Houseplant! Hold me one last time! Kiss me just once more so that I can feel the sweet taste of your chlorophyll upon my lips to savor for all of eternity!"

Her despair was met by Houseplant's cold stare. "Houseplant."

Renee looked at the floor. "But Houseplant...I'm pregnant..."

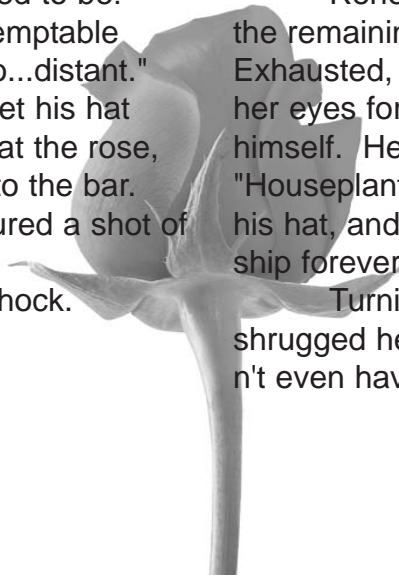
Houseplant did not seem to care about this supposedly startling revelation. "Houseplant," he replied in a voice bereft of all human compassion...which was okay, because he's a plant. He took a slow drag on his cigarette.

Renee's eyes grew wide with fear. "Oh my God! Houseplant, you're on fire!"

Houseplant looked at his leaves and shrieked. "Houseplant!"

Renee grabbed the vase and poured the remaining water on Houseplant. Exhausted, and smoking, he looked up into her eyes for the last time and began to cry himself. He could not do this any longer. "Houseplant." He grabbed his coat, tipped his hat, and closed the door on their relationship forever.

Turning back to the rose, Renee shrugged her shoulders. "Whatever. He didn't even have a penis."



Lunatic Softball Team: As Bad As You Might Imagine

By CHARLES VESTIBULE
Sun Staff Writer

The Cornell Lunatic's softball team began their season with a rocky start by losing Monday's game and forfeiting the rest. The Sun normally doesn't report on intramural softball, so you know this was a real fork-collect-in-the-toaster situation.

Things first started to look bad for the Lunatic team when their opponents, "Randall's Pipebomb" (a team composed of indie rock fans or terrorists, or both), actually showed up to the game. Randall's Pipebomb was not fooled by the Lunatic's team name, "No Team is Scheduled to Play You So Don't Show Up". Another problem: the Lunatic team didn't show up.

"We didn't actually plan on playing softball. We just thought the idea of it was funny," said Pete Haas '06, editor-in-chief. "Someone apparently filled out all the necessary paperwork to make a team, though. Whoever it was, they really beat the joke to death."

Added Houseplant '07: "Houseplant."

After waiting for an hour, the game's umpire called Haas, who in turn con-

tacted several members of the Lunatic staff. He could not convince any to play, though one staff member did suggest that he round up a bunch of players that are "so fat that they block out the entire strike zone and the pitcher has to bean them."

A fan of terrible kid's movies, Haas went to the local animal shelter and adopted two dozen dogs in hopes that they would be able to play amazing baseball. This plan was a terrible failure, however, as none of the dogs was a competent middle reliever and the team lost 5-4. The game's score would have been more lop-sided had the dogs not mauled the umpire in the fifth inning.

"We started to click toward the end, but it was too little, too late. The other team played a helluva game, and I wish them the best of luck for the rest of their season," Haas said, clutching his bloodied arm and fleeing from the field, where

the dogs had begun a feeding frenzy.

The Lunatic officially forfeited the rest of their season the next day so that they would have time to practice for the tandem skydiving tournament that an undisclosed staff member signed them up for. Though their season might be over after only game, the Lunatic's softball team left an indelible mark on the community. Whenever you're cornered by a pack of stray dogs, foaming at the mouth and filled with a bloodlust that we can only assume is infinite, you know who to thank.



Score! Helga Derrenger '08 hits a sphere with some sort of lever-like tool. This is presumably good.

REASON #6 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Unable to perform athletically without it resulting in rabid animal-based mayhem.

REASON #7 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Members' lack of intestinal fortitude.

September 10th, 2005

Dear Lunatic Staff,

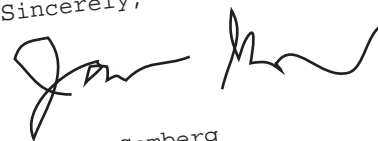
Upon witnessing your precious house of cards collapse upon itself, it is with smug delight that I tender my resignation. In my short time with your pathetic excuse for a magazine, I have witnessed enough ineptitude that I if I ever told somebody about it they would say "Wow, that is really inept" and then they would go back to whatever they were doing unless they were drinking molten lead because in that case they would probably be dead or at the very least in a great deal of pain.

This decision was not the result of quick action; it is the culmination of years of betrayal and heartbreak. When I first joined, I was filled with wonderment and joy and felt like frolicking in the meadows while whistling at the birds. But slowly, those birds began to turn on me and started pecking me in the face and it hurt a lot and I cried. At first, I was persistent. I was disappointed that my idea to weave the magazine out of squirrel fur instead of printing it on paper was ignored, but I could have lived with that. But after shearing off over 500 pounds of squirrel fur with my own bare hands, I at least expect that my efforts could have been put to use. We could have given away a handful of squirrel fur as a free prize with every magazine, or we could have donated the squirrel fur to the elderly. But nothing was done. To this very day, I still have every last ounce of that squirrel fur sitting in my closet, though now it is withered and rotting and no longer as scrumptious as before.

But this decision is not just about me; it is about the sheer level of incompetence exhibited by those around me. For instance, last year, someone had the idea of holding a marshmallow roast as a fundraiser to get money to print the next issue. This idea may have worked, except for the fateful decision to use giant stacks of fifty dollar bills instead of firewood when building the bonfire. This costly mistake sunk us deep into the red and we were unable to raise enough money to publish the issue. The worst part about this is that nobody got to read my wonderful article about building fire trucks that are fueled by whale shit.

The past few months have been the worst as the entire staff has slowly descended into madness. Earlier in his career, our best photographer had taken such astounding photographs as "a tree," "a bench," and "another tree." These days, he has boarded himself up in the archive room and he refuses to respond to anyone unless he is addressed as "His Majesty Dr. Carlos Von Pickleberry, Master of the Winds and the Skies." To make matters worse, our drummer has quit over "creative differences" revolving around the fact that being a drummer has absolutely nothing at all to do with writing a humor magazine. We once tried to have him play "Ba-dum-CHING" on the drums after anyone reads one of the jokes written in our magazine but our faithful readers did not respond well to having a drummer follow them around at all hours of the day. Now that the Lunatic is finally on its last legs, let it be known the world over that I did not go down with the ship; rather, I cowardly bailed in the dying hours in an attempt to make some kind of statement. Years from now, when you all look back on this day, there is just one thing about today that I hope gets burned into your consciousness: the local Denny's ran out of pancake syrup.

Sincerely,



Joshua Gomberg

The Effects of Highly Concentrated Humor on the General Public

Dr. Sigmund Wagner
Cornell University

A Case Study

Subject was observed speeding down University Ave, tearing the choicest limbs off of a houseplant buckled into the passenger seat whose abnormal anthropomorphism reached statistical significance after a multi-factorial regression taking into account: Mandelbrot's random branch recursions, wind shear within the moving vehicle, the sunglasses placed on the plant by the Subject and Dr. Dray's (accompanying me on this naturalistic observation) hairy penis flopping about while he slam-danced to Kelly Clarkson as I attempted to keep our Honda Element on the road behind the Subject's highly modified DeLorean.

Subject was observed stuffing the limbs of his ersatz companion into a large H2O bong, whose abnormal phallicity reached statistical significance when plotted against the large warm penis being thrust belligerently against my face. I observed a direct relationship between the independent variable (my fist) and Dr. Dray's cries of pain as I delivered an uppercut to his perineum and demanded that he "...sit down and put the goddamned Dylan CD back into the stereo" (fig 311). He hypothesized that Clarkson was the new Janis Joplin, and I generalized his statement to mean that he was, musically, more disappointing than at least some of Strom Thurmond's children.

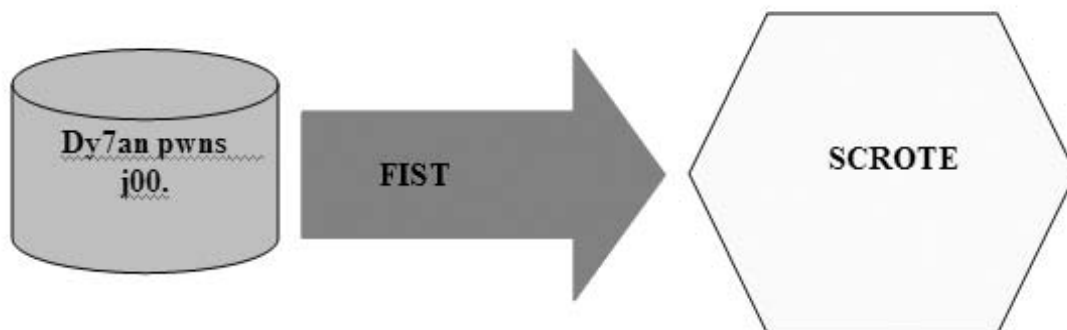


Fig. 311

When Subject arrived at his destination, a large house on Eddy, he proceeded to break and enter by refenestrating his Houseplant companion through the picture window parallel to the abscissa formed by Dr. Dray's halberd as he (wearing his Beefeater uniform to ensure random

REASON #8 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Smoking academically significant amounts of plantlife.

sampling of double-blind double-takes) battered down the front door.

Upon entering we found the Subject talking to a well-endowed young woman who was later identified as Arabella Hardy, editor of rival Cornell humor mag, The Maniac. Hardy admonished the Subject for breaking the window, calling him a "dodo." He immediately began crying harder than Lehman's starving family and told her that Houseplant "was the only friend he could trust. And get high off... Literally."

I took readings with the electro-sphygmomanometer and instructed Dr. Dray to retrieve the control group thirty-rack of Olde English from the confederate's mini-fridge, and assign it to the Ganzfeld apparatus I had previously assembled in the trunk of the Element. When I attempted to formulate the three-factorial ANOVA Dr. Dray let out an incredulous sigh and exclaimed, "If I have to do ANOVA one of these I'm going to find ANOVA fucking research partner."

Electroencephalogram readings revealed that both Dr. Dray and myself were under stimulated in the "Poon-Tang" fissure (so named for Dr. Poon and Dr. Tang's famous study on "Gettin' Some Fuckin' Ass") of our frontal cortexes, so we self-administered three more shots of adrenaline that Dr. Dray replaced with placebo from the pediatric cancer study, and went cruisin'.

anotherdickinthewall: yo man

house_plant69: whatup nig

anotherdickinthewall: i am fucking trippin balls right now

house_plant69: shit man, i thought u had a court ordered drug test scheduled for tomorrow

anotherdickinthewall: i do man, but check it out...me and harrison just sniffed a whole shit load of black pepper and we are fucking tripping our foreskin off

house_plant69: that's fuckin nutmeg man, nutmeg gets u high

anotherdickinthewall: bummer man! ... i guess that's why harrys been vomiting up blood for the past 20 min!

house_plant69: so, u know, if ure really high right now...its not from the pepper

anotherdickinthewall: bummer man

house_plant69: ...so i guess ur not gonna pass that drug test tomorrow

anotherdickinthewall: no...but i had to drop this acid, Arabella from the Maniac sold it to me. god...I bet she'd look fucking hot as a stylistic, animated, neo fascist hell bird making patté out of british schoolchildren's testicles with giant marching hammers...

house_plant69: dude, i hate that slut. shes such a bitch, she couldnt gte fucked by high gas prices

house_plant69: but ur def right about that animated

bird shit... actually, I kind of fucked ARabella during oriouentation last year-- stay away, I think I gave her a case of aphids. I got lots of ptds (pollination transmitted diseases) from playing "hid the stamen' when I went abroad in uganda last year.

anotherdickinthewall: aphids?

house_plant69: im a fucking house plant u stupid nigger. aphids itch my shit like a motherfucker

anotherdickinthewall: fuck it, im not going to pay that b itch back... I hate those maniac sluts

house_plant69: u wanna go play surrealistic, discordant noise masquerading as classic rock during their meeting?

anotherdickinthewall: fuck yeah

house_plant69: nice, just let me get some diatomaceous earth for the trip...I think I got slugs again, by buds itch like a motherfucker

Auto response from anotherdickinthewall: grooving on myself in the mirror, pissing out chunks of my olfactory epithelium

house_plant69: ur one sick bi curious motherfucker

**REASON #9 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE:
Yes, more houseplant.**

REASON #10 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Makes token female staff member(s) uncomfortable.

My Defection to *The Maniac*, The All-Female, Rival Campus Humor Magazine

So just to clear the record, no I am not a lesbian...well yes, I know I write for the Maniacs, but there are straight people on staff...fine, Paul and I are the only straight people on staff...do you want to know why I defected or not? It started on Wednesday October 19. I had tons of homework and I was running late to a Lunatic meeting. I had to walk my ass to the ghetto of Goldwin Smith and pretend to not be offended by 2 hours worth of penis jokes and I really had to take a piss. So I ran into the washroom and basically knocked her over...well no, she didn't tell me she was the editor of the Maniacs at the time, but she promised no penis jokes. The meeting that day was probably one of the longest I have been to:

-hey guys

-grunts

-so how is everyone doing?

-more grunts

-ok...

5:15pm: I have been her for exactly 25 minutes and have heard over 30 penis jokes. I think that is a record...what is their fascination with penis...

5:45pm Yash looking over at Jake says "Hold me"

5:53pm

-uh guys...have any of you heard of the Maniacs?

-silence

-that is a yes

Pete: (with an incredibly excited look on his face) why?

-the editor approached me and asked if I wanted to write for them

-I heard they're all lesbos...I heard only some of them are and the rest are bi...I heard that after their meetings are over they have huge lesbo orgies...don't they have like one token guy on staff?

-so it's basically like the Lunatic with sex reversal (no one laughs...I can't tell if it is because they don't get the joke or not)

-more lesbian babble

I desperately needed to leave.

It's no secret that we as a group had been having problems. Everyone was just kind of going their own way, doing their own thing; we had no leadership, no one taking initiative, and no one could write an article without any racism, sexism, gay-bashing, or mentioning the word penis.

After a few days of mind-numbing e-mails lacking both humor and syntax I decided to see what the maniacs were all about. At the time, I had had no previous encounters with them and knew nothing about them except that they rivaled the Lunatic. My first meeting with them was fantastic: everyone was super nice, made no penis jokes (though the vag jokes got to be a bit much and were really not as funny), and all of the girls kept complimenting my new jeans (I thought they were a bit tight but I guess not).

What was that? No I don't really regret my decision to leave the Lunatic and write for the Maniac. Well I mean sure, at certain times things can be a bit much...for example, I just never attend meetings on the third week of the month. I know, I'm a girl and I should know how to deal with it, but holy shit...if you think one PMSing girl is scary try 14.

Oh...well...yeah...I guess some other interesting things happen...usually on the 2nd week. Like what?...oh you know...explain it? Well...let's just say some of those girls on staff clean carpets like high school drop-outs.

Do I mind? No...not really...I mean at first it was a bit different but I mean...if you just switch the girls with guys it's like the Lunatic. Oh...you didn't know that...uh...well...maybe just don't publish that part.



Entire television channels and magazines are devoted to finding the Next Big Thing everyone's going to want, whether it's an automobile, an article of clothing, or a hot new actress. But where will we hear about the Next Big Thing to hate? How do people know which ethnic group to blame for their real and imagined troubles? As you read this, there might be a mob of inebriated townsfolk out there bludgeoning a member of a passé minority group. "Irish need not apply"? That went out with silent movies and the foxtrot. To prevent any prejudicial tackiness, I've taken it upon myself to predict the newest trend in racist thought for you...

"WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THOSE PACIFIC ISLANDERS?"

Man 1: Crap, I failed my Real Estate licensing exam!

Man 2: What are you, a Pacific Islander?

TV Executive 1: Don't get me wrong, Amani's a very talented comedian, but I think he's a little too..."PI" to appeal to a mainstream audience.

TV Executive 2: I concur.

Woman 1: She married a Pacific Islander? What if they have kids?

Woman 2: Yeah, they'll be all tan and stuff.

Restaurant owner: We don't serve your kind here.

Man: I'm not a Pacific Islander - I'm Filipino, which is technically Asian.

Restaurant owner: I'm conflicted.



There was an unprecedented backlash against this article when it appeared last issue. One university official noted that it "was so offensive that it made the Cornell American's September issue look like the Cornell American's October issue." When Lunatic staff members pointed out that the article was actually commenting on racism rather than sponsoring it, the same official replied, "I can't believe you just used the word 'racism.'"

In the interests of saving our own asses, the Lunatic then printed an article that was more in touch with Cornell's "Open Doors" policy...

"I KNOW WHAT THE DEAL WITH PACIFIC ISLANDERS IS"

Man 1: Crap, I failed my Real Estate licensing exam!

Man 2: I love Pacific Islanders, but my love for them does not exceed the love I possess for the rest of God's creatures.

Man 1: Oh great, a fucking Creationist.

REASON #11 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Cultural insensitivity, even by white guy standards.

Example of a failed pitch for a Lunatic issue theme

Scene: Editor-In-Chief's house. He is watching old reruns of Bonanza with Houseplant and Justin Cass. Matt Palmer comes in to pitch an idea for the magazine.

Matt Palmer: Guys! I've got yet another idea for the issue!

Pete Haas rolls eyes. Houseplant rolls whatever his equivalent of eyes would be. Justin Cass frowns.

Pete Haas (sarcastically): Wow, another idea?

MP: I know! They just keep coming to me! My brain is like a thought factory...or a sandwich.

PH: *(looks nervously at houseplant):* Um...yeah.

MP: So are you guys ready for this?!

Houseplant: Houseplant.

MP: Excellent! Okay, so here it is: A dinosaur detective. *Pauses dramatically.*

PH: Okay...

MP: But not just any dinosaur detective--

PH: I don't think there were any dinosaur detectives---

MP: But THE GREATEST dinosaur detective of all time! He's the crime-solving carnivore!

Justin Cass: Well, actually, some dinosaurs were omnivores, or even herbivores. What kind of dinosaur are we talking about here, exactly? An archaeopteryx? A diplodocus? An allosaurus?

MP: That's ridiculous! Archaeologists aren't dinosaurs. Anyway, just try to stay with me here:

PH: I'm trying. Believe me, we're all trying very hard to stay with you.

MP: Okay, so the dinosaur detective is trying to solve the mystery of who killed John

Philip Souza, but he loses his notepad. So as he's looking for it, he sees on the cover of the newspaper that new Mega Man video games are being released. Obviously, he finds this rather strange, and goes back in time to find out that Mega Man actually died during an old version of the game because he met Death. This created the band Megadeth, who drew all of their inspiration from John Philip Souza! So in order to save Mega Man, video game executives went back in time to murder John Philip Souza to keep Megadeth from ever needing to form and Mega Man from dying so they could make more games. But as the dinosaur detective learns this, so do the record executives, who are pissed off about both the murder of John Philip Souza and the sudden lack of existence of Megadeth, leading to a final prehistoric showdown between the RIAA and Nintendo...but they all get eaten by dinosaurs before they can kill each other, and the Dinosaur Detective congratulates himself on a job well done and buys himself a moped to celebrate.

The whole room is silent for a moment.

PH: Um...how can I put this...I don't think this is what---maybe it's not the right---it's kinda stupid, okay? I mean, well...what do you think, Houseplant?

HP: Houseplant!

PH: Exactly. I'm sorry, but we'll have to pass on your idea.

MP: Idea?

PH: Yes, your idea.

MP: Ohhhh! No, I didn't tell you my idea yet.

PH: You didn't?

MP: No. I was just telling you about my day.

REVISIONIST ISSUE (Failed Theme G7H03)

When we were looking for an issue theme, we need something...anything. And we figured, "Hey, revisionist history is something. Let's do that." So we did. And we got about a page's worth of material. Here are some famous quotes as recognized by the esteemed (although not necessarily accredited) revisionist historians of The Lunatic.

"Give me liberty, or give me slavery. I mean, whatever's more convenient for you. I'm a team player."

"Gimme Coffee! or Gimme Death!"
-Patrick Henry

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country...no seriously, I seek immortality."

-Nathan Hale

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. A black guy chopped down that cherry tree."

-George Washington

"I have a sexually transmitted disease."

-Martin Luther King, Jr.

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants...and water. Trees need water."

-Thomas Jefferson

"Ask not what your country can do for you; ask where it's going, who it's going to be hanging out with, and if their parents will be present. Make sure your country isn't getting into trouble. Good citizenship: the anti-drug."

-John Fitzgerald Kennedy

"I don't believe in a government that protects us from ourselves. Or Santa Claus."

-Ronald Reagan

"Read my lips: I'm gay."

-George H.W. Bush

"It depends on what the meaning of the words 'donkey punch' is."

-Bill Clinton, grand jury testimony in the Lewinsky case

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, except for me. I'm much better than everybody. I rule."

-Thomas Jefferson, in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence

"When in the course of human events a man loves a woman, it becomes necessary for the man to put his penis in the woman's vagina, and for the woman to assume the 'missionary' position."

-Declaration of Independence

"The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot may, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman...poop."

-Thomas Paine



"We are not enemies, but friends. Really good friends who sometimes touch each other."
- Lincoln's First Inaugural Address

**ON THE MOON ISSUE
(Failed Theme M5U19)**

Another failed theme for *The Lunatic* was the "On the moon!" issue. It was intended to be completely centered around moon-based humor. Then we realized that there really isn't any moon-based humor. It was all pretty much regular jokes and situations, except they took place on the moon for some reason. Oh yeah, and a lot of them involved religious figures associated with long beards.

So these two moon rabbis walk into a bar--on the moon--and one moon rabbi says, "Dude, those clothes make you look pretty gay." The second moon rabbi replies, "But we are wearing the same clothes." The first moon rabbi looks at himself and says, "Well, I guess I must be gay too." The second one laughs and says, "That's okay. Anything goes on the moon!" And then he mooned him!

So these two moonnonites* walk into a record store. The moon record store clerk asks them what they want. "Got any Moon Boot Lover?" they ask. "Nope," the clerk replies. "Do you have Dark Side of the Moon?" "Nope," the clerk replies. "How about The Moon & Antarctica by Modest Mouse?" "Let me check--I mean, moon check...nope." "Moon Safari by AIR?" "Nope," the clerk replies. "Sound doesn't travel too well on the moon, so we don't see the use of having too many records in stock. We do have some moon pies if you would like." "That's okay," say the moonnonites. "We're not allowed to listen to music anyway." Oh wait. Did I mention that they were...on the moon? Because they were.

* -- not to be confused with the mooninites from Aqua Teen Hunger Force. Where did they get that from anyway? It's spelled mennonites, not meninites. Dumbasses...with all due respect.

So Neil Armstrong walks into the moon and says, "One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind". Or should that be moonkind? Oh well, one moon reference in the joke is probably enough.

So Dean Martin's got this song with the refrain "When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's amore!" And when you think about it, it's kinda true...except, when the moon hit your eye, instead of falling in love, you would die.

So the good people at Cartoon Network sue me in lunar court for stealing their mooninite joke, and for calling them dumbasses.....on the mooooooon!

As you can surely see, the idea was abandoned and *The Lunatic* never made any science fiction jokes ever again. We even burned all of Thomas Hardy's novels. And yes, we are aware he never wrote science fiction...but it had to be done.

REASON #13 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: The attempt to write an "Under the Sea" issue, which had terrible consequences that could not have been foreseen by the hapless staff members...

The Idea

Setting: Matt Palmer's kitchen, five-thirty in the morning.

Matt Palmer: Man, we need an idea for the new issue of the Lunatic. Something big and fuckin' visionary, like the magazine has never seen before. (*takes a box of Special K out of the cupboard*) Maybe this'll help. It always gives me great ideas.

Jedidiah Drolet: Couldn't hurt.

MP: (*pours cereal into a bowl*) Let's see... the Clean Issue?

JD: No, no, that'll never work - our staff has the written version of Tourette's.

MP: How about the Quaint Issue? It could be about small-town life 'n shit.

JD: Too wholesome. The Wild Wild West Issue?

MP: (*begins to pulverize the cereal with a wooden spoon.*) Meh, that's okay, but I'm talking visionary with a capital F.

JD: F?

MP: For "Fuck off, world, this is the greatest fucking idea ever!" You see what I'm sayin'?

JD: Gotcha.

MP: (*pours cereal, reduced to a fine powder, out of the bowl and onto the table.*) Well, I got nothing so far. You?

JD: Nope.

They snort lines of powder off the table.

MP: Oh man, this is good shit. I can feel that K-Hole coming.

They relax in stupefied satisfaction.



MP: I got it! This is the greatest idea ever! It's like fucking a hooker and finding out half way through she's a mulatto!

JD: Awesome... wait, what?

MP: Under The Sea! It's the greatest theme ever! There's so much potential, man. Think about it; whales, dolphins, mermaids with big tits and shell bikinis, nuclear submarines, seaweed...

JD: And coral!

MP: Man, we gotta tell everyone about this.

REASON #13.1 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Letting the most drug-addled staff members choose the theme

REASON #13.2 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: Making freshmen write numerous articles for the "Under the Sea" theme (which just sounds like the theme of a really crappy prom) while the upperclassmen were too lazy to do the same.

I Don't Know Anything About Boats

Why do they have boats with one big sail and one little sail? Why don't they just add the cloth from the little sail to the big sail?

* * *

Do they ever have to dry the underside of the boat? How do they do that?

* * *

Can God make a boat so big He can't push it off land?

* * *

Do boats have model years?

* * *

If boats have been around longer than cars, how come they're still slower?

* * *

What's the point of owning your own boat? What can you do with it?

* * *

Can boats at sea play chicken?

* * *

What's the point of having that lookout thing at the top of the ship?

It's just water out there.

* * *

If a man sails out to international waters and marries a horse, will the Coast Guard let him back in?

* * *

Why do they call them boats, anyway?

News from the Deep

First Annual Mer-People Sexuality Conference Ends in Disaster

Mid-Atlantic Ridge (AP) - A conference that was supposed to lead to "community building" and professed "strength through education", ended in gender confusion and tears as mermaids and mermen realized that they have no visible working genitals.

"Everyone thinks it's so great to be a merman", said Rod Cuffington, 5-time underwater weight lifting champion, and local celebrity. "But if I put shells on my chest, I could easily be mistaken for any physically fit mermaid!"

Top scientists on land agree that while the idea of having a fish tail and the ability to breathe under water is "awesome" and "very cool", the inability to procreate "sucks". One scientist from DePaul University stated, "I never use my genitals, but at least I know I have them... you know, in case I do ever find that special someone."

Other members of the sexuality panel included King Triton from the hit movie "The Little Mermaid" and his seven remaining daughters, one of which is now a transvestite.

Rob Schneider to Research Role for Upcoming Film

Marianas Trench (AP) - Saturday Night Live Alumnus, and star of such movies as Deuce Bigalo: Male Gigolo and Deuce Bigalo: European Gigolo (Same Ho, New Low) is about to add a new line to his resume: "Monkfish". You heard it here first; the "star" of stage and screen and screen is going to play a monkfish in a new movie entitled "The Monkfish."

Mr. Schneider described the plot of his new movie: "It's an average tale of a man who isn't so smooth with the ladies, so he goes down to the ocean and he sees a monkfish mating with a female monkfish Or is that a nun fish?! Oh, you'll get that one on the way home... Anyway he wishes he was a monkfish and a wizard overhears him, and then he turns into a monkfish, but not a cute CGI monkfish, I will be actually covering myself in fish skin. So as a monkfish he gets into crazy adventures with his new friend, an African American lobster... you get the idea."

In order to accurately play the role of a man turned into a monkfish, Schneider has decided to try and live underwater for a period of three weeks, unassisted by any breathing apparatus. Oprah Winfrey said on her show this afternoon, "on behalf of the human race, I hope he drowns to death."

"Monkfish" opens nationwide this summer.

Beluga Caviar Tastes Icky but is Still Expensive

Washington, DC - The United States Fish and Wildlife Service announced Thursday that it would ban the import of caviar from beluga sturgeon in the Caspian Sea, after caviar-exporting countries in the region failed to provide details of their plans to conserve the fish. Unfortunately, beluga caviar is an endangered species. Even more unfortunately, it tastes icky! We approached various people on the streets of Ithaca to gauge public opinion. Following are some key excerpts of our findings.

The Cornell Lunatic: "What are your feelings on the recent ban of caviar importation in the Caspian Sea?"

A Beluga sturgeon fisherman:

"I don't like it. Not one bit."

A Beluga sturgeon:

"It's great because now I have so much leisure time that I can spend away from trying not to get caught. I was thinking about taking up shuffleboard but these flippers make it really hard to maneuver the pole

Employee at the fulton fish market:

"The fish industry is becoming pretty lame. I guess I'll go back to wa- I mean private-run garbage ventures".

Fish tank scuba diver:

"I like to watch fish like beluga sturgeon. Unfortunately, when I try to catch them, I am inhibited by the fact that I'm made of immoveable plastic."

A fish tank:

"Damn it! Now the most expensive thing I could possibly hold is a tetra brand water filter from Petland discounts."

Captain Frosty George:

"Now my plundered booty will include fetal marine wildlife! Arrgghhh!"

Neptune:

"Okay, fine, people might not be able to catch them anymore, but I still own all of them, so I can eat them for lunch if I want. Or dinner. I invented both of those meals."

Poseidon:

"Okay, fine, people might not be able to catch them anymore, but I still own all of them, so I can eat them for lunch if I want. Or dinner. I invented both of those meals."

Jake Sherman, a guy who pirates illegal music:

What do you want from me? I can't afford caviar, but I'm not going to try to steal it for free if that's what you're thinking. I'm just a regular guy!

A beautiful maiden:

"I'm so hungry. And distressed."

Above all, one truth has become evident: caviar is made of little tiny fish eggs.

DEAR CRABBY

Dear Crabby,

I am a 20-year old sperm whale in the prime of my life. I have a nice career eating giant squid, and at 60 feet long, I'm "XXX"-L. The reason I'm writing, Crabby, is because, ironically, I don't have much luck with the ladies. All the lady whales think that just because the blue whale is the biggest creature on earth that he's a better lover. How can I convince them that my moniker is an indication of my fertility as well as my species?

- Blue Balled in the Pacific

Dear Blue Balled,

You could try to start a sexual revolution, but the truth is that you need a sizable wave (if you know what I mean) to really move a 15-ton bed partner. Have you ever been beached? Did you think that the sensual rhythm of the ocean did that? No! It takes a BIG fucking wave to dump something like you on the sand! You could try some supplements or some internet offers, but celibacy might not be such a bad plan, either.

Dear Crabby,

I am a male seahorse, and I am currently in my first pregnancy. I had no idea it would be this hard! I can't go anywhere, and I'm craving pickled sea cucumbers at unreasonable times. I got so caught up in the romance of competing for females that I neglected to think about the consequences. Now I'm

facing a draining 3-week pregnancy, 72 hours of excruciating labor, and potential layoffs at work due to my condition. Do you have any advice?

- PMSing with a Penis in the Tropic of Cancer

Dear PMSing,

Stop being such a pussy and get back in the kitchen.

Dear Crabby,

I was born with a birth defect. My parents assured me that there is nothing wrong with me, and that I was beating myself up over nothing. However, I've seen the way the other fish down here look at me, and I am uncomfortable with myself. I was hoping maybe you could sponsor reconstructive surgery for me. It would greatly improve my quality of life, and you wouldn't regret it.

- Deformed but Hopeful in the Mariana Trench

Dear Deformed,

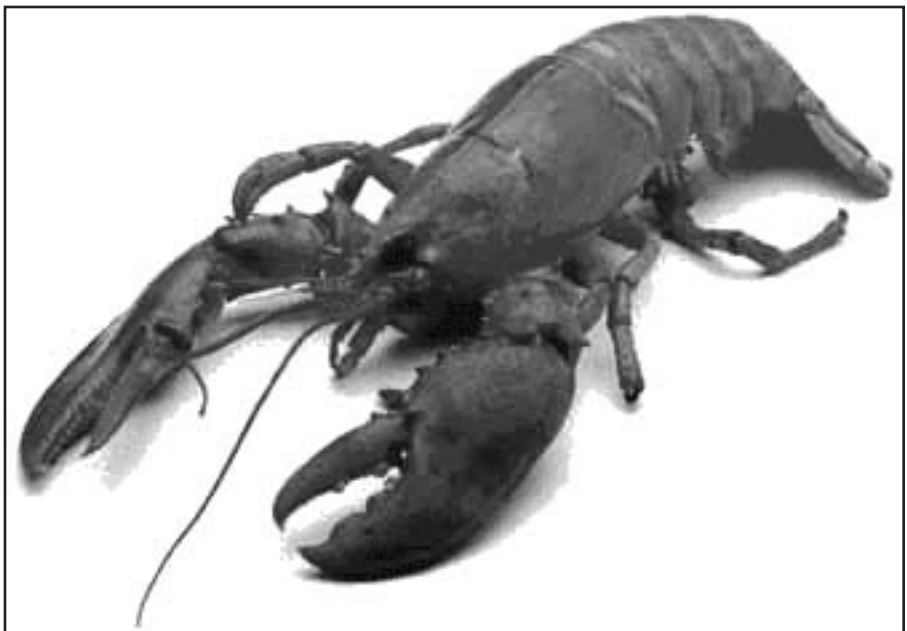
I don't do charity work. Besides, everything living at or below a depth of 150 meters has a birth defect. Don't you watch NOVA? There is no amount of plastic surgery that could improve your appearance. The other fish are probably looking at you because they want to eat you. Next time you experience this, you should just Mariana-ate yourself in lemon sauce and give up. It's probably better that way.

Lobsters are evil and they will take over the world

By **BRUCE TURNSTILE**

There is an urgent matter looming on the horizon, and nothing is being done about it. The lobster menace has been allowed to grow completely unchecked, and unless we act now, we will all be enslaved under an oppressive lobsterocracy. Using my top-secret journalistic contacts, I have managed to obtain a copy of the lobsters' dastardly plan. What you are about to read may be shocking and not for the faint of heart, unless you get bored with this article and start reading the Family Circus and even then, you are in for a shocking surprise (little Billy has been all over the place and left a thick dotted line in his wake)

The first step in the plan is to infiltrate the food supply. People dine on lobster thinking they are partaking in a delicacy from the sea when in reality they are nothing more than pawns on a chessboard. I have it on good authority that lobsters can reassemble themselves in your stomach after you have eaten them and then they can either burst through your chest line in the hit movie "Alien: Ressurrection" or they can take control of your nevous system and take over your body. If you ever see somebody acting strangely it is probably because they are either being controlled by a lobster or they have a pint of goose saliva in their trousers.

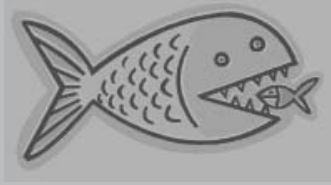


The face of the enemy, which happens to taste good with butter sauce.

The next step is even more sinister than the first. Contrary to popular belief, a lobster's main weapon is its claws and not its dashing good looks. The purpose of their claws is to pinch people's fingers and put them in a bad mood. My source tells me that one day the lobsters are planning to pinch the finger of the President of the United States so he gets in a bad mood and starts a global thermonuclear war. After the nuclear winter falls from the heavens the lobsters plan on storming the dying remains of our cities and installing marital law which is a lot like partial law only it is run by that guy on the TV show "Divorce Court" who is actually being controlled by lobsters if you don't already know.

As you can plainly see lobsters pose an imminent threat to all of our safety and they must be destroyed either with bombs or by whacking them really hard on the head with a big pointy stick. We cannot wait for them to make the first move; we cannot let the smoking gun be a mushroom cloud smothered in exquisite lobster sauce and served with a side of rice.

How to Identify ASCII Fish.



Fish are everywhere. Fish can be big or small and they can even be named Paul if someone were in the business of naming fish Paul, which is a tough job but the hours are great. What you may not realize is that there is an entire world of fish out there at the touch of a keyboard: the ASCII fish. Hidden behind big names like :) and ^_^ the ASCII fish lurks in the darkness, ready to be deployed at a moment's notice. Here are just a few of the many ASCII fish out there on the information superhighway:

><>

This guy is a slippery little fella who would probably like long walks on the beach if he had any legs but he doesn't so all he can do is stare longingly at the shore lamenting the cruelty of his petty existence. He has a sharp and pointy head that he loves shoving into other fish in order to hurt them because this fish is a huge jerk. If you ever see this fish make sure to give him a piece of your mind.

}()

This sly gal from the wrong side of the track is smooth and she knows it. She is a lot thinner than the other fish due to a horrible eating disorder that forces her to eat only plankton and then vomit up the plankton and then eat the vomit again in a terrible cycle. Look for her on the cover of next month's whatever Oprah's magazine is called that people for some reason see a need to read.

-

This is a tiny bit of plankton. He gets eaten all the time and he doesn't like it but he can't do anything about it because of he has been abandoned by his friends and family and is all alone, so very alone.

>->>))^(O>>

DEAR GOD WHAT IS THIS THING GET IT AWAY FROM ME

~~~~|~~~~~

This guy is probably a shark but all you can see is a fin so it can also be anything from a surf board to the 1964 World's Fair. If you are ever in the water and you see this guy you are in trouble because that means you are using a computer in the water and you can get electrocuted. If you think you might be getting electrocuted but are unsure listen for a loud BUZZZZZZZZAAAP sound because if you hear that then it is a pretty good sign that you are getting electrocuted.

Well that's about it for fish. Remember, if you ever need a friend, you know where to turn: anywhere but ASCII fish. I mean come on, who would try to befriend a bunch of computer symbols? Not me, \*sob\*, that's for sure.

## Meet the Android

Fearing that the members of the Lunatic were coming too close to discovering what indeed was "Under the Sea," a secretive division of the U.S. Maritime Corps (code named "Black, Floating Cobra") dispatches a rogue agent (code named "Android") to infiltrate the Lunatic and dismantle their operation from the inside. But first, he must pass muster in a psychological evaluation.

"Greetings, Android."



"Greetings, sir."

"You're not...*human*...are you, android?"



"No, sir. I am a fully automated robotic lifeform."

"Android, if one train leaves Schenectady traveling 60 miles per hour at 4:00, and another train leaves Utica traveling 40 miles per hour at 5:30, when will they meet?"



"Within a parsec."

"That's right. You're very good."



"Thank you, sir."

"..."



"Android, you think you're better than other people, don't you?"



"Inconclusive, sir. I am not a person."

"But you know what I've got that you'll never have?"



"I...I don't know."

"The ability to love."



"..."

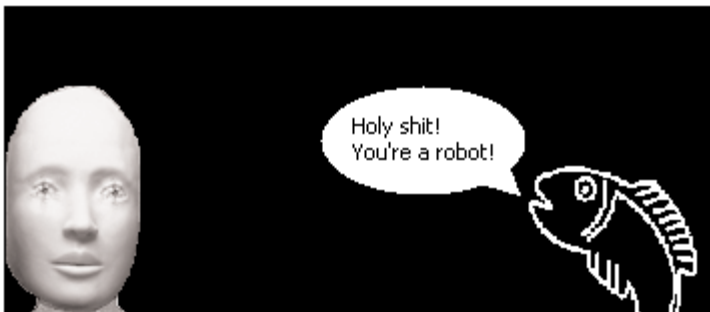
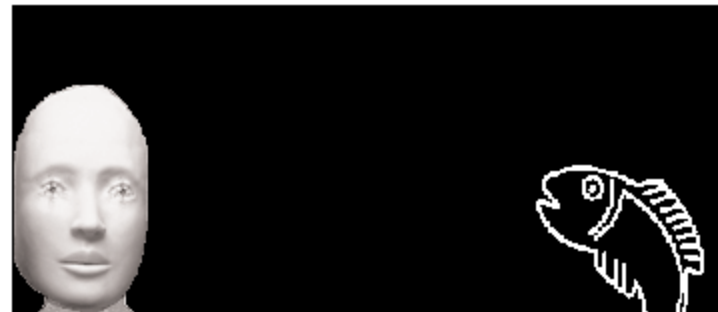
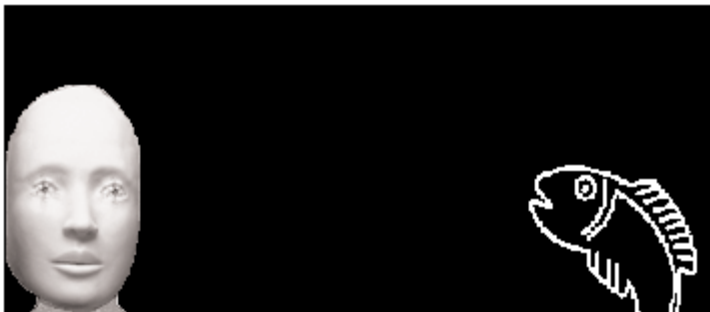
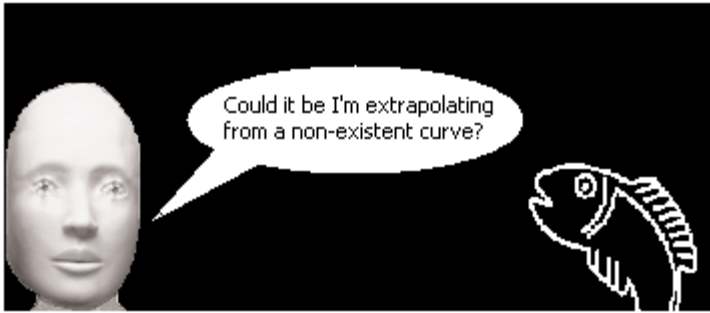
"You're a virgin, aren't you, android?"



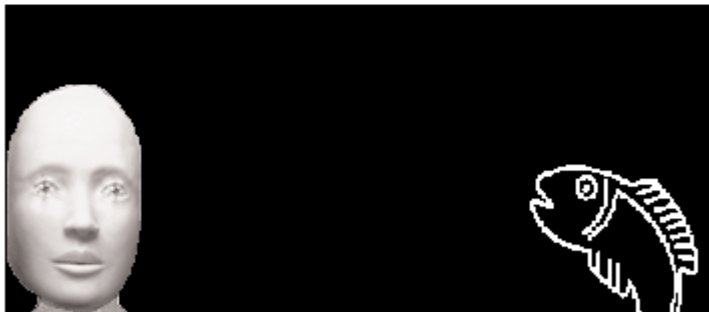
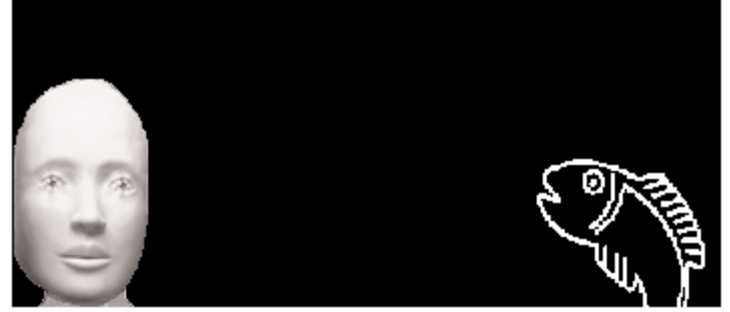
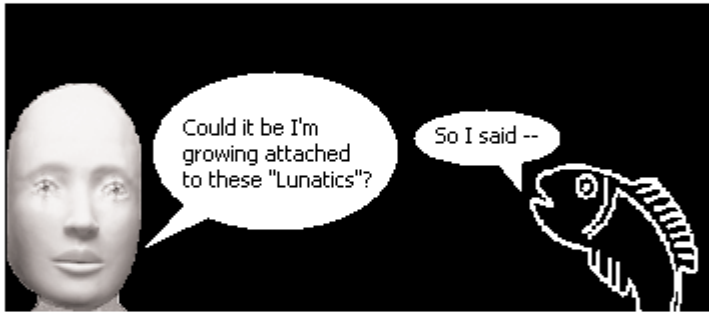
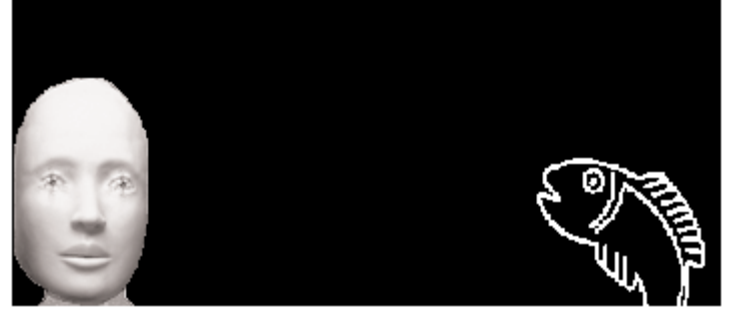
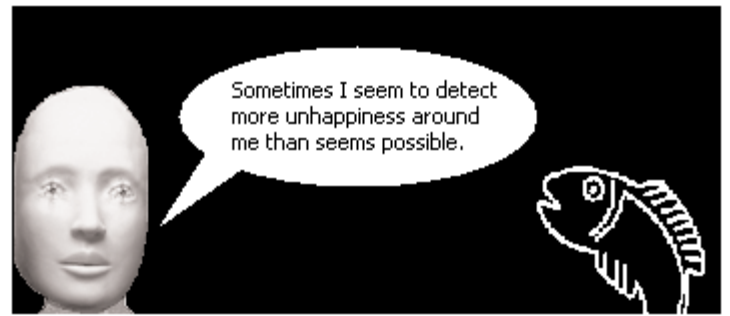
"..."

"That will be all, android."

# CONVERSATIONS WITH THE ANDROID



(continued on next page)



# *PepsiCo Releases New "PepSea" Soft Drink*

*Critics Decry Product as Another Shallow Marketing Ploy*

NEW YORK, NY (AP)- After months of development, PepsiCo President Indra K. Nooyi announced the launch of the company's newest soft drink experiment named "PepSea," a concoction of pure salt water from all four of the earth's oceans, at their suburban Purchase, New York headquarters late Thursday afternoon.

Nooyi hailed the corporation's new experiment as a unprecedented example of international cooperation in the soft-drink industry, "After months of bribing thousands indigenous peoples from all four corners of the globe to swim twenty-feet off shore to collect ocean water samples in little urine cups, I am proud to announce a new product that pushes the frontier of soft drink possibilities to new lengths."

Pepsi plans to roll out its new soft drink, featured in a blue can with a picture of crashing waves crushing Pepsi logo into a more horizontal shape, to retailers and convenience stores all over the United States beginning late next week and plans for an international release early next year. "We hope that consumers will respond positively to the dynamic new can design and will reminisce about their days as bright youngsters playing in the rich salt waters of our world's oceans once the drink hits their lips," added Nooyi.

Industry observers have offered mixed analysis of "PepSea." "To me, this looks like a clear cost cutting measure on Pepsi's behalf. They have totally eliminated all product research and development in favor of employing many natives of the Indian sub-continent, Djibouti,

and Indonesia as indentured servants or as corporate management label them, 'receptacle monkeys.' This to me is an indication of profound fiscal troubles for PepsiCo. Plus, I can't imagine that the thing tastes too good either, but hey, my holistic medicine guru said that saltwater is nature's relaxation elixir, so what the hell," said SmithBarney corporate analyst Don Wellington.

This week, Pepsi launches a "SeaChange" bus tour that traveled to 11 American cities this past week to offer the public its first glimpse and taste of the new product. Pepsi representatives were transported in Vietnam-era US Navy "Swift Boats" which were repainted to resemble the PepSea can and placed onto a bus chassis. Also, the "TasteTroopers," or Pepsi's public relations personnel, have been told to disembark the "Swift Boats" at designated street corners with 24-packs of "PepSea" and to ask pedestrians in an elevated tone, "SIR WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY A PEPSEA SIR?!"

Public reception in New York City has been fairly negative thus far. "When I drank that thing, it reminded me of that time my dog slobbered all over my mouth when I was sleeping. Plus, why did that Pepsi clown have to yell at me so damn loudly to try his bullshit drink? That stuff tasted like a horses ass, someone get me a Diet Wild Cherry Vanilla Pepsi, PLEASE!" said Brooklyn resident Derrick Bridges.

"The taste of that garbage reminded me of the time I nearly drowned at Coney Island when I was six years old. There was so much saltwater in my system, they had to take me to the hospital and pump my

stomach for 45 minutes. I even had to miss the fuckin' science fair the next day," said local deli owner, Vincent D'Amato.

"This is a complete publicity ploy by these fajouls, Pepsi Vanilla, Pepsi BLUE, Pepsi One, Caffeine Free Diet Pepsi, enough is enough. My store is full of this junk," added D'Amato.

Multiple pools of vomit lined E. 43rd Street in Manhattan due to the rapid consumption of the high level of sodium in "PepSea." This is not the first time Pepsi beverages have received such public reception.

Cornell University Trustee Christopher MacDougle was visiting New York City for a conference for university educators when he heard about "PepSea", "When I heard about the 'receptacle monkeys,' my heart fell into a pit of despair! The egregious oppression of the indigenous peoples of the Third World in order to advance the corporate greed of the Pepsi Corporation is downright offensive and irresponsible. When I arrive back in Ithaca, I will inform the university administration of the gross lack of respect for the world's beautiful and diverse cultures on Pepsi's behalf and ask them to reconsider the university's contract with PepsiCo for beverage service in all Cornell Dining facilities."

Coca-Cola Co. is planning new competitive product called "Coke Wicked RiveRunoff" due for release in the spring. Coca-Cola hopes to grab a significant share of the market in light of independent research that proves even small consumption of PepSea causes loss of

*See PEPSEA page 88*

REASON #13.4 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE: A disastrous attempt to rescue a staff member who had sailed off to research the sea.

## OUT AT SEA: A GRIPPING TALE OF NAUTICAL TERROR!

The first time I ever fingered a girl, my best friend was sitting next to me on the sofa watching *Se7en*, and the girl had her pants down around her ankles. My parents were down the hall, I didn't have a lock on my door. "He can't find the hole," my girlfriend of the time joked to my best friend sitting next to her. It was probably the least sexy moment of my entire life. But there you go. The fact is that it's tricky. It was just awkward, and I'm bad getting an angle with my left hand and she was kinda... just sitting in a way so that I had to get my knuckles scraping against the sofa to be able to actually finger her. And after all of that effort, she giggled and we watched the movie a little. Only for her to angle herself in my friend's direction and crudely, but honestly, pose the question to my friend, "Do you want some?"

It was a similar feeling I was having aboard the rickety old ship creaking out at sea. I was felt queasy, removed from the situation and reflecting on the current moment, and a little bit of betrayed. Of course in this situation, the betrayal is the waves as they crash into the side of my ship. The feeling of stepping outside might now be that feeling of watching my life flash before my eyes. And the feeling of queasiness is the knowledge that in this metaphor, my life is the vagina... being offered up without any concern for my feelings about it.

I don't know much about sailing. I don't really like boats to begin with, but one member of our staff lived for them, and John's commitment to the Lunatic sent him sailing out to the far reaches of the globe to bring back the humor from the most obscure places. Ensuring that each issue of the Lunatic would contain not only the most intellectual humor, but the most diverse, and

most worldly. The diagram on Penises of the World we ran last year was a direct product of John's research.

Information regarding John's disaster at sea passed to us like a note from a giggling high school girl. From sailor to sailor the descriptions of the vessel and "that cunt-rag" captaining it had made their way back to us from enough sources that we recognized there had to be some truth in them. I volunteered to sail out to attempt to follow his path.

I met the Captain of the vessel I would be taking out to follow John after pulling the tab off of a paper tacked to the wall of a Long John Silvers and arranged to meet with him at a Chinese restaurant we both agreed upon as a safe place. He was obscenely fat, balding, visibly sweating from a distance as the sun glistened off of his shiny dome. Suspenders over his flannel shirt, with the suspenders cleverly hooked into his underwear. The light of God beamed onto him through the large window in the restaurant as he shoveled forkful after forkful of noodles into his mouth. Not just shoveled as a hyperbole, not as a simile; the man held his fork like a tiny shovel and hastily shoved the forkfuls of noodles into his mouth. In all of the quickly moving noodles, his shirt was taking quite a beating. Oil stains in the shape of long snake like objects would be left imprinted on his shirt as the noodles would smack and then fall into his lap. I tried not to stare for too long, both out of politeness and because the glare off of his forehead was blinding.

"I can get you there. No problem," he exhaled in the moments between bites. And that assurance was good enough for me. Still, despite the sincerity in his voice as he promised my safety, the current situation

seems a little less likely than initially promised on that fateful day in the seafood restaurant.

The wind was howling and the thunder clapped loudly, as the waves crashed into the sides of the boat creating a rhythmic feeling of imminent doom, bringing with them each time bits of the ocean slowly sinking my ship little by little into the ocean itself. I found myself overcome with the feeling of on coming death in the middle of my quest for a lost brother Lunatic. It was at that moment when I found myself at my lowest point, and simultaneously recognized my need to take charge of my own fortune. My complete ignorance of any aquatic transportation made me of absolutely no value to the crew as they tried to compensate for the heavy winds and the waters from rain and waves together pushing down on the deck. I recognized that these were able bodied men and that as they were sprinting around attempting to adjust masts and other nautical things that I could best help the crew by simply making sure that I didn't fall out. I quickly anchored myself to the heaviest and most stable thing I could find. Using the thickest rope I could find I tied myself to the captain and proceeded to begin this very description of the perilous situation.

But my mind found itself racing around attempting to cover all of the most significant thoughts I had and, at the same time, defend myself from the violent punches of an angry Captain. I thought of you. I thought of the way your mother, Mrs. Brute, disapproved of us, Commy. She



said that I wasn't fit to be with you, that I was filth and scum. I wondered if your mother would see this trial of my will and punishment by Aquaman, god of the sea, as he punished Odysseus, Magellan, Copernicus, and Gilligan before me, whether she would recognize this as a baptism. Oh how often your mother whacked me on the head with a newspaper when I would come down for breakfast and she would tell me how disgusted she was in me that I was associated with a magazine that would accuse innocent girls of bestiality and sodomy. I remember at the time that I told your mother that she was just being an enormous pussy about the whole thing, and that she wouldn't recognize truly great art even if that art cock-slapped her in the face.

The captain was flailing his arms wildly and cursing like a sailor when a member of the crew hurtled into the cabin to announce that we should be prepared for the wave that was building up underneath us. As he spoke the Captain and I silently reflected on the shifting of the entire boat beneath us as we were brought in towards the peak of the wave. I don't know much about sailing but I recognized the feeling of a wave pulling me towards it only to collide against me and push me under. Unlike body surfing, this boat would be less suited to deal with a collision of that magnitude pushing us under water, and I'm anchored to the fattest person on this boat. The Captain, who moments ago was threatening to hurt me if I didn't untie myself instantly, changed his mind and insisted that he would beat the shit out of me if I attempted to disconnect.

"And the rain, rain, rain came down, down down," as they say in the animated cartoon version of Winnie the Pooh. And the truly massive wave hurled itself against the boat with such force that it propelled the entire ship downwards into the depths of the ocean. The ship became filled with water like a toy submarine in a bathtub. I could feel it sinking but blacked out within

moments of finding myself fully submerged.

I don't know how much time passed before I awoke on the beach, the rope still attached at my end but no sign of the Captain or his crew. A man in a Hawaiian shirt and flip flops ambled over to me with a drink in his hand. Flip. Flop. Flip. Flop. He went as he slowly approached. But I immediately recognized him.

I told John about my trip.

I told him how the Lunatic needed him back.

He told me that I wouldn't have had the problems I did in getting to him if not for the faggots and negros manning my ship.

I thanked him for the advice, but didn't think I would be getting back aboard a ship for a very long while.

"Well how are we getting back to Ithaca?" he asked upon finding out about my newfound aversion to sailing.

"We could give flying a try?"

"Alright, gas up the jet!" John shouted, spilling his drink all over himself as he waved his arms wildly.

And so we did.

## ***THE END***

*Editor's Note: The plane crashed and they all died. The plane carrying the rest of the Lunatic staff to the funeral also crashed. That's just what planes do - they crash.*

**REASON #13.5 FOR THE LUNATIC'S DEMISE:** Unfaithful editing.

## **PROS AND CONS OF HAVING AN UNDERWATER CITY**

### **Pros:**

- Never have to shower or take a bath
- No need to walk ever
- Everything is lighter underwater; lifting things over your head becomes a lot easier
- "Pimp My Sub" on MTV
- "Shark Tale" would be the considered the best movie ever instead of "The Godfather"
- More frequent execution of cliché "bathing suit floating on the water to infer naked swimming" joke
- Instantly refill your Super Soaker!
- Everyone talks funny underwater
- AIM away messages: "Shark attack, brb!" Or "gone fishin'!"

### **Cons:**

- Bad cell phone service

## THINGS FALL APART

*Freshman reading assignment turns sad reality for the Cornell Lunatic.*

**ABSTRACT:** Cornell Lunatic- Where Men are Men and Sheep are Nervous. New Findings prove that Mad Cow Disease transmitted sexually between animals and Cornell students.

Thursday, September 13, 2005- Campus humor publication penetrated from rear by allegations of massive orgy with small furry animals and members of the administration (some of whom are, in fact, small furry animals). Lunatic staff learns about sex scandals the hard way, incites feud that plunges Cornell into turmoil; Lunatic now faces sentence of up to 25 years of exile to a penal colony in the Virgin Islands.

"Yeah...we're really fucked," comments senior editor Andy Richardson. "Oh shit, my life is over!" adds Lunatic editor Ishmael Farhead. Freshman staff writer Ben Warach, busy taking a cold shower, was unable to answer further questions.

Sleep with professors? Sure. We all do. For members of the Cornell Lunatic, doing so is a necessary source of funding, warmth during winter, and solid academic standing. However, publishing penis size approximations of all male professors on campus in an obnoxious attempt to bolster our readership [as in last August's "Physics Professors Gone Wild" issue] seems to have had disastrous consequences on the already uneasy interdepartmental relations:

**[August 13]** First day of classes, release of "Physics Professors Gone Wild" (issue 3, vol.24).

**[August 15]** Anatomy Studies Department, humiliated by a bottom three ranking that placed them at par with professors from neighboring state schools, jointly orchestrates mass exodus to Greenland [colder with obvious consequences] so as to feel more at home.

**[August 23]** Cornell engineering department, upset at the review they'd received regarding the stability of their erections, declares war on gender studies department with use of the following equation:

*Where [A = heat of the meat] and [B = Angle of Dangle] as*

**[August 24-26]** Gender Studies department- upset at their gender-based exclusion from the rankings- responds with a two-day cross-campus phallic object destruction rampage. The Uris library bell-tower is bulldozed, crotch library is burned to the ground, thousands of test tubes smashed, millions of innocent pencils snapped in half, and, to add insult to injury, a petition is circulated for the immediate removal of all hot-dogs from campus cafeterias.

**[September 3-4]** German studies department launches blitzkrieg into French and Polish Department offices and creates puppet governments in the name of the \_berhung Fuhrer. Russian Department responds with scorched earth tactics; central campus is burned to the ground. The German aggressors are overwhelmed and defeated in a bloody battle on the arts quad. Everyone dies.

**[September 5]** Disgruntled English professors run amok, sign secret pact with anthropology department and are linked to Osama Bin Laden in a string of car bombings in college town.

**[September 6]** Cornell Secretary of Defense Whitey McWhiteguy raises advisory level to magenta. The ROTC program engages a roving band of inebriated and sexually deprived freshmen the Battle of North Campus. Everyone dies.

**[September 10]** Swedish department airlifts thousands of penis enlargers in an attempt to straighten out the situation [see below for coupon]. Rivaling factions come together and sign armistice on Rawlings green, forming Coalition Of Cornell Knobliness [COCK for short]

**[September 13]** COCK files lawsuit against Cornell Lunatic. Lunatic indicted for 22 counts of each of the following:

1. Being the "embodiment of Satan."
2. Failing to convert penis measurements into SI units on lab rapport; minus 4 points off overall grade.
3. I like broccoli.
4. Repeated and undue episodes of "calling out another professor's name in bed."
5. Premature ejaculation. [Interestingly, points 4 and 5 were listed on the official court summons in italics and size 72 font. Hmmm.....]

**CONCLUSION:** It is a sad, sad day when a reputable bastion of literary creativity, humility, and Christian values -such as is the Cornell Lunatic- falls victim to accusations compiled by "the man," and other evil forces at play within a university structure that takes itself far too seriously....and totally needs to get laid more often than it does. Thankfully, we at the Cornell Lunatic have been spared any further legal allegation of the ritual slaughter of small furry animals, peddling child pornography, campus drug trafficking, etc, etc, etc, all of which we are very guilty of.....errrr.....

# cornell cinema

## MONDAY 12



### FANTASTIC FORESKIN

Leroy Tannenbaum (Michael Clark Duncan) was just your average 300-pound mohel. Then, one day, he was zapped with a lethal dose of gamma radiation while attempting to circumcise a Chernobyl survivor. The foreskin fused to his lip and now grants him super powers. He's the world's first Super-mensch! It's Bris-tastic! Lots more wordplay where that came from! In Yiddish.

**3:14>Jewish Living Center>Directed by Rumpel Foreskin>Running time: As long as there's a far-brekher out there in need of a malkot...or 89 minutes, whichever comes first.**

## TUESDAY 13



### A HISTORY OF VIOLINS

Viggo Mortenson stars as Tom, a beloved small-town family man. After he shuts down an online music-piracy network, a mysterious man comes to town who calls him Yitzhak and claims that he is actually a concert violinist for the Philadelphia Orchestra. Wacky hijinks ensue. A surprising thriller that explores the question: can you turn your back on your woodwinds?

**5:55>Just About Music>Directed by Mortensen's desire to stop frequenting LOTR conventions for rent money>Running time: Ninety minutes or two hours, depending on whether they go for the "everything's a dream implanted by robots" plot twist.**

# DECEMBER

## WEDNESDAY 14



### KING LEAR

After realizing that disowning his once favorite daughter Cordelia was a bad decision, the aging King of Great Britain goes insane and begins to believe he's a giant ape. He travels the land trying to find a razor large enough for his Scud launcher-sized gonads. He climbs the Empire State Building several hundred years before it was even built and bats away airplanes before falling to his death. Adrien Brody hangs around and acts all underfed.

**1:27>The kid who wears the blazer and Batman t-shirt to class's laptop>Directed by an unhealthy obsession over the Bard>Running time: Long enough to prove you're into culture, but short enough so you'll still make it to the Joy Division concert after.**

## THURSDAY 15



### SOUP OR MAN? RETURNS

After a long, self-imposed exile in the Fortress of Solitude, Superman (Michael Clarke Duncan) finally returns to Metropolis. But before he can bring justice back to the city's troubled streets, he needs to clear his head. He's just not sure how. Will he indulge his famous love for crab bisque, or his penchant for gay sex? The fate of the Metropolis hangs in the balance as the Man of Steel tries to decide which creamy, warm sauce he wants slathered all over his lips.

**4:15>WSH>Directed by an obsession with gay jokes>Running time: Until we write a Billy Joel-themed parody called "Stupor Man"...gold.**



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# THE BLAME PAGE

**Cover: JR**  
**Foreword: ASE**  
**Dear Pop: BBG**  
**Crime Report: JHF**  
**Canada/Jail: JSD**  
**Houseplant/Renee: BMS**  
**Softball: PTH**  
**Resignation: JAG**  
**Case Study: MJP**  
**Houseplant AIM: MJP**  
**Pacific Islanders: PTH**  
**Failed Themes: BMS**  
**The Idea: JSD**  
**Don't Know Boats: YAP**

**News from the Deep: CSN**  
**Beluga Caviar: JLC**  
**Dear Crabby: MES**  
**Evil Lobsters: JAG**  
**ASCII Fish: JAG**  
**Android: YAP**  
**Out at Sea: ASE**  
**Underwater City: CSN**  
**Things Fall Apart: BJW**  
**Movies: JR, Staff**  
**Fun Pages: PTH**  
**Penis Enlargement: BJW**  
**Layout: PTH**

## DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT THE SIZE OF YOUR PENIS?

BEFORE



AFTER



THIS COUPON REDEEMABLE FOR ONE COMPLIMENTARY SWEDISH PENIS ENLARGER

"OPEN HEARTS, OPEN MINDS, GIGANTIC PENISES"  
-CORNELL SWEDISH DEPARTMENT

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Side effects may include bloating, loss of consciousness during erections, pregnancy, castration, and death.

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